



The Elks

Magazine

AUGUST
1923



In this issue: Achmed Abdullah, Robert C. Benchley, Bozeman Bulger,
Octavus Roy Cohen, Courtney Ryley Cooper, and Anna McClure Sholl

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NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE
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—and enough additional words of praise similar to these, could be added, to fill this issue of *The Elks Magazine*.



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* * *

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* * *

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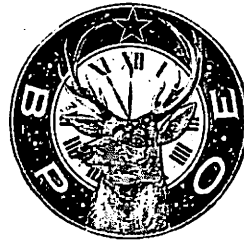
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Number Three



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NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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just so must we in this fraternity, keep our institutions democratic, and our Grand Lodge a direct representative body, and our Order one great American Fraternity—not a divided number of State Fraternities. And this without the least disparaging the remarkable work and help of our present form of State Associations.)

“Let’s Do” more brotherly love! If every Elk would live as a Brother with his fellow men, what a wonderful force for real good our Order would be. Nine Hundred Thousand men who show by their deeds that they love their fellow man! If a man is selfish and self-sufficient, he ought never to join the Order of Elks. Elks *do* for their neighbors, and for the kiddies, and for the future. I’m sure it was an Elk who wrote:

“An old man going a lone highway
Came at the evening cold and gray
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fears for him,
But he turned when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
‘Old man,’ said a fellow pilgrim near,
‘You are wasting your time with building here,
You never again will pass this way,
Your journey will end with the closing day.
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at evening tide?’
The builder lifted his old gray head,
‘Good friend, in the way that I’ve come,’ he said,
‘There followeth after me to-day,
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.
This stream that has been as naught to me
To the fair-haired youth might a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him.’”

Fidelity! “Let’s Do!” Our war record and activities proved that our wonderful lesson of patriotism was not merely an altar preachment. No fraternity did more. But in times of peace, when citizens often forget the greatest of all their business—the Government—we must indeed be alert and faithful. A true Elk always votes, he would no more shirk that duty than he would be a slacker in a war-time draft. Each individual Elk owes to the Order his active, intimate interest in the affairs of the community, State and Nation. He owes a duty to the unnaturalized alien and to the newly-made citizen to see that they know and love our institutions, and do as real Americans should. An Elk is never so partisan as to support a party or a clique as against the good of the whole people. If called to serve as a juror, as an officer or otherwise, the responsibility should be met as willingly and as smilingly as our brothers who sleep in Flanders Fields gave their all.

Our splendid National Magazine has done and will do much to stimulate the spirit and interest of each member; and be he ever so new to our Order, or ever so humble, each member is now a full and advised partner in our accomplishments and in our ambitions.

We are an Order of optimism and action! We must have no drones, either Lodge, officer or individual. Americanization, boys’ work, charity and relief, every social and community endeavor should be continued, but we must emphasize the work done and enlarge the scope of endeavors for good in each Subordinate Lodge.

(I would far rather have fifty live, active, doing members in a Lodge than five hundred who have joined for selfish reasons, or just to join—not to do! And far better, two hundred active Lodges practising the things that our Order preaches, than two thousand dead organizations collecting fees and not doing good in the community.)

My brothers, you are leaders in Elkdom, you have been of the doers, and there are thousands of real alive Elks back home. Behind you is a glorious army of nearly a million citizens! Will you go back and thoroughly mobilize that army to DO ELKDOM?

IF EACH member can be made to feel his full responsibility, we will have a host that will be the most powerful factor for good in the world—the greatest democratic, practical, non-sectarian, non-political, non-bloc party in our Country—and all to the greater glory of our Nation and our Order! But this can only come through the *doing* of each member.

I feel sure your duties here will be well done, and that you will plan and accomplish much. You and Ed Masters have made this a wonderful year of service in Elkdom. But there’s so much more to do!

Keenly conscious of a great responsibility and obligation, thanking you again from the bottom of a very grateful heart, and with a determination to give to you and our Order my humble best—let me again ask for your every help. Let us all strive to bring each member to a full realization of what he should be and do as an Elk!

“Let’s Do!”

Jones and Sheng Pao
Find a Venomous Snake Coiled in
a Priceless Chinese Vase

Sign on the Dotted Line

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by C. LeRoy Baldrige



JUDGING from an anthropological point of view, the personality of Leopoldo de Sousa, the owner of the Grand Hotel—so misnamed—that straddled the squidgy blue slime of the Hongkong water-front, was interesting in the extreme. For Metchnikoff and Topinard and half a dozen other assorted biologists to the contrary, there is something in the crossing of blood with alien blood, at least in the yellow lands east of Suez. Of this Leopoldo de Sousa was a living, walking, and decidedly unsavory proof.

He claimed direct descent from a Castilian hidalgo who had battled valiantly under the Cid against the Arab conquerors of Granada and had emigrated to Portugal, then still a nation in the making, where he had founded a noble family. This claim, strange to relate, and in spite of American and British sailors' ribald comments, was perfectly authentic. De Sousa was indeed an aristocratic name, smacking of knight-errantry and plumed helmets and gold-inlaid armor and the tilt and shiver of lances leveled in joust or tournament for the sake of a lady's scented glove; and the little berry-brown, slit-eyed, vulpine hotel-keeper had an indisputable right to it, including the escutcheon of three bees gules on a field azure.

But he never cared to mention the fact that the de Sousas had traveled far afield, geographically as well as maritally; that they had mated with ruthless Moors during the reign of the Abencerrage caliphs, with Seville Jews shortly afterwards; and that later on, in the good old days when the high-pooped frigates out of Lisbon luffed and looted across the seven seas and the color line was not as strictly drawn as it is to-day, a strain of savage, purely African Galla blood and, the following century, with all the world's adventurers sailing the golden ocean way to far Cathay, a strain of piratical, black-flag, coast Chinese blood

had mingled with the picaresque mixture in the veins of his family.

Thus then was the owner of the Grand Hotel: Portuguese-Moor-Jew-Galla-Chinese—and a British subject. Thus he traded, with the inherited shrewdness of his various ancestral elements. Thus, too, he hated, with the hatred of these same elements. And most of all did he hate the composing members of Jones & Sheng Pao, a trading firm whose name was a household word from San Francisco to the wilds of western China.

There was good reason for it.

For be it remembered that, years ago, when the two partners, young men then, had combined their lean resources and their brains to start out in business, de Sousa had considered it his duty as a native-born old-timer to cheat them. At least he had tried to, and—in the horsy Virginian language of Blennerhassett Jones—he had come a "thunderin' cropper." Not only had the embryo firm beaten him ignominiously at his own game, but mulcted him to the tune of seven hundred pounds—the full tale of which, from the motley annals of Jones & Sheng Pao, is yet to be written. But, on top of it, Jones had pulled his nose in the presence of his Chinese house-boys, espe-

cially assembled to watch the proceedings; while Sheng Pao, being a Manchu, had thought the punishment too mild and had whipped him within an inch of his life with a knotted rawhide Tartar *nagaika*.

They had had many encounters since the first, until Jones & Sheng Pao had finally grown too rich and influential for him to tackle on even odds. But still he tried everything in his power and crooked ingenuity to annoy and hurt his old enemies, and he had nearly succeeded several times.

Sheng Pao thought of it to-day; a few minutes after Leopoldo de Sousa had left their Hongkong office; a few days after that eccentric British multimillionaire the Earl of Spottiswoode, duly heralded by every financier and every curio dealer in the treaty ports, had arrived from San Francisco on his steam yacht.

There was still in the room the pungent aroma of the hotel-keeper's black, ropy Manila cigars. There was also, standing on the table and supported by a low, carved teakwood base, a porcelain vase in memory of the man's unexpected visit.

The Manchu looked at it through half-closed eyes.

"Exquisite, isn't it?" he said.

"Matter of taste," replied Blennerhassett Jones. "But it will appeal to old Spottiswoode."

"Oh—you are thinking of him——?"

"Well—you know . . ."

"Yes."

AGAIN Sheng Pao studied the vase. It was a little over seven inches in height and shaped like a fungus growth, wonderfully true to nature. Near the top it was flushed with a deep, glowing rose-red, stippled with crimson and peach-blow brown, then blending, through electric blue and luminous purple, into a queer, shimmering, grayish eel-tint, while the foot was a fantastic mingling of subtle lilacs and pansy-violets. Only by picking it up and holding it against the light at a certain angle, could he see that beneath the motley over-glaze, as through a colored, half-opaque window, was a second glaze, an under-glaze, that sparkled as with silver and snow.

"A *tchai-yao*, rarest and most precious of all Chinese porcelains," de Sousa had explained. "There are only three like it in the world—nor quite as perfect as this specimen. One belongs to Lord Spottiswoode. The

second is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The third belongs to Baron de Rothschild of Paris."

And he had offered it to them at the comparatively reasonable figure of seventy thousand dollars gold.

"I wonder if it is genuine," said the Manchu.

"De Sousa himself suggested that we ask Meh Wong to examine it. And Meh Wong is absolutely honest—and the greatest living authority on Chinese porcelains."

"I know."

"Well, then . . . ?"

"Suppose that Meh Wong declares it to be genuine, would you advise buying it?"

"We'd be blithering idiots if we didn't," replied the Virginian.

"Oh—I am not sure. . . ."

"Great guns, man! You're so all-fired wary that at times I have a suspicion a M'Gregor or a M'Pherson must have crossed with your Manchu blood. You are the sort of chap who demands a written guarantee with every gold eagle out of the mint!"

"Not a bit. Only—if you will permit me to change the classic proverb—I fear the half-breeds even when they come bearing *tchai-yao* vases—dirt-cheap."

"My dear boy," smiled Jones, "don't try to overwhelm me with Latin quotations. You may be a Princeton man—but I am U. of V. Tell me something more to the point—more practical."

Sheng Pao sat down. He folded his hands across his enormous chest. He looked placid and passionless and butter-yellow. "A Tartar," he rejoined sententiously, "once passed a bazar where they sold meat at a very low price. 'Ah!' he commented. 'It stinks!'"

"Meaning," laughed the Virginian, "that the vase is too cheap—that there is a colored gentleman in the wood-pile?"

"Meaning that there is no elbow which bends outwards! Meaning that an open-work basket can not long dam a mountain stream! Meaning that those who dwell near the ocean are familiar with the nature of fishes! Meaning that once a very wise mandarin in the days of the Bright-Clear dynasty remarked that . . ."

"Never mind what that very wise mandarin remarked," interrupted Jones. "I could quote to you a lot of sayings of our Senators and Congressmen and similar U. S. mandarins of a century ago—and I reckon by this time most of their prophecies have turned out to be poppycock. No, sir. All those proverbs of yours won't solve this particular problem. Here is the vase. We can have it examined. If it is an imitation, what do we lose? If it is genuine, it

is cheap. And then—well—there is Lord Spottiswoode. . . ."

"You mean—we should make him a present of it?"

"He would not accept. But we can sell it to him at cost price. He is absolutely nuts about Chinese porcelains. Besides—if de Sousa speaks the truth, and that is easily found out—there are only three *tchai-yao* vases in the world. He owns one. If he gets this one—why—you know what collectors are like. His Lordship will crow like a rooster! He will be grateful to us. And you know as well as I that we need his financial backing to develop our new Yunnan concessions—in fact, need it rather badly."

"Sounds all very logical," replied Sheng Pao. "And yet . . ."

"Yes—?"

"Why didn't de Sousa approach him direct—offer him the vase for sale?"

"He explained that."

"Yes, yes. He told us that in the past he has had what he called, rather euphoni-ously, business 'run-ins' with Spottiswoode, and that the latter would not trust him any more on a bet—would even refuse point-blank to see him on any pretext whatever."

"Well—you know what Spottiswoode is like. Once he catches you trying to get the best of him, he is through with you—good and through."

"Oh, yes—sounds reasonable enough," admitted the Manchu.

"Then why are you still hesitating? Come. Let's send word to Meh Wong."

"Wait a moment."

"What for?"

IF DE SOUSA was unable to approach the Englishman directly, why did he come to us? Why did he not go to one of our competitors?"

"Because he wants to make his peace with us."

"Does he? Hm . . ." commented Sheng Pao, with the proverb of half Asia, "trust a harlot before a snake, and a snake before a scorpion, and a scorpion before a half-breed!"

"Look here!" exclaimed the Virginian, with a show of impatience. "The fact remains that we can have this vase examined by the greatest authority in China—whom you yourself admit to be scrupulously honest. If he says that it is genuine, we can not lose—and that's all there is to it."

"Except one thing."

"Namely?"

"That de Sousa *is* de Sousa."

"Oh—you make me tired with your eternal, footling, picayune objections."

The Virginian threw an embroidered cover over the vase. Then he clapped his hands, and a house-boy entered and kow-towed. He instructed him to go to Meh Wong and beg him to step over to the office—"to examine some antique porcelain."

MEH WONG came half an hour later, a small, wizen man, with large, horn-rimmed spectacles and incredibly thin and sensitive fingers. He was a Pekinese, of fine old family, and Sheng Pao received him on the threshold with all the exaggerated politeness of his native city.

"Deign to enter first," he said, bowing.

Meh Wong bowed still lower.

"How could I dare to?" he retorted correctly.

"Please deign to enter first," Sheng Pao emphasized; and again the other gave the proper answer:

"How would I, the very small and unimportant one, dare to, O brother very wise and very old?"

Then, after a final request, still protesting his utter unworthiness, he entered as he was bidden.

Blennerhassett Jones smiled. He had lived a lifetime in China, and was used to the excessive courtesy of Chinese gentlemen. It even appealed to him, as a Virginian. But he was enough of an American business man to come straight to the point.

"I am glad you came," he said. "We need you."

"*Ni seung in me yeh ni*—what do you wish, sir?" asked Meh Wong.

"You know a great deal about porcelain?"

"I know *all* about it," came the calm reply.

"How many specimens of *tchai-yao* are there in the world?"

"Three. One is owned in Paris, one in London, the third in New York."

Jones looked triumphantly at Sheng Pao, who smiled imperturbably.

"Well—" he went on—"what would you say if some one told you that there exists a fourth specimen of *tchai-yao*?"

"I would call that some one a liar."

This time it was the Manchu's turn to look triumphantly at his partner, who shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well!" Jones lifted the cover from the vase. "Look for yourself."

Meh Wong stepped up to the table. He looked. His eyes glistened behind their thick glasses.

"Ah!" he breathed.

He picked up the vase, slowly, almost reverently, and busied himself for over an hour, without saying a word, examining it through a microscopic lens and with the help of a number of small, delicate instruments, consulting occasionally some rolled, age-yellowed mandarin manuscripts which he produced from his loose sleeves, very much like a conjurer. At last he looked up. Then he kowtowed three times, not to Sheng Pao or Jones nor toward the silver statue of the Buddha in the corner of the room, but toward the vase.

"Gentlemen," he said, his



For over an hour, without saying a word, Meh Wong examined the vase almost reverently, through a microscopic lens

voice throbbing with intense emotion, "the *tchai-yao* is genuine!"

"You are sure?" asked the Manchu.

"I never make a mistake in judging porcelains. Never!" Meh Wong replied haughtily. "I know the other three *tchai-yao* specimens. This here is finer, more perfect in coloring, without a blemish. It fulfills every last one of the proper requirements as laid down by the ancients." He opened one of his manuscript rolls, and read: "Brilliant as a mirror, thin as a paper of rice, sonorous as the melodious stone *ching*, and colored, as decreed by mandate of Chi-tsung, the Yellow Emperor, as are the leaves of the forest after rain in early autumn!"

THEN, when Sheng Pao shook his head, he turned on him almost fiercely.

"You own the vase?" he demanded.

"It has been offered to us for sale."

"I am not a rich man. But I shall give you for it everything that I own in the world—say, a hundred thousand dollars gold!"

Jones spoke before his partner could.

"I believe you. You will send us a written statement to the effect that the vase is genuine?"

"Yes. Signed and sealed. Every museum, every great collector knows and honors my signature. I shall send it to you this afternoon."

"Good enough," said the Virginian.

"And how much do we owe you for your expert opinion?"

"It is I who owe you—more than money. It is I who owe you reverence and gratitude for having allowed me to behold and touch this *tchai-yao*!"

And again Meh Wong kowtowed three times before the vase and left, while Jones locked it in the office safe, then turned to Sheng Pao.

"Now are you convinced?" he asked.

"I still claim that de Sousa is de Sousa. It has also been said that the daughter of a cockroach can never give birth to a nightingale."

"It has furthermore been said," exclaimed Jones, "that only thanks to my angelic disposition have I been able to bear up with you as a partner these last twenty-odd years."

"You have decided to buy it—and sell it at cost price to Lord Spottiswoode?"

"Yes. I am going now to pay de Sousa."

"Very well. I am going also."

"Coming with me, Sheng Pao?"

"No. I am going to make certain investigations."

"For instance—?"

"Where de Sousa got the vase."

"Makes no difference where he got it or how. I shall buy it now, at once, and give it to Spottiswoode to-night. I know him. He is the typical collector. He will put it in the safe aboard his yacht immediately. And once there, not all the Hongkong police force and the whole of the British navy will be able to pry it loose."

"Then you do not wish to wait a few days—until I have made my investigations?"

"No. Strike while the iron is hot! Spottiswoode is dining with us to-night. After dinner I shall surprise him with the vase. Then to business! You see, I happen to know that he has a lunch engagement tomorrow with the general manager of the Chartered Company, our worst competitors. I am going to steal a march on them—thanks to the vase."

"Bribery and corruption?"

"No. Just greasing the wheels of progress." He went to the door. "Dinner at



seven sharp, Sheng Pao. You know how punctual Lord Spottiswoode is."

And at seven sharp that night the Virginian turned to their guest, a broad-set, gray-bearded man, essentially British in cut of features and clothes:

"Cocktail, sir?"

"You're blinkin' well right!" came the Earl's unlordly accents. He tasted the cocktail. "What-bloody-oh! Not 'alf bad, I calls it!"

For the Earl of Spottiswoode was a self-made man who, though he could talk the King's English with the best of them, took a queer, eccentric pride in using the diction of his youth: Liverpool—the greasy, gray warehouses there—the pubs of Blackpool—and the picturesque coarseness of York Street, the Docks, and Scotland Road where, in a grimy, jerry-built tenement, he had started life as plain Alf Scroggins, apprentice to a ship-chandler.

Alf Scroggins no longer, but Earl of Spottiswoode, C.B., C.M.G., C.I.E., F.A.E., Hon. M.A. (Oxon.), he was the modern sort of nobleman who—to quote Blennerhasset Jones—had "made the peerage via ale and boots and pickles and pink elephants sold across the counter."

Which was not altogether fair.

Rather was he a survival of that picturesque age when trading in the far corners of the earth was still a swaggering and clanking adventure, a spirited gamble with fate, a high-hearted, red-blooded, two-fisted romance; when Malay rajah and Gulf Arab sheykh and European merchant met behind tightly closed rattan shutters, the velvet punka flopping lazily overhead, and dipped their disreputable noses in the same cup of honeyed, spiced brandy, and winked at one another as Greek is said to wink at Greek, and played hide-and-seek with Her Britannic Majesty's inquisitive gunboats; when the men of the outer seas preferred a handful of Maria Teresa dollars and Chinese candareens and shoe-shaped, archaic mandarin ingots to a draft on the Bank of England or a certified cheque signed by the Rothschilds, the Bischoffheims, and the Morgans; when yellow men and gold disputed the eternal Asian trade balance with white men and blood; when a merchant-prince was still a swashbuckler upon the blue hills and the gray seas, and not a swag-bellied, asthmatic, dollar-coining automaton, safely ensconced behind a mahogany desk, a steel filing cabinet, and an army of immaculate, almost sacerdotal private secretaries.

THERE ran motley tales of how he made his first proper stake. Tales sketchy, exotic, fantasmal, incredible. Tales perhaps not altogether saintly when measured with the yardstick of modern, pinchbeck, wire-drawn ethics.

Tales, finally, that did not matter.

For to-day he was the Earl of Spottiswoode, a multimillionaire in pounds sterling, respected and feared by Wall Street, the London Stock Exchange, and the Paris Bourse, because—to quote his own eccentric language—"I 'ave the oof, and I p'ys me w'y as I goes, wot?" Thus to the world of finance. But to certain other men, dusty, bespectacled, cultured scholars and museum curators, he was known as the owner of the largest and most famous collection of antique Chinese porcelains in existence.

This collection was more than a mere hobby. It was almost a mania, an obsession. He had been known to travel, at a moment's notice, to the wilds of western China to bribe or bully a bland mandarin into the sale of a fine blue-and-white Kang-he beaker that was government or temple property; to risk health and life in some miasmic Central African jungle where, reports had it, a half-breed Swahili trader ate his mealies from a coral-red Ching-hwa plate that had reached the equator by routes devious and untold. For he liked to stalk his brittle, painted victims like a big-game hunter, discounting the risk in the thrill of the chase and the "kill."

When over coffee, chartreuse, and cigars



Blennerhassett Jones brought out the *tchai-yao*, the other was so startled that, momentarily, he forgot to use the acrid, slangy twang of his youth which he affected habitually, and breathed a fervent, well-modulated:

"My word!"
 He picked up the vase; examined it minutely.
 "It—" he stammered—"it can't be . . ."
 "Genuine?" laughed the Virginian. "Well—it is!"
 "Impossible!"
 "But a fact!"
 "No, no!"
 "Yes, yes!"
 "How do you know?"
 "Here. Allow me to convince you!"
 Jones passed across the table the signed and sealed opinion which Meh Wong had sent earlier in the evening.
 Spottiswoode read it.
 "Genuine, all right!" he admitted; and, with a little sigh, discomfited, envious, upset: "Your private property, I fancy?"
 "Yes."
 "And—I suppose—not for sale?"
 "It is yours for what we paid."
 "Oh—" the man's relief was ludicrous.
 "How much?"

Preceded by Mok Ng and followed by his servants, all three mounted on shaggy Mongol ponies, Sheng Pao traveled toward Tai-mau Shan, his obese body reclining in a springless, two-wheeled Peking cart

"Seventy thousand dollars."
 "I buy it!"
 "Sold!" said Jones.
 The Englishman took his ever-ready, folded cheque book from his hip pocket.
 "Discount for cash?" he inquired in a sober, matter-of-fact voice.
 The Virginian was a Virginian. There was not even the tail-end of a smile curling his lips.
 "Yes, 'sir," he replied. "Ten per cent. off."
 The Earl wrote the cheque and was about to hand it over when Sheng Pao, disregarding his partner's heel that was grinding into his toes, asked:
 "Would it interest you to know how and where we bought it?"
 "No," replied the Englishman. "In fact, I positively refuse to hear a single word about it. You see, once I had an experience with a bit of Kang-he porcelain where—ah—" he coughed—"I knew a little too much—and so I nearly be-

came an accessory before—or after—the fact."

"Let not your right hand know . . ." suggested Jones.
 "What the other man's left hand . . . exactly!" agreed Spottiswoode.
 Then, the cheque written and receipted, the *tchai-yao* vase his property, he regained his self-possession sufficiently to drop his well-modulated English as though it were a cloak and continue in his favorite diction of the Docks:
 "Stroike me pink, lads! But I'll blinkin' well myke it up for yer! Yer can call me a lousy, second-'and son of a Heytalian organ-grinder if I don't do yer a good turn the first chance I gets!"
 "The chance is here—now," said the Virginian quietly.
 "Tell me."
 "We need your financial backing to develop our Yun-nan concessions."
 "And yer 'ave it—wot-ho!"
 Spottiswoode added that he was leaving the next afternoon on his yacht for a fortnight's cruise, and that he would like all the papers in regard to the Yun-nan enterprise ready by the time he returned.
 "Then I'll look them over," he went on, "and we'll wind up the deal."

And without any more ado, the vase clasped to his stout chest as if it were a beloved child, loose Macfarlane ulster flying open, old-fashioned opera-hat tilting at a rakish angle above his left ear, the eccentric Briton took himself off, whistling "The Old Kent Road" at the top of his lungs.

"Satisfied now?" Jones asked his partner when they were alone.

"Did he say he would be back in a fortnight?"

"Yes. What about?" demanded Jones rather belligerently.

"IT MAY give me enough time to finish my investigations which I began this afternoon, while you were buying the vase. Care to hear about them?"

"Not a bit. The vase is genuine. Spottiswoode is as happy as a lark. The success of our Yun-nan scheme is guaranteed." Jones laughed, reached for the chartreuse bottle. "I reckon I declare an extra dividend—right now—in liquid assets—" filling his glass and tossing down the drink. "Good night!"

"Good night! By the way . . ."

"Yes—?"

"I am crossing over to the mainland early to-morrow," said the Manchu.

"On business?"

"Yes. Very important business."

"May I inquire—?"

"Certainly. It has something to do with the *tchai-yao* vase and my investigations."

"Oh—damn it all!" exclaimed the Virginian. "Here I am a bachelor, free and white and happy! And you nag me just as if you were my wife! If ever I marry, it won't be a Manchu girl—that's a cinch!"

And he went to bed while Sheng Pao summoned Yü-Pong, his confidential Tartar servant.

"Call me early to-morrow morning, a little before six. Be ready to go on a short trip with me."

Yü-Pong kowtowed.

"Listen is obey, O master!"

"Telegraph to my personal agent in Kowloon that I am coming."

"Listen is obey, O master!"

"Tell him to find out at once, before to-morrow morning if possible, all about Leopoldo de Sousa's movements and whom he talked to and why when, five months ago, he went to Tai-mau Shan Mountain and remained there a number of weeks. That's what we discovered this afternoon—Tai-mau Shan Mountain, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Instruct my agent, furthermore, to hire a reliable, close-mouthed guide who knows Tai-mau Shan and its vicinity."

"Listen is obey, O master!"

It was still dark the next morning, with the young sun shivering behind heavy cloud banks, when Sheng Pao and the Tartar, followed by another servant who carried a couple of bags, went down to the Hongkong waterfront, where a swift *sampan* was waiting to take them across to Kowloon on the Chi-

nese mainland, here, at the narrowest point of the channel, less than a mile distant. They walked through the sailors' quarter, where Europeans and Americans, Hindu and Malay lascars, Chinese, Koreans, Japanese, sooty Seede-boys and Gulf Arabs foregather and swap drinks and mighty lies and occasionally, argue with the flicker of steel. They passed rows upon rows of wattle-and-daub huts; chandoo shops, where the acrid smell of poppy juice drifted out and floated like an evil pall; sudden, unexpected markets where all the wares had the nostalgic scent of the seas' never-ending toil.

He stopped at the Grand Hotel, where Leopoldo de Sousa was making ready for the morning trade of the night after—uncorking bottles of gin and decanting rye and Scotch.

"Chilly this morning," said the Manchu. "I'll have a glass of whiskey before crossing."

The half-breed looked up, startled. "Oh—" Then he collected himself; smiled; bowed; pushed bottle, and glass across the bar. "You are going to Kowloon?"

"Yes," came the guileless reply, while he studied de Sousa's face from beneath lowered eyelids, watching it change from startled surprise and fear to relief, finally to sardonic amusement, "I want to talk to my agent there. You see, thanks to your vase, which we sold to Lord Spottiswoode, we made sure of his assistance for our Yun-nan enterprise. Maddening to our competitors, don't you think?"

"So— Lord Spottiswoode has promised—?"

"He is going on a cruise to-day. Back in two weeks. Then we will settle the details." He drained his glass, shook the half-breed's hand. "We have you to thank for it, de Sousa. Well—I am glad that our old enmity is a thing of the past."

"So am I," smiled de Sousa; and the Manchu left.

Outside, he turned to the Tartar.

"If you lie," he said, "lie like truth. If you walk on snow, you cannot hide your footprints. De Sousa is sure to find out that I am going to Kowloon. So why not tell him myself?"

Again, as they entered the *sampan* and as it crossed the channel, he made sententious, philosophic comment:

"Ah—a four-horse chariot cannot overtake the spoken word!"

And, when they reached the other side: "The locust chases the cricket, ignorant that the yellow-bird is after it. De Sousa is the locust, Jones the cricket, I the yellow-bird. Ah—" as, breathing heavily, helped by his servants, he climbed the steep Kowloon hill—"Buddha, Buddha! An old bird, loggy and fat with good living, used no longer to early morning flights!"

There was here a little settlement of scraggly, rickety huts, inhabited by the very dregs of Canton and Hongkong. The place was like a warren, with criss-crossing streets and cul-de-sacs, strongly savoring of the Mongol underworld.

"Ah—Buddha!" sighed the Manchu, as he ambled along on padded slippers, picking his way among the reeking puddles, "and to think that my partner is doubtless still in bed—snoring blissfully—dreaming of Yun-nan and a thousand per cent profit!"

HIS interview with his agent Mok Ng was short and to the point. The latter, shrewd, quick, had found out overnight a great deal of de Sousa's movements in the neighborhood of Tai-mau Shan five months earlier. Sheng Pao listened, with few comments; then asked if the guide was ready.

"Yes," replied Mok Ng. "But will you not stay and rest yourself, O wise and older brother? Will you not grace this worthless hut of mine with your charming personality and drink a cup of my execrable tea and

One sweep of his arm, and the delicate porcelain shivered into a hundred pieces



smoke a pipe of your humble slave's most wretched opium and eat, belike, a bit of breakfast, vilely prepared by my dirty and stupid servants?"

"One thousand harmonious thanks! But I am the yellow-bird. Presently I shall breakfast—and dine—on a half-breed locust. And now—the guide?"

"I myself shall be your guide, O brother very wise and very old!"

A few minutes later, preceded by Mok Ng and followed by his servants, all three mounted on shaggy Mongol ponies, Sheng Pao reclined his obese body in a springless, two-wheeled Pekin cart on the way to Tai-mau Shan, a dozen miles northwest of Kowloon. At first they traveled through highly cultivated fields where blue-bloused coolies were at work; then, in the afternoon, they reached the mountain. It was not very high, but steep and savage and forbidding, matted with a thick, jungly forest, and accessible by a single narrow path.

(Continued on page 56)



The Human Drama —Baseball

By Bozeman Bulger

Sketches by Edmund Duffy



Perfect Baseball Service

Scene—A buffet dining-car on line going through Missouri. In the little ante-way Manager John McGraw and several of the Giants are waiting for a chance to eat. McGraw is bare-headed, is getting impatient, having waited a half-hour or more for a seat for his party. Just then two ladies enter. Noticing McGraw in the doorway they walk directly to him.

FIRST LADY (mistaking the baseball manager for the dining-car steward)—Can you get us a table for two right away?

A group of players start to giggle, then get a warning look from the manager.

MCGRAW—Just a moment, please. I'll see. (He walks to a table where one seat is vacant. He addresses the man dining there.) I beg pardon, sir, but would you mind going over to that other table and finishing your dinner? There are two ladies, very tired.

THE DINER—Why, certainly. Your car is pretty crowded, isn't it?

MCGRAW—It certainly is, sir. (He moves the man over to the other table.)

The waiters look at McGraw curiously, but he doesn't crack a smile. He beckons to the ladies.

THE FIRST LADY—That's lovely. So nice of you.

MCGRAW (pulling back the chairs and rearranging the flowers). I hope you enjoy your meal.

