

The Elks

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JUNE, 1926

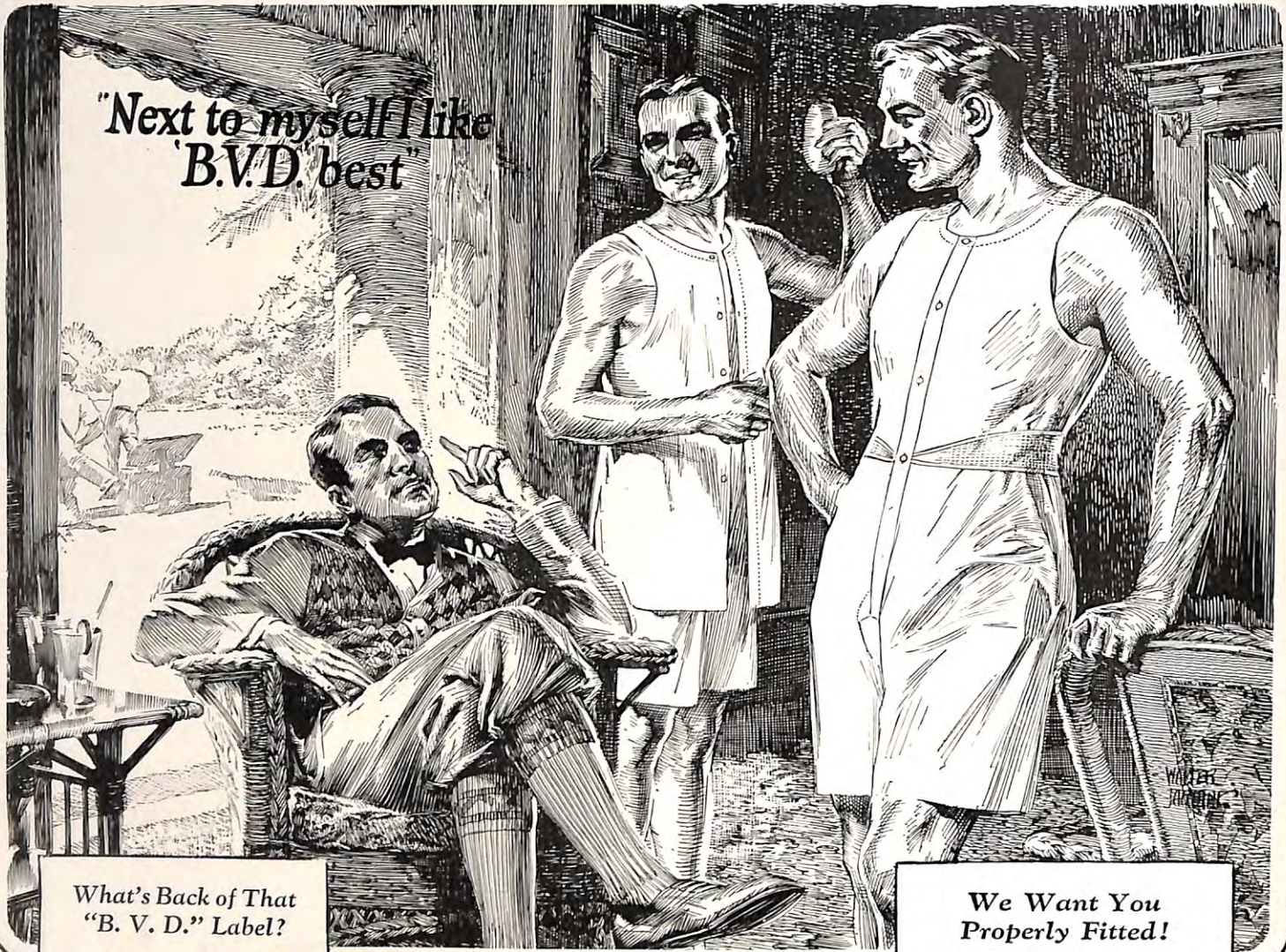


J. F.
- KERNAN -

In this Issue:

Stories and Articles by Bertram Atkey, Beatrice Grimshaw, Lew Graham and Boyden Sparkes, William Dudley Pelley, Atreus von Schrader, and Walter Trumbull

*"Next to myself I like
'B.V.D. best'"*



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and Drawers
85c
the garment

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These LaSalle-Trained Men Have Helped My Business Grow!

—Marshall A. Smith



Above—C. E. Veth
Traffic Manager

Below—I. A. Gould
Manager of Sales
for Michigan



Marshall A. Smith, Pres.

Columbus Plant
Smith Agricultural Chemical Company
Indianapolis, Ind. Columbus, O.



Why I. A. Gould Received Two "Raises" and C. E. Veth a Salary-increase of 200%

FROM the great plants of the Smith Agricultural Chemical Company, at Columbus and Indianapolis, thousands of tons of fertilizer, animal foods and acids—six widely diversified products under the brand name Sacco—are shipped to all parts of the United States.

To sell products of this character and to arrange for their economical transportation calls for ability of a high order. Half-knowledge, snap-judgment, guess-work, quickly spell defeat for the man and heavy losses for the company.

Marshall A. Smith, head of this great enterprise, knows the importance of training—recognizes what it means to have in his employ LaSalle-trained men.

One of his employees—I. A. Gould—had been a farmer in Central Michigan. At the age of 48 he began with this company as a salesman—enrolling at the same time for LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship. Within three years he had topped the list in Michigan and had been given entire charge of sales in that state, with a crew of men under his direction. In July, 1925, he writes, "I have increased my sales this past season 50%, and my salary has been raised twice since last October."

Another of Mr. Smith's employees—C. E. Veth—saw the need for a properly equipped traffic department—this as a result of LaSalle training in Traffic Management. So successfully did he put it into operation that during the year 1924 errors

in freight bills totalling \$10,600 in overcharges were detected and corrected before payment was made. To LaSalle, in a large measure, he directly credits a salary increase of 200 per cent.

"We can only attribute the rapid success of these two men," writes Mr. Smith, "to their energy and initiative, together with the practical knowledge gained thru the pursuit of LaSalle training."

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A copy of this book is yours for the asking—and with it a 64-page book outlining in detail the opportunities in the business field that most appeals to you, showing you how you can quickly turn them to your advantage. To many an earnest man these books have been worth their weight in gold—they may be equally as valuable to you. It will certainly pay you to find out.

You have often thought that you would send for full particulars of the LaSalle Salary-Doubling Plan. This time—for the sake of a brighter future—ACT!

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"You'll be interested, I know, in the story of a middle-aged farmer who at 48 turned salesman and made good, thanks to LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship. "When I enrolled for LaSalle training, I had no idea of the benefits to be derived. My progress, however, has been steady—business has come easier—in fact I have increased my sales this past season 50%, and my salary has been raised twice since last October. Careful study of the LaSalle course has been a large factor in enabling me to do this, and I cannot praise it too highly."
(Signed) I. A. GOULD, Director of Sales for Michigan, Smith Agricultural Chemical Co.

A Salary-Increase of 200%

"When I took up your training, I held the position of Traffic Manager with the Smith Agricultural Chemical Company. As I progressed with the course I saw very clearly what a well-equipped traffic department could do for the company. My subsequent salary-increase of 200% is directly due to the successful working out of this undertaking—and that, in turn, is due to the hard work, study and application which I gave to your training in Traffic Management. Your course is one of the most complete in its line; and in technical information it far surpasses any other I have seen."
(Signed) C. E. VETH, Traffic Manager, Smith Agricultural Chemical Co.

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- Banking and Finance.
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- Personnel and Employment Management: Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.
- Railway Station Management: Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.

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 —From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Five
 Number One

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary, and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and

forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Robert A. Scott, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 866, Linton, Indiana.

“HE - WENT - ABOUT - DOING - GOOD”

Office of the

Grand Exalted Ruler

*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
of the United States of America*

Official Circular Number Six

Flag Day

*Dallas, Texas,
May 1, 1926*

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

The first Sunday in December is Memory Day. The second Sunday in May is Mothers' Day. June fourteenth is Flag Day. These are fixed days—they never vary.

When a new year is born every one who lives the religion of the ELK is certain of three ascensions during the year. HE IS ALSO SURE OF A TRANSFIGURATION UPON EACH ASCENSION!

In these moments of transfiguration each of us becomes a new man!

Upon Mothers' Day we feel a new tenderness. Upon Flag Day we feel a new bravery. Upon Memory Day we acknowledge a new attraction toward the brothers dead, and the brothers living.

The 1926 Flag Day will be celebrated by every ELKS Lodge in the United States of America! No lodge can do its full duty and neglect the Flag Day service. The new ritual contains the form for a very attractive program. You will make the first use of it this year!

Do not overlook this important part of ELKDOM!

Arrange your services so that the public may take part, and witness and worship with you. The park, the open down-town space, the shade of some noble tree, around some statue, near some public fountain, just at the close of the day, just as the sun is going down! Music—patriotic music—flags—women, children, men, boys—all should be there!

Do not say you can not do it! Say you will do it! Join with me in saying, “You must do it!”

We keep Old Glory hidden within our temples three hundred and sixty-four days of each year. Upon the other day we put it on a staff—we carry it—we sing to it—we love it—we let its folds flutter and sparkle in the sunlight, and we dance to the music of its lovers.

It is not inanimate!

How proud it must be when it hears commendatory words for the Government that it represents!

Here's to Flag Day!

Yours very earnestly,

Wm. H. Atwell

Grand Exalted Ruler

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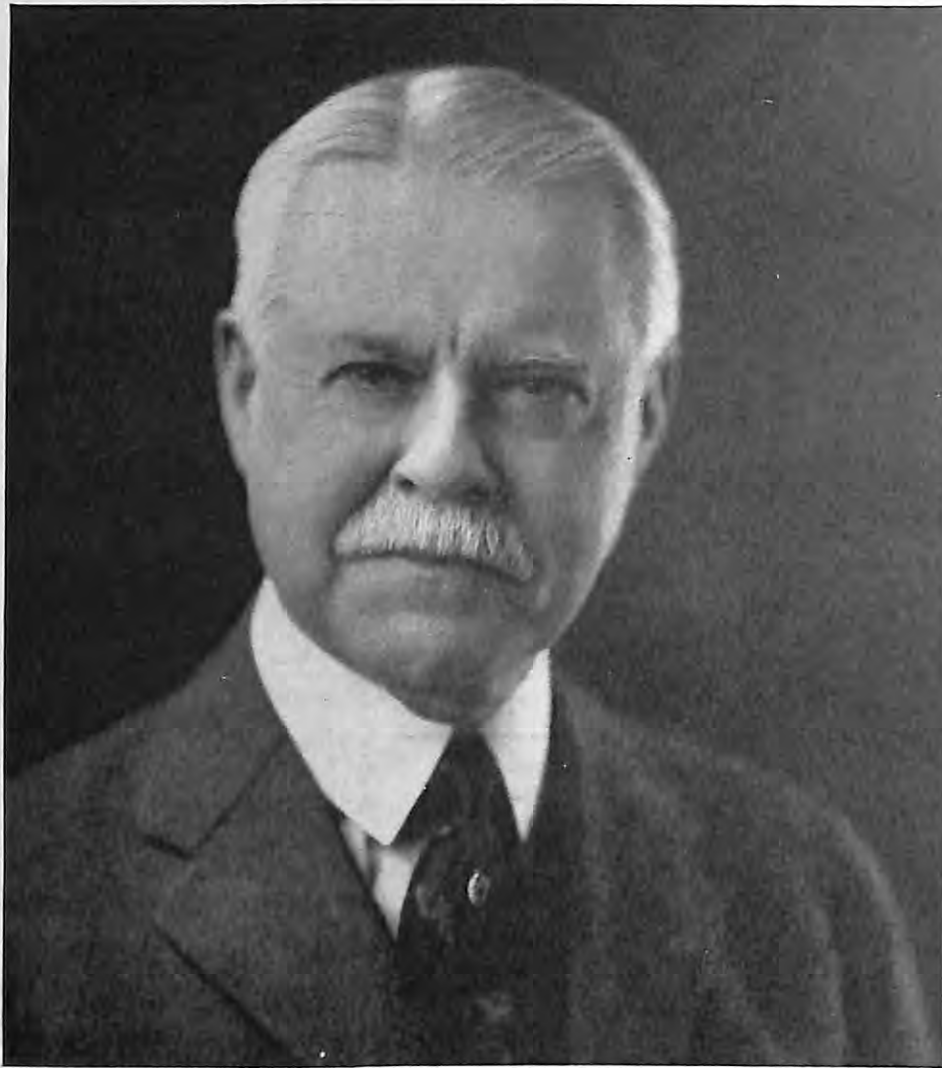
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William E. English

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

THE Order of Elks has received with deep sorrow news of the death, in Indianapolis on April 20, of its ranking Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Hon. William E. English.

William Eastin English was born at "Englishton Park," near Lexington, Scott County, Indiana, November 3, 1850. He attended the public schools of Indianapolis and later was graduated from the law school of Northwestern Christian University. Mr. English practiced law in Indianapolis five years, then retired to spend several years in foreign travel. During the Spanish American war he was on the staff of Major-General Wheeler, commanding the Cavalry Division, with whom he served throughout the Santiago campaign.

Member of a family long prominent in public affairs, Captain English served his State and Nation with distinction for many years, as a member of both branches of the Indiana legislature and as a Congressman at Washington. He was a State Senator at the time of his death.

A man of great personal popularity and capacity for leadership, Captain English was prominent in the Order of Elks and other fraternal and social organizations. He was a thirty-second degree Mason, a Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Indiana, a member of the Knights Templar and of the Mystic Shrine. He was the first member initiated of the charter list of Indianapolis Lodge of Elks, No. 13, and was elected its first Exalted Ruler, March 20, 1881. He was also the first

honorary life member of his Lodge and the second District Deputy for Indiana, serving in 1885. Captain English was Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1882, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1883 and '84 and held the office of Grand Exalted Ruler in 1886-7. As head of the Order, Captain English did much to aid its early development and progress. He always maintained his active interest in his local Lodge and the Order.

Realizing he had not much longer to live, Captain English himself designated those close friends whom he wished to serve as his honorary pall-bearers. Among these, who served, were: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; Postmaster General Harry S. New, George W. June and James V. Cook, all Past Exalted Rulers and charter members of Indianapolis Lodge; Past Exalted Ruler Hubert S. Riley, Trustee of the Indiana State Elks Association; Past Exalted Ruler Alpha B. Hanson, now District Deputy for Indiana Central and for thirty-five years secretary to Mr. English; and several others associated with him in public and private life. The funeral services largely attended by Grand Lodge officers and members, were conducted by Indianapolis Lodge of Elks and by Centre Lodge, No. 23, F. and A. M. Interment was at Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis, on May 3, and over the grave the United Spanish War Veterans, of which he was one of the founders, fired a salute and sounded taps. Mr. English is survived by a widow, a sister and two nephews, to whom The Elks Magazine extends the sympathy of the entire Order.

Accommodations For Traveling Elks

Living accommodations are obtainable in any of the Subordinate Lodge Homes listed below.

- Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge No. 593
- Agana, Guam, Lodge No. 1281
- Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49
- Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge No. 461
- Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 101
- Anaheim, Calif., Lodge No. 1345
- Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 201
- Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266
- Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194
- Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 436
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- Bremerton, Wash., Lodge No. 1181
- Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36
- Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge No. 733
- Butte, Mont., Lodge No. 240
- Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 626
- Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083
- Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4
- Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228
- Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317
- Concord, N. H., Lodge No. 1210
- Decatur, Ind., Lodge No. 993
- Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349
- East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 258
- Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402
- Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67
- Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 499
- Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611
- Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341
- Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253
- Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439
- Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 802
- Grafton, W. Va., Lodge No. 308
- Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge No. 538
- Haverhill, Mass., Lodge No. 165
- Hazleton, Pa., Lodge No. 200
- Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485
- Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616
- Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13
- Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge No. 825
- Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175
- Joplin, Mo., Lodge No. 501
- Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750
- Kingston, N. Y., Lodge No. 550
- La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433
- Lake City, Fla., Lodge No. 893
- Lakeland, Fla., Lodge No. 1291
- Lamar, Colo., Lodge No. 1319
- Lancaster, Pa., Lodge No. 134
- Lebanon, Pa., Lodge No. 631
- Litchfield, Ill., Lodge No. 654
- Little Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 770
- Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301
- Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8
- Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99
- Manila, P. I., Lodge No. 761
- Meriden, Conn., Lodge No. 35
- Middleboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1274
- Milton, Pa., Lodge No. 913
- Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46
- Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44
- Missoula, Mont., Lodge No. 383
- Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 773
- Muncie, Ind., Lodge No. 245
- Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21
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- Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100
- Quincy, Mass., Lodge No. 943
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- Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359
- Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547
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- San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3
- Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge No. 794
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- Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61
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- Sunbury, Pa., Lodge No. 267
- Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487
- Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1392
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- Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708
- Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105
- Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 141
- Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357
- Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287
- Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186
- Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427
- Winston-Salem, N. C., Lodge No. 449
- Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850
- York, Pa., Lodge No. 213

If any Lodge has accommodations, but is not listed here, The Elks Magazine will be glad to include it without charge.



To the man who is 35 and DISSATISFIED

WE DELIBERATELY pass over a large proportion of the readers of Elks Magazine in order to address this page directly to men in their thirties.

There is a powerful reason for this.

The dissatisfied man of twenty-five is not usually in a difficult position. He has few responsibilities; he can move easily; he can take a chance.

But from thirty-five to forty is the age of crisis. In these years a man either marks out the course which leads to definite advancement or settles into permanent unhappiness. There are thousands who see the years passing with a feeling close to desperation.

They say

- "I must make more money," but they have no plan for making more.
- "There is no future for me," but they see no other opening.
- "I am managing to scrape along now, but how in the world will I ever educate my children?"

To men whose minds are constantly—and often almost hopelessly—at work on such thoughts, this page is addressed. It is devoid of rhetoric. It is plain, blunt common sense.

Let us get one thing straight at the very start—

We do not want you unless you want us

There is the dissatisfied man who will do something, and the one who won't. We feel sorry for the latter, but we cannot afford to enrol him. We have a reputation for training men who—as a result of our training—earn large salaries and hold responsible positions. That reputation must be maintained. We can do much, but we cannot make a man succeed who will not help himself. So rest assured you will not be unduly urged into anything.

Now what can happen to

A dissatisfied man who acts?

We wish we could answer that question by letting you read the letters that come to us in every mail. Here is one, for example—from Victor F. Stine of Hagerstown, Md. "I was floundering around without a definite goal," he says, "and was seriously considering a Civil Service appointment." (You can tell from that how hopeless he was. A Civil Service ap-

pointment means a few thousand dollars a year for life.)

"The study of the Course and Service was not a hardship," he continues, "rather it was a real pleasure because it is so practical and inspiring thruout." (The method of the Course makes it practical and inspiring. We teach business not alone thru study but thru practice. You learn executive thinking by meeting executive problems and making executive decisions.) "Added self-confidence and increased vision gained from the Course," says Mr. Stine, "enabled me to accept and discharge added responsibilities successfully."

He is Secretary now of the organization in which he was then a dissatisfied cog.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

For a man like Mr. Stine we can achieve really great results. By learning, thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the necessary fundamental facts of all departments of business, he insures his success. His judgment, his value, increase. The closed roads open. The worries disappear.

We attach a coupon to this advertisement. It is a little thing, but our experience proves that it separates out of every hundred readers the few who can act. If you are one of these let us mail you that wonderful little book, "Forging Ahead in Business." For thousands it has turned dissatisfaction into immediate progress.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
535 Astor Place, New York City

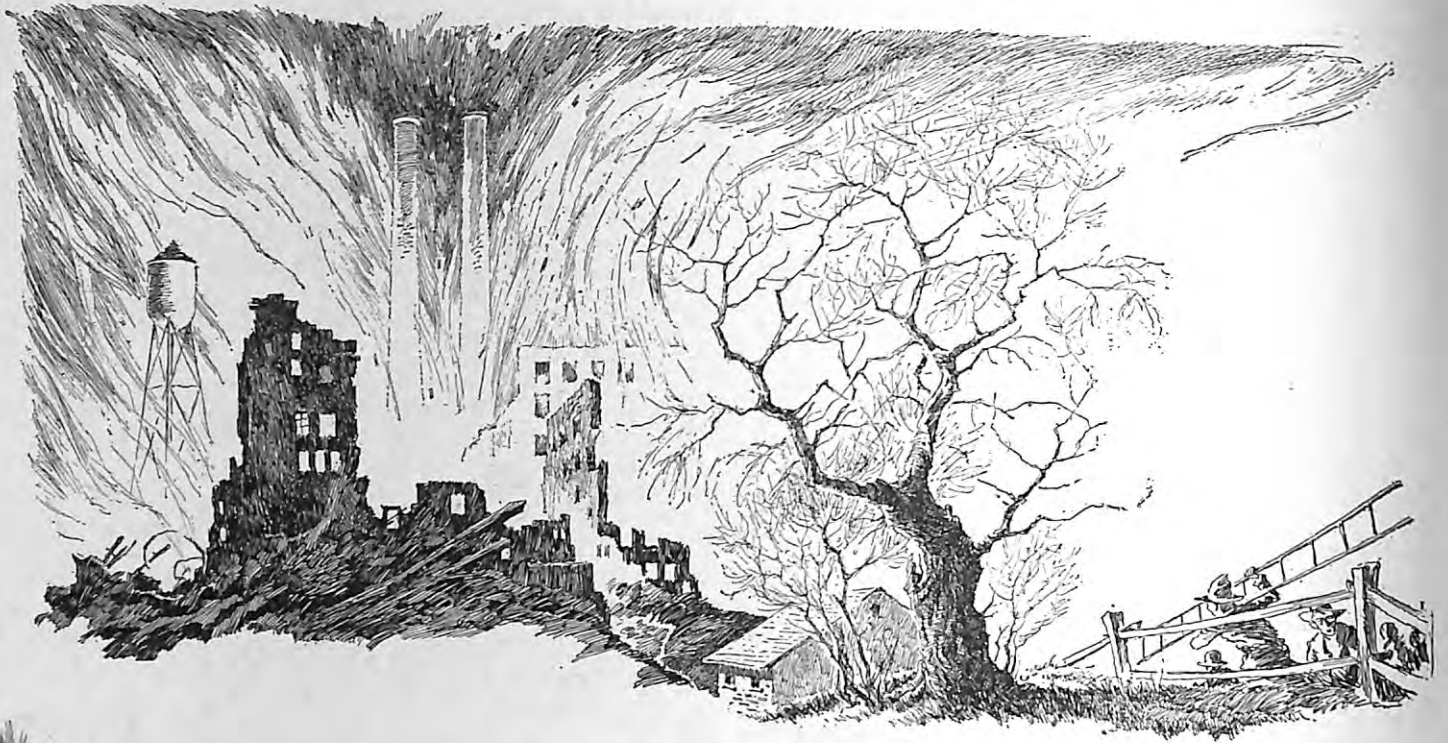
Send me at once the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.



Signature.....
Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....



THE fire broke out around three o'clock of a windy morning in March. The town was awakened by a giant banshee's wail,

the unearthly rising and falling of the steam siren atop the Hard-Rubber Process Works. Then minutes later the Baptist and Methodist church-bells began a wild ringing. The community grasped that calamity threatened.

Stolid husbands and fathers, who aroused themselves for nocturnal fires less than once in a decade, reached chamber windows to exclaim: "Lord, but it's a *whopper!* Looks like the whole East Side's burnin' up. Guess I'd better go. No tellin' who'll be needed."

Then running footsteps which increased to frantic sprintings sounded down moonlit streets beneath naked, wind-whipped maples. "It's Al Willard's knife-works!" lifted above the whine of the night. Stolid husbands and fathers banged down sashes and clawed frenziedly for raiment.

And the glow and the glare on the east grew hotter, fiercer, higher. The flames were sinister. They promised catastrophe.

Engine-houses and quarters of volunteer hose companies came brilliantly alight. Main Street bumbled with frumpily clothed people. It was twenty minutes past three before the first effective stream was playing into the horrible, leaping, wind-driven wall of destruction. Call firemen responded in breathless regiments. More church-bells added to the tumult. All of East Beech Street was threatened, including the depot and freight-yards. Hysterical, heat-scorched laborers fought to confine the flames to the knife-works.

It was a night to be remembered in that Vermont town of Paris. Al Willard's knife-works was wiped from the face of things as though there had never been a knife-works. The ironic exception was a detached corner office. The flames caught thrice on the roof of this building. But the building, as a building, survived the tragedy.

One feature of the knife-works fire marked it out from other fires, however. It ended

The Man Who Couldn't Fall in Love

By William Dudley Pelley

the local career of one Israel Speevins, opportunist insurance agent.

When the wicked wall of flame was highest, Izzy cast portable possessions into a pair of old suitcases and secretly stole from his Cross Street rooming-house. While Chief Carr was frantically phoning Wickford to send down their chemical wagon with its extra hose, Izzy backed his flivver from a shed behind the tannery. He tossed in his grips and an armful of clothing. At a quarter to four Paris was behind him. Literally and figuratively Paris was behind him. He was never seen thereafter, at least by such persons as desired to see him most.

Next day, local industries ran on pardonably depleted man-power. A hundred or more grimy, exhausted men—still in smoke-scented clothing—slept groggily, dreamlessly on as many beds.

Around five o'clock a man in his early thirties let himself into the office of the knife-works that had been. He closed the door, locked it, reached a battered pine desk beside a spattered south window. He sat down before it with his feet on its top.

A woman in shapeless black hat and rain-coat—who seemed to have been keeping the man in sight all the way down Beech Street, also reached this office. She found the door locked but produced a bunch of keys. The man looked up, startled.

"Alfred!" she cried softly.

She closed the door behind her.

"Hello, Myrtle," the man replied whimsically.

"It's horrible!"

"Think so, Myrtle? You don't know half."

"What don't I know?"

"We've got no insurance."

"Of course we've got insurance. Why, I mailed a check for the semi-annual

premium to Mr. Speevins no later than Thursday."

"You might have mailed Izzy a check. But that's no proof he turned it in to the company."

"Didn't he?"

"No! He was involved financially. He kept using our money to juggle half a dozen other premiums. The fire broke out and caught him."

"But the insurance people are liable. Speevins was their agent."

"Lawyer Hentley tells me *not!* It's happened before. There's been a court decision. Our only redress would be to catch Izzy and jail him for obtaining money under false pretenses. But that won't rebuild our lost plant."

The woman sat down weakly. "Where is he?" she whispered.

"Skipped . . . while the works were burning and the skipping was good."

"You mean, the factory and business is a total loss?"

THE man smiled stoically. "Yesterday at this hour I was worth forty or fifty thousand dollars. You know that. I had a prosperous, growing business. Right now I'm not only bankrupt but forty or fifty thousand in the hole. *Because we'll have to forfeit the Bannerbane contract along with our bond.*"

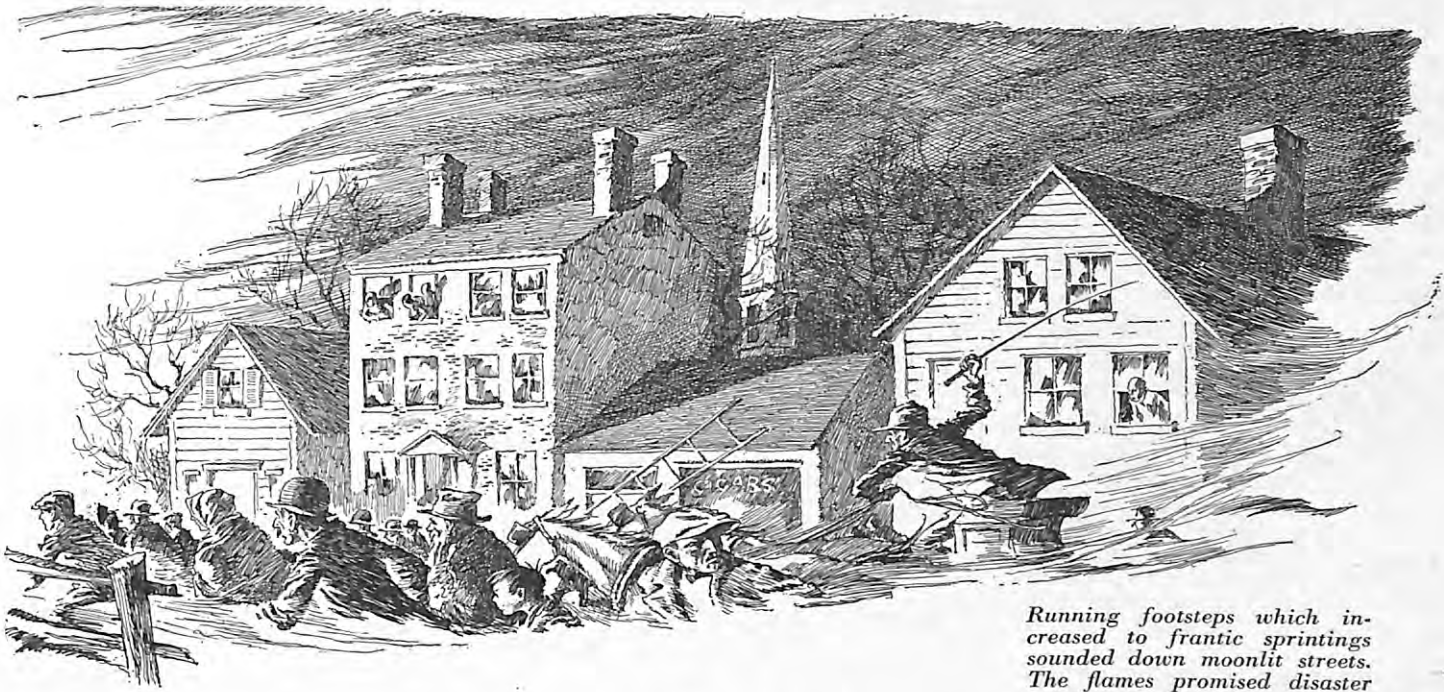
"What are you smiling about?"

He shot her a glance of surprise. "You don't expect me to weep?"

The woman picked up an advertising blotter. She fitted one edge of it, absently, dully, into the crack along her typewriter-desk's drop-head.

"Alfred," she ventured huskily, "what are you going to do?"

"Fred Morey's Widder" was the woman's designation throughout the town and the county. She had come by this title, not



Running footsteps which increased to frantic sprintings sounded down moonlit streets. The flames promised disaster

Once Let a Fire Get Started and There Is No Telling Where It Will Stop

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

because Fred had been so popular and prominent a citizen that his prestige lived on in his wife, but as a vague variety of community condolence.

People called her "Fred Morey's Widder" as a brevet of distinction for something she had ostensibly lived above, something she had successfully survived, triumphed over, lived to grasp in perspective.

Not that Fred had been a felon, dead-beat, horse-thief or drunkard. Quite the reverse. Fred was so completely and overwhelmingly nothing in particular that the most dramatic episode of his existence had been expiring and leaving a woman to mourn him.

Myrtle Morey was one of those patient-faced, tender-hearted women who bore everybody's troubles as they were brought to her, and when the influx was light went out and volunteered for more. She was the most overworked person in Calvary Methodist parish. She helped more brides prepare for the hymeneal shambles than any local dressmaker. She visited more sick folk and advised more addled, discouraged, love-sick swains than all the town philosophers tied in a bundle.

She had dark, troubled eyes, a delicate jaw-line, some gray in her hair. Yet age had not visited her. She lived in a second-floor tenement in Union Street over a meat-market, with a couple of school teachers.

Mrs. Myrtle Morey, in short, was the type of woman whom most men fail to realize they should have married in the first place—until those men have reached forty or fifty. Then it's too late. Someone with more wisdom has already done it.

"I don't know," said the man across by the window.

"You don't know what?"

"What I'm going to do."

"Oh!"

"They'll call my notes at the bank, of course."

"And you'll not try to capture that Speevins?"

"The rat's got nothing. What good would it do?"

"Alfred, I'm so sorry that I'm almost sick."

"Yes, I don't doubt it. That's the way you're built."

It hurt her, the way he said it. Yet he did not mean to be unkind.

Since a fractious colt had planted an inconsiderate hoof in Morey's midriff and kicked him into eternal desuetude, she had been Al Willard's "office help." On the demise of an uncle he had taken a sickly cutlery manufacturing business—which stamped out knives, forks and spoons for the wholesale notion trade on a floor above a garage—and coaxed and coddled it until it covered an acre, with eighty-five names on its payroll each Saturday. With the outbreak of the war he had left this industry to stupid supervision. Likewise he had involved himself in one of those "ain't war grand!" marriages which turned out for thousands to be far more fatal than German pig-iron.

INVALIDED home about the time of the armistice, he had made the discovery that peace may have her disillusionings no less renowned than war. But the influenza epidemic erasing his wife along with all traces of the lady's infidelity, he had picked up the threads of his broken life and business.

Seated across from the Morey widow now, with his losses in retrospect, she watched his strong features as through a film of mist. Mentally she remarked on how much resemblance they bore to those of persons known to submit to prison terms for misdeeds committed by others with less conscience.

Somehow it seemed to grow darker in that

office. The clouds had gathered in the aftermath of gale. Trucks rumbled through Beech Street. Freight-cars banged and clattered out back. A switching-engine chuffed. Little groups of sightseers probed about the ruins and once a bobbed-haired flapper pressed a putty-like nose against the office window—to scurry with awkward giggle when she saw the ruined proprietor some three feet from her.

THEY sat in the curdling gloom, these two, and considered the calamity which belonged to them both, neither admitting that it belonged to them both.

But the sickness to which the woman had testified was not exactly a sickness. It was more of an ache. Not an ache for a prim little industry plunged into limbo, but an ache for the man—who for the moment saw life and the future as through a glass, darkly.

"Alfred, what on earth can I do?"

"Do? You needn't do anything."

"But I'd like to . . . terribly."

"You're a good trouper, Myrtle. I'll give you full credit."

A good trouper! And only "credit." Once again she winced. But the man found his pipe and leaned back in the swivel. She watched his hands—fascinated. Not a shred of tobacco spilled in his lap. There was a quiet compactness about him that pulled the woman like an unseen cord.

"I'm glad you can smoke," she said in soft tenderness.

He lifted one eyebrow and looked at her crookedly. "Too bad your husband wrote himself off the books, Myrtle. I'll bet he never appreciated the wife he was quitting."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because since we've been grubbing here together—to make something of an outfit that's now an ash-pile—you've had the uncanny knack of saying and doing exactly the thing that's 'rubbed my fur' the way it felt best to have it rubbed. Widows learn from experience, I presume."

"I wish you wouldn't suggest such a thing. About widows, I mean."

"It offends you? I thought being a widow was a sort of asset."

"No woman of sense has anything to gain by aggravating or handicapping those around her. Besides, it doesn't occur to me once a month that I'm a widow. I lived with a man for eight years, and buried him. Now I'm existing in a new incarnation."

"How'd you happen to come back here to-day?"

"I caught sight of you leaving the bank. I felt you might welcome someone to talk with . . . someone who's lost like yourself."

"What have you lost?"

"Well," she said with lame caprice, "my job, anyhow."

He lighted the pipe and pressed out the match.

"You've been such a darned good scout I see myself letting some other firm grab you. What'd I ever do without you when my new plant's up?"

"New plant!"

"You don't think for a moment that I'm licked, I hope." He blew a thick funnel of pipe-smoke upward. "it's a set-back, sure! But I've still got my brains. And fire can't burn Sprawl. I learned in the army that the gang that gained the objective was the gang that went forward *in spite of everything*. Well, it's the same thing in life."

"**Y**ET you worked so pitifully hard—getting the plant up to where it was Monday night! I still can't believe that if I look across the yard I won't see it there—"

"You women certainly do keep to the personal viewpoint. Can't detach yourselves, can you?"

"Well, we hate to see those we love handicapped and—"

"Those you *what*?"

Her tender face went vermillion. "G-G-Generally speaking," she qualified.

"Myrtle, with you for a wife, why the devil didn't Fred Morey make something greater of himself?"

"Fred had his failings, like all of us. I don't know that I stopped to think much of what he was, or wasn't, making of himself. He loved me. He was faithful to me. He took care of me—the best he could. So I never tried to make him over into something he wasn't."

"Shouldn't you have tried?"

"No, I don't think so. Lots of women make that blunder. They think their men should be different just because they'd like to see them different . . . that matches with their own whims and fancies. All they succeed in doing is unscrambling those men and making everyone miserable."

Al Willard arose and crossed idly to the door behind her. "Men with women like *you* for wives should be *unpardonably* successful, Myrtle. I wonder some fellow hasn't seen it, long before this."

That was all he said. In her tiny heartbreak she was feminine enough to retort: "Oh, don't run away with the idea I haven't had plenty of chances."

"So?"

He said it as though he had not heard. Preoccupied after that, he opened the door and went out to the ruins.

When he returned, the office was empty.

She took down the exquisite flood of her chestnut hair in the privacy of her chamber that night. She pushed the lamp close to the mirror on her dresser. She stared at her face as though until that moment she had never seen it—every line, muscle, furrow, contour. . . .

Yet she did not pity herself. When she finally blew out the lamp and got

into bed—in a house so hideously quiet that the dripping kitchen faucet sounded like the blows of a hammer—she did not sob herself to sleep or curse her Maker that she was not more enticing. She bit her lip once or twice. But before she had fully decided just what she should do to make Al Willard realize what he meant in her life, slumber had drugged her.

Yet the catastrophe of the knife-works fire had definitely turned and sealed a page in the book of Myrtle Morey's life.

It was a half-written letter which she found in her typewriter when she went around to the office after lunch next day, that worked all the havoc and changed her whole future.

Either the prior afternoon—after she had fled—or during that morning, Willard had tried to write to his brother abroad. It told about the fire, the lost insurance, the bleakness of his prospects in the face of ruin.

Myrtle did not mean to read what her "employer" had started and abandoned. Yet there it was, in the same machine she desired to use herself. And it held her hypnotized.

" . . . what I seem to need worst of all right now, Joe, is a clever ambassador to go to some firm like Bannerbane's and tell my story as I couldn't tell it for myself successfully without laying myself open to a charge of self-pity. I need someone to recommend to them, impersonally behind my back, what an advantage it might be to them to stake me for a come-back. I wish to heaven you could take a vacation, Joe, and . . ."

The wide-eyed woman stumbled toward the window. He needed an ambassador



Willard kept her arm pressed tightly against his body. "I don't quite understand what's happened," Myrtle ventured at last.

"to tell his story as he couldn't himself." Who could do that better than the woman who loved him, whose life was his life, whose future his future?

After a time she got out of the office. She started off across town. Would Al Willard continue to think of her as merely "Fred Morey's Widder" if through her agency the capital was obtained which brought about his rehabilitation?

Not that she meant to compromise him by such pretty duress, nor exercise a sort of financial blackmail to crystallize his regard for her into something tangible. All the same, if she *did* do him so great a service, could he everlastingly confuse her identity with a hapless soul who had departed this life via an excess of horseshoes improperly utilized?"

Suppose that she went to New York and laid Al's dilemma before the Bannerbanes, his export agents. How could they ever be employer and employee in their relations thereafter? . . . assuming of course that she returned successful?

During a five-mile walk she argued her objections into hapless flaccidity. She returned to the office that smelled of embers and water-soaked plaster. She removed her jacket but not her hat. Finding stationery unspoiled by the deluge, she set herself to compose a letter that should introduce her coming.

Pulling out the unfinished letter to the brother in London, she understood why Willard had abandoned that task. The typewriter refused to perform. Keys stuck. The space-bar defaulted. She found pen and ink and wrote her note by hand:

DEAR MR. BANNERBANE:—

As Mr. Willard has doubtless informed you, our plant up here in Paris, Vt., was utterly destroyed by fire Tuesday morning. And because a dishonest insurance agent had failed to turn in our premium payments to his company, our loss is irretrievable.

This not only leaves Mr. Willard in a precarious financial condition, but wholly without resources to recoup unless those who have profited most by their dealings with him in the past face the situation with him now in a manner concretely helpful.

I have been so close to Mr. Willard these past six years in the office that I am taking it upon myself to leave for New York to-morrow to lay the situation before you in a manner he might hesitate to employ for himself. May I have an appointment to discuss the project I have to submit, Friday morning at about 10:30?

I ask this in your interest as well as Mr. Willard's.

Faithfully yours,

(MRS.) MYRTLE MOREY.

SHE finished this—rather proud of its diction—and searched for a blotter. She remembered toying with one while she discussed the situation with Willard the previous afternoon. She could not find it. Anyhow, the ink had nearly dried. She folded the sheets in an envelop, sealed it, addressed it to old Simon Bannerbane personally, and took it uptown to the post-office.

The following evening she left for New York. Since Tuesday night she had not seen Al Willard.

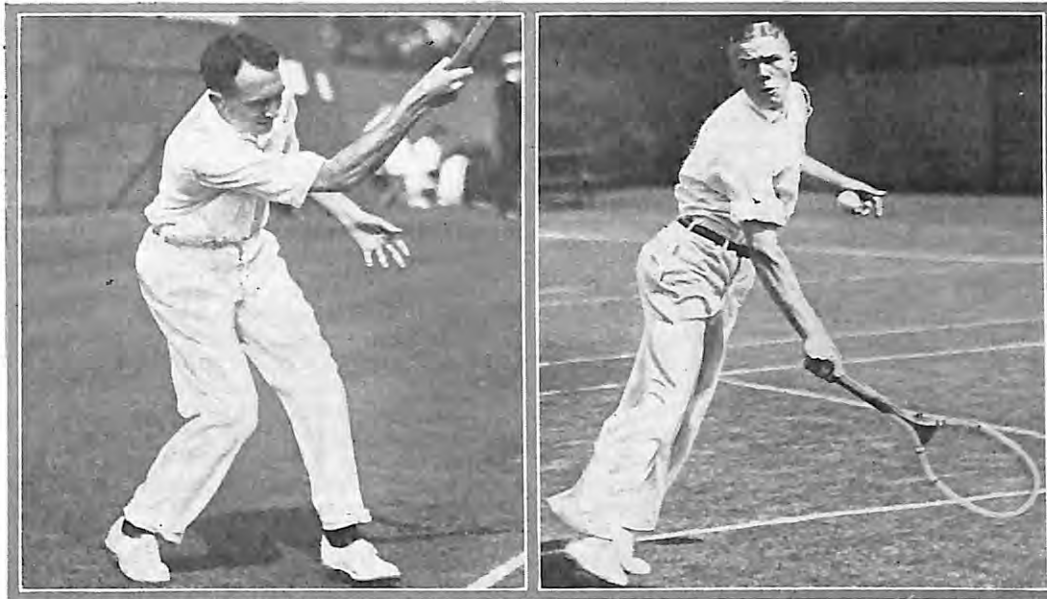
The instant she had gained the quaint, cluttered, mid-Victorian office of Simon Bannerbane in West Liberty Street, and the senior partner swung around in a cane-seated office-chair to greet her, she knew that she stood a chance of success.

The Bannerbane business had been

(Continued on page 50)

Edward Chandler,
of the University of
California, Inter-
collegiate Tennis
Champion, who
beat Billy Johnston
early in the season

EDWIN LEVICK



Cranston Holman,
of Leland Stanford
University, Junior
Tennis Champion,
and number eight
man on the national
ranking list

EDWIN LEVICK

Youth Comes Marching

By Walter Trumbull

*Some place in a tiny bed,
Where, nobody knows,
Just a little sleepy-head,
Reaching for his toes,
Rose-leaf hand and dimpled knee,
Hair all damp and curled,
Lies a baby who will be
Champion of the world.*

PLAYERS come and go, but the game remains. And each game has its champion.

During his transitory reign, a champion generally is over-estimated. But, such is human nature, all the time the mob is cheering him and declaring him invincible, it is looking eagerly for some one strong enough to beat him. Sport is popular with the masses because of its thrilling moments and the biggest thrill of all comes when a championship is won, or lost.

The quest for a new champion is eternal. In these days, when professional football and baseball players are paid salaries greater than those of bank presidents or heads of railroads, and when a heavyweight pugilist gets a fortune for a few minutes of fighting, it is small wonder that managers, scouts and promoters search for champions as a prospector does for gold. The difference is that there are more gold mines than there are champions. The likeness is that, after he strikes what appears to be a great prospect, neither the prospector nor the manager knows what he has until a lot of development work has been done.

The amateur, the fan, the rabid rooter, looks for a champion just as keenly as does the professional, but his glittering reward is his pride in having recognized value in the rough. He strains his eyes trying to see the coming champion a long way off. But he doesn't know in which direction to look. A champion may come from anywhere.

You may be able to breed a champion dog or race horse, but you can't breed a champion polo pony or a champion athlete. The son of a great athlete is frequently a good athlete, but a champion is the best—there is, and can be, only one champion at a time. The others may have speed and strength and courage and skill, but he is born with some instinct for the game, some super-quality which they lack.

But he must develop this quality. A man doesn't become a champion unless he is willing to pay the price. He may natu-

rally be a great player, but to rise above all rivals means not only a born instinct for the game but hard work, patience, endurance of body and mind. The road to a championship is steep and rough.

At this minute I only call to mind one champion, at even an indoor game, who is the son of a champion. That is young Jake Schaefer and none of the old-timers will admit that he is as great as his father, "The Wizard" of billiards. Very likely he is, nevertheless. Most of our present champions are better than the old, if records mean anything.

There are several reasons why future champions should be still better. We are discovering new things about training and form every day. We are providing our youngsters with opportunities and facilities

which their fathers lacked. And the fact that women are becoming more and more athletic may have an important bearing on the question. The fathers of many of our champions have been small and of no great physical strength, but in most of these cases the mother was large and powerful. It was so with John L. Sullivan and it was so with Stanley Ketchell. Dempsey's father is not above the average in strength. Tilden's father never was a great tennis-player, nor the father of Bobby Jones a champion golfer.

When we look for the next flock of champions, therefore, we are to a large extent searching in the dark, but we at least have a candle or two to guide us. We know that there are certain fixed qualities which a champion must possess. This narrows the field, but we do not know, until it becomes apparent to all, which contender has in addition that unknown ingredient which transmutes good metal into fine gold. We also know that it takes time to make a champion, and that there are only one or two real champions to a decade, but we also know that champions usually slide so softly down the further side of the hill that when they disappear we wonder that we did not see that their successor really was at the top. The chances are that for some time we had been giving the title-holder too much, and the challenger too little, credit.

The one foe no champion can conquer is time. Ever youth comes marching and somewhere in its ranks are the champions of the future. Let us try to single out a few of those who some day may walk alone in front of the tramping squads.

William T. Tilden, 2nd, was ranked second among the first ten tennis players of this country in 1918. Since 1920, he has been ranked as the first tennis-player of the game. This, therefore, is the sixth year he has held the championship that he will defend again in the late summer.

Tilden was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1893. He may—and the chances are that he will—defend his title successfully for another season or so, but the man who has been called the greatest player tennis ever produced can not go on forever. R. Norris Williams is two years older than Tilden. William M. Johnston is a year younger. Soon their generation must give way to the next decade.

Tilden himself predicts that his crown



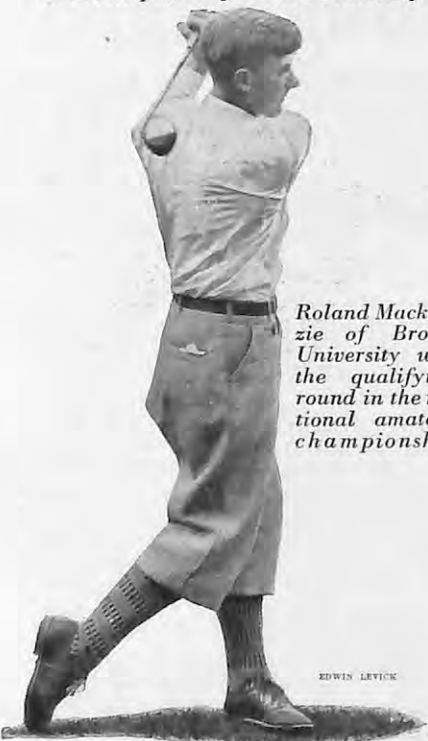
UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Helen Jacobs, another California star, holds the girls' national junior championship



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The 1925 intercollegiate champion,
G. F. Lamprecht of Tulane University



Roland Mackenzie of Brown University won the qualifying round in the national amateur championship

EDWIN LEVICK



EDWIN LEVICK

Watts Gunn, runner-up to Bobby Jones at Oakmont last year

ultimately will rest upon the brow of a Frenchman. He holds that within a comparatively short time René Lacoste will be tennis champion of the world. Lacoste was born in Paris in 1904, is one of the most perfect players the game has seen and is improving steadily.

But we have tennis stars, risen and rising, in this country who will dispute the title ably with any contender. First of all, there is Vincent Richards, young in years, but wise in experience. Born in New York City in 1903, Richards has been crowding the top in tennis for the past half-dozen years. Starting as a schoolboy prodigy, he is, at twenty-three, ranked as a veteran. And he appears to be playing better than ever. Twice already this season he has beaten Tilden in Southern tournaments. But Richards is a known quantity. There are others who may climb high before the year is done.

First among these seems to be Edward Chandler, of the University of California, intercollegiate champion. Early in the season Chandler beat no less an opponent than Little Bill Johnston in straight sets. Howard Kinsey, who is enthusiastic over Chandler's play, said of this match:

"Johnston was not in his best shape, of course, but Chandler's play shows that he has no weakness. In his present form I should not hesitate to rank him among the first few players of the country. His backhand play is one of the best balanced of any of the modern players, for he can handle high bounding balls on his backhand with both precision and speed. His service is very fine, placed beautifully, being constantly switched from side to side. His forehand drive is a cross between the Eastern and Western styles both in foot work and grip. In fact his play is extremely sound in all departments. At the net Chandler is particularly strong and impressive, being very quick, with tremendous reach and splendid judgment in both smashing and volleying. He uses better judgment than any one I have ever watched."

Considered until recently even more promising than Chandler, Cranston Holman, of Stanford University, is another rising tennis star. Holman lost to Chandler in a Coast tournament, but he is a fighter and has about everything which goes to make a great player.

Two other promising players who may be listed among the younger set are George Lott and Alfred H. Chapin, Jr. Chapin is an Easterner, and Lott hails from Ohio. Both men have had considerable experience and Lott has won sectional and Canadian titles.

Among the best junior players are Harris Coggshall, of Iowa, Henry L. Johnson, of Massachusetts, Berkeley Bell, of Texas and Emmett Pare of Chicago. Still further away from national competition are at least three schoolboys, Frank Shields, of New York, Walter Thomas, of New Jersey, and Junior Coen, of Missouri. Many expect Coen eventually to develop into a champion.

In baseball, fans looked for years for a second Cobb, Mathewson, Collins, Wagner, Johnson or Speaker. There are no such animals. When a new star appears he isn't a second anybody. He is a first Hornsby, Sisler or Ruth.

Real values in baseball only can be determined by the work of a man over a period of years. If only one season were to be considered, Ferdie Schupp would be ranked as the greatest pitcher who ever lived. In 1916, he held opposing batters to less than one earned run per game. Yet, he never is classed with such pitchers as Mathewson, Rusie, Young, Alexander or many others.

It is his record of twenty years which makes them call Cobb the greatest player of them all.

McGraw used to say that no minor leaguer was a finished performer until he had spent two years in the majors, perhaps on the bench. It surely is unsafe to pass final judgment on any player's ability until he has been playing regularly for at least two seasons. His first year in the majors the pitchers and the other players are sizing him up. If he has any weakness it gets around the second season by the invisible telegraph which baseball players employ. In the minors a man is apt to go to the plate and hit as he pleases. In the big leagues he has to hit to orders, and if he can not sink his individuality in team work his batting falls away to nothing and he goes back to the minors. He must try to hit on a certain pitch; he must attempt to hit to a certain field. There are, of course, dead left-field or dead right-field hitters, but they are not Cobbs, Speakers or Hornsbys. And they certainly are not Willie Keelers.

So, while every club in the big leagues has some youngsters for whom there are high hopes, it is too soon to say just how many of them will turn out to be star players over any stretch of years. Take Tony Lazzeri, of San Francisco, Salt Lake and New York, for example. Tony was a hitting fool in the minors and looks like a good man in the majors, but his real worth remains to be demonstrated. It is when the weather and the race grow hot that new players show their real caliber.

Mark Koenig, also of the Yankees, is one man the veterans are willing to go on record for. Not so long ago Babe Ruth himself told me that he believed that in another year Koenig would be the best shortstop in either big league. And the Big Bam is a pretty shrewd judge of baseball talent.

Cincinnati thinks it has a most promising young outfielder in Walter Christensen, who came from the sand lots of California. As lead-off man for St. Paul, Christensen hit .325 and stole forty-nine bases. He is rather burly and stocky, but as supple as an acrobat. As a matter of fact, his ability to turn flipflops and handsprings may be a detriment to him, as it gives him a little inclination to clown. But he has shown himself to be a fine pinch-hitter and a good all-around player and he may go far in fast company.



EDWIN LEVICK

Miss Dorothy Klotz, winner of the South Atlantic Women's Golf Championship

Each of the Boston clubs has a young pitcher of promise. Wertz of the Boston Nationals has shown a lot of stuff for a rookie and some good judges of players consider Charlie Ruffing, who came to the Red Sox from Dover last season, the best looking young boxman in the game. Ruffing has the stuff and the size and weight.

Others believe that Kent Greenfield, who won twelve games for the Giants last season, is the most likely to leave a lasting impression on baseball of any of the young pitchers. Greenfield is twenty-two years old and was born in Guthrie, Kentucky. He has a lot of stuff and is of the true mountaineer type, cool in action and at his best under fire.

Lou Gehrig, once of Columbia University, and Earl Coombs, both of the New York Yankees, are two who are still in their early twenties and who have a chance to be remembered by the next generation. They already have proved themselves in fast company, but both are improving steadily.

Myer, Washington shortstop, is getting his first real chance and is making good. John McGraw thinks he has a find in a youngster named Ott.

The man who is apt to be regarded as the great outfielder of the big leagues, when such stars as Cobb and Speaker finally stick to the bench, is Hazen Cuyler, of the champion Pittsburgh Pirates. Cuyler is twenty-seven years old, or will be in August, and has only been with Pittsburgh since 1923, so he can not hope to equal Cobb's record in point of service, but he is a great player and should be one for ten years to come. He is a real student of the game and gained his proficiency, just as Cobb did, by ambition, patience and hard work. He comes from the little town of Flint, Michigan, where, in the off season, he acts as physical instructor and director of the Industrial Club. As a result, he is always in condition.

We have merely mentioned a few of the men who may blaze brightly as stars in the baseball sky, but the main fascination of the game is its uncertainty. A year from now some of these boys who have been farmed out, or some boy who has been lost in obscurity, may blaze with a fire which will dim the light of all the other stars.