McGraw gets bill of fare, suggests a nice dinner and then calls waiter. The ladies proceed to enjoy their meal while the ball-players and McGraw still wait patiently, as hungry as bears.

THE LADIES (having finished their meal, address McGraw). That was wonderful service you gave us.

FIRST LADY—I will write to the superintendent and express my thanks.

SECOND LADY (to McGraw)—I'll do something that perhaps you will enjoy better. My uncle is an owner of the Cincinnati team. If you will give me your address I will have him leave you tickets for the game.

MCGRAW (still acting his part)—It is our greatest pleasure to give service. (He suddenly looks around—there is a loud guffaw from the players.) Now, can you beat that? Two bushers have got those empty seats!

Boys of a Feather

Scene—A hotel room in Vicksburg, Miss., at ten o'clock in the morning. It is the room of Babe Ruth, who is not yet out of bed. He is resting up, after a long trip, for an exhibition game the Yankees are playing with Brooklyn that afternoon. Downstairs a big delegation of fans await the first appearance of the Home Run King. There is a knock on the door.

BABE RUTH (in a deep growl)—Come in! Kick it open! It's a trick lock.

An old man enters, looking around timidly.

OLD MAN—Sorry to wake you up, Mr. Ruth. Thought you were up long ago.

BABE RUTH—'S all right. Got to get up sometime. Like to stay in the hay, though. Don't mind if I shave, do you? Set down!

OLD MAN (fidgeting nervously)—Mr. Ruth, I want you to do me a favor. I come to ask if you'll autograph this little album.

BABE RUTH—Little what? What's the idea?

OLD MAN—It's for a little boy who lives eight miles out in the country.

BABE RUTH—Ain't he comin' to the ball game?

OLD MAN—No, sir. That's it. This boy has been counting the days 'til the Yanks got here. He heard you were coming last fall. Been waiting ever since to see Babe Ruth. He—

BABE RUTH—He's liable to be disappointed. I ain't socked a homer for a week now. (He continues shaving.)

OLD MAN—That makes no difference to him. You're his hero. After waiting three months and saving up his money he's been taken down with typhoid fever. Can't leave his bed—very sick and broken-hearted. Long as he can't see you he asked me to get you to sign his little autograph album here. Can you?

BABE RUTH (with safety razor poised in the air)—Album? To the devil with the album! I'll go see him. How 'bout that?

OLD MAN (incredulously)—You will? It's eight miles out there on a farm.

BABE RUTH—I don't care how far it is. (He goes to telephone and calls up office.)

Through the telephone—Babe speaking—Say, get me an automobile and have it here in a half hour, will you?

BABE RUTH (To the old man)—Come on, let's go down and knock over a cup of coffee, and we'll start.

Scene II—A big farm-house eight miles from Vicksburg. The sick-room of a little boy. His mother comes in.

THE MOTHER—There's somebody to see you, Son—a great big man, and he's come in an automobile.

The mother dusts about the room, arranges pillows and brings in a big arm-chair.

THE BOY—What big man, Mama? Did Mr. Evans go in to see old Babe Ruth?

THE MOTHER—Wait a moment, Son—Here they come!

She goes to the door and admits the big man and the old gentleman.

THE BOY (his eyes widening)—I know, I know—It's—Look, Mama, it's—

THE OLD MAN—Yes, Sonny, it's Babe Ruth—himself! (To the mother.) This is Mr. Ruth. He drove all the way out to see the boy.

BABE RUTH—How're you, young fellow? Old fever's got you in the hay, hasn't it? Never mind, we'll lick it. How're you feeling, anyway?

THE BOY (almost speechless)—You—you—you're Babe Ruth, sure enough— You're really Babe Ruth?

BABE RUTH—All that's left of me. Ain't hittin' much, though.

THE BOY (timidly)—Did you get my album—let me feel your arm.

BABE RUTH—Sure I got it, and signed it up, too. But that ain't the real dope. Here, I've brought you a baseball and I'm going to sign it right while you look at me. Lots of these signed balls is phony—not real—you know.

The old man and the mother retire, leaving Ruth and the boy talking. In a moment the boy's timidity wears away. He tells Ruth he is a pitcher and gets lots of points on how to throw a curve ball and how to mix them up. . . . The mother returns while they are earnestly talking.

BABE RUTH—Now the dope is: When you get a left-hander up there keep the ball on the outside of the plate. If you get inside where he can get hold of it, he's liable to knock the cover off it. You—

THE BOY—Mama, it's sure enough Babe Ruth.

Scene III—On the special baseball train two days later. The secretary and business manager approaches Ruth with a newspaper in his hand.

THE SECRETARY—Say, Babe, what's this about you going eight miles to see a little sick boy in Vicksburg?

BABE RUTH—Sure I did. Great little kid, too. All laid up with typhoid fever. Might be good pitcher some day. He's—

THE SECRETARY (interrupting)—Might, at that, but why didn't you tell somebody on the club about it?

BABE RUTH—Wasn't nobody's business.

THE SECRETARY—Don't you get the idea? That would have been worth a lot of publicity.

BABE RUTH (thoughtfully)—I reck'n the newspaper fellows could've got something out of it. Never thought 'bout working for the ball club, though. . . . Just took a notion to ride out and see a guy—I like them little fellows. . . . Want me to pay for the ball?

THE SECRETARY—Oh, go jump in the lake! (Turning to other players.) According to this paper the doctor says that made his medicine look weak. Get this (he reads headline): "One Babe Ruth Ball Cures Typhoid Fever."

A Baseball Tragedy

Scene—Game in progress on the diamond of major league club, purposely unidentified. A young player, ambitious and unusually aggressive, trying to make good, is running the bases. He starts for third on a steal. It is close. Feet first, and with glittering spikes, he hurls his body at the bag. The third baseman, a star, is spiked.

THIRD BASEMAN (limping painfully, very angry)—Hey, you fresh pup—cut me down, did you? I'll get you for that! Just wait'll I get a chance.

YOUNG BASE RUNNER—Get me, will you? I'll be at the gettin'. Fine chance!

They glare at each other. Third baseman eventually resumes his position. . . . Two innings later the star gets on first. The new player is playing second base. The star starts to steal.

THIRD BASEMAN (star)—Get out of the way (he rides high, i. e., throws his spiked feet high as he slides in). Told you I'd get you!

The young player is badly spiked in the leg. His stocking is cut into shreds. He has to be taken from the field. He is never seen again on big league diamond.

Scene II—Four years later. The star third baseman is now well to do. During a game bat-boy tells him he is wanted at the rail overlooking the bench, a stranger wants to see him. The star finds there a man who appears to be a tramp. He is ragged, unshaven and hungry looking. A heavy cane supports him as he leans on the rail.

THE TRAMP—Hello, oldtimer, don't know me, do you?

THE STAR (inquiringly)—Don't know as I do. What's the idea?

THE TRAMP—Remember one time when a young player slid into you and you told him you'd get him?

THE STAR—Yes—that's right—I do. A fresh rookie—four years ago.

THE TRAMP—Well, oldtimer, you got me all right. I haven't been able to walk without a cane since. Was on crutches for a year.

THE STAR (all broken up)—And you are that guy?

THE TRAMP—Yes. You got me. I just come 'round to see if you'd get me a place to sleep to-night. Haven't got the price of a meal.

That night the star, in tears, brought the tramp one hundred dollars—fifty from himself and fifty from the club. The former youngster is now caretaker at one of the park gates.

Scene III—Same park five years later. The tramp (on gale as young players go out saying what they'll do)—Boys, take it from me, don't ever say what you're going to do to somebody. . . . You might do it. They look at him curiously and walk on.



Top-Notch Technique

Scene—A box at the Polo Grounds, New York. The Giants are playing the Cardinals. In the box are the former Governor of Pennsylvania and several friends. One of them is trying to impress upon the Governor his technical knowledge of the game.

THE GUEST—Look, Governor, the Giants are going to stick in a southpaw, a left-hander. That'll get those portside swingers.

THE GOVERNOR—And a lot of the right-handers, too.

The game proceeds with the Giant left-hander

striking out one batter after another. He has just struck out a right-hander, to the amazement of the Governor's guest.

THE GUEST (looking very wise and astute)—Governor, he seems to be fooling them with that peculiar down drop.

THE GOVERNOR (himself a former major-league pitcher)—That what?

THE GUEST—That down drop.

A veteran player sitting near looks at the Governor out of the corner of his eye and grins.

THE GOVERNOR (Just as another batter strikes out)—Yes, and he seems to be nailing some of them on the up-up!



Mistaken Identity

Scene I—A hotel lobby in small town of northern Florida. A party of hunters have just arrived. Among them is Ty Cobb, the great ball-player. He is surprised at his warm reception—not so much the warmth of it, though, as the nature of it.

A committee of ladies arrive to call on Mr. Cobb. He meets them graciously, but doesn't quite understand what it is all about.

THE LADY SPOKESMAN—Now you won't fail us, Mr. Cobb?

TY COBB—Won't fail you? I hope not. What can I do?

THE LADY—We know it is an imposition, but we've simply got to have you address our Worth While Club. It will be only a half-hour. Our subject is modern literature. We've got to hear from a writer. The club is counting on it.

TY COBB—But—Will, you see—why—

THE LADIES (in chorus)—Oh, don't say you can't. You will, we know.

The ladies refuse to take no for an answer. Will listen to no explanation.

TY COBB—You must understand—why, I'm here with a hunting party—

THE LADIES—Oh, bring the rest of your party by all means.

TY COBB (sensing the humor of the situation)—At what hour?

THE LADIES—We'll call for you.

The party exit with the great ballplayer, smiling dryly. His companions give him the laugh.

Scene II—The lobby of a theatre in Savannah, Ga. the same day and about the same hour. Mrs. Irvin S. Cobb, visiting her home city, has arrived at the ticket window. The ticket man is pleasant.

MRS. IRVIN S. COBB—Were there some seats left here for Mrs. Cobb?

THE TICKET MAN—Whether there were or not makes no difference, Mrs. Cobb. We will take good care of you—anything you wish—

MRS. COBB—You are very kind. I had expected—

THE TICKET MAN—Oh, don't let that

worry you—by the way, how is your husband hitting?

MRS. COBB—Why—hitting what?

THE TICKET MAN—Oh, I know—don't think we don't keep up with our fellow Georgians. He'll be out of that slump in a week. He'll hit .400. There never was—

MRS. COBB (sensing the situation)—When he understands your appreciation I know that will make him hit harder.

TICKET MAN—Why, Mrs. Cobb, you've got the greatest husband in the world. There'll never be another slugger like old Ty.

Mrs. Cobb is presented with the best seats the theatre affords. She smiles and then goes to telegraph office and sends message to her husband, Irvin S. Cobb.

Scene III—Irvin S. Cobb at his New York home, opening telegram from Ty Cobb. At the same time Ty Cobb is in Florida opening telegram from Irvin S.

IRVIN COBB TO TY COBB—Thanks for your name. Mrs. Cobb has every privilege and courtesy of Savannah theatres. Wish I could hit .400. IRV

TY COBB TO IRVIN COBB—Have become literary light overnight. Thanks for name. Expect to be writing and speaking .400 by fall.

IRVIN S. COBB (to newspaper interviewer)—The Cobbs are a great family. Ty may be able to steal more bases, but he can't steal any more good lines than the Kentucky branch.



The Ambassador Scores

Scene—A profusely decorated box in ball park at Washington. A Chinese Ambassador in official robes and decorations of his rank is surrounded by dignitaries. A rather sycophantic young American acts as guide and instructor. The batteries are announced.

THE AMBASSADOR (looking inquiringly toward a white-coated venter of score-cards)—I'd like one of those.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN SECRETARY—That is a scorecard, Your Excellency.

THE AMBASSADOR—I understand. Get one, please.

THE SECRETARY—That will be good sport. I will help you score.

The Ambassador reaches beneath his brocaded silken robe and brings out a gold pencil which he carefully points by rubbing the graphite on the concrete rail.

A NEIGHBORING FAN (yelling at the batter)—Attaboy! Sock it!

THE AMBASSADOR (smiling)—He's got a good swing, all right.

THE YOUNG MAN (grinning patronizingly)—You seem to be catching the spirit of the thing, Your Excellency.

The Ambassador watches the play closely and carefully makes notes on his score-card. Over his shoulder a congressman sees that he is actually scoring each play.

THE NEIGHBORING FAN (as ball is hit to the shortstop)—Bat it, boy—eat—(The shortstop fumbles the ball) Oh, you butter fingers!

The Ambassador studies the play closely. With pencil poised he regards his score-card with puzzled expression.

THE YOUNG MAN—Wait a minute, your Excellency, let me explain. Under the scoring rules a hit can be given if, in the opinion of the scorer, the ball was too hard hit to handle.

THE AMBASSADOR—Yes, I understand. (Still, he does not score the play).

THE YOUNG MAN—Undoubtedly they scored that a hit. It was too hard hit to handle.

THE AMBASSADOR—True, perhaps. Just the same, I'll score it an error. Any big leaguer ought to be able to eat up a grounder like that!

THE YOUNG MAN (shocked and surprised)—Why, Your Excellency, you talk like an expert. You seem to know something about the game.

THE AMBASSADOR—I ought to. I played shortstop two years on the scrub team at Yale.



The End of a Feud

Scene I—The diamond of a major league ball park. The game is held up while Pat Moran, a manager, tells Umpire O'Day what he thinks of him. A decision at the plate has thrown the stands in an uproar. The runner, over whom the argument waxed strong, is being held back while the manager does the talking.

MANAGER MORAN (shaking a menacing finger at the umpire)—Anybody could see it. The man was safe.

UMPIRE O'DAY (looking straight ahead with a scowl)—Get out of here. Go on and play ball. Trying to alibi yourself before the crowd, eh?

MANAGER MORAN—Look me in the eye and say he was safe! Ask anybody. Ask the other umpire.

THE CROWD—Hit him, Pat! Don't stand for it! Where'd he get that stuff?

ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CROWD—Put him out of the game, Hank! Are you afraid of him?

MANAGER MORAN—Come on, have some nerve. What you goin' to do 'bout it? You know he was safe by that far (he indicates the distance by spreading out his hands. At every illustration he makes the distance greater). Ask that catcher (he indicates opposing backstop, who stands near by, disgusted).

THE CATCHER—Ask me, huh? You know the guy was out. What you tryin' to get away with?

UMPIRE O'DAY (fingering his watch)—I'll give you one minute to get on that bench. (To other players.) Get out there and play. Yes, I said the man was out, and it goes, you understand!

MANAGER MORAN—Hank, you're as blind as a bat. Your eyes don't look any too good, at that. Where you been last night?

UMPIRE O'DAY—One more word out of you and I'll put you off the field. Get out, I tell you!

Manager Moran looks appealingly to the crowd, waves his arms despairingly. Reaches for a handful of dirt and tosses it in the air.

OPPOSING PLAYERS (yelping from their bench)—Hey, Hank, lost your nerve? Like to see us get away with that! Why don't you put him out? Who's running this ball game, anyhow?

THE CROWD (Moran's supporters)—Don't stand for it, Pat! Bust him! Who's paying him?

MANAGER MORAN (encouraged, turns around for a parting word)—What's the idea—trying to make suckers out of my ball club? Why, I—

Umpire O'Day turns suddenly. His jaws are set. Up goes his hand, his index finger at half-cock. If he brings it down Moran will be out of the game—off the field. Moran knows it and disappears hurriedly to the dug-out. From there the players continue to yelp at O'Day for five minutes. The game proceeds.

Scene II—It is the next inning and Manager Moran walks from the dugout toward the coacher's box at first base. There is fire in his eye and he has to pass O'Day. The crowd half rises, expecting another clash.

MANAGER MORAN (passing Umpire O'Day, gives him a sullen look)—Fine work, Hank. . . . Fine work! (He turns his sarcastic glance to the crowd).

UMPIRE O'DAY—Hey, Pat. How is—

MANAGER MORAN (turning quickly)—What's that?

UMPIRE O'DAY—How's the kid gettin' along?

It is not known to the crowd, but in their home c'ty Moran and O'Day are neighbors. Their families know each other. Moran's child has been sick. O'Day knows about it.

MANAGER MORAN (stopping suddenly)—Why, he's a little better, Hank. We've sent him down (he waves his hand in a southerly direction to indicate) down to Atlantic City.

THE CROWD (mistaking the motion of the arm)—Atta boy! Go on and hit him, Pat. Don't take a thing off him!

UMPIRE O'DAY (wa'king toward Moran so as to converse in lower tones)—I was telling the folks the other night that the sea air would do him a lot of good. Now (he points a finger at Moran's face to emphasize his point), I'd keep h'm right there for a month. Don't hurry.

THE CROWD—Give it to him, Hank. Put him out!

OPPOSING PLAYERS—Letting him get away with it again, eh?

MANAGER MORAN (placing his hand on O'Day's shoulder. The crowd holds its breath. For a player to touch an umpire is next thing to treason)—That's just what I said, Hank. A month and the kid'll be fine as a fiddle.

OPPOSING PLAYERS—Let him get away with

that, eh? Fine chance we'd have. What's this—a brother act?

UMPIRE O'DAY (starts away, but suddenly turns back)—What address, Pat?

MANAGER MORAN (trying to remember and shaking his head as well as his finger)—Can't remember—will give it to you to-night.

THE CROWD—Go after him, Pat. Run him out of the park!

UMPIRE O'DAY (turning toward plate again and speaking over his shoulder)—All right, get it for me. I'll be down that way. I'll see how he's getting along—will take him something to play with. Fine kid, that.

MANAGER MORAN—Thanks, Hank. (He goes to coacher's box.)

The game proceeds. The operators finish telegraphing the details. That night in the baseball extras there appears a headline: "Umpire O'Day and Pat Moran almost come to blows. Great excitement!"



The President's Lesson

Scene—A box at the Yank Stadium decorated in National colors. The President of the United States is enjoying a ball game. Around him are grouped many dignitaries, including military and naval officers. Col. Huston, one of the ball club owners, is talking with the President.

THE PRESIDENT (intensely interested in the pitching of a left-hander)—He's got a great fast ball, Colonel. Good control, too.

THE COLONEL—We bought him last winter.

THE PRESIDENT—Yes, I forgot you didn't have a southpaw when I picked the Yanks to win last fall. Got to have a good left-hander for those left-handed batters.

THE COLONEL—You surprise me, Mr. President. I didn't realize you were so familiar with the game.

An outfielder gets his fingers on a hot line drive, but can't hold it.

THE PRESIDENT (writing on his score-card)—That was a two-base hit. They can't score that an error.

THE COLONEL (smiling proudly)—You certainly understand the game, sir.

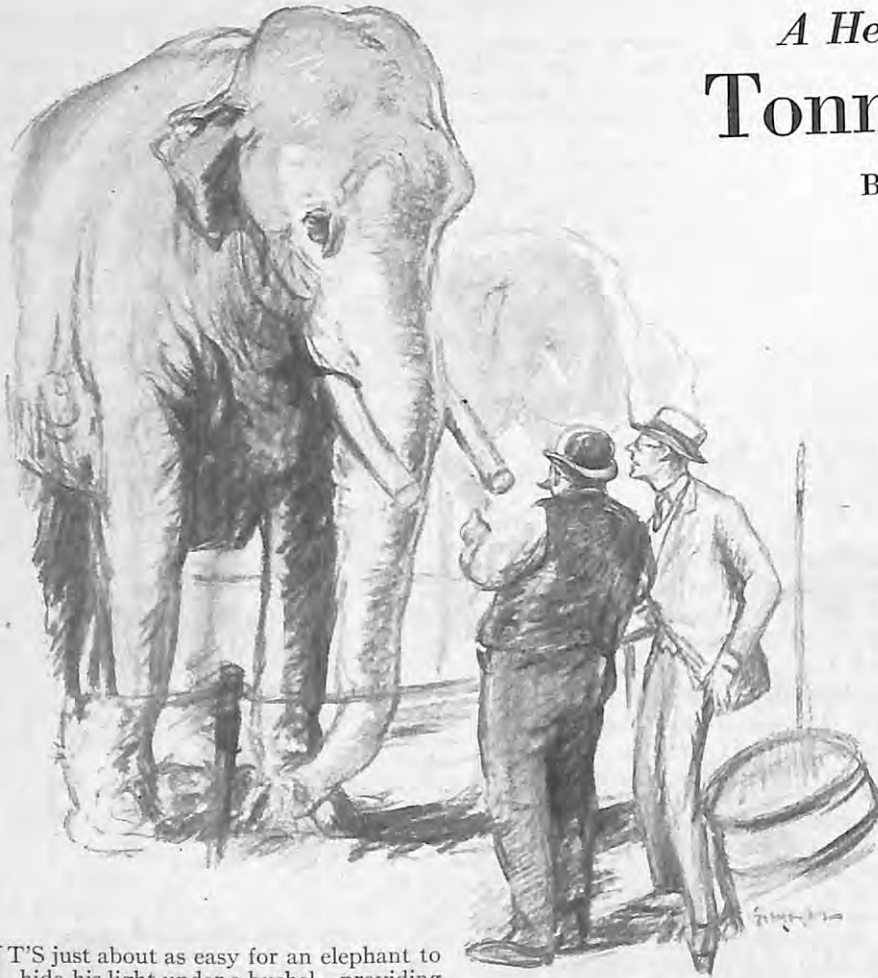
THE PRESIDENT—I ought to. I've started so many ball clubs out in our town, trying to win a pennant, that I have enough baseball stock certificates to paper a big part of the White House. Never did get a good left-hander, though.



A Hectic Deal in Live Stock Tonnage, Preferred

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by George Wright



IT'S just about as easy for an elephant to hide his light under a bushel—providing the bushel's big enough—as it is for a human being. Jumbo did it, for instance, and when they lifted the four-peck measure from Jumbo's calcium, he became the beacon-light of all elephantdom; before that he had been merely a sixteen thousand pound hulk that played with the children each Saturday at the London Zoological Garden. Opportunity, in the shape of Mr. Barnum's press-agents, had to batter down Jumbo's door before the big consignment of elephant flesh became worth his weight in notoriety. Likewise Beelgie.

When the biggest show in the world says it has the biggest elephant in the world, there's the fighting chance that the public is going to believe it. When the smallest show tries to spring something of the kind, it simply doesn't get over. Which explains the fact that while, for twenty-odd years, Beelgie had formed the greater bulk of the menagerie of the Hame and Howard Twice Renowned Wagon Shows, exhibiting in all large cities of 1,000 and under, the only dent the elephant had been able to make had been in the country roads which he traversed for twenty or thirty miles each night, as the tatterdemalion little circus made its way by horse and mule and elephant power from one town to another. Yet Beelgie was deserving of something more. He even was bigger than Jumbo!

Bill Hame had purchased him as a "punk" or youngster when he had stood no more than four feet in height and gave no other promise than that of having an extraordinary appetite. Hame and Howard had fed him well—and Beelgie's physique had responded until at last he towered, like some animated freight car, in the small, patched menagerie of the Twice Renowned, a formidable figure and a more formidable feeder. Beelgie led an active life. As a performer, portraying

feats of mental dexterity and sage sagacity, as the billboards would say, Beelgie hardly was a star. Perhaps the food of his early lifetime had possessed too much of an osseous quality; at any rate, Beelgie's head was largely limestone formation, with the result that he did little more than to trot around the hippodrome track, dance a hootchie-kootch with his hind legs as the band kept time with his movements, and call it a day.

But where work was concerned, things were different. Beelgie held all the belts, free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can, and the grand open championship. He put the show on the lot in the morning, he helped "tear down" at night; in muddy weather, or in sandy country, the Hame and Howard show grounds echoed a constant call for Beelgie as the big hulk flopped here and there to the completion of the hundred and one chores which can bob up about a short-handed, element-handicapped circus.

IT ALL had resulted in a sort of endless cycle. The long walks of the night and the almost constant work of the show-lot, gave him a wonderful appetite. The appetite gave him flesh; the flesh demanded food; the food meant more poundage—and so it went, a pachydermic ring-around-the-rosey which had a tremendous effect on the hay and bran appropriation, but little elsewhere. Nobody believed the announcements that he was bigger than Jumbo. Jumbo wasn't there for comparison. Besides, if Beelgie was all that the circus said, wouldn't some bigger show have him? All of which affected Beelgie not at all. He was fat and bulging and well fed and happy. Besides, he seldom saw the show-crowds or heard their opinions. Beelgie snoozed most of the time during the

performance; he was built for duty, not pleasure. At this point of joyous contentment, there enters—Mr. Greer.

Mr. Greer was a press agent. For the World's Greatest—ninety-five full length cars, 1,000 people, 750 horses, five herds of ponderous pachyderms and a three-mile spectacle of glittering and glorious street pageantry each morning at 10:30 sharp, rain or shine. Which announcements, by the way, were not Mr. Greer's, but merely a courtesy on his part to the traditions of circusdom. Mr. Greer, rather, was of the new school of press agents; quiet clothing, horn-rimmed glasses, excellent education and connections, refined demeanor and mannerisms more indicative of Fifth Avenue than of the sawdust ring. The kind of a man who could wear a tuxedo on opening night at the Coliseum and still retain the friendship of the boss of the elephant herd. Or order Orange Pekoe in the cookhouse without the flunkies giving him the raz. In fact, the sort of a press agent who could walk into a newspaper office and actually write his own stuff. Those things have happened.

It was by accident that Mr. Greer found Beelgie—a chance visit to see what a wagon show was like. Once having seen, the astute brain of Mr. Greer seethed with activity. Could Beelgie be purchased? He could? The Hame and Howard show immediately had an attachment in the shape of a young man in horn-rimmed glasses, who trailed the aggregation for the next four days, meanwhile telegraphing frantically, conferring with his banker over the long-distance telephone, then disappearing to argue with the Old Man of the World's Greatest, to sign a contract, disappear again, borrow money, sign notes, rush once more to the Hame and Howard show, and then, at last, the top button of his vest loosened to allow full play to a prideful swelling of the chest, to put in a four-dollar-and-a-half long-distance call. Finally, the connection:

"Hello—hello—Margery?"

"Yes. Oh, Larry"—the question came at a distance of some eight hundred miles—"what's the matter? Why are you—?"

"Matter?" Mr. Larry Greer smiled happily into the 'phone. "Nothing's the matter. We're fixed for life!"

"Oh! Really? Then they gave you the raise?"

"Better than that! We don't need any raise. We can fix the date any time we want to, now. I've fallen into an investment that pays fifty per cent. a year! A hundred dollars a week, every week! How's that, Honey?"

"Oh!" There was a note of vague uncertainty about the voice. "I—I—don't quite understand. Larry! You haven't bought oil stock?"

"Oil stock nothing!" It was the big moment. "I've bought an elephant!"

"A—what?"

"Elephant—elephant! You know—elephant. Biggest elephant in the world. Stands eleven feet four inches at the ridge

of the back-bone, a third of a foot higher than Jumbo. Get that? Weighs nearly eight and a half tons. Got Jumbo licked to a standstill. I've leased him out to the World's Greatest—a hundred dollars a week!"

"But, Lawrence"—Mr. Greer didn't exactly like the dropping of the affectionate nick-name—"where on earth did you get the money?"

"Money? Why, I had it. That—and a couple of thousand dollars I borrowed."

"You mean—our money? That we were going to put into the house?"

"Well—"

"Lawrence! You didn't take that house money?" There seemed to be no celebration whatever at the other end of the wire. "Oh, you couldn't have done that!"

"Why—why not?"

"But we were going to buy the house with that! We can't live in an elephant!"

"No, but we can live on him, can't we? Now"—and Mr. Greer leaned somewhat severely toward the phone—meanwhile dropping a dollar and a half in the slot at the dictation of Central—"maybe you don't understand this thing. I'll go over it again: I've bought Beelgie, the biggest elephant in the world. Do you understand that? Bought him from the Hame and Howard Circus that didn't know what a really good thing they had. Paid ten thousand dollars for him. Then I went to the Old Man, showed him what an attraction I had, and explained what an awful thing it would be for his competitors, that already have one 15,000-pound elephant, to get hold of this one, and therefore be able to advertise the biggest pair of pachyderms in captivity. Are you listening?"

"Yes—" frigidly—"go on."

"All right. After that, I got a contract from the Old Man whereby I am paid \$100 a week, fifty-two weeks of the year, for the right to exhibit Beelgie as long as he is the biggest elephant on earth. Can't you understand?"

"And you've spent all our money?"

"Our?" There was a refined asperity about Mr. Greer. "I don't see where it was our money. I made it and saved it, didn't I?"

"Yes, but it was going into our house."

"Well, it's gone into our elephant now. Besides, Margery, where's your business sense? This was the chance of a lifetime. We can buy a house any old time—"

"What with?"

"Why—with—with the money we make off of Beelgie. Don't you see? A hundred dollars a week. A hundred dollars a week! Five thousand dollars a year. Fifty per cent. on our investment—"

"Suppose he gets sick? Or dies?"

"Oh, listen, Margery! Be sensible. Why should Beelgie want to die?"

"How do I know? But they do, don't they?"

"No, they don't. Live to be seventy-five and eighty years old. Besides, I put it into the contract that the circus can't work him or endanger his health. So there's that. As for the price I paid, I can sell him for three times that much, any old time—"

"Then for heaven's sake, Lawrence, go and do it! Sell him—"

"But I can't!"

"You just said you could."

"I know I did, and I can—when it's really put over that he's the biggest on earth. But I've got to get the advertising first—and I can't pay for it myself."

Here Mr. Greer dropped another dollar and a half, and almost wished he hadn't. An air of finality had crept into the faraway voice:

"Well, I don't think you've acted very fair in all this. You at least could have consulted me about it—"

"Didn't have time, Margery. I had to put this deal over, and do it quick!"

"And is this the way things are going to be? Start out in the morning to buy a ton of coal and come home with a wagon-load of turkeys?"

"Oh, now, be sensible!"

"THAT'S just it, Lawrence Greer, I am being sensible. You're the one! I'd like to know if there's anything more foolish than to save your money for three years to buy a house and then put it all in an elephant! Without even saying a word to me about it? I—I—didn't think you could be so unfair, Lawrence. I—I—"

"Now, for goodness sake, Margery, be reasonable. Figure it out for yourself. Elephants live to be seventy-five years old. Beelgie's only about twenty. That's fifty years at five thousand dollars a year—three-quarters of a million dollars on a ten-thousand-dollar investment."

"Oh, it sounds nice."

"Well, doesn't it?"

"Yes." Then acidly: "If this—this thing doesn't die. Or somebody doesn't come along with an elephant that's twice as big as he is. Or—"

"Now—just a minute there, Margery. I've taken about all of that I can stand! I wasn't foolish and I wasn't—"

"Time's up, Mister. Drop another dollar and a half if you wish to—"

Somewhat grudgingly Mr. Greer fished in a pocket for the necessary coins. Only to halt. A decision had come from the other end of the wire—somewhat tearful it is true, but exceedingly definite:

"Never mind, Central. I—I think the conversation's over"

A moment later, a rather vague and grumbling Mr. Greer was on the way to the Hame and Howard Circus, there to stand for a long time before the bulbous Beelgie, asking questions of the elephant tender regarding his soundness, peace of mind, strength, digestion and other necessary points raised by that conversation with St. Louis. Mr. Greer was angry. His pride had been outraged by a woman who had no more imagination than to think that because they had decided upon a house, they must have a house, no matter what opportunities might arise. Of course, there had been a sort of vague possibility of some truth in Margery's statements that Beelgie might not last. But if accidents were to happen, why hadn't they happened already?