Golf is the queerest of games, and we sometimes think, as we peer at the landscape from the bank of a sand trap, that the persons who play it are slightly demented. A

golf crown rests upon the wearer's head with all the stability of a billiard ball balanced on the tip of a cue. Only one man, Willie Anderson, ever won the open championship three times in succession. Only one man after that, Jack McDermott, ever won it twice running.

The amateur title has been won two years in succession by H. J. Whigham, Walter Travis, H. C. Egan, Jerome Travers and Bobby Jones. Jerry Travers won it in 1907 and 1908 and in 1912 and 1913. It was in 1915 that he won the open. Other amateur champions who have won the open are Ouimet, Evans and Jones, but Chick Evans was the only one of the lot who won the amateur and open the same year.

It seems rather far-fetched to talk of on-coming youth in golf, because tournament golf has come to be mainly a young man's game. It would not be at all surprising to see some kid of sixteen or seventeen some day win a national championship. We have seen kids younger than that who have broken 80. Bobby Jones, probably the finest amateur player in the world, was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1902. You wouldn't call twenty-four aged, but Bobby has been playing tournament golf for ten years.

Ouimet, Gardner, Evans, Herron, Guilford, Marston, Von Elm, Knepper, Johnston, Sweetser and Cummings are not exactly old men, but are all to a greater or less extent veterans of golf. Johnny Anderson, Eddie Held and a number of others belong in the same general class.

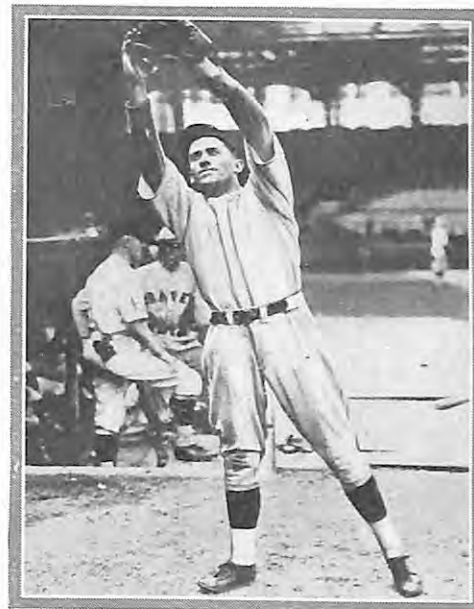
But we have some other golfers coming on. We have, indeed. There is, for example, Judge Bill Gunn's boy, Watts Gunn. The judge was once a southpaw pitcher for Mercer at Macon, Georgia. Somewhat against his better judgment he permitted Bobby Jones to take Watts with him to the amateur tournament at Oakmont. All young Gunn did in that tournament was to qualify, where such players as Ouimet, Evans, Corkran, Carter, Martin, Gardner, Marston and Herron failed, and, having passed Sweetser on the way up, played Jones in the final. Now Watts is permitted to go to England or anywhere else Bobby Jones cares to chaperon him. Young Gunn is also a Georgia Tech man.

Other youthful amateurs who have crowded into the limelight are Roland Mackenzie, of Washington, D. C. and Brown University, who won the qualifying round at Oakmont only to be eliminated by Dick Jones; Fred Lamprecht, the intercollegiate champion from Tulane, Keefe Carter of Oklahoma, Laurie Upson and Ira Couch. Any of these youngsters on a good day might possibly beat old man Jones in an eighteen-hole match. I doubt whether any of them could beat him in a seventy-two-hole match.

Golf is not so uncertain as it sounds. If they played every day for two or three months I do not believe that any amateur in the country would have a chance with Jones on the average or the total score. And I do not believe that any man in the country or out of it can beat Hagen over any extended period at match play. But there are some young professionals coming on who in time may give even Hagen all he is looking for at any form of golf.

The foremost of these is probably Harry Cooper, known as "Light Horse Harry." Young Cooper, now professional at Kansas City, was born in Surrey, England, in 1904. He is the son of Sid Cooper, professional and manager at the municipal course in Dallas, Texas. His father started to teach Harry to play golf when the boy was three years old. He has done very well at the

(Continued on page 88)



Hazen Cuyler, star outfielder and hitter of the Pittsburgh Pirates



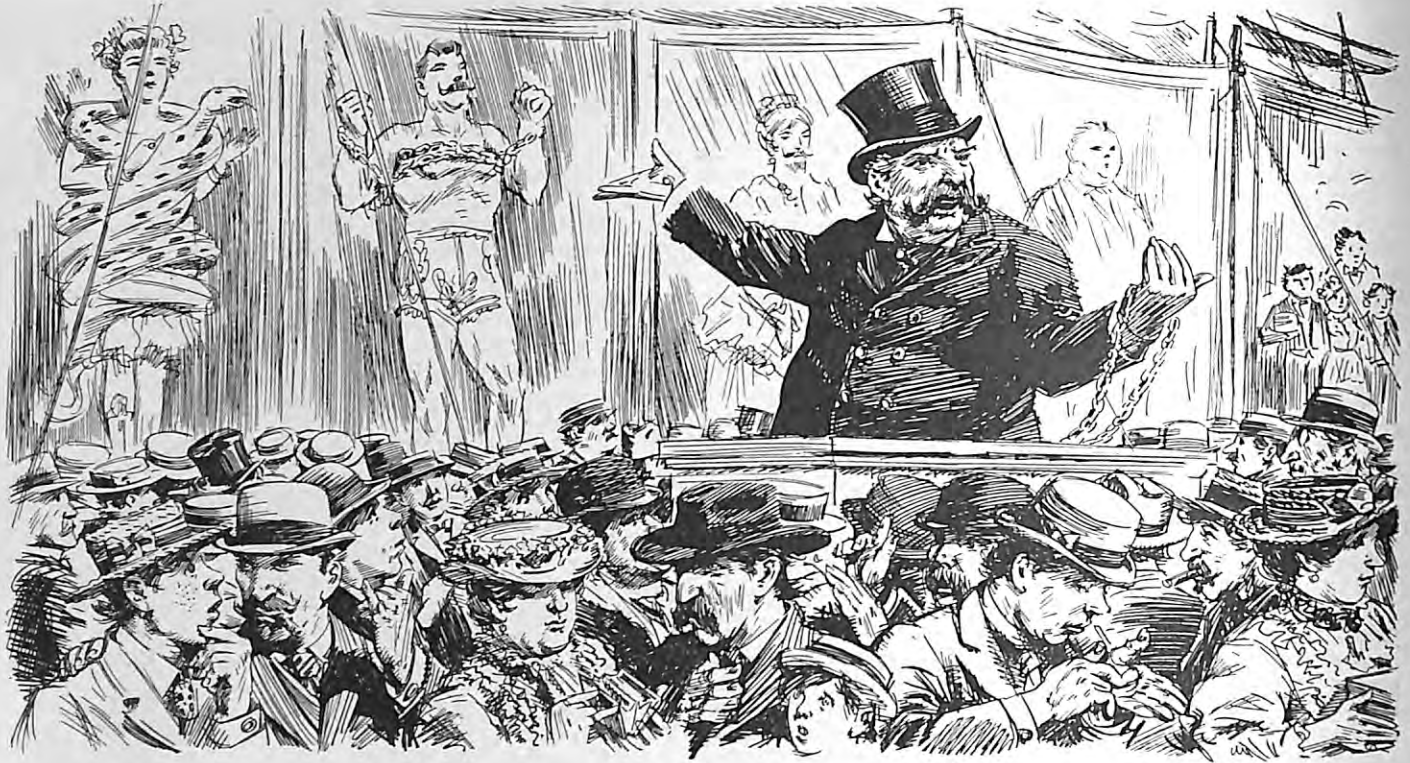
Harold Traynor, 3rd baseman with the Pittsburgh Pirates



Kent Greenfield, pitcher for the Giants



Walter Christensen, promising outfielder of the Cincinnati Reds



THE big circus parade enveloped in the aroma of its menagerie has rumbled down Main Street for the last time, and with it, I sadly feel, has gone some of the free flavor of adventure that has inspired high resolutions to perform great deeds in the souls of countless little American boys—and girls.

Even the smallest of tent shows are abandoning the parade feature of their daily touring ritual as uneconomic and for the biggest the street march has become an impossibility. Congested automobile traffic, the staggering cost of such pageantry and a variety of less impelling reasons all have contributed to the result, which is that probably never again shall you hear that challenging cry:

"Here they come! Hold your hosses!"

I shall miss it and I think you will understand why when I explain that it was my voice that nearly always was heard above the medley of sounds that came from the heavy, springless wagons, the rattling of chains, the sour bugling of elephants and the clatter of horses' hoofs. Sometimes I rode on top of a moving tableau, and sometimes I was astride a horse as fine as any to be found in the stable of a king. What I announced from that ambling stage did not vary in purpose from the first announcement of the kind I ever listened to. It was made by a magnificent being that long afterwards I learned was old Cal Towers.

It was circus day in Crawfordsville, Indiana, which is for me the capital of the world.

I was born there and named for another Lew of that town, Gen. Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," and his wife, Susan, was my Sunday-school teacher. I had achieved a position on the curbstone, not far from my father's general store, and so, when the orange and purple van that was the announcer's platform came abreast of me I was able to study his performance. On my then small person he exercised an influence akin to that power wielded by the Pied Piper of Hamelin. I listened, and then surrendered my fine place on the curb to follow him. Before that parade had reached the lot in Crawfordsville I had memorized his

Ballyhoo

Reminiscences of Nearly Forty Years as a Circus Orator

By Lew Graham and
Boyden Sparkes

Drawings by Albert Levering

announcement. What he said over and over again was:

"Laad-eez and gen-tle-men! Im-ediate-ly after the return of the parade to the circus grounds you will see Monsower De-Lonzo, the king of the tight wire, walk from terra firma to the topmost point of the large pavilion on an in-vis-ible wire. This is ab-so-lute-ly free to every one."

I wonder if any statesman, if any great manufacturer, if any surgeon can recall the precise moment in their lives when they chose the path of their career? For me there was never a doubt as to what I wanted to be in this world after I had seen and heard Cal Towers, silk hat in hand, pulpit coat carefully buttoned, declaim about Monsower DeLonzo. I wanted ardently to be a circus announcer and to be listened to by thousands. Well, I got my wish, and I'm satisfied, but I shall always regret the passing of the circus parade even though I understand as well as the owners of my circus how impossible it is to keep it up.

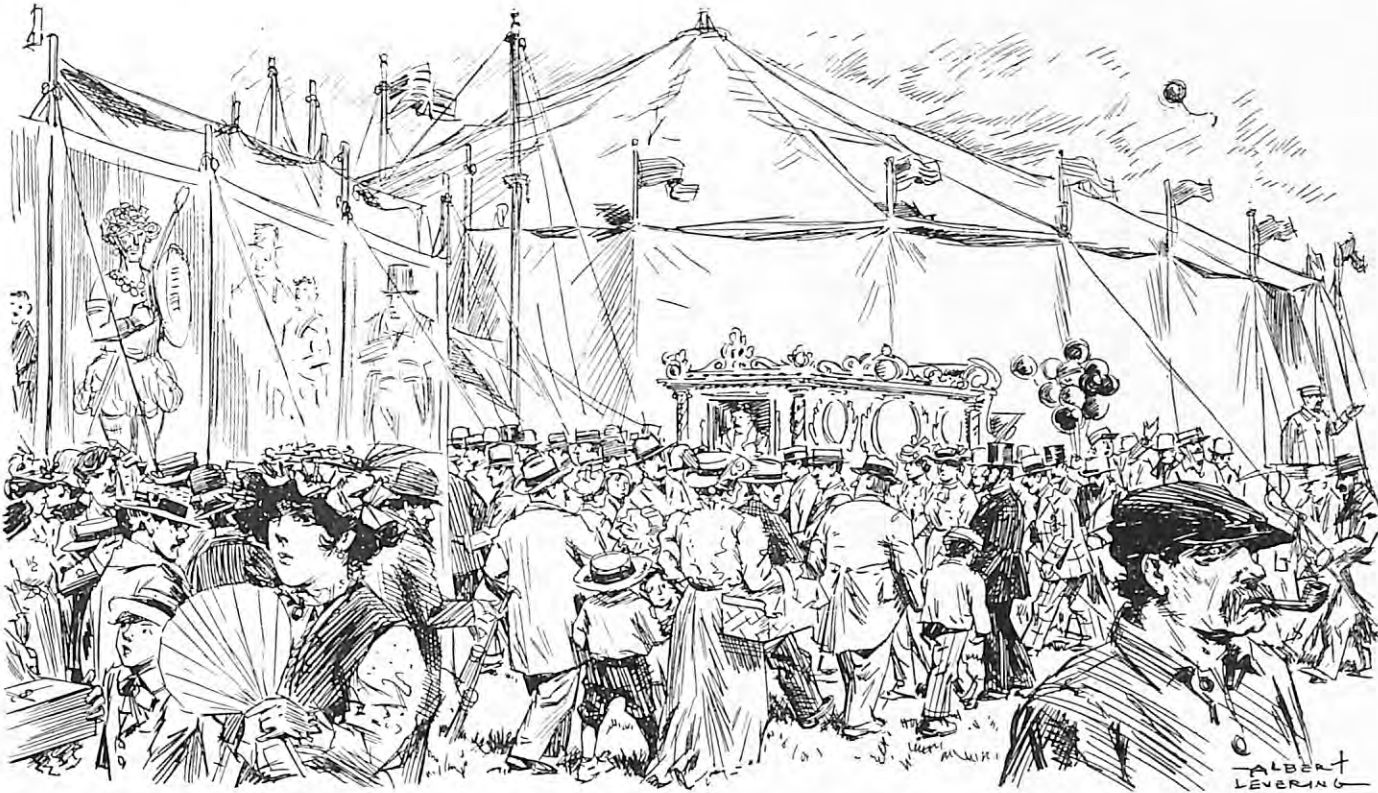
The idea of the parade was, of course, to impress people with the grandeur and magnitude of the circus. Therefore a parade including only a portion of the caravan would be out of the question. It would never do to parade a few elephants and expect people to be satisfied with a statement that there were fifty elephants on the lot. A big part of the pleasure in watching

a circus parade came from counting the elephants and the horses and the cages.

One-day stands comprise about 75 per cent. of our traveling season and on every one of those days we are harrowed by the fear of arriving behind schedule with the consequent danger of disappointing the thousands of people who will have come to town on railroad excursions. Those people have to leave when the excursion trains leave. Therefore the big circus must begin its matinée performance promptly and a commitment to a parade program dangerously narrowed our margin of time whenever our arrival was delayed.

SINCE all the automobile factories of America have been making machines by the millions, street traffic has become congested to a degree that makes the progress of any kind of a procession uncertain. I have heard of one instance of a small show that was nearly three hours getting through a traffic jam in McKeesport, Pa., and the mounted policemen who headed the marching show were quite unable to break up the congestion. Even more important, though, is the fact that the wide-spread use of automobiles has made it possible for the bulk of circus spectators to get to the lot in plenty of time after lunching at home, even though they live twenty miles away. When they came in buggies and wagons behind farm horses they used to bring shoe box luncheons of fried chicken and angel food cake and pickles, and make a day of it.

For the biggest circus there is another impelling reason for abandoning the parade. The accessories of a circus pageant, including the costumes of expensive fabrics, fine feathers, the trappings for the animals, the extra flat cars needed to carry this equipment, besides the additional drain on the energies of show folks and show stock, were too great, besides which it was always a gamble with the weather. A single unexpected shower might ruin \$250,000 worth of parade equipment. Circus men were persuaded it was too great a chance to take, especially after they became convinced that a parade was no longer necessary to get people out to the lot.



We don't parade any more and I am sorry, for something has been crowded out of America that I loved. For me the parade was an hour of triumph in every day of summer touring, but even though we have stopped parading I still announce the important feats in the big top and deliver my lectures from the box of the kid show, which is that part of the circus you probably know as the side show. Show folks call it the kid show because they think of it as the child of the big show, that goes on in the main tent. For me the kid show has been the major element of the activities on the lot because most of my work up to the time I became director of privileges with Ringling Brothers, and Barnum & Bailey's circus was confined to the side show.

Actually it is the parent of the circus as we know it, for the attractions exhibited in the side show are still of the type that Phineas T. Barnum used to build up his enterprise. But there has been a great change in the character of these exhibits. Nowadays all attractions must be seen and approved before they are signed but there was a day when almost anything that would draw a crowd was considered suitable material for the side show.

I REMEMBER my first engagement as an orator chiefly because of certain exhibits about which I lectured that would not be tolerated to-day on the lot of any well managed circus. My first circus engagement, as a bandsman with the Charles Bartine, Smallest Tented Organization in the World, had ended disastrously in Greenville, Ohio. We had been playing the town halls and I suppose the sheriff gets the credit for our closing. I was playing the tuba, a fortunate circumstance because I pawned my tuba, and for all I know it still remains a dusty pledge in Greenville. But the proceeds made a magic carpet that carried me home to Crawfordsville.

Even to-day winter is a sort of period of hibernation with me and summer is the time I really live. But that winter that came on the heels of my first season of trouping was perhaps the duller of my life, so that with the coming of spring and blue-

birds I started east and if Coney Island had been a magnet and myself a bit of steel I could have been drawn no more irresistibly.

This was in 1888 and I applied for and got the only job that was open, an orator in front of Professor Worth's Museum at the Brighton Beach Bathing Pavilion. It was known as a collection of inanimate attractions, an assortment of rare minerals, stuffed birds, dried fish oddities and, preserved in a bottle of alcohol, the head of Giteau, the assassin of President Garfield.

I have forgotten, if I ever knew, how Professor Worth was supposed to have obtained possession of that relic. I know it never occurred to me to doubt the authenticity of the exhibit, especially because no one ever questioned either the honesty or the good taste of the attraction.

Worth was an eccentric old fellow who



insisted that I put a great deal of stress on the educational and historical value of the materials exhibited in the museum. He had a little private chest about twice the size of a cigar box in which he kept some curios that were especially precious in his sight. Among these was a lump of lead shaped like mushrooms pressed back to back. It was formed of bullets that had met and fused in mid-air over a Civil War battlefield. There were others equally unimportant but which for Worth were priceless. Somehow, as a savage Indian might have guarded the charms wrapped in a sacred bundle, Professor Worth always kept within reach of his arm that queer little box.

THE next winter, with more assurance and a slightly larger vocabulary behind my throat, I had an engagement as lecturer at the old Ninth and Arch Street Museum in Philadelphia. That was 1889 and in the spring I was engaged as a reserved seat ticket seller with the Barnum & Bailey Circus, joining when it opened in New York at the old Polo Grounds at One Hundred and Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue. Madison Square Garden was not quite ready for us that year. In St. Louis, on the 9th of June, I experienced the proudest day of my life for I went on the side show box as assistant to William Henshaw. In those days we used two side show boxes and admission was ten cents, and there were eight or ten attractions. Nowadays we have five boxes, admission is a quarter and there are from twenty-five to thirty stages and cages and I have seen a day when our ballyhoo lured 25,000 people through the entrance of the kid show. That was in Washington, D. C., and many of those who elbowed their way in to gape at the fat woman, the snake charmer, the fire eater, the sword swallower, the giants and the midgets, were statesmen.

There have been other changes. Even on the small shows it is no longer permissible for the ticket sellers or the orators to appear on the box in their shirt sleeves with handkerchiefs tied about their necks and cigars clinched in their teeth. In fact, an important part of my work is the inspection

of the dress of employes in the privilege department. If I catch a candy butcher wearing a soiled coat or not wearing a collar he is reproved. Usually that is enough.

The side show is a wheel within a wheel, a separate institution that has its own canvas boss, and, generally, its own sleeping cars. In a big circus like ours traveling in four trains, the side-show usually moves in one of the earlier trains because it is necessary for it to get started earlier. The side-show manager's first duty after he gets on the new lot is to ascertain if the spot allotted to him by the canvas boss of the circus is in his opinion the best possible for business. There are some fine distinctions of authority involved.

THE side show canvas boss is not the assistant of the circus canvas boss, but the circus canvas boss always tells him, "There's the line for your banners," as the adjutant of a cavalry regiment making a new camp might indicate to a troop commander the line of a troop street. It is the side-show manager's job to see that his banner line is so placed that all of the patrons of the circus, all of the lot visitors are going to pass in front of his entrance which invariably is opposite the ticket wagons. He must see also that he has sufficient room for the display of his banners and after getting those two things he must cope with conditions as he finds them. If there is a sharp slope to the lot that is something that will be less of an inconvenience to the side-show attractions than to the performers in the big top. The hippodrome must have nearly level ground. But an experienced canvas boss rarely errs.

Jimmy Whalen, for example, is not likely to move his layout pin—which orients the entire circus—after it is placed. A little, stocky Irishman with a thick but tattered red moustache, one cheek distended by a tobacco quid, sleeves rolled up exposing hairy, freckled arms as powerful as boa constrictors, Jimmy is a great canvas man. He would have been a dominating figure in any walk of life. On the circus lot he is an admiral.

A railroad president came on the lot last season and said he wanted to meet the man responsible for putting up the circus and taking it down.

"This is so and so, Jimmy," introduced the proprietor.

Jimmy was about to reply when he spied one of his men coming back late from the cook house.

"Hey, you," roared Jimmy, "what the this and that do you think this is? A holiday?"

The canvas man fled to his work.

"Jimmy," persisted the proprietor, "I want you to meet—"

Just then Jimmy's eyes spotted another shirker and a roar left his throat that sent that one flying to his work. All about lay the canvas like a carpet of snow. It was about to be raised. A multitude of ropes, myriads of tent stakes, a forest of poles had to be in position.

After a third attempt to complete the introduction had failed the railroad president whispered, with a cultured inflection, "A perfect social lion, isn't he?"

Well, Jimmy Whalen may not be a social lion, but wherever show folks gather he is a hero of almost legendary calibre. He is a captain, one of those men born to dominate and lead. There is small fear of blow-downs on a lot where Jimmy Whalen rules as canvas boss. He gets a loyal service from

his men that would make even a polar expedition successful. Probably it is because they know he will fight for them as quickly as he would fight with them. Some of his canvas men have been with the show for twenty-five years and more, and some of them draw their salaries only once a year—when the circus goes into winter quarters. Next in importance to the actual owners on any circus lot, in my estimation, is the boss canvasser.

In a thirty-week season covering territory from New York to California we did not lose a dozen tent pegs because every night after the last tent had been struck and hauled to the train, four of Jimmy Whalen's "peg" men with torches, "read the lot" for the purpose of gleaning any that may have been overlooked.

During a Boston engagement several years ago our canvas had just been put in place when a terrific wind and rain storm broke. The heavy canvas sagged and belled. Ropes quivered, stretched and slackened. Quarter poles snapped. Then the storm passed. Once more everything was in place on a muddy lot, and then, another storm broke. It was a Sunday and no swarm of spectators had to be looked after, but still it was a giant's job to keep up that canvas, more than there is on a fleet of sailing ships—and a circus may not reef its canvas. In bad weather I always keep myself warmly clad and my rain coat and rubber boots are within easy touch. Somehow I feel that wet weather is the time really to enjoy life under canvas. There is an added degree of comfort in your coffee when rain is pelting the cook tent roof and walls.

But for Jimmy Whalen and his men a rain storm is to be compared only with the work of mariners on wind-jammers in a storm, only Whalen's responsibility is greater because more humanity is concerned.

This time I speak of Jimmy and his men had to stand guard at the poles and ropes for more than twenty-four hours with never a moment in which to rest or cease to worry.

Twice during that time the fretful elephants and camels, disturbed and uneasy because of a storm they could hear but could not see, had to be led out of the menagerie tent into the open air where they could feel the cold rain on the thick hide of their backs. Maybe you think they do not reason but how else are you to account for the fact that once they had seen for themselves that the flapping of the canvas, the creak of strained poles and the shrill howling in the rigging was just wind and rain, they went back into the damp straw with something like relief in their manner and thereafter seemed glad that they did not have to stay out of doors like ordinary animals?

For Jimmy Whalen and his men there was no such contentment until the final show was over. Then when they had rolled the last of the soggy tent sections and gotten them into the wagons and seen the ultimate blue pole hit the ground, Whalen, wiping his bedraggled moustache on his wet sleeve, slapped his sopping felt hat against his leg, bit off a fresh chew and proclaimed: "With all her faults I love her still."

THAT recalls another rainy, stormy day in Chicago when things went wrong for a while. It was some years ago. The privileges were controlled by the firm of Hager and Henshaw, side-show, candy, and refreshments and the concert that followed the main performance. William Henshaw, whom we always called "Pop", was a great circus orator. He was quite corpulent, his moustache was a great double scroll of carefully tended gray hair. Invariably he dressed in the prevailing Fifth Avenue mode and his dignity was most impressive. I was his assistant.

We had with us a side-show attraction, James Wilson, the expansionist. I can tell you better just what he did by employing the ballyhoo lecture of Pop Henshaw.

"And now my dear friends," he would say, "I want to invite your attention to this painting on my right representing James Wilson. It is not a sketch from the imagination of a gifted artist, but a painting made from life." The painting was one of the usual side-show banners placed, likely enough, between that depicting the Queen of Adipose and that showing the Human Lamp. It showed Wilson blown up like a pouter pigeon, and it was only mildly exaggerated.

"You will see this mighty man," Pop would declaim with the manner of a revivalist promising a day of resurrection, "place a regulation No. 6 jack chain about his breast, fasten it securely and by the mere expansion of his chest and lungs he will burst it in twain. He is capable of expanding his chest to a far greater degree than any other mortal, his expansion being sixteen inches. Then, ladies and gentlemen, he will take another chain of similar size and strength, fasten it securely about his upper arm and merely by bending the elbow upward he will cause this steel chain to burst asunder. And that is Wilson."

Pop Henshaw as he lectured would rattle from time to time a great chain of polished links that appeared strong enough to hold an elephant. I could not swear to it but I always felt that

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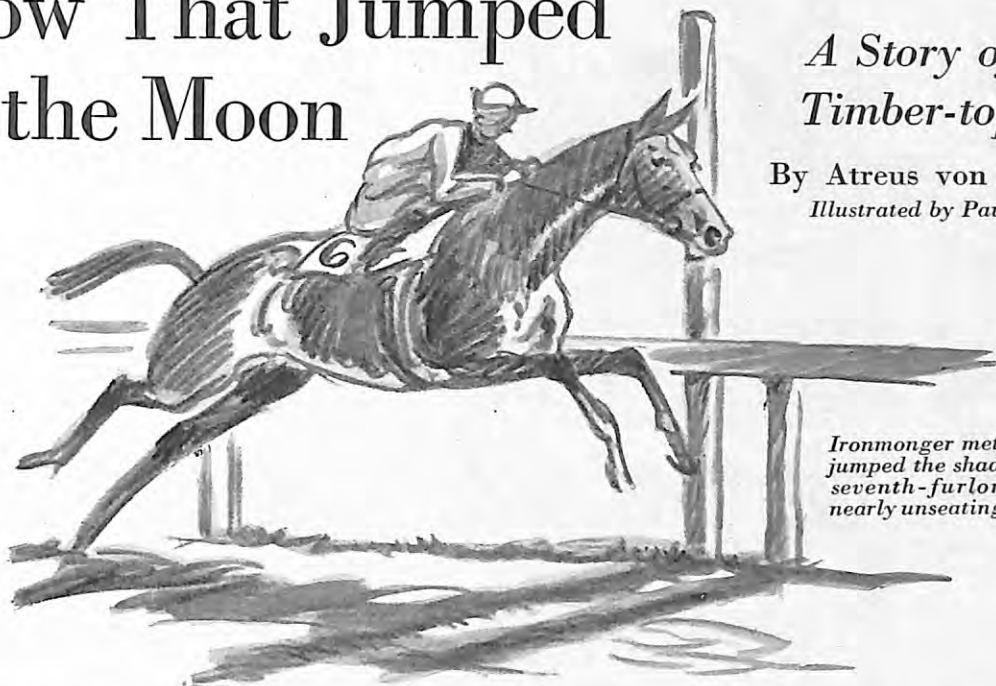


The Cow That Jumped Over the Moon

*A Story of the
Timber-toppers*

By Atreus von Schrader

Illustrated by Paul Brown



Ironmonger methodically jumped the shadow of the seventh-furlong pole, nearly unseating his rider

*"By th' sweat an' th' strain an' th' poundin',
By th' creak an' th' stink of th' girths,
By th' dirt in your eye, by th' Low an' th' High,
Ride 'im!"*

THEY make sausage out of 'em in some countries—"Sunny Jim Dollom, the big trainer, climbed over the rail of the Fairview track and waited for his partner, Mike McCarthy, and their horse.

The little bay had just finished last in a field of eight, galloping home with a curious, solemn intentness. Mike walked him back, saluted the judges with his bat, and slid from the saddle, his orange silk flashing handsomely in the hot sun.

"Nice race. Too bad you weren't in it—" Sunny Jim flung the blanket over the bay and glared at him disgustedly, "He ain't even run himself out o' breath. Why didn't you lay into him?"

Mike, his thin, tanned face shining through the dust thrown at him by twenty-eight assorted hooves, grinned and patted his mount's neck, "No use beatin' him. He was doin' his best. He just ain't a sprinter. But we was goin' faster when we finished than when we started," he paused and the grin vanished, "Jim, you've got this hay-burner wrong. He travels nice, an' he c'n run all day. I don't know but he might maybe be a stake horse yet."

"Beef, or hamburger? I don't know either, but I think we're stuck." They had taken the bay a week earlier in payment of a debt, and Ironmonger's breeding, by Vulcan out of Witch Flame, had promised well.

"You oughta heard Sell-you-Lloyd in th' paddock when you came rollin' in. 'I hope th' mare won't be sick to-morrow, too,' he says, laughin' like a hyena. That bird hates us as much as if we'd done him a favor," and Dollom led the bay through the wide track gate.

"Sure he does. Ain't he trainin' f'r Senator Clymer, an' ain't Clymer a hog, an' don't he want t'win th' Green Tree Cup to-morrow like he wants his right eye?" Mike stopped to pull up a boot, "An' don't he know that Butterfly's got th' race won?"

Part of Mike's comment, at least, was true. Lloyd, known and disliked as Sell-you-Lloyd, did train for State Senator Clymer, who

owned a big stable and did not like to have his entries beaten.

The disgraced Ironmonger walked quietly behind the pair as they left the track and made for a long line of whitewashed stalls beyond the first turn. This was Billygoat Row, where they stabled their small string, and where it was said a currycomb had to be nailed down between groomings.

"What was th' new step this cow pulled down at the head of th' stretch and at th' seventh pole? Looked like he'd been stung by a bee, or was tryin' to kick a dog." The race continued to rankle in Sunny Jim's mind.

"Couldn't you see?" Mike straightened the blanket on the bay and patted him again as he walked, "He saw th' shadows of th' poles lyin' across th' track, an' he jumped 'em. Took off neat an' landed runnin', too, he did."

"That's fine—'cept it wasn't a jump race," Sunny Jim's deep voice rumbled, "Shadow-jumper, huh? One more mornin' glory that'll run like blue lightnin' when he's out exercisin' an' then find somethin' else to do when he hits th' track. Shadow-jumpers, an' sulkers, an' splint-poppers an' just plain dogs! I've been workin' with horses f'r thirty years an' I don't know yet what's comin'. I bet there's fifty ways t'lose a race."

"Sure there is, an' there's as many ways t'win it. You wait till th' mare breezes home to-morrow. You'll feel better," said Mike as they turned into the long stable yard.

From the open half of her stall door peered the dainty, golden sorrel head of Butterfly, the pride of their string, who would carry their hopes the next day in the Green Tree Cup.

"Hello, girl," Mike greeted her, and the mare whinnied in answer, "Wish we'd won th' purse this afternoon t'lay on that lady. If I ever saw one ripe as a peach, she's it," he turned to slip the blanket from Ironmonger, "I guess it's just as lucky. We need money."

Sunny Jim took the bay's saddle and bridle and hung them in the stall at the end of their row, which served the partners as harness room and bedroom both, since stalls are only less expensive than real rooms.

Ironmonger stripped well. Small he was, but neatly made, with intelligent head and plenty of room between the eyes. He stood well over in front, with clean, muscular shoulders and the deep breast of a stayer. Behind, he would have been hard to fault, and his powerful quarters were proof of his Vulcan strain. He stood like a statue while Mike went over him.

"You're right about us an' money. I had t'stall off Lambone f'r his shoein' bill this mornin', and right after him comes Doc Bloodgood, wantin' his. You were out exercisin' th' mare. Doc was right sharp." Sunny Jim knelt with some difficulty and began to bandage the bay's forelegs, "He knows we ain't won a race in a coon's age. I told him th' mare was all set, an' he said he'd wait a couple of days more—" he stopped and looked up at the little man beside him, "What d'you suppose he said? Why didn't we sell th' mare to Senator Clymer an' get us some sure money," Sunny Jim shook all over in sudden mirth, "'Fine idea,' I tells him, 'but I guess we'll wait 'till after to-morrow, anyhow,' he became suddenly serious, "Bloodgood's a mean guy when he gets started. I'd hate t'have him think he'd better grab th' mare, say, an' hold her f'r his bill. We ain't got much else we could sell."

IF HE said he'd wait, he'll wait, an' we'll pay him to-morrow night. He earned his money when Butterfly had her distemper. I wish we could a' paid him right away. She's come back like th' flowers in June."

Sunny Jim finished with his bandages, and led Ironmonger to his stall, while Mike went ahead with his work. When their four animals had been bedded and fed it was early dusk, and in the faint light of a young moon they set out across the railroad tracks for the little town of Fairview and Ma Riley's boarding house, where they had their meals with other trainers and jockeys of their kind.

They came out an hour later, and Mike was mad. "That's a fine lot o' bimbo's. Every one of 'em had a bleat t'make about th' bay. Did you hear Moriarity tryin' to tell me about his new cure f'r collar galls, because he said we might want it? You'd think a horse hadn't ever been beat before." The little jockey swung angrily on his

partner as they walked through the warm, sweet-smelling infield, "I'd like t'show 'em somethin' with that crock. I think he's better'n you do. I was ridin' him, an' I tell you he run sweet."

"Sure he did. Like molasses, sweet an' slow," chuckled Dollom. Then, "Never mind, Mike. We'll keep him an' you c'n wrestle with him. Th' mare'll win to-morrow an' we c'n afford a pet. You oughtn't t'let that gang get your goat!"

"I wouldn't give a damn if he hadn't done his best. An' I'll pound any lazy dog to a pulp. But when a horse tries, an' keeps on tryin' after he sees he's beat, I'm for him."

They had reached Billygoat Row, and Mike's voice grew suddenly weary. "Guess I'll turn in," he said. "To-morrow's th' big day—an' I'd just as soon it was over. I'm jumpy as a cat. Comin'?"

"NOT just yet. You go t'sleep an' don't you fret about to-morrow. I want t'take a look at th' mare. Good-night, Mike," and Sunny Jim, huge as a hippopotamus in the silver moonlight, lumbered over to Butterfly's stall, where a slender head reached out to greet him. He looked swiftly about him, like a guilty man, but Billygoat Row retires early, since it rises with the sun, and no one was in sight. The big trainer put an arm over the mare's neck, then he bent down and kissed her on her velvet nose. "Lady, we're countin' on you to-morrow," he whispered. "You don't know it, an' Mike don't more'n half know it, but we're busted higher'n a kite if you don't come home." Butterfly nibbled at his sleeve, and Sunny Jim shook his head heavily. "You ain't worried, are you? You get your oats whether they're paid for or not," he drew a deep breath. "Mike says he's jumpy. Me, I'm too fat t'be jumpy. I'm th' fat guy that keeps laughin' like fat guys is supposed to—an' sweats blood inside," he pushed her muzzle away half angrily. "Mare, you're right an' you're ready. If you don't deliver to-morrow, you'll be huntin' a new stable, an' we'll be huntin' a job rubbin' 'em down for somebody else. You rest easy an' behave yourself," he said, and turned away.

The night lay like a veil over the long row of white stalls, and from the dew-drenched infield beyond a little breeze bore a frog-and-cricket chorus. Still further away, beyond the far rail of the track, lay the big barns where Senator Clymer and his peers kept their horses.

For five minutes Sunny Jim stood silent. Then he walked on heavy tiptoes into the stall where Mike lay on his bed of loose hay. Dollom settled himself beside his sleeping partner, and through the open door watched a million stars twinkling like gold pieces very far away.

How much later it was when he waked he did not know. He sensed, rather than heard, the faint rasp of a staple drawn from wood; then a snort of fear from Butterfly came through the wooden stall partition and roused him like a cold shower. Silently Dollom rolled over, clapped a hand to Mike's mouth and prodded his partner heavily in the ribs. Mike squirmed, and lay still as Sunny Jim whispered in his ear, "Somebody's at th' mare's stall. I'm goin' to jump him. You throw th' torch on us when I give th' word. Get me?"

"Hop to it, an' if it's Lloyd, let me kill him." Mike was wide awake.

Dollom crept on hands and knees to the



door, sank to the ground and looked toward Butterfly's stall fifteen feet away. In the dim light he saw first only a darker mass, then, as his eyes cleared, the bent figure of a man working at the padlock that guarded the mare.

Sunny Jim rose, crouched, and with a deep-throated roar hurled his bulk in a running leap at the night-prowler. They crashed to the ground, the stranger with a stifled yelp as the trainer's weight bore him down. "I got him. Shoot your torch," panted Sunny Jim, and Mike bathed them in a flood of swift light.

Spread-eagled beneath his captor's heavy legs and writhing futilely lay one Job Tod, a slack-mouthed hanger-on of the Clymer stable who cleaned stalls and rubbed down horses for his food, and whose one distinguishing characteristic was a woolly red beard. Since beards around racing stables are as scarce as white thoroughbreds, he was known on half a dozen tracks as "th' Professor."

"Well, look who's here!" Mike stood over the two and held the shaft of light in Tod's blinking eyes. "Got him?" he asked. Sunny Jim nodded and shifted his two hundred and forty pounds. Tod grunted feebly. "Wait a minute," Mike turned on his heel, and in a dozen strides he was back, with a sharp-tined pitchfork that glittered wickedly in the light.

"Get up, Jim. Let's see what th' rat's got on him. You stand him on his feet, an' if he moves I'll run this thing clean through him," he pointed his words with the torch. "I mean that, you," he said, and held the murderous tines a foot from Tod's ribs as Dollom rose, bringing his captive with him.

A lead-strap was tied around their visitor's

waist, and this Mike took. Then he searched his pockets, while Sunny Jim held him by the neck as in a vise and the pitchfork waved uncomfortably close to his ribs.

"You won't find anything else. Clymer don't want th' mare to stuff. He wants her alive," said Sunny Jim, and swept the shaft of light up and down. At their feet something shone. It was a screw-driver, evidently used by Tod to pry out the staple on Butterfly's door. That, with the lead-strap, was evidence enough.

"He wasn't goin' t'hurt th' mare. Thought he'd just take her out an' run her around awhile—get her nice an' stiff. Or maybe turn her loose over in the infield an' let her fill up on th' nice grass, like a cow—" the big man turned savagely on his prisoner, "Well? What's it all about?" His grip tightened on Tod's neck. "Come clean, you night-bloomin' horse thief, or I'll squeeze good!" he said.

"Bring him in here, Jim. No use lettin' th' whole row know we've caught a fish." Mike led the way into an empty stall, where the torch threw fantastic shadows on the white walls. Sunny Jim flung the man ahead of him and swung the door shut. "Now then, strut your stuff. What're you doin' here?"

Tod's eyes crept around the blank sides of the stall as he crouched before them, his red beard sticking up ludicrously, with bits of broken hay in it where Dollom had rubbed his head on the ground, and a foolish grin spread over his face.

SWIFTLY, before Mike could grab the pitch-fork he had leaned against the wall, Tod's yellow teeth were bared in a snarl. "You two go t'hell," he said, and his right hand reached for the left sleeve of his ragged coat.

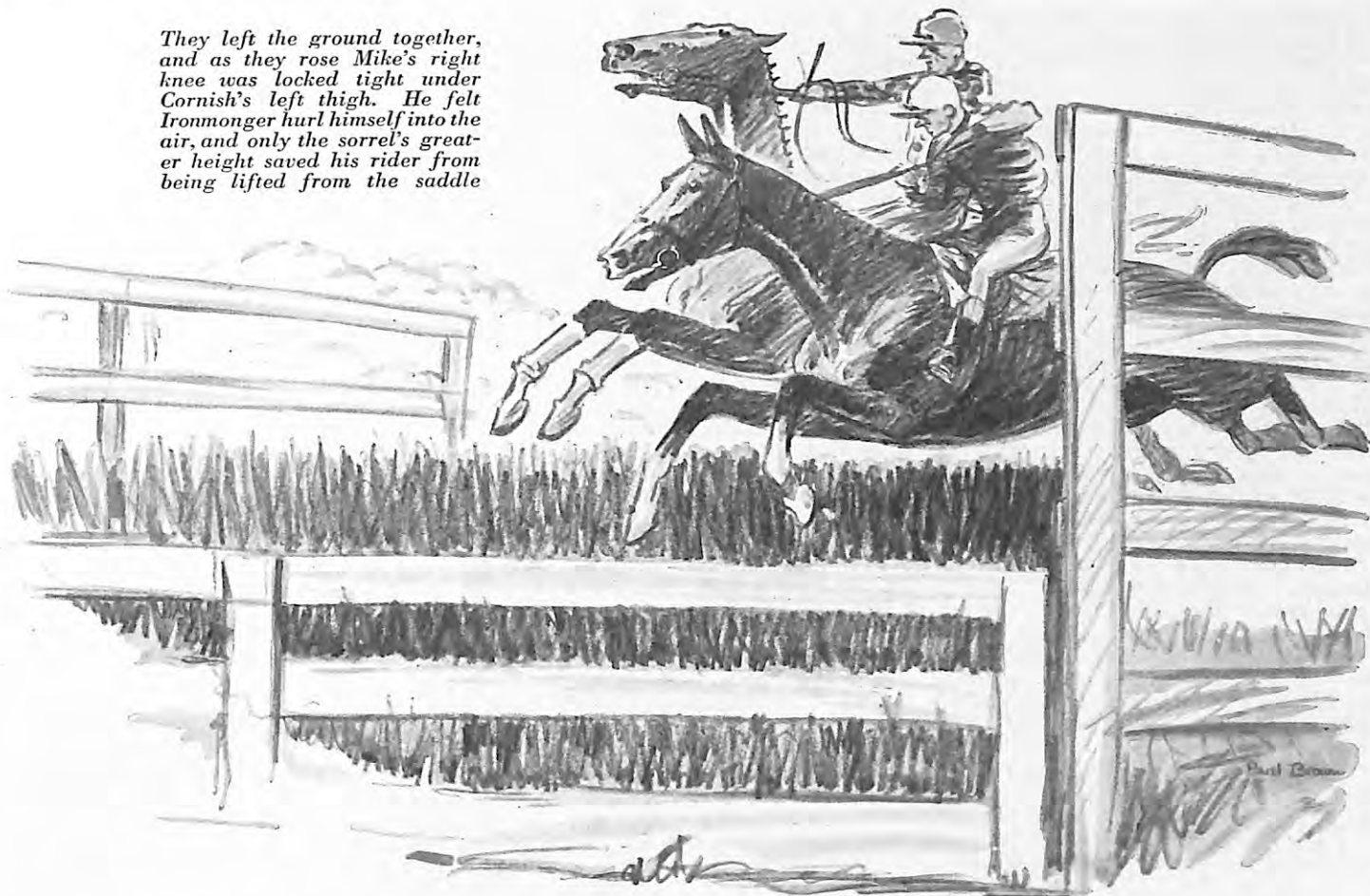
Mike sprang forward with a yelp. "Keep th' light on him!" and struck at the bearded jaw with all the weight of his small body behind the blow. He landed to a hair on his target, and Tod's teeth clicked sharply. Then he slowly turned half around, and dropped, clucking, to the earth floor of the stall. As he hit, knocked out cold, there slid from his left sleeve a razor tied to a foot of broken string, the blade gleaming half open in the light of the torch.

"Th' crazy hop-head. . . ." Mike looked



Mike sprang forward with a yelp. "Keep th' light on him!" and struck at the bearded jaw with all his weight

They left the ground together, and as they rose Mike's right knee was locked tight under Cornish's left thigh. He felt Ironmonger hurl himself into the air, and only the sorrel's greater height saved his rider from being lifted from the saddle



down at the crumpled figure. "Th' Senator wants Butterfly alive, does he?" he asked, "An' maybe th' Professor came over here for a nice quiet shave, huh?"

Sunny Jim appeared to have nothing to say, and Mike went on, "What they want is th' mare out of th' race—"

At which moment Tod sat up, swaying weakly, and brushing his hand over his face. To him spoke Dollom, "D'you like that?" he asked, and kicked the razor out of reach. Tod merely groaned and rubbed his jaw. Mike contemplated him, and then his tight drawn face broke into a wide grin. "Considerable wallop!" he remarked, and opened and shut his right hand, for his knuckles still tingled. The tension was over; Butterfly was safe; and he had knocked out a man half again his own weight with one blow. Besides, Tod was nothing but a poor fool.

Sunny Jim strode to th' Professor's side and stood ominously over him, then gripped him by the collar and hauled him to his feet. "Now we'll hear what you've got t'say," he growled.

"KEEP your shirt on, Jim. What can he say?" Mike knew the slow-gathering wrath of his big partner, and his defeat of Tod had given him a curiously kindly feeling toward that sorry figure. "No use askin' him. We know it all anyhow. Lloyd sends him over here t'slip th' mare out an' night-ride her, or maybe turn her loose. An' if he can't get her out, he tells him to knock her. Is that right, you bum?" he swung on Tod, who nodded dejectedly. Th' Professor had had enough, and there was trouble ahead for him at the other end.

Mike winked broadly at his lowering partner, who still held Tod by his hairy neck, for inspiration had seized him. "Say . . . wait . . ." he announced, and disappeared through the stall door. In a minute he had returned, carrying a stable-

bucket full of water, a tube of shaving soap and a brush. Sunny Jim looked at him as at one gone mad.

"Now listen," he said, and set down his implements. "You can't do any more to this thing," he nodded toward Tod, who was staring at him fearfully. "You can't even be mad with him, no more'n with a bad oyster. He just makes me sick," he paused, and again a slow grin broke his leathery, sharp-featured face into uneven lines and wrinkles. "I got an idea," he said. "This bad oyster, he needs a shave somethin' awful. I'm goin' t'shove him an' send him back. That'll make Lloyd an' Clymer sweat big drops, wonderin' what we know, an' how much this guy spilled, see?" He stooped and picked up the captured razor from the floor. "I hope it's sharp. I ain't never shaved anythin' but my own face. You hold him, Jim, an' keep th' light right."

Thus it was that the black shadows on the wall drew together into a mass, and while Sunny Jim held the terrified Professor close against his huge chest, Mike lathered and scraped with the deft touch of hands schooled to send courage and strength to the heart of a tiring horse. He finished with a big stable-sponge. "Turn him loose," he commanded, and Dollom heaved their captive from him. On one side Tod looked neat and clean, if slightly raw. On the other there was no change, for Mike had shaved only half of the woolly beard, stopping midway of the chin. He stood back and contemplated his handiwork. "If that don't give Lloyd a fit, you c'n come back an' get the rest free," he said, and doubled up in sudden, silent mirth.

Sunny Jim, looming like a mountain back of the light, broke the silence. "You take that trimmin' back to Lloyd, an' you tell him th' next man he sends over here'll get his throat cut," and taking Tod by the arm he led the dazed night-prowler through the door where the early stars were paling in the

first gray of the dawn. "Tod, you've been close to real trouble. Now beat it," he said, and his voice cracked like a lash.

Without a word the partners watched the man grow small across the yard and down the misted track as he made his way like a beaten dog toward Senator Clymer's stables beyond the stretch turn.

NOT until he had vanished did Sunny Jim turn to his small partner. "Me, I'd a' beaten th' tar out of him," he said slowly, and then a vast hand came to rest on Mike's shoulder. "You're a funny cuss. . . ." Then, "I guess maybe you were right. Lloyd'll have a fit . . . an' what the track'll have t'say about that trimmed goat . . ." A roar of deep, Homeric laughter welcomed the waking sunrise as Dollom threw back his head, and from her stall Butterfly whinnied gaily at the sound of his voice.

"Some night," observed Mike. "An' here's th' big day." He emptied the stable-bucket on the ground before rinsing it at the pump. "Whew . . . smells like th' frails that come around th' paddock t'see th' pretty horsies. Gimme th' smell o' th' horse." He filled the bucket with fresh water and began his morning tasks.

Half an hour later he brought Butterfly from her stall for a walk. She carried her head high and stepped delicately, as becomes a golden sorrel in the satin pink of condition. Sunny Jim watched her, nodding approval. "She looks mighty good," then, "Hold her!" as the mare put her head down and lashed out playfully with her heels.

And then it happened. Her right fore foot slipped on the greasy earth where Mike had emptied the bucket. Butterfly lurched forward, slid, recovered with a wrench, and stepped ahead dead lame, her ankle strained.

It seemed to Mike that his heart stopped beating, and for a long breath he and Sunny

Jim stood staring at each other, wordless. One misstep, and their world was tottering.

"Gosh . . ." the little jockey's eyes seemed twice their natural size as he looked down at Sunny Jim, on his knees beside the mare. Already the sweetly turned joint was hot and puffy under the tender skin.

In silence Mike led the limping Butterfly back to her stall, and when he came out a film had drawn over the bright sun, and the day had become bleak. Sunny Jim, his teeth clenched on his lower lip, was carefully drawing a circle in the dust with the toe of the shoe.

HE LOOKED up as Mike drew near. "Looks like we've put th' lid on," he said quietly.

"We—Hell! I done it—me, th' prize fathead, emptyin' water in a barn yard an' makin' a skid t'break her legs—" Mike sought for words, and when he spoke again it was deliberately, slowly, as a man picks his steps across a muddy road, "I wish it was my damn dumb neck was twisted."

Dollom smiled a wan smile. "Shucks. If you hadn't dumped th' pail, I would. Th' point is, where do we go from here?" He looked down at the little man beside him, "Ain't horses wonderful?" he remarked, then, "Looks like Lloyd an' Clymer get th' laugh on us after all. I wish I had my hands on th' Professor again!"

"Th' mare ain't hurt bad—just a twisted ankle—she'll be all right in a week—" Mike's voice trailed off futilely.

"In a week she'll be in another barn, if I don't miss my guess on Doc Bloodgood. He's through waitin', an' he knows he can grab her an' fix her up an' sell her easy. Maybe to th' Senator, like he suggested. Right now she ain't any more good to us than that Ironmonger horse. But they won't take him. They'll take her. An' if th' Doc starts, th' rest'll be along quick. We owe half a dozen bills, an' a couple o' birds in th' Row here don't get th' same credit as over there—" he nodded toward the stables at the far end of the track, serene in the sunshine, with tiny figures of men and of horses being led about; horses whose ankles were not twisted.

When they had bandaged Butterfly and fed and watered them all, they went to breakfast, and left Ma Riley's to go back to their stalls, where there would be nothing to do; no final exercise walk for the mare; no racing silks to brush and clean.

As they came near the big, empty grandstand, Mike broke the silence, "Guess we might as well get th' pill down. I'll go over an' tell 'em we got to scratch her," and he turned away, a forlorn figure, to go to the track office.

When Mike came back to Billygoat Row there was a lift in his walk and a new light in his eye. Sunny Jim saw neither, for he was tipped back in a chair against a stall struggling with figures. In one big hand he held a pencil stub, and in the other a

piece of paper. He did not even look up as Mike approached. "I've been figurin' things. We owe near four hundred dollars, an' we've got fifty-two. We can't borrow on a lame mare. An' we couldn't give th' rest away. Everybody's seen 'em run. Th' purse yesterday would a' cleared us, if that Ironmonger was a horse instead of a jumpin' cow." He stopped, and ran a heavy hand over his brow. "Looks mean."

"It ain't th' first jam we've ever got in—" said Mike.

"It ain't. But I don't see any way out . . . an' keep th' mare. An' if we lose her, we're cooked. Maybe we could borrow a wagon an' haul hay f'r th' Senator."

Mike looked at him, and the ghost of a smile softened the harsh lines around his mouth. He did not answer, and after a little while he said, "I'm goin' over by th' rail an' watch th' goats work out." He left the row, and half an hour later when Dollom looked up, he saw his partner coming back across the infield.

"It's near noon, an' we might's well eat while we can," said Mike as he returned. "You go over an' get some lunch. I'll stay here with th' mare. I don't want nothin'."

Sunny Jim arose slowly from his chair, like a tired man. "Maybe you're right. I don't feel much like eatin' either. Guess I'll go over to th' track afterward. You better come too—we can watch th' damn race an' see how far we'd a won it."

"I'll be there. You go ahead," and as Dollom turned away Mike smiled again the ghost of a smile that broke the sharp lines in his tanned face.

It was a gala day at the Fairview track, and before two o'clock the crowds had begun to pour in. Motor-cars swirled up in clouds of dust, and trains decanted their scores at the little railroad station across the bridge. They poured into the grandstand, onto the sun-dappled lawn in front and along the white rail beside the track. The Green Tree Cup was the big race of the day, with four other flat races and a jump race added for Saturday's good measure. A scarlet-coated band broke into a flare of music, and the chattering crowd settled back as the judges climbed into their pavilion across the track at the finish line and the horses paraded for the first event on the day's card.

Sunny Jim had early found himself a place on the rail near the paddock gate, where he leaned hugely on crossed arms, scarcely looking up as the rising roar of the crowd and the patter of hooves marked the finish of the first race. He and Mike were out of it, and it made no difference to them who won anything. The small owner with one good horse has a hard row to hoe. Without the standby, he has neither hoe nor hope.

The second and third races had been run when a gathering noise in the paddock on

his left brought Dollom out of his torpor. He turned to see the regal entrance of Senator Clymer, surrounded by a fringe of friends and followed by Sell-you-Lloyd and Slattery, the Clymer jockey, leading Shamrock, the bay that was his entry in the Green Tree Cup. The group drew together, and after a word with his trainer, the immaculate Senator left for his box. Lloyd and Slattery stripped the monogrammed sheet from the horse, and Sunny Jim turned away half sick. The golden sorrel Butterfly should have been there, and he should have been hoisting Mike into the saddle as the bugle blew. The big man bit down hard on his lower lip as the six entries lined up in a tense silence and got off to an even start in a surging din from the stand.

Shamrock won by three lengths, and Dollom saw Senator Clymer mount pompously to the judge's box to receive the big silver cup that went to the winner's owner. Butterfly had worked the distance two seconds faster than Shamrock's time, on a heavier track.