"NO IMAGINATION!" grumbled Mr. Greer as he scowled upward at the placid Beelgie. "No forethought! No—"

But a man's soliloquies, when a woman has angered him, are long drawn-out affairs, given to repetitions and what-not. The important thing is that late that night, Mr. Greer left town via Pullman, while Beelgie, pop-eyed and shimmying with fear, followed by freight. A month later, an elephant was on the road to fame.



She had pointed almost with impoliteness. "To think that I ever could be interested in a person who would buy a thing like that!"

The picture of Beelgie, all 16 800 pounds of him, was on twenty eight-sheet stands, adorning the billboards three weeks in advance of the World's Greatest. Mr. Greer—when he wasn't writing unavailing letters to St. Louis—was pounding the typewriters for the newspapers about the size, weight, history and dimensions of the only elephant in the world that was bigger than Jumbo. Car managers, lithograph companies, banner-squarers, program distributors, bill-posters, official announcers and bull-tenders, all were on the job to make Beelgie the most famous elephant in America. The only individual who received no thrill whatever from it all—was Beelgie!

FOR, with Beelgie, the whole blamed thing was a washout. What formed the cause, Beelgie didn't know—he wasn't the sort to be able to diagnose. All he could understand was that he was unhappy, woefully, terribly unhappy, that his outlook upon life had taken on a sort of a bilious hue since he had come into the great, rushing universe of the World's Greatest, where everything ran on schedule, where tremendous cars formed the night abode of himself and a score of other elephants each night; where his legs, in a manner beyond his knowledge, had taken on a sort of flabby weakness, where his back ached, and where he was afflicted with spots before the eyes, dizziness on arising, bad taste in the mouth and general sluggishness. Beelgie was no pachydermic physician. He only knew he was missing something, that a great, wonderful condition

of affairs had departed from his life. But what? That was beyond Beelgie.

So he weaved at his picket-pin, a mournful, distressed appearance in his eyes, a sort of gone expression about his drooping mouth. Sometimes he even evidenced a lack of interest in the offerings of peanuts and sticky popcorn which daily were shoved at him by the thronging crowds. With a pachyderm, no symptom can be worse, and it was not long before the elephant superintendent and a worried-appearing Mr. Greer gathered in conference.

"That bull's sick!" said the elephant man. Mr. Greer looked suddenly over his glasses.

"Sick?" he asked, a greenish coloring beginning to take effect in his ears. "You mean—sick?"

"Yeh—sick, or somethin'. He ain't right. Ever notice—he don't take no interest in nothin'? Ain't got no appetite. Ain't got no pep. Ain't got no get-up an' go about him. He ain't right, I'm tellin' you, he ain't right!"

"Could it be?"—Mr. Greer was hoping against hope—"that he's just lonesome?"

"Yeh, it could—but it ain't. Nope; it's somethin' else. In th' first place, there ain't no reason for him bein' lonesome. Over there he was th' only bull there was. Here he's got a whole flock o' bulls to keep him company. Besides, if he was lonesome, he'd kick on me handlin' him, wouldn't he? Want his old trainer, or somethin' like that. But that ain't it. He don't kick on nothin', don't get interested enough in nothin' t' make a row about it. Just th' trouble—

don't take no interest in his food, don't take no interest in th' rest o' th' bulls, don't take no interest in th' crowd or nobody. He's just with it—that's all. Th' worst of it is, he's fallin' off. That bull's lost a couple o' hundred pounds!"

"Huh?" The greenish coloring had spread. "How much?"

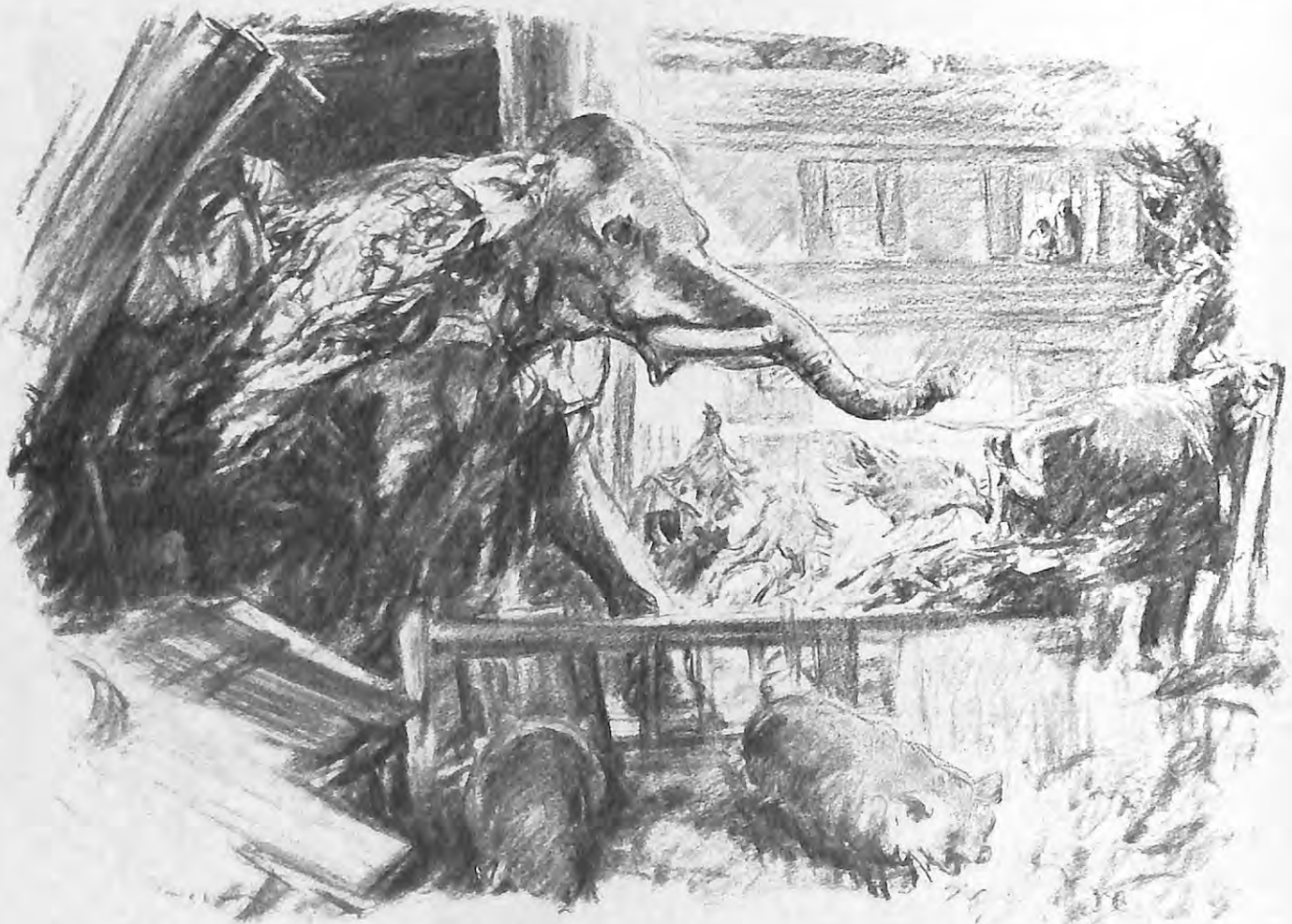
"Couple o' hundred—maybe three; I don't know. But he's losin' weight—droppin' it off by th' armload. Look it—see there? He's saggin'!"

MR. GREER admitted it against his will. At Beelgie's shoulders were unmistakable evidences of shrinkage. The leathery hide was loose and overlapping, there were about him the faint appearances of gauntness—if an eight and a half ton elephant can be gaunt. Mr. Greer moistened his lips. "Have—have you tried medicine on him?"

"Not yet—just been figurin' t' feed him up, but it don't work. Guess I'll have t' begin dosin' him."

"Yes—yes, I think I would." Mr. Greer managed to find a ten-dollar bill deep in a pocket and passed it forth. "Yes—I'd dose him up. A tonic or something. Plenty of it!"

"Oh, yeh, I'll do that all right." The bull-man bobbed his head, jabbed the price of four bottles of moonshine into his pocket, looked again at Beelgie, then yelped for his assistants. A bugle had sounded in the distance. In ten minutes more, Beelgie, attired in a crown of cut glass and ostrich



Farmers poked their heads out of windows, then ran, yelping, for the aid of neighbors. Beelgie went blissfully on, and the flashes of lightning disclosed a long and beautiful path of wreckage.



Disdaining the shouting workmen who tried to capture him, he walked through them, lowered his big head, snorted, roared, squealed, bellowed a couple of times—and then pushed the wagon out of the deep mud.

plumes, and a red-plush howdah—"howdy" it's called in the circus—would bear the Queen of Sheba around the hippodrome track at the head of the tournament, or opening entry. The head bull-tender passed on, with Mr. Greer's ten dollars. Mr. Greer passed on with his sorrows, public and secret. Beelgie remained behind, to grieve alone.

For Beelgie wasn't his old self at all. His former rotund beauty was fading. His outlook on life was a drab, dull thing, without a single joy or alleviating circumstance. Beelgie couldn't read the billboards. He didn't know he was famous. The fact that he was bigger than Jumbo was nothing at all in his life; he'd never even met the elephant. The glory of being a feature with the World's Greatest meant less; the food wasn't any better than it was back there on the Hame and Howard, and besides, Beelgie had no appetite. For an elephant, that's the last word.

NOR was it for Beelgie, or any one else, to reason into the depth of things, and bring forth the psychological reactions, as they say, of his complex. How was Beelgie, sixteen thousand, eight hundred pounds—less the two hundred he had lost—of some hide, more flesh and a great deal of bone, to reason out the fact that what he wanted was exercise? How was he to reflect upon the history of his case, and view it in comparison to his present status? How was he to reason that when an elephant has put in the best years of his youth in dragging a circus from one town to another, pushing wagons, carrying poles and seat-planks and grand-stand jacks; yanking the cook-house on and off the lot, and doing a few dozen other things, he simply can't fade out of the picture without suffering the consequences?

Now he did nothing but shamle around

the hippodrome track with the Queen of Sheba sitting up there in the howdy and showing her gold teeth; or trotting a few steps to the cars each night, after the show was over—not more than a mile or two of walking each day. That might be all right for other elephants, but not for Beelgie. He was like a mail-carrier who suddenly had been given a desk job. The old zest wasn't there. The long dirt roads, the happy exercise, all had faded for him, to give way to a life of irksome ease, which in turn was sapping his every ambition. What made conditions worse was the fact that nobody around the show was any better informed than Beelgie. During his negotiations with Hame and Howard, Mr. Greer had seen the elephant only while on exhibition. The rest of the time he either was talking to the management or trying to wear out the telegraph wires. He knew nothing of Beelgie's private life. He therefore had brought no information with his gigantic purchase, other than the fact that he was a whale of an elephant. All he could do was to stand by and watch the head bull-man while he poured castor oil by the gallon down Beelgie's rapidly thinning throat, or tried to argue him into eating food for which Beelgie really had no relish.

Besides, Mr. Greer wasn't exactly at his best these days. His letter-writing had not been without its misfortunes. In one or two of his missives, he had made a few rather radical statements. Following which, Mr. Greer had come to the conclusion that one never should be radical with a woman. Especially one who already has gone into training for the handling of a husband. After a week or so of fruitless watching at the post-office, Mr. Greer found that he had plenty of time to throw his every effort into his work as the personal representative to an elephant.

Beelgie, about that time, needed a great deal more than representation.

Day by day, in every way, he grew worse instead of better; each morning found his trumpet call more piteous—less of verve and dash about him as he wobbled about the hippodrome track, his ostrich plume crown fluttering above his big head and the howdy rocking on his back. Day by day—then, a new element entered, the Old Man.

"Hearing a lot of kicks on Beelgie," he announced shortly one morning as he and Mr. Greer stood in review before the disconsolate hulk. That greenness again appeared in the vicinity of Mr. Greer's ears.

"In—in what way?"

"Every kind of way. Woman stopped me yesterday and asked me why we didn't feed that elephant."

"Oh."

"Yeh. Seemed to think we're starving him on purpose. How much has he lost now—a half a ton?"

Mr. Greer sighed.

"Why—I really couldn't say. We haven't weighed him lately."

"NO?" The Old Man grunted. "Well—I don't guess we'd better; at least, not when there's any of these spies for the American Mastodon Shows around. I've got a tip on 'em."

"Oh." Some way, Mr. Greer had lost his usual flow of language. "You've got a tip?"

"Yeh. They're feeding that big bull of theirs about eight times a day, trying to make him take on weight. Somebody's been sending 'em the dope on how Beelgie's falling off. Figure to get their elephant to weigh more than ours, and then give us the ring-down. A short, fat elephant always looks bigger'n a tall skinny one."

He gazed at the now-cadaverous Beelgie, while Mr. Greer gazed intently in the other direction. The situation was getting a bit

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Right Out of Our Own Garden

By Robert C. Benchley

Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove

IT IS a very funny thing that, although you can get all the expert advice you want on how to *start* a garden and how to keep it going, you never see any articles in the booklets or magazines on what to do with the stuff you finally drag out of the ground. Nobody seems to care whether or not you die of vegetable poisoning from trying to eat your way out of a cellar-full of lima-beans. No one takes any interest in what you are going to do to prevent an accumulation of radishes from piling up until they lift your house off its foundations. All the seed merchants (who inspire the articles on gardening) care about is your buying their seeds. Let the Board of Health take care of you after that.

Now for three years I have let myself be stampeded into starting a garden by these paid propagandists of the seed people. On reading their warning "Now Is the Time to Get Your Beets into the Ground" I have rushed out and bought beet seed without ever stopping to question why in God's name I should *want* to get my beets into the ground. It just seemed to be the thing to do.

I have studied the charts showing which way to face when you sow Swiss chard in order that the sun may reach the winter wheat which you are planting in the next row. (Five rows of winter wheat are usually enough for an ordinary garden, because in the winter you don't want much wheat anyway. As a matter of fact, I use the winter wheat chiefly to mark the line where my chives stop and the grass begins.)

I have practiced the most approved grips as set forth in the farm journals in order that the holes made by the hoe should be at an angle of refraction equal to the sum of the square of the other two sides. This, they say, prevents the bean seeds from getting on top of one another during the long spring evenings and thereby coming up all on one stalk.

In fact, I have put in more time in preparation for my garden and in coaxing it along to fruition than I have in bringing up my family of boys. And in the end, what have I had to show for it? An excess of iron in my system which had to be drained off to keep me from rusting to death whenever I went out in the rain, and an aversion to vegetables which lasts throughout the entire winter.

It is about time, therefore, that some one made up a list of ways in which to dispose

of the excess crops which result from the feverish scramble of commuters to indulge themselves in gardens during the spring months. In an attempt to do this, the present treatise will begin at the point at which most treatises on gardening stop, namely the week following the harvest. Let us take it for granted that you have planted your seed, have broken your back, have gone out every five minutes for two months to see if anything new has shot up, and have, at last, finally picked the product of your labors. Now comes the big question: what to do?

Probably the most troublesome crop to handle will be your radishes. No matter what else comes through, you can count on the radishes to make a splendid showing. If you planted enough to supply, let us say, a dozen radishes (surely no one would wittingly put himself in line for more than a dozen) you will be surprised to find that Old Mother Nature has spread herself and lavishly supplied you with three-quarters of a ton. Of these, half a ton will be entirely porous and quite inedible, a quarter of a ton will be so small that you will lose them up your cuff while picking them, and the remaining quarter-ton will bear some resemblance to food.

The half-ton of corky ones ought not to be even bitten into. It spoils you for any good ones that you may come across later in life. Once you have set your teeth into a nice, porous radish you shy away from radishes for the rest of the season. It doesn't seem worth taking the chance for.

This does not necessarily mean that you should throw them away. I have found that by cutting them with a small, sharp knife around the top, making little fancy designs, like fleur-de-lis or something with an egg-and-dart pattern, you can mount each one on a tiny standard and use it to stick pens in after using. Let us say that you have three or four spongy radishes in your crop. Here, with perhaps four evenings work, are three or four thousand Christmas presents all provided for. If you like you can serve appropriate sentiments across the body of the vegetable (the white against the red is very effective) such as: "A Merry Christmas and a Happy Radish."

People will be so crazy about these little penwipers that a fad may be started for

them, and you will begin to receive orders from the big department stores. Eventually you will have to give up your regular business, whatever it is, and do nothing but make radish pen-wipers, and finally someone will write you up for *The American Magazine*. And you will say to your wife some evening as you sit in your old Rolls, "Remember, Millie, the time we read that article in the Elk's paper that first gave us the idea of making our fortune? I wonder where the man who wrote that is now. I'd like to send him a little check, just to show that we appreciate what he has done for us." And Millie, if she has any memory at all, will say: "I think that he said that he could be reached any day before five at 1425 Broadway, New York City. Let's send the check right now, Sanford!"

THERE isn't really very much that can be done with the baby radishes except to string them like beads. They make a very pretty *bijou*, but the tendency is to nibble at them if the wearer is at all nervous or hungry, and after you have nibbled at a radish, no matter how small, it isn't worth much as a decoration. A nice coating of shellac, however, would keep you from nibbling *many* of them and would, in addition, make them shiny.



The cook should cover the bowl containing the unstrung beans with a silk hat, and walk slowly around it in a circle muttering an incantation

There now remains nothing but the edible radishes to be disposed of. What to do with them? Surely not eat them. One or two, maybe, yes. Before anything else to eat comes on the table. But no one expects you to eat radishes when there is real food to be had. So the best thing to do with those which are not spongy enough for pen-wipers or small enough for stringing, is to throw them away. You can do this by filling baskets with them and taking them out in a row-boat and dumping them over-board. Unless the lake or stream is very shallow there is little danger of your filling it up.

And there is your entire radish crop taken care of.

WE NOW come to the string-beans. They also are very enthusiastic growers. I have seen the time when for every string-bean I picked in my garden, three would appear in its place before my back was turned. Or rather before my back was well.

There is one good thing about string-beans. You are likely to think that they are leaves and pass them by. Unless you look very closely a string-bean and its leaf seem to be of the same color and make the same sort of noise. This, of course, opens up a perfectly plausible way of avoiding an excess of beans. Just don't pick them off the vines. Say that you thought that they were leaves. No jury in the country would convict you. And the more beans you leave on the vines, the fewer you have to take care of in the house.

You will have to bring in a certain number, however. The family expects this of you and will ask you where the beans are if you show up without them. The big question about string-beans is not so much what to do with the beans as what to do with

the strings. Scientists have been working on this problem for years and the best that they can evolve is a makeshift. Admittedly, the disposition of string-bean strings is still in its infancy. Such facts as research has disclosed, however, are yours for the asking. (Do I hear any one asking? . . . Thank you.)

Well, then, as every one knows, a certain percentage of the strings are removed from the bean before cooking. This is done by the cook. Most cooks use the following method:

Place the mess of beans in a large bowl. Break one open and extract the string. Sigh and look out of the window. Break another open and extract half the string. Break another open and drop it in the bowl with the first two. Cover the bowl containing the remainder of the unstrung beans with a silk hat, walk slowly around it in a circle muttering, "String-bean, string-bean, the finest string that ever was seen. Jippity-flipperty-FIG!" At the word "FIG!" take the hat off the bowl and you will find that the beans are all strung.

This being the favorite kitchen method, it is not surprising that once in a while, when a cook doesn't know her lines very well,

one or two strings remain. One or two strings per bean, that is. What we are trying to solve for you is the problem of these strings which reach the table in spite of everything that the cook can do.

Some people like to make watch-fobs out of them. As they find them in their beans at dinner, they say, "I beg your pardon," to their hostess or whoever it is that sees them doing it, remove them delicately from their mouth with the thumb and forefinger (raising the little finger the while) and place them in a row beside their plate. Soon they will have enough to braid together in little strands, in turn weaving these strands into one large cable with a knob on the end, which can be attached to the stem of the watch and worn hanging from the watch-pocket. There are two styles of these fobs, green and yellow, depending on the style of bean used. A lot of young men are going in for the yellow this summer, although, of course, green is always correct and perhaps a little safer if you want to be conservative.

As yet there has been no way perfected for adapting the strings from beans for use on the banjo. The damp weather affects them. Furthermore, they are not long enough. If you have a very short banjo, and can keep it in an even temperature, you might be able to work. But we promise nothing.

Swiss-chard is another vegetable that it is difficult to find room for after the third mess has been cooked. I first planted Swiss-chard under the impression that the seed envelope said "Swiss Cheese," and being very fond of a Swiss cheese sandwich before going to bed at night, I thought that it would be handy to have it right out of our own garden rather than running down to the delicatessen for it. Even when I saw the green leaves coming up out of the ground I wasn't sure that

I had been fooled, for I didn't know but what Swiss cheese grew like beets and potatoes, with a pretty little plant above the soil and the actual prize itself underneath. But no.

What Swiss-chard really turns out to be is so much like spinach that you could cry. If you are going to have spinach, you might as well call it that from the start and take all the credit for it. After you have had it for dinner three or four times, it won't make any difference what you call it. And no matter what you call it, it will come. It will come in great sheaves, so that when twenty baskets have been filled with it, lo, there will be enough to feed the militia with.

Owing to the broad surface of the Swiss-chard leaf (something like that of the romaine without the Russian dressing) it lends itself to several different ways of disposal. First, it may be placed in the sun to dry thoroughly, and then rolled into cigars and smoked. A good Swiss-chard perfecto ought to bring anywhere from twenty cents to tonsillitis in the open market.

In case you do not smoke, it is always possible to take two Swiss-chard leaves and



Before he could telephone for the police the nasturtiums had come right into the house and were trailing their way upstairs

sew them together to make a mitten. Every one has need for mittens at some time or other, even if it is only to wear one and carry the other in the hand just for looks, at the races or some place like that. A good mitten is never out of place. And you won't find many better mittens than those made from the leaf of the Swiss-chard. In case, you want a place to stick your thumb, you can always buy kid-glove thumbs at a drug-store. Just tell the druggist that you want a thumb to go with a Swiss-chard mitten and he will know what you mean, especially if you accompany your request with a sly wink.

Although this article has been concerned primarily with the excess crops of vegetable gardens, something ought to be said about the nasturtium, which is the radish among flowers. I had a cousin once who planted some nasturtiums around his front porch in April. His family went away in May for the summer and he was left alone in the house. One night in June he heard a noise downstairs and, on investigating, discovered that it was the nasturtiums forcing their way through the porch window. He tried to batter his way out at the door, but the tangle of stems was so thick that it could not be opened. Before he could telephone for the police the nasturtiums had come right into the house and were trailing their way up the stairs. He came very near starving to death before the neighbors could chop an entrance in to his rescue.

THERE doesn't seem much that can be done with the nasturtium, either. You either let it bully you out of your house and home, or you take the situation into your own hands in the first place and don't plant any.

Of course, there is where we humans have a big advantage over our little brothers the vegetables and flowers. We don't have to plant them if we don't want them. Some of them, like the dandelion (if I wanted to mention names), don't wait to be asked, but as a general thing, we have the original say in the matter. And what do we do? In spite of what we have learned in previous years, in spite of warning articles like this one, we go right out and plant more seeds.



Just tell the druggist that you want a thumb to go with a native Swiss-chard mitten



The Garden of Terror

Part IV—The Episode in the Mountain House

By Anna McClure Sholl

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

THE doctor returned to the drawing-room—found the two still standing before the fire. He told them of Hortense's sudden departure.

"I am glad she is gone," Eulalie commented. "But I think she's our first link in getting at this mystery."

"Well, I have some theories myself. What are yours?"

Eulalie glanced at Carroll. "Don't you think, doctor, love is as magnetic a force as any other form of energy?"

The old man drew his bushy eyebrows together. "Yes—if it's love; an emotion as rare as the dodo bird. What most people call love is a trick of nature. Enduring love is a law of the supernatural."

"Do you think we could call Thecla back—by love? Carroll—all of us?"

"No," said the physician, "I don't." He thought they could, but he had no intention of telling two young lovers how far the force of their wills could reach. The young man, so toiled and chiseled by emotion that he looked like a Rodin marble; Eulalie, reaching out her hands to the great Fire from the shadow of death—the old doctor knew better than to set these already active imaginations flaming. Thecla might then walk forever in the avenues of the ancient garden to the flutes of fascination.

"No, I don't," he repeated. "And as all emotion without action is dangerous, and destructive of health, I propose that we run down our problem instead of talking about it!"

"You are quite right," Eulalie said. "I wish we could start to-night."

"Too late; but, Carroll, come down in the morning early, and the three of us will hunt Merton Calvert."

"Agreed," Carroll answered. "I must know if Calvert was on the track of—" he checked himself; Eulalie read his thoughts and jealousy held her for a moment, under the same mad fancy of Calvert seeking that beautiful face until it drew him quite out of the world of men and women into some fastness that she could not reach.

Carroll went away promising to be on hand in the morning and the doctor and Eulalie had dinner together. He suggested that she should go to bed early.

She agreed—but she had plans of her own; she would wait until the house was quiet; then steal down to Thecla's room—watch there to see if Hortense's absence from the house made any difference in the nocturnal visitations. It was almost beyond her courage. But she must go beyond her courage—and challenge fate.

No! Thecla should not have him, but herself, Eulalie! waking to the possibilities of her woman nature; the swathings of the chrysalis soon to separate—and release her. She could never possess Thecla's charm; but her own—her very own. Out of what filaments should she spin that veil which every woman desires and some possess supremely and others never have at all, so that they walk the world seen as plainly as men.

They must not be too conscientious nor too literal, nor too infatuated with any man. The negatives were easy enough; but the positives, these were the rub, for they lay neither in beauty nor coquetry nor kindness. Some of the kindest people Eulalie had ever known hadn't an ounce of charm.

Perhaps in Thecla's room to-night the secret would come to her.

After dinner she and the doctor sat down to a game of cribbage before he went upstairs for one in Miss Lucy's room. "No fancies, remember, to-night," he warned. "Teck and Murphy, those comic-opera policemen, have come again from Brompton, Murphy rather low to find Hortense gone. No one to give them a sip or a drop. Don't stay down here too long."

She promised to go soon to bed, and she had little inclination to linger among the tall alabaster vases which someone in the household had filled to-day with blue delphinium. And after a few minutes' interrogation of the fire—that oracle of deeply human questions—she went to her own room, declined the services of her aunt's maid; then decided, at the end of her undressing, that a brown velvet robe would never do to wear to Thecla's magic red and emerald chamber.

She had one other—of pale golden silk; and she put this on for her vigil, and about eleven stole down to Thecla's room, and switched on the lights, wondering if, after all, she would have the courage to spend the night there.

THE place seemed gay as usual—bland and gay, and almost as if prepared for her, with a kind of caressing sweetness in the atmosphere. She turned down the silk counterpane—fresh sheets, and lying on the pillow a square gray envelope addressed to herself. Opening it, she read:

"You think you are rid of me; but you will soon know that you are not mistress of the Manor as you fondly believe. Miss Thecla will take me again. She is more generous dead than you living.
HORTENSE."

"I wonder why that girl hates me so?" Eulalie said to herself. "I suppose Thecla knew she needed severity, not kindness. I never remember Thecla speaking of her familiarly."

She curled up in a deep chair and took the room to her heart from her inevitable pleasure in it. But her eyes returned from every survey to the closet door. After a while she rose and opened it; and the dresses in their orderly line recaptured Thecla at the center of many memories.

Growing sleepy in spite of herself, she got into bed, switched out the lights, dozed, then became aware of voices in the garden just under her window.

"I tell you, it's her."

"I tell you, it ain't."

"Pull your trigger, Teck."

"Pull your own!"

Eulalie flew to the window just in time to see a woman's figure enter the observatory.

"NOW we've got her," said a voice from the garden. "All we have to do is to perch there till she comes out."

"All night?"

"Till she comes out. The steps are wood, not stone. Make yourself comfortable."

Eulalie saw the two officers settle themselves on the steps of the little octagonal building, which had a window within her sight but not theirs. A light flashed out—an instant. Yes, it was a woman—the woman! Eulalie had just time to see the red and violet dress. Darkness again! Had she dreamed it?

They must not wait—the cowards. They'd fall asleep on the steps—and here was the chance to challenge this apparition, this woman in the wrong clothes, as Merton called her. Eulalie hurried down to the garden and across the terrace, calling, "Teck, Teck," in a low, clear voice.

The two men scrambled to their feet. She heard Teck say: "It's all right. It's Miss Eulalie."

She came close to them. Teck threw his flashlight on her to make sure; and in its circular nimbus she stood—golden!

"Open the door of the observatory," she commanded. "At once!"

The two men looked blankly at each other. "Now?" asked Teck. "Miss Eulalie, did you see her? Did you see her go in—there?"

"I saw some one inside the observatory. Open the door, please."

"Now, could you describe her?" asked Teck, his honest face a broad blandishment of procrastination.

"She is my sister—alive or dead."

Teck and Murphy looked at each other in anguish. Each challenged the other to the deed. Eulalie saw the fear in their faces—and walked to the door—swung it wide open and called, "Thecla!"

Nothing! Just the few garden tools in the corner and the pale glass dome arching the octagonal walls. Some one had washed the blood from the floor.

"Well, can you beat it?" ejaculated Teck.

"Miss Eulalie, did you see her from a window?"

"Yes, there was a light in here for an instant. Did you move at all from this place in the last ten minutes?"

"No. We sat right here on the steps—didn't we, Teck?"

"We did," Teck said mournfully, "and by Ireland's miseries it was a mistake."

The hopeless emptiness of the little one-roomed building checked all calculation.

"You saw her in the garden first?" Eulalie asked.

"Yes, walking fast toward this building."

"Why didn't you follow her?"

"Well, Miss Eulalie, you'd better get a German on the job. Us Irish are not stolid," Teck answered. "When them that don't rest well return, we give 'em a wide circle."

"You mean you are afraid of her?"

"Yes, ma'am, we are," said Murphy frankly. "Beautiful ghosts are worse than the ugly ones. You'd never know where they'd lead a man. Why, they might lead him into a lake or over some precipice."

"I believe my sister is alive."

"Miss Eulalie, she's taken one away," muttered Murphy. "Mr. Merton Calvert's gone."

At his name she felt her color rise, and was glad of the night.

"He will come back," she remarked quietly.

"LET me escort you back to the house, Miss," Teck said.

"Yes, Miss," said Murphy, promptly taking his place at her side.

Eulalie walked between them like a prisoner of their superstitions. Her own were heavy upon her, and she decided that she would not go back to Thecla's room to switch off the lights. But as she crossed the hall a new thought came to her. Thecla had feared nothing. It was part of her charm that she feared nothing—of an equipment that was not so much armor as the lack of armor.