"I guess I got enough—" Dollom spoke aloud, though he did not know it. The next race was the steeplechase, in which he had no interest, and he felt tired and old and wanted Mike.

As he started from the rail his eye caught a flash of color and carried it to his brain, and his brain tried to refuse the message. Fifty yards away, coming into the paddock from the dirt road beyond, he saw the brilliant orange jacket and cap that were his and Mike's colors. In the jacket was Mike, and he was riding quietly toward his partner on the sedate Ironmonger.

SUNNY JIM ran an ice-cold hand across his eyes, and when the apparition did not vanish he galloped like a wild elephant through and over the intervening crowd, oblivious. "Mike's gone clean off his trolley . . ." and he drove forward at full speed.

When he got there he took the bay's bridle close to the bit and glared into Mike's eyes, "What's th' big idea? Crazy? Or d'you just want t'break your fool neck on a horse that's never been over a jump before?"

Mike grinned down at his partner through lips that were a white line. "I'm goin' t'show you this is a real horse," and before Dollom could answer, the jockey had slipped from his saddle and was standing beside him. "Listen—an' shut up till I get through." He was tense as a violin string, and his words came hurrying out in a torrent, "We're busted if we don't win somethin'. This looks like a chance, see? Th' bay c'n run all day, an' any skate'll jump some if he ain't rattled or wore out. He's

(Continued on page 84)





Laura Hope Crews
and
Ernest Truex

NICOLAS MURAY

NO ONE turns out much funnier lines or more amusing situations than *Clare Kummer*. Her latest, "Pomeroy's Past," is a frothy piece concerned with Pomeroy's (Mr. Truex's) efforts to enjoy the delights of paternity, at least vicariously, by the adoption of an orphan, in spite of the domineering influence of his sister Amanda (Miss Crews). The trouble begins when the orphan turns out to be twins. There is much mirthful confusion about their paternity which eventually winds up with a quartet of happy marriages.—E. R. B.



The dramatic possibilities of religious hysteria induced by a week of revivalist meetings in a small, emotionally starved town is the stuff of which William Hurlbut's "Bride of the Lamb" is made. All the acting is good, but that of Alice Brady (above) is a memorable thing in the theatre

PHOTOS BY FLORENCE VANDAMM

A brilliant cast, including Fay Bainter and Mary Nash in the name rôles, has been assembled for the revival of "The Two Orphans" which formerly so harrowed and fluttered the hearts of four forebears. It still has plenty of thrills. Above is a tableau of the villainous Frochard family—May Robson as the horrible Mere Frochard, Robert Warwick as the thieving, bullying Jacques and José Ruben as the downtrodden, heroic cripple, Pierre

Captions by Esther R. Bien

After thirty years' service as the meek, retiring family provider, the worm—Grant Mitchell, right—turns and "One of the Family" begins its merry career. Here you can see the consternation with which Aunt Priscilla, one of the Boston Adamses (played by Louise Closser Hale) receives the news that he has married an orphan from nowhere

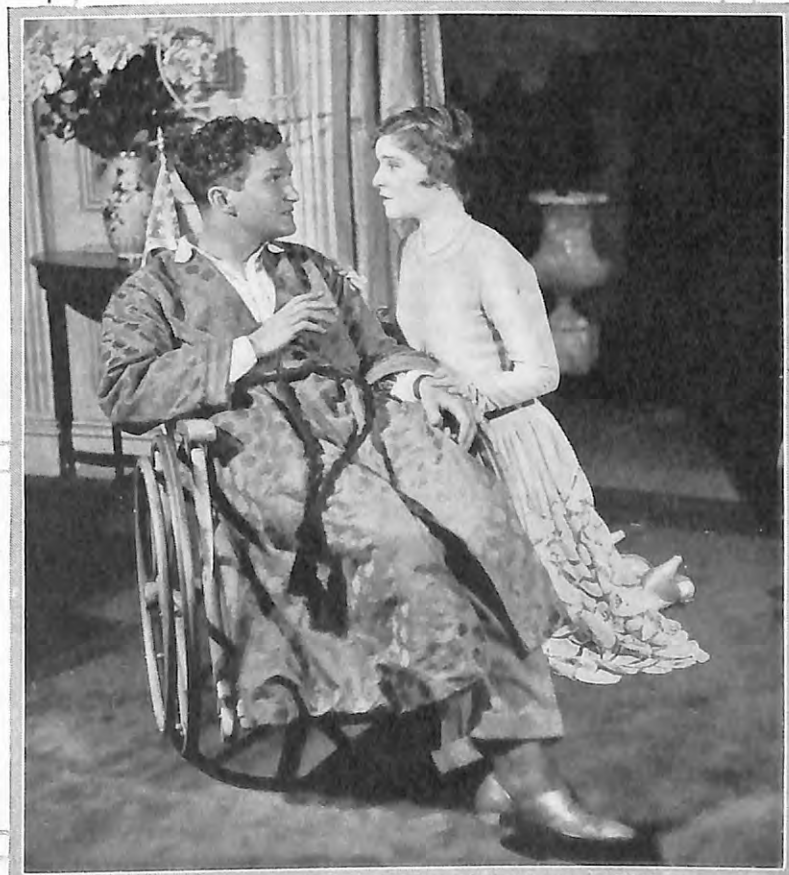




FLORENCE VANDAMM

Sealing a canny Scotch bargain wherein John Shand, played by Kenneth MacKenna, the left-end man—agrees to marry Maggie Wylie, in consideration of a University education financed by her brothers (Messrs. Cleugh, Weber and Terry). Helen Hayes makes a charming Maggie in Barrie's perennially delightful comedy "What Every Woman Knows"

With or without an Irish sense of humor you will enjoy Augustin Duncan's masterly creation of the rôle of the braggart and waster in "Juno and the Paycock." The first half of Shean O'Casey's play is rich, hilarious comedy while the last act is most poignant tragedy



FLORENCE VANDAMM

If you are among the many who surrender unconditionally to Madge Kennedy's artful ways, you will enjoy the inconsequential little comedy "Love in a Mist" wherein she sinks herself fathoms deep in amorous complications because of a congenital weakness toward white lies. Tom Powers (pictured with Miss Kennedy) and Sidney Blackmer are her chief problems in this play by Amelie Rives and Gilbert Emery



NICKOLAS MURAY



Reaping the Rewards of Game Conservation

A Survey of the Hunting Field

By Peter P. Carney

Illustrated by Herman Palmer

"BARB-WIRE fences and the railroad doomed the buffalo," Col. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) was quoted as saying several years ago.

"The buffalo was a migrant," added the greatest frontiersman of his day, "and when the barb-wire fence and the railroad crossed his path, he was doomed." Colonel Cody should know, for he became famous through his record as a killer of buffalo.

One critic writes that the automobile is the greatest present-day menace to our game, that through the medium of the automobile the hunting fields are reached in as many hours as it took days and sometimes weeks in the earlier periods. This critic neglected to say that the automobile would not be such an important factor if it were not for the excellent roads which you now find throughout the nation.

Good roads and the automobile have brought the hunting fields closer to every one. That is the reason 6,093,657 people took out hunting and fishing licenses last year, of which number 4,967,914 actually paid for the privilege of hunting.

Billions of dollars are being expended annually for the improvement and construction of roads, and with improved highways the automobile is opening up covers that heretofore were inaccessible. These factors are making for a rearrangement of our game laws, for the majority of these regulations were written prior to the day when the automobile came into general use.

For 300 years our people have effectually caused the disappearance of game with the dredging machine, the axe and the plow, wails another writer. He states that agriculture is one of the most deadly agencies in the extermination of wild life, and this, as he goes on to say, without pronouncing an indictment of agriculture. He is quoted as saying that the axe rendered tenantless millions of acres of land in this country that formerly sustained all kinds of wild life. The plow has turned millions of other acres into a desert and the dredge machine is now ending up the chapter in the far West, where women are women and men are Governors' husbands. He is right.

It was a foregone conclusion that certain species of wild life could never withstand the

inroads or advances of civilization. It was a question of the survival of the fittest. The buffalo has gone, so far as the hunter is concerned, and the antelope, our prairie chicken and certain species of the grouse family are disappearing, not because of excessive shooting, but by reason of the fact that their old haunts having been encroached upon and taken away, there is no refuge left. It is a fact that the buffalo seemed to disappear as in smoke in one season and the antelope fled before the intrusion of the barb-wire fences, as in early days did all wild game before the flames of the prairie fire.

IT IS worth jotting down in your notebook that the buffalo was eliminated from the plains before the present-day firearms were designed.

Daniel Boone, in his day, had more foresight than he has ever been given credit for. Dead these many years, the significance of what Boone saw in 1775 is now apparent to all of us.

It was in May of that year that the first legislative assembly was held in Kentucky. It was entirely without warrant from any existing government. It was called by Colonel Henderson, one of the proprietors of the Transylvania Company, an association holding a grant of the land on which Booneborough, Harrodsburg, Boiling Spring Settlement and St. Asaph's were built. These were the first settlements in Kentucky. Representatives of these places met in the log fort



which Boone had erected at Booneborough, and proceeded to organize a colonial government. It was an assembly of backwoodsmen, but its proceedings were dignified and in due form. Boone was among the delegates. That this great hunter was not a mere spectator at this meeting is indicated by the following extract from the first day's proceedings:

"On motion of Mr. Daniel Boone, leave was given to bring in a bill for preserving game, and a committee was appointed for that purpose, of which Mr. Boone was chairman.

His (Boone's) next bill was one for improving the breed of horses. Both of these bills passed, were signed by the proprietors, and became laws."

THE laws of this unauthorized legislature did not long hold power, but the above resolution is an indication of the foresight of one of the greatest hunters the world has ever known.

If anything was accomplished in the conservation of our wild life during the one hundred years following the adoption of the Boone resolution we have no knowledge of it. Fifty years ago constructive plans were outlined, but practically every worthy accomplishment has occurred since the beginning of the present century.

Recently it was my pleasure to peruse a most interesting letter from a Los Angeles developer of land, or syndicator as he called himself, to an Eastern concern engaged in the manufacture of arms and ammunition, requesting their financial assistance in the purchase of the famous Bartlett Ranch, which according to this promoter spread over the States of New Mexico and Colorado to the extent of 350,000 acres. The immensity of the ranch caused me to glance over the figures a second time, for I hadn't the least conception that any one owned as much land as this anywhere in the United States—but the thing that stood out in bold relief in the thousand-word letter, at least as far as I was concerned, was the statement as to the amount of game there—some 15,000 deer, 3,000 elk, countless bear, mountain lions, wild turkeys, grouse, ptarmigan, ducks and geese, also several lakes well stocked with



fish of many varieties, and to top it off a New Mexico fish hatchery.

These birds and animals have been protected for more than twenty years and shot at only by the Bartletts or their guests. A place like this would be the sportsman's idea of what Paradise must be, and if my memory serves me correctly the syndicator intended to call the ranch "The Sportsman's Paradise."

When I glanced over the figures on the game there, I wondered how many laymen, or sportsmen for that matter, had any idea there was as much game as this in any one protected place, other than in the National Forests. I have doubts as to the number of persons who are intimately acquainted with the facts pertaining to the efforts of the United States Forest Service in protecting game, the caring for the 550,000 deer, 52,000 elk, 50,000 bear, 12,000 mountain sheep, 17,000 mountain goats, 5,000 moose and 5,000 antelope that strut about in the National Forests.

Frank Forester, the most widely exploited of our early hunters, predicted more than fourscore years ago that birds and animals would be extinct in this country by the beginning of the present century. The answer to this is that 12,058,512 pieces of game were taken in the fall of 1924 in the half-dozen States that maintained records of the kill. It is conservatively estimated that 25,000,000 rabbits, 20,000,000 quail, 15,000,000 squirrels, 15,000,000 ducks, 12,000,000 grouse, 10,000,000 geese and about 100,000 deer were taken, besides millions of other birds and game animals.

If the killing of game, without any thought of replenishment, had been allowed to con-

tinue as in Forester's day, his prediction would have come true. He would be greatly, pleasantly and immeasurably surprised if he could pay us a return visit and take cognizance of the way the game situation is now being handled.

It was in 1875 that a few sportsmen, who to-day we would call modern or progressive, saw the light and decided that a change in existing conditions was necessary. They formed the National Sportsman Association and encouraged intelligent legislation with respect to the shooting of game, and ever since that period there has been a consistent organized effort to prevent any further decrease in our supply of game and to increase it whenever possible.

I have an idea that the vast majority of our people are not aware of the great amount of game that still exists in the United States and have scant knowledge of what the various States are doing to conserve and propagate game. I doubt if they are aware of the millions of dollars that are being expended to provide more game for the hunters of next fall and the generations to follow, and of the fact that notwithstanding more game is being taken from the field each year than ever before, there is more game to be shot at now than there was fifty years ago. This is a strong assertion to make but one that can easily be proven. Without wise laws, a deeper interest in the conservation of our resources, and the knowledge that unless drastic measures were taken to conserve and propagate game by the Government and the States, it would have been only a question of time when our feathered friends and game animals would have gone down the trail taken by the buffalo.

A PASSION for fishing and hunting seems to be an innate quality of the human complex. What man of to-day does not recall with scarcely diminished joy the thrill of that great moment of his boyhood when first he shouldered a gun and went forth in quest of squirrel or rabbit or the elusive partridge! How monumental his pride when first he brought down a gorgeous woodduck or mallard or canvasback! How the imagination is stirred by recollections of

(Continued on page 72)



The Pale Lady

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by C. Le Roy Baldrige



*The Fourth Adventure—Prosper Fair Lays
a Ghost and Frees a Princess*

SITTING comfortably upon the lumpy area which comprised the upper crust of Stolid Joe's skull, Mr. Prosper Fair gazed thoughtfully over the hedge at a big, reed-fringed lake, which, silver-grey and beautiful, like a great sheet of stretched silk, had attracted his attention from the road along which he and his little band of pilgrims were progressing.

"Methinks, my littles, that in the silent deeps of yonder lake abideth many a mighty jack-fish!" he said lightly, dangling his legs down over Stolid Joe's great left ear.

"And I am quite sure, Patience, that if only you were tall enough to see over the hedge, you would agree with me. For the luce, pike or jack loveth his comforts, and that is assuredly a most comfortable looking lake. It is early, and I doubt greatly whether the lord and owner of this fair lake is yet abroad. And when the master lieth late abed, my children, who shall dare to say that the game-keeper ariseth early? Not Prosper—by no means Prosper."

Still surveying the tranquil water, he thumped gaily with his fist upon the iron skull of the elephant.

"So if you will excuse him for a little while, Prosper thinks he will take out his rod and spin a spoon across the lake for a few moments. Perhaps he will catch a fat and merry little jack-fish for his dinner tonight. . . ."

He had not the remotest idea as to whom the lake belonged nor, it is sad to relate, did he greatly care. As he slid down from his lofty seat, he saw or feigned to see, a look of disapproval in the deep, affectionate eyes of the little donkey, who, warmly wrapped up in her fleecy coat, stood in the road beside the elephant. He put his arm round her neck and looked at her.

"Miss Prim!" he said. "Who takes apples out of Prosper's orchard without telling Prosper? Aha! Then why shouldn't Prosper capture Mr. Lie-abed's jack-fish without telling Mr. Lie-abed? We've caught her, there, haven't we, Stolid Joe?"

The elephant gurgled, Patience wiggled her ears, and Prosper laughed. Plutus revolved rapidly on his own three-legged axis, four times in swift succession, barking like something wound up by machinery. It was, of course, merely Plutus's way of remarking that he was so dashed happy and satisfied that he positively did not care if it snowed.

Prosper disappeared into the big caravan. Presently he emerged again with a light spinning rod, which he quickly put together. To the end of the line he attached a glittering spoon tackle, and then, taking up a neat telescopic gaff, he moved round to Stolid Joe's head.

"Follow me, young fellow!" he said, and they all moved along to a place where the caravan could be drawn off the road.

"I think you had all better wait here for me," he said. "If I took Plutus he would bark when he gets excited, and if Patience came she would only get her legs wet and

cold in the mud by the lake. And I can't possibly take Stolid Joe. There really won't be room in the punt. So you can all have a little rest here and if you are good—apples, when I come back! And a Garabaldi biscuit for Plutus!"

(He had many weaknesses, had Plutus, but it was for Garabaldi biscuits that the semi-terrier would have sold his skin.)

Then Prosper disappeared over the low hedge like a man accustomed to hedges, and rapidly made his way across the park towards a boat-house at the end of the lake. . . .

"And it is you, conscienceless stealer of pike that you are, to whom your game-keepers come suggesting that you should consign the poachers they capture to the salad basket—to the prison dark and drear," he said cheerfully to himself, as he proceeded lakewards. "Never, by these ten finger bones, as the Great Brazenhead was wont to put it, never will I commit any poacher on my lands to the local dungeon. Do you hear that, bird?"—he appealed to an early robin who hopped close up to have a good look at him. "Never, Robin, my boy! In years to come, when I am older and greedier—perhaps. But never while I am so practiced and, I may say (since nobody can hear), skilful a poacher myself. Mark that, bobby." The "bobby" marked it presum-

ably, for he put an impudent head on one side and surveyed Prosper with what appeared to be enhanced interest.

So—shadowed by the elastically-skipping redbreast—Prosper approached the boat-house.

Yards before he reached it he perceived that he would have to do his poaching from the bank. The boat-house was falling to pieces—it gaped in many places and was crumbling. There were holes in the roof.

"CLEARLY there will be neither boat nor punt worthy of the name," said Prosper, and peered round the corner post. An early-rising adder went squirming away across the rotten little board platform along the side of the boat-house, and disappeared into the gaping hole left by a vanished plank; a large water-rat dived hastily into the shallow water and swam rapidly into the tangle of reeds choking the mouth of the boat-house; and a wild duck rose with a frantic quack and raced out across the lake, passing so close that Prosper's face was fanned by its wings.

There were no boats there, not even a punt. The place was rank with decay, and little more than an inch or so of weed-choked water covered the mud which had silted in.

"Ruined!" said Prosper, thinking of the trim boat-house on the big lake at Derehurst Castle, and headed toward the wreck of a landing-stage he had marked some hundred yards farther along.

He found deeper water here and a big space free of weeds; the cranky piles, he thought, would just bear his weight if he exercised caution and judgment. So he balanced there and cast skilfully out over the dark water, reeling the spoon home to him with the deftness of a past master of the difficult art of spinning.

Almost immediately, a

fish struck like a tiger. Prosper tightened and prepared to play him. But after one slight flurry, the fish gave in and permitted himself to be towed in like a log. Prosper backed to the bank and beached him, in order to avoid using the gaff upon a fish which, evidently, was not worth killing. He whistled slightly as he saw what he had taken.

It was a perch—a very big perch that, normally, should have weighed something in the neighborhood of five pounds. But in its present condition probably it would not have turned the scale at two and a half, for it was quite obviously starved. It was the ghost of a perch—an extraordinarily dark-hued, skinny phantom of a fish, completely lacking the glowing skin, the broad black stripes, the bright blood-red fins and the bold, dashing, swashbuckling air of a healthy perch. This poor beast with its dim, staring eyes, its dark and leaden-hued skin, its dull and dirty fins, was a caricature of a perch.

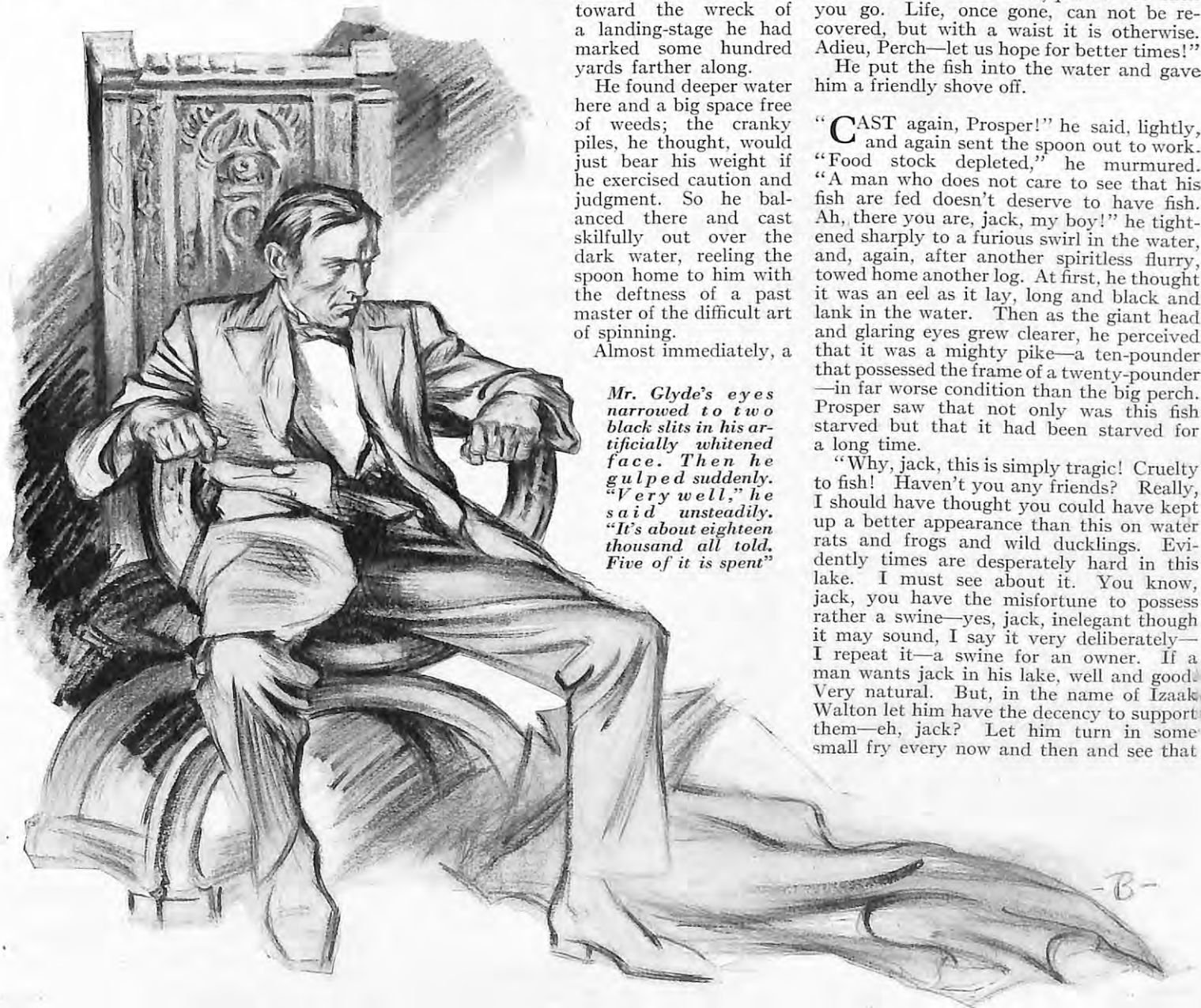
Prosper removed the triangle of hooks at the end of the spoon as gently as possible.

"Well, my dear perch, you are in the nature of an eye-opener to me!" he said. "What is the matter? No food? Where are the worms? A perch of your build can not live by worms alone, no doubt, but you really are uncommonly near the limit, you know. . . . I can do nothing for you out here. I wish I could, perch. So back you go. Life, once gone, can not be recovered, but with a waist it is otherwise. Adieu, Perch—let us hope for better times!"

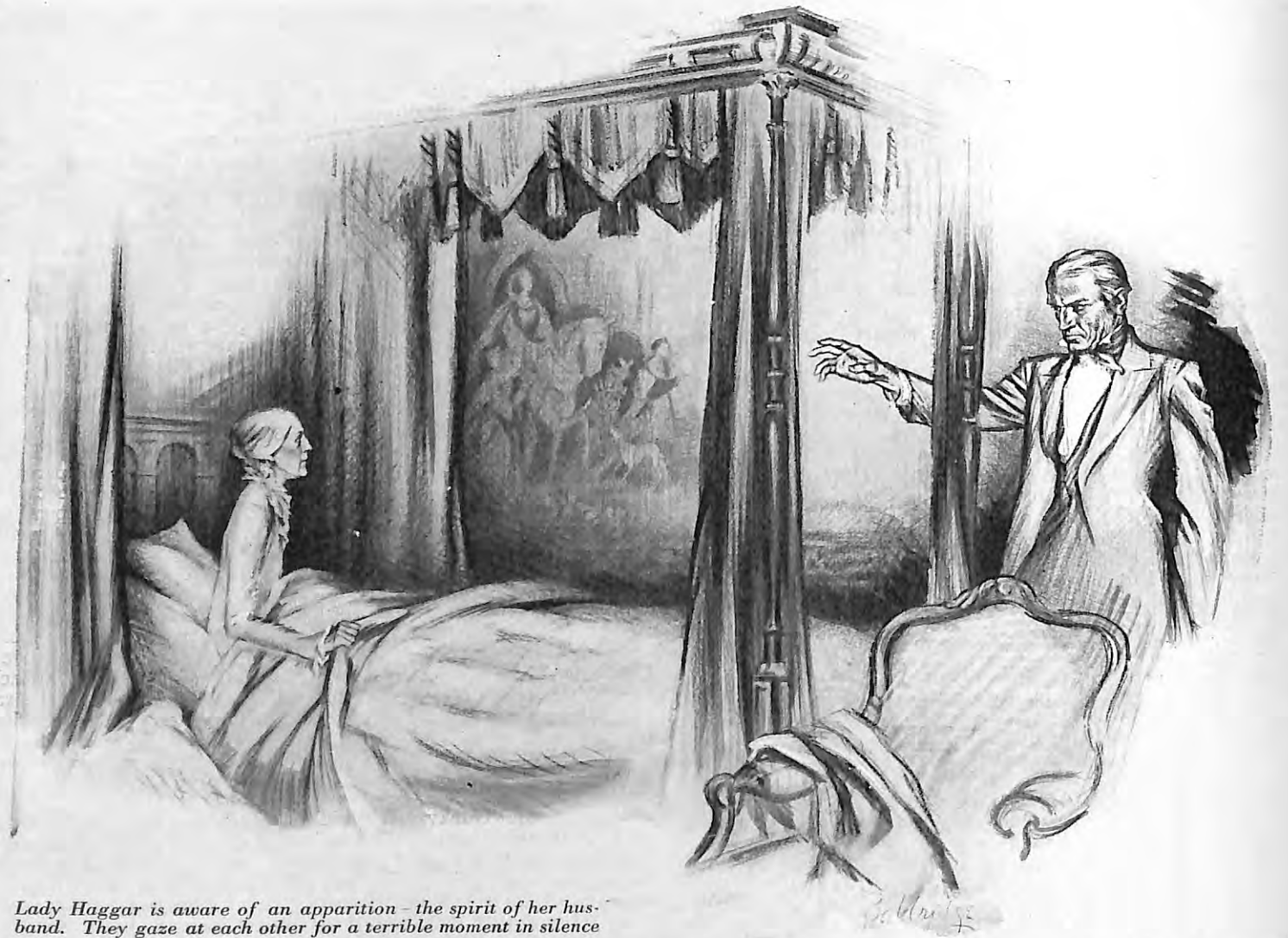
He put the fish into the water and gave him a friendly shove off.

"CAST again, Prosper!" he said, lightly, and again sent the spoon out to work. "Food stock depleted," he murmured. "A man who does not care to see that his fish are fed doesn't deserve to have fish. Ah, there you are, jack, my boy!" he tightened sharply to a furious swirl in the water, and, again, after another spiritless flurry, towed home another log. At first, he thought it was an eel as it lay, long and black and lank in the water. Then as the giant head and glaring eyes grew clearer, he perceived that it was a mighty pike—a ten-pounder that possessed the frame of a twenty-pounder—in far worse condition than the big perch. Prosper saw that not only was this fish starved but that it had been starved for a long time.

"Why, jack, this is simply tragic! Cruelty to fish! Haven't you any friends? Really, I should have thought you could have kept up a better appearance than this on water rats and frogs and wild ducklings. Evidently times are desperately hard in this lake. I must see about it. You know, jack, you have the misfortune to possess rather a swine—yes, jack, inelegant though it may sound, I say it very deliberately—I repeat it—a swine for an owner. If a man wants jack in his lake, well and good. Very natural. But, in the name of Izaak Walton let him have the decency to support them—eh, jack? Let him turn in some small fry every now and then and see that



Mr. Glyde's eyes narrowed to two black slits in his artificially whitened face. Then he gulped suddenly. "Very well," he said unsteadily. "It's about eighteen thousand all told. Five of it is spent"



Lady Haggar is aware of an apparition—the spirit of her husband. They gaze at each other for a terrible moment in silence

there are the right water weeds for them. . . .”

He pondered a second, easing out the triangle. Then he spoke decisively.

“Look here, jack, old man, I will see about it. And at once. I will interview your landlord and speak clearly. Clearly. That’s a promise—in you go!”

The big-headed, fleshless pike slid back into his element and slowly sank, while Mr. Fair hastily took his rod apart and returned to his friends in the road.

“This way, comrades! We are going to pay a call upon Mr. Lie-abled Fish-Starver. . . . I have seen horrid sights, Patience—not fit for a little donkey to see,” he said, and so they started to find a road leading into the park. . . .

They reached it a hundred yards farther along.

There was a lodge by the great gate, but it was untenanted and in grievous repair. And the gates, sorely in need of paint, squealed on rusty hinges as Prosper swung them open, admitting Stolid Joe to the long, weedy road that wound deep into a wilderness of untended trees.

“This place, my children, is falling to ruin,” said Prosper sorrowfully. “We must look into the matter.”

PROSPER had spoken very truly when he said that this estate was falling to ruin. Every yard of that moss-grown drive exhibited its own testimony of neglect—the rank, dying weeds that bordered it, the dead twigs, fallen boughs and rotting bark that bestrewed it, the thick carpet of dead, decaying leaves that the wind had piled along its edges—all these things bore dumb

witness to the length of time which had elapsed since any gardener’s tools had been used there.

And it was oddly silent in the laurel and rhododendron thickets that rioted untended at each side of the road, and walled it in. A brown thrush or two, slinking into the bloom of the undergrowth; once, a weasel running, deadly silent and absorbed, no doubt upon the trail of some unlucky rabbit; and a pair of busy golden-crested wrens, made up the whole of the life he saw in that drive.

“**I** MISLIKE it, Patience,” he said. “It has an air of desolation—an odor of dissolution. Do roadways die? Certainly this one is moribund. . . . And, by the bread I eat, so is the house!”

They had turned a curve and the high walls of undergrowth had fallen away, revealing the mansion—a big, square-fronted Georgian building, that could never have been very beautiful and was now literally smothered with ivy—rank, dark-green, big-leaved, poisonous-looking stuff. It cowered the house like the hood of a monk.

“Mr. Fish-Starver has a gloomy soul, my little,” said Prosper, staring at the place. “If this house is not haunted then no house ever was haunted. It is not untenanted for smoke is rising from one—two—chimneys. Still, let the adventure go forward. But the prospect does not charm me. . . . Do you tarry here, while I advance upon the foe.”

He went forward, and the dark, uncurtained, unkempt windows, half masked with ivy, seemed to stare down at him like rows of sombre, sullen eyes.

He shook his head at the place.

“Forbidding—very!” he said, cheerfully, and ignoring the broken bell, used the heavy knocker. The echoes went rolling hollowly back through the house, and Prosper waited long for an answer. Presently the big door swung back, and an old, old man peered out. He was completely bald, clad in rusty black clothes and wore heavy-rimmed spectacles—most obviously an ancient butler almost at the end of his span. He was very deaf and shaky and Prosper realized that in spite of the great spectacles, his sight was dim. Like the rest of the estate and “the appurtenances thereof” he was falling to ruin.

“Is your master at home?” asked Prosper loudly. “I have news of a serious character for him.”

The ancient shook his head slowly, blinking at Prosper. There was something porpoise-like about him. He cupped his ear with a thin and veiny hand, and Prosper repeated his question.

As he did so the butler was joined by a little old woman.

“What is it, Peter?” she said. She was only a shade brisker than the butler—her husband, Prosper guessed without difficulty. The old people looked at each other rather anxiously, and Prosper laughed a little.

“My dear old people, please don’t let yourselves be worried. I am quite harmless,” he said. “Just let your master know that I wish to speak to him. It will be all right.”

“Yes, sir,” said the little old woman. “Please to come in.”

She stood aside, and the old man, who
(Continued on page 54)



Morning Idyll

By Lui Trugo





*Death, Made Hideous
Torture, Runs a Close*

*and Grim by Savage
Race With Love —*

The Wreck of the Red Wing

Part III

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

BY THIS time the weather had begun to change. It was still bright, but a smart breeze was springing up from a quarter unusual at that time of year, the southward. Now I could cease from the labor of paddling; could sit cross-legged at my ease on the platform of the canoe, hold the sheet in my hand, and send her flying. No native mat it was that leaned and groaned above us but a good canvas sprit sail which I had bent on myself only a few days before. An outrigger canoe with a good sail and a fair wind is one of the fastest things that sails the tropic ocean. Laurie, released from concealment, laughed with joy as we leaned far over to the purpling sea, the outrigger lifting and slapping, until she had to sit on the platform edge to prevent a capsize.

"Daddy Bertie," she cried, through the noise of the sail and the sea, "you're the best man of them all, except Paul. I think," she added, with a sudden dart of intuition, "I'll stop calling you Daddy from to-day. It doesn't seem to fit. You've grown all shouldery and brown and your face is as hard as teak, and there's not very much gray in your hair, when one looks close at it; it only *seems* gray, if you know what I mean. I shall call you Bert, after this. . . . You've got nice eyes, Bert, brown, like poor Aunt Susan's. I don't wonder she was spoons about you. No, you needn't glare at me like that, you're not my tutor now, and I'll never be in the schoolroom any more. Of course I knew about you and Aunt. I was born knowing all those things," she added.

"You were, indeed," I said, hauling in sheet a little. (Keep your place; it's freshening. . . .) "And, since the relationship

of tutor and pupil is at an end, I don't mind telling you that I'm uncommonly glad to be rid of the responsibility of keeping in order a young lady like yourself."

She was not listening to me. With her long body and fluent limb stretched on the outrigger, and one hand arched over her eyes, she was staring at something that pricked curiously up out of green shallows a long way ahead.

"What is that?" she asked abruptly.

I craned round the sail to look.

"Why, it is a wreck," I said. "Not the *Susan*," I added quickly. "Not nearly large enough—and there has been no weather—"

"I didn't think it was the *Susan*," she said. And then as if changing the subject—"Couldn't you get a little more speed on? I think we could thrash another half knot out of her."

"You'll be half drowned if I do."

"Very well. I've clothes with me."

I did not quite understand what she would be at, but I slacked the sheet a bit. The outrigger lifted and slapped worse than ever; foam gabbled along the keel. We were certainly going. Laurie, half drenched, lay out along the logs, and said not a word. Her high spirits seemed to have evaporated.

We were going full bat; every minute the wreck became plainer. I could now see that it was a launch; a launch that had gone down stern foremost in clear shallow water, and left three or four feet of her bows sticking up like a beacon. I ran the canoe as close as I dared, in order to read the lettering painted on the bow. . . . It was *Nardoo*, the name of Herod's fast launch.

Both of us, I think, suffered the same sickening throb of dismay, at that sight.

We "stared at each other with a wild surmise" while the canoe, brought-to, lay rocking and flapping on the ocean swells. Then Laurie spoke.

"What's happened?" She snapped it out as if I were to blame.

Her face was white, and her breast heaving like the unquiet wave.

"Tom has tried to take the narrow passage through this reef," I said, "and he's cut it too fine with the tide."

WE COULD see the whole body of the launch, foreshortened, slanting away below, in water clear as chrysolite. We could see something else. About and about the launch, like a sentry keeping his rounds, went ceaselessly a dusky-green, long shape with cruel eyes.

"Come in off that outrigger," I said, sharply. She came, without parley or delay. One does not trifle with the sea-tigers of Torres.

"Keep steady till I stand up and look about," I told her. I rose to my feet on the gunwales of the canoe, and, balancing there with the aid of the mast, I scanned the brilliant sea-plain all about us. Small waves, unnumberably rippling, incredibly blue; chips of white foam; acre-wide yellow stains like spilled pea-soup, where companies of sea-lice drifted in uncountable myriads—but never a small black swimming head; never a sign of the boys who had sailed with Tom, or of Tom himself.

"He's gone," I said. "That brute down there knows all about it."

"Gone!" she cried, with a note of terror in her voice. "Then—then—"

"Don't think it," I interrupted. "Don't

give in, Laurie. We'll do it ourselves. We'll catch him."

"How can you? How can this canoe—" "Easy enough. Bowen only ran forty miles north up to last night, since he had to call off and leave those time-expired boys.

"He was to anchor at Two Brothers. It's about ten now, and Two Brothers is in sight; we'll make it in another couple of hours. By that time he'll be forty miles or so ahead of us, and by three o'clock he'll make Daru. Probably he won't start up the Fly at that hour; he'll anchor till next morning to get as much daylight as possible when going up the river. We'll catch him, if this weather holds, by nine o'clock tonight, or anyhow some time before sun-up to-morrow. Don't worry, we'll do it."

"Do you think so? Do you?" "I know it." "If I thought we shouldn't," she said, her face the color of the dancing foam, "I'd just jump overboard to that—" pointing at the gliding horror underneath "and end it all in one moment."

"A lot of good you would do to anyone, wouldn't you?" I answered, hauling on the sheet. "Don't sit out on the platform again; it's not safe, with these beggars newly-fed about us. Just keep on the gunwale. . . . Now—" as the canoe took the wind again, and went flying like a bird across the blue deeps, away from those threatening green shallows with the sea-tigers standing by—"if you'll get at some of the food, we'll breakfast as best we can; we have hard work before us."

No one who has not tried a Papuan canoe, properly rigged, could believe what a speed can be got out of these rough hollowed logs, with their clumsy platform and outrigger. The wind freshened a bit after we left the wreck of Herod's launch behind; within fifteen minutes, we were doing near fourteen miles an hour. The twenty miles to Two Brothers we covered in a couple of hours. Laurie and I, as the canoe rushed nearer and nearer, strained our eyes for the sight of a white-painted hull and a couple of tall masts; but not on one side of the island, or the other, was the *Susan* visible.

"I didn't think she could be," Laurie allowed, shifting her position—she had come back into the canoe now, and was somewhat uneasily perched on the narrow cross plank that makes up the seating accommodation of these rough little craft. "I don't suppose Paul would use the engine with a fair wind like this, but anyhow the *Susan* must be doing seven or eight knots. . . . Do you think they'll have found *him* yet?" A bare contemptuous pronoun was all the name she chose to use for Pascoe, in these days. "They might, and they mightn't," I answered, cautiously hauling in the sheet.

"When would he be all right again?" "You ask me something nobody could tell. Those poisons haven't been scientifically studied. He might be perfectly well, or he might be dead, or anything else in between."

"I hope he's dead."

"Herod would take a lot of killing; he's that kind."

"I can tell you one thing," she said, her eyes suddenly widening and fixing themselves in a curious stare. "He won't die a quiet death, whether it's to-day or in ten years."

"Well, certainly, his character and disposition—"

"Rats about character. I feel it."

"How do you feel it?" I asked, looking at her curiously. I have never been bitten with the mania for occult studies that takes possession of so many; but in my

reading I had stumbled across things that set me thinking.

Laurie looked at me out of the corners of her eyes. "I know," she repeated.

"How do you know?"

"Conchita and I—"

"Well?"

"Conchita knows things. I—get on with her—"

"Yes," I thought, "you would. . . . Well? I'm quite interested."

"We made an image of him."

"Oh? Wax?"

"No. Not wax. That wouldn't have done. We made it of clay—and bread."

"Why the bread?" I was really interested; the image was of course familiar to any student of anthropology, but this seemed to be a variation from the common pattern.

"Conchita knows. We made it, at night, in the bush—and we left it in an ant hill."

"AND do you really believe this charm of yours will work?"

"I don't believe, I tell you, *I know*."

"Yet you were uncommonly glad to get the shellfish, charm or no charm, and it didn't turn out badly."

"Ah, but," she said seriously, "Conchita's charm takes time—and there was no time."

It was an extraordinary conversation for the place and occasion—two white people, in a cranky canoe, on one of the most dangerous narrow seas in the world, conversing calmly about witchcraft—this too, in the nineteenth century's latter end when witchcraft is supposed to be as dead as the Dodo. I thought, for a moment, that my own imagination had been touched by the strange talk and surroundings, when I caught a glimpse of something on Two Brothers that looked almost like a woman; there where no woman could possibly be, since no one lived, or lives to-day, on that sun-struck pile of lion-colored rocks.

"Did you see?" I asked Laurie.

She was taking her turn at sailing the canoe; she had not noticed anything.

"I almost thought I saw the figure of a woman in a white dress," I said, "but I can't see anything now."

"Where was it?" she asked, staring at

the saucer-shaped beach, with its piles of bare rock and scanty tufts of dark-green bush.

"You must have imagined it; you imagine all sorts of things in that great head of yours," said Laurie. "I've got no head and no imagination, and I'll swear there's nothing on Two Brothers, except maybe ghosts—ghosts of people off wrecks."

"It must have been imagination," I allowed. "My great head, as you so amiably suggest."

Two Brothers was behind. Once, twice I turned, and looked at the rocky dome, at the desolate shores, the lime-green, empty shallows. I was sure, now, that my eyes had misled me. Half the journey over, we flew on, in silence.

I will not tell how very weary we were, sun-scorched and sea-battered, when, after dark, we glided into Daru roadsteads.

We had done a feat that is remembered yet—no canoe has ever run a hundred miles so fast, in Torres Straits the terrible. We had escaped most of the reefs, by the use of a rude map I carried; scraped over others, trusting to the light draught of the canoe; guessed at the position of Daru, a pocket compass helping out—and at long last, we sighted the island just before dark.

Both of us stumbled, going up the beach. It had been a long, long day. . . .

The light of the lone trading store burned before us, a hurricane lamp, swinging from invisible rafters. Underneath, beside the counter, with its load of shining knives, red calico, beads and mirrors, lay a white man, on a lounge, reading ancient newspapers. At the



I swung the lantern up . . . the trader was lying there without a head

sound of our feet on the steps, he jumped up, and seized a shotgun.

"Stop there," he shouted. We stopped.

The man came forward and peered cautiously through the doorway, holding his gun ready. "White people, by gum," he said, in a voice of intense amazement.

"Where'd you come from?—Australia? The hell you did. Come in, come in. Don't bother about pratique or customs; just hop in from any country you've a mind to. We like it. The Guv'nor's keen on gettin' all sorts of dogs' diseases carted into the Territory, bein' a medical man himself, and he'd just as soon have cargoes of rum—"

"**H**OLD on," I said. "We came in a canoe, with no baggage but clothes, and there's a clear bill of health at our island. Where's the *Susan* anchored? I couldn't see her as we came up, but I believe we arrived on the wrong side of the settlement."

"The *Susan*?" answered the trader, peering at Laurie with his small reddish eyes. "Why, I reckon she's about fifty miles up the Fly by now—Catch the lady, she's fainting."

We laid her on the floor, with her head low, and poured a little whisky and water into her mouth. She had barely lost consciousness; she recovered almost at once, sat up, and said with determination—

"I haven't fainted—I heard all you said, and I mean to go on to-night."

"Go on to where?" asked the man, bewildered. "Is she off her head—balmy?"

Minutes were precious. I told him, as briefly as I could, what our errand was, and our need. "Is there a launch to be had, by any lucky chance?" I besought him. "You can see for yourself we daren't delay."

"Oh yes, I can see," he answered. "If the captain's gone up the Fly not knowing the natives is up at Kapina, and if it's true they are, I don't give a bean for his life. Why, we're not any too safe down here, me and the missionary and the Guv'ment officer—that's all there is of us, and both of them's away now. As for the Fly, when the niggers is up, you'd best stand clear if you want to keep your

head on your shoulders, and your eyes in the holes that God made for them, because they're a good deal better there than stuck on sticks before you're—"

"Have you a launch?"

"I haven't one of my own, so to speak, though if you'd called a matter of two or three weeks ago, before the one I got out from Cairn last year went on the reef at—"

"Has anyone got a launch?"

"Aren't I telling you?" The mission has one, and they lent it to me, and seeing as they're getting a new one from Thursday Island in six weeks or maybe two munces, it's bin arranged that I'm to pay for this old one by instalments, so in a way, as I said, I might say I have got a launch an' I haven't, if you know what I mean."

"Can I hire it? I've no money with me, but you'll be well paid—if we get through all right."

"Well, as to hiring it, you see, there's no one can run her but myself and the boy, and I want the boy pretty bad, because he can talk the native lingo here in the store; and the ingin. . . ."



"Can you let us have the launch?"

"Well, I don't know, but I suppose you may; you see—"

"Thanks—I knew you would. What about stores?"

"Well, now you mention it, it's a funny thing, but I happened, like, to have just put out a nice loading of stores for a two weeks' trip; that's them in the bag and the two cases there; meat and biscuit and tea and kerosene and rice, and quinine and cartridges, and a couple of rifles and a shotgun . . ."

"Can I have these stores loaded on your launch right away? Where's she lying?"

"Right off the point; I meant to have got away in her to-morrow at sun-up; you see . . ."

"Can you come with us?"

"Why, no, I can't come with you; if I left the store, them Tugeri might come along and loot it; you see, you never know when to expect them, except when you don't expect them, if you understand me. I suppose I could lend you the boy to run the

Paul turned half round, drew his revolver shot the clubman dead, a second before the

launch and show the way; he's a good chap, just . . ."

"Is this the boy? Well, he can take half the grub, and I'll carry the rest."

"Give me the bag," said Laurie. She had not spoken a word; she had watched us, holding her underlip tight between her teeth, while the man dribbled on, every word a moment lost, every moment a nail in Paul Bowen's coffin.

"**Y**OU can't carry it," I remonstrated, "it's heavier than—"

She swung it on her shoulder without reply, and set off for the beach at a pace that I could scarce keep up myself.

Laurie and I went out to the launch in our canoe, helped by the boy. I left the two together, getting the engine ready, and paddled back for the balance of the rice, which we had been unable to shift on the first trip. It was lying on the verge of the black lipping water. I threw it into the



from his belt swifter than one could see, and pineapple club smashed into his own skull

canoe, and was just lifting my leg over the gunwale, when—

What was that sound?

The tiny settlement of Daru—two houses and a shed—was silent, sleeping. In the trader's store the lamp had gone out. I thought—I was almost certain—that no noise came on the cool land-breeze of night; none, that is, save the eager, hurried croaking of frogs in the marshes, and the slap of rising water among the massed roots of mangrove. Yet—

There it was again; a curious, hacking noise, like, and yet unlike, someone cutting wood. I do not know why, but I must confess I felt a creeping sensation down my spine, as I listened. The sound died away, and now, without doubt, the frogs and the rising waves had it all to themselves.

I waited for perhaps a minute, and then, drawn by an inexplicable attraction, I left the canoe, and, cautiously, in the star-dusk, made my way up to the trader's store.

Something, as I came near, left the back of the store with a sound like a wild boar charging out of a brake.

I SAW the verandah lantern swinging, dark, above me. I hauled it down and lit it, not without trouble; two matches went out before I got one to burn. Odd, how swiftly one thinks in moments of mental stress. I had time to tell myself that, ten years ago, I couldn't have done this thing; my fingers would have trembled, if my mind didn't. . . . They were steady now. I unhooked the light and carried it into the store.

The trader lay upon the mats. I thought there was something wrong with my eyes; they didn't seem to carry beyond a certain point—as will sometimes happen, when one is out of sorts. But I was not out of sorts. . . . I swung the lantern up and looked again. The trader was lying there without a head. His shoulders had contracted, so that there was no neck either; the body just ended. A yard or so away I could see a large dark pool, reflecting the light like spilled ink.

"God rest you," I said "The last thing you did was an act of charity."

I put the lantern out—for who knew if the head-hunting Tugeri might not still be lurking near?—and went down as quietly as possible to the beach and the canoe. I told Laurie nothing; what was the use? We got the engine going, and, with the boy to pick our way, set out for the black Fly River, in whose gigantic estuary we were that moment lying.

It began to look like a river, in the early sunrise.

I had unwound myself from the mosquito-net cocoon within which all Papuan travelers must sleep, and rolled out upon the deck of the launch. Laurie, in her tiny cabin, was still asleep. Heki, the boy, was standing at the wheel; his mate, Gudu, who had simply tumbled aboard, just as we were leaving and had been accepted by everyone without comment, was sitting almost on the engine, combing her hair with a comb ten inches wide, and now and then doing

(Continued on page 66)



EDITORIAL

LODGE REPRESENTATION

LAST month comment was made in these columns anent the importance of the office of Representative to the Grand Lodge; and a few suggestions, deemed timely, were added for the special consideration of the individuals directly concerned. In view of the fact that, at every session of the Grand Lodge, a number of the subordinate Lodges are not represented by any chosen delegate, it is deemed equally timely to impress upon such Lodges their duty in the premises, as well as their peculiar interest in having such representation.

It is provided by the Constitution that each Lodge shall elect a Representative to the Grand Lodge. So definite is the purpose and intent to have this officer attend, that it is also provided that an alternate shall be chosen to take the place of the principal if the latter cannot serve, and that the expense of attendance shall be paid by the Lodge. The provisions are not made for the pleasure or benefit of the individual officer. They are wise requirements looking to the best interests of the Order and of the Lodges themselves.

The Lodge is the corporate unit through which the Grand Lodge, in the main, functions. It is rarely that the individual member is dealt with directly. He is reached through his Lodge. He views the Grand Lodge and the Order primarily through it. It is, therefore, essential to an intelligent cooperation in the accomplishment of the great purposes of the Order, as expressed in Grand Lodge action, that every subordinate Lodge shall maintain a definite contact with the parent body. And this can only be effectively done in the person of the chosen Representative.

He is the *liaison* officer, through whose service a proper understanding is preserved between the Grand Lodge and the subordinate Lodges. He is the interpreter of each to the other. Without him neither body can fully comprehend the needs, the desires, the capacities and the limitations of the other.

In some instances those respective needs and desires are apparently adverse; the capacities and limitations are not always clearly appreciated. But in the fraternal consideration of those matters, participated in by the representatives of all the

Lodges, the danger of misunderstanding is removed, or reduced to a minimum. And even though the action may not be approved by all, there is the full opportunity to learn the reasons for it in the light of the general good, that makes for a more fraternal harmony throughout the Order.

The Lodge Representative who has attended the Grand Lodge can report not only what was done, but also why it was done, thus enabling his Lodge to assume its attitude toward the action with intelligence and not upon impulse.

It is manifest that the Grand Lodge has a definite interest in the requirement that each Lodge should be represented at its sessions. Obedience to this requirement is not only a duty upon the Lodges, but, because of their own interest in such representation, it is a privilege as well.

It is hoped that the Chicago Convention will establish a record of having in attendance an elected representative from every subordinate Lodge of the Order.

FLAG DAY

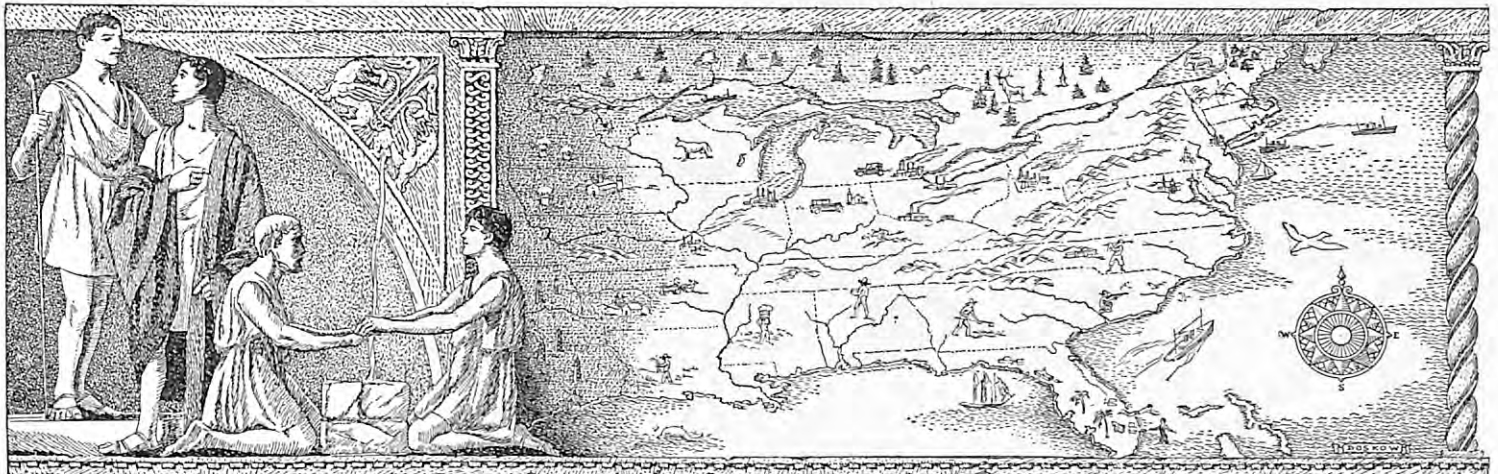
ONE of the most interesting features of the Grand Lodge session at Portland was the exemplification of the revised public rituals of the Order. The most colorful and elaborate of these is that prescribed for Flag Day; and those who witnessed its first rendition before the Grand Lodge will recall its beauty and effectiveness.

In the hope that each member may familiarize himself with it and become inspired by it to a loyal participation in the ceremonies soon to be held by his own Lodge, the full text of the Flag Day ritual is printed elsewhere in this issue.

No ceremonial of our Order more truly and completely reflects its distinctive Americanism and its fundamental ideals, for it is in honor of that emblem, first upon our altars, which symbolizes the highest and noblest purposes to which the Order is dedicated. As proclaimed in the ritual:

For the flag is the heart and soul of Elkdom as it is the symbol of the heart and soul of America.

The celebration of Flag Day, as conducted by an Elks Lodge, is a real service to our country. It is instructive as well as inspirational and re-



kindles the fire of patriotic ardor in the hearts of all who attend. Participation in the ceremony by its members is, therefore, a patriotic duty as well as a fraternal obligation.

Whether the occasion be celebrated in the Lodge room, in a public hall, or under the open sky, it is one which the Order delights to observe. It is one which every Elk should attend in a spirit of reverence, joyfulness and pride. By such attendance he aids in the public teaching of a splendid lesson in true Americanism. He will experience the satisfaction which always follows a duty faithfully performed. And inevitably he will be thrilled by the consciousness that he is contributing to the demonstration of the justice of our proud claim, that the Order of Elks is *the Great American Fraternity*.

COMMUNITY CONSCIOUS

PAST Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning, in his recent address delivered at the dedication of the new Home of Michigan City Lodge, used a very apt phrase in describing one of the effects which the declaration of war had upon our people generally. He said they became "community conscious." Instead of thinking particularly of themselves and their selfish interests, people began to think of others, especially of others in their own communities. They came to realize their common interest in the purposes in view and the similarity of their human experiences as related thereto. They were aroused to the responsibility that each one sustained toward the general welfare of all.

That true patriotic spirit, which the war conditions inspired among our people generally, was also, of course, given fresh stimulus and an added vigor in the minds and hearts of the members of our Order. But in the fine meaning of the phrase, the Order of Elks has always been community conscious. Its very existence is based upon the conception of that duty toward, and responsibility for, others. Although the unusual conditions attendant upon the existence of war multiplied the opportunities for service, and therefore enlarged the incident obligations, the Order of Elks merely availed itself of those opportunities to display more effectively that community consciousness it had always possessed. And by its example it was tremendously influential in the quickening of that consciousness in the minds and

hearts of others, the result of which is yet plainly apparent in our national life.

This was one of the outstanding patriotic services rendered by the Order during the World War. And it is partly in commemoration of that service, performed by many Elks who wore no uniform and saw no field of battle, that the splendid memorial in Chicago has been erected.

JOB OR POSITION

IT IS a good sign when a man speaks of his "job." It sounds homely and earnest. When he is careful to refer to his "position" or "situation," or to give it some other more high sounding title, the chances are he is thinking more of preserving his assumed dignity than he is of rendering service.

All work honestly performed is dignified, whether it be done by a banker in his luxurious office or by a stevedore on the dock. And the man who regards his daily task as beneath his dignity, to be spoken of deprecatingly, or to be given a false importance of mere title, is not likely to get promoted; for he does not bring to its performance that joy of labor which is essential to real success.

There is a familiar, almost an affectionate, sound to "my job." There is a suggestion of pride in it which argues well for the spirit in which it is undertaken. The fellow who hunts a job is more likely to find it than the one who seeks a position.

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

THE newest entrant into the field of fraternal journalism is *The Shrine Magazine*. In a striking cover of artistic beauty, with a literary content of highest excellence, its first number appeared in May; and it will be issued monthly hereafter.

If the standard of the new periodical be maintained in accordance with the fine promise of its initial issue, and of this the character and ability of its editorial and business staff give ample assurance, the journal will merit the enthusiastic approval of its sponsors. It is sure to prove an entertaining and instructive visitor to its established family of readers among the members of the splendid fraternity whose official organ it is.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends a hearty welcome to its new contemporary and tenders the sincerest of good wishes for its success and prosperity.



The Flag Day Ritual

Adopted by the Grand Lodge at Portland, Ore., 1925

EXALTED RULER: The purpose of this service is to honor our country's Flag, to celebrate the anniversary of its birth, and to revere the achievements wrought beneath its folds. It is quite appropriate that such a service should be held by the Order of Elks, an organization that is distinctively American, intensely patriotic and without counterpart. Brothers, I ask your assistance in conducting these exercises. Esteemed Leading Knight, what are the general objects of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks?

ESTEEMED LEADING KNIGHT: To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind; to uphold our country and its laws; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to protect our brothers and to revere their memories.

EXALTED RULER: From your station, Esteemed Loyal Knight, what is the significance of the American Flag?

ESTEEMED LOYAL KNIGHT: It is an emblem of Justice.

EXALTED RULER: Brother Esteemed Lecturing Knight, what is the significance of the Flag from the station of the Exalted Ruler?

ESTEEMED LECTURING KNIGHT: It is a symbol of Fidelity.

EXALTED RULER: Justice and Fidelity are two of the great principles of our Order, and are exemplified in all our services. With them we teach love for our common country and loyalty to her institutions. To be an Elk is to be an American citizen and a patriot. In this spirit we come to this festival of the Flag. Brother Chaplain, you will invoke the Divine blessings.

* * * *

CHAPLAIN (advancing to the Altar): Almighty God, Creator and Ruler of the world, we look unto Thee in this hour of patriotic observance of the birthday of the American Flag, asking Thy blessing upon the Flag, the institutions and the people of these United States. For all that the Flag of our country represents both at home and abroad we thank thee, and that through all our history as a nation, it has been an ensign of freedom, liberty and opportunity, we praise Thy name, God of our fathers and our country. And through the ages, yet to come may this Flag stand to all peoples over whom it may wave as the banner of liberty, freedom and enlightenment. May this service deepen in each of us our sense of loyalty to our country and its institutions, and enable us to be better patriots, truer citizens, and more loyal Americans, to Thy glory and to the honor of this great Republic.—Amen.

BROTHERS: Amen.

EXALTED RULER: That we may better understand the meaning of this celebration and profit by its lessons, I call upon Brother —

(The brother so designated will give the following.)

Suggested Program

1. Music: "Star Spangled Banner" Orchestra or Band
2. Introductory Exercises Exalted Ruler and Officers
3. Prayer Chaplain
4. Song: "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"
5. History of the Flag
6. Altar Service Esquire and Officers
7. Song: "Auld Lang Syne" Officers and Members
8. Music: Southern Airs Orchestra or Band
9. Recitation
10. Patriotic Address, by Member of The Order or by an invited guest
11. Song: "America" By the entire Assembly

THE FLAG (Mandatory)

(The music reprinted in the ritual book is intended to be played as accompaniment to the entry of the various flags. It was selected after weeks of painstaking research from source books in the Library of Congress and the New York Public Library and each piece of music represents, as nearly as is possible, the historical period of the flag in question. See Report of Ritual Committee, to the Grand Lodge in session at Chicago, 1926.)

Heraldry is as old as the human race. The carrying of banners has been the habit of barbarian and civilized in all ages. These banners usually contain some concept of the life or government of those who fashion them.

The evolution of the American flag is as interesting as the evolution of the American Government. Its original instability is now matched by a peerless immobility. During the period of its growth and lack of finality it embraced parts of the banners of other countries—sometimes showing even shrubs and serpents, and being devoid of originality.

This period of instability of the form and coloring of OUR FLAG ceased with the definite fixing of the government it represented. When nationality became assured—when state independence and state interdependence were exactly measured—when responsibility and international place were no longer open for debate—then and not until then, the flag became definite.

When John Cabot landed at Labrador in 1497, five years after Columbus' discovery of America, he planted on that North American soil the red cross of England, the flag of King Henry the Seventh.

(Enter Flag Number 1)

SONG ON THE VICTORY OF AGINCOURT (song)

From the landing of the *Mayflower*, in 1620,

until 1775, the flag of England was our flag. In 1606 the field of the English flag had been changed from white to blue, and the white cross of St. Andrew was placed thereon by order of King James I, and the banner was called the Union of the King's colors.

(Enter Flag Number 2)

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE (song)

In 1607 the color of the flag was changed from blue to crimson, and the two crosses on a blue field were placed in the upper corner.

(Enter Flag Number 3)

WHY SHOULD WE SING OF ARTHUR (song)

The colonies recognized this change and placed a pine-tree on a white field, in lieu of the crosses.

In 1775 the pine-tree flag was adopted for all colonial vessels, and this banner was carried by the Americans in the battle of Bunker Hill.

(Enter Flag Number 4)

YANKEE DOODLE (song)

The Southern colonies from 1776 to 1777 used the snake flag.

(Enter Flag Number 5)

CHESTER L. M. (song)

In the latter part of 1775 a committee was appointed by the Continental Congress to consider the question of a single flag for the thirteen colonies. That committee recommended that the design should be thirteen alternate stripes of red and white in the upper corner of which would be an azure field bearing the red cross of St. George, and the white cross of St. Andrew. John Paul Jones, the senior lieutenant of the flagship *Alfred*, hoisted this flag to the masthead on December 3, 1775; one month later it was raised over the headquarters of General George Washington, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, "in compliment" as he wrote, "to the United Colonies."

(Enter Flag Number 6)

A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN (song)

This flag, which was called "The Congress Colors," and "The Grand Union Flag," was never carried in the field by the continental land forces, but it was used by the navy as its exclusive ensign, and was the first American flag to receive a foreign salute of honor. The Fort of

This ritual is copyright, 1926, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

Orange, on the Island of St. Eustatius, Dutch West Indies, fired a salute of eleven guns in acknowledgment of a similar salute from the *Andrew Doria* under command of Captain Isaiah Robinson; an act for which the Governor of the Island was recalled by the Republic of the Netherlands, in deference to the protest of the English Government.

There was much dissatisfaction with this flag because it bore, as a part thereof, a design so distinctive of the flag of England, and in response to a general demand for a banner more specifically representative of our own country on June 14, 1777, the Congress provided:—

"That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes of alternating red and white; and that the union be thirteen stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation."

(Enter Flag Number 7)

HAIL COLUMBIA (Song)

Whether Betsy Ross, a Philadelphia Quakeress, had the honor of making the first United States flag is a debated question. It is generally believed that in May or June of 1776, a committee consisting of George Washington, Robert Morris, and George Ross called on her, and commissioned her to make a flag from a rough design they brought with them. It is said that she suggested that the stars should have five points, rather than six.

This banner of starry beauty received its baptism of fire at Fort Schuyler, New York, on August 3, 1777, during an attack by British and Indians. The flag was made on the spot. Soldiers' shirts furnished the cloth for the white stars and stripes; the red stripes were made from a red petticoat belonging to the wife of one of the privates; and Captain Abraham Swartout's blue cloth coat was used for the blue field.

All Americans will recall that the first official salute to the Stars and Stripes was given on February 14, 1778, by France. This occurred in Quiberon Bay on the French coast, when the *Ranger*, under command of John Paul Jones, was saluted by the French fleet under Admiral La Motte Picquet.

The *Ranger's* flag was made by the girls of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, from slices of their best silk gowns. The white stripes were cut from her bridal gown by a bride of only a few months.

Some writers claim that the *Ranger's* flag was the same flag that afterward flew from the *Bon Homme Richard*, in the most thrilling sea fight of history. The conflict was between the frigate *Serapis* and Jones's ship, the *Richard*. The battle by moonlight, which continued until both ships were in a sinking condition and the *Serapis* finally struck her colors, insured the immortality of John Paul Jones, the intrepid defender of the youthful republic.

The original thirteen stars and thirteen stripes were intended, of course, to represent the original thirteen colonies. In 1795, two additional stars and two additional stripes were added to the flag to represent Vermont and Kentucky, which had been admitted to the Union, and the War of 1812 was fought under this banner. It was the flag of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes, flying over Fort McHenry, on September 14, 1814, which inspired Francis Scott Key to write the "Star Spangled Banner," our national anthem.

Miss Margaret Young, who cut the stars for this particular flag, subsequently became the mother of Henry Sanderson who was elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in 1884.

(Enter Flag Number 8)

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER (song)

The admission of additional states into the Union required the enlargement of the flag and an essential altering of its design, and to prevent this, the Congress, on April 14, 1818, adopted a resolution providing that from and after July 4, 1818, the stripes should be thirteen and the blue field should carry one star for each of the twenty states then in the Union and that a new star should be added for each state thereafter

admitted. To-day the flag bears forty-eight stars.

(Enter Flag Number 9)

AMERICA (song)

It is at once a history, a declaration and a prophecy. It represents the American nation as it was at its birth; it speaks for what it is to-day; and it holds the opportunity for the future to add other stars to the glorious constellation.

In July, 1908, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, in Grand Lodge assembled, at Dallas, Texas, provided for the observance of "Flag Day" on June 14th, and the observance of that day has been made mandatory upon each Subordinate Lodge of the Order. Thus, the Order of Elks was the first, and as yet, the only fraternal organization which requires the celebration of this event.

Of all the flags of history the American flag is the oldest. To us it is the most beautiful. Sporting in the breeze, it is a mosaic of ribboned loveliness; drooping in softer airs, the staff is transformed into a maypole of festal delight.

It is an honest flag; a righteous flag. During the long years of its life our country has engaged in a number of wars, yet its flag has never rippled in support of an unworthy cause, and has never known defeat. It has no taint of scandal—no spot of dishonor.

In the war of 1776 it won our independence as a nation. In 1812 it established the freedom of the seas and the rights of American seamen on those seas. In 1846 it vindicated our national dignity and our sovereignty which had been flouted by arrogant Mexico. In 1861 it preserved the Union. Union—nationality—was necessary to the championing of freedom throughout the world. In 1898 it freed struggling Cuba from tyranny and oppression. Again victorious in the great World War, it flies triumphantly, a beautiful, incomparable emblem of liberty and freedom to all the peoples of the earth.

The "Red, White and Blue," the "Star-Spangled Banner," the "Stars and Stripes," "Old Glory," by whatever name it be called, all hail "The American Flag"—"OUR FLAG!" Cherished by all our hearts—upheld by all our hands!

"When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies
And striped its pure celestial white
With sprinklings of the morning light;
Then from his mansions in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land."

COLUMBIA THE GEM OF THE OCEAN (song)

SUGGESTED RESPONSE

(Appropriate optional response to the preceding address by Exalted Ruler or by a brother appointed by the Exalted Ruler.)

The Stars and Stripes—the flag of the United States of America—flies for all the people on earth!

Prince and potentate know it. Slave and serf understand it. Tropics and arctic alike have seen the gleam of its colors.

To all its message has been the same:

"LIBERTY!"

Red and white and blue, that cluster and those thirteen stripes went forth through an humble little doorway into a quiet Philadelphia street almost a century and a half ago.

To-day, hoisted before the eyes of all mankind, they blazon above the mightiest nation in history the message of man's Liberty and Opportunity.

Beneath that flag to-day are banded a million members of a mighty Order founded on the same imperishable principles as the flag itself—the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. No man enters that Order unless his sworn allegiance has gone forth to the flag that drapes its altar.

Yearly, on June 14th, from the Great Lakes to the white sands of the Gulf of Mexico; from the gray wavewash of the Atlantic to the long-backed blue rollers of the Pacific, and in all the continent that stretches between, Elkdom pays honor to that flag in commemorative exercises, stirring the heart of every Elk with renewed and revived loyalty to these United States of America.

For the flag is the heart and soul of Elkdom as it is the symbol of the heart and soul of America. They are one and inseparable.

In every one of Elkdom's 1,500 Lodges, wheresoever they be scattered about this land, in the mightiest cities of the nation or its smallest villages or roughest far-flung frontier, that day—June 14—is marked in commemoration, whether in lodge room or public assembly-hall or in the open air.

"Why," some may ask, "should the American flag play so great a part in Elkdom's life? Why should this one day of the year be set aside that the story of that banner may be told once more? Why should every Elk treasure that small and silken banner he bore home the night he was initiated into the nation's greatest Order—an Order unique in world history?"

The answer gleams from the record of every one of those years in that century and a half of American history, since first the flag that came from the hands of Betsy Ross, Quaker housewife, rose fluttering above the headquarters of George Washington, commander-in-chief of the ragged armies fighting for liberty against overwhelming odds and bitter discouragements.

We are a reticent race about the things that touch us most intimately. We are a people who, when we do talk, are prone to talk more of the day's work and the moment's play than of those mighty things that are imbedded, rock-like in our lives. Those things we feel most deeply come hardest to our speech. Our greatest men have not been orators. They have been the quiet doers of the work that lay at hand, whether it be pioneering, farming, industry, commerce, or battle.

"There is no such thing as an American literature," we are told by the Old World critics.

They may be right, from their standpoint.

But to those who see with clear eyes, the story of America—the real epic of the mightiest nation on earth to-day is told by deed and not by words. That tale is written on no scrap of paper. It is carved deep and large for all the world to read—carved across three thousand miles of a continent above which flies dominant the Stars and Stripes. And from the Elks who have commanded our armies and our navies and captained our great industries down to the ranks of our humblest citizen, the men of Elkdom have had a tremendous share in the writing of that amazing tale.

The Flag that America and Elkdom honor holds in its gleaming folds this story besides which Iliad and Odyssey are pale as nursery tales for babes. The battles and voyages of Phoenician and Greek and Roman; the gallantry of the knights of King Arthur's court, the sieges and campaigns of Froissart, all the deeds of the world-old tales we have known from our childhood—all these are found in the story that American hands and brains have written across this continent.

The memory of those gallant men and women it rests with Elkdom to cherish as something infinitely precious—something that is symbolized in the flag beneath which they lived and fought and worked and loved and died.

What a story it is that America has given the world in this past century and a half! And how proud is Elkdom's share therein!

Far back in 1777, when Betsy Ross placed her last loving stitch in that banner of red and white and blue, those thirteen struggling colonies clung tenaciously to a narrow, war-ravaged strip of land along the Atlantic coast. On one side was a broad ocean, across which came the navies and armies of a powerful foe. A savage land that for the greatest part had never felt the pressure of a white man's foot.

"We hold this truth to be self-evident; that all men are created free and equal!"

That was the ringing defiance sent out to all the world by those men who first fought beneath the Stars and Stripes. They backed their belief with their lives. And the red and

white of those stripes upon their banner might well have been the symbol of the crimson footprints left upon the snows of Valley Forge by George Washington's men.

They paid their price of blood and death. They won their freedom when Old World veterans sneered that such a victory was impossible. They brought an ordered republic out of a welter of passion-torn colonies.

For a brief space the flag beneath which they had fought clung to a narrow borderline of the Atlantic States, and then it started West.

To what man is given words wherewith to tell the tale that followed? In the century and a half since then, America's story has been written beneath that banner. Strange pen and stranger ink have gone into the writing.

It has been written, that immortal tale, in blood and flame, and steel. In the crash of great trees falling beneath the woodsman's axe. In the crack of frontier rifle and pistol that answered the Indian arrow and tomahawk—that in the years to come were to drive the Indian scalping knife into the Far West and oblivion. In the ringing hammers that nailed together clumsy ferries for mighty rivers. In the creaking of heavy axles as the "prairie schooners" toiled ever toward the setting sun.

That story has been written in the sweat of the ploughman after the tiny plot of land was cleared in the primeval forest; in the clanging hammer-blows and flaming spark-showers of the frontier forge; in the rude jests and deadly gun-play and face-to-face barter of far settlements; in twin lines of steel pressing ever westward as men laid the tracks of that first trans-continental railroad while soldiers in blue guarded the line and fought off hostile Indians.

The forest and mountains of the Far North know that banner and the tale it bears; the prairies of the West, the cliffs and gorges of the Rockies, the swamps and bayous and rich fields of the South. Yet the half of that story has never been told.

But ever above that toiling, fighting epic of a great people floated the Stars and Stripes. Steadily westward and northward and southward it pressed, until past the last frontier that banner fluttered while the wondrous story unrolled, chapter by chapter. And then it flew

above a people busied with the development of the continent they had won.

Now the tale is written in the etching on skylines of great cities, where, within the memory of living man, huddled huts or bald prairies or tangled swamps held sway. It has its chapters of mighty industries, of intricate inventions, of roaring workshops whose products have gone out through all the earth. It carries far down to the depths of mines that burrow deep into the blackness whence men draw wealth. It tells of broad miles of cultivation that fill the granaries of the world from farms greater than some of the Old World's kingdoms. It soars high in air on the wings of the aviator, whose first airplane rose to the skies beneath the Stars and Stripes. And even above this wondrous tale of a people's rise to world-power has floated the banner that was born so long ago in a little house in Philadelphia.

But that story has not always been a tale of workshop and forge and store and farm and the barter of men. The American flag was born of battle—the battle for liberty. And battle has been its heritage throughout the years.

The blood of gallant men christened it in its babyhood. The blood of their sons and their sons' sons has been shed beneath its folds in the years that followed.

Hero blood it was, shed selflessly and in the battle for an ideal so high and shining that even now there are times when beneath the passions of mankind it becomes a bit obscured. For, in every battle where that flag has waved, Liberty has been the watchword of the men who fought beneath.

From the first roar of flint-lock musketry at Bunker Hill, where colonists, without uniform, swiftly summoned, stood behind their hastily-dug breastworks and mowed down the onslaught of the trained redcoats that were hurled against them—from that opening volley to the last crack of the last Enfield 30-30 sounding that day in the Argonne Forest when the news of the Armistice flashed round the world—American men have fought for the ideals of Liberty that their arms were swift to defend, though their lips may have found them difficult to frame in speech.

Glorious the heritage and the banner they have left for the children of America.

The memories of Bunker Hill. Of Ticonderoga with Ethan Allen's crashing demand: "Surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

The roar of cannon, the splintering of deck and bulwark when Perry at Lake Erie sent his immortal message: "We have met the enemy and they are ours!"

Lawrence dying on the deck of the *Chesapeake* with his lips forming his last words: "Don't give up the ship!"

John Paul Jones, on the decks of the *Bonne Homme Richard*, his frigate sinking beneath him at the bellowing salvos of the British guns on the *Scrapis*, and, his calm answer to their call for surrender: "I have not yet begun to fight!"

Washington, standing wrapped in his cloak in that rowboat as it pushed its way through the ice-floes on the wintry Delaware, to cross an "impassable river," to fall upon the Hessians, and take Trenton in a night of smoke and flames, of steel and blood.

Custer, his long hair floating about his shoulders as he died with the last at the Little Big Horn, where his cavalry pennons waved with the Stars and Stripes until the overpowering horde of Indians swept over the last stand.

And part of the heritage of the Stars and Stripes, though the Lone Star then floated above it, is the Alamo with its high-piled dead and the deathless words, "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat. The Alamo had none!"

Are these not memories to thrill generations of Americans yet unborn?

Bright with steel and red with blood is the path that banner has traveled. It waved high when it went with troops that marched with Zachary Taylor to Buena Vista and Monterey. Triumphant it stormed up the heights of Chapultepec.

It waved above many a field where brother fought brother in the war between the States. And when the Lost Cause went down in the most honorable defeat known to world history, it was the Stars and Stripes that waved above a nation reunited, its sons henceforth to fight and work side by side.

The world learned that when North and
(Continued on page 87)

Massachusetts Elks Aid Veterans

By Arthur G. Hartly

Secretary, Hospital Committee of Massachusetts State Elks Association

THE most commendable work any one can do in life, one which antedates this generation and seems to be as old as our own world itself, is to help those less fortunate than ourselves; to bring some cheer and happiness to those for whom life has no charm, and to relieve the suffering from which there is no cure.

Such can be summed up as a preface to the excellent work being done in the reconstruction hospitals in the State of Massachusetts, in which are housed the many tragedies that are the aftermath of the most destructive war that history records, our "World War Veterans."

The hospital work had its inception in the summer of 1917, when the Order gave the Parker Hill Hospital to the United States Government to aid the wounded, sick and crippled veterans, who about this time were being returned to our country. The Order of Elks pledged itself to assist the Government in aiding those boys in every way possible to relieve their distress and bring comfort to them by showing them at least man's gratitude for the service they rendered not only to us but to all mankind. We agreed to sacrifice ourselves in the giving of our comfort, our ease and our pleasure hours to make them happy in their hours of sad reflection and days of agony that must come to them as a result of the harrowing experiences they had endured.

The Government had many classes of sick veterans to care for, those suffering from wounds, from operations and their complex results from shell shocks causing feeble-mindedness, etc., and others, consumptive from the poisonous gases, insane from the many unmentionable causes leading up to the sorrow and distress that generally follow each war. To handle this work efficiently the Government wisely segregated the veteran according to his particular condition, and though at times the machinery of our Government has moved slowly, we can all say that to-day our veterans are being housed

and cared for in a most excellent manner. Great credit has been given to our Order for the sincere, unflinching and unostentatious performance of the duty to which it pledged itself.

After four or five years of segregation we find the veterans of Massachusetts housed at the West Roxbury and Chelsea Naval Hospitals. During these four or five years members of the Order in Massachusetts (and let us call them the pioneers of this great work) had given their time and money unselfishly to aid these veterans by entertainment and many little remembrances that helped cheer them up in their sorrow and lonesomeness. To these men our Massachusetts State Association owes much.

The duty of carrying on this work had grown so important that the State Association created a permanent body to be known as the Service Men's Entertainment Committee, and chose as its first chairman, John F. McGann of Somerville Lodge, No. 917, one who was well acquainted with the task before him, having been among the pioneers. It was my privilege and honor to serve with him as Secretary, and I must say that the great measure of success which this Committee is now enjoying can be traced in its major degree to the persistency, good management and foresighted sacrifices he made.

This Committee began its work in the fall of 1923 by appealing to every Lodge in the State for funds to assist in giving entertainments and doing other charitable work needed at both hospitals. Our work as outlined was to give two entertainments monthly at Chelsea Naval and West Roxbury Hospitals, to decorate the altars at Christmas and Easter, and to see that those who could not leave their beds were somehow remembered by flowers, plants, or whatever could aid them to forget their unhappiness and

make them realize that they had not been forgotten in their hours of solitude.

A Secretary's work has its troubles and trials in endeavoring to write appeals, etc., and we found that although the responses were generous, another means would have to be devised to bring the work more forcibly before all the Lodges in our State. Therefore, the Committee determined on a course of personal contact with each Lodge, and several members gave their time to advertising our work by making personal visitations to each and every Lodge in the State. Our first year brought us great encouragement, for we increased from 25 per cent. of the Lodges interested to almost 50 per cent.

At the beginning of our second year of activity, Mr. McGann, who had spent almost seven years in this work and on whom greater responsibilities had fallen, retired from the active chairmanship. William E. Boyden of Somerville Lodge was appointed Chairman.

During this year the hospital work greatly increased with the addition of two new hospitals, one at Northampton, Mass., and the other at Rutland, Mass., the former for the weak-minded and insane, and the latter almost entirely for consumptive patients. The Rutland Hospital among the hills adjacent to Worcester, Mass., is ideally located for this disease. More work was necessarily caused, as the Northampton Hospital is over 100 miles from the seat of our activities, and the Rutland Hospital half that distance.

Our Committee, therefore, was reorganized in October of 1924, and we devised the following plans to handle the work: As Northampton Hospital is in the far western part of the State we chose Springfield Lodge, No. 71, as our central point and selected twelve Lodges within easy reach of the Hospital to handle this work. A letter was sent to each Lodge asking them to send three delegates, consisting of their Exalted Ruler, Secretary, and Chairman of the Welfare

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Office of the
Grand Secretary

*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
of the United States of America*

Congress Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

June 1, 1926

Dear Brother Elks:

For all Elks and dependent members of their families only, and for members of bands in uniform accompanying Elk delegations, who may visit Chicago, during the Grand Lodge Convention, which opens July 12, 1926, the railroads have made a rate of one and one-half fare for the round trip, under the IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE PLAN. Children of five and under twelve years of age, when accompanied by parents or guardians, will be charged one-half the fare for adults. Under the fare and one-half rate, tickets will be good via the same route in both directions only. Special rates are also made for diverse routes, which information can be obtained from the Secretary of your Lodge, who will also advise you as to selling and return dates, and stop-over privileges. It is possible that special excursion rates of less than fare and one half may be made from points within a radius of two hundred miles of Chicago. See your ticket agents about this.

The railroads will permit no ticket agent to sell transportation under this rate unless the purchaser presents an IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE furnished him by the Secretary of his Lodge. It therefore devolves upon you to decide as early as possible with reference to the Chicago trip and, if you desire an IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE, lose no time in notifying your Secretary to that effect, as he must obtain his supply of certificates from the office of the Grand Secretary.

Some members may prefer to purchase regular Summer Excursion Tickets, which carry a more liberal return date and a greater variety of routes. While these rates are higher than a fare and one-half from certain sections of the country, a lower basis applies from the Pacific coast and other far western and southwestern points and therefore it would be more advantageous for those from such territories to purchase Summer Excursion Tickets, which carry extended limits and privileges that those coming such long distances would naturally desire. Purchasers of these tickets will require no Identification Certificates.

I suggest that you discuss this at once with the Secretary of your Lodge, to whom I am mailing a more detailed circular. No matter in what territory you may reside you should ascertain the Summer Excursion rates and privileges, as well as the rate on a one and one-half fare basis.

Finally, we urge you to be prompt in advising your Secretary as to your needs in the matter of IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATES. In requiring the use of these certificates the railroads have placed on Subordinate Lodge Secretaries and on the office of the Grand Secretary a heavy burden, which can be lightened materially by your early co-operation.

Bespeaking your assistance for the Secretary of your Lodge and my department, I am,

Yours for service,



Grand Secretary.

The Grand Lodge Reunion Program

Dedication of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building Chief Feature of Convention Week in Chicago

CENTERED around the dedication of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, a comprehensive program has been arranged for Grand Lodge Convention week at Chicago in July. Every effort is being made by the Grand Lodge Convention Committee of that city to make the 1926 Reunion a success. Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, who recently had occasion to survey the work of the Committee, expressed the opinion that upward of quarter of a million Elks would participate in the week's activities.

The opening public session will as usual take place on Monday evening, July 13th. On that day and each succeeding day there will be entertainment features in sufficient variety to suit every taste. Chairman Guy Guernsey, of the Entertainment Committee, announces the following attractions, among others: golf, aquatic events, Elks national trapshoot, automobile and boat trips, dances and theatricals, baseball, racing and athletics. These, of course, will be in addition to the annual drill and band contests, and the mammoth parade.

Under the guidance of Exalted Ruler Alex. Wolf, Chicago Lodge, No. 4, is organizing a marching club which, through its various divisions, accompanied by bands, will serve as escort to the thousands of visitors on arrival.

The Chicago Convention Committee is further arranging a "He-went-about-doing-good" pro-

gram. This program will be in operation during the entire convention from July 12th to 18th. Every lodge that brings a band to Chicago, or that has any other special feature in connection with its delegation, such as a glee club, or other musical organization can "Go-about-doing-good" during the convention.

All through the year the Chicago Elks Band makes a practice of bringing cheer to the bedridden children and grown-ups in the Cook County Hospital, Home for Incurables, Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium, Oak Forest Infirmary and many other local Institutions, and it is being arranged that every visiting Lodge with special features of entertainment that desires to do so can also participate in this method of giving pleasure.

The wheels of organization are turning, and arrangements have already been made with various Elk Bands to play concerts at these various institutions, as well as at Chicago's recreation parks, at least once during the convention. The glee clubs, string orchestras and other entertainment units are to be enlisted in this activity, which is dedicated to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The American colors will blend harmoniously with the Purple and White along Michigan Boulevard and the Lake Shore Drive north to the Memorial Headquarters Building and west on Washington Street to the Elks Club, as well

as along practically every street in the downtown district.

Along the line of march of the big parade will be erected Grand Stands and a Court of Honor for those who will witness the great pageant made up of Elks from every section of the country.

While Chicago Elks are planning wonderful things for the visitor, the city of Chicago and Cook County are likewise making arrangements to add features of entertainment aside from those arranged by the Committee.

Cash prizes aggregating nearly \$5,000.00 will be offered for the Band and Drill Contests, and in connection with the parade, which takes place on Thursday, July 15th. The rules and conditions for the award of prizes have been sent by the Committee to all Lodges of the Order.

William J. Sinek is Chairman of the Grand Lodge Convention Committee, as well as Grand Esquire, in charge of the parade, and in response to his official circular sent to all Lodges, it is expected that more Lodges will be represented, and that more members will be in line, than in any former parade in the history of the Order.

Because of the dedication of the beautiful Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, which, with the business sessions of the Grand Lodge, will be the important official happening, it is urged that every member who possibly can do so arrange to attend the reunion in July.

Recent Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler

DURING the latter part of April Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell visited a number of Lodges throughout the West. Leaving his home in Dallas, Texas, on April 21, he arrived the following morning at Pueblo, Colo. He was tendered a breakfast at the Union Depot Hotel by the officers and members of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, No. 90, a large number being in attendance to hear him deliver his message. Following a brief inspection of the Home of Pueblo Lodge the Grand Exalted Ruler was taken by auto to the Home of Florence, Colo., Lodge, No. 611, where he addressed the members. Motoring on, the next stop made by Judge Atwell was at the Home of Canon City, Colo., Lodge, No. 610, where a large gathering awaited his coming. Here a banquet was served the distinguished visitor, the hall being crowded by those anxious to hear his splendid address. Arriving in Salida, a few hours later, Judge Atwell was greeted by the members of Salida, Colo., Lodge, No. 808, where he was given a great ovation. Escorted to the depot by representatives of Pueblo, Florence, Canon City and Salida Lodges he left for Ogden, Utah.

Arriving in Ogden on April 23, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the dedicatory address at the formal opening of the new Home of Ogden Lodge, No. 719. A detailed description of this building and the ceremony appear in the "Under the Spreading Antlers" department of this issue.

Following the dedication Judge Atwell inspected the new Home and held a brief reception to the Elks of the State and the people of Ogden. An automobile caravan of almost 100 members escorted Judge Atwell on a sixty-mile trip to Logan in Northern Utah where he was the guest of honor at a banquet given by Logan Lodge, No. 1453. Later he addressed a public meeting which was held in the High School Auditorium. Thirty members of Pocatello, Ida., Lodge, No. 674, attended the meeting at Logan and escorted Judge Atwell on the following morning to Pocatello, where a successful meeting of Idaho Elks was held in their Home.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left here the next day for Butte, Montana. He was welcomed on his arrival by a group of members and, led by the crack drum corps, was escorted to the new Home of Butte Lodge, No. 240. That evening a large banquet was given in his honor at the

Silver Bow Club. Elks from all over the State were present and the affair was a most enthusiastic and enjoyable one.

Arriving in Lincoln, Neb., on April 27, he was met by a delegation from Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, and escorted to their city. Among those who accompanied him to Omaha were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain and several officers of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, No. 80. Immediately on his arrival in Omaha he was taken to the Western League Baseball Park where he officiated in the ceremonies of the opening ball game between Omaha and Wichita.

That evening, after delivering a short radio address over Station WOAW from the Lodge room in the Home of Omaha Lodge, he was the guest of honor at a large banquet. Following the banquet the entire assemblage moved into the Lodge room where a meeting was held. Judge Atwell addressed the gathering, and there were interesting talks by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rain; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; Exalted Ruler Judge James M. Fitzgerald; and Federal Judge J. W. Woodrough. The meeting was a most successful one in every respect, representatives being present from Lodges at Council Bluffs, Red Oak, Sioux City, Plattsmouth, Fremont, York, and Norfolk.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's next stop was at Chicago, Ill., where he conferred with Grand Esquire William J. Sinek, the officers of Chicago Lodge, No. 4, and with several Grand Lodge officers, going over the plans and program for the coming Grand Lodge Convention.

On April 29 Judge Atwell was the honor guest at a banquet in the Home of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155. Representatives from many Lodges in Indiana and other States were present to greet him, and addresses were made by Past Exalted Ruler Harry H. Hogan; Samuel M. Foster, one of the oldest members of the Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hascall Rosenthal; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry K. Kramer.

On the following day, April 30, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34. Arriving in the city around noon he lunched with the officers of the Lodge and members of the judiciary. After a band concert by the prize band of the Lodge he was taken on a sight-seeing trip through the city and to the

Ford Motor Company's plant at Dearborn where he enjoyed a half hour personal interview with Mr. Henry Ford and an inspection of the plant. In the evening he was given a banquet by present and past officers of the Lodge at which many Lodges throughout the State were represented. Following the banquet a reception was held in the auditorium which was well attended.

On May 1 Judge Atwell visited Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23. After breakfast with the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge he enjoyed a sight-seeing trip through the city, visiting the new Home of the Lodge now in the course of construction. Accompanied by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William R. Cullen and Past Exalted Rulers Frank L. Spoeri and Fred J. Kessel, the Grand Exalted Ruler went to Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, where his visit was the occasion of special festivities. The Antlers drill team and the Industrial School Boys' band escorted him to the Sagamore Hotel where a luncheon was served which was attended by officers, Past Exalted Rulers and their wives. In the evening Judge Atwell was honor guest at a banquet where he addressed a large gathering.

On the following evening Scranton, Pa., Lodge, No. 123, was honored by his presence and he was greeted by representatives from many Lodges throughout the region.

Arriving in Newark, N. J., on May 3, the Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the depot by Judge Nicholas Albano, Exalted Ruler of Newark Lodge, No. 21, the other officers of the Lodge, and by a large group of members. When Judge Atwell was later escorted into the Lodge room of the magnificent new Home of Newark Lodge, more than 1,000 Elks, representing every Lodge in the New Jersey Northwest District, rose to welcome him. Following the initiation of a class of candidates, Judge Atwell was the honor guest at a banquet.

On May 4 the Grand Exalted Ruler paid brief visits to Lodges in Washington, D. C., and Lynchburg, Va., arriving that evening at the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va. On May 6 he left Bedford stopping on his way home to Dallas, Texas, to visit Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 27.

The principal function on the June calendar of the Grand Exalted Ruler will be the Flag Day ceremonies at Monticello, Va.



Grand Exalted Ruler to Deliver Flag Day Address at Monticello, Va.

AN EVENT of great significance and one which will be given national publicity will be the Flag Day ceremonies at Monticello, Va., on June 14. Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell will deliver the address and the occasion will be sponsored by Charlottesville, Va., Lodge, No. 389, and attended by all the Lodges in Virginia. Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, is one of the most historic places in the country, and affords a most patriotic setting for the observance of Flag Day.

Additional significance will be given the event as July 4 is the 150th Anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the day on which the nation will commemorate the 100th anniversary of the death of Thomas Jefferson.

Judge Atwell will be accompanied by Mrs. Atwell, and a most elaborate reception, in which the citizens of the surrounding country will participate, has been arranged for the occasion. Especially impressive will be the musical program rendered by various bands and well known singers.

Mankato, Minn., Lodge Entertains Southern Minnesota Elks

Mankato, Minn., Lodge, No. 225, recently was the scene of a large get-together meeting of Southern Minnesota Elks. About 500 members of the Order—representatives from various Lodges throughout Southern Minnesota—and their ladies sat down to the banquet which opened the evening. John E. Regan, President of the Minnesota State Elks Association, acted as toastmaster. Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, was present with a delegation headed by Exalted Ruler James Leary, accompanied by its famous bagpipe player, Captain St. Clair, who wore the decoration given him by Lord Kitchener for distinguished services in the Sudan. Among the prominent guests of the evening were: Judge John C. Karel, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare; W. C. Robertson, also a member of the same committee; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; Roy R. Shaddock, the welfare worker of the Minnesota Elks Association at Rochester, Minn.; Lannie C. Horne, Secretary of the State Association; and Thomas Morken, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

Exalted Ruler of Mankato Lodge, Herbert M. Hauck, was introduced as the first speaker of the evening and delivered the address of welcome. Mr. Shaddock followed with an interesting talk on the good work being accomplished at Rochester. After several impromptu talks and musical numbers, the Toastmaster presented Mr. Robertson, who delivered an inspiring address on "Good Will," telling of the work of the Grand Lodge along this line; Judge Karel also addressed the gathering in a most interesting way, as did Grand Secretary Robinson. Telegrams of greeting were read from Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and Colonel John P. Sullivan.

In closing the meeting, the Toastmaster extended his thanks on behalf of the Lodge

to the Grand Lodge officers for being present, and a rising pledge of loyalty and service was given to Exalted Ruler Hauck and to the Grand Lodge for the coming year. All present proclaimed the meeting one of the most enthusiastic and inspiring of its kind ever held in Southern Minnesota.

Montana State Elks Association Improving Its Camp

The camp maintained on Flathead Lake by the Montana State Elks Association is one of the most delightful playgrounds to be found in the Order. Consisting of twenty-three acres of picturesque land on the west side of the lake, on which a number of snug, completely equipped cabins have been constructed, it affords Montana Elks an opportunity for rest and recreation at very little expense. A number of additions and improvements have been made recently, including a rustic community clubhouse, where dances and social gatherings may be held; several new cabins, and a complete water system.

The camp is open to members of Subordinate Lodges affiliated with the State Association, their families and friends.

Bill to Aid Crippled Children Passed by New Jersey Legislature

Among the bills signed by Gov. A. Harry Moore following the adjournment of the New Jersey legislature was one which he himself had drawn up, creating a temporary commission to inquire into the number, condition and care of crippled children in the State. Governor Moore has for years been active in the work of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and his bill which provides \$5,000 for the expenses of the commission is planned to pave the way to coordinating the work of the various organizations now engaged in alleviating the condition of the unfortunate youngsters. Paragraph 2, which provides for the membership of the commission, reads as follows:

"2. Such commission shall consist of seven members, as follows: A member of the Senate, to be appointed by the President of the Senate; a member of the Assembly, to be appointed by the Speaker of the House of Assembly; the Director of the State Department of Health, or an officer of his department to be designated by him; and a representative from each of the organizations known as the Elks, the Rotarians, the Shrine, and the Kiwanis, to be appointed by the Governor upon recommendation of such respective organizations. Vacancies in the commission shall be filled in the same manner as original appointments are made."

Illinois State Elks Association To Meet in La Salle in August

August 10, 11 and 12 have been selected as the dates of the 1926 convention of the Illinois State Elks Association. The meeting will be held in La Salle, and the convention committee of La Salle Lodge, No. 584, has been at work for many weeks on the preliminary details.

The decision to meet in August rather than

early in June as heretofore was reached by the Trustees in view of the Grand Lodge Convention in Chicago in July.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Host to City's Fraternal Organizations

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, has launched a plan which will serve to cement closely the bonds of good fellowship between various fraternal organizations throughout the city. The first of a series of inter-fraternity nights was held recently in its new Home with members of the Knights of Columbus, Knights of Pythias, the Shrine, the Orders of the Moose and the Eagles present as guests. The Lodge hall was the scene of the opening festivities, after which dancing was held there and in the main foyer.

Orangeburg, S. C., Lodge Interested In Community Activities

Orangeburg, S. C., Lodge, No. 897, ever since its institution in 1904, has shown a steady growth in membership, and has increased in prosperity. The Lodge is interested in many community activities and carries on a varied program of charitable work. Recently the Lodge gave about \$1,000 worth of gymnasium equipment to the Orangeburg High School which was greatly appreciated. At present the members are looking forward to the coming State Convention to be held at Charleston, S. C., in June and a large number are planning to attend.

Work to Start Soon on B. U. C. K. S. Convalescent Home

The Building Committee of the Birthday Utopian Crippled Kiddies Service of the Washington State Elks Association expects that this month will see the beginning of work on the convalescent home which they are sponsoring. Although less than a year old this organization has raised the funds necessary to purchase twenty acres of beautiful suburban property, and to start the work of building the home.

Ouray, Colo., Member Wills Entire Estate to Lodge

Ouray, Colo., Lodge, No. 492, is the beneficiary under a most unusual will. Charles Hubbard, a member who died a short time ago, left his entire estate to the Lodge—an evidence of devotion to the Order for which Ouray Elks are deeply grateful and justly proud.

Elks National Home Receives Handsome Gift

The dairy herd of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., was recently augmented by the gift of a valuable bull from Colonel Daniel L. Porter, an enthusiastic Elk and a great admirer of the Home.

Colonel Porter is now a member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, in whose jurisdiction he resides. He operates a fine farm in Virginia upon which he maintains a herd of pure bred Holstein cattle; and it was the prize-winning king of this herd that he presented to the Home.



The fine new Home of Sunbury, Pa., Lodge, No. 267, which was recently dedicated

The bull, whose name is Siam De Kol Segis, is a full grandson of King Pontiac Hengerveld Fayne, world's greatest bull, and Rolo Mercena De Kol, world's record butter cow.

The registration papers have been transferred to the Order and this five-thousand-dollar beauty will doubtless become the patriarchal sire of the splendid herd that is contemplated for the National Home.

Beaver Falls, Pa., Lodge Promotes League Baseball Team

The baseball team representing Beaver Falls, Pa., which for some time has been promoted and maintained by Beaver Falls Lodge, No. 348, is now a member of the recently organized O & P League, which is comprised of the best semi-pro teams of Pennsylvania and Ohio. With a fast, well-coached team and three league games a week, the members of the Lodge are expecting the full support of the public in their venture.

Kent, Ohio, Lodge Shows Marked Progress

Kent, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1377, is fast becoming one of the leading organizations in the State of Ohio. It now has a membership of over 400 and indications are that this will be greatly increased during the present year. Its works of charity are recognized throughout its jurisdiction, and it takes a prominent part in all civic affairs. The members moved into their new Home last fall—a beautiful building that is up-to-date in every particular. It is planned to increase further the comforts afforded by the Home by the addition of a large ballroom.

Program for Annual Convention of New York State Elks Association

Preparations for the fourteenth annual convention of the New York State Elks Association to be held at Syracuse June 6-9 have been completed and the outlook is for the biggest and best meeting ever held in the Empire State. The opening of the convention will also mark the opening of the remodeled Home of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, who will entertain the visitors. The program of the convention has been outlined as follows:

Sunday, June 6—Banquet in the Home of Syracuse Lodge for visiting delegates, representatives of the Chamber of Commerce and of the City and County governments. *Monday, June 7*—Registration of delegates. Opening business meeting at 10:30 A. M. Shopping tour and automobile trip for women guests. Theatre party in the evening, followed by an entertainment in Home of Syracuse Lodge. *Tuesday, June 8*—Business session and election of new

officers. Luncheon for visiting ladies at Auburn Country Club, followed by a field day and clam bake at Three River Point. In the evening, dancing and other entertainment in the Home of Syracuse Lodge. *Wednesday, June 9*—After a brief closing business session, prize drills will be held in Clinton Square. At 11 A. M., a special surprise event will be conducted. At 2 P. M. will occur the great parade of uniformed marching clubs, drill teams, bands, floats, etc. The Moses Cup, donated by David Moses of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, will be competed for by the various drill teams, and valuable prizes will be offered by Syracuse Lodge in connection with the parade. The first prize will be \$350, the second \$200, the third \$150, the fourth \$100, the fifth \$75, and the sixth \$25. A prize of \$25 is offered for the finest banner, and a number of other prizes will also be awarded. The convention will end with a block dance in front of the Home of Syracuse Lodge which will be accompanied by music, cabaret features and the farewell toast in the Home.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates New Home of Ogden, Utah, Lodge

The handsome new Home of Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719, was recently dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell. The event, of importance to all members of the Order in the Intermountain West, was attended by representatives from Lodges throughout the region. The dedicatory address of Judge Atwell was a most inspiring one and was received with great enthusiasm by the gathering which witnessed the ceremony. Among the prominent members of the Order who took part in the exercises were E. W. Kelly, Grand Tiler; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. Hugh Miller; John F. Rowe, President of the Utah State

Elks Association, and Frank W. Matthews, Exalted Ruler of Ogden Lodge.

The new Home of Ogden Lodge is one of the finest structures of its kind in the West. A special feature of the building is the Lodge room which has a seating capacity of over 1,000 members. The walls of this room are made of covered cork which greatly improves the acoustics. The mezzanine floor is occupied by a small ball room and ladies parlor. On the ground floor is a large reception room, billiard and pool room, the buffet and lunch counter and kitchen. The Secretary's office and committee room are also on this floor. The basement contains an athletic work-out room, lockers and showers. The Home is surrounded by spacious grounds which afford ample parking facilities for the members' cars.

As a fitting celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary, Ogden Lodge will hold its Silver Jubilee in connection with the State convention in Ogden during the week of July 5 to 10. On this occasion it is expected the Pacific Coast and Intermountain Elks en route to the Grand Lodge Convention in Chicago, will join the Utah members in this celebration. Following the close of the Jubilee in Ogden, a Western Elks special train will be chartered for the trip to Chicago.

Distinguished Members at Ceremony In Home of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge

Charles F. Kirby was recently installed as Exalted Ruler of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, by Judge Edward A. Counihan, Jr., Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, assisted by Mayor Edward W. Quinn of Cambridge as acting Grand Esquire. Eighteen Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge acted as Grand Lodge officers for the occasion at which the guests of honor were Hon. Frank G. Allen, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts and Life Member of Norwood, Mass., Lodge, No. 1124, and Hon. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

Frank F. Rogers, Jr., was Chairman of the General Committee, and Joe E. Brown, the well-known comedian, was in charge of the entertainment which followed the ceremony.

Magnificent New Home of Oakland Calif., Lodge to be Dedicated in June

The towering new Home of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, erected at a cost of more than a million and a quarter dollars, will be dedicated June 21—July 1. The tallest building in its community, it is also one of the most beautiful, both from the point of view of the exterior architecture and from the arrangement and furnishing of the spacious interior. In addition to the splendid Lodge and club equipment which include a magnificent Lodge room and an auditorium with a seating capacity of 1,000, there are seven floors given over to living rooms. The Home enjoys the distinction of being the first for which Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell laid the cornerstone, after taking office, the occasion being a most impressive one and attracting thousands of spectators.

La Fayette, Ind., Lodge Dines Purdue Matmen

La Fayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, tendered a most successful banquet recently to the members



New Home of Corvallis, Ore., Lodge, No. 1413

of the 1926 Purdue University Wrestling Team. The occasion was marked by the presentation of three medals—gifts of the Lodge—one to G. B. Barge, as the season's high point man; another to N. S. Hadley, for showing the most improvement during the year, and the third to William S. von Bernuth, former coach of the team.

La Fayette Lodge began taking deep interest in the progress of the Purdue wrestling teams several years ago, and the banquet at the close of each season is now regarded as one of the features of the mat squad's activity. In recognition of the support which the Lodge has given wrestling at the university, there is set aside one meet during the season which is known as "Elks Night," at which time all Elks are admitted free upon presentation of their membership cards.

Dispensations Granted for Four New Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell recently granted dispensations for the following new Lodges:

- Royal Oak, Mich., Lodge, No. 1523.
- Arcadia, Fla., Lodge, No. 1524.
- Clearwater, Fla., Lodge, No. 1525.
- Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge, No. 1526.

Arizona State Elks Association Meets at Yuma

The annual convention of the Arizona State Elks Association held recently in Yuma was a most enjoyable affair for the many who took part in the reunion. Much important business was transacted at the sessions. In the field of welfare work, the Association voted to donate \$1,000 to the Florence Crittenden Home, a Home for wayward and unfortunate young girls and women. This amount is in addition to the regular donations to the Home to which all of the Arizona Lodges subscribe. One of the features of the first day of the Convention was the initiation of a large class of candidates, the ceremony being ably conducted in the Lodge room of Yuma Lodge, No. 476, by the officers of Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468. On the following evening there was a banquet and a grand ball in the Home of Yuma Lodge for all Elks and their ladies. The next day of the convention a big barbecue was given at San Luis, Old Mexico, for the benefit of the visitors, which brought to a close the most successful meeting of the Association outside the first one held in Tucson in 1912.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President (re-elected), Frank B. Baptist; Secretary, Edwin M. Berg; First Vice-President, Claude E. Smith; Second Vice-President, Roland Mosher; Third Vice-President, Robert E. Lee; Trustees, Ross H. Cunningham, Arnold White, Walter P. Jones and W. Sullinger.

Bellingham, Wash., Lodge to Construct Welcome Arch

Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 104, will build and maintain a Community Welcome Arch over the Pacific Highway where it enters the city from the South. This project, decided upon by unanimous vote at one of the largest meetings of the year, should result in much favorable recognition for the Lodge and for its civic interest.

Anderson, Ind., Lodge Expects Banner Year

Anderson, Ind., Lodge, No. 209, thirty-five years old this month, is looking forward to one of the most active periods of its long history. Membership and finances are in excellent condition and enthusiasm is high. The Lodge takes keen interest in charitable and civic affairs, among its contributions to community welfare having been a gift of several thousand dollars to pay off the mortgage on the Salvation Army Home. The members own their Home, purchased several years ago and it is one of the finest in Indiana.

Washington, D. C., Lodge to Contribute to Children's Hospital

Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, adopted a short time ago a report submitted by its Social and Community Welfare Committee, calling for



New Home of Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719, dedicated by the Grand Exalted Ruler

a fixed annual contribution to the Children's Hospital at Washington. One thousand dollars will be turned over each year to be used in caring for white American children, residents of the District of Columbia, whose parents are not able to pay for the necessary treatment and hospitalization. In the lobby of the hospital a tablet will be placed setting forth the fact that Washington Lodge is a sustaining member in the sum specified. The work of the hospital and the desirability of having the Lodge participate in it were carefully investigated by members of the committee before the report was submitted, and it is felt that the very best method of contributing to the good of the community has been selected.

Final Program of Massachusetts State Elks Association Convention

Delegates and visitors to the annual convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, to be held at Lawrence, Mass., on June 6-7-8, will find ready for them a program of business and pleasure that will make the meeting a memorable one. The final schedule of events is as follows:

Sunday, June 6—Registration—Eagles Hall. Evening, opening exercises. *Monday, June 7*—At 11 A. M. Convention convenes; lunch to delegates at adjournment. 6:30 P. M. Banquet to delegates, Winter Garden. *Tuesday, June 8*—11 A. M. Convention reconvenes. 1 P. M. Field Day, Merrimack Park—Sports, Dancing, Swimming, Luncheon. 7 P. M. Dance, Merrimack Park. 9:30 P. M. Fireworks.

Ladies' Program: Monday—10 A. M. Auto trip along shore to Portsmouth, N. H., returning by way of Hampton Beach. Dinner at Ashworth Hotel. Dancing and general sports. Evening, Banquet. *Tuesday*—9:30 A. M. Sightseeing trip. P. M. Field Day, Merrimack Park.

Welfare Committee of New Haven Conn., Lodge Holds Carnival

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, conducted a very successful four-day carnival in the Home of the Lodge a short time ago. The entire building was taken up each evening with dancing, vaudeville, side shows and booths. The affair was open to the public and resulted in raising a considerable sum for the work of the Committee.

Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge Will Stage Exposition and Fair

A mammoth Exposition and Fair will be held on the Home grounds of Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1458, lasting from July 10 to July 17

inclusive. This annual event promises to be bigger and better than anything of its kind ever offered the public of Long Island. Special committees are now at work perfecting the final plan for the event.

The fine grounds of the Lodge consist of more than twenty acres. There are tennis courts and a large field, surrounded by magnificent shade trees, which is used for various sports. These grounds and the spacious Home of the Lodge are visited every day by many members of the Order touring on Long Island.

Prominent Members at Meeting Of La Porte, Ind., Lodge

Will E. Hendrich, President of the Indiana State Elks Association and Dr. J. F. McMichael, Vice-President of the Association, and visiting Elks from Valparaiso, Elkhart, Michigan City, Gary and Evanston were present at the Home of La Porte, Ind., Lodge, No. 396, on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hascall Rosenthal. The evening was marked by the initiation of a class of candidates and by a program of special music as well as brief talks by the distinguished visitors.

Heppner, Ore., Lodge is Host to Boy Scout Troop

Heppner, Ore., Lodge, No. 358, recently played host to the local troop of Boy Scouts, entertaining the youngsters with a dinner in its Home. Following the dinner the doors of the Home were thrown open to the parents and friends of the boys and a demonstration of Scout work was given by the troop. So successful was the entertainment that Heppner Lodge plans to make it an annual event on its calendar.