So she went back, opened the door, crossed the threshold, and breathed jasmine and lemon flower; passed a long mirror and caught sight of a red mouth and blue eyes searching, and golden drapery. "It's myself," she thought. "Why must I think everything beautiful is Thecla?"

Her sister's jewels were in a little safe let into the wall. The combination was just the word "Thecla," and so she set it—and swung open the heavy little door; then started back in astonishment. The little square metal case was empty of the leather boxes that held Thecla's jewels. Some one had taken them all.

The theft aroused in her a sense of security, of being on firm ground. Here at last was something tangible that one could track down! She closed the door again. Of course Hortense had taken them, and the alarm the doctor had sent out would not include



Perhaps in Thecla's room to-night the secret of it all would come to her

possible murder and certain theft. Eulalie resented this stealing of Thecla's ornaments not so much because of the value of the jewels—many of them were only semi-precious stones—but their settings and their strange blending of colors were unique, alexandrites, bloodstones, amber like honey, rubellites, rock and staurolite crystals, sun-stones and moon-stones, cat's-eyes, crystal, jasper, opal matrices, and coral and jade. Diamonds Thecla abhorred.

All this store had vanished. She closed the safe again, feeling that another link with her sister had been broken. So strange was every incident of the past week, it seemed now as if elves or gnomes had transported this treasure to dark caves in the wild and distant mountains. She put her hand in to feel for one forgotten gem, and her fingers closed on the cold smoothness of a large round crystal.

SHE took it out; set the sumptuous sphere on the yellow silk cover of the bed, knelt beside the bed and gazed into it, making a golden shadow of her unloosened hair. Thecla—Merton—Carroll—all just beyond her because she had thought bleakly of this universe—ah, perhaps proudly. Perhaps Thecla had been so meek at heart she could neither cry nor question—but say yes to all the crowding events of life as they came to meet her, and put them through the alchemy of love, so transforming them. Surely the world was made for enchantment—spirit working through flesh, never the flesh alone, nor the pompous intellect. How dreary all formulas for living without that divine fire.

"Hark! how the nightingale—
The tawny-throated,
Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a burst,
What triumph—!"

The lines of Matthew Arnold went through her mind.

Triumph! but only for those capable of infinite love—all else the dead leaves blown on the wind!

She fixed her eyes on the crystal, wondering what might come from its clarity—whose face, what distant scene; then smiled at her own fancies. To look into the crystal of the spirit was the true method; all "little lovely moony nights," all radiant days lay there.

But growing sleepy at last, she closed her hand on the ball as a child might, as if in that etherealized room to touch the tangible gave comfort; and so went into her dreams.

She was awakened by the doctor bending over her. "Dawn here, Eulalie," he said gently. "Carroll has come! Do you want to breakfast with us?"

She was sure she did; but before going to her room she told the physician the events of the night. He listened without comment, glancing at her occasionally; but he saw no signs in her of undue mental excitement.

"Of course it's Hortense," he granted, "but there are features of this case that seem beyond the ordinary—to say the least! I can't quite attribute all the maid's mad doings to extravagant devotion to her dead mistress."

"Do you think the same hand took the jewels that cut the painting out of the frame?" Eulalie questioned.

"Perhaps. But go get ready for the day. You'll join us soon?"

An hour later they were in the doctor's sedan. In his judgment the country people in the mountains, being used to his car, were less likely to connect it with detective work.

"Of course Hortense may have gone to New York," he said. "On the other hand, she may be hiding in some mountain house—out Sparta way."

"Out Sparta way" had always a bleak sound in the ears of the neighborhood—it being a section of villainous roads, small hidden villages and that languor which descends on mountain dwellers, as if perpetual gazing over great distances had an hypnotic effect. Thecla had loved this rugged and sparsely settled region; and it was on one of its roads that her horse, stumbling, had thrown her. It was toward this little wooden cottage where they had taken her after the accident that the doctor was directing his car; and they reached it after an hour's difficult driving. Dr. Crosby thought of his last errand there with the ambulance in his train, and Jennifer Burnham, who had once been a trained nurse in the Falcon household, standing white in the sunlight, her black hair like an Indian's, flat against the strange appalled face. He remembered her greeting: "It's a Falcon! an eagle broken by a horse-devil"; and the great black horse firmly tied to a stone post had pranced at her words.

Behind her a sign had been swinging in the wind: "Tea Served," and he made out she earned a precarious living that way, serving tea to the few climbers who had courage to adventure up that road for the view.

But to-day the door of the little place was closed, the windows barred; the marigolds in the garden drooping for lack of water. As there were no near neighbors of whom to inquire, Carroll suggested that they ask at the first house down the road. "And you are thinking, doctor," he said, "Hortense may have taken refuge with this woman?"

"I don't know—but Jennifer Burnham must know this district."

"What an odd name," Eulalie commented.

"An odd woman," replied the doctor. "A strong creature. I could connect her as little with this tea-house as a mountain pine with a dolls' party. It had the usual gimcracks—yellow tables and gingham curtains, and all these marigolds in vases. Well, here's a house. Carroll, will you jump out?"

He returned from his interview with a farmer's wife, looking rather puzzled. "She says Miss Burnham closes the tea-house and goes to her real home back in the mountains every September. I asked where the real home, as she called it, was; but she said she'd only been here a year and didn't know anybody but her immediate neighbors; hadn't known even these very well. Asked her if she'd seen a very smart maid in high heels—said no!"

"What shall we do next?" Eulalie asked.

The doctor considered. "Just stop at houses—ask for a drink of water; ask if any strangers have been seen up here lately."

So they went snailing along, a measure of procedure well adapted to the rugged roads that just skirted the heights as if afraid of plunging through forests and up declivities. No one had seen a stranger.

THE day warmed to noon and they ate the lunch that Desmond had put up, near a little stream, a charming glancing bit of water. Beyond was a wood, and Eulalie said she thought she saw a cabin through the trees. Should she go and ask there?

The doctor and Carroll were smoking and they nodded their acquiescence. When she was out of hearing Carroll said, "Do you believe Merton Calvert is dead?"

"No, I do not. People don't kill without an object; and what's the motive in this case?"

Jayne shook his head. "I don't know—" he hesitated, "unless—*she*—wanted—him."

"She? who is 'she'?"

"Thecla," he gave back miserably.

"Jayne, don't go too near the border-line," the doctor warned, "though I must say you have some excuse for this nonsense."

"Doctor, I loved her."

The old physician puffed at his cigar and flicked the ashes against the log on which they were sitting. The great cobweb of sex, commensurate with the universe, caught everybody—even the mystics rapturously espousing the infinite, certainly it had caught Carroll with his intense eyes and his lean greyhound look as if baying a shadow.

"Of course you loved her! You'll see her again in some other world, I don't doubt. But here's this life! Marry, settle down, bring up a big old-fashioned family—the kind this silly world thinks it can't afford. My God! as if the Almighty couldn't feed the mouths he made!" the doctor ejaculated.

Carroll tossed a blade of grass into the brook. "Think what Thecla's children would have been."

"I am not so sure," remarked the doctor, "that they would have caught her charm."

They went into silence again, and the brooding day took their thoughts far. At last the doctor looked at his watch. "Well, it's time we're off. Where's Eulalie? It seems to me it's a long time since she left us."

"She went to a cottage in the wood there," said Carroll, glancing anxiously through the trees. "Do you see any cottage, doctor?"

The doctor peered through his thick glasses. "Those big boulders look like houses sometimes. No, I don't see any cottage. She must have imagined one. Better go into the wood after her, Carroll."

HE WENT and was gone about five minutes—came back looking alarmed. "I say, doctor, Eulalie isn't anywhere around."

"Nonsense! Did you call?"

"Didn't you hear me?"

"No; the wind must be in the wrong direction. Did you see a cottage?"

"The wood gets thicker and thicker—there's not a sign of any dwelling."

"That's queer!"

The two men avoided each other's eyes an instant; emotions rushing over them of fear, dismay and that haunting sense of something uncanny which brooded over the whole landscape, so full of great gray trees and tumbled rocks and the aspect of defeating human endeavor. The little brook—all white and silver and deep chestnut brown in the shadows where the pools mirrored the lichen-crusted rocks—sang its wild song while the two men hesitated and swept the still landscape for the slender figure of Eulalie.

"Good heaven, doctor, she couldn't have met harm!" Carroll ejaculated. Something mysterious and ghostly in the great gray wood caught his sensitive imagination and chilled his heart. The shoulder of the mountain rose indifferently beyond the plumed trees with that air of aloofness all mountains have. Other blue peaks rose distantly and high in the air an eagle circled.

"Sound the horn, Carroll. It gives an awful squawk."

But its raucous call brought no answer from the wood. The doctor raised his high, quavering voice and called, "Eulalie!" but the name died away on the wind, and no one came in sight—yes, one person: a thin, dark creature with luminous eyes, wide-opened to behold either the mountains or his own amazing visions. The doctor noticed at once that his chin was white for a country lad's, and delicately rounded. Absorbed, weary—for he walked slowly—and with a kind of proud reticence in his bearing. He scarcely



glanced at the sedan or the two men standing near it.

Carroll hailed him. "Did you see a young lady in the wood as you came along?"

The dark eyes flashed, the shoulders squared and the reply seemed haughtily given. "I saw two of them—and one was following the other."

"Which direction?"

He pointed vaguely toward the wood. "They were going up mountain."

"Country women, likely," the doctor said. "Can you describe them?"

A FAINT smile overspread the stranger's face. "I couldn't soon forget them," he answered. "One was tall and had yellow-colored hair. The other," he paused, and red mounted slowly through the brown of his cheeks, "she was tall, too!"

"Light?"

"Dark."

Carroll Jayne took an excited step forward. "What did she look like?"

A secretive expression shadowed the lad's face. "She was pretty far off—I couldn't say."

"Would you know Miss Eulalie Falcon

"What are you doing in my private room? You have no right here!"

of Falcon Manor if you saw her?" the doctor asked.

"I know Miss Thecla Falcon. She was up here on her horse—a great black horse—yesterday."

The doctor and Carroll glanced at each other, then the former said, "You must have been mistaken. Miss Thecla Falcon is dead!"

The man looked incredulous. "Oh, you're mistaken," he muttered. "Dead people don't ride around on horses."

"We're losing time," said the doctor. "Come into the wood with us. Show us where you saw these two women."

They followed him—and Carroll observed with jealousy the man's straight and graceful carriage, his manner of holding his head, his direct glance once his attention was aroused, and when he stopped his air of hesitation. They were in the very thick of the wood when he raised his hands and dropped them again with an expressive gesture.

"I've lost the track. I thought it was this path—but it wasn't. I remember, for I saw a big boulder where they turned off."

"Were they walking together?"

"No—the fair one seemed to be trying to overtake the other. She was a good way behind, and she was calling 'Thecla'—that's how I was sure it was Miss Falcon."

"Did the other—one answer?"

"No; she never turned her head."

They stood in silence, the three of them; and the doctor seemed listening for far-off sounds. The wind was rising, and the shadows in the wood were growing deeper.

"Find that boulder, man," he said. "We can't waste time. Take a sharp look."

Either he could not find it, or did not want to find it, for he led them around in circles and seemed never to recognize any path as authentic. Finally the doctor became impatient.

"We'll do better in the open road, Carroll. Let's go back to the car. We're obliged to you—but really we must do better work than this."

The young man let them go indifferently, evidently preferring his own thoughts to their society. Back by the brook again they faced each other. "Well, what do you make of it?" Carroll demanded. "Do you think he was lying?"

"Well, he's not the first that's seen her," the doctor answered. "On the other hand, an hallucination in a forest is rather a dangerous thing, and the queer part of it is that in the woods you do often see things—tricks of light among the trees. Now, this is my plan: You stay here in case Eulalie comes back to this spot, and I'll take the car and go down the road until I reach a house where there is a telephone. I'll send for the men on the place to come up and scour these woods."

"VERY well," Carroll agreed, glad to be left alone in the silence and wildness that Thecla had loved so intensely.

The doctor cautioned him not to go prowling around the forest. "Getting lost is an easy business on those hills; and besides she may follow a brook, as many a lost person has done and come straight here."

With this he was off. A mile down the road he came to a house with a telephone, and sent in his alarm. As he was turning his car he saw another house back on the hill—a small old, dreary place; but it might be as well, he thought, to let everybody know there was some one lost on the mountain; and he directed his car up the rather rough road to the door which stood open.

The interior was a heavily raftered place, with a hearth at one end on which a fire was smoldering, and an old dog dozing before it. No one was there.

The doctor went out to the barn, where a rather lean horse was sniffing his manger for oats—a plump cat watching him from some perch above him, the golden slits of her eyes like ancient Egypt peering through the centuries.

The doctor thought he heard sounds of human activity behind a certain door, and pushing it open, found himself in a bare room, probably used for storing vegetables, now strangely fitted up for a farmer's room. Candles in old brass candlesticks stood on bare tables—and bowls of September flowers, lending a riot of color. A rude fireplace occupied one end of the room—and over it a painting framed as rudely—the doctor drew near to examine it and gave an exclamation of surprise, for it was the portrait of Thecla Falcon which he had just seen in the Falcon Manor.

A step behind him caused him to wheel about, to cry out. There, looking at him in a dazed manner, his head tied up in bandages, stood Merton Calvert.

"Man alive!"

"You, doctor?"

"Yes! Where did you come from?"

Merton waved a hand toward the house. "There," he said laconically. "My nurse, a young farmer, tells me I wandered into this place delirious—and with a wound in my head. Here's the wound as witness!"

"Sit down," commanded the doctor, his professional instincts uppermost. Removing the bandages he examined the injury. "Not a bullet wound, but a nasty cut. Do you know how you came to get it?"

Merton passed his hand over his forehead. "I think I must have had fever, doctor, for I don't seem to think quickly; but the last I remember I was in Thecla Falcon's room, watching as usual; and I looked up, as once before, to see her standing in the door of her closet; then she swung it to—and I called, 'Not this time,' and leaped after her; and the place was empty, only the clothes, and I banged against the walls. Something seemed to give way, and I fell into darkness; and after that didn't know anything until I found myself lying in that bedroom under the eaves and feeling too sick to care where

I was. I crawled out because I heard the car and wondered who it could be— Good heavens!"

The exclamation was caused by his raising his eyes to Thecla Falcon's portrait.

"Good heavens! I am living with a thief, then!"

"Describe your man."

The doctor nodded as Calvert struck off a likeness. "That's our guide in the woods."

He related the events of the day to Calvert.

"Doctor, it's eerie business! Eulalie! She couldn't be tempted to her death, could she?"

"I don't know! Carroll's waiting! I told the men to drive right up there and get to work. Personally I think it's a good plan if you and I await that fellow here. Did he say you wandered in?"

"Yes—but I am sure of nothing. I seem to have a hazy recollection of being brought here in a car."

"I am sure of one thing—there was blood

"I'm sorry I can't help you," said Miss Burnham. "Thecla Falcon isn't here"



on the observatory floor. Do you remember going into the observatory?"

"I can't remember anything, doctor, until I woke up here. The farmer was very decent, said he'd telephone to Falcon Manor—but I don't believe he ever did."

"No, he never did."

The doctor looked sharply about him. "The trail of her magic's up here. This infatuated fellow stole her picture, though he left a hundred dollars under it—wonder if he has the jewels, too? I suppose she threw him a kind word one day riding over these mountains on her big black horse. What are those books?—maybe she lent him books. He looks more like a poet than a farmer."

The strange array of titles included "John Inglesant and Tono Bungay" and the poems

of Coleridge and Keats—with some books on farming.

Pulling one or two of them out—something tumbled after them. Calvert picked it up. "Look here, doctor."

It was a crudely made black mask. "This is the fellow that frightened Wendell Falcon into his grave," said Calvert. "I am sure of it now!"

"Here I stay until I see him—it's only twenty minutes back to Jayne, and he won't budge if it's midnight. His eyes glittered at the very sound of Thecla's name. Poor Jayne!"

"Eulalie followed her, was the mad story."

"According to this farmer fellow."

Calvert mused on this. His bandages nearly concealing his hair released the clean-cut features, and showed his strong masculinity at war with this chance weakness. "Every one follows what was—Thecla Falcon."

"I am surprised at your doing so when you are in love with Eulalie."

"I am surprised at myself, and I want to see Eulalie more than I want to see any one in the world. I am keenly anxious for her safety."

"I hope you will see her to-night."

"What do you think Eulalie followed in the forest?"

"Hallucination, probably. People are always seeing things in the woods that aren't there."

They heard the door of the barn open; then the door of the room in which they were. The man with the pointed white chin stood there, his eyes blazing.

"What are you doing in this room?" he demanded. "You have no right in my private room!"

"What are you doing with Thecla Falcon's picture?" the doctor demanded.

The man looked moodily at him. "I had a right to it. I loved her better than any one on earth."

"You worshiped her from afar, I suppose," the doctor said drily.

"I might have come nearer; but her father would not listen to me when I asked for her hand—said she was dead, mind you, and she sitting down in the great hall with her enchanting smile. To see a woman smile like that against an April sky is a sight for poets."

"SO YOU frightened Wendell Falcon to death," remarked the doctor. "And did you steal Miss Falcon's jewels?"

"You are an old man—take care!" came back the wild answer. "What did I want with jewels!"

"Yet you have stolen her picture."

"Ah, yes! But I *tried* to pay for it."

At this point he resigned argument, passing visibly into that region where logic ceases and desire begins. He and Merton Calvert looked at each other with the unity of lovers not in love with the same woman. This farmer was a tall creature with the baffled look that farmers sometimes get from their experience with Nature—the coquette who may withhold or give. Calvert seemed to picture him passing under Thecla's spell as of some one as inexplicable as thunder-clouds or the first snow-drops.

"How did you come to know Miss Falcon?" the doctor asked, with real curiosity.

"Her big black horse dropped a shoe one day. I have my forge and I am a bit of a blacksmith. While I shod him she talked to me. Whenever I met her on the roads after that she smiled."

"Was that the sum of her magic? a word, a smile?" thought Calvert; and yet women

(Continued on page 60)



MAURICE GOLDBERG

Lucile LaVerne
in
"Sun Up"

THE excellence of Lucile LaVerne's characterizations both on the stage and on the screen is widely known, but never has she risen more satisfyingly to a splendid opportunity than in her rôle as the Widow Cagle in Lula Vollmer's tense drama of feud and war and peace in the Carolina Mountains. This first play of Miss Vollmer's having met with a well-deserved success, another piece by the author is among the announcements of promising plays scheduled for next season



Mary Pickford

THE fall will bring Mary Pickford to her eager public as the street singer, Rosita, the idol of Toledo, in a story of Spanish love and royal intrigue written for the screen by Edward Knobloch. Holbrook Blinn has been borrowed from the legitimate stage to play the



In "Rosita"

part of the philandering king whose desire to win the reluctant Rosita and do away with her lover, Don Diego, played by George Walsh, is only foiled at the last moment by his watchful queen who is delighted at an opportunity to outwit her too adventurous consort

When George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly make up their minds to write the book for a musical comedy you are almost entitled to expect something as good as "Helen of Troy, New York." It has scintillating lines—a lot of them—a simple but credible plot, and an altogether delightful sparkle and refreshingness throughout. Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby have given it good music and it has the crowning virtue of a perfect cast headed by Helen Ford and Queenie Smith who is pictured here with Joseph Lertora poised for a breathless plunge into the vortex of the Russian dance



WHITE

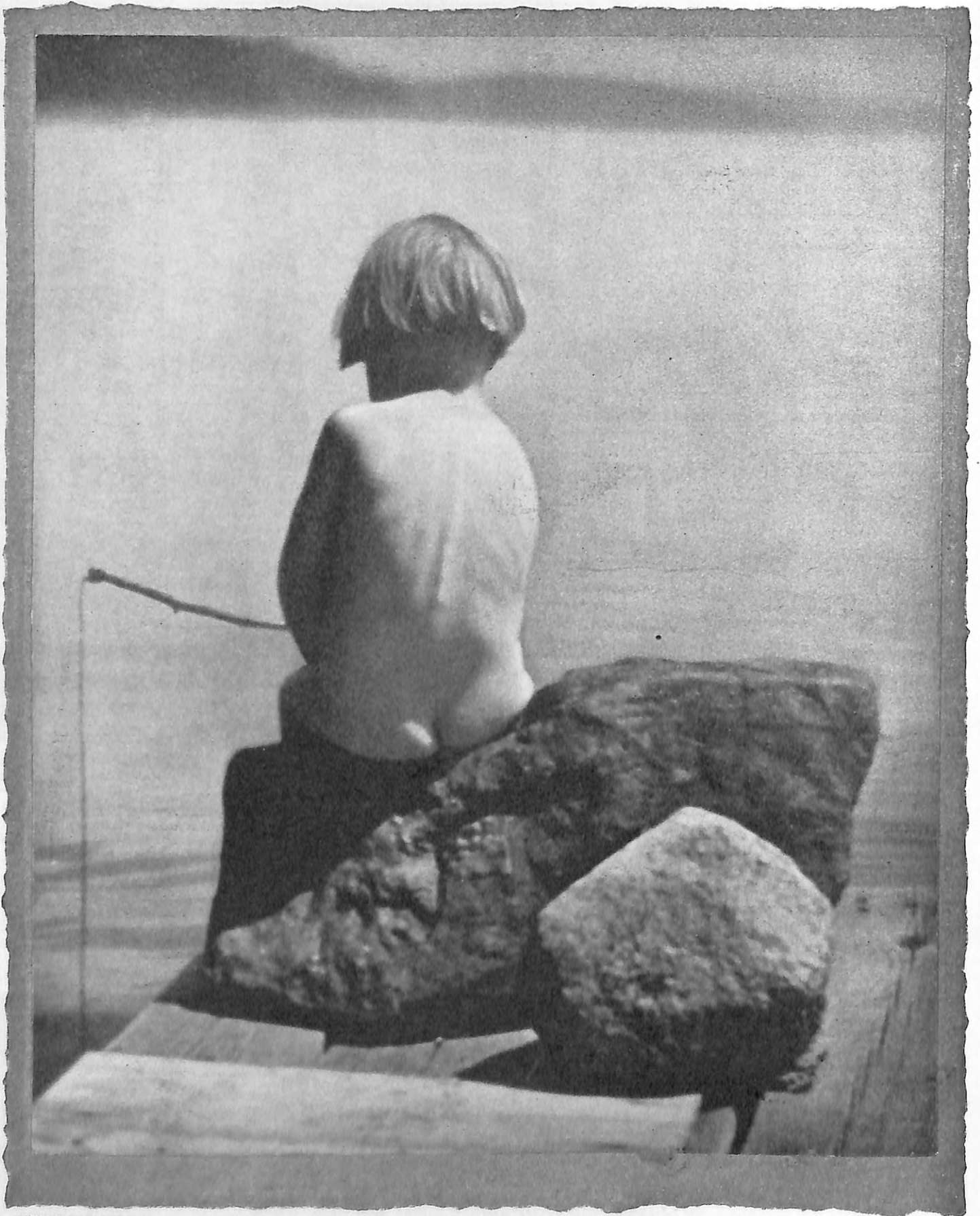
Vivienne Segal (left) as Adrienne Grey and Harry Fender as Stephen Hayes about whom revolve the mysteries and oriental glamour of the plot of "Adrienne" for which A. Seymour Brown adapted the book and wrote the lyrics. There is much nimble dancing by Carlos and Inez, Lou Lockett, the Keen Twins and others, and some good ensemble work by a well trained chorus



WHITE

The screen continues to draw heavily on the novels of Rex Beach for its dramas of love and adventure in the far north. This time it is Barbara Bedford, Milton Sills and Sam de Grasse in "The Spoilers," a tale of the Yukon gold country twenty years ago. The picture will be released probably late in September





PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY GAYLER CLARK

*The Wise
Little Fisherman*

"KEEP COOL," says Dad, "and you can land
Most anything that swims the sea"—
So I have on my birthday suit
To keep the heat from troubling me.

I am prepared, as you can note,
To catch the largest fish that goes.
If it should bite and pull me in,
I will not have to wet my clothes.

Premium Fig Invents the Ever-Ready Convertible Coffin Measure For Pleasure

By Octavius Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

KEEFE GAINES mourned gloomfully about the reception-room of his up-to-date mortuary emporium. Outside hung the sign which proclaimed the man and his profession to the world—

KEEFE GAINES
The Prompt and Efficient Undertaker
We Bury Others. Why Not You?
Embalming Neatly Done.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Phone Us When in Need of First Class
Burying.
8 Cylinder Ambulance. 6 Cylinder Hearse.
My Mottoe:
"I'll Get You Yet."

Mr. Premium Fig, diminutive and friendless, ambled aimlessly up the street, paused before the establishment and drifted idly within. The cares of the world sat heavily upon the narrow shoulders of Mr. Fig and his ebony face was wreathed in misery. Keefe Gaines looked up eagerly at sound of a visitor; then slumped with disappointment—

"Dawg-gone it, Premium! why ain't you daid?"

"Says which?"

"Says I hoped you was a customer."

Keefe arched his eyebrows in hopeful interrogation. "Ain't no friends of yourn needin' a fust class cheap fumral, is they? Or yo' wife?"

"No. Frien's is all well an' I ain't got on'y half a wife."

"Says half?"

"Uh-huh! Vasilene's done gittin' herse'f divohced away fum me."

Mr. Fig waited expectantly for a wild outburst of sympathy, but Mr. Gaines had troubles of his own and was in no mood to waste condolences on a gentleman whose troubles were merely matrimonial. He vouchsafed a casual *Teck! Teck!* and immersed himself once again in contemplation of his own misery. Premium, a sympathetic little man, responded to the fraternity of sorrow—

"You ain't goin' into no joyful hysterics yo'se'f, Brother Gaines."

"Does things cumtinue to keep up like they is doin', one of my coffins is the on'iest thing I'se goin' to git into."

"What's wrong?"

KEEFE GAINES relieved himself of an expressive gesture indicating the magnificence of his establishment, the seductive allurements of the new and handsome coffins on display; threw open a door disclosing a wareroom crowded to the ceiling with pine cases, each containing a casket of pristine elegance. "Finest cullud undertakin' place in the South," moaned Keefe. "Ev'ything of the best—includin' service. One hund'ed bran' new fust class caskets on hand. All that—an' business is rotten!"

Premium proffered quick sympathy. "Shucks! Keefe—that ain't got no right causin' you no worriment. Folks is bound to die."

"Yeh! Mebbe so they is. But they ain't showin' no signs of it now. Never seen sech

a epidemic of healthy cullud pussons in all my life. An', Premium—I'se busted."

"How come—busted?"

Keefe pointed to the colossal array of new coffins stacked in his wareroom. "See them?"



Premium Fig,
encased in a veter-
an bathrobe,
settled to specu-
lation on whys
and wherefores

"Uh-huh."

"Them belonged to the Comfortable Casket Company which went bust th'ee weeks ago. I bought them coffins fum the receiver of the comp'ny, an' I paid cash money fo' 'em. It done took ev'y las' penny which I had in the bank 'ceptin' on'y livin' money."

Premium shook his head sagely. "Kinder none-thinkin' of you, lettin' all yo' cash go thataway."

"Nossuh. On account the day they hel' that sale the newspapers was sayin' that mebbe we was gwine have a lots of sickness heah an' a heap of folks was gwine line up to be my customers. Never c'n b'lieve them newspapers. I buys them coffins—an' we don't have no epidemic. I'se jes' about the tough-luckest cullud man what is."

"Anyway," consoled Premium, "I reckon you gotten them coffins awful cheap."

"Co'se I did. An' I'se willin' to sell 'em awful cheap, too—way business is."

Premium was sorry for his friend. Sympathy for the vicissitudes of others was a weakness with Mr. Fig. His brow corrugated with thought; he reflected intensively upon certain axioms of business which had been drummed into his head by an expert in business efficiency for whom he had once chauffeured. He scarcely knew that he framed his thought in words—

"Boost business!"

Keefe snorted. "Fumadiddles! How you is gwine boost the buryin' business when they ain't no cawpses?"

Premium was stubborn. "They ain't no business which cain't be boosted does you go at it right?"

"'Ceptin' on'y the undertakin' business. On'iest way a feller boosts that business he gits hisse'f hung."

"Jes' the same," maintained Premium Fig. "I'se bettin' we c'n drum up a li'l trade: nuff to keep you goin' ontill folks stahts dyin' regalar."

"If'n you does that, Premium—I looks out fo' you good. On'y"—with a sudden relapse to melancholy—"what you talks is foolishment."

But Mr. Fig was now genuinely interested. He looked squarely into the troubled eyes of the undertaker. "Does I git me a idee which boosts business fo' you, you pays me a commission?"

"Yassuh. Twen'y-five pussent."

"Hot dam! Heah's where I stahts thinkin'."

"That ain't gwine git you nowheere," postulated Keefe pessimistically. "Thinkin' is the on'y thing I ain't been doin' nothin' else but."

"Gimme time, Keefe: gimme time. My brain wuks slow—but it wuks shuah. An' does I git me a idee it's gwine be wuthwhile."

Something about his skinny little friend excited a ray of hope in the breast of Mr. Gaines. From a desk drawer he extracted a box of choice seven-cent cigars. Two of these he pressed upon his visitor.

"How come you ain't wukkin'?" queried Keefe idly.

Again there appeared in the eyes of Mr. Fig the light of hopeless resignation. "Mistuh Trouble knocks a feller down an' his brother comes along an' kicks him in the face."

"Los' yo' job?"

"Uh-huh."

KEEFE glimpsed a consoling ray. "Well, if'n Vasilene is gittin' a divohce away fum you, not havin' no job don't matter so much."

"You is right, Keefe. I ain't argifyin' with you. On'y—" and Premium fought against a dry sob: "On account Vasilene is splittin' with me, I'se the onhappiest man what is."

"But I thought . . ."

"Yeh! I thought so too, Keefe. But thinks is, an' is is, is diff'ent things."

Mr. Gaines realized that his friend was hungry for a confidant. He hitched his chair closer and laid an affectionate hand on Premium's knee. "Lemme heah how come you to change yo' min', Premium. Tell me all about it."

Premium sighed deeply. "Keefe, I'se the mis'ablest man in Bummin'ham."

"You an' me bofe."

"On'y we is got diff'ent kinds of mis'ry. You is got money mis'ry an' I is got wife mis'ry."

"You wins," conceded Keefe. "Shoot!"

"It's soht of thisaway," started Premium awkwardly. "I has be'n ma'ied up with Vasilene th'ee yeahs, an' the mo' marrieder we was, the mo' shuah I was that we was mistook. Then I happened to meet up with Rosabella Shuford which come to town 'bout two months ago, an'—an'—" He paused in embarrassment.

"UH-HUH, Premium. I gits you. Missus Shuford kinder made you think that wasn't you ma'ied to Vasilene yo'd soht of like to make ma'iage with her."

"You is the understandinest man, Keefe. Tha's jes' ezac'ly the way I felt when I ast Missus Shuford would she ma'y me."

"Figgerin' on gittin' a divohee fum Vasilene?"

"Tha's which. On'y—" sadly, "that happened befo' I knowed two things."

"Which was—?"

"Fust that Rosabella Shuford is jest about the meanest, two-fistedest 'ooman in the cullud world."

"An' second?"

"Second—" Premium's eyes roved fearfully through the door: his voice dropped—"Her husband!"

Keefe emitted a sibilant sound indicative of comprehension. "Is he gotten to town?"

"Uh-huh. He come in t'other day. An' Keefe, I ain't lyin' to you when I says he's the biggest, huskiest, all-firedest, meanest-lookin' man which ever wore pants. Fum what I is saw of him, Brother Gaines, I'd say that killin' fellers like me is jes' about the fondest thing he is of!"

"Then," adjudged Keefe—"things is easy what you should do."

"Huh?"

"All you is got to do is make up with Vasilene an' tell Rosabella Shuford where she gits off at."

"Pff! . . . Tellin' Rosabella where she gits off at don't mean she is gwine git off at there. It's thisaway, Keefe—Rosabella is pow'ful passionate 'bout me."

"I don't hadly onderstan' that. You ain't nothin' to git 'cited about."

"You cain't never tell what wimmins is gwine do. There's Rosabella with a big, husky husband which is plumb wil' 'bouten her an' she wants to divohee him so's we c'n keep our date to git ma'ied. An' Vasilene, which was all bust up when I siggested that we git a divohee—Vasilene won't heah nothin' fum me now that I wants to make up with her."

"How come you craves to make up with Vasilene?"

A rich lavender blush suffused the face of Premium Fig. "I reckon I has soht of foun' out that I loves Vasilene a heap mo'n I think I did. I has learned that since it come to me about Rosabella bein' a ruinin' lady with her husband's. All 'ceptin' John Shuford—her own husband'. I reckon tha's why she's peeved with him—on account he's sech a big feller she cain't beat him up. Boy! lis'en at me when I says he's the viciousest lookin' man which ever hunted fo' a job."

Premium sat for a few moments in rapt and silent contemplation of the opposite wall. "I has saw Rosabella," he went on finally—"an' all what I learned is that she is the contrariest 'ooman which ever done a Monday washin'. Fact is, she tol' me that she tol' her husband' she wanted a divohee away fum him so's she could ma'y me when I gotten my divohee fum Vasilene. An' he tol' her—he tol' her—" Premium choked—"tol' her that come her to divohee him there woul'n't be nuff lef' of me fo' a cat to make ma'iage with."

Keefe favored his friend with a pro-

fessional glance: "Ise got a coffin which would fit you elegant."

"Hush yo' mouf, Keefe Gaines. I ain't aimin' to take a nap in no coffin."

"Still, if he's as bad as what you say he is, they ain't no tellin' when he might light on you. Now I is got a swell purple coffin in stock: white satin linin', sterlin' silver handles—guaranteed comfutable an' fust-class in ev'y way, an'—"

Premium leaped from his chair. "Does you keep on thatway, Keefe, Ise gwine bust you! Bust you right in the eye. Some things is too much an' Ise got a-plenty troubles 'thout measurin' myse'f fo' no coffin."

Keefe sighed resignedly. "I knowed they wa'n't no chance of business pickin' up."

"ANYWAY," went on Premium, "they is jes' one hope fo' me. John Shuford is crazy bouten that fool wife of his, an' he went down to see Lawyer Chew. He tol' Lawyer Chew he aimed not to let his wife git no divohee, an' Lawyer Chew splained to him that she coul'n't git her none unless he was to furnish groun's for her to git one with. But Lawyer Chew kinder talked to me frien'ly an' confidential an' he says that John Shuford don't think there has been nothin' wrong between I an' Rosabella—that if'n he ever did think so he would carve me up until you could serve me fo' hash. So far he jes' thinks his wife is foolish. Did he think anythin' wuss he'd see that I wasn't."

"That fixes things then," commented Keefe.

"You says. Yo' words sounds good, Brother Gaines—but they don't mean nothin'. On account Rosabella has done tol' me she was gwine git them divohee groun's some way, some time. An' then, Keefe, I is gwine haf to make ma'iage with her on account we is engage' . . . an' does that happen I reckon The Over the River Burying Sassiety is gwine call a special meetin' to decide does they have a ban' of music or serve refreshments."

"An' they ain't no chance of you makin' up with Vasilene?"

"Nary chance. An' the awayer fum her I gits the closer I wishes I was."

"I'd soht of say," said Keefe judicially, "that you has played hell gin'rally."

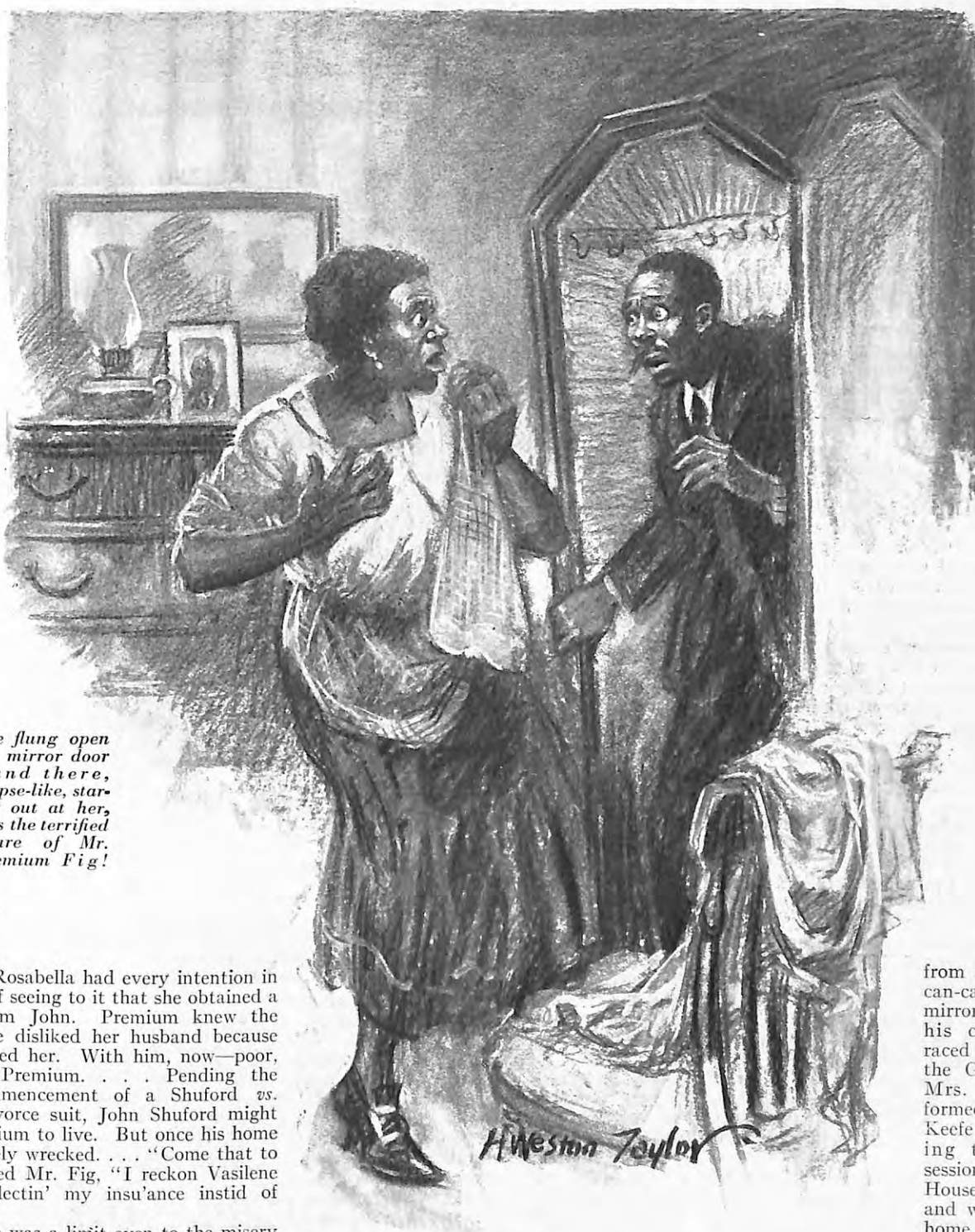
"Yeh—an' Ise closer to that same place right now than I has be'n since typhoid fever. . . ." Premium rose and started for the door. "Meantime, Keefe, does John Shuford not happen to kill me, Ise gwine think over how yo' business c'n be boosted. I needs a job."

"Thanks. Remember, Ise a frien' of yourn—an' did anythin' happen to you I'd be awful sore did you patronize any other undertaker."

Premium made his way to the Cozy Home Hotel where he had been occupying a modest room since his definite domestic break. And Premium was unutterably miserable. Too late, he was experiencing a recrudescence of bridal passion toward the fair Vasilene. Too late had he learned that the saccharine manners of Mrs. Rosabella Shuford cloaked a nature naturally inclined toward husband-extermination. Too late had he been acquainted with the herculean John Shuford: huge and broad and mightily muscled—and wracked with a fierce, unreasoning jealousy.



"You is lookin' at the greatest an' mos' marvellousest invention ever thunk up out of a man's haid. You behol's the fust wardrobe coffin in the entire world"



She flung open the mirror door—and there, corpse-like, staring out at her, was the terrified figure of Mr. Premium Fig!

Weston Taylor

Worse: Rosabella had every intention in the world of seeing to it that she obtained a divorce from John. Premium knew the reason: she disliked her husband because he dominated her. With him, now—poor, emaciated Premium. . . . Pending the actual commencement of a Shuford vs. Shuford divorce suit, John Shuford might allow Premium to live. But once his home was definitely wrecked. . . . "Come that to be," reflected Mr. Fig, "I reckon Vasilene will be collectin' my insu'ance instid of alimonies."

But there was a limit even to the misery which Premium could experience: a temporary end to the poignant regret. He wept at the knowledge that he had roused the delectable Vasilene to an unquenchable anger so that now—when he desired to call off the divorce proceedings—she would not hear of it. Or anything else. Since the filing of the suit, Premium had not seen her—save at a safe and sane distance. She would have nothing of him.

AND so, because he was surfeited with his own misery, he allowed his naturally keen business brain to deal briefly with the sufferings of his friend Keefe Gaines.

Awful tough about Keefe: saddled with a hundred first-class coffins and no clients to occupy them. And he had promised to boost Keefe's business at a time when the community was disgustingly healthy. There must be a way. . . . He, himself, was a likely prospect. "Dawg-gone them Shufords! Jes' moved to Bummin'ham an' heah I is a'ready engage' to ma'y one an' to git kilt

by the other when we ain't hahdly acquainted yet."

He deliberately shoved the Shufords from his brain and devoted it to a survey of Keefe's dilemma. He had promised to help Keefe: promised on the spur of impulse, relying upon inspiration for a way out. From the standpoint of sheer common sense he had promised the impossible. Undertakers were "just naturally" out of luck when folks refused to become defunct. But business was business, and Premium had learned a single immutable tenet of the business world: Business can be boosted.

He shambled down the street and purchased a package of three malodorous cheroots. With one of these clamped between his teeth and himself encased in a veteran bathrobe, he settled to speculation on whys and wherefores. And it was just before midnight that the great idea came to him. He left his chair as though shot

from a gun, did a can-can before the mirror, leaped into his clothes and raced madly for the Gaines home. Mrs. Gaines informed him that Keefe was attending the weekly session of The Full House Poker Club and would not be home until dawn. And so Premium returned to his

lodging-house and eventually dropped off into a dreamful sleep wherein he saw two coffins in Keefe's place; a pink one filled with gold eagles, a purple one alive with twenty dollar bills: Keefe standing between them taking three portions for himself and handing the fourth portion to Premium.

PREMIUM waked early and lay rigid, fearing that the cold gray of the morning might alter the perspective of his scheme to boost the undertaking business. He had experienced that before, had Premium: to bed effervescent with enthusiasm only to find the next morning that he had planned a stark impossibility. But not so this: it stood the acid test of matutinal inspection—appeared even more certain of success than on the previous night. Temporarily forgotten was the wonderful Vasilene, the shrewish Rosabella and the fiercely jealous

and vengeful John. Premium had become an Artist of Business, gripped by Inspiration.

He snatched a light breakfast of ham and eggs, wheat cakes and coffee at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, traveled in high to Keefe's place, learned from an assistant that Mr. Gaines had not yet come down; did a little quiet inspecting in the room where the hundred coffins from the deceased Comfortable Casket Company were stored and then sped to the largest paint and glass house in the city.

To an executive there he explained briefly his wants, passed over two bills, and left. He next visited a tinsmith with whom he remained for forty minutes. When he departed he carried with him a strange looking device which jangled. Returning to the paint-and-glass works he received a tall narrow mirror encased in paper. Thus loaded, he staggered gamely down the street to Keefe's place.

Keefe was seated in a wicker chair near his front door looking eagerly for customers. Business was at a standstill. And Keefe was in a bad humor anyway. The session of the previous night had proven little short of disastrous: "I hol's fo' kings. Lawyer Chew draws one cahd, so I knows he gits on'y a full house if he fills. Knowin' I has him beat I bets ev'ything but my appetite. An' that fool cullud man lays down four aces. That ain' no poker: that's robbery!" He staggered inside after Premium. "What you reckon this is, Premium Fig; a sto'-house?"

Premium was perspiring happily. "Hush yo' foolishness, Brother Gaines. An' give all yo' helpers a couple hours off. I craves to make talk with you."

"Humph! Talk is the on'iest thing I has made in a month."

"Boy, times has changed. You is gwine begin makin' money so fas' you ain't gwine know what to do with it."

"You says. I takes another poker lesson." Somewhat reluctantly and with considerable skepticism, Keefe dismissed the members of his business staff, then turned to his highly excited friend.

"Has you sumthin' to say to me—lemme heah."

But Premium had nothing to say—for the moment. Instead of mere speech he directed his attention to a large dark coffin which stood on display in the center of the room. This he tugged from its stand and placed upright. Keefe stepped forward angrily.

"What you is doin', Premium? That coffin cos' cash money."

"Shut up!" Premium brooked no interference. Posing before the coffin he opened the door so that the thing stood full-length as they faced it. "See there, Keefe—I could walk right in an' stan' up in it."

Mr. Gaines eyed him suspiciously. "You better had if you bust it."

Premium was unruffled. Unwrapping the long, lean mirror he placed it against the open casket so that the interior was concealed. He stood back admiringly.

"Fits elegant. Plumb elegant. Jes' the size of a man or a 'ooman. Feller c'n see jes' how he's gwine look after he's daid."

Keefe did not trust himself with words. Dark fury was on his brow. He watched Premium suspiciously as that alert little man removed the mirror, placed it against the lid of the casket and unfolded the device which the tinsmith had turned out for him. This caused him some little worry, but eventually he snapped it into place: a bent steel band about two inches in width which ringed the interior of the coffin. This band was studded with hooks. It was then that Premium turned back and made a gesture of supreme triumph.



Through the smashed mirror they stared at one another, the razor waving slowly before the bulging eyes of Premium Fig

"Brother Gaines, I asts you: what does you behol'?"

"One crazy man."

"You mus' be lookin' in that mirror. Keefe, I craves to 'nounce that what you is lookin' at is the greatest an' mos' marvelousst invention ever thunk up out of a man's haid. What you behol's, Brother Gaines, is the fust wardrobe coffin in the world!"

"Wardrobe coffin. . . ?" Keefe repeated the words dazedly: his brain groping slowly for the significance of the thing. "Wardrobe coffin. . . ?"

Premium was bubbling with enthusiasm. "Yassuh! Wardrobe coffin. You stan's it up in yo' room, keepin' the lid open. Full len'th mirror to dress by. You opens that mirror like a door, an' what has you? What has you, I asts? You has a booful, satin-lined, plush-covered, silver-trimmed hangin' closet where evening dresses an' swell suits c'n be kep'."

Keefe collapsed limply into a chair. "Speak on, Premium. I heahs the clink of money."

"Exac'ly. You see this heah haid: the idee come out of it. How come it, I asts myse'f, that folks spen's a heap of money fo' coffins which gits planted an' never sprouts? Things which cost that much money ought to be used. Co'se they ought. So I an' you, we fawns the Premium Wardrobe Coffin Comp'ny: 'You buys the swell-est coffin now an' you uses it all yo' life, havin' same ready any time you gits real sick fatal. You pays fo' same ten dollars down an' two dollars a week. Don't waste yo' money buyin' a coffin after you is daid. Have it 'roun' yo' house. No home complete 'thout one of our coffin wardrobes.' We sells these wardrobes, Keefe: I an' you. We sells coffins at a fat profit, an' you gives

me a twen'y-five pussent commission on how much we sells 'em fo'. Is you 'gree'ble, Brother Gaines, is you?"

Keefe Gaines lurched dazedly across the room, flung his arms about Premium's skinny shoulders, and unleashed a sob of gratitude:

"Brother Fig, I hails you: hails you as the greatest man which is. Does anybody say contrariwise to me I gives him a casket free; on account, Premium—he is shuah gwine need it sudden."

"You is with me, then?"

"With you? My Gawd, Brother Fig—Ise ahaid of you."

FOLLOWED, then, a period of frenzied activity. A contract for one hundred coffin-size mirrors was placed and one hundred of Premium's clothes-hanging devices were ordered: clever things they were, too: designed to be snapped into the casket when in use as a wardrobe and slipped out at a moment's notice upon the demise of the owner.

Premium and Keefe worked in a fury of exaltation. And, when the mirrors had been delivered and hung and the hangers arranged in each of the hundred caskets, they unleashed the first of their advertising letters: addressing two hundred and fifty to a select mailing list:

GAINES-PREMIUM WARDROBE COFFIN COMPANY
Dealers in Mortuary Novelties
KEEFE GAINES
Undertaker & President

DEAR FRIEND OR LADY:

No doubt you is aware that some day you is going to be dead. Knowing same you realizes



that you is going to need yourself a coffin. It ain't like you could die without having a coffin because there is just two things nobody can't live without: one of them is dying and the other is being buried.

Used to be that nobody never bought no coffin until he was dead and on account of same never got no fun out of the money he spent. We takes great pleasure in announcing that throo the invention genius of our Mr. Premium Fig we has put on the market the only useful coffin ever invented.

These tailor-made coffins is a credit to any home and also useful on account each one has been shifted into a swell wardrobe. Think of a plush-covered, satin-lined, silver-mounted wardrobe which your best clothes can hang in all your life and you can sleep in after you stops being alive. These wardrobes is classy, cool and comfortable: guaranteed the best made. They are quipped with full length mirrors, hangers and air holes so the clothes can't rot.

We are selling these wardrobe coffins at two hundred dollars the each: ten dollars down and two dollars a week. Come one—come all. Only one hundred in stock. Join the swell folks and have a wardrobe casket in your home. All colors: purple, black and white. Don't wait until you ain't to use your coffin. We guarantee these to be the swellest furniture ever put on the market. Also useful after death.

We invites your inspection.

The socially élite of Birmingham's Dark-town received the circular letter, digested it—and gasped. There was a wild, concerted rush for the undertaking establishment of Keefe Gaines: a spontaneous wave of approval. Within five days fifty-six of the coffins had been sold to blossom forth in parlors and bedrooms of the elect.

They gave universal satisfaction. Standing against the wall with the lid thrown back, a view was afforded of the interior of the

lid, and to its right, a shiny, full-length mirror. The mirror swung back on hinges, then, disclosing the casket interior: exquisitely lined, cunningly equipped as a dainty clothes closet.

The success of the venture was never in doubt for a moment. Premium received the crowning thrill of triumph when, on his arrival at the office one day, Keefe Gaines informed him that Vasilene had appeared and purchased a large purple one. Premium quivered with pardonable pride that his beloved wife thus paid tribute to his inventive genius; yet was saddened by the thought that some day she might have another use for the thing than that of clothes closet. Wherewith he made a final desperate effort to see her. He rapped on the front door and waited timidly, fully prepared to masticate a large slice of the humblest humble pie.

VASILENE appeared: radiant in a bungalow apron. She glimpsed her visitor and the usually gentle face hardened. She would have slammed the door in his face, but a large foot insinuated itself in the jamb.

"Vasilene—honey. . ."

"Git yo'se'f away fum heah, or you gits 'rested fo' trespass."

"I wants to tell you, sweetness. . ."

"You go tell Rosabella Shuford. I ain't cravin' to heah no speech fum yo' lips no mo', never."

"Ise sorry."

"So was Adam an' Eve after they et the apple. But that di'n't stop 'em fum havin' stummick-ache."

"If you on'y will lis'en to me, darlin'—"

"You keeps on talkin', Premium, but I warns you, you ain't doin' nothin' on'y sendin' good breff after bad. You wanted

me to git a divohee away fum you. A'right: Ise gittin' it. An' you, n'r neither nobody else, ain't gwine stop me."

Premium was about to turn away, when a new thought came to him: "Well, anyway, Vasilene—ain't you gwine lemme come in an' git my things which I di'n't take away? They's mine an' I needs 'em plumb bad."

"Does you put yo' big foots inside this house, you goes to the Big Rock fo' burglary. Tha's all! G'bye, Mistuh Fig!"

His foot moved for an instant. The door slammed. He stood quivering with unrequited love and a not inconsiderable anger, a single truant thought uppermost.

"Ain't wimmin hell? Won't even gimme my own clothes an' things. Ise gwine git em. . ."

Within the confines of the once-happy home, Vasilene Fig stood wide-eyed. "Wist I was daid—the way I loves that man!" She raised her eyes and allowed them to rest upon the purple wardrobe coffin in the corner. "Was I sure she'd use it quick, I'd take them hangers out an' give it to Rosabella Shuford fo' a present!"

BUSINESS became normal. The remaining thirty-odd coffins were disposed of more slowly. It was not that the colored populace was less enthusiastic, but rather that times were hard and a two-hundred-dollar obligation not something to be lightly incurred.

Five weeks dragged triumphantly away before the one hundredth coffin was sold. Keefe was all for buying a new stock, but the canny Premium negated that idea. "You is in deep enough a'ready, Big Boy. Us keeps contented with which moneys us has got."

As a matter of fact, all the zest of achievement had been lost to Premium, for five days previously Mrs. Vasilene Fig had secured her final decree of divorce and the universe had become enshrouded in soggy gloom. What mattered success; what mattered anything now that Vasilene was irrecoverably lost to him? And, too, there was the ever-present terror that Rosabella might succeed in inducing the mammoth John Shuford to give her a divorce—in which case Premium knew himself for an exceedingly unfortunate colored man.

It was only John Shuford's unflinching devotion to his vitriolic wife which made any semblance of contentment possible for Premium. He knew John was a fool—else he wouldn't desire to retain such a wife as Premium now knew Rosabella to be. Once Premium met Rosabella on the street: he sought to avoid her, fearing that John might be a witness to their interview. But Mrs. Shuford collared him and dimpled into his eyes.

"I sho'ly was glad to heah that you is done got yo' divohee, Premium."

"Huh! I di'n't git it. A man give it to me."

"Anyway, you ain't ma'ied no mo', an' soon's I gits free fum John Shuford, I an' you is gwine be ma'ied."

He ducked. "How come you to crave havin' a cawpse lyin' roun' the house?"

"Cawpse?"

"Yeh. Ise gwine be it, does you git a divohee an' make ma'iage with me."

She eyed him speculatively. "Yo'd make a swell-lookin' cawpse, Premium."

"But I ain't aimin' to." He raised his voice hopefully. "John ain't 'greed to divohee you, has he?"

"No." Her face fell. "Big ol' lummix says I ain't got no groun's to divohee him an' he ain't gwine free me. But—"

(Continued on page 64)



The Grand Lodge Meeting At Atlanta, Georgia, July, 1923

THE fifty-ninth annual meeting and reunion of the Grand Lodge, held in Atlanta, Georgia, the week of July 9th, takes rank with the most enjoyable and profitable conventions ever held. Under the leadership of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, directed by its splendid Convention Board, the Southern city made every possible effort to make each Elk visitor welcome and to see to it that the traditional hospitality of the South should be exemplified on every hand. In their addresses of welcome, delivered at the official opening public session on Monday evening, July 9th, Hon. Walter A. Sims, Mayor of Atlanta, and Hon. Clifford M. Walker, Governor of Georgia, offered the visiting Elks on behalf of both the city and the State every courtesy and privilege within the power of the people to grant. And the whole gaily decorated city and every one in it, stores, clubs, hotels, newspapers and policemen, private citizens and public officials all joined together to fulfill the pledge. From the golf tournaments conducted at the delightful country clubs to the stupendous barbecue; from the sight-seeing expeditions to the elaborate dances; from the drill and band contests to the mammoth parade—efficiently arranged by Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia—the entire program was carried through with a spirit that betokened the high regard in which the Order is held. To the Convention Board, comprising John S. McClelland, Chairman, R. A. Gordon, B. C. Broyles, William T. Perkerson, Walter P. Andrews, B. H. Johnson, Newman Laser, Sam C. Little and Exalted Ruler L. F. McClelland, and to the numerous Convention Committees working with the Board, credit must be given for the smooth execution of a remarkably well-

conceived plan. We feel we are expressing the sentiment of all Elks everywhere in offering herewith hearty thanks to the citizens of Atlanta for the spontaneous cordiality of their reception of the delegations.

The Grand Lodge Business Sessions

The first business session of the Grand Lodge, attended by over 1,350 delegates, including members from Alaska, Porto Rico and Manila, was called to order by Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters on the morning of Tuesday, July 10th, at the Lyric Theater, Atlanta. After the invocation, delivered by the Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain, printed reports for the year 1922-23 were submitted to the Grand Lodge by the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Secretary, Grand Treasurer, the Committee on Auditing, the Grand Forum, and the Board of Grand Trustees; hours were then set for the submission of other reports at later sessions by the various standing and special committees.

The business next in order was the election of new Grand Lodge officers for the year 1923-24, and the name of Hon. James G. McFarland of Watertown, South Dakota, Lodge No. 838, was placed in nomination by Hon. W. H. McMasters, Governor of that State, and Past Exalted Ruler of Yankton, S. D., Lodge No. 994, who had come to Atlanta for this express purpose. We publish herewith the text of Governor McMasters' nominating speech:

"It is a great pleasure and privilege to stand here amid the historic surroundings of this famous city, situated in the heart of the Great Southland where, for nearly two centuries, generation after generation has hoped, aspired and poured out their blood and treasure in de-

fense of convictions, always manifesting a sturdy manhood and magnificent womanhood, unsurpassed at any time or place.

"Brothers of the Grand Lodge, you are assembled here at this hour to perform a very solemn duty, carrying with it deep obligations of responsibility. Your sovereign voice speaks for nearly a million members. You are assembled here to elect one to the highest position of honor and trust within the gift of this great Order.

"Let us at this moment pause and ask a simple, direct and searching question—What is the Order of Elks?

"We say that it is an army of a million members strong scattered throughout the length and breadth of this land and on islands in distant seas. No, not that.

"We say that it is the wealth and power and influence of our splendid membership. No, not that.

"We say that it is beautiful buildings of brick and stone, club-rooms that are magnificently appointed, each with its splendid facilities for recreation and pleasure, and lodge-rooms with their quiet elegance and dignity. No, not that.

"We say that it is our matchless leadership of men, whose names are the names of some of the most illustrious sons of this Republic. No, not that.

"The Order of Elks is the teachings which are instilled in the minds of its members, teachings which conserve and protect those things in life which are good and clean and wholesome, which hallow the sanctity of the home, which make the strong the defender of the defenseless, which make the heart throb with love and reverence and respect for Flag and Country, teachings which lift men out of the darkness of sordid selfishness into the light of a warm-hearted and generous fellowship, inspiring all with a vision splendid of man's duty to man.

"Now you are ready to exercise, through your sovereign power, the right and duty to choose the leadership that measures up to the traditions and hopes and aspirations of this great Order, a leadership endowed with the sturdy qualities



COURTESY OF ATLANTA JOURNAL STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER WINN

The monster barbecue, with the other social features of the Convention, will be described in the next issue. The winners of the Contests and Parade prizes were as follows—Drill Contests: First, Jackson, Mich., No. 113; Second, Buffalo, N. Y., No. 23; Third, San Antonio, Texas, No. 216. Band Contests: First, Buffalo, N. Y.; Second, San Antonio; Third, Watertown, S. D., No. 838. Parade prizes: For largest delegation won by Philadelphia, No. 2; best appearance of delegation, Detroit, Mich., No. 34; most unique exhibition, Philadelphia; most handsomely uniformed delegation, White Plains, N. Y., No. 535; Elk traveling greatest distance, Manila, P. I., No. 761; best float, Philadelphia; Band coming greatest distance, Santa Monica, Cal.; Lodge having largest representation of ladies in parade, Philadelphia

of a manly man, a leadership which visualizes the far-reaching purposes to which the Order is dedicated, a leadership intimately conversant with our policies of the past, a leadership which personifies, by example, the teachings of this Order, a leadership with the courage of heart to be fair and just, with the brilliance of mind to interpret the needs of to-day and to foresee the exigencies of to-morrow, a leadership with a magnetism and personality and warmth of heart and tongue of eloquence to inspire men to follow along the paths which lead to the eventual fulfillment of our destiny. Such has characterized our leadership of the past; such must characterize it in the future.

"I have traveled two thousand miles to present the name of one whom I esteem, respect, and honor, whom I thoroughly believe and personally know possesses all of the qualifications of leadership enumerated.

"Not only must he be endowed with those qualifications but it is essential that he should have a wide experience in human affairs, should have taken an important part in public activities, should be honored and trusted by the home folks, and when we examine the record, we find his name written large in these affairs. We find him to be one of the most successful and brilliant lawyers in South Dakota, that young Sunshine State of the far Northwest. That he has always cheerfully devoted his talents toward the furtherance of local interests and the betterment of society is attested to by the fact that he was President of the Rotary Club and Director of the Chamber of Commerce in the city in which he lives. In good citizenship he has always been foremost and he has taken an important and prominent part in public affairs.

"For four years he was City Attorney, he was Major and Judge Advocate-General of the South Dakota National Guard, served three terms in the State Legislature, all of which he filled with distinction and honor.

"While a member of the legislature, with a big sympathetic heart, he heard the distressing appeal of needy mothers and helpless children. He drafted, introduced and procured the passage of the first complete mothers' pension law in any of the States; and that law, through generations to come, will stand as a rock of refuge for helpless mothers and for the defense of defenseless children. And through the years to come, that law

will bring hope and sunshine and happiness into thousands of desolate homes.

"When the war was on, his voice was constantly lifted to further and enhance all things which were for the protection and help of the brave lads fighting across the sea.

"Not only does he possess these qualifications, but his record reveals a deep devotion to the order and also it reveals a wide experience gained from participation in the important affairs of the Grand Lodge. For sixteen years, he has been an arduous worker in the Elks Lodge, working up through the various positions to Exalted Ruler, Representative to Grand Lodge, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, member Committee on Judiciary, Grand Lodge, chairman Committee on Distribution, chairman on Judiciary for three years, and member of the Grand Forum for one year. And during all of these years, though busily occupied with the affairs of an important business, though engaged in other public activities, he has unselfishly sacrificed his time and means to further the interests of this Order.