Death Takes Lucius R. Hammond Member of Fremont, Neb., Lodge

The recent death of Lucius Richards Hammond, Past Exalted Ruler of Fremont, Neb., Lodge, No. 514, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, is the cause of great sorrow among his fellow members and friends throughout the Order. He was one of his Lodge's most active members and since his retirement as Exalted Ruler had devoted his energies to a campaign for the building of a new Home for Fremont Lodge. He was especially interested in all sports and was a prominent figure in State and National bowling tournaments. His passing is a real loss to his Lodge and to his community.

Florida State Elks Association Meets in Fort Myers

Nearly one thousand delegates and visitors attended the splendid convention of the Florida

State Elks Association held at Fort Myers recently. One of the most striking features of the meeting was a mile-long parade, marked by six bands and some of the finest floats ever seen in the State. Lakeland Lodge, No. 1291, won first prize for the best float, with Tampa Lodge, No. 708, second. The loving cup in the Ritualistic Contest was won by Fort Myers Lodge, No. 1288, and the Officers' Attendance Cup by St. Augustine Lodge, No. 829. This was the third consecutive win for St. Augustine and the handsome trophy is now the permanent possession of the Lodge.

More than \$35,000 was expended in charitable work during the year, according to the report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, and the Speakers' Committee reported all Lodges in the State observing Flag Day and Memorial Day with proper ceremonies. The Transportation Committee indicated that there would be an "All Florida Elks Special" to the Grand Lodge Reunion in Chicago.

Five new Lodges were received into the Association and many questions of the welfare of the Order in Florida were discussed and acted upon. It was brought out that more solid, constructive work had been achieved during the last year than ever before. Among the resolutions adopted was one thanking Fort Myers Lodge for its lavish hospitality and another endorsing THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

All but one of the retiring officers were present, while the Grand Exalted Ruler was represented by Past State Association President and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, David Sholtz. B. C. Broyles of Atlanta, Ga., attended as the representative of the President of the Georgia State Elks Association, on behalf of the Tri-State Meeting.

The new officers are: President, H. A. Bennett; First Vice-President, J. B. Stewart; Second Vice-President, George T. Callahan; Third Vice-President, D. B. McKay; Secretary, L. F. McCready; Treasurer, Henry G. Politz; Tiler, Harold Colee. Executive Committee: E. F. Beville; L. F. Chapman; J. S. Shellcross and P. M. Henderson.

Eastport, Me., Lodge Has Attractive New Home

The new Home of Eastport, Me., Lodge, No. 880, which was dedicated the early part of the year, is perhaps the finest and best equipped building of its kind east of Bangor. It was purchased a year ago, and was remodeled throughout for the purposes of the Lodge. The third floor is devoted to the Lodge room, which affords abundant space for meetings. On the second floor are the pool and billiard rooms, game rooms, etc. On the first floor are a reception parlor and music room, two large connecting rooms useful as either social rooms or a banquet hall. The property is located on the corner of Middle and Ray Streets, in the heart of the best residence section.

The acquisition of this handsome new Home has greatly increased interest among the members and has been the means of securing many new applications for membership in the Lodge.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Aids Boys and Girls Home

The children in the charge of the Boys and Girls Aid Society have for many years been the recipients of kindnesses from Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672. When the Society was planning their new Home in Altadena the Lodge voted them a considerable sum of money to aid in its construction and just recently undertook to purchase the necessary beds—a gift representing more than \$2,000.

Millinocket, Me., Lodge Has Active Membership

Millinocket, Me., Lodge, No. 1521, recently instituted, is showing fine spirit and already records a substantial growth in membership. The Lodge's entertainment committee has also been very active and has arranged a number of social events, chief among these being a series of monthly dances for the members and their friends which are held at the Great Northern Hotel.

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Dedicates Spacious New Home

With impressive services conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hollis B. Fultz, and in the presence of Grand Lodge and State Association officers, the magnificent new Home of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593,



The David Moses Cup, a drill team prize of the New York State Elks Association

was dedicated a short time ago. The chief address of the occasion, which was held in the afternoon, was made by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Walter F. Meier, of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. Among the many distinguished members of the Order who attended the ceremonies were Hale R. Nosler, Gus L. Thacker, Victor Zednick and R. A. Anderson, respectively President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer of the Washington State Elks Association.

Following the formal exercises, the visiting Exalted Rulers, officers of the State Association, officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Aberdeen Lodge and members of the Building Committee gathered at a banquet and entertainment at the Hotel Morck, while a similar program was enjoyed by visiting Elks in the dining room of the new Home. The dinners were followed by dancing in the Home, the Lodge room, gymnasium and dining room all being called upon to accommodate the guests at one of the largest functions ever held in southwestern Washington. On the two following days the Lodge held open house to the public. That this hospitality was appreciated is shown by the fact that, at one time, there were as many as 3,000 visitors in the building.

The new Home is a three-story, fireproof brick building, 130 x 150 feet and represents an investment of approximately \$350,000. The ground floor is divided into nine stores.

On the second story is the Lodge room, with a stage and beautiful lighting effects. This room is equipped with the latest type of amplifiers. The lounge room, the writing room, ladies' room, the main dining room and serving room, kitchens and storage rooms are also on this floor. A stairway from the main dining room leads to the private dining room on the mezzanine floor. At the southwest corner of the building is the club room, furnished with billiard and pool tables, in which has also been installed a complete buffet for the serving of light lunches. Another room of considerable interest is the checker and chess room, which opens off the club room.

In connection with the large, modern gymnasium are the locker and dressing rooms, steam

baths and a battery of shower baths. The third story has been divided into living quarters for local and transient members.

The furnishings and accessories of the building were the subject of careful planning and selection, with the result that Aberdeen Lodge now has one of the finest and most complete Homes in the West. At the first meeting in the new Lodge-room, a class of nearly 200 was initiated by the officers of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, bringing the Aberdeen membership to approximately 1000. This meeting was presided over by W. R. McFarlane, now of Seattle, who was the first Exalted Ruler of Aberdeen Lodge and is the holder of its membership card No. 1.

Thousands Attend Egg Hunt Given By Columbia, S. C., Lodge

Approximately 4,000 children and grown-ups took part in the Easter-egg Hunt conducted recently by Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190. Following this there were rabbit races, peanut scrambles and various other amusing events arranged for the youngsters. Attractive prizes were awarded the winners in the competitions, and music for the occasion was furnished by the Epworth Orphanage band.

Ossining, N. Y., Lodge Active In Charitable Work

Ossining, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1486, is planning to continue during the present Lodge year its generous charitable activities. During the past year it has covered a wide field with its welfare work. At Thanksgiving and Christmas the Lodge provided food for many children of the community in addition to supplying them with shoes, rubbers, stockings, underwear, sweaters, caps and other necessary articles of clothing.

Iowa State Elks Association to Meet at Clear Lake June 24—25

Preparations for the annual convention of the Iowa State Elks Association to be held this year at Clear Lake on June 24—25 have been going forward for some time and everything is being done to assure the success of the meeting. Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell will be the guest of honor, and many other distinguished members of the Order have been invited. Lodges throughout the State are all planning to be well represented and an excellent program will be provided the visitors.

Visit Paid by Degree Team Of Sullivan, Ind., Lodge

The Degree Team of Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911, under the leadership of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lee F. Bays, recently visited Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, where they initiated a large class of candidates. The visit was in honor of Robert A. Scott, Grand Trustee, who is a member of Linton Lodge.

Many visiting members were present from Lodges in Bicknell, Vincennes, Bloomington and Terre Haute in honor of Mr. Scott and to see the work of the team which was aided in the ceremony by the choir and orchestra of Sullivan Lodge. The ritual was conducted in a most impressive way and the rendition of the musical features was warmly received.

District Deputy Bays has been fortunate in having this entire Degree Team accompany him on many of his official visitations throughout this District.

New Orleans, La., Lodge Holds Annual Automobile-Fashion Show

The Annual Automobile-Fashion Show conducted by New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, has come to be one of the most important social and charitable events of the city. This year's gathering at the Fair Grounds was marked by one of the largest entry lists in the history of the undertaking. Cups were awarded to the winners in each of the four classes, which were then judged for the grand prize awarded to the most fashionable turn-out of the show. A large sum of money was realized for the Lodge's charity fund and the occasion brought forth editorial comment in the city's newspapers, the



Club-house of Houston Girl Scouts, the gift of Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151

Times-Picayune saying: "We have to thank the Elks for this annual society event organized under their auspices. Under their admirable management it has become by way of speaking a 'classic.' The unbroken series of successes scored in past years guarantees the brilliance of this afternoon's show, if only the weather plays fair by being fair. The attendance, we hope, will establish a new high record and the show itself surpass the greatest of its preceding successes."

Madison, S. D., Lodge Entertains School Basketball Teams

Under the auspices of Madison, S. D., Lodge, No. 1442, the basketball teams of Salem, Oldham and Madison High Schools and the Normal School were tendered a banquet in the rooms of St. Thomas' Catholic Church.

The players, coaches and other guests assembled at the Elks quarters and, headed by the Lodge band, marched to the church, where a bountiful dinner, prepared and served by women of the church, awaited them. The finest spirit of generous sportsmanship marked the occasion, despite the keen rivalry that exists between the teams. Dinner was eaten to music supplied by a Madison orchestra, and there were a number of speeches by prominent townsmen and by the captains and coaches.

Sheffield, Ala., Lodge Building New \$65,000 Home

Work is now under way on the new \$65,000 Home of Sheffield, Ala., Lodge, No. 1375. When completed, which it probably will be by the end of the year, the building will be one of the show places of the city. A roof garden will be among the unusual features which the members will enjoy.

Bremerton, Wash., Lodge Shows Excellent Progress

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Walter F. Meier was recently the guest of honor at Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181, where he installed the new officers.

Bremerton Lodge was complimented by Mr. Meier on its fine achievements during the past year. Not only has the Lodge reduced the outstanding indebtedness on its Home considerably, but it has also remodeled the building in such a manner as to provide a place which has become very popular for the holding of community gatherings of various character.

Hartford, Conn., Lodge Pays Magnificent Tribute to "Tom" Shannon

"Tom" (Thomas A.) Shannon, for thirty-two years Secretary of Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 19, was the guest of honor at one of the most impressive Elk occasions ever held in Connecticut. The banquet tendered Mr. Shannon on the occasion of his resignation from the post he has

held so long and so faithfully was attended by the business and civic leaders of Hartford as well as by hundreds of Hartford Elks and visiting officers and members from Connecticut and New York Lodges. This testimonial was the second given by his fellow members to Mr. Shannon during his term, a similar honor having been paid him in 1915.

Mr. Shannon has lived in Hartford all his life and achieved a position of trust and affection among his associates that is unusual. He is Vice-President of the United States Security Trust Co., has served in various civic offices and is one of the best loved and most widely known residents of the city. His retirement from the secretaryship of Hartford Lodge, and the testimonial banquet which marked it, were the subject not only of news column reports in the Hartford papers, but also of editorial comment and tribute.

Washington State Elks Association To Meet This Month

Tacoma Lodge, No. 174, is completing its plans for the entertainment of the twenty-second annual convention of the Washington State Elks Association, which will meet in its city on June 24-25-26. With everything pointing to a record attendance the various committees are making every effort to assure Washington Elks a fitting celebration.

Civil War Veteran Appointed To Important Post

Mr. William F. Brown of Framingham, Mass., Lodge, No. 1264, was recently elected Commander of the Massachusetts Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, and so, for the second time, the Lodge is honored by having one of its members made Commander of this grand old body of men. Mr. Granville C. Fiske, who died in 1921, was a charter member of Framing-

ham Lodge and was Department Commander in 1911-1912.

A few years ago Framingham Lodge initiated eighteen of these old veterans and furnished rooms for them on the ground floor of its Home, making these their Headquarters. Previously the veterans had quarters given them by the town, but these were up two long flights of stairs. The veterans are very happy in their surroundings at the Home and with their memberships in the Lodge, taking part in many of its activities.

Charity Ball for Crippled Children Is Pronounced Success

The Charity Ball conducted by Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, for the benefit of the Crippled Kiddies Fund of the New Jersey State Elks Association was the most successful in the history of the organization, both from a financial as well as social standpoint. Joseph G. Buch, General Chairman of the Committee, announced that far in excess of \$5,000 was realized for this worth-while cause. Many prominent Elks from New Jersey and adjacent States were in attendance, including Hon. A. Harry Moore, Governor of New Jersey and a Past President of the State Association; William K. Devereux, President of the Association; Harry I. Koch, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; John Cose, Past President of the New Jersey Association; Joseph Hart of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130; and John Campbell, Vice-President of the Association, and many other distinguished members of the Order from various parts of the country.

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge Has Had Highly Successful Year

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, recently closed one of the most successful years in its history. A report of the Lodge's activities rendered by retiring Exalted Ruler Albert F. Kleps showed that there had been a gain of 122 members; that the Lodge had spent close to \$2,000 for charitable purposes, and that it is now entirely free of debt, with a considerable balance in the treasury. The report showed that the Flag Day exercises and Memorial Services were the most successful of any ever held by the Lodge. At a meeting of the Lodge's Home Corporation the matter of enlarging the present Home was discussed and it is expected that larger quarters will be provided the membership.

Recently the officers of Batavia Lodge initiated a large class of candidates in the village of Warsaw, which is within its jurisdiction. Nearly 300 Elks were in attendance at this meeting which was preceded by a street parade with a band of thirty pieces, fireworks, and other illuminations. The Lodge has held several such successful initiations during the past year.

Results of New Jersey Ritualistic Contests at Elizabeth

The State finals in the New Jersey Elks ritualistic contests were held recently in the auditorium of the Home of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289. Ridgewood Lodge, No. 1455, representing the Northeastern district, won the championship with a score of 99.30. Trenton

Recently dedicated Home of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593



Lodge, No. 105, representing the Southern District, and East Orange Lodge, No. 630, of the Northwestern District, each had 99.29. Red Bank Lodge, No. 233, winner in the Central District, scored 98.74. A tablet donated by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas H. Flynn of New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, was awarded to Red Bank Lodge as the winner in the Central District.

Milwaukee Elks Honor Exalted Ruler At Beginning of Thirteenth Term

Beginning his thirteenth term, Exalted Ruler Chauncey Yockey of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, was honored with a banquet at the Home of the Lodge which was attended by more than 500 Elks. Many distinguished guests were present and spoke of Mr. Yockey's unselfish service during his twenty years in the Order, and his inspiring leadership as Exalted Ruler, while telegrams of congratulation poured in from all parts of the country. The high point of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Yockey of a handsome gift as concrete evidence of the esteem and affection in which he is held.

Oxnard, Calif., Lodge Makes Good Showing at County Eisteddfod

Oxnard, Calif., Lodge, No. 1443, made a good showing in the annual Ventura County Eisteddfod held at Oxnard this spring when contests were conducted in all lines of artistic endeavor. The Band of the Lodge was awarded first prize in the band contest, and a group of members of the Lodge directed by Secretary C. H. Weaver, won first prize in the one act comedy section by their presentation of George Ade's play "Nettie."

Morristown, N. J., Lodge Visits Children's Home

A group of members of Morristown, N. J., Lodge, No. 815, recently visited the Children's Home at Persippany, where they entertained the youngsters and distributed gifts. The Elks also brought with them a number of barbers who gave over a hundred of the young people free hair-cuts. Every month the Lodge plans to see that the children are visited by the barbers, and also that they are not forgotten in other ways.

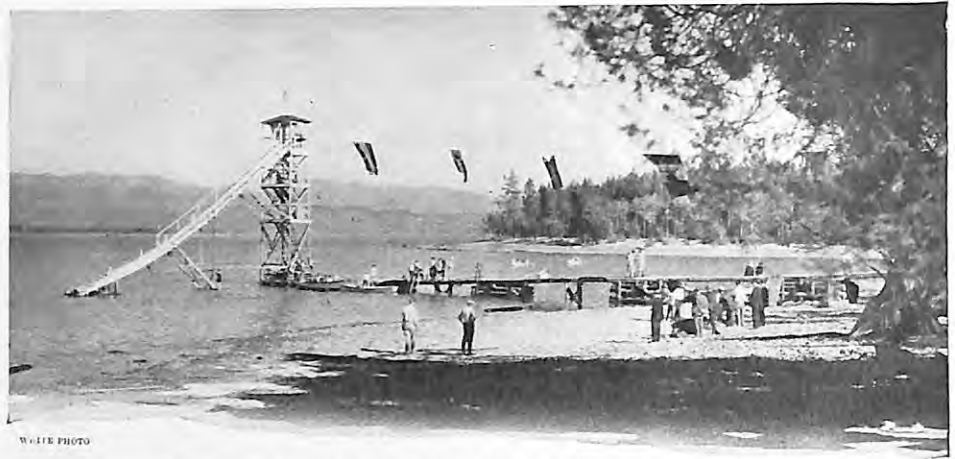
Goshen, Ind., Lodge Initiates Large Class

The largest class of candidates to be taken into the Lodge at one time was recently initiated by Goshen, Ind., Lodge, No. 708. The event was the occasion of a special celebration which was attended by many out-of-town members. A banquet and an interesting musical program were some of the features of the evening's festivities.

25th Anniversary is Celebrated By Litchfield, Ill., Lodge

Litchfield, Ill., Lodge, No. 654, recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with an elaborate program which included a bowling tournament, boxing and wrestling bouts and some fine music. Close to 500 members joined

Handsome Home of San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322



Scene at the summer camp maintained by the Montana State Elks Association at Flathead Lake, one of the most delightful playgrounds anywhere in the Order

in the festivities, making the affair one of the most enthusiastic get-togethers ever staged by the Lodge.

Since its institution Litchfield Lodge has been conspicuous in the development and betterment of the city. Each year a large sum of money goes for charitable purposes among the poor of the town, and the interest of the membership in civic enterprises has been manifested at numerous times. The Lodge owns a magnificent Home which was completed a few years ago at a cost of more than \$150,000.

Mangum, Okla., Lodge Reports Growing Membership

Mangum, Okla., Lodge, No. 1169, has shown a large increase in its membership for the last three years, and in that time has grown more than 100 per cent. The Lodge is interested in many civic and charitable activities, especially among the young people within its jurisdiction. As an example of some of the work it is carrying on in this field, the Lodge is offering a number of cash prizes to the school children for the best essays on the history of the American Flag.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Celebrates Fortieth Birthday

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, celebrated its fortieth birthday recently with the most elaborate banquet in its history. More than 500 members of the order were at the tables and fully 200 others who had been tardy about making reservations thronged the doorways or stood at the sides of the banquet room throughout the program which consisted of twelve theatrical acts and several after-dinner addresses.

Lieutenant-Governor W. I. Nolan acted as toastmaster and the guests of honor were Thomas B. Mills, of Superior, Wis., Past Grand Exalted Ruler; Fred C. Robinson, of Chicago, Grand Secretary; Judge John C. Karel of Milwaukee and W. C. Robertson of Minneapolis, both members of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Grand Lodge; and Bernard Mullaney, a veteran member of No. 44, all of whom responded to toasts.

From every view-point, the banquet was the finest success of any anniversary celebration of No. 44. One of its most impressive features was that by far the greatest number of diners were old-time members of the Order, many of whom had ceased their activities in the Lodge during the last four years—a very definite indication of revived interest in the Lodge. And to cap the climax, every brother present stood and pledged himself to become more closely identified with the work of his Lodge and to respond to any request for service which might be made of him by Exalted Ruler James Leary and the other newly elected officers.

Telegrams of felicitation were read from Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell, a number of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge officers, Past Exalted Rulers of No. 44 and numerous other individuals and Lodges throughout the country.

The Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered by former Mayor William Henry Eustis, veteran member of the Order who has performed that service at every banquet for more than thirty years. Mr. Eustis recently gave away his entire fortune of \$1,800,000 for the establishment of a Crippled Children's Hospital in Minneapolis.

The banquet was in charge of a committee of Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge of which the veteran W. H. Rendell was chairman. Of the five living charter members there were present and introduced at the banquet: W. H. Lawler, Past Exalted Ruler Emil Ferrant and Fred Ames.

Providence, R. I., Lodge Entertains Hospital Patients

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, recently presented its second entertainment for the patients of Saint Joseph's Hospital Annex at Hills Grove, R. I. Local artists furnished a musical program which was much appreciated by the patients and the visitors. A bountiful supply of ice cream, cakes and chocolate were distributed in addition to gifts of toys, tobacco and flowers. The main feature of the visit was the presentation to the hospital of a handsome electric player piano by the Lodge, the presentation speech being made by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James F. Duffy, the chairman of the committee.

Monroe, Mich., Lodge Looks Forward To Having Home of its Own

Monroe, Mich., Lodge, No. 1503, though only a year old, is showing a fine spirit and has increased its membership considerably since its institution. Though the Lodge at present occupies a rented building, plans are under consideration by the membership for the acquisition of a Home of their own in the near future.

Civil War Veterans Guests Of Scottsdale, Pa., Lodge

The twentieth annual entertainment and banquet for the surviving members of the Colonel Ellsworth Post of the G. A. R. was given recently by Scottsdale, Pa., Lodge, No. 777. The

affair was conducted in conjunction with the installation of the Lodge's new officers and was attended by a large number of members. Only six of the thirteen surviving members of the Post were able to attend, but these enjoyed thoroughly the elaborate program arranged in their honor.

Portsmouth, Va., Lodge Has Had Very Successful Year

At a recent meeting of Portsmouth, Va., Lodge, No. 82, at which the new officers were installed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William A. Brown, Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church of Portsmouth, the reports read showed the Lodge to be in excellent condition. More progress financially has been made and greater charitable activities engaged in than in any year since the institution of the Lodge in 1888.

Recently the Lodge held its seventh annual charity ball in the municipal auditorium. It was a most successful social event and netted the Lodge a considerable sum for its work among the needy and unfortunate of the city.

Madison, Ind., Lodge Supports Excellent Concert Band

The Elks Concert Band of Madison, Ind., Lodge, No. 524, organized in the spring of 1905, has developed into one of the finest musical units of the Middle west. Financially the band is in a very flourishing condition. It owns a very complete set of uniforms, its instruments and a band library of over 3,000 arrangements. It is customary for the band to give a winter concert of five programs and, in addition, it usually makes three or four trips out of the city, and plays weekly during the summer in Madison. Excellent musicianship is the keynote of the band's success, and it renders the best music in a fashion that challenges the performances of many larger organizations.

Prominent California Elk Dies in Chicago

Major O. P. Sloat, who served San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, No. 836, for eighteen years as Secretary, and the California State Elks Association both as Secretary and Treasurer, died a short time ago at the home of a sister in Chicago. Major Sloat had lived in San Bernardino for thirty-five years and been active in the affairs of the Lodge ever since its institution. It was he who supervised the erection of the Lodge's Home. Prominently identified with the life of the city and the Order, Major Sloat leaves a host of friends and associates who mourn his passing.

Appleton, Wis., Lodge Adopts Interesting Plan to Increase Attendance

As a means of increasing the attendance and interest of its meetings, Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No. 337, is planning to assign topics for discussion at each session. The first assignments of such subjects will be gleaned from Washington's Farewell Address. A member, for whom an alternate will also be named, will be assigned, for instance, to discuss Washington's meaning when he said "shut up every avenue to foreign influence." Other points will be analyzed by other members at subsequent meetings, and so on, until the whole address shall have been covered in detail.

Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge Dedicates Home and New Lodge Room

The Home occupied by Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 263, for the past two years, and the new Lodge room completed last December, were dedicated by Grand Lodge and State Association officers a short time ago. At the exercises in the afternoon dedicatory addresses were delivered by the Rev. John Dysart, of Flint, Mich., Grand Chaplain, and a Past Exalted Ruler of Jamestown Lodge, and by Philip Clancy, Past President of the New York State Elks Association and a member of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge. A dedication class was then initiated.

The banquet held that evening at the Hotel Samuels was attended by many prominent Elks,

Commodious Home of Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66



the guest of honor being Dr. Laban Hazeltine, first Exalted Ruler of Jamestown Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler R. K. Mason, acting as toastmaster called upon Past Exalted Ruler Hugo E. Sellvin, a former president of the State Association, who introduced William E. Drislane, Past Grand Trustee, Charles C. Ryan, Past Exalted Ruler of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, Philip Clancy and several others. Addresses were made by Grand Chaplain Dysart, John T. Gorman, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the State Association; George N. Crouse, a Past President of the State Association; the Rev. R. N. Willcox, Exalted Ruler; Past Exalted Ruler Frank H. Mott, and William E. Fitzsimmons, President of the State Association.

The new Home, one of the historic mansions of Jamestown, situated on a plot of ground 120 x 150 feet, is surrounded by magnificent trees and shrubbery. In addition to the construction of the Lodge room, extensive alterations were made in the interior which give Jamestown Lodge an unusually spacious and well equipped Home.

Governor Moore Breaks Ground for New Bacharach Home Buildings

The dual celebration marking the second anniversary of the Betty Bacharach Home for afflicted children at Longport, N. J., and the breaking of ground for two new buildings, was one of the most impressive occasions in the history of the Order in New Jersey. The ceremonies, in charge of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, commenced with a luncheon at the Lodge Home to Governor A. Harry Moore of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, which was attended by the Mayors and City Commissioners of Atlantic City, Ventura, Margate and Longport, the Presidents of the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, Kiwanis, Exchange, Lions and Civitan Clubs, and by many county officials and other leading citizens.

The first of the new structures for which ground was broken at the Home is a memorial building to Mrs. Betty Bacharach, to be used for administrative purposes, for which \$50,000 was contributed by her five children, Isaac, Harry and Benjamin Bacharach, Mrs. Millard F. Allman, and Mrs. Moses Hanstein. The other is a fifty-bed, fireproof ward, for which \$25,000 was raised by the members of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Lodge, assisted by Hon. Isaac Bacharach.

The services were conducted by Hon. Anthony J. Siracusa, Exalted Ruler of Atlantic City Lodge, and addresses were made by Governor Moore and Joseph G. Buch, chairman of the Crippled Kiddies Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association. The audience of a thousand or more persons was deeply moved as the speakers told of the history of the Home and its plans for the future, and explained the nature of its work. Governor Moore turned the first shovelful of earth on the ground where the buildings will rise.

The Betty Bacharach Home received its start when the property on which it stands,

then valued at \$40,000, was presented to the Lodge in honor of their mother by Harry and Isaac Bacharach, for use as a crippled children's sanitarium. The cost of the improvements were met in many ways—by further contributions from members of the family, by donations from Elks and other citizens, from members of the various building unions who gave their services free of charge, from funds raised by charity shows given by the Lodge, and so on. Since its dedication 125 children have been treated and 81 sent out cured. At present there are 30 children in the Home, with applications for 30 more. Plans for the future include yearly additions to be built from donations by the Bacharach family until at least 200 beds are available.

Michael J. McKiernan, Veteran Secretary of Orange, N. J., Lodge, Dies

Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, lost one of its best loved and most faithful members in the recent death of Michael J. McKiernan, for twenty-six years its Secretary. Mr. McKiernan's work in the interests of the Order was not confined to his own Lodge. He was instrumental in the organization of the Lodges in East Orange, South Orange, Bloomfield and Montclair, N. J., and had served as Secretary of the New Jersey State Elks Association. He leaves a host of friends, both in and out of the Order, who miss his genial and upright character.

Governor Martin of Florida Initiated Into Fort Lauderdale Lodge

In keeping with the fine progress of the Order in Florida is the news of the recent initiation into Fort Lauderdale Lodge, No. 1517, of Governor John W. Martin. The past year has seen great strides in the membership of the older Florida Lodges as well as the institution of many new ones, and Governor Martin's initiation is evidence of the quality of the new members.

Father Installs Son as Exalted Ruler of Salisbury, N. C., Lodge

At the recent installation of officers, on which occasion Salisbury, N. C., Lodge, No. 699, also celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, the members witnessed an unusual event—the induction into office as Exalted Ruler of W. C. Maupin, Jr., by his father who, ten years ago, was himself installed as presiding officer. The Maupin family's service to Salisbury Lodge has been unbroken for many years, both father and son having served the Lodge in almost every capacity. Mr. Maupin, Sr., also served a term as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler.

State Health Officials Compliment Millville, N. J., Lodge

A public clinic held recently at the Home of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, under the auspices of its Crippled Kiddies Committee, revealed to those who attended the fine

work being done in this field. Dr. S. B. English, Superintendent of the New Jersey State Sanitarium and Samuel D. Bennett, Director of the Bureau of Health and Commissioner of Public Safety were the principal speakers—both complimenting the Lodge on its achievements.

Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge Aiding Reconstruction Home

Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge, No. 636, takes a very close interest in the splendid work being done in the after-treatment of infantile paralysis at the Reconstruction Home. Opened six years ago in the most modest fashion, the Home is now incorporated and the owner of valuable property in Ithaca. Since its opening the Home has discharged nearly 300 walking patients, from 50 per cent. to 90 per cent. restored, and upwards of 30 entirely cured. Not more than a quarter of those treated have been able to pay but through the devoted efforts of its sponsors the funds necessary to carry on the work have been raised. The Crippled Children's Committee of Ithaca Lodge has come forward many times with gifts that assured the continued treatment of some unfortunate youngster, and the Lodge has also contributed to the building fund.

Rome, N. Y., Lodge Preparing New Home

Work is going forward on the preparation of the building which Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1268, purchased a short time ago for its Home. Extensive alterations are being made in the interior of the fine brick structure and by July 1 the members expect to move into a complete, up-to-date Home. A large Lodge room is being constructed in the rear of the building, below which bowling alleys are being laid out.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Observes Flower Day

In accordance with the fine custom which it instituted some years ago, and which has since been taken up by a number of other Lodges, Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, observed Flower Day on May 1. A bouquet of blossoms was sent to every sick room in the city which the committee in charge knew of. The flowers, many of which came from the gardens of members, were arranged by a volunteer committee of women.

The magnificent new Home of Sacramento Lodge is practically complete, and the members are expecting to hold the opening ceremonies some time this month.

Burley, Idaho, Lodge Cleans Up All Indebtedness

The past Lodge year was the most successful and satisfactory ever experienced by Burley, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1384. Its membership was materially increased, its financial position solidified and its charitable work widespread. In spite of the expenses involved in entertaining the annual convention of the Idaho State Elks Association, all outstanding indebtedness was cleared up and a most desirable site for a new Home acquired. The funds expended for charity were all raised by theatrical performances, dances, and donations from both members and non-members, the Lodge treasury not being called upon for any contributions whatsoever.

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge Forms Athletic Committee

A Committee on Athletics has been appointed in Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, to arrange for boxing and wrestling bouts, and other events, to be held in the Home of the Lodge. Membership in the A. A. U. will be sought, and it is planned to hold meets at least twice a month.

News Sought of Raymond Payne, Son of Provo, Utah, Member

News is being anxiously sought of the whereabouts of Raymond ("Red") Payne, whose father, a member of Provo, Utah, Lodge, No. 849, is very ill and not expected to live at the time this was written. Raymond Payne left home three years ago, since when he has been

heard of indirectly as being in Chicago and on the Coast. He is about nineteen years of age, slender and red-haired. Any reader having information that might lead to finding him may communicate with Paul D. Vincent, Secretary of Provo Lodge.

All Lodges Should Be On the Lookout for This Man

A man, using the name "J. B. Reynolds" and claiming membership No. 822 in Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, has, it is alleged, been swindling Lodges in New England and the South and in Canada by passing worthless checks and securing cash loans. The Secretary of Oswego Lodge informs us that there is no one by the name of Reynolds on his rolls, and that all Secretaries should be on the lookout for this man. "Reynolds" also used on occasion the name "Raymond F. Davis," always claiming membership 822 in Oswego Lodge, however.

Ventura, Calif., Lodge Building New Home

This summer will see the erection of a splendid new \$100,000 Home for Ventura, Calif., Lodge, No. 1430. Present plans call for a concrete stucco and tile building of modified Spanish architecture. In addition to the usual club and Lodge features there will be more than thirty living rooms, each equipped with a bath.

Cadillac, Mich., Lodge Stages Successful Show

Cadillac, Mich., Lodge, No. 680, recently staged a home-talent play which met with great success as a production as well as providing the Lodge with a substantial profit. As a result of this, the Lodge's Welfare Fund has been greatly increased, thus enabling it to extend its charitable work in many ways.

Minstrel Troup of Du Bois, Pa., Lodge Visits Philipsburg, Pa., Lodge

The members of Philipsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 1173, were recently entertained by a minstrel show which was presented in their Home by fourteen members of Du Bois, Pa., Lodge, No. 349. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James B. Sleeman, who installed the new officers of the Lodge, was the guest of honor, and there were a number of other prominent members from various parts of the State present. Following the installation and minstrel show an excellent supper was served the visitors.

Unusual Gathering at Installation Of Officers at Uniontown, Pa., Lodge

With an attendance which included one Past Grand Exalted Ruler, 15 Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, 80 Past Exalted Rulers of Lodges in Pennsylvania and West Virginia and 19 of its own Past Exalted Rulers, Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370, installed its new officers at an unusual meeting. All of the chairs were occupied by Past District Deputies except one which was filled by William R. Playford, the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler twenty-nine years

ago. Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters acted as Grand Treasurer and District Deputy S. P. Flenniken as Grand Chaplain. Among the well-known visitors were W. D. Hancher, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; John B. Sweeney, President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania Association, and Mayor George J. F. Falkenstein of McKeesport, who instituted Uniontown Lodge.

Lufkin, Tex., Lodge Gives Aid To Needy

We are glad to reprint the following editorial from the Lufkin, Tex., *Daily News*:

"A few days ago we mentioned that Grandma Matthews, an aged woman, was in destitute circumstances. This brought ready responses from several persons in the city and from one organization. There may have been others, but at least one, the Elks (Lufkin Lodge, No. 1027), with the benevolence and charity which are ever characteristic of that noble Order, saw to it that Grandma Matthews was well supplied with the things which she most needed."

A. Charles Stewart, Honor Guest Of Towson, Md., Lodge

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. Charles Stewart of Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, was recently the guest of honor at a banquet given by Towson, Md., Lodge, No. 469. The other honor guests were the judges of the recent ritualistic contest in Washington, D. C., in which Towson Lodge won the beautiful silver loving cup donated by Mr. Stewart. As a result of Mr. Stewart's visit to Towson Lodge a strong friendship has grown up between that body and Frostburg Lodge, which has manifested itself in the exchange of fraternal visits, each occasion being marked by an excellent program of entertainment.

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis Exalted Ruler of Elwood, Ind., Lodge

Installed by proxy on account of his unavoidable absence, Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor of the United States, is now Exalted Ruler of Elwood, Ind., Lodge, No. 368. Great preparations had been made for the installation of Mr. Davis, and when illness made it impossible for him to be present in person, Past Exalted Ruler C. D. Gillespie, an old friend of the Secretary's, acted in his stead.

An elaborate banquet was held at the Elwood Country Club early in the evening, after which the members gathered at the Home of the Lodge, where the installation was conducted. Despite Mr. Davis's absence, the occasion was one of the most enjoyable and successful in the history of the Lodge.

Old Timers of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Celebrate Forty-Third Anniversary

The Forty-third Anniversary Banquet of the Old Timers Association of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, was a brilliantly successful affair. The list of guests and speakers included many of the best-known Elks in the metropolitan district,

(Continued on page 74)

Members of Wapakoneta Ohio, Lodge, No. 1170 occupy this attractive new home



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The Man Who Couldn't Fall in Love

(Continued from page 10)



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Williams lather is quick, rich and bulky—saturated with moisture. First it lifts the water-resisting oil-film from the beard, then it soaks all of each bristle soft. At the same time it lubricates the skin so that the razor just glides along.

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AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle free. Write Dept. 126.

The tube with the unlosable hinge-cap



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Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal.
Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial Size has no Hinge-Cap.)

Elks 6-26

established by the father of the present proprietors in 1839. It was the type of concern which eighty-seven years later kept record of its correspondence by letter-presses, and transacted a million-dollar annual business with only one telephone.

Simon Bannerbane looked like Mr. Pickwick, she thought, even to his gaiters. Short and rotund, pinken and chivalrous, his shrewd but kindly eyes assayed her above octagonal spectacles that were half-way down his nose. He was slightly deaf, she perceived. At times he used a tin trumpet.

"To have a lady make the long trip down here from Vermont just to see us is most extraordinary, Mrs. Willard. Most extraordinary!"

Mrs. Willard! Myrtle paled. "You g-g-got my letter?" she faltered.

"I had that honor," Simon assured her. "And how is your husband, Mrs. Willard? How does he take his . . . fiery misfortune? Must have hit him pretty hard—to send his wife down on a trip like this."

"Mr. Willard's not the sort of man to be easily discouraged, Mr. Bannerbane."

MYRTLE'S lips said this, yet her sensitized intuitions were weighing the fatal embarrassments which might result from setting this benevolent little man aright. More than all else, why the mistake in the first place? Could she have blundered in signing that letter?

"We've always entertained a great admiration for your husband, Mrs. Willard. I might even add that many times when transacting with him, my brother and I have wondered what sort of lady his wife might be."

"That's very k-k-kind of you, Mr. Bannerbane," the woman blurted dully.

"You see, we're somewhat old-fashioned, Brother Alec and myself. Character always comes first—among those we'd have deal with us. You been quite awhile married, looks like."

She had drawn off her gloves and now gave a slight start. On her left hand she saw what old Simon had seen. Yet to make conversation till she got her bearings, she asked:

"What makes you think so, Mr. Bannerbane?"

"Your weddin' ring's perty well worn. And it's a heavy, sensible weddin' ring, Mrs. Willard—and old-fashioned gold. These modern silver weddin' rings they use nowadays don't seem no more substantial than the marriages they're used at."

Her distressed face flushed. Simon mistook that flush. He leaned forward and patted her arm—with his trumpet.

"Now tell me all about the fire, Mrs. Willard. Be perfectly frank, ma'am. Brother Alec and I—we've had our ups and downs. Yes, even a fire. Cleaned us out in Ninety-four. But we recovered. You see for yourself—we recovered!"

With a sickish feeling Myrtle realized that if she was rash enough to explain to Simon that she was merely an office employee—especially in love with a young manufacturer who was aggravatingly phlegmatic about returning that attachment—not only might he look askance at her own character but refuse to discuss the project at all. In his generation, unattached and widowed ladies did not intrude themselves into the commercial affairs of single gentlemen. So her identity stayed a secret. She launched into her story.

She warmed to that story as she saw Simon's interest. She had knife-works detail at her tongue-tip; she knew the plant and business as most wives know their kitchen-cabinets. She told the story of what Al Willard had done with pride in her eye and a flush on her features—which made her beautiful in her love, though she might never realize it.

And Simon Bannerbane listened. Stubby little fingers holding the trumpet, the other small hand about the knob of his chair-arm, spectacles half-way down his nose, puckered mouth sagging and little paunch in pleasing prominence—he listened.

She came to the fire. She described it graphically by reason of having been on the property from a quarter after three until nine A. M., so close behind frantic firemen that more than one male had cursed her with vigor and a broken hose had drenched her ludicrously.

Finally she came to the future. She wholly forgot she was Myrtle Morey. Her eyes grew wide in her earnestness and she gestured with capable hands.

"Mr. Bannerbane," she begged, "we want a firm like yours . . . some gentlemen like yourselves . . . to advance us a large sum of money against future deliveries over a reasonable period of time, on no other security than character, till our new plant is up and running. You say you once had a fire. You know then what confronts Alfred—and myself. Can't you find it in your heart to come to our assistance and act as our banker till we've gotten on our feet?"

She tried to picture the benefits which might accrue from a tight personal affiliation between the Bannerbane firm and a modern factory up in Paris, Vt. And the little man before her became increasingly amazed. A pause came at last. She had talked herself out.

"Mrs. Willard," gasped Simon, "you're a remarkable woman! In fact, your knowledge of your husband's business is so startling that I can scarcely understand it. It just ain't done, in this day and age."

"Mr. Bannerbane, I . . . I . . ."

"You wait here a minute. I want to see if Brother Alec's come in. I want he should hear what a woman knows about her husband's business. It just ain't done in this day and age!"

The brother wasn't back from somewhere or other, it developed. But Simon was thoughtful.

"I'll think about it, Mrs. Willard. It practically amounts to us going into manufacturing and we'd have to see about raising the money. Hem! . . . Aw! . . . but if I considered it at all, ma'am, it'd chiefly be because your husband's got a wife pulling oar with him so handsomely. Deserves commendation, says I, such team-work as that. Come back at this time to-morrow. I'll discuss it with Alec and we'll have you an answer."

"Thank you, Mr. Bannerbane." She felt strangely light-headed. She had started for the door, putting on her gloves, when Simon's hand fell on her shoulder. He seemed distressed.

"Mrs. Willard, I want you should know . . . when we had our fire, my wife too went to old Bonniface Godkin for me . . . without me knowing. I understand. It makes a lot of difference. We'll do the best we can, consistent with good business."

She looked at her wrist-watch as he bowed her out. She was startled to discover it was after twelve o'clock. An elderly person in a thin alpaca coat was munching lunch from a paper on a stool.

"I wrote a letter Tuesday to Mr. Bannerbane on the stationery of the Willard Cutlery Company, Paris, Vermont. Could you find me that letter? I want to see the signature."

THE clerk obliged her. Every one seemed alert to oblige ladies in that establishment—and none of them were in evidence as employees. It was somewhat refreshing.

The familiar letter in her own handwriting was offered her. One glance explained everything. She had folded the pages without blotting the ink.

"(Mrs.) Myrtle—" was legible enough. But "Morey" was a smear. Considering the letter's intimate contents, the Bannerbanes had of course concluded . . . with the "Mrs." in parenthesis . . .

She got down to the sidewalk.

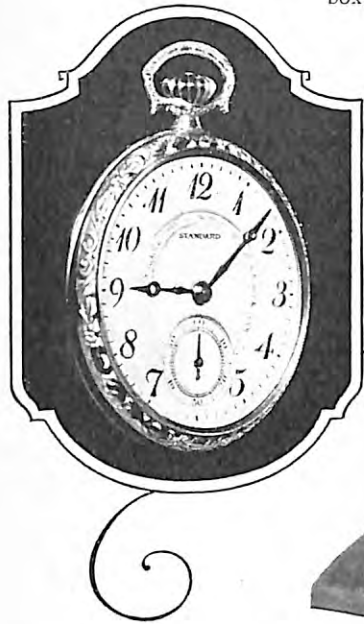
She was ill with nervous apprehension that night in her hotel. The old-school ethics of the Bannerbanes presented one horn of her dilemma. Willard himself, when he discovered what she had so boldly taken upon herself to attempt, presented the other. A going from either was inevitable—and one as welcome as the other.

Her only consolation seemed to be that she was making this desperate impersonation for the good of the business as a whole—which at that moment was little but an ash-heap.

She nibbled a breakfast of weak tea and toast, counted the minutes, walked several times around a block to get herself in physical control, then took a taxicab back down-town.

(Continued on page 52)

15-jewel Keystone Standard; white or green rolled plate case of beautiful design; attractive gift box; \$15



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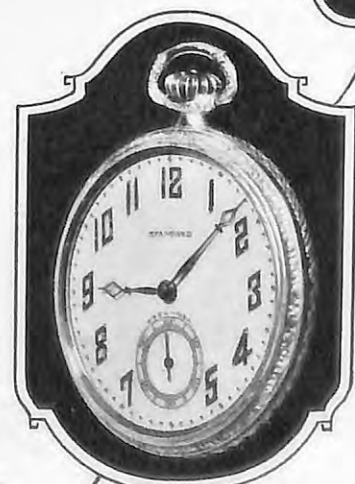
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Western

AMMUNITION

The Man Who Couldn't Fall in Love

(Continued from page 50)

Abruptly her stomach somersaulted when on entering Simon's office behind the alpaca-clad clerk, she met the eyes of the person seated across the corner of Simon's high walnut desk. "Myrtle!" cried Al Willard. Down to the floor came his front chair-legs with a clump.

Myrtle's knees turned to tallow. She was hot. She was cold. She lifted her hands and steadied herself against the door casing. Simon's back was toward her. She was grateful for that.

But Simon soon swung around. And his face beamed with pleasure. He watched Al Willard walk to the swaying woman in the door and slip an arm around her shoulders, affectionately.

It was rather fortunate he did so. . . . "The idea of you dropping everything at home and coming away down here on such an errand as this! Why didn't you let me know, dear? We'd have come down together."

"Would we?" gasped Myrtle, inwardly hysterical.

Simon continued to watch. Therefore this crass young manufacturer of knives, forks and spoons cupped his "wife's" chin in his free hand and kissed her squarely on the lips. Like a veteran!

Whereupon, in reflex action from such conjugal phenomena, the Bannerbane office started to skid. It careened, it rocked—for Myrtle—all through a nebula of glorified mist.

"Alfred," cried the woman, "what can you think of me?"

"I think you're a wife in a million, Myrtle dear. I believe I told you so, last Tuesday afternoon. I also made the same comment to Mr. Bannerbane—the moment I discovered you'd arrived ahead of me."

"That's right," the hardware jobber affirmed. "When he learned that you and me had almost fixed things up yesterday, Mrs. Willard, *he almost passed out.*"

"When did you reach New York?" Myrtle asked her "husband."

"Yesterday afternoon between three and four o'clock. But you left no word about your hotel, so I put in the evening with Mr. Bannerbane. This morning, he tells me, he's going to help us raise the money—"

"I'm going to do it," interrupted Simon, "not because Bannerbane Brothers need a personal knife and fork factory somewhere up in middle Vermont. I'm going to do it because a husband and wife who pull together so hand-somely—and say such nice things about each other behind one another's backs—ought to be helped, as a moral to the present day and age!"

Mrs. Myrtle Morey tried to meet the semi-humorous gaze of her employer but discovered she could not.

"YES, sir!" went on Simon, his voice contracting a burr. "My wife was like yours, young man. But I lost her—in Nineteen-Four . . . when Roosevelt was elected. No connection at all. She died. He got to be President. Helps to remember the date. Wonder if Brother Alec's come in yet?"

"We've been waiting for you to get here, dear," explained Willard, "so you could put your signature jointly with mine on a lot of notes."

"You want—my name—on your notes?" "Mr. Bannerbane's advancing us a lot of money personally, apart from the company . . . so your name will have to go on them with mine."

"Yes, but—*which* name?" Willard replied with his characteristic calm: "I think it'll be quite all right for you to sign the notes: 'Mrs. Myrtle Willard.' They'll be dated Monday," he added significantly.

Simon had trundled to the outer office to see about the arrival of the ever-missing junior partner. Myrtle turned her back to the room and looked down into rainy Liberty Street.

"Alfred," she asked huskily, "was that a . . . proposal?"

She heard him laugh softly. "How can it be anything else?"

"What can you think of me?"

"I've already told you what I think of you—"

But the door burst open. Simon fell in. "He's come! *He's here!*" cried the merchant. "Who's come?" asked Willard.

"Alec! Alec's here at last."

"Well, what of it, sir? Where's he been, to breakfast?"

"No, no! *To China!* Sellin' your knives and forks to benighted heathen for chopsticks!"

IT WAS just twelve o'clock when they reached the street. The day was drizzly and the pavements were greasy. Thousands of umbrellas caromed and clawed one another on Manhattan's crowded walks. By common assent man and woman moved eastward toward Broadway, halting on the curbing to wait for a lull in the python of traffic.

Five minutes elapsed before it came. Willard kept her arm pressed tightly against his body. With the other hand he engineered the umbrella. Water dripped all about them. Trucks clacked in and out between Elevated girders. Overhead trains made volleyed thunder down through those canyons of brick and mortar. Police whistles screamed at traffic.

"I don't quite understand what's happened," Myrtle ventured at last.

"It shouldn't be difficult. Both of us have simply got to keep faith with old Simon—so long as we live."

"What must you think of me?" she cried again.

"I think you're too darned clever a woman for some other man to hire away from me. Besides," he added with a certain grimness, "I love you!"

"You *what?*" Yet the woman never existed who failed to hear those words distinctly when they were addressed to her by the one man in her life.

"—only perhaps, Myrtle dear, there's a kind of love a man prefers to take quietly, beautifully, deeply—that he can never express by callow vaporings, no matter how greatly the lady might hunger to hear them."

The rain fell groggily. The danker traffic thundered. They stood for a moment on a delectable island—that was in the world, yet off on a star.

"You love me . . . and I thought you were a man who could never fall in love—again."

"It was inevitable, wasn't it? When two people are vitally interested in the same objectives, can they help being interested in one another?"

"But you never once seemed to get excited about me, Alfred."

"Perhaps," he admitted. "I was excited about Bertha and was disillusioned. I was excited about my plant and business. And both of them too, I lost. I'd about concluded *it never paid to get excited over what you wanted to endure!*"

A thousand flappers and office boys in the vicinity of Liberty Street and West Broadway that noon hour, saw only a man and a woman getting along into middle life, some gray in the heads of both, the woman's hat slightly awry, a smudge of cigar-ash spilled on the man's light raincoat, water running rivulets off a greenish, oversized umbrella held by the man with queer unsteadiness.

"But all the same, Alfred, I wish I knew why it took such a perfectly horrible dilemma to bring you to—"

"My dear, now you're asking for a masculine secret that can never be put into words."

He turned and looked down then into the wistful, troubled face that was lifted to his, searching it. An impulse seized him. Deftly he dipped his head. In that instant, public street corner in rainy noon or not, he had kissed her again. But this time . . . not like a veteran!

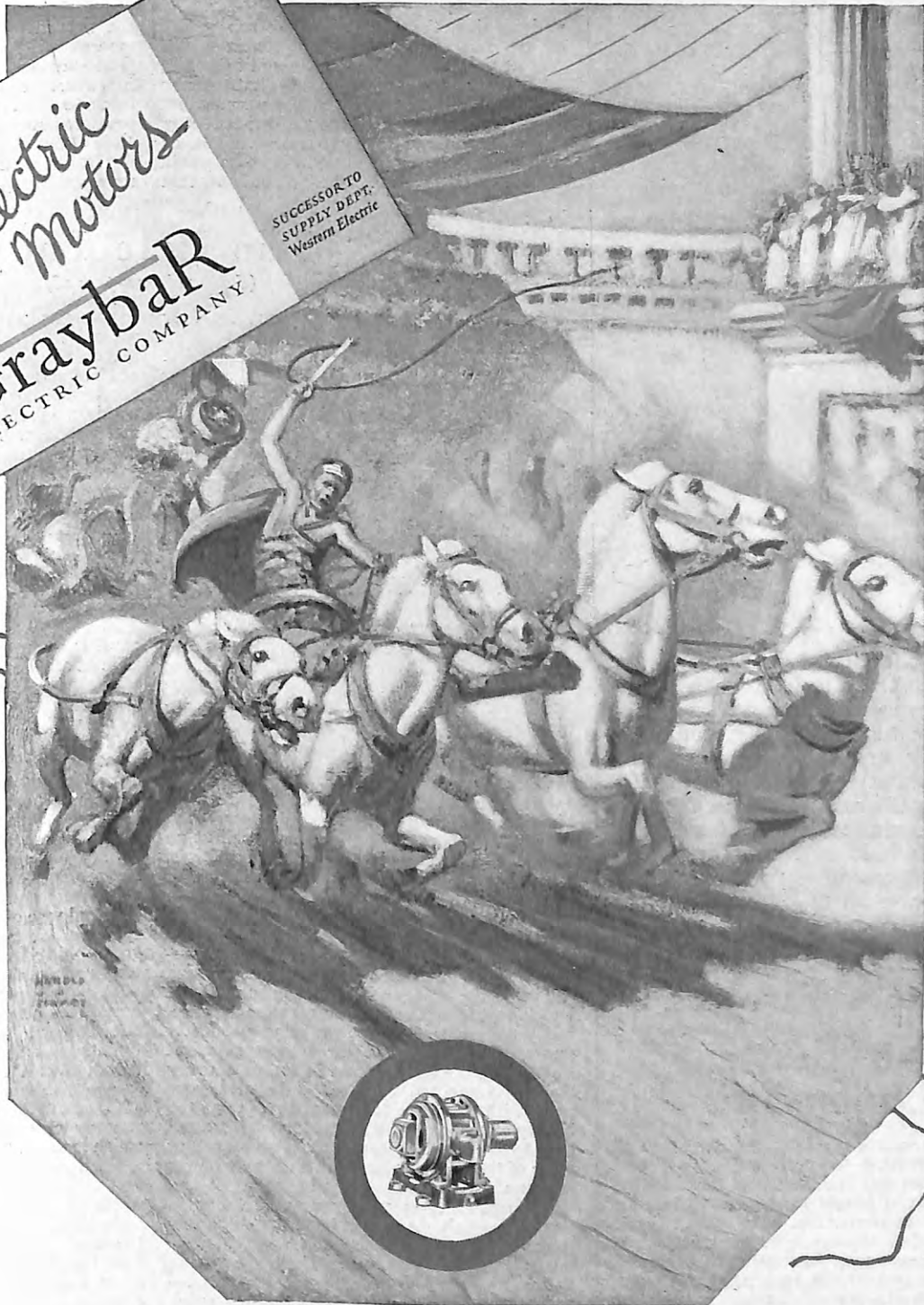
"So you had lots of chances, did you?" he chaffed her.

Again her face went vermillion. A little stenographer, hung with jade beads, tilted a badly-powdered nose as she halted on that curbing beneath another umbrella and saw that caress. She took note of the heavily-worn

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The Man Who Couldn't Fall in Love

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wedding-ring, the addled hat, the ash-smudge on the raincoat, the oversized umbrella, the gray at the temples of both man and woman.

The stenographer did not know that the man was debating whether to tell the woman that he had written and left that half-written letter in the typewriter purposely to find out how much her love for him encompassed before he would risk another disillusion. She did not know that

the woman was debating whether to tell the man she had never had one honest, bona-fide proposal since the heels of a four-footed quadruped wrecked havoc with Fred Morey. These things could not possibly interest that badly-powdered stenographer. But a kiss is a kiss—Judy O'Grady or Colonel's lady. "Huh!" smirked the typist. "Ain't we got romance!"

The Pale Lady

(Continued from page 28)

had been watching her lips, opened the door wider.

"Please come in, sir," he said, mechanically. Prosper stepped into a bleak and depressing hall. As the two old people moved away a lady appeared through a door at the other end.

She was old and white-haired, but she held herself erect, though, as she came nearer, Prosper decided that it was an effort of will which kept her from stooping. There was that about her which brought to Prosper's mind Shelley's lines to the waning moon:

... a dying lady, lean and pale . . .
Who totters forth wrapt in a gauzy veil . . .