"Under his leadership as Exalted Ruler, the Watertown, South Dakota, Lodge increased in membership more than a hundred and that Lodge is so characteristically and pronouncedly an 'Elk's' Lodge that in 1919, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan said:

"To my mind, from the information that I have, the greatest Lodge in this whole Order is the 'little, big lodge' that is situated in the town of Watertown, South Dakota. It has a membership of 1,000; it owns a home that cost \$75,000, and its mortgage indebtedness is paid off, and in that town there are only 10,000 people.' The marvelous success and prominence of that 'big, little lodge' was due largely to the untiring efforts, the indefatigable zeal, and the hard work of this brother.

"Sixteen years of constant, efficient, and devoted service to this Order is so splendid and fine that it fills our hearts with gratitude and, with one accord, we say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'

"He must not only possess rare qualities of leadership to successfully fill this high office, not only must he have demonstrated by long and faithful and loyal and loving service to the Order that he is worthy of the honor, not only must he have shown an intense interest in human affairs for the uplifting and bettering of his fellow

men, not only shall the home folks love and revere and respect his name, but in addition to all these things, to be an ideal Leader of Elks, to inspire an army of a million members to believe in and maintain the dignity and the high commanding position of the Order, he must be a man of magnetic personality with the power to voice the hopes and the aspirations of this great Order. No more eloquent man ever stepped forth from the great Northwest than this brother.

"It is with great pleasure that I have the honor to nominate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, this ideal Elk, this ideal Leader of Elks, Brother James G. McFarland, Watertown, South Dakota, Lodge No. 838."

The nomination of Mr. McFarland was seconded in a very able and moving address by Hon. Walter P. Andrews, Past Exalted Ruler of Atlanta Lodge and one of the most tireless members of the local Convention Board. By unanimous ballot of the Grand Lodge, Hon. James G. McFarland was elected Grand Exalted Ruler for the coming year. His speech of acceptance appears on page 3 of this issue.

Then followed the election of the eight other Grand Lodge officers, all of whom were elected to office without contesting nominations. These new officers are:

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight: Harry M. Ticknor, Pasadena, Cal., Lodge No. 672.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight: George J. Winslow, Utica, N. Y., Lodge No. 33.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight: Clement Scott, Vancouver, Wash., Lodge No. 823.

Grand Secretary: Fred C. Robinson, Dubuque, Iowa, Lodge No. 297.

Grand Treasurer: John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge No. 48.

Grand Inner Guard: William P. Murphey, Brownwood, Texas, Lodge No. 960.

Grand Tiler: J. F. Mayer, Globe, Ariz., Lodge No. 480.

Grand Trustee: Louis Boisemue, East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge No. 664 (five-year term).

The offices of Grand Esquire, Grand Chaplain and Pardon Commissioner, being appointive and not elective, will be filled later

and announcements regarding them, together with the appointments to the various Committees and District Deputies will be made in an early issue of the Magazine.

The Grand Lodge directed that the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary send to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Brown, Editor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, who has been confined to his home for some months by illness, a telegram of greeting and best wishes for his speedy recovery.

At the close of the first business session, the Grand Lodge accepted by unanimous vote the very cordial invitation of Mayor James M. Curley and Boston (Mass.) Lodge, No. 10, to hold the next Grand Lodge Convention in the City of Boston, during the second week of July, 1924.

Memorial Headquarters Building

The second session, held Wednesday, July 11th, began with the reading of the report submitted by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission dealing with the status of the National Memorial Building to be erected in Chicago. This report was presented by Hon. John K. Tener, Chairman of the Commission and is printed herewith:

"The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission comes to you at this time to report the progress it has made since the 1922 meeting of the Grand Lodge. Last year, at Atlantic City, N. J., your Commission informed you that the property in Chicago had been purchased, that a design had been adopted and an architect chosen.

"Acting upon the advice of the architect, Mr. Edgerton Swartwout, and Colonel J. Hollis Wells, its professional advisor, the Commission invited bids from eight of the leading construction organizations of the country, under a program in accordance with the rules of the American Institute of Architects. Invitations were sent to those firms and corporations only whose ability to erect a monumental building of the character proposed by the Order was beyond question. The Commission was gratified at the interest displayed. Bids were received on April 14th last.

"In preparing the program for the bids the Commission kept in mind the limits of the Grand Lodge Appropriation for the building, and worked to secure a completed structure within those limits.

"When the bids were opened, it was found that, due to the greatly increased cost of construction, both in labor and materials, the prices submitted were higher than had been expected. The Commission began immediately, therefore, to revise the plans and specifications in such a way that while the beauty, utility, size and dignity of the building would not be materially impaired, the ultimate cost would be reduced so as to come within the Grand Lodge appropriation. All of those submitting bids were accordingly given an opportunity to submit revised proposals, based upon the changes in the plans and specifications. These final bids were received on June 5th. The Hegeman-Harris Company, of New York City, N. Y., were found to be the lowest bidders and the Commission is now preparing to enter into formal contract with this Company for the construction of the building. The Commission is confident that the actual work will be promptly undertaken and that substantial progress will be evident before the end of the present year.

"Since the Grand Lodge voted its appropriation for the building, two assessments have been levied, aggregating one dollar and sixty-five cents, (\$1.65) per capita. It is not anticipated that the Commission will make any further levy during the current calendar year. It is probable that a per capita assessment not to exceed seventy-five cents may be levied as of April 1, 1924, but timely notice of any such levy will be given, so as to enable the Subordinate Lodges to meet it without embarrassment."

The Elks Magazine

Following the report on the Memorial Headquarters Building, which was unani-

mously approved, came the report of the same Commission on THE ELKS MAGAZINE. This separate report was submitted on behalf of the Commission by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director. It is reprinted here:

"With the establishment of THE ELKS MAGAZINE the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks took a most confident and, it is believed, a most effective step toward the accomplishment of a great purpose—the establishment and maintenance of a more intimate relationship and a more definite contact between the Order as a whole and its individual members. It had long been recognized as an unfortunate fact that the great majority of the members of the Order had considered lightly, if they did not wholly disregard, such relationship.

"This had not been the fault of the individual Elk. It had been the fault, or rather neglect, of the Order in permitting the continued existence of conditions which had naturally produced this result. As a general rule the fraternal contact of members is local; their associations are largely within the Subordinate Lodge circle. The great Order of Elks, as an organized entity, had been but dimly visioned because it was brought to their passing attention only upon the infrequent occasions when the District Deputy paid his annual visit, or the Representative related his experiences at the Grand Lodge Session, or when a communication from the Grand Exalted Ruler was read at a Lodge meeting. And even upon those occasions it was only the small minority in actual attendance which was reached.

"Little was being done to bring directly to the attention of the individual Elk the inspiring history of the Order, its marvelous growth, its splendid achievements, its patriotic and beneficent activities, and its plans and hopes for the future, in all of which he had a definite share and a keen interest. It was but natural for him to drift into the belief that these things were not his concern; that the Local Lodge was the Order of Elks and marked the real limits of his fraternal association and obligation.

"At the annual convention held in Los Angeles in 1921, the Grand Lodge determined to take measures to bring members into closer touch with the Order generally, and with their brothers in other Lodges.

"The specific ends sought to be attained were:

"One. To establish a direct contact between the Order and its members—as individuals;

Two. To provide some medium of communication through which each one could be promptly reached, personally and directly;

Three. To bring to each Elk a realization that he is a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, and not merely a member of a Subordinate Lodge;

Four. To furnish to each member a reliable source of information as to the history of the Order, its notable achievements and splendid accomplishments, to which he has, all too unconsciously, contributed;

Five. To keep the rank and file of the membership advised of the community service being rendered all over the country by the Subordinate Lodges of the Order, as an incentive to like activities in other localities;

Six. To provide information as to the proposed activities of the Order in the future, and the reasons therefor, so that individual members may form an intelligent opinion thereon and may have opportunity to express that opinion and make its influence felt;

Seven. To provide a means by which the Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge officers may send directly to each member communications which contain matters of interest to the whole Order;

Eight. Generally to encourage and foster that spirit of loyalty and devotion to the Order and its principles which alone can insure the maintenance of that high place in public esteem which the Order has already attained.

"As a means of accomplishing these ends it was determined that a national journal should be established, to be called 'THE ELKS MAGA-

ZINE,' to be issued monthly and sent to each member of the Order at his home address.

"It was not to be a mere bulletin or calendar of events, but a vigorous, high-class, literary and fraternal journal, of which the contents would render it worthy of a place upon any library table. It was to contain matters of interest and information to all the members of an Elk household. It was designed to be entertaining as well as instructive; but primarily its purpose was to place in the hands of every Elk a monthly volume of fraternal information that would insure recognition of the Order's beneficent power, a keen appreciation of its uplifting mission, a deeper pride of membership, and a constant inspiration to a renewal of fraternal obligation and an incentive to greater fraternal activity.

"As to the faithfulness with which THE ELKS MAGAZINE has fulfilled its purposes, we believe your own eyes must have given you sufficient evidence. Every official communication from the Grand Exalted Ruler has appeared prominently in its pages, in addition to official communications from other Grand Lodge officers. It has published articles and editorials defining and elaborating on the purposes, aims and ideals of the Order, that every member may realize the magnitude and significance of the organization of which he is a part. It has published news of the activities of Lodges all over the country in Social and Community Welfare Work, 'as an incentive to like activities in other localities.' It has set forth in advance the proposed new activities of the Order at large—as, for example, in the article entitled 'The Elks and Young America,' which appeared in the current July number. In fact, it has published, in the first twelve issues alone, more than one thousand articles and items of news relating directly to the Order and to Subordinate Lodges.

"When THE ELKS MAGAZINE was established it was stipulated that it should be 'not a mere bulletin or calendar of events, but a vigorous, high-class, literary and fraternal journal, of which the contents would render it worthy of a place upon any library table.' We believe we need scarcely point out that in this connection the promise has been amply fulfilled. The quality of the general editorial contents, their variety and the attractiveness of their presentation have earned gratifying commendation not throughout the Order alone, but from men of long experience in the publishing business. From the very start our contributors have been writers and artists of nation-wide reputation.

"This insistence on making the Magazine high-class in every respect has, in addition to making it valuable and acceptable to the membership at large, also accomplished two important things:

"It has introduced the Order as an institution to the whole Elk household. Women who did not know what the Order really stood for have through reading the Magazine become firm supporters of it. We have received tangible evidence from all over the country that the wives and sons and daughters of Elks read our Magazine every month—and read not only the fiction and general articles, but the reports and communications and items of Elk news. In fact, we have received good-natured complaints, in some cases, from members who could not get hold of the Magazine on its arrival because their families watched for it and captured it first.

"And with the outside public the same situation exists. Men and women who had but the vaguest idea of the purposes of our Order have had their eyes opened by THE ELKS MAGAZINE. We believe that in no other way could the spirit and worthwhileness of the Order of Elks have been interpreted to so many people in so short a time.

"THE ELKS MAGAZINE, because it is a real magazine, and because it truly represents the Order as a high-class organization in a high-class way, has served and will continue to serve as an ambassador of incalculable value.

"THE ELKS MAGAZINE, being a real magazine, publishes advertising. Without advertising it would be impossible to give you the kind of publication you have had, and have now come to expect. The advertising revenue made it possible for us to keep up the originally high standard of the magazine. The costs of paper, printing, engraving and all the elements that go into publishing are too high for any first-class publication of any considerable size to be able to keep going

on its circulation revenue alone. The paper used in just one month's edition would make a strip three feet wide and 1,647 miles long.

"You who have any knowledge of the publishing business know that the development of a great national magazine, like any other industrial enterprise, requires years of building. But the interesting way in which THE ELKS MAGAZINE is fulfilling its high fraternal mission, together with the excellence of its general features, have already established it in the minds of business men—both inside and outside the Order—as a publication without parallel in its field. We wish at this time to express our appreciation to those advertisers who have shown faith in the possibilities of our National Magazine by their consistent patronage from the first issues.

"From the beginning we have refused all advertising which we did not believe consistent with our publishing ideals and which we could not guarantee to our readers. This policy has reduced the amount of space we might have carried in the early issues, but in the long run will justify itself many times over through the confidence it engenders in both our advertisers and our readers.

"The question naturally arises as to what will be done with the profit, the balance left each year after deducting all expenses of publication.

"The word 'profit' is, of course, a misnomer as applied in the ordinary sense, because the Order is not empowered to publish the Magazine for profit, but for the purpose of advancing its benevolent aims and activities.

"The idea that the amount of advertising revenue would be such as to obviate the necessity of charging the individual members a yearly subscription price is economically unsound. We, as an Order, shall never be able to afford to have THE ELKS MAGAZINE considered lightly. People have little respect for the things they obtain for nothing. If the Magazine were given to them free, or for a few cents, like some insignificant pamphlet, our members would think very much less of it. Business men would no longer consider it as a medium for advertising. The individual Elk's subscription of one dollar does not meet the expenses of publication. But it is necessary to its stability. Without the one dollar yearly subscription, plus advertising revenue, it would be impossible to publish a magazine in any measure comparable to the present standard.

"With the one dollar yearly subscription and the increased advertising revenue there will certainly be, in the reasonably near future, a substantial balance. When that time arrives, the Grand Lodge will doubtless find many worthy ways of utilizing the Magazine's surplus funds. The effect of applying those funds to defray Grand Lodge expenses, including the maintenance of the Elks National Home, will be, obviously, to reduce the per capita taxes levied on Subordinate Lodges for Grand Lodge purposes.

"The proposed levy of Grand Lodge dues payable April 1st, 1924, will include \$1.50 for the Magazine, which will pay the subscriptions of the members to the Magazine for one year and a half, from October 1st, 1923, to April 1st, 1925, and hereafter the Grand Lodge dues proportioned to the Magazine will be \$1.00 per year and will continue to be payable as of the first day of April of each year, so that the Subordinate Lodges may more readily adjust their accounts with the Grand Lodge.

"During the year to come we feel confident that THE ELKS MAGAZINE will be increasingly interesting, attractive and valuable. As the volume of advertising grows and the Magazine becomes bigger, the amount of editorial material will be increased proportionately and we shall be able to incorporate many features we have so far been obliged to omit for lack of space.

"We, of your Commission, respectfully submit that, during its first year, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has lived up to the promises made for it; that it has spread the principles of the Order throughout the entire membership; that it has faithfully interpreted the patriotic, benevolent and public spirit on which the Order has been built; that it has published news and articles calculated to inspire and renew enthusiasm and activity; that it has made friends for the Order wherever it has been read; and that it has made a definite and useful place for itself as an instrument for good.

"We desire to invite Elks everywhere to send in to the Magazine news concerning Elk activities that will be of interest to the Order at large. We wish to thank, most heartily, all Grand Lodge officers, District Deputies, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges for the splendid spirit of cooperation they have shown toward the Magazine and to express the hope that they will extend it this helpfulness in the future as generously as they have in the past. And to the great membership of the Order we offer our unbounded appreciation for the whole-hearted welcome with which they have received their National Publication."

After the reading of this report, the Grand Lodge unanimously adopted a vote of thanks to the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission for their work in connection with the Building and the Magazine.

With these reports and as a part of them were filed financial statements, to June 1st, 1923, of the receipts and disbursements of the Commission on account of the Building Fund and the Publication Fund, under the audit of West, Flint and Company, New York, N. Y., certified public accountants.

Memorial Services

At the annual Grand Lodge Memorial Exercises, presided over by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott—who, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann and Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips of New York Lodge, No. 1, formed the Memorial Committee—appropriate tribute was paid to the members who will be heard from no more. An eloquent address was delivered by Mr. Phillips in memory of Hon. Jess W. Smith, member of Committee on State Associations, George Q. McCracken, District Deputy for Texas South, Edward W. Miller, District Deputy for Wisconsin East, Joseph B. Messick, Sr., and Joseph B. Messick, Jr., Past Exalted Rulers of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge No. 664 and all the other well-loved brothers who went to their last rest during the year. Several vocal numbers were splendidly rendered by a chorus of members of Atlanta Lodge.

Good of the Order Committee

The afternoon session began with the submission of the report of the Good of the Order Committee by its Chairman, Hon. John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61. This report was unanimously approved, and it was requested by the Grand Lodge that it be published in full in the earliest possible issue of the THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It is printed, accordingly, herewith:

"The Good of the Order Committee, to which was referred by the Grand Lodge at the Annual Session in Atlantic City in 1922 the question as to whether or not there should be organized a branch or auxiliary known as the 'Junior Elks,' and also the Resolution relative to investigating the present condition of the Big Brother movement, and also the question as to whether or not the Order should acquire and maintain playgrounds, athletic fields and similar recreational facilities, held a meeting at the Hotel Commodore in New York City on February 15, 16, and 17. Previous to the meeting, the Committee sent out a questionnaire to all the Subordinate Lodges, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge officers, District Deputies, in fact to every one upon the mailing list of the Grand Secretary. This questionnaire was designed to determine the sentiment of Elks throughout the country upon the questions above mentioned, and on numerous other propositions which had come to the attention of the Committee.

"The meeting in New York was well attended and the views expressed to the Committee by Past Grand Exalted Rulers and other Elks prominent in the Order have been of great assistance to the Committee in its determinations.

The answers which have been received from Elks and from Subordinate Lodges in all parts of the United States have been similarly helpful.

"The Committee did not confine its efforts to the three questions submitted by the Grand Lodge, but took a broad mandate to investigate and report on all matters which in its opinion affect the Good of the Order and tend to promote our organization and shape the course of our future conduct in a way helpful to those within and without our ranks.

"At the very outset we decided to adhere to two fundamental propositions.

"1. There must not be at this time any plan or program adopted by the Grand Lodge which will place an additional financial burden upon the Subordinate Lodges, unless the Subordinate Lodges consent.

"2. There must be nothing to displace the charity work of the Subordinate Lodges.

"The converse of this latter proposition is that no Subordinate Lodge should take up other work unless it has done and is prepared to do its full quota of charitable work.

"We have considered many questions. Frankly, we have not found a new work to which the Order should be dedicated. In our opinion, this is because our benefactions have been like a mighty ocean washing upon every shore of service. Our study of conditions in the various communities throughout the country, the illuminating accounts of Elk Welfare Work conducted by the various Lodges, our analysis of the replies to our inquiries and soundings of sentiments, have brought us to the conclusion that a mold can not be made which will fit the conditions, the needs and the ambitions of all Subordinate Lodges. The plan which evokes enthusiasm in one quarter brings no response in another. The big city hails the playground program, while the small town wonders what it would do if it had more open spaces. The university city is not responsive to the Scholarship Foundation plan, while the town or city remote from institutions of higher education appreciates the need of giving financial assistance to its boys, who are deserving of and qualified for academic education. All Lodges respond to every suggestion which touches the unfortunate or the underprivileged, but all do not realize the danger of duplication of effort or the futility of entering a field of activity already occupied by strong organizations supplied with abundant funds. We recommend no mandatory program. We think that there are very serious objections to a set program of activities; that there may be an advantage in keeping free from a routine program in order that we may be in a position to look around and do those things which the exigencies of the times demand to be done, and which other individuals and organizations are too busy or too much involved in other activities to do.

"Ours is a unique organization. It has often been said that we have none of the aids and assistances such as benefits and the like which other organizations have. We have given no bonuses to any one, paid nothing for membership, nor have we employed the promotion schemes of professional organizers. Yet we have grown and strengthened. We believe that we have a great inherent power because we are different from others; therefore, we hesitate to change or to abandon what we have and chase after the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. We refuse to imitate others. We can not do some of the work that other organizations perform satisfactorily, on account of our peculiar composition, without giving up something of value which we now possess.

"Our Order is composed of men of all religions, of all races and of all political faiths. In that fact is our great strength and our great power for producing results without having our motives questioned. We must be most careful not to take on work which will have a narrowing effect or which will bring us into contact with the questions upon which men divide on sectional lines, on sectarian lines, on racial lines, on political lines. Ours is a man's organization. When the founders, the men who formulated our basic laws, provided that we should have no adjuncts, no auxiliaries, they intended that our Order should remain a man's Order. We believe they were wise beyond their day; that they gave us strength and enabled us to grow to our present

proportions. We do not find a demand for a change in this respect; on the contrary we find a strong sentiment against it. The foregoing are general observations, but they underlie all the considerations which follow.

Crippled Children

"Work for the benefit of crippled children has a very strong heart appeal. It is deserving of the time, thought and energies of a great organization, and a great organization has turned into this field of activity and is building hospitals throughout the country and spending about a million dollars a year in aiding crippled children. It cannot do all the work that is to be done, but there would be duplication of effort if we were to make this a major work of our Order. We can aid. There are innumerable tasks to perform supplementing the work of establishing hospitals. The facilities which other organizations and the Federal and State governments maintain not always are known to those in need and some one must bring the unfortunate in touch with the things which are provided for their relief. It is true also that the hospital, with its surgical and medical staff, renders only part of the service required. There must be furnished from some source the appliances and equipment which make effective the skill of the doctor. The New Jersey Elks Association has done a wonderful work in thus supplementing and augmenting the efforts of those who have established and are maintaining hospitals for the relief of the crippled children in the State of New Jersey. We commend our brothers of New Jersey and urge that wherever it is found that similar work can be done effectively, the Subordinate Lodges extend their charitable activities to include work among the crippled children of their communities.

Home for Orphan Children of Elks

"We do not find a demand for the establishment of homes for the orphan children of Elks. Fortunately, our members appear to be blessed with a comfortable share of the world's goods. Most of our charitable works are among those outside of our Order. There is not the need and therefore not the demand for institutions of this sort. Wherever cases arise, the Subordinate Lodges take care of the situation without publicity and give the required assistance to those in need without removing them from the environment to which they have been accustomed and without surrounding them with the atmosphere of the institution. This is as it should be, and is in tune with Elk thought and Elk heart-beat. It is extending our hand of charity to the measure of the demand. Such matters it has been found advisable to leave to the generous consideration of the Subordinate Lodges.

Elk Scholarship Foundations

"We think that there is no more meritorious work than assisting the youth of America to obtain education. This great Elk work already has been launched. Funds have been established in many Lodges, boys under Elk patronage are now in our colleges fitting themselves scholastically for the battle of life. This is a tangible, practical form of philanthropy in which every Lodge could engage with profit to the Lodge and with immeasurably beneficial results to the communities. It is a plan elastic enough to fit the financial limitations of all Subordinate Lodges. Some restrict their efforts to offering prizes for excellence in scholarship. Some furnish funds to pay all the expenses of the boys throughout the college course.

"The Chairman of this Committee, in an article in the February number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, outlined a comprehensive plan of furthering this Elk activity. The methods which have been adopted by different Lodges should be set forth in a booklet of which we will speak in the latter part of this report. We give to the Elk Scholarship Foundation plan our strong endorsement and urge for it the consideration of all Subordinate Lodges, especially those which are situated in the cities and towns remote from institutions of higher education, where the ambitious boys of the community can not go beyond the high school unless they receive some financial assistance. It is true that other organizations are engaged in this work, but as a fraternal endeavor, it had its inception in our Order. We

should make certain that the plan attains the largest degree of success under our beneficence.

"Think of the possibilities, my brothers, if all the Lodges of our Order should take up this work! Fifteen hundred Elk scholars graduating every year from our colleges! In ten years the Elk Alumni would be 15,000. These boys would be grateful to the Elks. They would join our ranks as soon as they could pass the age requirement. In fifty years we would have in our Order a large percentage of the trained minds of America. What magnificent replacement! How can we serve better our country and our Order?"

Recreational Fields and Playgrounds

"We have come to the conclusion that the energies of the Order should be directed to work for the youth of America and that the arena of such work, wherever possible, should be in the out-of-doors. There, all the barriers fall away. There, is found true democracy. Sons of rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, meet on common ground. The false divisions of society are unknown; the artificial lines of distinction vanish. All come under the rule of the Game, the great, just law of Sport. The lesson taught is one of fair-play, of manliness, of courage. Health and vigor in abundance is the reward that comes to all who engage in contest in the open air. The organization which takes up such work need not become entangled in the meshes of sectarian misunderstandings and bigotry. We can think of no activity which has a stronger appeal to a great cosmopolitan American organization than the promotion of recreational work among our future citizens.

"There should be left to the Subordinate Lodges the option of selecting the manner and degree of participation. A scheme workable in one community may not be feasible in another. The whole plan should be versatile and elastic, giving full scope to the ingenuity of the Subordinate Lodges, meeting the requirements of the different communities, recognizing the limitation of the financial resources in the less prosperous of our Subordinate Lodges.

"It should be kept in mind that throughout the country there are men of wealth who are greatly interested in work of this kind and who are looking for an organization free from entanglement of sect and race and class, which will take up and carry on the work in a big, broad-gauge way. We think that our organization will appeal to such men, and that endowments will be forthcoming to assist us from men both within and without our ranks. We should be prepared to encourage men of this sort to come to our assistance. Let the plan be big, comprehensive, democratic and American, and we shall attract all public-spirited persons.

"In one community, the Elks may purchase, equip and maintain an athletic field, with baseball diamonds, tennis courts, running track, juvenile playground, and all the other facilities for the encouragement of outdoor sport.

"In another community a golf-course may be laid out. In another, swimming pools for the summer and ice-rinks for the winter.

"These are the large propositions. Where the Elks can not finance them alone, the same results may be obtained by the plan which has been worked out successfully in New York State, which is the taking over of playgrounds owned and heretofore maintained inadequately by the municipalities, equipping them with the paraphernalia which is necessary, and providing for Directors of Play, that the children may get the greatest use and greatest benefit from the facilities.

"In other places, where the city or town authorities have not made any provision for playgrounds or recreational parks, the Elks may work up the sentiment of the community in favor of such facilities, and operating through the governmental authorities cause the establishment of playgrounds in their respective communities.

"We do not undertake to enumerate the diversified forms of Elk activities in recreation work. We point out the direction. We advise the wide, comprehensive scheme, and we leave the matter to the option of the Subordinate Lodges under the advice and direction of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social Welfare.

"We recommend that the Community Welfare Committee prepare a booklet for distribution to the Subordinate Lodges, setting forth the man-

ner in which all well-established Elk activities are carried on in the Subordinate Lodges in which they are in successful operation. This booklet will be the guide and manual for Lodges which wish to take up similar work.

Big Brother Movement

"We find that the Big Brother movement, as such, is not a well-established movement in our Order. This matter is more fully covered in the report of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare. We are of the opinion, however, that the purpose and spirit of the movement 'carry on' and inspire all true Elks to activities helpful to the youth of America.

Junior Elks

"It has been proposed that we organize a junior branch or auxiliary to be known as the 'Junior Elks.' The plan, as we understand it, is to have an organization like our Order, but modified to suit the less mature minds of its members, with Lodge formation, ritual, etc., to which will be eligible for membership the sons of Elks. Some would include only the youth of 16 to 20 years; others would drop the minimum age to ten years or younger. It seems to us at the very outset it is too obvious to need argument that we can not include in the same organization boys of grammar-school age with boys of high-school age or either class with boys of college age. Those who have to deal with such problems in athletic and scholastic lines recognize the obstacles to such a proposition. The inevitable result would be the subdivision of the Junior Elks into two or three classes. We would at least have to provide for the juvenile and the junior subdivisions.

"If we pattern after our present organization, we would be creating an indoor organization, a fraternity for the boy and a fraternity for the young man. We would be taking boys in the formative period of their lives, invading the field of the schoolmaster, the clergyman and the parent. We would be dealing with minds groping about the elementary facts of the great problems of life. We would be touching upon the things which bring to those who have to deal with them all the vexing questions. We would be presenting a code of principles to those who have not the proper appreciation of values. It seems to us that we would be inviting all the difficulties which naturally and necessarily arise in our schools and our churches to confront those who must deal with the very young.

"In respect to boys under sixteen years of age, we unhesitatingly disapprove of the Junior Elk proposition.

"Children should be given a thorough religious training; that is the responsibility of the parent and of the spiritual director. Children should be given every educational advantage; primarily that is the work of the schoolmaster. We do not think that assembling children in fraternities is beneficial, except as such fraternities are adjuncts to scholastic or religious training. Time which can and must be taken from these two fundamentals should be devoted to play, to well-ordered and directed recreation, principally in the outdoor world.

"We do not think that a Junior Elk organization would be a helpful agency in the religious training of our youth. That work is best done by a sectarian organization. We do not think that a Junior Elk organization would be effective in general educational work—that calls for special qualifications which we are not able to furnish, although we can assist in ways that we have pointed out heretofore.

"We do not think that a Junior Elk organization is the best agency through which to promote recreational work for children. We are not in favor of confining our activities in useful work among the children and youth of our country to the sons and daughters of Elks. That is a narrow and limited field of action for a great democratic, American organization. Already there are too many false, artificial divisions in society. We do not wish to foster clans or class, or to furnish instrumentalities for snobs.

"If we were to organize the children, we would establish outdoor organizations along lines similar to the Boy Scouts of America and the Girl Scouts of America. We would take the children out into the open and teach them useful things while they play. We would teach them a

code of honor, love of country, of flag, respect for parents, the aged, and for law and order, under duly constituted authority. Already there is the agency at hand. The Scouts of America seek our patronage.

"We do not regard the Scouts of America so much as an organization, as a program. We think it is an institution with which our Order might cooperate with great benefit to the boys and girls of the Community. Of course the decision in such matters must be left to the Subordinate Lodges. In one community, the Scouts may be under proper leadership, while in another conditions may exist which make it inadvisable for Elks to become identified with this Scout Work. But we believe that if in any unit of the Scouts there is aught to be criticized, it is a local condition and that the Subordinate Lodges of our Order can mold the units of their communities into the perfection of bodies of their own creation.

"We recommend, therefore, that the Subordinate Lodges foster the Boy Scouts of America and the Girl Scouts of America. This activity can be made to coordinate with the recreational and playground work. This suggestion is not new, for already many of the Subordinate Lodges are providing camping-grounds for the Scouts, and are in their respective communities the strongest financial backers of the Scout Unit.

Youth of America

"We think that the enthusiasm which some of the members of our Order have for the Junior Elk proposition is the expression of their desire to use the tremendous influence of our Order in some work or works beneficial to the youth of the country. We realize that most of the objections which we have raised to an organization among boys under 16 years of age can be refuted if applied to an organization of boys from 16 to 21. The majority of these boys, or more properly these young men, are away from the influence of the school-master, the clergyman, and, unfortunately, truth compels us to say, the parents. They can be interested in athletics in the daytime, but at night time they wish to roam, to find out what is going on. The spirit of adventure is strong in them. They crave excitement, new experiences, knowledge of the things without the home, the school and the church. They shy away from everything that has the appearance of the old restraints. They are very young, but they feel very old, very experienced, very sure of themselves. They are reluctant to take dictation, but if left to themselves, they too frequently go in the wrong direction and mistake the brass of life for pure gold. None of the activities which we have been discussing touches or even approaches this field of endeavor. Here is America's youth upon the threshold of manhood, at the very door of citizenship. What effort is being made to guide them, to prepare them for the responsibilities of life, to attract them away from the glitter of false things. We think that our Order should take up work among these young men. We would not copy any other organization; we would not confine our efforts to sons of Elks; we would not take them into our Order by lowering the age requirement from 21 to 16 or 18. These boys should not associate with men when men relax in club life. They might think that the frivolities and indiscretions of their older brothers were the true measure of manliness. They should be brought into contact with men when men are on guard and realize that they have the responsibilities of mentors and exemplars.