FOR she, too, was thin, and strangely pallid. Once, many years before, she must have been very beautiful. Even now she lacked nothing of that air of delicate fineness which, at any age and in any circumstances, rarely, if ever, completely leaves one who is "born." There was a look of race about this fading lady—Prosper had it, too—and blood called to blood. He bowed like a courtier.

She acknowledged it and waited, looking at him with rather absent eyes.

"If it has been my misfortune to call at an inopportune moment, urgent though my affair is, I shall not readily pardon myself," said Prosper deferentially.

The pale lady smiled faintly, and in a high, musical but faded voice, reassured him.

"My name is Prosper Fair and I am a wanderer," he continued. "And as I came through the dawn the beauty of your lake charmed me. Unwilling to pass it with no more than a glance, and, I am ashamed to say, not being sufficiently strong of will to bridle the savage, primeval instincts of the chase, latent in me, as in every man, I committed trespass. I invaded your park, with the desire to feast my eyes upon the beauty of the lake—a wholesome desire, marred only by the intent to capture, if I could, one or more of the finny denizens of its deeps. It was inexcusable. I plead guilty of poaching and throw myself upon your mercy. . . . But, if you will permit me to continue, I made a discovery. I caught a pike and a perch, and, madam, they were starved. There is a lack of natural food in the lake and the pike and perch—preying fish, both, are starving. They weigh one-half the weight they should. To restore them to the normal, it is necessary to have the lake restocked with little fish, such as roach and rudd and other species which thrive in still waters. Realizing that I had come upon a misfortune which doubtless has not yet been discovered by your servants, I ventured to bring you the news forthwith. If I—"

He stopped abruptly, for, gently, whimsically, with a little smile, though he had spoken, he saw that the eyes of the pale lady had filled with tears.

"But I beg you, madam, do not permit my news to distress you—" he began quickly—"a misfortune so easily reparable—" She held up her hand.

"It is not only the ruin which has extended to the lake that breaks my heart," she said, in a most sorrowful voice. "It is because you bring back the past years when there was only prosperity and happiness here. Now, I know, none better, that Ruin holds my house, my lands, my woods, my servants, myself—in a grip as hard, as ruthless, cold and bitter as black frost. . . . Oh, I have been drained of all!" she cried. A pale flush stole to her white cheeks. "Do I not see it? The cottages falling

to ruin, the flaking paint, the ragged hedges, the rocking trees! The thousand things that decay and die and are not replaced! Is there one stone of this house, one tree of this estate, that I do not know, that I do not love, that fails to speak to me of past happiness? They cry out against me!" She was trembling with a strange excitement. Prosper, amazed and shocked at this quite unexpected outburst, would have spoken to soothe her, but she went on.

"And you? Who are you? You tell me that your name is Prosper Fair, a wanderer, but you look at me with the eyes of a friend, dead, long dead, but dearest of all, except one, to me. As though you were his grandson. Why do you come to torment me with old recollections—"

Prosper, extraordinarily moved, broke in regardless of courtesy, for he feared that this terrible fit of excitement would be ill for her.

"Madam, it well may be that the Duke of Devizes, my grandfather, was your friend—" he began, but stopped, startled, as after a quick wild stare at him she relapsed feebly into the great oak chair against which she had stood. For an instant he thought she had fainted. But even as he went to her she revived.

"Forgive me," she said. "I am—not well. But I implore you to remain. I wish to talk with you. Presently—in a little while—I will return. Please ring for my woman," she said faintly.

Prosper touched a bell on the table and the little old wife of the butler came in quickly, hurrying to her mistress. Together they left the great, chilly hall, and a moment later the old butler came in to attend to Prosper.

The deaf man mumbled something about breakfast being served in the south room soon, but Prosper looked at him with puzzled eyes.

"There is something about this house, my friend, that I do not understand. Something awry—that sets my teeth on edge. Let me attend, first of all, to my comrades, and then I will return and put straight again whatever it is which is awry."

Then he remembered the butler was stone deaf and perceived that he had not heard a word which he had said.

So he spelt it out swiftly upon his fingers in the deaf and dumb alphabet, assured himself that the butler understood, and went out to explain the position to the little company of adventurers awaiting him.

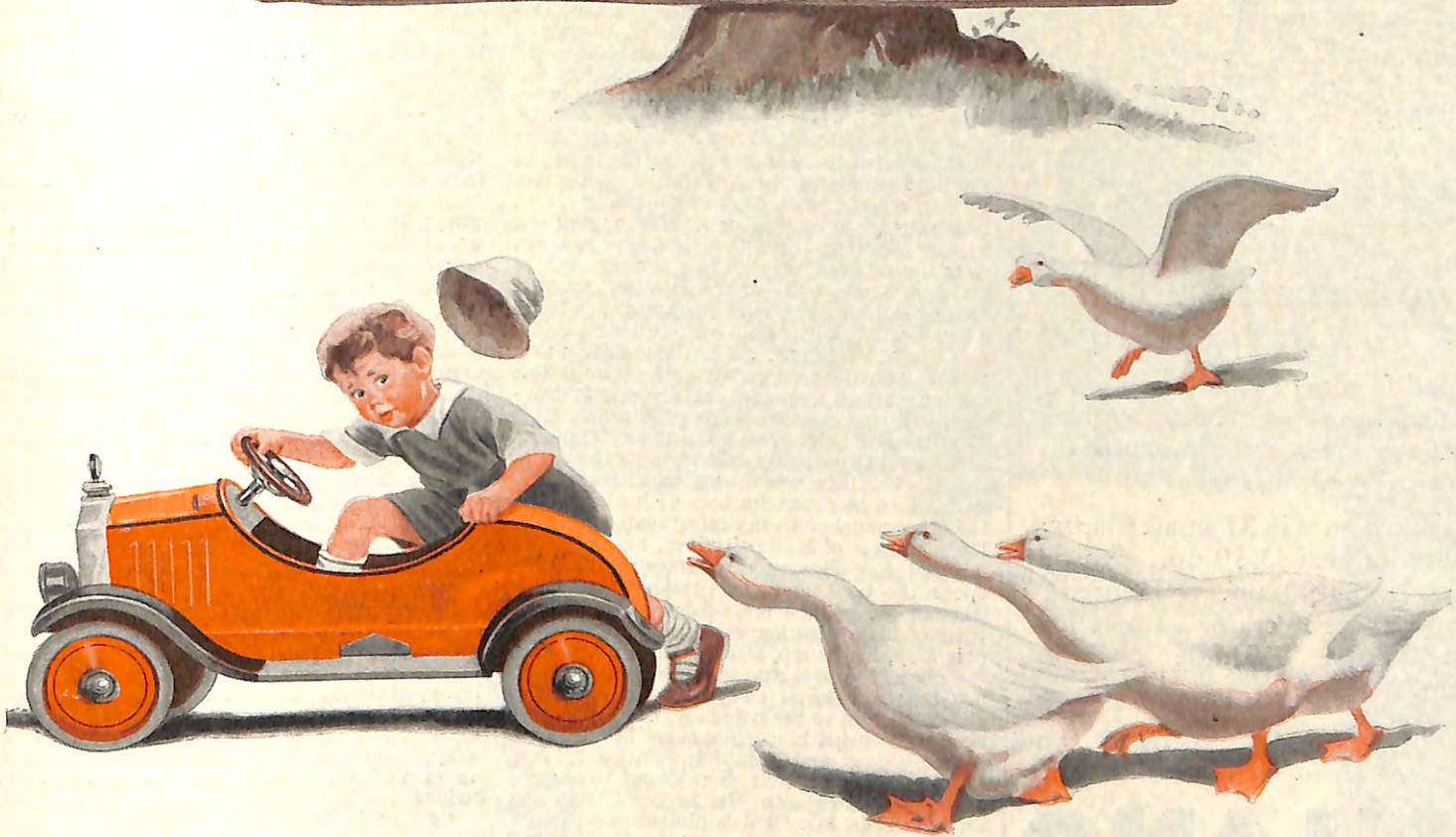
DURING that day Prosper talked long, and very earnestly, with the pale lady.

She was the widow of one Sir Gregory Haggard and the last of that ancient house. In a day long past Sir Gregory had been boon companion to the seventh Duke of Devizes, Prosper's grandfather, whom Prosper, physically, resembled to a remarkable degree. Though they had been rivals for the lady, when her choice had favored Haggard, the friendship had continued, if not to the profit, in those riotous days, of either, certainly to their complete satisfaction.

Lady Haggard's outburst had been impelled, it seemed, by the suddenness and vividness with which Prosper's unexpected arrival, and his startling resemblance to the dead Duke, had brought back those long past but never-to-be-forgotten days to her mind. . . . All this she explained at breakfast to Prosper, and with such a beginning it was not amazing that the conversation turned, by imperceptible degrees, to matters less remote and more and yet more intimate and confidential.

To record, in detail, that day's talk would not be profitable. Let the story move forward to

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The Pale Lady

(Continued from page 54)



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Prosper's soliloquized recapitulation of it late that night.

He sat alone in the gun-room, before a blazing fire, with Plutus extravagantly at ease on the rug, at his feet. Patience, too, who had made a decided hit with Lady Haggar, lay, nodding drowsily at the fire, next to Plutus. Stolid Joe, unfortunately debarred from this domestic tableau by his size, but by no means uncared-for, chewed as it were the cud of solitude, patience and a rousing good dinner in a stable which Prosper had made comfortable for him. Lady Haggar had long gone to bed, whither Prosper had gaily consigned also the old butler and his wife.

HE WAS thinking—telling his thoughts, as was his way, to Patience, who was really too lazy-drowsy to pay much attention. Indeed, every now and then she nearly dropped off to sleep, recovering herself with a little start. On these occasions she would glance round, just to make sure that Prosper was there, and let him see that she was listening . . . more or less . . .

"Yes, my dear, there is something wrong in this house, and the finger, the finger of Fate, Patience—points inexorably to Mr. Rafael Glyde," said Prosper quietly. "Let us roll ourselves another cigarette and recapitulate. Then we will consider Mr. Rafael Glyde, his methods, manners and means. . . . Ten years ago, good Sir Gregory died, and was laid with his forefathers. For three years he rested in peace, and Lady Haggar waited quietly for the time to come when she should join him. Because he loved this house and the lands about it so well, and because she, too, loved them no less than he had, this pale lady tended them and cared for them as though they were eventually to pass to her own son instead of to a person she never knew, never met, a relative so distantly connected with the house of Haggar as to be scarcely a relative at all. I mean the explorer man, believed to be somewhere in the region of the head waters of the Amazon—a sportsman, I trust, and, let us believe, a gentleman. But he is very far away, Patience. There was then, as there is now, three thousand a year apart from the rent roll, which, I fear, is now painfully small. All was well—or at any rate, my little donkey, all was normal. In due course Lady Haggar would die. That was to be expected, and she was willing. . . . But who is this that comes upon the scene, Patience? Who is this urbane, smooth-mannered, kindly, widely-traveled, well-read and charitable gentleman? It is Mr. Rafael Glyde. Mark the name, Patience. Mr. Rafael Glyde. He calls upon Lady Haggar to invite her interest in the philanthropic institutions which he maintains because his heart is so full of compassion for the unfortunate. He tells Lady Haggar of his institutions, his words are fair and they glide smoothly from his lips. He opens the book and the pamphlet, Patience, wherein are printed more fair words and pictures of his institutions—he reads them to the pale lady, his plump, fair forefinger glides over the pages, for he is smooth and soft—his name is Glyde and he is completely and perfectly glideful. And so the pale lady, ever kind, ever charitable, helps him. She subscribes heavily. All very good and beautiful, Patience. Mark how smoothly the affair glides along! So begins an acquaintance with Mr. Rafael Glyde, and an interest in Mr. Glyde's philanthropies. Do you like Mr. Glyde, so far, Patience? I don't!"

Prosper's face looked oddly hard and set in the firelight. He continued.

"Time passes, and Mr. Glyde comes again, and again he glides away. But not empty handed. And again and again. Until at last poor Lady Haggar wears a little of the eternal Mr. Glyde and he goes away with nothing. He understands and is as kind and grateful as if he had received a cheque instead of a check. Is that the end of Mr. Glyde? By no means, Patience. But, for the moment, we must turn from him to contemplate a strange phenomenon. For four years Sir Gregory Haggar has lain in peace, in the vaults of his forefathers. For four years, nothing has come to disturb his rest. Silently, tranquilly, that company of dead Haggars, generation after generation, lie in their appointed places, sleeping. . . . But now, it

would appear that the slumbers of Sir Gregory are disturbed and broken. On a certain night, Lady Haggar is awakened by a slight noise in her bedroom. She is aware of a pale glow near the door, turns in that direction, and she sees—what does she see, Patience? An apparition—a vision—the spirit of her husband. They gaze at each other for a terrible moment in silence. She sees him distinctly—he is dressed as she remembers he was accustomed to dress—he is lean and deathly white but otherwise he is the same as he was wont to be. She is not afraid. On the other hand, she is strangely, wonderfully calm. Why should she be afraid? She is old, and soon, she knows, will go—and go gladly—to join this pale spirit of the man she loved and whose memory she still adores. She waits and the spirit speaks. Yes, Patience—speaks. And what does it say—this dread, nocturnal visitant? Something tender? Something kind? A word of regret or perhaps some gentle reminder that they soon would be together again? Something she might expect the spirit of a man to say to the woman he loved in life, and has not forgotten even in death?"

Prosper's voice was hard and keen and cold, like the edge of a blade.

"Not at all, Patience, my dear. The spirit of Sir Gregory Haggar, it would appear, is a businesslike spirit and confines itself strictly to business. It says in a low voice—low but very distinct, Patience—

"Give freely of that which thou hast to the poor!"

"And so disappeared, Patience, and so disappeared. And Lady Haggar found herself alone, sitting up in her bed and looking and listening. Only there was no sound to be heard, nor anything to be seen. . . .

"NOW, Patience, this poor lady is old, very old—and easily convinced. And she is convinced that she saw the spirit of her husband that night, and she obeyed his injunctions. She gave freely—she sacrificed everything except only those two poor old people who attend her. To whom, Patience? Mainly, my little donkey, it would seem to Mr. Rafael Glyde, who is so experienced in wise philanthropy—in the well-managed and effective disposal of charity. Since then this lady has given—given—given—with both hands. Her houses are falling to pieces about her, her estate is neglected, and she has diminished her personal comforts to a minimum. And still she gives. Sometimes, she feels a spasm of regret when she realizes what it is costing her, and confides as much to Mr. Rafael Glyde, even as she did to me. Kind Mr. Glyde agrees with her, sympathizes, even advises her to moderate her charity and spend a little upon the estate. But on these occasions the spirit of Sir Gregory invariably reappears again and repeats its solemn adjuration. So that there is no end to the giving!"

Prosper rolled himself another cigarette, pondering.

"To-morrow, Mr. Rafael Glyde is visiting our hostess," he said pensively. "And, do you know, Patience mine, I have an odd fancy that to-morrow night the spirit of Sir Gregory will again appear unto Lady Haggar. An odd fancy. Why, little one? Something seems to tell me so—some instinct, Patience. We shall see! Yes, indeed, we shall see!"

He rose briskly.

"And now, my littles, good night. Pleasant dreams. If any spirits visit you, call Prosper." He patted Plutus, fondled Patience, bade them take great care of each other, and went out to bid good night to Stolid Joe, and seek the comfortable caravan bunk which awaited him.

But his clean-cut, good-looking face was very grim when, presently, he switched off the tiny electric light with which the caravan was furnished.

ON THE following afternoon Prosper met Mr. Rafael Glyde—a sleek, rather pale, clean-shaven, young-old man who looked thirty but whose eyes suggested forty-five. He was well and very quietly dressed, wore his hair rather long, and gave one a vague, general impression that he was an actor about to become a priest,

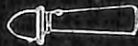
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THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY (Established 1900) JACKSON, MICHIGAN

The Pale Lady

(Continued from page 56)

or a priest who has just become an actor. He was very smooth-mannered, extremely self-possessed, and full of a quiet but glowing enthusiasm for the charitable institutions in which he was interested.

He arrived in a two-seater motor, which Prosper instantly recognized as one of the most luxurious and expensive Italian models.

He noticed—for he appeared to possess a very quick eye—that Prosper recognized the make; and smiled a little when Mr. Fair commented on the magnificent quality of the make of the car.

"Yes," he said, frankly, "do you know, I often feel I ought not to have bought such an expensive make, although, really, I did so deliberately. I have to travel immense distances—one of my little institutions, for instance, is in Cornwall, and another in the North of Scotland—with others in between—so that only a very well-made car could do the continuous work. Journeying from one to the other. . . ."

He carefully lifted out of the car a wonderful bouquet, made up of many flowers, and took it across to the pale lady who was standing in the doorway.

"Dear Lady Haggar," he said, "this is a little gift which the girls in the Blind Home in Connaught have made for you. It will be a great joy to them if you will accept it."

The flowers were artificial, most exquisitely made. Lady Haggar took them with a little exclamation of pleasure.

Prosper perceived that Mr. Rafael Glyde was quite as able as he had expected him—rather more so, indeed. He winked swiftly to Plutus, to that effect. Plutus had not taken very cordially to Mr. Glyde.

"Let him spread his nets, Plutus mine," murmured Mr. Fair, as he followed the pale lady and the philanthropist into the house. "And gaily dig his pitfalls. We, ourselves, have prepared a little pitfall, good Plutus—a small one, but, let us trust, effective. Nevertheless, we will make haste slowly, and pass an hour or so in the study of this glided but very efficient spellbinder from nowhere."

They went in to prosecute their studies.

Lady Haggar had introduced Prosper as the Duke of Devizes, and it was not long before Prosper perceived that Mr. Glyde was advancing a cautious feeler or so in his direction also. Prosper was glad of this, for it convinced him that Mr. Glyde was accepting him for what he was diligently striving to appear—namely, a wealthy, good-natured, rather eccentric and, under a superficial veneer of worldly wisdom, practically brainless young nobleman, by no means the sort of person to speculate upon the destination of any monies from which he might be skilfully separated.

So that by the time dinner was nearly finished, Mr. Rafael Glyde felt justified in uttering a few smooth, well-turned phrases, designed to convey to Prosper's understanding the need of funds for the building of the new wing at the John o'Groats Cripples' Haven—another of Mr. Glyde's efforts in the cause of charity.

"You mean that you think I ought to subscribe?" asked Prosper.

"My dear Duke—" Rafael waved a white hand—"I should hardly say 'ought.' Let us put it that I am very ready to be grateful for any funds that may fall from the rich man's table!"

"I see," said Prosper. "Well, you may put me down for a thousand—no, wait a moment—how many homes have you altogether?"

"Seven, Duke. Presently I will give you copies of the pamphlets and photographs of them."

"Oh, that is all right! What Lady Haggar approves is satisfactory to me. You can put me down for two hundred to each." Mr. Glyde's eyes glittered. He was profuse in his thanks. The pale lady congratulated Prosper. (Plutus, by great favor, lying on the hearthrug, snorted disgustfully in his dreams.)

Then Mr. Glyde told them stories of the cripples, the orphans, the blind and others to whose welfare he devoted his life. Sad little stories, most of them, though here and there was a pleasant gleam of humor.

"On the whole, they are happy," said Mr. Glyde, softly. "Yes, I think I may say that. There are moments of mute rebellion against their fate—naturally. . . . Moods, you know. It is very hard for them. But one keeps on. . . . Does one's best. There is a reward, you know, a great reward. In a sense, one feels that one creates—happiness. I—we—make them happy, if we do no more. Really, we are much more successful—we teach them crafts, all sorts of things. Those flowers, for example. . . . Yes, undoubtedly, it is work worth doing—worth a certain sacrifice of leisure and inclination. . . . Your donation will not be money wasted, Duke!"

"No," said Prosper. "Not wasted. I see that—now you have explained. . . ."

The pale lady retired early.

So did Prosper. He and Glyde chatted for an hour or so after dinner but it was Prosper who did the listening.

Before he went to bed, however, he congratulated Mr. Glyde upon his work.

"You oughtn't to overdo it, Mr. Glyde," he said. "Think a little of yourself, or you will knock yourself up, you know. We haven't many men like you (I'm rather an ass myself) and those we have we must take care of."

Mr. Glyde thought Prosper too hard on himself, and said so heartily.

"To every laborer in life's vineyard his appointed task, Duke," he said.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Prosper, vaguely. "That is the way of it, evidently. Good night, my dear Glyde."

IF THE hushed silence which, some three hours later, enshrouded the interior of Haggar House can be taken as any indication of the depth of the slumbers of those in that bleak mansion, then they were sleeping soundly indeed. And if silence and darkness in the home that he loved in his lifetime are conditions likely to allure from its rest in order to revisit old scenes, the spirit of a dead man, then these conditions were at their most perfect this night.

So, the earlier of the hours of the night had passed, broken only by the sudden strident clamor of the clock over the stables as it beat out its iron chimes. But with the dying out of the solitary stroke at one o'clock the silence of the house was broken, infinitesimally—just as a fugitive air passing across the surface of a becalmed lake might disturb its smoothness for an instant. A door creaked, faintly, almost imperceptibly.

It was the door of the big, bleak bedroom which Lady Haggar had occupied ever since the death of her husband, and it had opened slowly. A form passed soundlessly over the threshold of the unlighted room, and paused, discernible in the grayish glimmer from the windows as a shadow, the very ghost of a shadow, no more.

It hovered there, quite still.

If it were listening, there was little enough to hear. From the bed, invisible save as a pale smear against the blackness, came only the faint sound of light breathing—not quite regular, not very strong, the breathing of one old and feeble.

The shadow moved a little nearer the bed.

There was a slight rustle as of silk and against the black background of the open door, the shadow suddenly stood out in a pale, silvery glow, very dim, but yet not so dim that it could not be distinguished as a figure in human shape—that of a man, strangely unsubstantial, deathly pale, with an odd and ghostly effect of misty translucency. It stood for an instant, then in a low voice it spoke.

"Give!" it said, and seemed to wait, gazing toward the bed and pointing with a silvery-luminous hand.

There was a rustle from the bed, a faint gasp, and a slight creak as of one sitting up suddenly.

Then the solitary figure spoke again, in a low and mournful voice, extraordinarily earnest and completely vivid without being in the least theatrical.

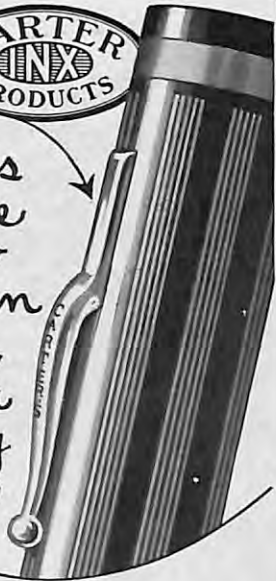
"Give freely of that which thou hast to the poor!"

The figure stood for a second, pointing, then vanished. Even as it vanished the bedroom door shut with a little crash.

Something or someone in that room gave an
(Continued on page 60)

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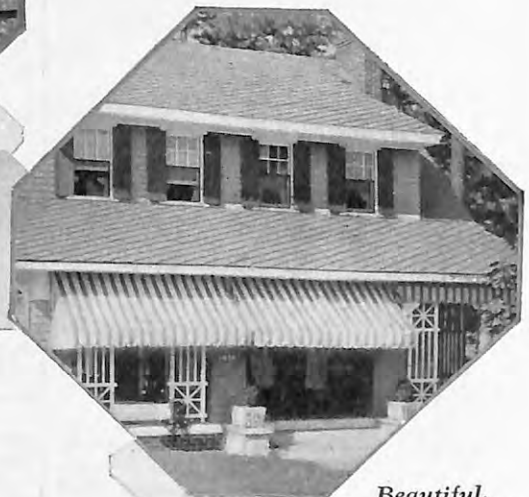
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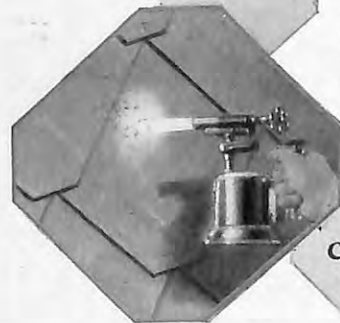
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The Pale Lady

(Continued from page 58)



Old Mr. Tracy, the founder of Tracy, Tracy & Tracy, broke a hundred last year, and there are those in the club who insist that if he ever makes a hole in one, they'll either have to give him the club house or throw him out.

When it comes to personal scenery old man Tracy has the money to buy the best—and he buys 'em—which, of course, finds him pictured here in Dutchess Knickers. (*)

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 "Hair Splitter Evans" in WORK TROUSERS
 "That Dam Bennett Kid" in BOYS' KNICKERS

odd, hissing sound of surprise, and the handle of the door was rattled violently, savagely.

Another voice spoke—gay, ringing, clear, and incisive as a dagger point—the voice of Prosper Fair—

"Give freely? Right willingly, and full measure! Full measure and overflowing, Mr. Glyde!"

A blaze of white electric light drenched the room, revealing pitilessly the two men—Prosper sitting on the edge of the bed, fully dressed, one hand in his pocket, and Mr. Rafael Glyde, crouching over the handle of the closed door, glaring over his shoulder toward the bed.

"Give freely!" Prosper laughed a little. "There is something oddly—even objectionably—rat-like in your present pose, good ghost," he said, but without any mirth in his voice or his eyes.

"Yes—repulsively rat-like! . . . You are trapped, my man! The door is held on the outside—you waste your energy in trying to open it. To fumble any more with the handle is—merely ludicrous!"

Mr. Glyde withdrew his hand from the handle as if it were white hot. He turned to Prosper, hung undecided a second, then poised swiftly, as though to rush him.

Prosper was up, light and quick as a cat. "Ha! You'll take it fighting!" he said with a sharp delight. "Come, then!"

But Mr. Glyde thought not. He changed his mind, and relaxed his body.

Prosper sat down again. "The game—" said Mr. Glyde, with the air of one who quotes, "is up! What do you propose to do?"

"There are no charitable institutions, of course? You are just an ordinary beast of prey, I take it?" asked Prosper.

Glyde grinned—a wry, savage grin. "First, then, I purpose dealing with the loot of the past few years," said Prosper. "How much have you had from Lady Hagggar?"

MR. GLYDE hesitated a moment, looking narrowly at Prosper. Presently he named a sum.

"Roughly, six thousand pounds," he said, slowly, his eyes fixed very intently upon Mr. Fair, who smiled.

"No, no, Glyde," he said, in an oddly quiet voice, "I'm serious. The truth, please. You misunderstand. Be yourself, my good vampire—you are too clever to wish to waste your chance—a bare chance—of keeping out of Dartmoor. Don't trifle with it."

Mr. Glyde's eyes narrowed to two black slits in his artificially whitened face. Then he gulped suddenly.

"Very well," he said, unsteadily. "It's about eighteen thousand all told. Five of it is spent."

"Leaving thirteen unspent?"

Glyde nodded. "An unlucky number!" said Prosper. "Where is it? Current, on deposit or invested?"

"Invested!"

"Think, Glyde. Criminals are cautious investors."

"Well—there are five thousand current, five thousand deposited and three thousand invested!" muttered Glyde.

"I see. That must come back to Lady Hagggar at once—you understand."

Glyde nodded and Prosper rose. "And now we will go down to the gun-room," said Prosper. "Go first." He tapped sharply with his knuckles against the bed-post and the door opened silently. The corridor outside was lighted now, and a thin man of soldierly appearance, standing on the threshold, looked inquiringly at Prosper.

"All in perfect order, Dale," said Prosper. "We are going down to the gun-room."

The soldierly man nodded—he was Captain Dale, Prosper's agent at Derehurst.

"Good," he said and led the way. . . . Beside the gun-room fire stood Prosper's head chauffeur, who had brought Dale down, a dark-visaged and leathery man, an ex-boxer, staring solemnly at Patience, whom he had awakened, and who seemed a little put out about something.

"Have you enough petrol to get to London, Barker?" asked Prosper.

"Yes, Your Grace." Mr. Barker was all at-

attention, saluted deftly, and turned to go out to his car.

"And—Barker!"

"Your Grace?"

"Captain Dale will be taking this man to town when you leave here. If he is troublesome, Barker, and if necessary, assist Captain Dale to attend to him without compunction. Without compunction, you understand me, Barker. He is quite hopelessly poisonous!"

Mr. Barker ran a pair of electric blue eyes calculatingly over Glyde, smiled slightly, and saluted again.

"Very good, Y'r Grace!" he said, without emotion but with absolute decision in his voice, and went.

"It is rather rough on you, my dear Dale," said Prosper. "This nocturnal voyage. . . ."

"Not at all," said the Captain, "a day's rattling now and again makes a pleasant change!" Prosper turned to the silent Glyde.

"YOU disgorge to the last plum, you understand. Pay it to Captain Dale. And do not allow yourself to fall into the absurd error of thinking that you are allowed to go free for any reason but that a public trial would be so painful to Lady Hagggar. Those who are interested in the operations of such artists as yourself will be informed and, on the whole, Glyde, I think you will do wisely to leave the country—while yet you may, Glyde—while yet you may!"

The leathery Mr. Barker reappeared.

"The car is ready, Y'r Grace!"

"Thank you, good Barker—"

Prosper shook hands with the silent, capable looking Dale, and saw them off.

Then he returned to the gun-room, and sat down to a thoughtful cigarette.

"A greedy and heartless reptile goes there, Patience," he said reflectively. "Much too clever to murder, but not in the least loath to kill. A vulture—he would have picked this place to a skeleton—and then have put the skeleton up to auction. A leech, a body-snatcher, a—very unpleasant person, indeed, Patience. . . . I know you are a little annoyed with me because I have been too busy to see much of you to-day. But it was not easy to persuade Lady Hagggar to give up her bedroom for to-night—it took me quite a long time. She would not credit my suspicions of the glideful one. Then I had to fix up the electric light, telegraph to Captain Dale, arrange with him about closing the door at the right time, and—lots of things. So be a kind little Patience and make friends—and not be a jealous or cross little Patience with Prosper any more."

He leaned over and patted her neck. She rubbed her head against his leg.

"Friends again?" he said. "That's all right, then."

The door opened and Lady Hagggar, fully dressed, came in. She was paler than ever and trembling a little.

Prosper arranged a chair and cushions for her close to the fire.

"You were right?" she asked, quietly. "And Mr. Glyde was—dishonest?"

Her lips quivered.

Prosper slipped his arm affectionately, protectively round her thin shoulders.

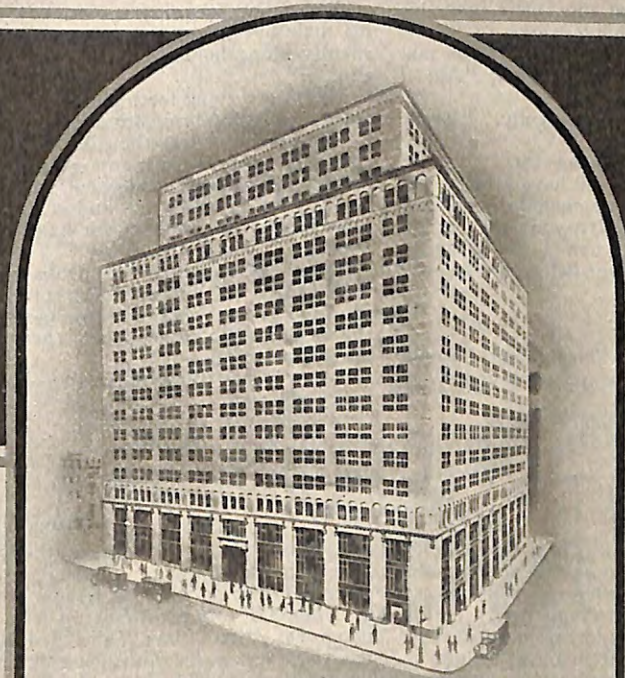
"Yes," he said very gently. "Glyde was a swindler. You must try to forget him. As long as money can buy things there will always be wolf-men. . . . You must forget him and all his works. He is gone and you will never be troubled by him again. . . . There were no charitable homes except in his imagination. The pamphlets. . . . any printer could supply. We have compelled him to disgorge most of the money—thirteen thousand pounds. Dale will bring it to-morrow, and you will be able to renew the estate, your own comforts—everything. Dale will stay a little while to help you, if you like. He has a genius for management."

She looked up at Prosper with tired eyes.

"And the—the apparition?"

"It was Glyde himself. He had treated a suit of clothes, such as Sir Gregory used to wear, with a luminous preparation. Outside he wore a black silk cloak, so arranged with cords that he could slip it on or off as he wished—"

(Continued on page 62)



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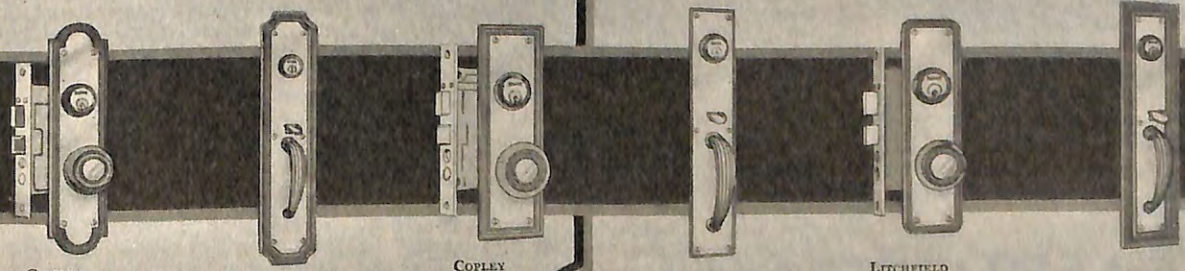
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The Pale Lady

(Continued from page 60)

to get the disappearing effect. And now, really, we must forget it all."

She sat silent for a little but Prosper felt her hand, thin and frail and tiny, close upon his tightly. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Thank you—thank you, Prosper," she said softly, adding, almost in a whisper, "Ah! if only I had had a son like you!"

"You have," said Prosper gaily. "Every sonless woman is my mother."

She smiled a little through her tears.

"But—some day—you will have a wife—"

"Well—she shall be their daughter," laughed Prosper. "So that, really, you will be my mother-in-law! . . . And now I am going to make some chocolate for you before you go back to bed."

And that is what he did.

Two days later Lady Haggar and Captain Dale stood at the door watching a procession go down the drive.

First walked Plutus, alert and, as usual, on wires. Then came Patience, sober, sedate, stepping daintily.

Then Stolid Joe, gray and mighty, swung past, his little eyes twinkling, the caravan wheeling silently along behind him. Upon his brow sat Prosper.

They were going forth to renew what Prosper called their "study of humanity."

"You won't forget the pike and the perch in the lake? I gave them my word of honor!" he called. The pale lady nodded, smiling.

Then the procession rounded a corner of the drive and with a wave of the hand Prosper was gone.

"He is wonderful," said Dale, suddenly enthusiastic. "Wonderful. At thirty he has the intuition of a woman, the courage of a veteran, the wisdom of a philosopher, the experience of an old, old man—"

"And," said Lady Haggar gently, "the heart of a child."

Ballyhoo

(Continued from page 16)

Wilson, the expansionist, kept a stout file in his make-up box, but even so he was an extraordinarily powerful man whose swelling biceps told of an almost inhuman strength. Wilson was a Scotch-Irishman and had been an iron molder until the admiration of his fellows in his abnormal ability to swell out his chest persuaded him that he had a gift that should be exhibited to the world. He started on the Kohl and Middleton Museum Circuit. They had two shows in Chicago, one in Cincinnati, one in Minneapolis, and these booked in conjunction with museums in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. From the Museums, James Wilson was graduated into circus society and there he came under my care.

Besides his salary I let him operate a rusty old lung tester as a perquisite. He could blow a thousand on it but the average side show visitor could not raise the indicator above the seventy-five mark. Sometimes it was surprising to discover how many men in a single day were tempted to pay his small fee in order to compare their own lung power with that of the expansionist.

This time I'm thinking of we had arrived late in a drizzle and Wilson, I think, had been trying to break up a cold. The lot was out on West Madison Street in Chicago and the expansionist was in a temper.

The first I knew about it was when I heard a terrific crashing and banging in the side show tent. I hurried through the entrance and found midgets, giants, fire-eaters, snake charmers, ticket sellers and all the rest huddled in terror in one corner and Wilson, the expansionist, partially dressed for the show in his red tights and leopard skin that left one shoulder bare, swinging with reckless anger a sixteen-pound sledge-hammer. His dark pompadour was abristle and his heavy mustache was uncoiled from the vigor of his cursing. It seemed that he was displeased with the location I had assigned his platform and so he had set out to wreck the platforms of all the others.

Every time he swung the sledge he undid hours of work of several men. It was my job to pacify him. I reasoned with him. I reminded him that his museum friends in Chicago would be coming out to the lot to see him and persuaded him that he had every reason to be on his good behavior. Finally Wilson passed into the crying stage of his cure for a cold and became tractable, throwing down the sledge-hammer.

"But, mind you now, Mister Graham," he said, "these are not childish tears. They are tears of gratitude because you know how far I'll go for you, Mr. Graham."

Perhaps they were not childish tears, but circus folks, like adults everywhere, are just grown-up children. They like to be regarded as important and, personally, I have always felt that daily doses something like the ballyhoo given all sideshow attractions would be a good healing bath for any frustrated ego. The flattery that is laid on with a trowel by the

orator does much to balance the penalties of being a bearded woman, although I have known a bearded woman who was as much sought after as, I imagine, any good-looking débutante. Her name was Annie Jones. She died about ten or twelve years ago while touring in France. Her husband was Dick Elliott, a side show lecturer who was on the lot as assistant to Pop Henshaw, but Dick had a lot of rivals before he led his bearded bride to the altar.

Countless times have I stood on the side show stage and said: "And here, ladies and gentlemen, at my left I invite your attention to Miss Annie Jones. Note that I say Miss, because, notwithstanding the remarkable growth of beard which any gentleman might be proud to possess, she is a highly educated, refined and intellectual woman and I beg of you to believe me when I say that this remarkable growth is not the result of constant shaving, cosmetics, hair producing decoctions, as you might suppose, but was placed there by Dame Nature, Miss Jones having been born with a heavy growth of beard and was known in childhood and exhibited as Barnum's infant Esau."

There was some inaccuracy there, however, because the original infant Esau of the Barnum collection was a boy, the son of Madame Cloullia, herself a bearded woman, and since there is nothing extraordinary about a bearded man I suppose he became as valueless as a worn-out ball player when he reached manhood.

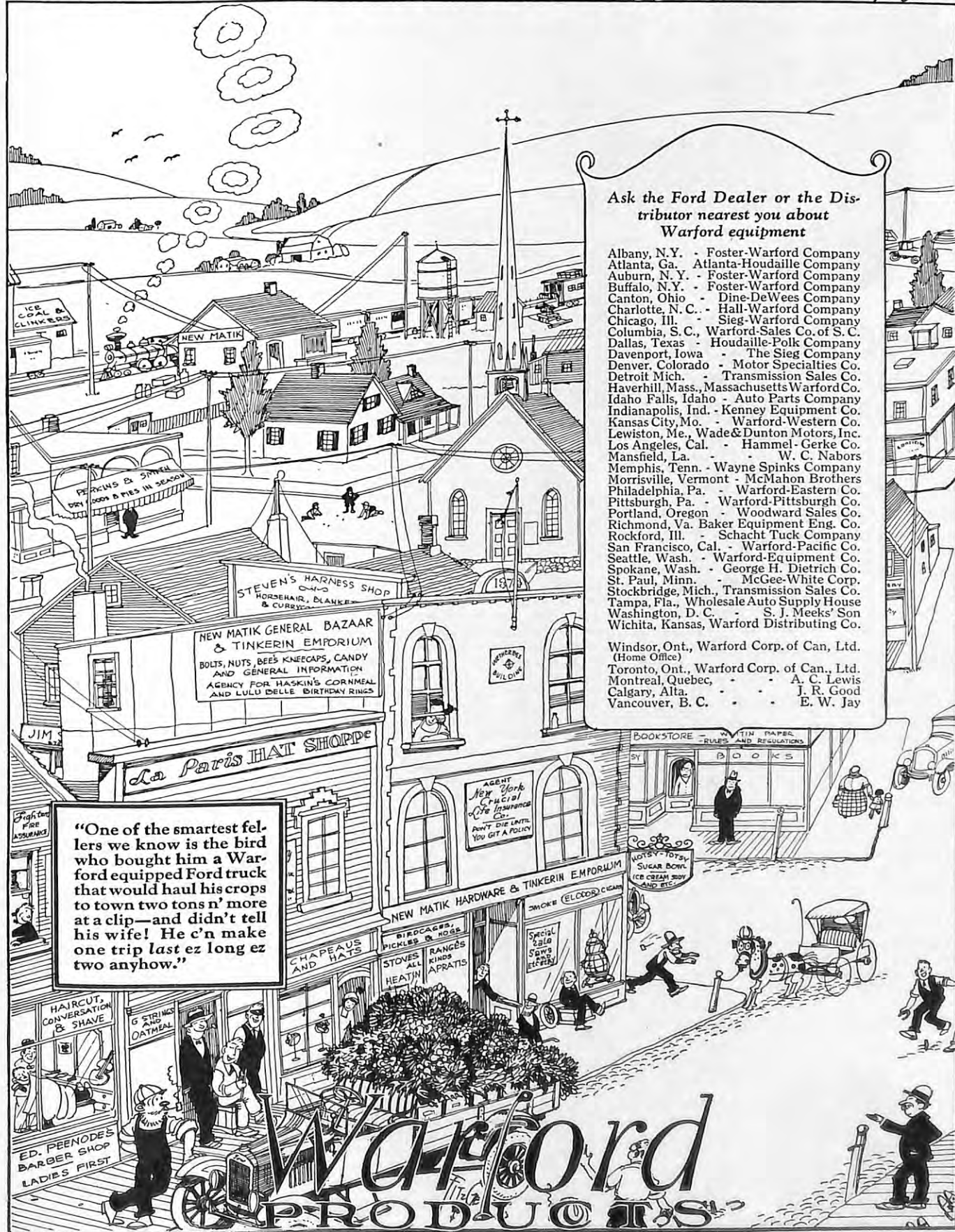
Annie Jones, I wish to say most earnestly and in all sincerity, was an extraordinary woman. She was the whiskered classic. Her voice was melodious, her personality was charming and her figure was beautifully feminine. Her long hair was worn in a coronet braid and there were saucy little beau-catchers at her temples. She was paid a salary of \$100 a week, but there were few days when she did not make \$20 or \$30 more through the sale of photographs. She spent her money on gowns and jewels and it was her lavish display of such finery that made the exceptional demand for her photographs. I am quite at a loss to know how to express the thought but somehow the jet black beard of Annie Jones seemed to intensify her femininity. It was a very soft beard.

If Annie Jones had remained in the small Virginia town where she was born she might have lived and died a sad, miserable recluse. The side show gave her a chance for expression so that her soul bloomed. Daily she heard the feature of her appearance which most women would have worn as an affliction, praised by the ballyhoo as if it was an achievement, with the result that it became for her more than a meal ticket. She wore it carefully trimmed, and proudly, in the difficult-to-understand manner of a man who grows vain of a bad, short temper, and comes to think of it as a virtue.

As for Dick Elliott, he was distinguished on the circus lot and in all rendezvous of show folks, not because of his skill as a ballyhoo

(Continued on page 64)

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Ballyhoo

(Continued from page 62)

orator but because he had married well. As marriage goes it was a happy marriage, too. It would amaze you to know how many people there are in the world prepared to marry any sort of a human oddity so long as there is a bank roll in connection with it. Since salaries mount in direct proportion to the extent of the departure from normal, these fortune hunters do not overlook any creature in the kid show. The salaries there range from the \$50 or \$75 paid a snake charmer to some pretty high figures. The highest salaried side show attraction I have ever known was Laloo, the double-bodied Hindu, who was paid \$600 a week.

LEW NICHOLS was another who used to mount the box and tell about the infant Esau. For several years he was side show manager with Ringling Brothers and I succeeded him. I can in fancy hear him now introducing Mayme Gilmore, saying, "This fearless young lady who subjugates the serpents, will now allow this huge reptile to coil himself about her neck, arms and shoulders in all sorts of fantastic shapes. This writhing brute whose insidious folds could crush an ox—"

Lew Nichols inherited a tombstone business in Chicago, but he still wears the two-gallon Western hat with four sides of the crown dented to a peak when he visits any circus that comes within a day's travel of his business. Nichols goes back to the W. W. Cole show which was probably the first to visit the Pacific Coast.

One time when I was introducing Mayme Gilmore from the box outside the kid show, in Boston on the old Huntington Avenue lot, that element which plays a big part in drawing people to the circus nearly occurred in full view of thousands. People, it seems to me, are always expecting something unscheduled to occur at a circus.

Mayme in an abbreviated green satin skirt, brilliant with spangles that shone as jewels in the sunlight, came up on the box beside me, carrying about her waist one hundred and forty pounds of python. She had named him Victor. In her arms she had another and smaller python. I was in the middle of my talk when I saw she was trying to signal me, giving me "the office" as we say on the lot. Her face was dark red beyond the area of her make-up and her eyes were wide with something very like fright.

A python, you know, kills by constricting. A good wrestler who gets a scissors hold on an opponent conquers with a pressure that bears a mild similarity to that of a python, but a python given a similar hold on a horse could crush it to death.

Finally I saw the urgent pleading in Miss Gilmore's face and turned to her.

"Victor's tightening up too much," she gasped.

I called the ballyhoo boy, an assistant who is kept on the job for emergencies, and ordered him to assist the snake charmer and her burden inside the tent, and then resumed my talk. When I finished I hurried inside and found that as soon as the snake charmer had been relieved of the smaller python she had been able to uncoil Victor. It seemed that he had locked his tail about her upper arm at the shoulder and feeling himself in such a good position for leverage had been too much of a temptation. It was a real danger while it lasted but Mayme Gilmore accepted it as a natural hazard of her trade.

She got a salary in those days of about \$50 a week, which is good pay for a snake charmer even now. They always own their own snakes. They can not rent them and the circus won't pay for such equipment. A layout of "reps," including ventilation boxes, blankets and hot water bottles, costs from \$750 to \$1,000, depending upon the size of the serpents. Usually there are a dozen or more. There is a store at the Bowery and Grand Street, conducted by Louis Ruhe, where many of the snake charmers are accustomed to do their spring shopping. Snakes are sold by the pound. Light colored pythons cost more than dark ones and they run from seven to twenty feet in length. Smaller ones would be unimpressive; larger ones would be too heavy to handle.

A fresh shipment is delivered as a rule in

burlap bags and I once saw a girl, who was quite green at the work, get a little instruction from an old hand and then stand astride the sack, feel around for a serpent's head and give him his first lesson in being handled. They are broken to their work as a young horse is, and once they discover that there is nothing to fear in the handling process they are content to move torpidly about the bodies of their mistresses.

The girl I refer to had fallen in love with and married a German giant who was seven feet nine inches tall. It would have been uneconomic for a side show attraction to carry a wife who did not work, so this girl, who had been a chorus girl in burlesque shows, bought herself a layout of snakes and joined her husband. Later they got to be proprietors of a small circus.

Giantism is something that scientists account for by attributing it to abnormal functioning of certain glands, but it is like lightning in that one never knows where it is going to strike. That German giant was as pleased with what many would regard as a malformation as if some distant kinsman had left him a fortune. It is good fortune for many of them if their philosophy grows in proportion to their bodies.

Ella Ewing, known as the Missouri giantess, was, I guess, about the tallest mortal I ever lectured for and she was eight feet four inches in height in spite of the fact that she was badly stooped. Her mother told me one time that Ella's stoop was the price of her shyness as a girl in school when other children jeered at her for being so tall. Nevertheless Ella lived to be glad she was a giantess. She built a house in Missouri in which the doors were eight feet six inches high and everything else was in proportion, and there she installed her parents in something like luxury.

Hassan Ali, an Egyptian, was eight feet four, but he was not nearly as impressive as George Auger, who was beyond any question one of the finest men I ever knew. When I discovered him he was on the London police force, an up-standing young bobby, then seven feet three inches in his socks. Auger was a native of Wales, the son of parents of normal size, although his father was a blacksmith of tremendous strength. George used to yarn with me sometimes in the extra large compartment of the sleeping car which he occupied when the circus was on tour. He said that time and again when his father had a vicious horse to shoe he had seen him draw back his fist and fell the animal with one blow.

George was the ideal picture-book giant because his proportions were good. He was not only tall and broad but his features were as large as they should have been. He was an even-tempered, rumbling-voiced gentleman.

In the circus season Auger's salary was \$125 a week, but he made more through the sale of rings that fitted his middle finger, which was as large in circumference as the wrist of many men of normal size. He became abnormally tall in his sixteenth year.

The first time I saw him he was in the audience at the Olympia in London. At that time he was seven feet three inches tall. He grew up after that to be seven feet eleven inches. I was there at the time with the Buffalo Bill Show.

An attack of acute indigestion ended George Auger's life a couple of years ago after a Thanksgiving Day feast. I went to the funeral. George, who weighed 365 pounds then, was as big a problem as ever confronted an undertaker. He had died in a Harlem apartment designed for ordinary men, in which he had been compelled to crouch low every time he passed from one room to another. His coffin was eight feet six inches in length and a yard wide; and it had to be taken out through the second floor window by means of a block and tackle swung from the roof.

Among the mourners there was Lentini, the three-legged boy, but his extra limb was modestly concealed beneath the tail of his overcoat. Another was Carrie Holt, a fat woman whose weight then was 600 pounds; also Mr. and Mrs. Joe Short, and some other midgets who happened to be in New York for the winter. Strange people you might think, strange in shape, but they were all alike in their warm-hearted appreciation of George Auger. They knew him to

be a man regardless of the prank his pituitary gland had played him by expanding him like a hot house plant until the circus side show was the only niche into which he could fit comfortably.

Auger was a great showman for, as we show folks say, he could "sell it," that is he could dramatize his size and make more of an impression than some giants who happened to be a few inches taller. He used to march in the grand entry as drum major ahead of the band. During the Madison Square Garden engagements he would then strip off that costume and change into a cowboy suit in order to walk around the arena with the rest of the attractions from the side show. That trick he had of roaring with seeming fright as the elephants came through the entrance and then swooping down to rescue the smallest of the midgets was his own. That is why I say he was a great showman.

Jim Traver, who is introduced nowadays as the towering Texan, is a giant with a Southern accent and one I expect will carry on the Auger tradition.

The people who crowd into the side show every day of summer enjoy contrasts. If you show them the biggest man in the world they also want to see the smallest, which is why the giants and the midgets always share neighboring platforms. It is why the living skeleton and the fat people are always placed side by side. They are foils for each other.

One of the most polished talkers I have ever known was Wendell H. Ordway. A carefully dressed Englishman, with his glasses secured by a gold chain looped behind his ear, he suggested in appearance a barrister. His chief value was in his ability to deliver an impressive morning opening, what we call "The long descriptive."

Year after year I have made a morning opening, beginning no more than a few seconds after the caliope—cal-i-o-pay, if you please—saying: "I shall take only time to describe a few of the fifty-nine interesting attractions to be seen here, which represent every known extreme of living mankind. Oddities and novelties of every description—" then going on and on.

IT IS salesmanship. There is the crowd. It is not enough to sell a few of them. Unless nine out of ten step up and buy admission tickets the announcer feels that he has fallen down. Every one in the crowd who fails to pay his quarter at the side show ticket boxes is a bit of a defeat for the announcer. I never took anything in the way of a lesson in voice culture and yet I have had the late Enrico Caruso listen with what I knew to be a close attention to my announcements. I knew, too, that he was less interested in what I said than he was in the way I said it. I talk from my diaphragm and with such force that I have always been able to make myself understood in every part of the biggest of big tops without a megaphone. My first meeting with P. T. Barnum was due to the volume of my voice.

It was in 1890 on the old Indiana Avenue show grounds at the edge of the woods in Kansas City. It was the last appearance of the old showman under canvas, and the fact that he was to appear was the big event of the night. The spectacle was "Nero, or the Destruction of Rome". The old man was still interested in the selection of talent and other attractions but he did not travel with the circus.

Barnum drove around the hippodrome that night in a landau with lowered top, behind curvetting Arabian horses equipped with silver mounted harness, a coachman and footman on the box, a correct and stiff "tiger" scornful to unfold his arms no matter what the pace nor the sharpness of the turns. It was a great privilege for me who had just struck the line of my career to see him, and when, that same night, he spoke to me, I felt that I had reached the topmost rung.

"Graham," he said in a voice that was as shrill a treble as that of a midget, "we seem to have in you one who can speak from the center of the ring and be heard all over the pavilion." That was an accolade. It was dizzy success. I knew then how the men of the old guard felt when Napoleon hung a bit of ribbon on their uniforms. A few months later the old man died. I didn't realize how many times the tents had been raised and struck since

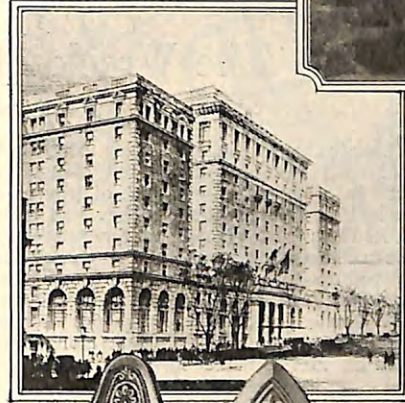
(Continued on page 66)

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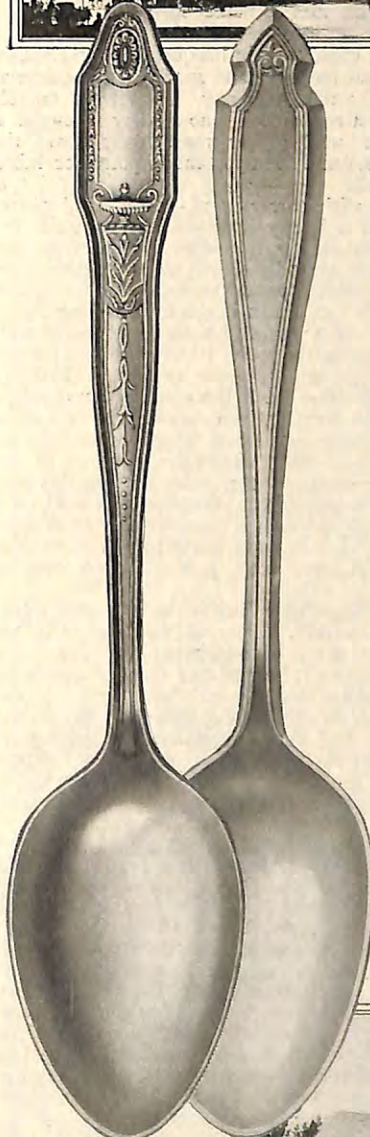
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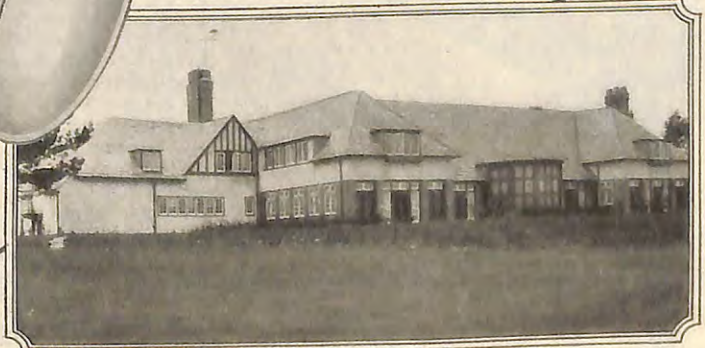
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then until one day last Spring when we appeared in the old Madison Square Garden for the last time.