"Nor do we at this time propose a constitutional amendment to permit the organization of these boys into a subsidiary in our Order. However appealing the prospect may seem, we realize that there may be lurking dangers which only practical work among the boys will disclose. Let us be careful not to undermine the present structure by digging in the soil about it until we have expert knowledge of substrata conditions. We recommend that the members of Subordinate Lodges make friends, yes, pals, of these youths about to step into manhood's domain. Invite them to the Club House on occasions planned for this purpose. Give them within proper limitations the use of the club facilities, the pool-tables, bowling-alleys, swimming pools and golf-links. Ask their advice that you may know their insight into social conditions in your cities and

towns. Make them feel that as your Elks Club is the center of Civic Welfare activities, they, its frequent guests, are your helpmates in all your Welfare Work. So while you build their bodies by your Recreational work and enlighten their minds by your scholastic aids instill into them the principles which make for wholesome, upstanding, loyal American citizenship.

"We come from our investigation with profound respect for the intelligence which is guiding the Subordinate Lodges of our Order in their home affairs, with admiration for the quality of charity which they dispense, and with enthusiasm for the versatile plans of useful tasks to which they are devoted.

"We believe they welcome advice. We know they do not want dictation. In this spirit then we say in conclusion, 'Stand guard, my brothers, there is work in America for those whose Americanism is genuine. This is the time for a leader, individual or organization, great in courage and large in vision, to wage wisely the battle for safeguarding the liberties which the forefathers won by their blood. We demand liberty under the law, the right to worship God according to conscience, the privilege of enjoying for ourselves and our families the fruits of our industry free from the embarrassment and bitterness of bigotry. We, the people of this nation, must not be drawn into hostile camps dividing on sectional, sectarian or racial lines. Let us who stand in Elksdom's shrine and take oath of fidelity to the purest and loftiest of American ideals and the Almighty's teachings of Brotherly Love drive from our midst the unfaithful.'

Social and Community Welfare

The Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, Colonel John P. Sullivan of New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30, Chairman, submitted a very complete report, covering some 170 printed pages. The bulk of this report consists of detailed synopses of the actual welfare work done by hundreds of Lodges all over the country, designed to serve as a guide and an inspiration to Lodges who may not yet have found how they can best be of service to their communities. It is not possible, in the space at our disposal in this number, to print any of these synopses here; but they are of intense interest as indices to the nation-wide Elk activity, and will be dealt with in an early issue of the Magazine.

The introductory portion of the report of the Committee was divided into five parts, each part being delivered at the Grand Lodge session by one of the five members of the Committee. Colonel Sullivan began by expounding the principle that the Order of Elks must live and grow through service; that by assiduously cultivating the field of welfare work and thereby making itself indispensable to its community, the Elks Lodge, wherever it may be, will inevitably attract into its ranks the highest type of citizen.

"The Order," runs the report, "during the last year, has touched every interest, old and young. No worthwhile activity has been lost to the community. In many instances, the reports show the Subordinate Lodges are working in cooperation with other organizations such as the Red Cross, Salvation Army, Rotarians, Women's Clubs, American Legion, and other civic bodies. Through this cooperation, the work has been simplified and duplication of labor prevented. These cooperative efforts undoubtedly have produced satisfactory community results in the establishment of Community Chests, playgrounds and parks, recreation camps for poor children and worn-out mothers, organized and systematized distribution of charity, through cooperative agencies, and in the conduct of community drives.

"Your Committee desires, however, to stress this point, in all of these cooperative activities the Subordinate Lodge should take the initiative. It should point the way. It should make its home the civic center of its community. Through cooperation, the Elks Home can become more than a civic center. It can become a distributing

center for social and economic efficiency, used every day in the week, every week in the year. The accomplishments of the past year would have been impossible without the devotion to service and self-sacrifice of the Subordinate Lodge committees on social and community welfare, backed by the support of the individual members of our Lodges.

"This work has been a consecration to human service."

Americanization and Flag Day

Following this introduction, Hon. William H. Atwell, of Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71, continued the report with a discourse urging the vital importance of teaching Americanism.

"It is gratifying to note that there has been an ever increasing activity and a more serious consideration given to the vastly important work of Americanization. If there is one problem before the American people to-day that stands out preeminently, it is the problem of Americanization. It offers to us a fertile field for useful labor, along lines of constructive citizenship and nation building. We have been prone in the past to prate about the privileges of American citizenship. The thought occurs to your committee that the foreign-born should be impressed with the fact that patriotic citizenship is a *duty* and not simply a privilege.

"The annual observance of Flag Day offers a splendid opportunity to inculcate the spirit of real Americanism into the hearts and minds of millions of our citizens, young and old. These observances, held in the open under the auspices of our subordinate lodges and to which the general public is invited, will work a tremendous good in their respective communities. These Flag Day Exercises can become doubly effective for good if place is given on your patriotic program to the public schools. Conduct prize essay contests on the Origin and History of the American Flag and feature the presentation of prizes and the reading of the first prize-winning essays as the outstanding number on your program. This will arouse interest and enthusiasm among the pupils of the public schools."

Charity and Relief Work

Past Exalted Ruler Hon. Lee Meriwether, of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge No. 9, delivered that section of the report dealing with charity and relief work. You will find some abridged statistics regarding the Order's expenditures for charity on another page of this issue in an extract from the report of the Grand Secretary. In a later number it will be possible to go further into details on this point. With respect to the general subject of charity, the Committee's report has this, in part, to say:

"In the field of charity, the Order of Elks is fulfilling a high obligation. The amount expended during the past year will run into staggering figures. But even more important than the amount, these disbursements have been made in such a way that genuine help and relief have resulted. The giving has been along lines of planned assistance rather than random giving. While upon this subject of charity, it is appropriate to point out that Elks charity has not been circumscribed by any barriers of race, religion, color, creed, or condition. Neither has it been hedged in by fraternal boundaries. Wherever and whenever the need arose, there was found the hand of an Elk outstretched to help, to give succor, to silently and unostentatiously minister to the wants of the needy and the suffering. It was not confined solely to the Order. It reached out into all conditions of society."

Education

Education was the next feature of the report and was dealt with by William C. Robertson of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44 as follows:

"One of the most encouraging notes sounded in the reports from the Subordinate Lodges is the increasing interest and activity shown in the field of education. Many Lodges are systemati-

cally and earnestly at work in this field, doing a great deal of good in their communities, in the way of aiding pupils to surmount the handicaps of economic conditions in their homes, in encouraging grade pupils to complete high school courses, and in further aiding high school graduates through college. No branch of educational work is overlooked, from supplying poor pupils with proper clothing, shoes and books, to establishing scholarships and in furnishing financial aid for college courses. Education is the bed rock on which good citizenship is builded, and in entering upon this field of work, the Subordinate Lodges are making of young America good Americans, thus carrying on the work of Americanization which is so closely linked with the problem of education."

Conservation of Mother and Baby Life

Hon. William T. Byrne, of Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 79 carried the report further by bringing up the problem of conservation of mother life and baby life.

"Twenty thousand mothers die needlessly every year in the United States for lack of prenatal care and who, when their crucial hour comes, are in careless or incompetent hands. Two hundred thousand babies die every year in the United States under one year of age, through parental ignorance and neglect. These deaths can be prevented. A visiting-nurse service, sponsored in each community by a Subordinate Lodge, will be the means of saving thousands of the choice lives of the nation. A visiting-nurse service that will give not only prenatal care, but after-birth care to mother and child, and in teaching the mother how to care for the baby when the nurse's visits are no longer necessary. Birth statistics show that wherever private or public agencies are working in this field, the maternal death rate is being greatly reduced. The care of the mother and the child through Welfare Stations and in providing pure milk for the babies will save countless thousands of baby lives to the nation."

Recommendations of the Committee

The Committee on Social and Community Welfare recommended that Subordinate Lodge Committees on Social and Community Welfare be made large in membership and that the general committee be divided into subordinate committees, each subordinate committee being assigned to some particular branch of Social and Community Welfare Work.

It recommended also that there be embodied in the Order of Business of all Lodges an Order of Social and Community Welfare, and that the Secretary of the Lodge be required to promptly transmit to the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare a copy of all reports of all Subordinate Lodge Committees. This recommendation was made with a view to coordinating and systematizing the work of Social and Community Welfare, and as a means of bringing about a closer union between the Grand Lodge Committee, State organizations and the Subordinate Lodges. The Committee further recommended that greater publicity be given the work of Subordinate Lodges. Each Lodge was advised to report all interesting Social and Community Welfare Work done in their communities to the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee, so that brief news items could be sent to THE ELKS MAGAZINE and transmitted to other Subordinate Lodges.

The report was approved and the recommendations of the committee were adopted.

In connection with this report, minor changes were made in the ritual. These changes will go into effect October 15, 1923. Copies of the changes will be furnished to subordinate Lodges by the Grand Secretary.

Grand Lodge Statutes Amended

On recommendation of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, the following

changes were made in the Grand Lodge Statutes:

Section 114 was amended to read as follows:

Section 114. The officers of the Lodge shall be those named in the Constitution, and no Lodge shall create any additional office. The Exalted Ruler, Esteemed Leading Knight, Esteemed Loyal Knight, Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Secretary, Treasurer and Tiler, shall be elected annually; all other officers, except Trustees, shall be appointed annually by the Exalted Ruler.

A Lodge may elect not less than three and not more than five Trustees, and one member of the Board of Trustees is to be elected annually. If the Lodge is incorporated, the number of Trustees shall be in conformity with State laws. At the first election in any Lodge, the Trustees shall be elected for terms of one, two, three, four or five years, so that one Trustee shall retire from office each year.

Officers shall have such powers as are provided in the Constitution, Statutes and Ritual, and shall perform such other duties as pertain to their positions, and shall hold their respective offices until their successors have been duly elected or appointed, and installed.

Section 128a was amended to read as follows:

Section 128a. The representative to the Grand Lodge shall submit a report to his Lodge at its first regular session following his return from the Grand Lodge Session.

Section 193 was amended to read as follows:

Section 193. A Lodge may receive any member from another Lodge, on dimit, on payment of such affiliation fee as may be provided by the By-Laws of the Lodge receiving such member; provided, however, that no Lodge shall receive, on dimit, any member from another Lodge whose initiation fee is less than its own without payment by the candidate of at least the difference in the initiation fees of the two Lodges.

Provided, further, that in case an Elk has taken an absolute dimit and seeks readmission in the Lodge which granted such dimit he shall be required to pay an affiliation fee over the amount paid by him upon his original election.

Provided, further, that when Transfer Dimit shall be granted for use in connection with making application for a dispensation for a Lodge about to be instituted, such Transfer Dimit shall be valid so long as may be necessary for such purpose.

Section 137 was amended to read as follows:

Section 137. (Addition to article 19). Upon the request of any Grand Lodge Committee a subordinate Lodge, through its Secretary, shall also be required to furnish information relating to any of its activities within the scope of the Grand Lodge Committee making inquiry, and upon failure to do so promptly and accurately such Lodge may be required to pay a fine of Ten Dollars to the Grand Lodge, through the office of the Grand Secretary.

Section 41 was amended as follows:

Section 41 is amended to provide that there shall be a Standing Committee on Social and Community Welfare, consisting of five members, instead of a Special Committee.

Section 47a (a new section) was adopted and reads as follows:

Section 47a. The Committee on Social and Community Welfare shall have charge and supervision of matters pertaining to Elk activities of civic, social and community interest.

The Committee on Judiciary to which was referred the recommendation of Brother J. E. Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler, that the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary be directed to compile and edit a book bringing up to date the digest of Grand

Lodge Decisions, the Decisions of the Grand Forum and the Opinions of the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, reported that it had carefully considered the proposition and recommended that the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler direct the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary to compile and edit such a digest, which recommendation was adopted.

Grand Lodge Dues Assessed

By operation and authority of law, the per capita tax was fixed and assessed by resolution, upon recommendation of the Board of Grand Trustees, to wit:

Resolved, that in accordance with Sec. 15, Article III, of the Constitution and Sec. 49 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, there are hereby fixed and assessed upon each member of the Order, as of April 1, 1924, Grand Lodge dues, as follows: The sum of 35 cents for the ensuing year to meet the expenses of the Grand Lodge, including the maintenance of the Elks National Home; and the sum of \$1.50 for the expense of publishing and distributing THE ELKS MAGAZINE for the period from October 1, 1923, to April 1, 1925, and the several sums named are hereby appropriated for said purposes, and both said sums are to be paid by the Subordinate Lodges on or before May 1, 1924.

Another resolution passed by the Grand Lodge, upon recommendation of the Board of Grand Trustees, is as follows:

1. Resolved, that a reserve fund be established to be known as the Home Fund, to be used for future improvements at the National Home, and that the sum of \$10,000 be hereby appropriated from General Funds for that purpose.

Appointments and Conclusion

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters, at the first business session of the convention re-appointed Judge William J. Conway, of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Lodge No. 693, as a member of the Grand Forum for a term of five years. The appointment was confirmed by the Grand Lodge.

By vote of the Grand Lodge, the retiring Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters was appointed a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

On Thursday, July 12th, the new Grand Exalted Ruler, James G. McFarland, was duly installed in office, followed by the installation of the other Grand Lodge Officers. Upon his installation, Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, in compliance with the direction of the Grand Lodge that a Chairman of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare be appointed at this meeting so that the work of the Committee might be carried on without delay, reappointed Col. John P. Sullivan. The Grand Exalted Ruler also announced the appointment of M. R. Baskerville, of Watertown, S. D., Lodge No. 838, as Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The Grand Lodge adopted resolutions expressing whole-hearted appreciation for the work of Mr. Masters in his term as Grand Exalted Ruler and for the services of Charles F. J. McCue, whose five-year term as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees has just expired. Testimonials are to be presented to each of them.

Resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Grand Lodge, extending thanks and expressing warm appreciation to Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, and to the citizens of Atlanta, for the hospitality with which they received the Grand Lodge and the individual Elk visitors, during the Convention Week.

The fifty-ninth Grand Lodge Annual Meeting and Reunion adjourned to meet in Boston, Mass., on Monday, the 7th day of July, 1924.

Annual Report to the Grand Lodge Of the Grand Exalted Ruler

J. Edgar Masters

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:

MY BROTHERS:

In compliance with the requirements of the Constitution and Statutes of the Order, I have the honor herewith to submit the Annual Report of the Grand Exalted Ruler for the year ending July 9, 1923.

The year just closed has been one of usual activity and progress. It was characterized by no special innovations, but the results attained were such that I am satisfied advancement has been made.

At Atlantic City last July the New Membership Committee was abolished. Naturally this affected our growth, and we have not experienced the increase in numbers so pleasing in recent years. I agree that the lodges of our fraternity should have new membership campaigns, whenever such campaigns can be conducted without harm to the cause. New members are needful and helpful. Yet I have sometimes feared that the desire for numbers has dominated some lodges to such an extent as to cause them to neglect "first things." Thorough knowledge of the fundamentals of Elkdom is essential. We must build on a sound foundation. During the past year we have been trying to take care of the foundation and at the same time build into the structure what is fitting and strengthening to the whole edifice. Without feeling that we are antiquated in our conception of the Order, we have concentrated our efforts primarily upon assimilating our new members with the old membership, believing that all other things can be added at the proper time and place in Elk advancement.

There has been a unity of effort on the part of Elk forces during the year. Grand Lodge Officers and Committees have labored faithfully and well. Subordinate Lodges have maintained high standards and deserve commendation. They are improving in efficiency. They exercise more care in the selection of officers, take more pride in their homes, look more carefully after their members, and show a better spirit than ever before. In short, the Order is in fine condition and Elks everywhere are stimulated to better work.

District Deputies

A meeting of the District Deputies was again held in Chicago last October, and almost every Deputy was present.

One special feature of the meeting was the preparation and discussion of a model program for District Deputy activities. An effort was made to systematize their work and harmonize their efforts.

Members of different Grand Lodge Committees were present and addressed the District Deputies on all phases of Elk work. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning spoke on THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener on the Elks' National Memorial Headquarters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan on Social and Community Welfare Work, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell on State Associations, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain on the

value of District Deputy Conferences, and John F. Malley, Chairman, Grand Lodge Committee, on Good of the Order. The talks of these brothers were timely and aided materially in arousing interest.

I wish to thank the District Deputies for their splendid cooperation. The interest they manifested was all that could be desired. They gave due attention to the correction of any errors, and all their activities were marked by intelligence and diligence. The work of the District Deputies this year has never been excelled and rarely, if ever, equaled. To each of them I owe a debt of gratitude.

District Meetings

Growing out of the District Deputy meeting in Chicago, meetings of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges were held in practically all districts. This arrangement has been of invaluable aid both to the District Deputies and the lodge officers, as it brought them together to discuss problems of real interest to the lodges.

Elks' National Home

I was privileged to visit the Elks' National Home last November and am glad to report that I found it a real home, where the good things of life—those that round out the daily happiness of every man—are found.

For the past year the care of the Home has been in the hands of a capable, earnest and painstaking member of the Board of Grand Trustees, Charles F. J. McCue, a man singularly fitted for the duties of that office by reason of his executive ability, courteous manner and cheerful disposition, a man whose veneration and respect for the aged have endeared him to all guests.

Elks Magazine

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has been published for a year, and has been accepted with greater favor than its most enthusiastic advocate ever hoped for. There are many reasons for this, but one reason why it appeals so strongly to the individual Elk is because it gives him a close acquaintance with the activities of the Order as a whole, and establishes a direct contact between the Grand Lodge and the individual.

The literary character of the Magazine is excellent. Its contributors are selected from the ablest writers in the country. Its stories are always interesting. The Magazine is surely fulfilling its purpose of bringing our membership closer together.

Official Visits

My aim during the year has been to visit as many of the smaller lodges as possible. I went to these lodges as a friend and helper, and honestly believe that good resulted from these visits. Whenever possible I took with me one or more Grand Lodge Officers or Committeemen in order that they might receive inspiration and at the same time stimulate the membership at large to greater activity.

One hundred and thirty-one visits were made to Subordinate Lodges, State Association Meetings and District Meetings. In all of these visits it was my privilege to meet offi-

cers and members from some surrounding lodges, and I have great satisfaction in reporting that during the year I came in direct contact with members from more than six hundred lodges.

It is a pleasure to record that everywhere I was received with open hospitality and generous courtesy. I shall always cherish the memory of the delightful hours spent with the rank and file of the Order.

Opinions and Decisions

A digest of Grand Lodge decisions, the decisions of the Grand Forum and the opinions of the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee has not been published since 1917. I, therefore, respectfully recommend that the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee be directed to compile and edit a book which will bring this digest up to date and that the same be published and distributed to Subordinate Lodges.

Vacancies

The following appointments to fill vacancies were made during the year:

Arthur Flatau, of Athens, Ga., Lodge No. 790, was appointed District Deputy for Georgia North to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of J. R. Dunson, of La Grange, Ga., Lodge No. 1084.

W. A. James, of Galveston, Tex., Lodge No. 126, was appointed District Deputy for Texas South to fill the vacancy caused by the death of George Q. McCracken, of Galveston, Tex., Lodge No. 126.

Dennis C. Sullivan, of Madison Lodge No. 410, was appointed District Deputy for Wisconsin East to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Edward W. Miller, of Marinette, Wis., Lodge No. 1313.

F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge No. 339, was appointed member of the Committee on State Associations to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Jess W. Smith, of Washington C. H., Ohio, Lodge No. 129.

Necrology

During the year death has claimed many of our brothers. Their passing is a distinct loss to Grand Lodge, as well as to the Subordinate Lodges in which they labored. It is fit and proper that the records of this session bear testimony to their worth, and I recommend that Grand Lodge set apart a special hour during this reunion at which time fitting tribute may be paid to the virtues of our departed brothers.

Because of their official position in the Grand Lodge, I deem it proper to refer to three of these brothers:

Jess W. Smith, member of Committee on State Associations, who died in Washington, May 30, 1923.

George Q. McCracken, District Deputy for Texas South, who died in Galveston, Tex., April 2, 1923.

Edward W. Miller, District Deputy for Wisconsin East, who died in Milwaukee, Wis., May 15, 1923.

These brothers were men of high character and rendered distinguished service to the Order. They held a warm place in the affections of the members of Grand Lodge and occupied high positions in the councils of our

fraternity. They were enthusiastic Elks. It is regretful that men so useful and upright in all their associations should be removed when their service seemed to be so much needed. We pay loving tribute to the memory of these good Elks.

Dispensations for New Lodges Granted

Dispensations have been granted to the following lodges:

- No. 1456—Weekawken, N. J. June 29, 1922.
(Granted by W. W. Mountain).
No. 1457—Mamaroneck, N. Y. August 28, 1922.
No. 1458—Glen Cove, N. Y. August 28, 1922.
No. 1459—Princeton, W. Va. August 28, 1922.
No. 1460—Platteville, Wis. February 28, 1923.
No. 1461—Princeton, Ill. February 28, 1923.
No. 1462—Augusta, Kans. March 3, 1923.
No. 1463—Deland, Fla. March 19, 1923.
No. 1464—Cape Girardeau, Mo. March 26, 1923.
No. 1465—Madison, N. J. March 27, 1923.
No. 1466—Webster, Mass. April 6, 1923.
No. 1467—Mercedes, Texas. May 17, 1923.
No. 1468—Las Vegas, Nev. June 7, 1923.
No. 1469—Ely, Nev. June 12, 1923.
No. 1470—Sanford, Maine. June 12, 1923.

Plans for New Homes Approved

Plans for building or acquiring property for homes for the following lodges have been approved:

- Pine Bluff, Ark., No. 149.
West Palm Beach, Fla., No. 1352.
Freehold, N. J., No. 1454.
Union Hill, N. J., No. 1357.
Huntington Park, Cal., No. 1415.
Corinth, Miss., No. 1035.
Wooster, Ohio, No. 1346.
West Frankfort, Ill., No. 1340.
Lamar, Colo., No. 1319.
Omaha, Nebr., No. 39.

- Hollister, Calif., No. 1436.
Binghamton, N. Y., No. 852.
Passaic, N. J., No. 387.
Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5.
Hazleton, Pa., No. 200.
Monmouth, Ill., No. 397.
Oswego, N. Y., No. 271.
Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13.
Gary, Ind., No. 1152.
Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2.
Logan, W. Va., No. 1391.
Newton, Mass., No. 1327.
Richmond, Va., No. 45.
Logan, Utah, No. 1453.
Noblesville, Ind., No. 576.
Columbus, Nebr., No. 1195.
Wapakoneta, Ohio, No. 1170.
Cohoes, N. Y., No. 1317.
Mexia, Texas, No. 1449.
Auburn, N. Y., No. 474.
Galena, Ill., No. 882.
Worcester, Mass., No. 243.
Fitchburg, Mass., No. 847.
Louisville, Ky., No. 8.
Boston, Mass., No. 10.
Oregon City, Ore., No. 1189.
La Grange, Ill., No. 1423.
Gardiner, Me., No. 1293.
Penns Grove, N. J., No. 1358.
Ellensburg, Wash., No. 1102.
Brooklyn, N. Y., No. 22.
Clinton, Iowa, No. 199.
Quincy, Mass., No. 943.
San Francisco, Cal., No. 3.
Belleville, N. J., No. 1123.
Queens Borough, N. Y., No. 878.
Niles, Ohio, No. 1411.
Hope, Ark., No. 1109.
Illion, N. Y., No. 1444.
Chelsea, Mass., No. 938.
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, No. 1254.
Ansonia, Conn., No. 1269.
Flagstaff, Ariz., No. 499.
So. Brownsville, Pa., No. 1344.
Denison, Texas, No. 238.
Norwood, Mass., No. 1124.
Asbury Park N. J., No. 128.

These plans call for an expenditure of more than \$15,000,000, and are indicative of the prosperous condition of our lodges.

Conclusion

All things have an ending, and I am reminded as I write this report that it is the last official communication I shall have the honor to submit as Grand Exalted Ruler. Although I have carried a constant burden since the day I assumed office, nevertheless the year has been a happy one, and my heart burns within me as I recount with lasting gratitude the assistance given me by Elks everywhere. I have been materially aided in all my work by the officers and Committees of Grand Lodge, for which I am grateful. Subordinate Lodge officers have rendered valuable service, which was highly appreciated. I also wish to thank the membership at large for their kindly interest and sincere helpfulness.

In the administration of the affairs of the office I was ably assisted by Miss Emma Scholl. She was devoted to her work in every particular, and I am much indebted to her for her valuable help.

My Secretary, Roland W. Brown, has been competent, and I will always remember with gratitude his splendid service.

I shall at all times regard it a privilege to serve in the ranks and I pledge my hearty cooperation to further advance the cause of Elkdom.

Fraternally yours,

J. E. Masters
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Charleroi, Pa., July 10, 1923.

The Value of Membership in the Order

By Col. Guy D. Goff

Col. Guy D. Goff, who recently became a member of Clarksburg (West Va.) Lodge, No. 482, has long been a prominent figure in public life. He holds a commission as Colonel in the U. S. Army and during the war he served as Colonel Judge Advocate on the staff of General Pershing. He returned in 1920 to become General Counsel of the U. S. Shipping Board. Subsequently he was appointed a Commissioner of the Board to represent the Great Lakes district. He was until a short time ago Special Assistant to the U. S. District Attorney-General. This very beautiful and inspiring speech was made on the night of his initiation into the Order. At the close of the initiatory ceremonies of a number of candidates, the Exalted Ruler of the Lodge called upon each new member for a five-minute talk on "Why I Wished to Become an Elk." Colonel Goff's response, which is printed here, made a deep impression on all who heard his words.

YOU inquire why I wished to become an Elk! The answer is psychological. It was because I fancied the Order stood for what I now appreciate it does represent. It proclaims, and will always teach, that American institutions and American law are the great bulwark behind which the forces of liberty are entrenched. It teaches that American history is but the story of the advance guard—and that the American State rests upon the solid foundation of an ideal, the ideal of freedom, equality and fraternity emergent above the ruins of absolutism. Association with men who stand for the best in American life, because it is the best of the civilizations, and the very fundamentals of Americanization speak through them, is an opportunity—a priv-

ilege—as rare as it is desirable. My impressions, formed but not expressed, in the moments just immediately preceding were a realization of what I craved—what I wanted to find—even before I knew it was within the range of my possible experience.

The four stations through which I have just passed are the supreme milestones in the human journey. Justice; Charity; Brotherly Love; and Fidelity. They are the four steps in the supreme ladder. Justice is right, it is the inherent longing of the human soul—the divine echo in the heart of mankind. It is the truth sublimated and vaporized. Charity is justice, speaking through the human heart—an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. No man can be charitable unless he is just, and no man can be just unless he is willing to do his very best just where and as he is—the very best that can be done under all the circumstances. Brotherly Love is the child of justice and charity mated together—no one can love his fellowmen without being obedient to the dictates of justice and charity; and without responding to those ineffable impulses which have their rise in heart and mind. And there is Fidelity! It is faith—the sister of Justice—the substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen. Now I know the contents of Fidelity. Now I appreciate the meaning in song and in story of "Fidus Achates." Always I shall appreciate, because now I

understand that no man is or can be faithful who is not just, charitable and brotherly; these, I say, are the four steps of the supreme ladder. There is nothing to add; nothing to retrench. All the man is there.

Now, since I am an Elk, since my realizations have exceeded my imaginative expectations, I know that the Order stands for law and justice, which means that every man who loves his home shall place life above gold and country above class. I know with gratitude and respect that this Order will always impose the principles of Americanism on all new-comers and preserve them against all attacks. I appreciate as never before the meaning of the supreme faith in Duty! After all is said and all is done, when the play is over, and the players gone, Duty alone remains. Not success, for its own sake, but the doing of justice between man and man, our brother and the stranger within the gates. It is not life that matters, but the courage—the heroic sense of duty—we bring to it, and if we but have simple faith in common chances, be content with our part and our share in the common hope, be true to the highest spiritual ideals in civic, social and domestic affairs, and do our work with enthusiasm, not for gain, but because it is part of the plan, then we will do our duty as this brotherly pledge from the heart impels. It is thus, and thus only, that we can requite our obligations and render a good account of ourselves when the "Master of all good Workmen" shall come to sum up our lives.

Facts from the Annual Reports

Submitted to the Grand Lodge by the Grand Secretary
and the Board of Grand Trustees

THE Elks' National Home, a monument to the Brotherly Love of our Order, should be a source of pride and satisfaction to every Elk. A few years ago, few of our membership had ever heard of or knew such a Home existed. To-day its great work and worth are more universally known and greatly appreciated.

Situated in the typical little Southern town of Bedford City, Va., between Roanoke and Lynchburg, on the Norfolk & Western Railroad, ideally located upon a broad plateau with the famous Peaks of Otter at its back, with climatic conditions unexcelled, the health-giving tones of this wonderful sunshiny Blue Ridge country prolong the lives of those of our brothers entrusted to our care.

It is a real work and its mission is one of the big outstanding works of the Order of Elks. No one who visits the Home and witnesses what the Order is doing for its aged and indigent members but comes away with a deeper sense of pride and a better Elk, with a more lasting belief in the great principles upon which our Order is founded.

The greater knowledge of the existence of the Home among Subordinate Lodges and an appreciation of its haven have been manifested in the large number of applicants received and admitted during the year just closed. The capacity, viz. 174, has been taxed all year long and a waiting list arranged for by the erection and completion of a new dormitory of 32 rooms. The needs are now met and ample provision made for some years to come.

It is wonderful to observe, after a few days' stay amid the beautiful surroundings of the Home, the reviving of deadened spirits, the awakening enthusiasm of those disheartened; how smiles creep back into troubled countenances, as old age realizes that contentment and ease have arrived and cares set aside forever.

The past year the residents have been remembered by home Lodges and friends by receipts of money, newspapers, magazines, books and gifts of all sorts. Such remembrance cheers those at Bedford and helps the Home morale. The spirit of helpfulness among the residents is marked. Sick brothers are visited and read to and many little acts of kindness are daily occurrences showing appreciation for their refuge. Many Lodges have contributed phonograph records and the installation of a radio set—the gift of Medford (Mass.) Lodge, No. 915—assures the best of music.

The average number of members at the Home for the year just closed was 167. There are at present 174 residents at the National Home, whose average age is 73 years.

The New Dormitory

By specific resolution of the Grand Lodge adopted at Atlantic City last year, the Board of Grand Trustees were directed to erect a new dormitory at the Elks' National Home, \$75,000 having been appropriated for such purpose. Work was begun October 27 and completed May 23.

The new dormitory is an exact duplicate of the other six buildings and is situated at

the extreme easterly end of the group, connected with Cottage A by arched corridor. The new dormitory contains 10 rooms on the ground floor, rear, 10 rooms on the second floor or first floor front, and 12 rooms on the third floor. There are two bath-rooms on each floor and each chamber is equipped with a lavatory stand. Each room is an outside room having at least two windows. The building, like the others, is steam-heated, electrically lighted, equipped with hot and cold water. Intercommunicating telephones connect with the main building.