There was a special farewell-to-the-old-Garden paw-faw-mance, prodigiously presented for the most profound, philanthropic and perspicacious peers of the press. Don't ask me why we are so strong on alliteration. I don't know; but people expect it. Anyway, the lighting effects that night were the old flare lights of thirty odd years ago and everything occurred in a single ring. Then, after flourishes

on trumpets the likeness of Barnum appeared in a landau behind what might have been the ghosts of those Arab steeds that had drawn him so many times in the old days. Possibly the actor who represented P. T. was exceptionally good, but I am inclined to think I was so deeply moved because I suddenly realized that my voice—stentorian the press agents call it—had outlasted the brick and steel and stone of the old Garden. It was to be torn down but there I was still roaring "Lad-icez and gen-tle-men."

Ballyhoo

(Continued from page 65)

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 33)

something to the machinery with his toes. Both he and Heki seemed to know all about the engine, in a contemptuous sort of way, not untouched with superstition. They had early prohibited Laurie from looking at it, or approaching the machinery, on the grounds that she would put a spell upon it by her presence; and even I was obliged to turn my back when either of them started cranking after a stop, because "dass engine, he no like you look along him, suppose he want to make 'em go."

HEKI could talk, in his queer pigeon English, about batteries and sparks, and either was able to patch up any temporary trouble that occurred, but I know they thought a lump of wild ginger root, hung above the cylinders, quite as important as petrol or lubricating oil.

What with sorcery and petrol, wild ginger root and a happy hand on the controls, the launch made its way almost uninterruptedly and on the second morning after our departure, we were well beyond the huge estuary of the Fly, with the banks beginning to close in. I had not said a word to Laurie about the horrible occurrence in the store; I knew she was fearless for herself—and also for me, since I didn't really matter—but I thought her nerve might fail, if she were confronted with the fact of an actual murder so near to where Paul might be. It was one thing to reckon chances in the abstract—quite another to see extended at your feet, the stark corpse, terribly truncated, of a man to whom you had been talking ten minutes before. That brought home to me, as nothing else could have done, just what we were up against.

The village, according to the boys, was a long way up the Fly. They had not visited it, but they were at one in considering it a "Too-much-no-good-place"; it appeared that its reputation had travelled far. Nevertheless they were quite philosophical about going there. "Suppose you talk, we go," they said succinctly, making me realize for the first time (though I was far from new to the Papuan mind) how great is the responsibility that a white man carries in these places. "Suppose you talk, we go. . ."

As the inferior, old-pattern engine (I ask you to remember, and keep remembering, that this was many years past) went chuffing up the lower reaches of the Fly, through the inevitable sequence of New Guinea rivers, from yellow salt water to tea-colored fresh, from mangrove and nipa palm, ruffling it in spangled shallows, on to snake-stemmed sage of the marshlands, to sinister, dusk forests, shouldering along banks now high and solid, daring you, mutely, to invade by so much as a foot their Bluebeard's-Chamber secrets—as we went on, upon our all but desperate quest, I had much time to think, and little interruption. Laurie, in the bow, her face set over forward like the chiselled, eager face of a ship's figure-head, had nought to say; she was melted into one emotion, drowned in one single thought—On, On!

I, colder and more complex, thought of many things. Of the day when I had followed Herod Pascoe away from Thursday Island, away from all life as I had hitherto known life, into a world as unlike my early, quiet, professorial days as the earth is unlike the moon. Of the years that had changed me to a man, from a mere thing; that had brought me strength and

character, even love—late, too late!—that had thrown me, during these past weeks, into a cauldron of fierce passions, terrible happenings, and cast me out, at last, in this black wilderness of the Fly, with my life and three more lives, likely to be forfeit of the least weakness or mistake. . . .

. . . We had passed villages; nightmare places with giant communal houses as big as barns, set on piles as long and many as a centipede's legs; with naked dark brown men, and sullen dark women staring out of the bush as we went by. Once, at night, we came round a bend of the river upon a sudden flare of torches and a circle of Papuans, naked, save for shell ornaments and head-feathers, dancing madly. Across the stretch of water, they looked like black toy devils in a pantomime; hard to realize them for what they were—actual and dangerous men. . . .

We passed, and not long after, there came leaping and bounding like skipping stones along the surface of the shallow, widened water, yell after yell—a soul in agony.

Then a bull-like roar from a hundred throats together; and then silence.

The engine chuffed and panted, as if wild to get away; Gudu, in the engine room, stirred up strange mechanisms with his toes, muttering "Too-much-no-good." Laurie sat with her face as white as the foamy wake of the launch, and her fingers driven into her ears. She did not take them out again, till long after. As for me, I reckoned the number of shots in my automatic—a new toy then—and considered, not for the first time, the ethics of suicide and murder. And all the time I felt myself as cold and incurious as if the whole drama were one that I had long ago read, or seen played upon the stage. So it had been with me ever since the waters of Torres closed above the dearest head in the world. So, I thought, it was likely to be until the end, however late or soon that might be.

I don't know whether, in common parlance, you can "tempt Providence," or not; but assuredly, there is something, somewhere, that is "tempted" by overbold prophecies. Within an hour, I was destined to know so much; to find myself feeling as acutely, counting chances with as bitter anxiety, as ever I had done in my life. . . .

We were now within a few hours of the village; before sunset, we expected to know whether our wild chase up from Farewell Island had been successful or not; whether Paul had attempted to recruit boys or not, and if he had, what had happened to him.

Well I knew that his chances were slight. I knew about attacks on the Government; about the murder of innocent explorers. The death of Bishop Selwyn among the New Hebrides was still fresh in men's minds; the death of Chalmers, near the Fly, had yet to come, but there were those who already predicted it.

My memory presented instances innumerable; I could have wished—but for the deadness that lay like a mist on all thought, all feeling—that I had remembered less. For as we battled steadily on against the increasing strength of the stream, I became more and more convinced that all was not well.

Bowen, it seemed, had started some ten hours before us, up the Fly. We were making about the same time as the schooner would do

We had gone on without a break (save one or two short stops for Gudu to whistle at the bearings, or tie a fresh piece of ginger on a troublesome valve); and if anything in this mess of uncertainties and improbabilities was certain, it was certain that Bowen would not go straight on. Some of the best villages for recruiting lay lower down the river; he was bound to have touched at these. In the two days of our going, the ten hours lost must have been more than picked up again. Then why, with the village almost in sight, had we seen nothing of the Susan?

I was glad that Laurie's calculations—if she had made any—did not lead her to the same conclusions. All that she wanted to know, from day to day and hour to hour, was the distance that still separated us from the village; and as the miles lessened, she seemed to bloom and expand, like a flower that feels, through clouds, the coming sun.

"Taubada," (chief) Heki observed presently, turning the quid of betelnut in his mouth, and spitting red into the river—"thass village stop close up, me gettem gun, Gudu gettem gun? I want I blow' em . . . (inside) . . . out of thass man. Bee-fore, he catchem girl belong me, he burnem along big pyre, he make one Christmas along my girl."

"What does he mean?" asked Laurie.
 "I think," said I, "he means that the people of the village captured a sweetheart of his, and made a feast of her. They always say 'Christmas' for feast. It's an interesting—"

"Do you suppose they've made a—a— of Paul?"

I saw my mistake.
 "No," I said boldly, "I'm sure they haven't. But it's time to settle what we're going to do. We can't just anchor before the place and take our chances."

"What do you think of doing?" she asked, and now her eyes offered not unwelcome homage. I was the man, the chief; I had to lead. Gudu and Heki stared in eager silence. They were all waiting. . . .

A minute before, I had had very little notion, if any, as to what I should do, if we arrived at the village, and found no Susan there. But suddenly, with certainty, it came to me that there was one feasible plan.

"Heki," I said, "you know this river?"
 "True, Taubada, I know him."

"Where's the small-fellow road he go along this village?" By this I meant the secret entrance which—my books had taught me—was the almost invariable "property" of New Guinea fighting towns. Here it would probably be a water entrance.

Heki, for answer, stared up and down the banks, his eyes deep sheltered beneath the heavy orbital arches typical of his race. No shade hat needed Heki!

"THERE," he pronounced at last, pointing to something almost invisible. I swung the glass on to it, and saw the slightest possible cleft among huge reeds that bordered the stream.

"Sling out the dingy," I told him.
 "Are we going ashore?" asked Laurie.

"We are not," I answered. "I am. I want to run up to the back door of the village, and reconnoitre. You and the boys will stay here, and when I come back I'll tell you how things stand."

"But if you—if you—"
 "If I don't come back within a reasonable time—say an hour—you'll turn and run down the river again as fast as you can go, because it wouldn't be any good doing anything else. Heki, Gudu, you hear me. Don't you mind any orders but mine. Suppose I no come back when sun he stop on top that tree, you run like hell for Daru."

Gudu nodded. Heki made no comment. He was a shortish, stocky fellow, with deep, genial lines in his dark face, and a humorous eye. I liked Heki. Stolidly he swung out that dingy, stolidly leaned over board to pick up a mass of floating grasses, and with them muffled the rowlocks and the oars. Then he looked up at me, and uttered one brief remark—"Come on."

"Heki, get back into the launch. I don't want you."

"Me go."
 "You're not to go. I want you to stay."
 "Me go."

(Continued on page 68)

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The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 67)

"Heki, be sensible. What can you do? If I don't come back you'll be wanted to steer the launch." I did not think him absolutely indispensable in that capacity, but I was not minded to risk any life save my own on the slender chances that lay ahead.

"Girl he savvy steer. Me go. Me blowem" (strong expression) "out of thass" (frightful epithet) "man belong village. Me like." And then again, finally—"Me go."

I gave in. I put two rifles into the dingey, looked to see that my automatic was in its place on my belt, slung a bandolier to Heki, and slipped one over my own shoulder. I saw to it that the launch had proper holding ground, and that Gudu was ready with a knife to cut the cable, if necessary. I dropped into the dingey, and with muffled oars, glided away. Laurie, inside the tiny cabin, watched me with an expression I could not translate. But I thought there was astonishment in it, struggling with a certain shamefaced satisfaction.

"She'd see me—'burn along big pyre'—without a blink, if it was to save her Paul," I thought. And then the reeds closed round us, and we were off on our adventure.

I had my plan clear in my mind. I meant to approach the village by stealth, see whether the men were at home or not, and take note of any signs of disturbance. If things looked peaceful, I would try to manage a talk with the villagers, Heki interpreting.

I didn't think Paul—if he had really gone there—would have had much chance, because, if there was one thing more than another that the Fly native of those days feared and hated, it was a recruiting boat. I was almost certain—knowing him—that Herod had been carrying off the natives of the place by treachery, when the fight occurred that had resulted in the death of many Fly River folk, and the establishment of what modern folk would call a "revenge complex" on the part of the survivors.

A boat, a big boat, coming up to the village by the usual route would be set down at once as another recruiter, probably dealt with accordingly. I, slipping in at the back of the town, might have a chance of setting things right before the people got sufficiently worked up to attack.

WE HAD been gliding, with the utmost caution, through the reeds. There was a narrow waterway, evidently kept open for just such journeys, along which we managed to urge our craft without any noise to speak of. But parrots flew screeching overhead; I was afraid that they might warn the village; I was afraid of various things; among others, of the danger represented by a thick, musky smell that rose and died away every now and then about us, proclaiming the presence of one or more of the huge river crocodiles that are the terror of New Guinea. But all this was as nothing, when I rounded a corner, felt rather than knew, the village to be near at hand, and at the same time saw, stalking in the sunlight, huge, uncanny as a monster out of a dream, a native man, dressed up in feathers and streamers, and wearing an artificial head with a toothed snout and staring eyes, that raised his stature up to full eight feet.

Heki let out a grunt of dismay at the sight, and I felt my courage uncomfortably shaken. This was a Khiva Kuku, a sorcerer dressed up in mask and gauds so sacred that it was death for any woman to look on them. Death, probably, to any stranger as well. I wished him farther.

There was something, too, in the look of the place, that chilled my blood. I had never before seen, at close quarters, a sago swamp, and I found, as others have found, that the often described "horrors" of a mangrove forest pale before it. The sago swamp is black mud with just a gleaming eye of liquid here and there; with thick, reptilian trunks, scaled like giant serpents, lifting out of the slime. Above, there is a roof of exquisite beauty, fringed and laced green palms shutting out the sky; but if you would escape being suffocated in sickening mud, you can hardly spare a look for what may be overhead. An evil place; a place for ill deeds and the sure hiding of them when done; a place not land, not water, not real, as one

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knows reality elsewhere—yet, like all unreal things, obscurely terrifying.

And, in the midst of the steaming swamp, that figure stalking, eight feet high, snouted, unhuman. . . .

It's the gap between these stone-age creatures and ourselves—the certainty that we are dealing with something almost as prehistoric as the mastodon, as little comprehensive as a crocodile, that makes the horror. No Apache committing frightful deeds of violence, no shipwrecked sailor driven to crime against his fellows by the goad of deadly hunger, horrifies us like the cannibal savage of New Guinea. We understand those others; bad as they are, they belong to our own age, they are molded of the same stuff as you and I. But this painted, masked fantasy of a New Guinea savage, habited like a Carnival figure, behaving like a devil from hell, frivolous and terrible, affects us like a specter. We don't understand; our habits of thought are dashed out of place; we suffer from nausea of the soul. . . .

I SUPPOSE it was after—long after—that I thought these things; though it seems to me now as if they had all gone racing through my head, in the few moments that passed before the tall masked figure finished his measured pacing from end to end of a patch of grass, and suddenly—as suddenly as a charging buffalo—turned upon Heki and myself. I am sure he had seen us from the first, and only continued his walk to put us off our guard. At all events, he caught us. He had Heki, the stronger, by the throat before either of us could utter a cry; and almost in the same instant, half a dozen other painted, masked devils—whence did they come?—flung themselves all over me and over the canoe, and dragged the whole outfit on to the grass.

"Laurie!" was the first thought that rushed into my mind. "Hope to God she'll cut and run for it. . . . As for Paul Bowen, he must take care of himself. . . . Torture. Is it as bad as one thinks? Nothing is. Thousands of people—long ago— If they bump my head on the ground like this, I shall. . . ."

They did, and I did. I woke to the knowledge of the fact, later in the day, with a terrific headache. According to the canons of adventure, I should have been bound, and in a dungeon; but I wasn't tied in any way, neither was Heki; we were out in the open, lying on the ground in the middle of a lot of houses; long houses, very long indeed, like railway siding sheds, with multiple legs underneath them, and a platform at the door of each. There were people moving about—women clad in a mere wisp of grass, ugly, venomous looking creatures, with shaven heads, and skins like the looped, loose hide of a rhinoceros—men who seemed not to be engaged in the sorcerer ceremonies, who wandered about idly, naked, decked with shells and dogs' teeth, staring and chewing betelnut; a few very small boys, entirely unclad, with wicked, unchildlike faces. These last were the only ones who took any notice of us, and I must allow that they made my skin creep, hovering as they did about the spot where Heki sat and I lay, still headachy and dazed, upon the dirty ground. I knew well what the function of the young boys would be, in the trouble that might be ahead of us. They "blood" them, in the river towns. . . .

The pain and confusion in my head were abating. I found myself able to sit up. "Heki," I said, "you-me no can get away?"

"You-me no get away, Taubada," was his reply. "Man him look out all the time."

"What fashion they make along you-me?" Heki's dark face seemed to grow a shade darker. He looked down at the ground, and made no reply. I was answered.

With every minute, the fact became more clear. One house, larger and longer than the others (I have since paced it; it was six hundred and fourteen feet), seemed to be the professional lodge of the sorcerers. A low growling murmur rose from it now and then, as from a giant hive of bees; running feet resounded and shook inside; once or twice a few wild figures, amazingly decked in many-tiered head-dresses of teeth and feathers, and wearing strange animal masks, came out on the platform, and stood with their invisible faces turned toward Heki and myself. I had but one grain of comfort; the men, plainly

(Continued on page 70)



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What do you find the best after-shaving preparation and why?

Mail your reply to The Mennen Company, Jim Henry Contest, 387 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 69)

were disagreed about something, and so along as they remained at odds, we had a chance.

The women ended it. They had begun to chatter not long after I recovered my senses, and their chatter had now swelled to something as like a dog-show in full swing as one pea is like another. I could not have believed anything human could howl like them; could keep up a yapping, whining, high note of angry talk so long and so fiercely. The very dogs of the village were moved by it, and, skulking underneath the houses, gave vent to wolf-like cries.

No man, savage or civilized, could have stood up against that bombardment long. The sorcerers answered, shouting angrily. The women paused, then began their screaming chatter again, but with a different note. It seemed that something had been resolved upon.

A man, not dressed up in any way, merely clad in a string of shells, and a smear of red paint, came near us, jerked a sentence or two at Heki, and turning his back, walked off again.

"What name he talk?" (what does he say?) I asked. Heki would not answer at first; he looked down at his black toes, sprawled apart on the muddy soil, and said nothing. I asked him again.

"He talk no good," answered my companion in misfortune.

"What name?"

Stripped of pigeon-English, Heki's reply ran somewhat as follows: The man had asked where the *Susan* recruiting boat was. Heki had said he didn't know, he wasn't a white man. The other then said that the white man knew. Heki denied that also. The villager declared that the white man certainly must know; if he told, and further made signals, on the approach of the ship, to show that all was safe, he should be spared. If not, the old women and the boys would deal with him, and they would begin at once.

It is one thing to say that you would stand death and torture in defense of right; quite another to see the immediate preparations being made—sticks sharpened, fires blown up, shell knives produced—to know that no miracle is going to be worked in your favor, no easy way made out of the hardest plight into which poor human nature can fall—and still hold on. I am ashamed to say that for quite a minute or two I thought of giving in. I did know where the *Susan* was. It had come to me, suddenly, but surely, that she must be behind us, instead of before. We had assumed too readily that she would get up the river ahead of us having started ahead. There had been two dark nights, during which we had run hard upstream, without troubling to keep any lookout on the banks. Nothing more easy than for the *Susan* to have been passed.

If I told these people that the schooner was behind, rapidly coming up, they would believe me, let me alone. They would concentrate on the river bank in ambush, make ready for the *Susan's* approach, and get her, without much question; especially if I refrained from giving warning. I had had time to note the size of the village, and to estimate its population at a good many hundreds. Bowen wouldn't have a chance. Nor Laurie, probably. I should have a chance; in the confusion, there was every probability of my getting safe away.

Of course, on reflection, it was unthinkable. But I did dally with the notion for a moment. The others had guns—a ship. They could at least make a fight for it. And there was Heki to think of. . . .

I felt as if my mind were being wrenched out of joint; what and where was right?

The man who had spoken turned round again—I think his abrupt walking away had been merely a piece of theatre—and shouted something at us. I knew what it was before Heki translated, and with all the resolution that was in me, I shouted my reply.

"Tell him," I said, "that I do not know anything about the ship, and if she comes, I will not help."

There was a roar from the sorcerers' house; I saw them throwing off their masks, to get a better view, and gathering together on the big outside verandah, that overhung the village like

a race grand stand. Then the awful old women, and the devilish little boys, came up to me

I can't tell you any more.

It was the morning, as I knew by red light creeping in between the leaves of the hut wall. What hut? I could not remember. I had forgotten everything, except the things that will stay branded on my memory till I am laid under earth. I could not stir without agony; yet I was able to walk, had walking been possible, and I could see—thank God, I could see. They had left me sight and power of movement, for their own ends. They hoped—yet—to break me.

It was the morning. The world still existed, and I was not disgraced. That was all I knew.

NOW as to what followed after, I am dependent in great part on the report of others; but I will tell it just as it occurred.

About halfway to noon, there was a disturbance in the village. Somebody had found out—only then—that the captive Heki was nowhere to be seen. He had been last noticed at the outset of the scrambling and confusion caused by the desire of the whole village to have a good view of my sufferings. Nobody had seen him after; no particular guard had been kept on him, because everyone was otherwise occupied. Heki had seized his chance, and gone.

The chief sorcerer—he of the snouted mask—was upset by this; possibly he had brains enough to understand that it might mean trouble. When he had ascertained that Heki was really gone beyond recapture, he ordered the men of the village to get under arms at once, and line up on the river bank before the houses. They had lost hope of getting any useful information out of me; but I fancy they still thought I might be induced to make some sort of treaty, advantageous to the village and deadly to the ship. You see, they had kept back one very strong inducement. I will not tell what the boys and women had done to me—there were shell knives in it, and hot brands, and other things worse yet—but they had left me my eyes. If you threaten to put out the eyes of a man who has already been very badly handled, the chances are that he will give in. That was doubtless the line of argument, and only force of circumstances stopped it—I dare say—from being carried to a logical conclusion.

As things happened, the sorcerers had scarcely given their orders, the fighting men of the village were still painting their faces with red annatto, blackening their eye-orbits with soot, and making ready their bundles of big barbed arrows and their heavy braining clubs, when the sound of a schooner's auxiliary oil engine came up along the banks. In another minute, the *Susan*, all sails set and engine going, rounded the bend before the village.

With a rattle, the sails swept down; the anchor was let go and the villagers, crowded on the bank and lining up for battle, saw, no doubt with astonishment, a new young captain on board; not the big, red man who had slain their youths and carried off their girls, but a slim boyish figure, who would, without doubt, be much easier to capture or kill. I think they congratulated themselves on their luck. They did not know Paul.

A good deal has been said—most of it unnecessary—about my own courage. I would like to say that I don't think it compared for a moment with Bowen's. I think he would certainly have done all that I did and more, but I could never have done what he did; that required a fine quality of nerve, a dashing sort of bravery, to which I could never in my best days have laid claim.

Heki had met him lower down the river, and explained the situation to him. It was not a case for attacking the village. Heki knew, and Paul understood at once, that open attack would simply mean my death. The men were incensed enough against me already; a surprise call from the schooner and a charge into the town—both due to my absurd obstinacy in refusing to give information—would be the last straw. I don't think most men would have seen their way out of it. Bowen did.

He left the greater part of the crew on board, with strict instructions to cut cable and run if he fell. Then he chose two Torres Islanders to row him ashore, landed alongside the yelping, dancing crowd, and, weaponless, went right in among them. He had a cigarette in his mouth; his sailor cap was cocked on one side of his ruffly young head; he walked in a leisurely way, with a laugh in his eye, and stopped once or twice to examine, with the utmost deliberation, the fighting equipment of some savage who was trembling all over with the furious blood-lust that seldom stops or spares. Using a phrase or two of Fly River talk that he had picked up on the way, he told them he was a friend of theirs and did not mean to fight. He offered a man a smoke, here and there; stopped to look calmly about him, and finally sat down on a log, opened his flask, had a drink from it, and ate a piece of bread he pulled out of his pocket.

If he had studied savage psychology for ten years, he could not have handled the people more effectively. Their bewilderment was complete. That a man, single, unarmed, should walk in among them without the least sign of fear, was in itself proof that the stranger possessed some hidden safeguard, and was probably dangerous to touch. That he should sit down—sit, as prisoners were made to do for execution; the fatal posture—argued invulnerability. His eating and drinking struck terror into the hearts of the savages; without doubt he was casting spells. . . .

They edged away from him all round, as cattle edge, backing in a ring, away from some strange beast. Without any haste Paul Bowen, master-mariner, finished his bread, shut up his flask, and got to his feet again. In the midst of the perplexed, still angry, uncertain savages, he made a tour of the village; walked up at the steps of the men's club-house, and looked in at the hanging masks and skulls; strolled, with that sailor roll of his, and his cap well over his ear, among the big carved canoes drawn up in rank; got by degrees to a little house that his sharp eye had marked out as the one most likely to contain what he was looking for, and came in on me, all unexpected, as a very angel from heaven. . . .

TILL I die, I shall remember looking in terror up from the mud floor, on which my eyes had been sunk for hours of black despair and seeing, in the sunlit space of the open doorway—no fiendish old woman, no little, wolf-eyed boy—nothing that I had feared, when I heard the step—but Bowen.

He had his arm under mine at once. "Take it coolly," he whispered. "I'm bluffing them." He helped me out of the house, and went with me through the village again. I don't know what I looked like—Death out walking, probably. Bowen looked like a P. & O. first mate taking a stroll down Pitt Street. I even saw him wink at a girl who was hiding under the piles of one of the big houses.

The crux would come, I knew, when we attempted to embark. I saw that the Torres natives—finest boatmen in the Pacific—were hanging on their oars; I noticed that they never took their round, white-and-black eyes off Bowen. Doubtless, they understood the situation perfectly. In those days, a Torres Islander, himself, was no sucking dove.

Toward the dinghy we edged, and the natives came dancing, jiggling, backing, and filling, after us. A headhunter is the most nervous and fidgety of brutes—and like all nervous and fidgety brutes, most dangerous when most afraid. I suppose I understood this; but it was such pain to me to move at all, that I had hardly attention to spare for anything else. I remember that, as we reached the bank, a tall fellow with an immense halo of paradise feathers, and no clothes at all save a long tortoise-shell cuff on his left, or shooting arm, seized an arrow out of the bundle he carried, and began fitting it to a string; and another poised his big-headed pineapple stone club so that it vibrated like a violin bow. Paul Bowen was considerably handicapped by having me on one arm; but he did not let that trouble him. He reached out with his free hand, grasped the hand of the man with the arrow, and swinging it to and fro, native fashion, went on down to the river edge. The club man followed, on the

(Continued on page 72)

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The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 71)

tips of his toes, his horribly painted face all a-quiver.

Bowen took not the least notice; he continued to walk with the other as Papuans are wont to walk with their friends, hand in hand, arm swinging. The fellow suffered it; what his thoughts may have been, I can not imagine. We reached the bank; the man with the club keeping as close to us as a dog to his master. The Torres men maintained the dinghy balanced, ready. . . .

"Pardon, old chap," said Paul, and slung me into the boat as hard and as quick as you might throw a stone. Then he turned half round, drew his revolver from his belt swifter than one could see, and shot the clubman dead, a second before the pineapple club smashed into his own skull. There was a backing and scattering among the men; they came on again almost instantly, but Bowen was in the dinghy, and the dinghy was yards off, being pulled as never boat was pulled before on the Fly River.

"Cut the cable," he shouted. The engineer had already got the engine going. There were half a dozen canoes in the water as quick as you could tell it; the arrows began to fly, hitting the sides of the schooner with a nasty "flump." She was fitted for river journeying, however; her bulwarks were reinforced with several feet of sheet iron, and the crew, crouching below made themselves safe. Not one of them ventured to go to the wheel; Paul himself sprang to take it, and steered her out, with arrows flying round him! One hit the water tank, and pierced it, so that a jet of water spouted out. The Fly River bowman has an arm to reckon with; in his own way, he is doubtless as good as were our own ancestors at Crecy or Poitiers. We got going with the tide in a minute, and by the time the canoes were out, covering the whole breadth of the river and advancing to the sound of frightful dog-howlings, Paul had sail on the *Susan*, so that we beat them easily. It was time; I judged that there were between three and four hundred men afloat, and we had less than a dozen on the schooner. I don't say we could not have beaten them off with our rifles, but I was more than glad that it was not necessary to try.

As for Paul, when the dog-howlings were

growing faint with distance, and the empty river opening out before, he snapped an order to a native A. B., gave him the wheel, and walked forward, with the air of a man who has lost a five-pound note.

"God, Polson," he cried, "I'd have given a year's pay for a chance of plugging the beggars properly. What a fight! what a fight! and I couldn't— Oh—"

I don't think I have ever heard a man damn any situation as completely up and down, as Bowen damned the natives, and the Fly, and the village, and all that appertained to them, in the course of the next minute or two.

He seemed to recollect himself, then; to remember that I wanted some looking after. In truth, I did; I was barely conscious by now, with pain, fright, and shock. Leaving the running of the ship to his men, Bowen set to work, with sailor handiness, bandaging and dressing my wounds. If I repeated the things he said while he was thus busied, I should bar this tale from the respectable libraries. Paul Bowen was a gentleman, but he was handling the evidence of deeds not gentle, and his fiery temper found vent in burst after burst of strong sea-language.

"It's a pity she can't hear you," I said. "Is she all right, by the way?" If I had been a little indifferent to that matter hitherto, perhaps the circumstances were excuse enough.

"Laurie's waiting a few miles down," he answered, fastening the last bandage with a tenderness of hand that Laurie herself could not have excelled. "Drink this—you want it—of course, it's only she that kept me from giving the beggars hell. What in the name of?—why—?"

I explained, briefly, and said I wanted to go to sleep. And Bowen took me up in those strong young arms of his—youth, youth! "il n'y a que la jeunesse!"—and carried me into his cabin, and laid me on his bed. And I almost fancied—but that may have been the whisky—that I heard him give a kind of a sob as he left me. "Old man," he said. "Old man!"—and bolted.

"What can he be crying about?" I thought, dazedly, as I melted into heavenly slumber.

(To be continued)

Reaping the Rewards of Game Conservation

(Continued from page 25)

a summer evening, when, with chores all done, he dug fat grubs from their noisome abodes, and, with a can of this delectable bait in one hand and a home-grown fishing rod in the other, he set out for the lake and an hour of glorious sport!

Many of our childhood pleasures are outgrown with the passing of the years; but hunting and fishing do not fall in that category. Our delight in those twin sports persists. And, when all is said and done, to perpetuate and bring more nearly within the reach of all our people the largest opportunity for gratifying their love for hunting and fishing is the purpose and the aim of the Fish and Game Commissions of the various States.

GOV. E. LEE TRINKLE, of Virginia, speaking before the General Assembly of that State on January 13th of this year, paid his respects to the advance of game conservation in Virginia in these words: "The primary object of the establishment of a game department—to conserve and increase wild life—has been met beyond our greatest hopes. Reasonably, it would have been expected with the advent of automobiles and automatic firearms that the diminishing game would early reach extinction; but on the contrary, with all the new vital facilities, the department has steadily improved and increased over past years the wild life of our State."

Only two States are now without Fish and Game Commissions. These States are Mississippi and North Carolina. These two have fish and game laws but have no one to check up on conditions and find out just how much game is in the State, and if too much is being killed. When game in these States becomes scarce the shooters will then begin to inquire what becomes

of the money they contribute each year for the pleasure of hunting, and when that time comes the demand for a Fish and Game Commission will also break forth.

The preservation of our natural resources is a grave responsibility. It rests in practically every instance with the State Fish and Game Commissions and the Bureau of Biological Survey, a division of the Bureau of Agriculture. This applies not only to wild life but to the forests as well, for the one is vital to the other. If your forests are gone, your game and fish go also. Destroy and waste your timber and what is left? Naked hills and stumps, where once virgin forests grew; dry lakes and streams, destitute of fish, and hunting grounds sadly lacking in game, its last refuge sacrificed to carelessness, cupidity and greed.

It is but a few years, as time goes, since the plains and the forests swarmed with countless thousands of game birds and animals, many the favored home of the buffalo and antelope, deer and elk, while game birds of every description were found in abundance. Our natural streams were clear, cold and deep, unpolluted and literally filled with game fish. Those days, however, are gone, the penalty of increased population and the march of civilization.

The antelope, like the buffalo, had his habitat in the deserts or the plains and fled before the advance of the settler. While the buffalo is extinct, except for the Peace River Canadian Wood Buffalo, a few private herds and certain head now on government reserves, the antelope are still to be found in remote portions of our remaining desert territory.

There are about 40,000 remaining, of which number 20,000 are in Wyoming. This most interesting and beautiful of game animals has



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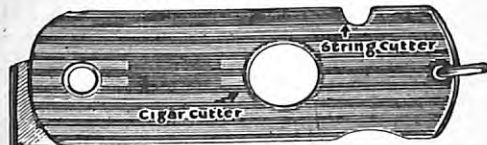
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not suffered the same fate as the buffalo because of the protection given by sympathetic ranchers. The antelope, being particularly a plains animal, can't shift much for themselves any more because of the fenced ranches. North Dakota has set aside a ranch for the protection of antelope and Wyoming and Oregon are doing everything possible for the animal, which does not respond readily to protection and nursing. However, the band in Oregon increased greatly last year.

The antelope has come down through the ages unchanged in form. It is peculiarly a type distinct. It is a known fact that these animals existed as they are to-day in the dim ages when the Mastodon and the sabre-toothed tiger lived. It is the only animal that has survived. All others which lived long ago have become extinct.

As to vanishing game, the causes that have brought this about and the remedy therefor, even those who have given the matter deepest thought and study, differ.

THERE are many elements which enter into the destruction of wild life. These, at times, have been known to take a greater toll in a given period than any of the first mentioned causes. We refer to excessive drainage, forest fires and the depredations of vermin or predatory animals.

Vermin and predatory animals it is estimated kill 10 per cent. more game annually than do the hunters—and you get a fair idea of the game thus wasted when the hunters take at least \$100,000,000 worth of game from the great open spaces each year. Where hunters roam a day or a week, wildcat and other vermin range the forest every day in the year. Day after day they slay, and usually it is the weakest animals they slaughter, the fawns and nestlings, for example, that would help to perpetuate the species. Yet through wise conservation methods, the rigid enforcement of laws and the restocking of preserves, game increased in all but five States last year.

To protect the lives of the useful or harmless wild animals and birds, and at the same time to guard growing crops and live-stock against depredations of injurious wild life is the complex problem in conservation which the Biological Survey is constantly facing and attempting to solve.

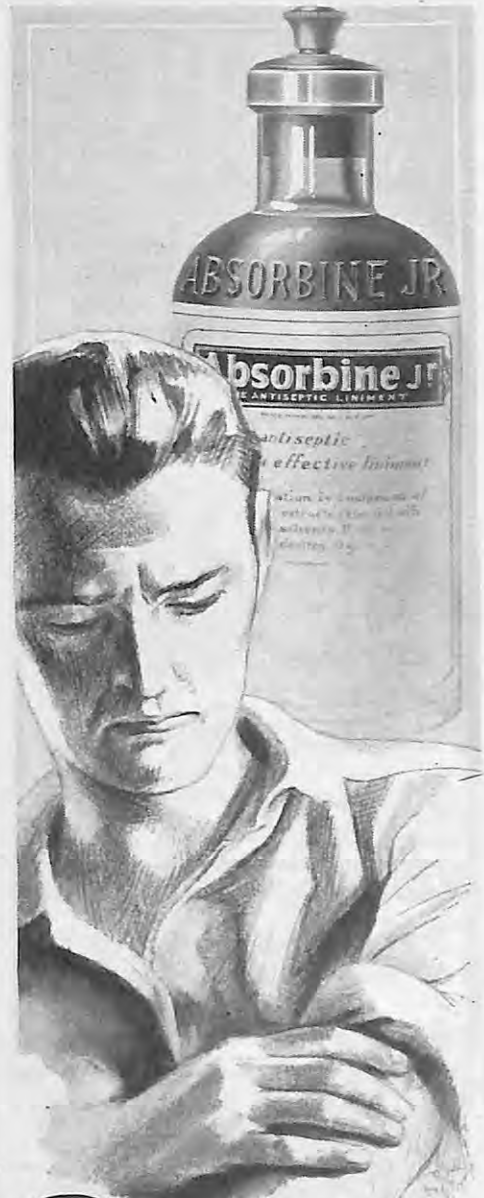
The economic phases of the Bureau's work have included operations for the control of predatory animals, chiefly in the West, which area, to the average Easterner, is boundless, as elusive as a fog. Skilled hunters are detailed to take these destructive animals and to patrol borders, especially in Arizona and New Mexico, for animals coming across the international boundary. That predatory animals have been considerably reduced in numbers in the past year is shown by the fact that 352 wolves, 37,255 coyotes, 228 mountain lions, 2,945 bobcats and 61 Canada lynxes were taken. In addition, probably twice as many coyotes were killed in poisoning campaigns. Measures to reduce the number of coyotes and bobcats have also served to check the spread of rabies, which is carried by these animals. In cooperation with State extension services and other State and private organizations, constant warfare is waged by the Biological Survey against injurious rodents, which consume vast quantities of grain and grasses.

Game Conservation is only in its infancy here. We are only beginning to realize what can be done—even though it is 150 years since the first steps were taken to preserve our game.

The Game Commissions are aware that the boy of to-day is the sportsman of to-morrow and in consequence considerable educational material is being distributed in the way of bulletins and pamphlets, and within a few years I believe conservation will be one of the subjects taught in the grade schools. Canada has already come to this. Conservation is a matter of education. Where the people understand they cooperate. Organizations are now preaching the gospel of the preservation of our natural resources, getting over the fact that the wild life belongs to all the people, and therefore every one should be concerned in its conservation.

Seven hundred and fifty-five sanctuaries have been established in the various States for the propagation of game, and 303 hatcheries for the propagation of fish. From these preserves 350,000 deer, rabbit, pheasants and other game

(Continued on page 74)



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Reaping the Rewards of Game Conservation

(Continued from page 73)

birds were liberated last year and from the hatcheries 2,291,589,122 fish were planted in the streams, besides 160 carloads of fingerlings that Illinois put in the waters of that State without counting the number. New York planted more than a billion fish and Pennsylvania close to a billion.

New York and quite a few other States furnish pheasant and other game birds' eggs to sportsmen's organizations, so that these clubs can cooperate efficiently in propagating game. New York last year gave out 123,000 pheasant eggs besides the number that were hatched in the sanctuaries. Alabama has 300,000 acres of land devoted to wild life. Michigan has 75,000 acres that are always closed to hunters and on which game is propagated.

PENNSYLVANIA has thirty-two sanctuaries, which is an insignificant number in comparison with what some other States have, but Pennsylvania has been at this conservation business longer than any other State and has the advantage. There is more game in Pennsylvania now than there is in any other State. It is looked upon as the model State in the manner of its game conservation. All others accomplishing anything are adopting the method pursued by the Keystone State in filling its fields and forests and streams with game and game fish. Five thousand five hundred and fourteen tons of game were taken from the fields of the Keystone State last Fall—and more than five thousand tons have been taken out each year for the past five years—and every year there is plenty of game to shoot at. In 1895 there was less game in Pennsylvania than in any other State. It was shot out. Then John Phillips and a few others got busy. The results of their efforts are now apparent.

Pennsylvania values the game in its fields as being worth \$150,000,000. New York values its game at \$63,000,000. This is the best method I know of to illustrate the vast amount of game in Pennsylvania. Three hundred and ninety-five thousand took out hunting and fishing licenses in 1922. The following year the figures jumped to 467,137. Then a fishing license was put into effect and 733,264 licenses were granted, and the last figures were 741,511. Pennsylvania is the only State that has gone over the half-million mark in selling hunting licenses. California has put \$2,000,000 into game sanctuaries, and the game in the field should be worth at least \$75,000,000. Minnesota and Michigan each value the game in their fields as being worth \$40,000,000; Montana and Kansas value theirs at \$10,000,000 each, and Oklahoma and Virginia \$5,000,000 each.

In late years more than \$5,000,000 has been invested in sanctuaries and more than \$8,000,000 in fish hatcheries. Acreage is being taken annually in practically every State to conserve and propagate game. Pennsylvania now owns 1,200,000 acres of wild land and expects to own five million acres within the next five years, and besides this, they want to establish two hundred game refuges with public hunting grounds

around them. These auxiliary game refuges can be established anywhere in the State if the owners singly or jointly will permit the State to take charge of the hunting rights on 1,000 or more acres for a period of ten or more years. Such arrangement does not interfere in any way with the regular management of the property but will permit the creation and stocking of refuges in sections within easy reach of industrial centers, usually in localities where the State will probably never be able to purchase lands. Such refuges will be the future salvation of small game and guarantee hunting to posterity.

Connecticut, Illinois and several other States are doing on a smaller scale what Pennsylvania is doing. Connecticut has some leases that extend for ninety-nine years. The Nutmeg State does not expend much money on hatcheries, making use of municipal reservoirs for the breeding of fish. The development of the sport of fishing is shown in California, where according to the report of the Commission 28,000 trout were placed in the streams in 1872 and 32,000,000 trout were put in the waters in 1925.

It is interesting to chronicle in connection with the trapping industry that when Peter Minuit purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians in May, 1626, for \$25.00, he sent word of his purchase to Holland by the Arms of Amsterdam in June and also sent 7,246 beaver skins, 813 other skins, 81 mink, 36 wildcat, 34 muskrat. We are still doing business at the same old stand.

Louisiana is our foremost fur-bearing State, 6,731,263 pelts being taken there last year. In Michigan 3,000,000 muskrats were taken. As information of this nature is seldom furnished, it is doubtful if the people of these two States know of their leadership in these industries, any more than the average man knows that there are more bear in Pennsylvania than in any Western State, or that there is more game in the East than in the West, despite the compactness of the cities, and the many other things that this article has brought to your attention.

From that early period in our history when wild life was abundant, when it was held to be common property for the free use of every individual, when there were no game and fish laws, we have approached the time when the extinction of every species is a thing not beyond the imagination of those who are best informed.

To prevent this it is vitally necessary that we have certain restrictive regulations which each individual must follow for the good of the whole. There will never again be a time when fish and game will be so abundant that no regulations as to their taking need be considered; what is left of these must always be carefully guarded and as carefully used, and the extent of the period in which we may continue to enjoy these recreations associated with the use of rod, gun or the less harmful equipment of the naturalist or nature lover, depends almost entirely upon two factors: (1) the intelligent interest of the general public in all that relates to the conservation of this resource, and (2) the desire that it be continued.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 48)

and the whole occasion was marked by the finest spirit of good-fellowship and fraternalism. William W. Butcher, Chairman of the Association, acted as toastmaster and among the honor guests were: District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath; Joseph A. Guider, President, Borough of Brooklyn; Judge Edward Lazansky; William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler and present Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; Albert T. Brophy, Past Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge; Fred G. Schaefer, Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge; John F. Manning, Exalted Ruler Elect of Brooklyn Lodge; Gustave Glatzmeyer of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871; and Henry A. Meyer, the last surviving charter member of Brooklyn Lodge. The Eleven o'Clock Toast was given by William E. Wise, Vice-Chairman of the Old Timers Association.

Grand Exalted Ruler Attends Dedication of Houston Girl Scouts Home

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell was the principal speaker at the dedication ceremonies of the club-house and headquarters building presented to the Houston Girl Scouts by Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151. Speaking to the more than 300 Girl and Boy Scouts present, Judge Atwell dwelt upon the essential similarity of the ideals of their organizations and those of the Order, and expressed his confidence in the justice, charity and fidelity of his young audience. Judge Ray Scruggs officially adopted the girls of the organization as the foster children of the Lodge and offered them its aid and guidance at all times. The building, a picturesque, story-and-a-half cottage, is situated on a beautiful site lying between White Oak Bayou and White

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A necessity to every Boy Scout's equipment. LEEDAWL a Taylor Compass

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Oak Bayou Drive, just off Houston Avenue. A large living room equipped with an open fireplace runs the full depth of the building. On either side are offices, a kitchen, store rooms and living quarters.

After the dedication ceremonies the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. A. Moody at a luncheon at the Rice Hotel. Later Judge Atwell spoke at a conference of the district's Lodges held in the Home of Houston Lodge. Following this meeting he was escorted to San Jacinto and shown over the famous battlefield, and in the evening was the guest of honor at a dinner at the San Jacinto Inn.

Cincinnati Lodge Invites 1927 Grand Lodge Convention

At the Grand Lodge Reunion in Chicago next month, a committee from Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, will invite the 1927 Convention to meet in its city.

Recently the Lodge sent out a circular letter to Subordinate Lodges throughout the Order calling attention to the special advantages of Cincinnati as a convention city, to its central geographic position in relation to the rest of the country, and to the great success that attended the three Grand Lodge Reunions held there in the past—especially the one in 1904, which is remembered by many as one of the greatest meetings in the history of the Order. The circular stresses the city's excellent hotel accommodations, its large halls and auditoriums, and the many places of entertainment Cincinnati has to offer convention visitors in the summer-time. It is suggested also in the circular, which is signed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann for the officers and members of the Lodge, that the secretaries of Subordinate Lodges communicate with the committee at 507 Dixie Terminal Building, expressing the attitude of their memberships toward the invitation.

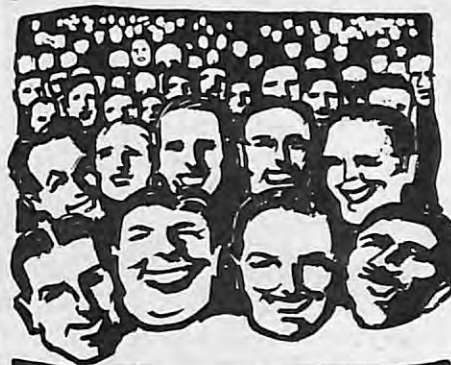
The committee has been investigating for some months past the convention facilities, and also discussing the question with other local organizations which have offered their fullest cooperation. The committee expects to come before the Grand Lodge Convention next month with interesting preliminary plans for entertaining next year's Reunion on a scale commensurate with the generous hospitality of Cincinnati Lodge on similar occasions in the past.

Reception to Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Atwell at National Home

The meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees held early last month at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., was one of the most important gatherings of the year. In addition to the members of the Board, Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson and a number of other Grand Lodge officials were present. At the special request of the Grand Trustees, Egerton Swartwout and Colonel J. Hollis Wells, architects of the National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, attended the session to confer with the officers concerning proposed changes and additions to the National Home.

Many of the Grand Lodge officers had brought their families with them and delightful social events followed the business of the meeting. Chief of these was the reception tendered to Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Atwell by the Board of Grand Trustees. This brilliant affair, attended by hundreds of guests from Bedford, Roanoke and Lynchburg, was the largest ever held at the Home. The buildings were specially lighted over the full length of their 800 foot frontage and, inside, the dining hall had been transformed into a ball room beautifully decorated with the Elk colors and a profusion of spring flowers. In the receiving line were Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell and Mrs. Atwell; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and Mrs. Fanning; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, Mrs. Harper and Miss Carrie Harper; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; Grand Trustees R. A. Gordon; Robert A. Scott and Mrs. Scott; Edward W. Cotter and Mrs. Cotter; Louis Boismenu, and Clyde Jennings and Mrs. Jennings. Hon. Murray Hulbert, member of

(Continued on page 76)



868,472 Men Have Stopped Throwing Away Dull Razor Blades

THEY learned something about old blades. They found out that each old razor blade is good for 300 perfect shaves and that throwing away an old blade is just a needless extravagance. They also realized the joy of having a perfect shave every morning. These sensible men are now stopping their blades with the INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER, a clever new device invented by Robert H. Ingersoll, the originator of the dollar watch.

It has only been on the market one year—yet it has given priceless shaving comfort to nearly a million men.



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is based on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to bring the edge of the blade automatically in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring the keenest cutting edge. It will last a lifetime and is so simple to use that a child can operate it. Sharpens any make of blade and makes each blade good for three hundred shaves, saving you \$5 to \$10 a year on razor blades.

Ten Days' Trial

If you have not had the strop- per demonstrated to you, mail the coupon with \$1 and we will send you the complete outfit, including patent strop- per (blade holder) and fine leather strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shave you ever had, return it and we will return your \$1 at once. It is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort which you never dreamed would come to you. Mail the coupon if your dealer cannot supply you.

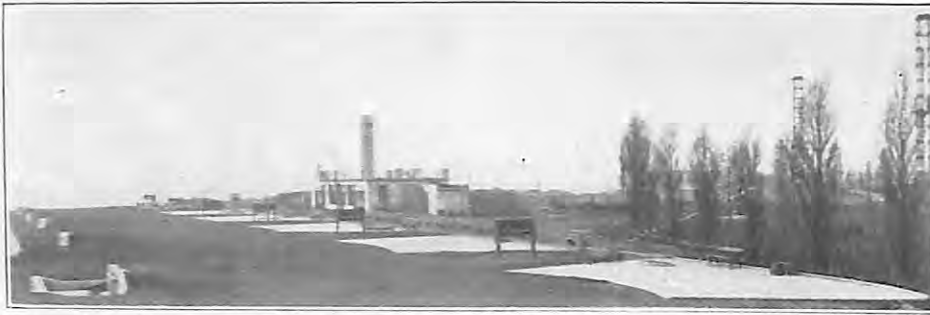
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A view of 5 of the traps at the Lincoln Park Gun Club overlooking Lake Michigan, where the Elks National Trapshooting Championship will be held.

Last Call for Trapshoot Entries

If you can handle a gun and are going to attend the Elks National Convention at Chicago, July 12-17, you are eligible for the Elks National Trapshooting Championship which will be held at the beautiful Lincoln Park Gun Club Traps July 12-15.

This is a registered shoot but it does not mean that you need be an expert to win one of the 68 handsome prizes offered.

There are many handicap events for inexperienced shooters—for both teams and single entries.

SECRETARIES—Any five shooters among your members can compete as a team to represent your Lodge—and as individuals. Send their entries **TODAY**—no entry fees required.

Secretary

ELKS NATIONAL TRAPSHOOTING COMMITTEE
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Names

Address

Lodge No.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 75)

the Grand Forum, and Mrs. Hulbert were also in the receiving line, as were Colonel Charles L. Mosby, Superintendent of the Home, and Mrs. Mosby.

"Whitney Night" Observed in Watertown, Mass., Lodge

Arthur H. Whitney, Honorary Life Member of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, life-long resident of Watertown, and Chairman of the Board of Selectmen of his town, was tendered an unusual reception a short time ago by the members of Watertown, Mass., Lodge, No. 1513, the Baby Lodge of the State, in the new High School Auditorium. The occasion was in recognition of the interest Mr. Whitney has manifested in the Lodge since its institution last August. Watertown Lodge has been the recipient of many valuable gifts from him, including a full set of jewels, an altar and beautiful altar rug, together with a State Flag.

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. McGann presented to the guest of honor, in behalf of the Lodge, a handsome, framed set of resolutions embodying the heartfelt thanks and deep appreciation of the members for the fatherly interest Mr. Whitney has always shown in the Lodge. Mr. Whitney also received many floral tributes from Elks and fellow townsmen, and one of the features of the evening was the initiation into the Order of his son, Harold O. Whitney.

Guests of the evening included the Mayors of three cities, all of them Elks; Hon. Edward Quinn, of Cambridge, Hon. Edwin O. Childs, of Newton, and Hon. Henry Beals, of Waltham, together with Sheriff Fairburn, of Middlesex County, County Treasurer Hatfield, Hon. James H. Vahey, Rev. Father Gorham and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. Wesley Curtis, who delivered the Eleven o'Clock Toast.

An entertainment was furnished by the Newton Constabulary Band and many high class vaudeville entertainers from Boston shows. The reception was presided over by Bernard S. McHugh, the first Past Exalted Ruler of the new Lodge, and more than 1,500 visitors were in attendance.

Splendid New Home of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge Dedicated

The impressive ceremonies which marked the dedication of the fine new Home of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, were the occasion of the largest gathering of Elks ever held in the vicinity. The celebration was started with open house to the public, when nearly 1,000 visitors were shown through the building. The following evening the dedication ball was held, an event which filled to capacity the beautiful Lodge room. On the third day Governor A. Harry Moore, of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, accompanied by his aides, led a parade in which marched bands and delegations from many New Jersey Lodges. Later Governor Moore left the rails and from in front of the new Home reviewed the long column of marchers, in which it is estimated there were upwards of 3,000 Elks. The dedication service was then held in the Lodge room.

Many hundred members and guests sat down to a banquet in the Home that evening, following which there were addresses by Thomas J. Prime, who acted as toastmaster; Mayor Charles A. Grabowski, of Bergenfield, who presented a four-foot key to the city to Exalted Ruler Albert B. Lembeck; Mayor Stephen W. Delong, of Dumont; Exalted Ruler-elect Louis J. Ruckle; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis P. Boland; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William Conklin, and a number of Exalted Rulers from surrounding Lodges. Thomas F. Macksey, of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, delivered the Eleven o'Clock Toast.

The new Home is a handsome, four-story building, of modern French architecture, with a hundred foot frontage. Opening from the richly decorated lobby and vestibule, and from wide corridors, are a beautifully furnished ladies room, the lounge room, main dining room, private dining room and roof garden. The

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Your name, address, etc., in 23-K Gold, 14-K Gold
Loose-leaf Pass-case, Bill-fold, Card-case
Note exclusive features.
Read Special Offer below

Bill-fold
Card pocket
Loose-leaf Pass-case
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Celluloid face protects from dirt and wear
Patented loose-leaf device
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"Made to Order" for Elks

Newly patented Halvorfold—Bill-fold, Pass-case, Card-case—just what every Elk needs. No fumbling for your passes, just snap open your Halvorfold and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting from dirt and wear. New ingenious loose-leaf device enables you to show 4, 8, 12 or 16 passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has two large card pockets and extra size bill-fold. Made of high grade, black **Genuine Calfskin**, specially tanned for the Halvorfold. Tough, durable and has that

beautiful, soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra heavy, no flimsy cloth lining. 14 K. gold corners and snap fastener. Size 3½ x 5 inches closed, just right for hip pocket. Backbone of loose-leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your Halvorfold!

Free In 23-K Gold, your name, address, emblem and lodge. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.50 extra. Gives your case an exceptionally handsome appearance. An ideal gift with your friend's name.

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Free Examination!
Send No Money—No C. O. D.

Read my liberal offer in coupon. No strings to this—just send the coupon and your Halvorfold comes by return mail. No C. O. D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the Halvorfold carefully, slip in your passes and cards and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at \$7.50 to \$10.00 (my price to you is only \$5.00). No obligation to buy. I trust Elks as square-shooters, and I am so sure the Halvorfold is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance. **Send coupon today!**

Extra Money
Every man needs the Halvorfold. Other high grade leather goods and specialties—quick, easy sales—liberal commissions. Ask for our special Agent's Offer See coupon.

Send me the Halvorfold for free examination, with my name, address, etc., as per instructions below, in 23 K. Gold. If I decide not to keep it, I will return it at your expense within 5 days and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send you special price of \$5.00. (This offer open only to Elks.)
For protection give here your Member's No. _____ and Lodge _____

Name _____ Emblem _____
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ground floor contains a large billiard room, bowling alleys and two locker rooms for use in connection with the planned-for swimming-pool.

On the second floor is a spacious smoking-room, an assembly room, Tiler's room, ante-rooms and Lodge room. This last is a splendid example of what a Lodge room should be—a spacious hall, 80 x 55 feet, magnificently decorated, with high vaulted ceilings. On the third floor are a balcony overlooking the Lodge room, a number of living rooms and shower baths, and the steward's apartments.

Members of Bergenfield Lodge are to be congratulated upon the excellent taste shown in the arrangement and furnishing of their Home, and upon the forethought which made it so complete and convenient.

Prominent Member of Johnstown, Pa., Lodge Passes Away

Major Strother Davis, a member of Johnstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 175, died recently of pneumonia at his home. He was a well-known and active member in his Lodge and his passing is a deep loss to his fellow members. In addition to being a Major in the United States Army, he was House Manager and Trustee of his Lodge and Secretary of the Pennsylvania Central District Association. The funeral services were impressively conducted at the Home by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George D. Albert who was assisted in the ceremony by the officers of Latrobe, Pa., Lodge, No. 907.

Easter Egg Hunt is Conducted By Wapakoneta, Ohio, Lodge

More than 200 boys and girls joined in the Easter egg hunt conducted recently by Wapakoneta, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1170, on its Home grounds. Every boy and girl received an attractive gift, and there were special prizes for the youngster who discovered the greatest number of eggs. The members of the Lodge were so pleased with the success of the hunt that it will be repeated next year.

Records Broken at Elks Bowling Association Tournament

The ninth annual tournament of the Elks Bowling Association of America, which was conducted recently on the alleys of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, was unusually successful from every point of view. A new record for the singles was set by Dr. Casmier Czarniecki, of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, when he rolled up a total of 703, beating the long-standing mark of 692 made by Jimmie Smith at Milwaukee. All entry records were broken with the slate of 195 five-man teams, 338 two-man teams, and 662 singles. Indianapolis Lodge entered over 70 of the five-man teams, and more than 1,000 Elks in all competed, including some of the country's leading bowlers.

Next year's tournament has been awarded to Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, where John J. Gray, President of the Association, expects to hold a meet that will lead even this year's in the number of entries. Much of the success that has come to these tournaments is due to the recognition of the fact that good-fellowship is just as important as high scoring, and the wide distribution of prizes in the various divisions and classes and the entertainment provided visiting members help to foster this spirit.

The following winners of first places were awarded handsome gold medals: The five-man event, No. 1 team of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, score 2834; the doubles, F. Breckle and Ernie Hartman of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, score 1267; the singles, Dr. Casmier Czarniecki of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, score 703; the all-events, Merld Wise of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, score 1903; the high team game, Mendota, Ill., Lodge, No. 1212, score 1014; the high individual game, Harry Clouser, Marion, Ind., Lodge, No. 195, score 278.

Death Takes William Bodemer, Past Exalted Ruler of Cincinnati Lodge

In the passing of William Bodemer, Past Exalted Ruler of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, the Order has lost one of its most loyal and devoted workers. Prominent for many years in the
(Continued on page 78)

The FLORSHEIM Shoe



The Classic—All that the name implies—a FLORSHEIM smart custom toe for the man who wants refined style.

Style M-204

Most Styles \$10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY ~ Manufacturers ~ CHICAGO



Design No. 401.
Bungalow of seven rooms and bath. Faced with a veneer of Indiana Limestone having rough rock finish.

INDIANA Limestone can be used as a veneer four inches thick over stud frame construction in such a way as to give the appearance of walls of solid stone, and at a much lower cost. This is the most economical form of stone construction, and is especially adaptable for bungalows and small homes. The cost of a house whose exterior walls are constructed in this manner will be only 5% or 6% more than that of one whose walls are faced with brick.

A folder containing descriptions and floor plans of five Indiana Limestone bungalows including the one illustrated above, will be sent free upon request. It will also give you more detailed information concerning this economical form of stone construction.

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For every ten gallons you buy you are losing five! You are getting just half the power, half the mileage you should out of your gasoline! For now an amazing new invention—a ridiculously simple little device—makes practically any car give twice its regular mileage—many go 37 to 57 and even 61 miles on a gallon!

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You can earn big money just telling your friends about this startling new device. J. M. James made \$120 in one day—J. W. Cronk \$51 in one hour! The demand is enormous—20 million car owners want this amazing invention the instant they see it. You can make \$250—\$500 a month in full or spare time. And now the inventor will gladly send you a sample at his own risk. Write today to J. A. Stransky, Dept. G-200, Stransky Bldg., Pukwana, S. Dak.



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 77)

affairs of his own Lodge and active in Grand Lodge circles, Mr. Bodemer gave unselfishly of his time and energies to furthering the development of the Order. He served in 1903-1904 as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Ohio, Southwest, and in 1910-1911 as Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann, of Cincinnati Lodge. A host of friends will be saddened by the news of his death.

Building Plans Approved by Grand Exalted Ruler

The Grand Exalted Ruler and Board of Grand Trustees have approved the plans of Walsenburg, Colo., Lodge, No. 1086, for the purchase of property and the erection of a Home. The building site is a corner lot on the main business street. Their building is to be one and a half stories and full basement, brick and terra cotta construction. The purchase price of the lot is \$6,500, estimated cost of building \$35,000 and furnishings \$5,000.

St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541. For the purchase of property and the erection of a Home. The building site, which is to be purchased at a cost of \$105,000, is a lot 132 x 132 feet in the business center of the city. The building to be erected at a cost of \$15,000, is to consist of two stories, second floor for Lodge purposes and club rooms and first floor for commercial purposes. The basement will contain storage rooms, bowling alleys, lunch room, heating plant, etc.

Memorial Dedicated to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach

The beautiful Memorial erected by the Grand Lodge at the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach, Riverside Cemetery, Waterbury, Conn., was recently dedicated. Present at the ceremony were the members of the Leach Memorial Committee, of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler William J. O'Brien is the Chairman, and whose other members are William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler and Secretary of New York Lodge, No. 1, and Albert T. Brophy, Past Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leo B. Santangelo and Charles E. Woodlock of Connecticut; the entire staff of officers of No. 1, No. 22, and Waterbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 265; Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers from the surrounding country, and several Past Presidents of the New York State Elks Association also attended the exercises.

The impressive services were presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath, who had been designated by Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell as his personal representative for the occasion. Mr. McGrath, of No. 22, was assisted by Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers and Rev. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain. Robert McCormack, Exalted Ruler of Waterbury Lodge, was Chairman of the Waterbury Committee, which played a prominent part in the ceremonies.

The services were opened with a selection by the sextette of Waterbury Lodge, following which Hon. Francis P. Guilfoile, Mayor of Waterbury, delivered the dedicatory address, and other eloquent tributes were paid to the memory of Edward Leach by Mr. McGrath and Grand Chaplain Dysart. When the sextette had sung "Nearer, My God, to Thee," a bugler stepped out beside the Memorial and sounded "Taps." Another bugler stationed on a distant hill top blew a faint echo, bringing the services to an impressive close.

The Memorial which the Grand Lodge has erected to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Leach is a life-size bronze elk mounted upon a granite base. It stands in a commanding location upon a hillside overlooking the city of Waterbury, a beautiful and lasting tribute to Edward Leach and to the Order which he served so loyally.

Pennsylvania Central District Association Elects Officers

At the May meeting of the Pennsylvania Central District Association of Elks, held at the

Home of New Kensington Lodge, No. 512, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Joseph Donnelly, Sr., of Latrobe Lodge, No. 007; Vice-President, James Henry of Kittanning Lodge, No. 203; Secretary, J. Ross Foust of Greensburg Lodge, No. 511; Treasurer, Nevin T. Fisher, of Uniontown Lodge, No. 370. The meeting was addressed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Samuel P. Flenniken of Uniontown Lodge and by State Chaplain Rev. M. F. Bierbaum. Over two hundred members and visitors were at the Home for the occasion. Following the meeting the members of New Kensington Lodge, with State Trustee M. Frank Horne as Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, served a delightful dinner. The next meeting will be held Sunday afternoon, June 6, at the Home of Kittanning Lodge.

A previous meeting had been entertained by Johnstown Lodge, No. 175, at which Hon. John H. McCann delivered an excellent address on patriotism.

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge Officers Are Installed

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1508, enjoyed the honor of entertaining Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge, No. 924, when Mr. Bowers installed its new officers. A class of candidates was initiated at the same meeting, at which there was an attendance of several hundred members and visitors. Saranac Lake Lodge is in a flourishing condition. It already has a membership of more than 300, although it only celebrated its first anniversary last month.

Independence, Kans., Lodge Doing Fine Welfare Work

During the past year the active Social and Community Welfare Committee of Independence, Kans., Lodge, No. 780, has contributed approximately \$2,000 to worthy charities and activities. The donations were made for such varied purposes as the purchase of shoes and stockings for needy youngsters; the giving of cash prizes to school children in a patriotic essay contest; the furnishing of a living room in the orphans' home; contributions to the Salvation Army, the Associated Charities, the Monday Music Club, the building fund of the Episcopal Church, and so on.

News of the Order From Far and Near

The building Committee of Boston, Mass., Lodge has been informed by the architects and contractors that the magnificent new Home of the Lodge will be ready for occupancy by October next.

At one of its regular monthly meetings, held recently in the Home of Wilksburg Lodge, the Pennsylvania Southwest Elks Association discussed the erection, on some prominent highway, of a large bronze elk. Such bronzes have already been placed on state highways by the Associations of Massachusetts and Kentucky.

Work on the New Home of Boonton, N. J., Lodge is progressing rapidly and should be completed by August.

San Mateo, Calif., Lodge held its annual outing and kiddies' day last month.

The new quartette of Batavia, N. Y., Lodge broadcast a number of selections from a Buffalo Radio station.

A Drum Corps has recently been formed in Hagerstown, Md., Lodge.

Arlington, Mass., Lodge will hold a lawn party on the grounds of its Home this month to raise funds for its charities.

The several troops of Boy Scouts of McMinnville, Ore., one of which is sponsored by McMinnville Lodge, gave the members a demonstration drill and stunt program.

The Elks Patrol of San Antonio, Tex., Lodge has been reorganized and is meeting with enthusiastic support among the members.



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More power! New features! Same low price! The Super Elto is a history-making value. Do you want speed? Here is surpassing speed! Power? Here is 1/2 more power and no increased weight! **Easy Starting?** Here is the only quarter turn starter. Instant starting! And dependability! And compact portability!

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We import Diamonds direct from Europe and sell direct to you by mail—this is why we can deliver to you so much more value for your money. Every gem selected by experts for superior quality, color and brilliancy. Order your ring now from our big assortment of designs. **CREDIT TERMS**—Pay 10% down and balance in weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly payments. All goods delivered on first payment. **DIAMOND BOOK FREE**—Our big new Catalog shows over 2000 amazing bargains. Write today for your FREE copy.

17-Jewel Elgin—No. 15—Green gold, Elgin watch; 25-year quality case; 12-stone dial; \$30, \$3 down and \$1.00 a week.

Wedding Rings—No. 62—The Elite—18-K white gold \$7.50.

All Platinum \$25 up. With 3 Diamonds, \$50; 5 Diamonds, \$70; 7 Diamonds, \$90; 9 Diamonds, \$100; surrounded by Diamonds, \$200.

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SENSATIONAL money-maker. Rhanney sold 108 in a few days, now orders 1000 a month. Magic new glare shield banishes fear of night driving. Dims blinding headlights. Same natural principle as shading eyes from sun—yet full vision.

Over 100,000 Sold

Fits any car. Owner can install. Nothing to get out of order. Handsome ornament. Amazing low price, yet highest commissions. Startling demonstration sells quickly. Big demand proved by over 100,000 sales.

Many Make \$25 A Day

Exclusive rights closing fast. Learn unusual automatic profit plan. Write quickly.

LEE-SEE CO., Dept. 126, Kewaunee, Wisconsin

Rutherford, N. J., Lodge gave a Mortgage Burning Banquet and entertainment a short time ago.

For the fifth consecutive year Framingham, Mass., Lodge has closed its books with every member fully paid up.

Muskegon, Mich., Lodge celebrated the twelfth anniversary of the dedication of its Home with a dance and entertainment.

The team from Orange, N. J., Lodge defeated the players from East Orange Lodge in the euchre tournament played for the silver cup presented by Exalted Ruler W. H. Kelly of East Orange Lodge.

St. Paul, Minn., Lodge gave two performances of the "Elks Olde Tyme Frolic," its annual benefit show.

Greensburg, Pa., Lodge has completed the best year in all of its departments that it has ever enjoyed, showing a continued forward movement in enlarging the membership and in reducing the indebtedness on its Home.

The degree team of Blocton, Ala., Lodge initiated a class of candidates for Bessemer, Ala., Lodge, in the presence of many visiting Elks, among whom were Dr. John W. Perkins, President of the Alabama State Elks Association, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George P. Bell.

A large delegation of officers and members from Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge attended the annual Round-up of Crookston, Minn., Lodge.

A bugle and drum corps for the Guard of Honor of Boston, Mass., Lodge is being organized by W. J. Manning, who conducted the corps attached to General Pershing's headquarters in France.

The band of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge gave a radio concert which was broadcast from KJR at Seattle.

A special Elks service was held by the Rev. M. F. Bierbaum, Chaplain of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, in his church in Pittsburgh.

Bringing to a close one of its most successful membership campaigns, Huntington, W. Va., Lodge initiated a class of 100 members, and followed the ceremonies with a large dance.

Florence, Ala., Lodge observed its entering upon the twenty-fifth year of its existence by presenting life memberships to its eight charter members.

Hope, Ark., Lodge has donated the use of its Home on several occasions for various civic purposes.

Columbia City, Ind., Lodge is proud of its orchestra, which is in great demand throughout its district.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge has organized a golf club and will challenge other fraternal organizations of the city during the summer.

Dr. Robert C. Longfellow, Past Exalted Ruler of Toledo, O., Lodge, who spent the winter in Cairo, Egypt, as House Physician at the Khedivial Hotel, has returned to Toledo.

Delegations of members and officers from Frostburg and Cumberland, Md., Lodges, assisted at each other's installation of new officers.

The Ladies Auxiliary of Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge recently gave a dinner dance in the Auditorium of the Home.

A fine entertainment followed the installation of the new Keene, N. H., Lodge officers.

Oswego, N. Y., Lodge has recently appointed two new committees, one to take up the question of a new Lodge room and the other the formation of a ladies auxiliary to assist in social affairs.

With the elimination of the city's building heights ordinance, Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge will build a roof garden. This was originally in the building plan but could not be carried out because of the regulations.

Two excellent performances of a minstrel show were given by Fulton, N. Y., Lodge.

Norwich, Conn., Lodge has arranged with nearby Lodges to exchange advance notices of special events—a plan which should do much to increase fraternal visits in the district.

The No. 1 team of Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge recently won the honors for the third time in the City Bowling League.

(Continued on page 80)

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FINAL OFFERING
Supply nearly exhausted
80,000 pairs sold to date—This low price is our closing out offer.

These genuine German War Glasses were purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange.

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Finest achromatic day and night lenses. 40 mm. objective. Dust and moisture proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built for service, regardless of cost, according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition.

Shipped promptly on receipt of check or money order for \$8.50. Positive guarantee of full cash refund if not satisfied.

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No More Skidding Garters!

AGRIPPA-WEB makes garters act in an entirely new way—and only in Boston can this web be had. Even when worn very loose it will not slip. It cannot curl and yet it is remarkably soft and light. Here in fact is the first practical and comfortable ventilated web garter.

In many pleasing colors, 50c the pair.

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Name.....
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 79)

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge expects to add greatly to its membership by a selective membership campaign.

The dinner dances conducted by Watervliet, N. Y. Lodge are among the most popular social events in the community.

At the annual meeting of the Home Association, the members of Pottstown, Pa., Lodge voted to have the Board of Governors proceed with the erection of the proposed addition to their Home, which will cost approximately \$65,000.

The Junior Past Exalted Rulers Club of California South Central has grown to include active Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of all Lodges in the district.

Members of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge contributed \$15,000 to charity during the past year.

Blue Island, Ill., Lodge celebrated its tenth anniversary with a banquet and entertainment.

The Apollo Singers of Roanoke, Va., Lodge gave a concert at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.

Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge spent more than \$5,000 in its work with crippled children last year.

Ashland, Ore., Lodge held a meeting at Montague, Calif., where a large class of candidates was initiated.

The Virginia State Elks Association will meet in Winchester in August.

The Mid-Western A. A. U. boxing championships were held under the auspices of the Athletic Committee of Omaha, Neb., Lodge.

The Glee Club and the Antlers Drill Team of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge have consolidated and are working together under the name of Antlers Choir No. 24.

Randolph H. Perry, President of the Virginia State Elks, installed the new officers of the National Home at Bedford, Va.

The annual outing and re-union of the Pennsylvania Southwest Elks Association will be held in Kennywood Park in the early part of August.

New York, N. Y., Lodge disbursed more than \$60,000 in various forms of relief work during the past year.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge made provision for showing its old and infirm members over its magnificent new Home when it set aside a special day for their visit and provided wheel chairs for those unable to walk.

Massachusetts Elks Aid Veterans

(Continued from page 38)

Committee, to meet our General Committee at Springfield where the work would be outlined. It seems almost too good to be true, but we had a 100 per cent. attendance. At this meeting a Sub-Committee was formed and they chose their own Chairman and Secretary who reported to the main Committee located near Boston, Mass. The Exalted Ruler, Secretary, and Chairman of the Welfare Committee of each Lodge named became an active working force on the Sub-Committee.

For handling the work at Rutland Hospital we made Worcester Lodge, No. 243, our headquarters and a similar personnel from eight Lodges adjacent to Worcester was chosen to take charge of this work. Here we met with the same success.

The remaining Lodges were classed with our main Committee to take care of the Chelsea Naval and West Roxbury Hospitals. By this means we were able to report at the close of our second year 100 per cent. of the Lodges engaged in this most charitable and sacrificing work.

There are many features of this work that could be elaborated upon, but suffice it to say that there is nothing done by our State Association that has caused it to be so glorified and admired as this hospital work. This is due entirely to the wonderful, untiring work and devoted sacrifice shown not only by those actively engaged in the work, but by the cooperation and unselfishness exemplified by officers and members of every Lodge in the State of Massachusetts who have driven miles and miles over our stormbound, cold and dreary roads to bring cheer and happiness for an hour or two weekly to those who gave their all for us.

The Hospital Committee has never failed to have its entertainments at the hospitals under its care at the time prescribed by the hospital authorities. The shows have been of the best, rich in character, caliber and dignity. Our aid in comforting and relieving distress has been acknowledged not only by those in authority at the various reconstruction hospitals but by the Commanding officer in Washington who is in charge of our Government Hospitals throughout the country. He has visited during our nights at the hospitals on his annual tour from Washington, D. C.

In conclusion it would be amiss should we not pay our sincere respects and tender our gratitude to Mr. Rothafel of New York (better known as Roxy) who at his own expense has installed in the Chelsea Naval Hospital a broadcasting

radio outfit, so that when our entertainments are put on there those poor unfortunate boys who are bedridden or for any other reason unable to be present in the Hut may have earphones at their bedsides, and may listen in to every phase of the entertainment given.

It is also fitting to give credit to Mr. William B. Jackson of Brookline Lodge, No. 886, a member of the General Committee, for his untiring work at West Roxbury Hospital where for the past three years or more he has handled the entertaining of the veterans at a great deal of personal sacrifice. The Chelsea Naval Hospital has been cared for by the Chairman and Secretary as this seemed to the Committee the best way to get the desired cooperation.

The Committee is indebted to the past and present officers of Springfield and Worcester Lodges and their assistant. We are indeed appreciative of and thankful for their untiring devotion.

To each and every member of every Lodge in the State, whether an officer in his Lodge or not, we owe all our success, and we sincerely thank every Massachusetts Elk who has in any way assisted our Committee through its present personnel.

As our State Convention which is to be held in June in Lawrence, Mass., draws near, we ask you to give to those to be appointed, whoever they may be, the same loyalty and unstinted sacrifices you have given your Committees of the last three years, and remember that "He who giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The members of the General Hospital Committee of the Association are: Wm. E. Boyden, Chairman, Somerville Lodge, No. 917; Arthur J. Harty, Secretary, Malden Lodge, No. 965; Wm. B. Jackson, Member in Charge at West Roxbury, Past Exalted Ruler Brookline Lodge, No. 886; Bernard E. Carbin, Treasurer, Past Exalted Ruler Lynn Lodge, No. 117.

Sub-Committee Handling Northampton Hospital

P. J. Garvey, Chairman, Past Exalted Ruler Holyoke Lodge, No. 902; J. W. O'Brien, Secretary, Past Exalted Ruler Northampton Lodge, No. 997.

Sub-Committee Handling Rutland Hospital

W. J. O'Brien, Jr., Chairman, Past Exalted Ruler Marlborough Lodge, No. 1239; Lawrence Bordeleaux, Secretary, Past Exalted Ruler Marlborough Lodge, No. 1239.

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— But I Did Learn Music Without a Teacher

IT WAS at a little social gathering. Everyone had been called on to entertain and all had responded with a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. And now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a sort of "sit in the corner. I had never been able to either sing or play. So they all murmured as I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played—played as no one else had played that evening. First some ballads, then beautiful classical numbers, and now I was closing with rollicking tunes from all the musical shows—anything they asked for.

For the first time in my life I knew the thrill of real pride. How many nights I had sat in my room—alone! And yet here I was now the very center of this gay party! I would not have traded my place with anyone.

They had listened—dumfounded. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained motionless—silent. And then the storm broke! Thunderous applause! Joyful congratulations! A veritable triumph! Then they bombarded me with questions.

"How did you do it?" they chorused. "And you're the one who didn't know a note!" "Why didn't you tell us you were taking lessons privately?" "Who was your teacher?"

The questions came fast. For a moment they overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one," I replied, "I learned all by myself, at home."

They laughed in disbelief.

"Laugh if you want," I countered,—“but I did learn music without a teacher. Yet there's nothing remarkable about it.

"It's true, a comparatively few short months ago I didn't know one note from another. Yet I loved music—everybody does. But I couldn't afford to engage a private teacher. And I couldn't bear the thought of monotonous scales and tedious exercises. Anyway, I thought a person had to have special talent to become a musician.

"You all know how I've just sat around and watched the rest of you entertain. How I used to envy Laura playing beautifully mellow notes on her sax—or Billy jazzing up a party with his peppy banjo! Time after time I longed to be able to play.

"And then one night I was sitting at home alone, as usual, reading a magazine. Suddenly my eye caught a startling announcement. Could it be true? It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. It sounded impossible—but it made me wonder. After all, about all the colleges have home study courses for most every subject, so, I decided, it was certainly worth investigation—as long as it didn't cost a cent to find out. So I signed the coupon, dropped the letter in the box, and—well, you know the rest."

The course, I explained to them, was more helpful than I ever dreamed possible. It was amazing in its simplicity—even a child could learn to play this quick, easy way. I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing—not wearisome scales but *real notes, catchy tunes*—just like a regular musician! And it was all tremendous fun—just like a fascinating game!

Now I can play almost anything—jazz or classical. I am never at a loss to entertain. Wherever there's a jolly party you're sure to find me. Wherever there's life and fun and music—I'll be there! No more melancholy nights alone. No more dreary hours of solitude. And I even play in an orchestra on the side and make a lot of money having a wonderful time!

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over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a commonsense practical method—so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. You find your progress amazingly rapid because every step is clear and easy to understand. Just pick out the instrument you want to play. The U. S. School of Music does the rest. And it costs just a few cents a day!

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Bonds or Stocks or Both?

By Paul Tomlinson

IN THE financial world during the past year or more a considerable flurry has been caused by the promulgation of a theory that common stocks are more stable investments than bonds. Such an idea seems at first flush to be heretical, but interestingly enough it has gained numerous adherents, and most investment bankers will admit that many of the arguments advanced by advocates of the idea have point and weight.

A bondholder, as most people know, is a creditor of the corporation whose bond he holds. He loans the U. S. Blank Corporation \$1,000 and in return the U. S. Blank Corporation gives him its bond for that amount, which it promises to repay at a certain specified time, and during the life of the bond to pay interest on the principal of the loan, at a specified rate, and at specified times. For example, suppose you purchased a \$1,000 first mortgage twenty-five year 5% bond in 1901, to become due and payable on July 1, 1926; twenty-five years ago you paid \$1,000 for this bond and on the first of next month you will receive your \$1,000 back; in the meantime you will have received \$50 in interest each year. It may be presumed that this bond was amply secured, and that the issuing corporation has been well run and prosperous, and has paid you your interest promptly when due; further, you have been aware all this time that in case of any default in payments you could have taken whatever steps were necessary to protect yourself, even to the extent of foreclosing the mortgages which secured your loan.

A bond is safeguarded for the protection of the bondholder, not only as to principal, but interest as well. Buying a bond is a strictly business transaction wherein a man loans money to a corporation, receives interest at an agreed-upon rate, has the principal of his loan secured by definitely pledged property, and, in case all the stipulations of the contract between him and the borrower are not lived up to, he has certain clearly defined methods of redress. Certainly it would seem as if a bond were as stable and conservative an investment as could be imagined.

The people who argue for common stocks, however, make the statement that the man who buys bonds is in effect buying money, and that the value of money is an uncertain quantity; a dollar is worth only what you can get in exchange for it, and what you can get is a variable quantity. Take the investor who paid \$1,000 for a bond in 1901. When his bond matures and is paid in 1926 he receives \$1,000 all right, just as many dollars as he invested originally; but a thousand dollars in this year of grace is not worth anywhere near as much as the same amount twenty-five years ago. In other words, the cost of all commodities having shown a considerable rise, his money, dollar for dollar, has depreciated in value, and money being worth only what you can get for it, his investment shows a loss. Moreover, the fifty dollars annual interest he has been receiving has had a lower purchasing value each year, and so his loss is not limited to the principal of his investment, but extends to the income. The argument is an interesting

one, and if the principle back of it is not carried to extremes, presents some features worth pondering.

The man who buys common stocks, instead of becoming a creditor of the issuing corporation becomes a partner. A partner is some one to be envied when prosperity is the order of the day and profits are large, because his share of the surplus earnings is not limited to five or six or any other per cent., but may reach almost any proportions; a partner is not to be envied in times of depression, however, for then it may be that instead of there being profits to divide he will be called upon to make good his share of the losses.

The thesis of those who argue for stocks is that—provided the investor buys shares of sound, well-run, long-established corporations—the stockholder will enjoy dividends which by their amount will tend to offset the fluctuations in the value of money. Suppose, as has been the case pretty generally for many years, commodity prices have shown an upward curve. Suppose you buy articles for ten dollars now that you formerly got for six; does that mean that these articles have advanced four dollars in price, or that ten dollars is only worth as much now as six dollars used to be? In any event the point is that the corporations selling these articles receive more dollars for them than previously, with the result that their earnings, in numbers of dollars, show a proportionate increase, and they are in a position to distribute more dollars per share among their stockholders. Stockholders, in other words, get bigger dividends than formerly, at least so far as dollars are concerned, and in this way the decrease in the purchasing power of dollars is offset.

The capital value of shares also are likely to have shown a rise, so that shares once worth, say, \$80 apiece, may now have a market value of \$95. It is a fact, of course, that \$95 may buy no more than \$80 ten years ago, but the increased price of the shares in dollars is certainly some compensation for this fact. A four per cent. bond selling at 80 ten years ago is probably selling no higher than that to-day, for the number of dollars which can be paid out as interest on a bond is fixed, and the owner can not expect his income in dollars to increase and thus compensate him for the lower purchasing power of money, as the backers of this new and interesting investment theory say the stockholder can do.

WHAT about it anyway? Proponents of the stock theory like to call attention to what one of the German steamship companies did when the price of the German mark had gone so low as to have almost attained a value of nothing. This corporation had a bond issue mature about that time; the bonds were payable in marks, and there were many of the bonds owned in America; each owner of a thousand mark bond received his thousand marks without question, but what could any one buy for a thousand marks in those days? This bond issue, sold by the issuing corporation when marks had a value of approxi-

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mately par, and which brought the corporation the equivalent of many millions of dollars was retired at maturity for practically nothing. With money worth less all the time, or at least with the tendency that way, the people who argue for stocks say that the bond buyer is purchasing something which is very liable to prove an actual loss to him, whether it is apparent on the face of things or not.

That is one side of the story. No one can deny, however, that judged on the basis of safety alone a bond is superior to a stock. A corporation must pay its bond interest before the directors can even think about the possibility of dividends; a bondholder may receive only \$50 a year on his \$1,000 bond, but if his selection has been a wise one he is pretty certain of his \$50, and this fact is of very great importance. The man who owns shares of stock which cost him \$1,000 may get \$100 in dividends some years, or twice as many dollars as the bondholder receives in interest, but in other years he may get nothing at all, and there are many people who are in no position to assume such risks. In other words, while it may be true that the bond buyer is speculating in money, and some people now go so far as to say this is the case, he is at least taking precautions which should assure him not only of a certain income, but the repayment of the number of dollars he originally invested. And when one considers the purpose of an investment it is impossible to escape the fact that for most people the real essentials are safety of principal, and assured income.

It has been stated, on the other hand, that over the period of the past fifty years the man who put his money into a variety of railroad stocks has fared better from an investment standpoint than another man who bought the bonds of the same roads. This takes into account also the fact that some rail stocks have proved an almost total loss and that, compared with these stock failures, bond defaults have been comparatively few. The point is that there has been considerable appreciation in many stocks, together with increased dividend distributions which have more than compensated the holders for whatever losses they have suffered. In the case of bonds the dwindling purchasing power of money has been of such proportion as, in the opinion of the backers of common shares, to make them comparatively poorer as investments than stocks. All of which sounds revolutionary.

NOW, it seems to us that any person arbitrarily nominating one class of investments as preferable to all others is running considerable risk. One man's meat may be another man's poison, and as every person's investment problems are different from every other person's, it is impossible to lay down any rule which is not subject to a large number of exceptions.

The common stock theory has many good points, undoubtedly, but every one must admit that the chances of losing money in common stocks are greater than in bonds, even if the possibilities of gain may also be greater. Of course, if we were all wealthy enough to own a large and diversified number of stocks, it is possible that our gains would be so much greater than our losses as to prove that in the aggregate stocks are not only good investments, but better investments than bonds. Unfortunately, we are not all wealthy and protection against loss must, therefore, be a more weighty consideration than the possibility of gain. Further, it is also true in the investing business that the less money a man has, the less he can afford to take chances with it. A loss of \$5,000 to a millionaire is not a serious thing, but to scores of people it might mean the loss of their entire capital. It seems to us, therefore, an unsound argument that a man who has little should, in order to increase his income, buy high yield securities, which are generally speculative. Speculative investments are as much of a luxury as imported automobiles, and no man who cannot afford the latter is in a position to consider the former.

In other words it would seem as if the logical position to take is to admit that under certain conditions stocks may possibly be better investments than bonds—suitable is a more appropriate word than better—but that circumstances exist in many cases which make bonds better, or more suitable, investments than stocks. How is the individual investor going to decide what

(Continued on page 84)

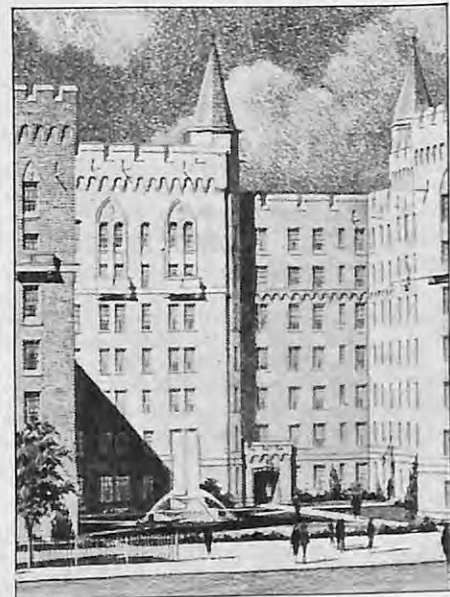
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Bonds or Stocks or Both?

(Continued from page 83)

is the proper course for him to pursue? Well, if we are sick we call in a doctor, and if we find ourselves in legal difficulties we seek the advice of a lawyer; when we have investment questions to settle it seems no more than reasonable that we should lay them before an investment expert. And the man who knows the most about investments is the investment banker. He has available sources of information about securities that the layman cannot reach. His business is the solution of investment problems. If he knows your financial circumstances—and in order to advise you intelligently he must have this knowledge—he can tell you out of his experience not only what classes of investments are proper for you to consider, but he can make definite suggestions.

The relationship between an investment banker and his client is a confidential one; you can be as frank with him as with your physician and lawyer. When you have told him the whole story he is then in a position to give you advice. Perhaps he will decide that you should confine your purchases to bonds; maybe he will advise your buying stocks; again he may recommend some of both. The point is that if he knows how much money you have to invest, and if he is familiar with the securities you already own, he can outline the general course of procedure it is most advisable for you to follow. When your plan of action is once laid out and agreed upon, he can then recommend the particular securities which will make the plan operative. He receives a commission for buying these securities for you, but his advice is free, and the value of his services is inestimable. If, therefore, you are undecided whether to invest in bonds, or stocks, or both, the man to consult is your investment banker.

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"Forty-four Years without Loss to Any Investor," S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

"Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds Are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail." The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Mo.

"Arnold's Certificates," Arnold & Co., Washington, D. C.

"Invest by the Income Map," the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Florida.

"8% and Safety," The Filer-Cleveland Co., 2105 Bedford Building, Miami, Florida.

"Adair Protected First Mortgage Bonds," Adair Realty & Trust Co., Atlanta, Georgia.

"Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety"; "How to Build an Independent Income," The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Investment Guide," Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison, Chicago, Illinois.

"Miller First Mortgage 6 1/2% Gold Bond Certificates," G. L. Miller & Co., 30 East 42nd St., N. Y. City.

In writing for information please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The Cow That Jumped Over the Moon

(Continued from page 20)

green, an' he won't have anythin' to be scared of. He'll see th' other horses jumpin', an' he'll follow 'em," then. "Will you wait a minute?" savagely, as Dollom started to speak.

"I stuck him in this mornin' when I scratched th' mare. It's a long shot, but th' way we're fixed we're lucky t'have a hack at anythin'. Jim, don't go throwin' sand in th' wheels now. . . ." he reached up on tiptoe and patted Dollom on the shoulder, "We can't let th' mare go without tryin' . . ." and he went around to Ironmonger's near side. There he ungirthed the saddle with its twenty pounds of lead make-weight that would bring him to the required hundred and forty pounds. "Hold him, Jim. I got t'weigh in," and with the saddle on his arm he walked over to the scales. The beam tipped and the clerk waved him away as Cornish, the Senator's jump-rider, came up in the gorgeous Clymer blue-and-gold-gold cap.

Mike passed him and went back to Sunny Jim, "His Nibs is in this race too. I didn't look at th' entries. Seems like he's crowdin' us . . ." he paused, "Squeeze a lemon hard enough, an' it'll squirt you in th' eye. I'm goin' t'be th' Senator's lemon," and he tightened the girth with a heave.

"Alright, Jim, Gimme a boost." Dollom took Mike's left foot in his big hand and hoisted him aboard. Then for the first time he spoke, "Where's your bat?"

"Don't want a bat—don't want spurs. This hammer-head'll do all he can by himself," he slipped his feet into the stirrups, and promptly withdrew them, "Better let 'em out a couple of holes. It's been some time since I went over a jump," and he raised one leg and then the other as Dollom lengthened the leathers, Ironmonger standing still as a dray horse. Then Mike took up his reins, "My job's t'keep him straight an' leave him alone. If he c'n stand up, we'll come in. If he don't . . . it won't be th' first fall I've had. We're all three shootin' th' works," Mike spoke through tight lips, and his eyes were blazing.

Sunny Jim put a hand on his partner's knee, "Mike, you're a crazy fool . . . but you're th' gamest guy I ever saw," he said thickly.

"Shucks. You'd do th' same if you could, you big brute . . . here we go," as the bugle called the horses to the post, "You watch this Ironmonger . . . he's all iron. C'mon, horse," and the bay moved forward toward the track gate, falling in behind the other entries as they started to parade past the stand.

Dollom turned to go back to his place on the rail and came suddenly face to face with Sell-you-Lloyd, who snarled at him poisonously, "You Billygoat bums must be in a bad way, goin' into a jump race with that thing. I heard about your Butterfly mare. If she ain't hurt too bad I might buy her, just to help you out. We need a lead-pony over at th' barns."

Lloyd had misjudged Sunny Jim's mood. A huge hand seemed to gather in his entire coat front, almost lifting him from the ground, and two gray eyes as cold as glare-ice bored into his own, "Lloyd, I'd a'half killed your dog Tod last night if Mike hadn't stopped me. Don't you ask f'r it too hard while Mike ain't around. Get away from me, an' get away quick!" With a thrust that sent him backward until a paddock post stopped him, Dollom dismissed Senator Clymer's trainer. "Him . . . tellin' me he'd buy th' mare f'r a lead-pony . . . that skunk took a long chance, he did," rumbled Sunny Jim, and at the word came a swift thought, so that he changed his course and hurried to the big betting ring under the grandstand. When he came out a moment later he had in his pocket a ticket calling for fifty dollars at 20-to-1 on Ironmonger. "Mike's takin' a chance. So's th' cow. We might well ride this race in a bunch . . ." he shouldered his way through the milling crowd and reached the rail as the horses came back and turned into the infield for the start.

The steeplechase was just under three miles, and carried a purse of five hundred dollars. Starting beyond the water-jump in the infield across from the grandstand, the course led around two full laps inside the rail and around again to the stretch turn, where they would come onto the track and finish up the stretch. There were six jumps to the lap, the water-jump and five brush topped fences strong enough to up-end a horse if he hit them.

Four animals beside Ironmonger answered the bugle. First came Senator Clymer's seventeen hand Aldwych, a plunging, wasp-waisted sorrel that looked big enough to take the jumps in his stride. After him, the Llewlyn Stable's Starbrace, a dour beast, capable, but worn with years. Then came Prewm, owned by a young gentleman of wealth named Childers and brought down from a near-by hunt club; a good looking nag, unknown as to quality. Just ahead of Mike was Sargon, the property of one Jim Murphy, a small-time politician aping Senator Clymer, from whom he had been permitted to buy the castoff. Last of all came Mike on Ironmonger, the little bay walking steadily ahead, the reins loose on his withers.

They lined up, and Sunny Jim on the rail could see only an occasional flash of the orange jacket behind the tossing heads and swirling bodies.

For an instant the line straightened and held, the starter's flag dropped, and they were off in a scrambling rush.

As soon as Ironmonger found his stride Mike began to take him back out of the ruck, "Steady, boy . . . We'll take our time . . . we got all th' time there is . . ." so that Aldwych took off for the first jump fifty yards ahead, the other three on his heels, only old Starbrace rapping the wood as he rose.

Then Mike saw the wide white wings of the jump coming at him, drove his feet home in the stirrups and gave Ironmonger a free rein, "If you've got th' stuff, let's see it . . ." and his hands were pressed down hard on the bay's withers to keep from bearing on the bit. Ironmonger pricked his ears, went into the wings at a hand-gallop, gathered himself and took off with a bucking heave. He cleared the jump by two feet and landed heavily, with a grunt. Before he had settled himself in the saddle, Mike was patting the smooth bay shoulder, "Nice work, horse . . ." he told him, as Ironmonger took up his steady stride, going strongly into his bridle as a good horse should.

Sunny Jim on the rail sighed like an autumn wind as the first obstacle was safely cleared, and the blood ran back into his numb fingertips.

The field was drawing away from the little bay stride by stride, and flew the second jump so far ahead that a flutter of laughter ran through the grandstand and came to Mike across the hot sunlit distance. "All right . . . but save some of it," he muttered, and at the second jump he laughed aloud himself, for the bay had risen to it cleanly, with no sign of a buck, and this time he landed running. "Horse . . . I knew you had sense! Now we got t'hang to it," and they swept down the far side of the course, the thud of the horses ahead like a drum through the dust-cloud they left behind.

The gap had lengthened to two hundred yards when the bay's head again turned toward the stand, for they were coming to the water-jump for the first time, and Mike wanted room.

He expected trouble there, and it came. Starbrace could not stand the gaff, and he hit heavily, turning a slow somersault and rolling breathless on the turf as Aldwych, with Prewm and Sargon at his withers, cleared in a wave of parti-colored silks.

MIKE was so far behind that the crowd broke into laughter, and jeers as he came up. Sunny Jim saw his partner's face gray and hard as flint as he piloted his mount into the wings, and knew with what a fierce effort of will he sat quiet in the saddle. He saw Mike lean forward the least trifle, saw Ironmonger lengthen his stride, and saw the pair rise in a long, beautiful arc to clear the eight foot puddle with room to spare.

"Mike . . . you're doin' grand!" his big voice roared like a blast, and the little jockey threw up a hand in swift answer.

Ironmonger was galloping at a devouring, tireless pace, unblown and fresh as when he started. Mike could feel the driving rhythm of his stride, like the thrust and return of a piston.

The second lap saw the end of Prewm and Mr. Childer's hopes, for the handsome chestnut, hurried by his rider, took off too soon. His hind legs hung in the top of the jump and he went down with a crash. Mike thanked his stars he was well back, for as Ironmonger reached the fence he scrambled to his feet and

(Continued on page 87)



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And that was the way it always was—I was always being given opportunities to show my ability and always failing miserably. I was bashful, timid and nervous—I never knew how to express myself, how to put my ideas across. In fact, I was actually afraid of my own voice! Constantly I saw others with less ability, less experience than I being promoted over my head—simply because they had the knack of forceful speech, self-confidence, and personality—the very qualities I lacked.

In social life, too, I was a total loss—I was always the "left-over"—the one who sat back and watched the others have a good time. I seemed doomed to be an all around failure unless I could conquer my timidity, my bashfulness, my lack of poise and inability to express myself.

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- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation

The Cow That Jumped Over the Moon

(Continued from page 85)

out of the course. The bay landed with scarcely a yard to spare between Mike's right boot and the other horse.

"Three left . . . an' one of 'em us. Iron horse, maybe I guessed you right!" and again Mike patted the bay, on whose outstretched neck flecks of lather had begun to show.

As he rounded the stretch turn for the second time Mike began to watch his rivals. Through the dust ahead he saw Sargon's rider raise his whip, and heard the sharp crack of it as the two beasts rose to the water-jump. Sargon was holding with his place at Aldwych's side when they left the ground, but he landed with his hind legs in the water, for Mike saw the splash. "Cooked . . ." said Mike, and steadied his mount as he headed for the last time over the ditch.

THE grandstand had had its laugh, and began to see Ironmonger as a possible contender. With the quick sympathy of the crowd for the underdog, they gave him a hand as he came up, "You Ironmonger! . . . Go after 'em!" they yelled, and through the din came Sunny Jim's deep bellow of encouragement, "Hang to it, Mike!"

For the first time the little jockey clucked to his horse, and the bay responded as though he had not covered two laps of the course. They swung into the wings, checked, and sailed over like a single creature, welded in the fire of their common effort, and the packed stand and the crowded rail roared again.

"Hold on . . . take it easy . . . we ain't home yet . . ." and Mike put a steady pressure on the bay. Four jumps left, and then the run-in, where the last hoarded ounce of speed might tell the story.

Sargon, visibly tired, was only five lengths ahead as Ironmonger came into the backstretch, and fifty yards behind him Mike saw Aldwych, closer than he had been since the start.

They passed the laboring Sargon at the last fence but one and set sail for the big sorrel out in front. "Two left, horse, an' we're one of 'em . . .," said Mike huskily.

Aldwych was going less freely, and stride by stride the little bay drew up. To Sunny Jim, across the infield, Ironmonger seemed to progress with the deadly intentness of a mechanical toy, and there was a trickle of blood on his lip as he watched, his heart all but bursting.

Half way to the last jump Cornish heard the thud of hooves behind him, turned in his saddle, and saw Mike and the bay coming up on his left.

They were almost abreast as they approached the wings, Mike still as a statue in his saddle, the Clymer jockey riding with whip and spurs to hold his lead.

Thirty feet from the jump Cornish snarled wolfishly at the smaller horse on his near flank, and swung his mount suddenly to the left. Mike saw him, and drove both heels to Ironmonger's ribs. If Aldwych got over, he would be cut down, or crushed against the heavy end-post. "Hop to it!" he barked, and the little bay sprang forward. They left the ground together, and as they rose Mike's left boot scraped the white post. His right knee was locked tight under Cornish's left thigh. He felt Ironmonger hurl himself twisting into the air, and only the sorrel's greater height saved his rider from being lifted from his saddle.

They landed together, the bay gathered like a cat, the long-legged Aldwych all abroad. "You would, would you!" yelled Mike, and lay out on Ironmonger's neck.

Through the wide gap in the rail and onto the track they pounded, around the stretch turn, and straightened out for the finish.

Mike was on the inside, the track clear before him, "Horse . . . we can't stop now," he begged. The sharp reek of sweat stung his nostrils as he put his cheek against the bay's neck. Aldwych, five feet away, was holding him, and for a hundred yards that were a foot-bound, age-long nightmare, Mike saw the big sorrel at his side.

The crowd rose like a wave as the pair came down the stretch. Mike heard their gathering shouts, and then a roar of hysterical laughter as Ironmonger methodically jumped the shadow of the seventh-furlong pole, nearly unseating his rider as he hurled through the air.

Aldwych was at his bit when he called on the little bay, "Horse . . . can't you do a little more . . . we got t'get home . . ." and somewhere in his stout heart and whalebone body Ironmonger found an inch to add to his stride. Almost imperceptibly he drew away, by a head, then by a neck, and then Aldwych's belling nostrils were at Mike's stirrup. "You'll make it . . . you'll make it . . ." and in a crashing din that seemed to rush at him like a wind across the track Ironmonger passed the finish line, to win by half a length.

Mike was reeling in the saddle when he had pulled the bay to a stop and turned him back, where Sunny Jim was waiting. Weakly he saluted the judges and slid from the saddle. Sunny Jim caught him as his knees buckled, and held him tight, "Mike, you hellion, you done it!", and the big trainer's face was wet.

Mike struggled free, "Whew . . ." he panted, and then a slow wide grin broke his gaunt cheeks, "We keep th' mare Jim." He paused for a long breath, and his head came up like a bantam cock's, "That was a nice race too. An' me an' th' cow was in it, huh?"

The Flag Day Ritual

(Continued from page 38)

South joined ranks and the power of Spain was humbled in the dust. When Dewey at Manila Bay said calmly: "You may fire when ready, Gridley." When the troopers romped up San Juan Hill while the bands blared: "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night!" When Hobson blocked the harbor and when the Oregon raced around the Horn. When the Spanish fleet came out of Santiago Bay and at the end of a hell of flame and steel Schley said: "There's glory enough for all!" When Captain Phillips of the Texas showed the American spirit of fair play in his megaphoned shout: "Don't cheer, boys! The poor devils are dying!"

Those are the memories of older years. And, within the past few years, to that wreath of immortal laurel have been added leaves that bear names now known across the world.

Chateau Thierry, with the grizzled sergeant of marines and his: "Come on, you sons of guns! Do you want to live forever?" St. Mihiel with its wonderful plan of American generalship and its wonderful execution by the American soldier. The Argonne, where men bored through the undergrowth in the face of whistling death and roared that they'd be: "In Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Christmas!" as they crashed through the German defense.

That's the heritage of the American flag to which all Elkdome pays tribute on June 14th. It's your heritage. It's our heritage.

The things for which it stands are the things upon which Elkdome is founded. The broad principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity that are the four cornerstones of Elkdome are what men beneath the flag call "The Square Deal."

Men have fought for them. Men have died for them.

They are what America means. They are what Elkdome means.

And upon them men have built the mightiest nation in the world. To that nation we again pledge allegiance.

Sail on, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears
With all its hope of future years
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

EXALTED RULER: Brother Esquire, what further duty devolves upon us in memory of this day?

ESQUIRE: To erect upon our Altar the floral bell of Liberty.

(Continued on page 88)

When do Men start to get young?

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Portland, Ore., Elks Band, W. A. MacDougall, director, official band of the national convention in 1925.

WILL your lodge have a band in the big parade at the coming national convention? If not, now is the time to start organizing; you can have a band which may land among the winners at next year's convention.

There are members in your lodge waiting for some one to make the start; some who play instruments, others who want to learn. Under Conn's new plans you can get these folks organized, equipped and under way with just a little initiative to crystallize their interest.

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The Flag Day Ritual

(Continued from page 87)

EXALTED RULER: With the assistance of the proper officers you will proceed to the performance of that duty.

(Esquire removes purple covering at station of Esteemed Leading Knight, disclosing the first section of the Floral bell, composed of red roses, which the Esteemed Leading Knight places in position on the Altar. The Esquire will remain standing at Esteemed Leading Knight's station until that officer shall have returned when he will proceed to Esteemed Loyal Knight's station. While remaining at this and other stations, the Esquire will fold and replace purple cloth on officer's stand.)

ESTEEMED LEADING KNIGHT: As flowers are the expression of every lofty sentiment in life, I bring these roses to form the base of this symbol of patriotism. Their color, as employed in our national flag, signifies courage, loyalty, and devotion.

(Esteemed Leading Knight returns to his station. Esquire removes covering at station of Esteemed Loyal Knight, disclosing the second section of the bell, composed of white lilies, which the Esteemed Loyal Knight places in position at the Altar, resting upon the first section. The Esquire will remain standing at his station until the Esteemed Loyal Knight places in position at the Altar, resting on the second section. The Esquire will remain at this station until the return of the Esteemed Lecturing Knight, when he will proceed to the station of the Exalted Ruler.)

ESTEEMED LECTURING KNIGHT: Crowning these roses and lilies, I bring this cluster, of violets, reflecting the blue of the flag and typifying justice, brotherly love, and fidelity.

(Esteemed Lecturing Knight returns to his station. Esquire removes covering at station of the Exalted Ruler, disclosing a crown-piece—evergreen and stars—which the Esquire places in position at the Altar surmounting the other sections of bell. Esquire will remain standing at the Altar.)

EXALTED RULER: To the nation's bell of liberty, to the welding of the nation's colors, to the bars of the nation's flag, we affix the light of the first American stars.

(Following the completion of the Floral bell, an assistant will sound eleven strokes upon the gong.)

EXALTED RULER: Brother Esquire, what is the significance of the eleven bells?

ESQUIRE: That our absent brothers, civilian and soldiers, may be remembered in these exercises. As they were worthy to be our brothers in this enduring fraternity, so may we ever be worthy to be their brothers, by steadfast devotion to the principles espoused at this Altar.

AULD LANG SYNE
(song)

EXALTED RULER: The next number upon the day's program will be a recitation (or other feature) by.....
(Recitation. Optional)

EXALTED RULER: I have the pleasure of introducing _____, who will address you upon the subject _____.

ORATION

EXALTED RULER: As the concluding exercise I invite the audience to join us in the singing of "America."

AMERICA
(song)

EXALTED RULER: From the story of the Flag, from all the associations of this hour, may there come increased Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity. I now declare this service closed.

Youth Comes Marching

(Continued from page 13)

game. Among other things he won the famous Los Angeles \$10,000 open tournament by shooting the seventy-two holes in seven strokes under par. To accomplish this he shot his last round in 67, outscoring such golfers as George Von Elm, Macdonald Smith, Bill Mehlhorn and Bobby Cruickshank.

Since 1890 there have been eight heavyweight champions in pugilism, ten middleweight champions, twelve welterweight champions, ten lightweight champions, twelve featherweight champions and sixteen bantamweight champions. In the old days it was fairly easy to tell who the coming men in each of the classes might be, because the contenders usually went out and cleaned up everybody in sight who stood between them and a match for the title. In those days there was lots of glory and comparatively little money in the game. Now, the whole system has changed. Boxing has become an established business. Managers seek only such bouts for their fighters as will bring in the most money for the least risk. If a youngster shows too much promise he has extreme difficulty in getting any bouts at all. Poor fighters are bally-hoed and built up for one shot at the big money. They may get their heads knocked off, but they get paid for it.

Still, the light of talent cannot always be hidden. For example, there is Ruby Goldstein. Ruby is eighteen years old. He was born on Madison Street, that east side thoroughfare in New York which frequently has led some youngster straight to the prize ring. Goldstein is a lightweight and a good one. Some students of boxing claim that Ruby is better than Benny Leonard was at the same stage of development. The New Yorker is a dark, rangy kid, a great boxer, and one who is said to be able both to give and take it.

Then there is Joe Dundee, the Baltimore Italian. Joe is little older. His real name is Sam Lazzaro and he was born twenty-four years ago. In the welterweight class, which just now is one of the richest in material, Dundee, so far as

contenders go, probably is the noblest Roman of them all. That two-fisted little Irish champion, Micky Walker, never showed much interest in Dundee.

Some youngsters among the heavyweights are such men as Johnny Risko and Jack DeMave. It takes five or six years to make a heavyweight of anything like championship caliber. There are a flock of more or less inexperienced youngsters starting the climb.

In track and field athletics there is scarcely a record that is safe. All over the world youngsters are drilling under expert instruction, and the result is such pole vaulters as Hoff of Norway or Lee Barnes of California, who at the age of seventeen won the Olympic pole vault, and at nineteen broke the American record by two inches. There are sprinters such as Hussey of Georgetown, Russell of Cornell and Roland Locke of Nebraska who recently broke the world's record for 100 yards, with the wind, but on a muddy track.

Before closing let me point out that the athletic army of youth has come to be co-educational. The girls, too, are marching. There doesn't seem to be any doubt that within a couple of years at most Helen Wills, the California schoolgirl, will be the greatest woman tennis-player in the world. And back of her comes the still more youthful Helen Jacobs, also of California.

Glenna Collett, long years from her first gray hair, has been our champion woman golfer, but this season she was defeated by Virginia Van Wie and Dorothy Klotz. The childish hands that Mother once taught to sew are now occupied with the driver and the putter. Girls are making new records in every branch of sport.

Somewhere in the world is always a future champion. But there is no easy road to the crown. Whoever wears it must fight for it the length of a trail that only brain and brawn and speed and heart can travel. And the big thrill is not the wearing of the crown, but the winning. Which is why youth is so eager for the fray.



“The fragrance of pipe-smoke enchants me”

Alma Rubens



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because it's

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