In addition to the building of this new dormitory, all buildings constituting the Home have been gone over both inside and out, and all masonry repaired. The six large columns guarding the Administration Building were stripped, reinforced and rebuilt, as were the two columns over each dormitory entrance (twelve in all). Granolithic walks have been repaired and added to. A runway has been added at the end of the covered corridor available for wheel-chairs, that sick residents may easily get to the walks and wheel comfortably about the spacious grounds of the Home.

The total acreage is 93, divided into orchard, pasture and farming land. The cultivated portions raise corn, beans, potatoes, garden-truck. The orchard and vineyard are productive, yet not to an appreciable amount, as both are in the experimental stage, but very promising. The daily average of milk production is 42 gallons for home use.

The farm buildings and fences have been repainted and present a neat appearance. The roadways inside Home grounds are in excellent condition save that which runs to the railroad in the rear of the easterly group of buildings. The hauling of the tonnage of building materials necessary for the erection of the new dormitory in the winter season badly cut this road not built for such hard service and it will be necessary to thoroughly rebuild this back road the coming year.

The health and morale continues excellent considering the advanced age and general condition of the 174 residents.

The Elks' Rest located about a mile from the Home, in Bedford Cemetery, was the final resting-place for six of the residents the past year.

Recommendation

The constant wear and tear of the laundry machinery during the past eight years, together with the newer, more economical and simpler form of handling laundry in quantities such as that at the National Home, have made it necessary to provide a new laundry machinery equipment, and the Board of Grand Trustees called the attention of the Grand Lodge to the urgent necessity for such equipment. The Board of Trustees also recommended the establishing of a Reserve Fund for purposes of future improvements at the National Home—such fund to be established this year with an appropriation of \$10,000 from General Funds, and \$5,000 appropriated yearly. Such a fund had been in existence, but was exhausted following the remodeling and addition of 30 new rooms

on the ground floor of Cottages A, B, C, the erection of the dairy building and the installation of the ice machinery equipment in 1922.

The establishment of such fund would not disturb the Grand Lodge requesting large sums of money when needed for Home improvements and repairs.

Numerical Standing of Lodges

This year's report shows that there are altogether 172 Lodges with a membership of over 1,000, being 17 Lodges more than the previous year. The largest Lodge in the Order is Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 22, with a membership of 11,636.

Seven Lodges range between five and ten thousand, namely: Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, No. 2—8,254; New Orleans (La.) Lodge, No. 30—6,440; Chicago (Ill.) Lodge, No. 4—5,895; New York (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1—5,828; Milwaukee (Wis.) Lodge, No. 46—5,550; Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge, No. 211—5,484; Seattle (Wash.) Lodge, No. 92—5,155.

There are six with memberships between four and five thousand: Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34—4,870; Boston (Mass.) Lodge, No. 10—4,551; Omaha (Neb.) Lodge, No. 39—4,541; Spokane (Wash.) Lodge, No. 228—4,311; Los Angeles (Calif.) Lodge, No. 99—4,283; Portland (Ore.) Lodge, No. 142—4,229.

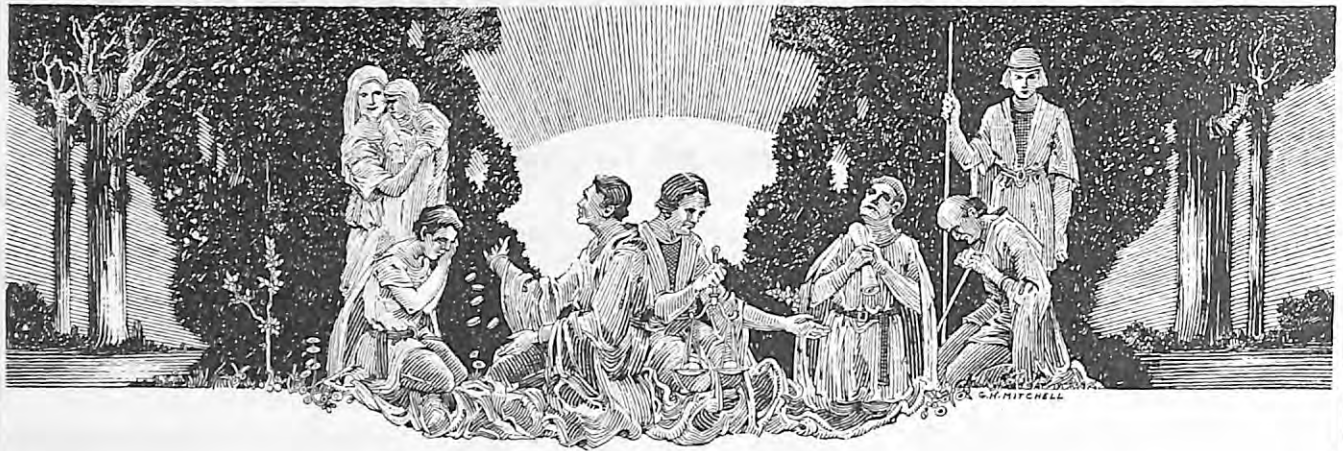
There are six Lodges with memberships between three and four thousand: Newark (N. J.) Lodge, No. 21—3,933; Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge, No. 44—3,618; Rochester (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 24—3,541; Cincinnati (Ohio) Lodge, No. 5—3,399; Columbus (Ohio) Lodge, No. 37—3,200; Tacoma (Wash.) Lodge, No. 174—3,008.

There are twenty-four Lodges having a membership between two and three thousand.

Charity Statistics Since 1880

The following tables are given for the reason that many requests are made for statistics showing the amount of practical charity expended by our Order: No record kept before the year 1880. In the years 1880 to 1885—\$41,563.00; from 1886 to 1890—\$58,374.12; from 1891 to 1895—\$158,558.61; from 1896 to 1900—\$263,483.33; from 1901 to 1905—\$1,039,634.05; from 1906 to 1910—\$1,771,271.53; from 1911 to 1915—\$2,800,283.85; from 1916 to 1920—\$5,541,145.74. In 1921—\$2,044,218.97. In 1922—\$2,017,561.11. The sum total expended over this period from 1880 through 1922 is \$15,747,994.31.

Last year 63 Lodges gave \$5,000 or over to charity. There were many others that gave more than these in proportion to the size of their memberships, but the list would be too long to publish here. The following 7 Lodges gave \$20,000 or over: Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, No. 2—\$72,435.64; New York (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1—\$53,930.89; Buffalo (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 23—\$43,749.19; Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 22—\$40,003.78; Newark (N. J.) Lodge, No. 21—\$33,605.90; New Orleans (La.) Lodge, No. 30—\$22,365.68; Denver (Colo.) Lodge, No. 17—\$21,276.41.



EDITORIAL

OUR COUNTRY NEEDS THE ORDER OF ELKS

IT IS a quite well known fact that there exists in our country an element, largely foreign, that resists absorption into our body politic; that declines to be fused in the great American "melting pot;" and that is not only not in sympathy with our own social organization and system of government but is actively hostile to all government and all ordered society. This element, composed of anarchists, bolsheviki, I. W. W.'s, "reds," and such ilk, constitutes a real menace that should not be disregarded nor too lightly considered by those who cherish, and desire to properly safeguard, our institutions. It is no imagined phantom of sinister appearance, but a physically existent enemy plotting evil in our very midst.

The Order of Elks, with its vast membership of patriotic citizens, loyally devoted to our country and pledged to its service in time of peace as well as in time of war, living in every section, ever teaching by precept and example true Americanism, taking a leading part in all community activities and thus having an intimate contact and association with millions of our people, is a most effective agency in counteracting the evil influence of this undesirable element and in minimizing the danger from its insidious propaganda. And in the performance of this patriotic service it is meeting a real national need.

But there is a further distinctive service which the Order is rendering our Country, quietly and without ostentation, but with splendid efficiency, in the performance of which it is fulfilling another need which is none the less important because it may not be so obvious.

"One pair of crickets, chirping under a fence, make more noise than a thousand contented cattle resting in the shade."

Because of the great extent of our Country's territory and the wide diversity of its physical conditions which create an equally wide diversity of material interests, it is easy for sectionalism to become marked, not only in personal characteristics and habits of life but also in mental viewpoint. It is natural and inevitable that those affected by these diverse interests should

become separately grouped and combined, thus producing antagonisms more fancied than real. But, because these surface differences are openly discussed and debated with our characteristic freedom, and with occasional vehemence, they frequently assume an exaggerated importance and tend to produce a mutual suspicion and distrust.

But there is, most happily, among the American people as a whole, an underlying, basic community of interest, a national spirit, a pervading substantiality of like thinking, like believing and like hoping, as to the great fundamentals of our national life. And these are the things which bind us together as one mighty nation having a common language, a common heritage of glorious history and a common aspiration for a glorious national destiny.

And it is an obvious national need that these things of universal import and benefit, these great amalgamating and cohesive influences, should be constantly impressed upon the public mind, so that we might not forget, in our petty differences born of selfish personal interests, our many accords and concords as true Americans.

The chirping of the crickets should not be permitted to distract us from a pleased contemplation of our comfortably browsing herd.

And the Order of Elks is performing a notable service in this particular patriotic field. Every meeting of an Elks Lodge has, for its central feature, an altar upon which is draped the American Flag as its first and proudest decoration. It is a constant reminder of the great bond of our common American Citizenship, with all that it imports. In its presence, surmounted by the Holy Bible and the Spreading Antlers, it is impossible to forget those ties which unite us. And it is a perpetual inspiration to a true conception of our national duties and obligations, as well as our privileges, unrestricted by selfish considerations, but rather broadened by a realization of our fraternal fellowship and our mutual dependence.

In the fraternal contacts of its members, under conditions which impress upon them their unity of purpose and their real brotherhood, there is an ever-recurring suggestion of the great multitude of our concords and a reminder that by their importance they overshadow and render insig-



nificant our casual differences of material interest and our variant opinions as to matters which do not really affect our true Americanism.

This unifying and stabilizing influence would be of substantial import and value to our country, even were it limited to the membership of the Order. But when that influence is indefinitely extended, by being transmitted to millions of others, as it inevitably must be in the intimate associations of that membership in every community, it becomes truly of national significance. And the service thus rendered is of immeasurable value.

It is no idle fraternal boast, but the statement of a demonstrated fact, to say that Our Country Needs the Order of Elks.

SINCE the above was written, the President of the United States, in speaking to another fraternal organization of which he is a member, as he is of the Order of Elks, said:

"I like the highly purposed fraternity, because it is our assurance against menacing organizations. In the very naturalness of association men band together for mischief, to exert misguided zeal, to vent unreasoning malice, to undermine our institutions.

"This isn't fraternity, this is conspiracy. This isn't associated uplift, it is organized destruction. This is not brotherhood, it is the discord of disloyalty and a danger to the Republic.

"But as long as twenty millions of Americans are teaching loyalty to the flag, the cherishment of our inherited institutions and due regard for constitutional authority and the love of liberty under the law, we may be assured the future is secured."

In speaking these words the President surely had the Order of Elks prominently in mind, and it is gratifying to have from so authoritative a source an expression which so accords with the tenor of the foregoing editorial.

A HIGHLY PURPOSED FRATERNITY

DURING the session of the New York State Elks Association in June, the *Knickerbocker Press*, of Albany, published an appreciative editorial, in which the meeting of the delegates was described, and which contained the following:

"What did they talk about, these representative business men from all over the State—lawyers, manufacturers, merchants, advertising men, newspaper men, executives and farmers?"

"Not money, save in totals expended for the welfare and the betterment of those who needed help.

"Not protection, save in terms of protection for the weak and the helpless, the cripple and the fatherless and the outcast.

"Not gain, save the gain that comes out of disregard for self in united effort to help the other fellow; not of self, save in the forgetfulness of self.

"They talked of simple things—in terms of little children and playgrounds and Christmas baskets and of the good things for the poor at Thanksgiving time. They talked of hospitals, of children who had been helpless and had been made strong and happy again.

"They talked of crops of smiles and happiness; of making a smile to grow where none had grown before; of raising hopes and harvesting kindness and good-will.

"They were just Elks, those men in convention in the Assembly chamber—representatives of a great fraternal organization that means one thing to one and another to another. Because of the things that were talked of in the Eleventh Annual Convention, the Elks this year will mean more happiness, less suffering, fewer tears and greater hope, wherever they touch the people of New York State."

This gratifying comment, which the splendid New York State Association richly merited, might well have been written of every State Association of Elks, and of the Order as a whole. It tersely describes just what the Order is undertaking, what each Lodge is doing in its own community.

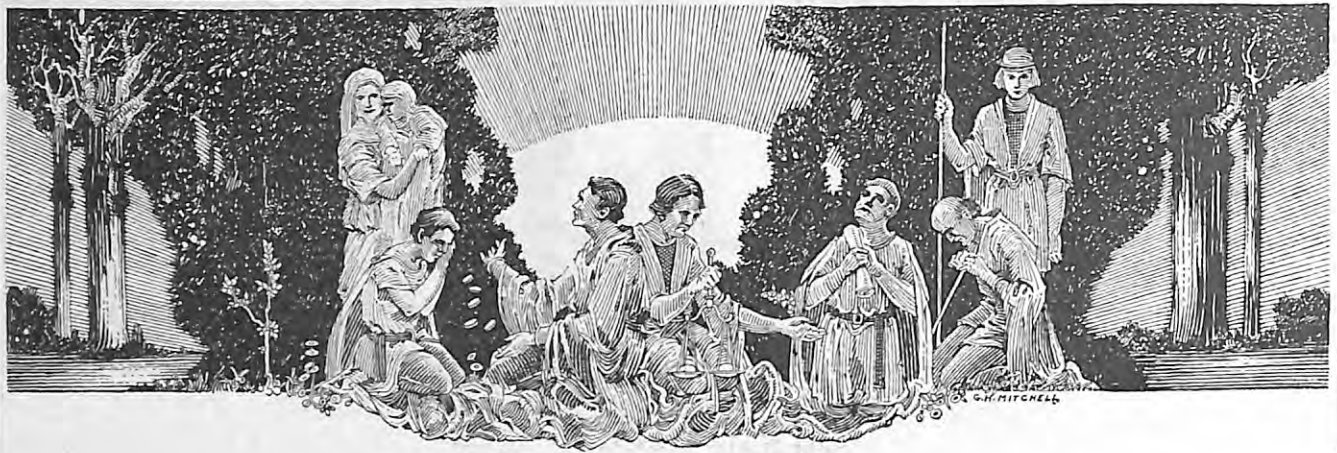
It is a pleasing recognition from the outside that the Order of Elks is a "highly purposed fraternity," such as the President has so cordially approved.

AVE ATQUE VALE

WHEN this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE shall have reached the hands of its readers, the Atlanta Session of the Grand Lodge will have adjourned; the new Grand Exalted Ruler and his associates will have been elected and installed; and Grand Exalted Ruler Masters and his official family will have surrendered their places of honor and authority to their chosen successors.

It is to be assumed that the Grand Lodge will have acted with wisdom and discrimination in selecting its new officers, that the honors thus bestowed will have been worthily won, and that its choice will meet the generous approval of the whole Order. THE ELKS MAGAZINE is, therefore, but voicing the sentiments of the vast membership in extending this cordial greeting to the new Grand Exalted Ruler and his associates, whoever they may be, and in expressing sincere good wishes for a successful administration, and in tendering loyal and ready service to assist in the accomplishment of that result.

The management of the affairs of the Order of Elks is a task of ever-increasing magnitude and importance. It becomes each year more and more exacting in its demands upon the time



and attention of those charged with the duty of performing that task. And knowledge of this fact should bring a deeper sense of obligation toward those who undertake the burden and should insure a greater readiness to assist; for it must be remembered that, in its ultimate analysis, the real object sought is the performance of an effective service to our Country and to humanity. And in this service every Elk has a definite interest and should have an active part.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE bespeaks for the new administration the loyal cooperation of every member of the Order.

And it is but performing an obvious duty, none the less gratifying and pleasant because it is so obvious, to here record a grateful recognition of the splendid service that has been rendered during his term of office by Grand Exalted Ruler Masters.

No one of his predecessors ever brought to that important post a more accurate knowledge of the business affairs of the Order, or a keener appreciation of its obligations and its opportunities. And he has fully measured up to the high promise of his splendid equipment.

Courteous and affable, but frank and business-like always, he has won the confidence of the entire membership. And he may take with him all through his life the assurance that he has sustained the high ideals of the Order, has advanced its standard to new heights, and has made more secure its place in the forefront of fraternal organizations.

It would be ungracious as well as unfair not to add a word of appreciation of the substantial contribution made to his fine administration by his subordinate Officers, his Committeemen and District Deputies.

It is apparent to any intelligent observer of Grand Lodge affairs that there is a growing appreciation of the importance of these positions. They are no longer regarded as mere sinecures, involving nothing more than a temporary distinction; but they are looked upon as honorable stations presenting opportunities for real service and calling for peculiar qualifications and special fitness.

During the past year the Order has been most fortunate in having in those positions men who have been fully conscious of their responsibilities and who have discharged their duties with credit to themselves and to the grateful satisfaction of the Order. They have established a standard worthy of emulation by their successors.

PLAYING SAFE

A TRAVELER through a sparsely settled back country region once came upon a dilapidated cabin in front of which stood an indolent and languid individual, the obvious owner.

"How is your cotton coming on?" asked the traveler.

"The boll weevil always eats it up, and I didn't plant none."

"How are your potatoes?" was the next question.

"The potato-bugs is so bad, eatin' up the vines and all, I didn't set out none."

And then, as if giving full information and complete explanation in one brief sentence, he added: "I just played safe."

The farmer who thus played safe did not have any crops in his field to be destroyed by insect or blight, it is true; but neither did he have crops in his barn to sell.

Playing safe is not always the course of the highest wisdom.

EXAMPLE

MANY years ago, in a little country church, an old minister preached to his small but attentive congregation on "The Influence of Example." In the course of his sermon he related this incident:

There was a father who had for years been a confirmed drunkard. One winter morning, when the ground was white with new fallen snow, he started from home to the cross-roads store. He was in his usual condition of inebriety and, in walking across the meadow, his staggering gait left a wavering line of tracks. As he was climbing over the fence he looked back and saw his twelve-year-old son following him, stepping with meticulous care into each of his footprints, and thus pursuing the same wavering path his drunken steps had made. The realization came to him, even in his befuddled condition, that his boy was perhaps following in his footsteps figuratively as well as actually; and with that realization came the determination to set a better example.

This incident may never have happened. But, as Mark Twain said of his story "The Prince and the Pauper," it *could* have happened. And it is a pretty good illustration of the influence of example. It has been recalled many times by at least one of the old preacher's congregation.



Under the Spreading Antlers

They Tell These Tales Of the Order

Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull

IT WOULD take many issues of THE ELKS MAGAZINE to report adequately all the impressive exercises that were held by the Lodges throughout the country on June 14. Never was Flag Day so beautifully and effectively observed. From Alaska to Porto Rico, in small and large communities, wherever there is an Elks' Lodge, men, women and children gathered to pay tribute to Old Glory and to affirm their allegiance to the Flag. The names of distinguished orators and of men of national importance appeared on the Flag Day programs of the Lodges. Under the auspices of Glen Cove (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1458, Governor John M. Parker of Louisiana spoke in Oyster Bay at the grave of Theodore Roosevelt; and in New Haven the great man's son, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., delivered the Address of the Day. Another Governor, Hon. Thomas W. Hardwick of Georgia, was the principal speaker on the Flag Day program of Augusta (Ga.) Lodge, No. 205. In Geneva, N. Y., 10,000 inhabitants of the city marched in the great parade which preceded the exercises held by No. 1054. Col. Alvin M. Owsley, Commander of the American Legion, spoke at the celebration held by Great Falls (Mont.) Lodge, No. 214. Under the auspices of Franklin (Pa.) Lodge, No. 110, Rear-Admiral William S. Benson spoke on "The Flag" before a large gathering. Washington (D. C.) Lodge, No. 15, heard praise of Old Glory from the lips of Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland. At the Elks' National Home at Bedford, Va., the old timers listened to a program of distinguished speakers and musicians and joined in the singing of the Anthem with a fervor that belied their years. In Manila, Americans gathered and took part in the patriotic ceremonies arranged for the day by Manila Lodge, No. 761. Thousands of miles away, the new Governor of Porto Rico, the Hon. Horace Mann Tower, addressed the members of San Juan Lodge, No. 972 and the English-speaking people of the island. Everywhere it was indeed a day on which every member of the Order and a countless host of others were drawn closer to the great national soul of America and made to feel the high purpose and dignity of patriotism for which our Flag is the symbol.

State Association Reports Fine Record Of the Lodges of New York State

Reports read at the recent convention of the New York State Elks' Association held at Albany show that the Empire State members of the Order spent nearly \$300,000 for charity during the past year. New York Lodge, No. 1, leads with \$53,930.89; Buffalo Lodge, No. 23, comes second with \$43,749.10; Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22, is third with \$40,000; Queens Borough, fourth with \$21,174.90. Six Lodges expended over \$10,000 each, while there were but few Lodges which expended less than \$1,000 each. The seventy-two Lodges in the State showed a membership at the close of the Lodge year of 77,040, indicating a gain over the previous year of 6,178. Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22, showed a remarkable increase of 1,308, making its membership now 11,636, the largest in the Order. The delegates elected the following officers for the Association during 1923-24: President, Philip Clancy of Niagara Falls; Treasurer, Jay Farrier of Oneida; Secretary, Amon W. Foote of Utica.

Richmond (Ind.) Lodge Awards Scholarship to Two Students

Viola Osborne and Frederick Thistlethwaite, seniors of the Richmond High School, are the first two graduates of that school to receive the scholarship prizes of \$150 each which Richmond (Ind.) Lodge, No. 649, is awarding to students who, in the face of financial handicaps, completed their courses. A faculty committee selected four names, and the Lodge selected the two candidates. Both Miss Osborne and Mr. Thistlethwaite fought against heavy odds to complete their high school courses. When the winners were announced at the commencement exercises, more than 3,000 persons present gave them an ovation. The awards were among the most popular scholarships announced at this commencement. Richmond Lodge will continue the scholarships next year. Only those seniors who show enterprise and aggressiveness in battling against odds are eligible, as the

scholarships are intended for those whose education would be interrupted if they were not given a helping hand. Character qualifications, potential worth and aggressiveness are stressed, rather than scholarship or high grades.

Be on Guard Against This Man Holding False Membership Card

We are advised by J. H. McConnell, Secretary of Catlettsburg (Ky.) Lodge, No. 942, that an individual giving the name of G. C. Stroup and purporting to belong to Catlettsburg Lodge, No. 942, is not a member of that Lodge. This man exhibits a card paid to April, 1924, and has already used this as a means of taking advantage of members in Baltimore and Philadelphia. No such card was ever issued by Catlettsburg Lodge and members are warned to be on their guard against this person.

Memphis Lodge in Fine Condition. Plans to Erect \$750,000 Home

The annual statement of Memphis (Tenn.) Lodge, No. 27, which has been issued in an interesting little booklet containing other information about the Lodge, indicates that the financial condition of the Lodge is better than ever before. The report shows a healthy growth in membership and a large disbursement for many local charities.

The Lodge will erect a handsome new Home to cost in the neighborhood of \$750,000. Tentative plans call for a twelve-story combination hotel and office building, with store space on the ground floor, three office floors, six floors for sleeping-rooms and two floors and basement for Lodge and Club purposes. An artistically appointed roof garden is also included in the plans.

Luke Goodheart of Denver, Colo. Crosses the Great Divide

The sad death of Luke Goodheart marked the passing of one of Denver's best beloved citizens, a man widely known throughout the city for his charitable deeds and sterling character. Mr. Goodheart was a member of Denver (Colo.) Lodge, No. 17, and served at one time on the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge. Hundreds of

his friends attended the funeral services that were held at the Elks' Home. Following a promise exacted before Mr. Goodheart's death, his brother, James Goodheart, City Chaplain, preached the simple and moving sermon which preceded the Elks' Lodge of Sorrow.

Dedication of "Elk on the Trail" Opens Massachusetts Convention

The dedication of a life-sized bronze statue of an elk, erected on Whitcomb's Summit overlooking the Mohawk Trail, by the Elks of the Bay State to the memory of the members who served in the World War, ushered in the Ninth Annual Convention of the Massachusetts State Elks' Association held this year at Greenfield. The dedication was conducted by Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters and addresses were given by the Hon. Frank G. Allen, President of the State Senate, and the Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston. Prominent men of the Order from all parts of the country attended the ceremonies. Following this impressive event, the opening exercises of the convention were held in the Lawler Theater of Greenfield. Addresses were made by the Hon. John P. Brennan, President of the Association; Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Col. John P. Sullivan, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Grand Lodge, and Charles F. J. McCue, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. Governor John M. Parker, of Louisiana, who spoke earlier in the day at the dedication of the "Elk on the Trail," also delivered a forceful address before the delegates. The program for the convention, as provided by Greenfield Lodge, No. 1296, contained among other features, a banquet to the delegates, a Grand Ball at the State Armory, automobile tours through the surrounding country, concerts by the Greenfield Military Band and games and sports of various kinds. Reports read at the business sessions showed the present membership of the Association numbers 40,251, a gain of 3,572 over last year. The delegates elected the following officers for 1923-24: President, Joseph F. Francis, of New Bedford; Treasurer, Bernard E. Carbin, of Lynn; Secretary, Jeremiah J. Hourin, of Framingham.

Dedicate New Home on First Anniversary

Logan (Utah) Lodge, No. 1453, celebrated its first anniversary by the dedication of a new Home. Delegations from many other Lodges attended the ceremonies. Mayor John A. Crockett, of Logan, addressed the gathering and congratulated the Lodge upon the work it had accomplished in one short year. The dedication was followed by a special musical entertainment and a banquet for the many visitors.

Moline (Ill.) Lodge Makes Drive For Salvation Army

Moline (Ill.) Lodge, No. 556, acting through its Social and Community Welfare Committee, was successful in sponsoring a drive for funds to be used by the Salvation Army during the coming year in Moline. Teams of solicitors took the field and were able to raise, in short order, the \$3,600, estimated as the amount necessary to cover the Army's activities. The war-time and peace-time activities of the Army have strongly entrenched the organization in the

hearts of the people and it was with real enthusiasm that the members of Moline Lodge volunteered their services.

Iowa State Elks' Association Meets at Marshalltown

The annual meeting of the Iowa State Elks' Association, held at Marshalltown, was one of the most successful ever held by the Association. Some of the things accomplished were the establishment of an Elks' Scholarship Fund in the State of Iowa for worthy young men and women who have not the financial means to secure the needed education. Various lines of charity work done by the various Lodges of the State were discussed and many valuable suggestions made for improving and enlarging this work. The following were among the officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Clay Kneese, of Muscatine Lodge, No. 304; Treasurer, Ed A. Erb, Burlington Lodge, No. 84; Secretary, James E. O'Brien, Des Moines Lodge, No. 98. Clinton, Iowa, was selected as the meeting-place for the 1924 convention.

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters Visits Uhrichsville (Ohio) Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters paid an official visit to Uhrichsville (Ohio) Lodge, No. 424, where he was welcomed by a gathering of many prominent members of the Order in Ohio, which included J. Bart Horton, President of the Ohio State Elks' Association, Exalted Rulers and large delegations from Coshocton (Ohio) Lodge, No. 376; New Philadelphia (Ohio) Lodge, No. 510, and Dover (Ohio) Lodge, No. 975. A banquet was given Mr. Masters and his official party, at which the Grand Exalted Ruler and the President of Ohio State Elks' Association delivered most interesting addresses. After the banquet Mr. Masters witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates and complimented the officers on the way the work had been exemplified. A vaudeville performance closed the program.

Plans Being Drawn for New Home Of Rochester (N. Y.) Lodge

A conference of architects and members of the Building Committee are working on definite plans for the new Club House which will be built by Rochester (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 24. Opinion of the membership favors a structure of the same height as the present club, with two stores on the ground floor and sleeping-rooms on the third floor. The lot being 108 feet deep, it is planned to build a large swimming-pool and gymnasium



in the rear of the first floor. Final detail plans will be submitted for approval to the membership as soon as these have been drawn up by the architects and actual work on the building will probably begin some time in the fall.

Nebraska State Elks' Association Holds Annual Convention

The Nebraska State Elks' Association closed a most interesting and productive two-day convention at Scottsbluff. The delegates went on record as favoring the construction of an Elks' Orphan Home to be sponsored by the Grand Lodge. The Association elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Carl Kramer, of Columbus Lodge, No. 1195; Treasurer, Frank Real, McCook Lodge, No. 1434; Secretary, W. J. Gregorius, Columbus Lodge, No. 1195. The next meeting-place for the convention was not determined but will be announced shortly by the Association.

New Imperial Potentate of Shriners a Member of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge

Conrad V. Dykeman, who was recently elected Imperial Potentate of the Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America, has been an active member of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 22, since 1905, when he was initiated into the Order of Elks.

New Jersey Lodges Visited by Grand Exalted Ruler Masters

It was a red-letter day for the Elks of Northern New Jersey when Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters paid an official and fraternal visit to Boonton Lodge, No. 1405; Dover Lodge, No. 782, and Passaic Lodge, No. 387. The Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied by his secretary, Roland W. Brown; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard P. Rooney, of Newark, N. J., and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jacob J. Vreeland, of Dover, N. J. Boonton Lodge was first visited, where the new Elks' Home was officially dedicated by the Grand Exalted Ruler. This was followed by a luncheon at the Mountain Lakes Club with 300 guests from Boonton, Dover, Passaic, Morristown, Madison and other New Jersey Lodges. A long line of automobiles, decorated with the Elk colors and carrying appropriate banners, took the various delegations to Lake Hopatcong, where they spent two hours on the water in fast motor-boats. The evening was divided between Dover and Passaic Lodges, the party being welcomed at the latter place by a band and 400 members. Grand Exalted Ruler Masters delivered notable addresses at each of the Lodges and his visit was a source of inspiration to the membership in that part of New Jersey.

Charles H. White Trophy Won by Monmouth (Ill.) Lodge

Monmouth (Ill.) Lodge, No. 397, gained permanent possession of the Charles A. White Cup, by winning the third consecutive ritualistic contest of the Illinois State Elks' Association at the recent convention at Moline. The degree team of Monmouth Lodge made practically a perfect record, with a score of 96.35 per cent. Chicago (Ill.) Lodge, No. 4, won second place in the contest, receiving a prize of \$50. Securing of permanent possession of the White Trophy Cup by Monmouth Lodge will result in the donation of a similar cup by Past

Grand Treasurer Charles A. White for the continuation of the contests. Lodges in each of the five districts of the State will hold ritualistic contests during the winter and winners will compete in the final ceremony at the annual convention to be held in Chicago next year.

Historic Features Staged When Elks Of Oregon Meet in Convention

An elaborate and diversified three-day program of entertainment was provided by The Dalles (Ore.) Lodge, No. 303, for the pleasure of the visitors from all sections of the State who attended the Sixth Annual Convention of the Oregon State Elks' Association. The third annual presentation of the Pageant of Wascopam marked the opening day of the Convention. The Pageant, depicting the origin and early history of the Oregon territory, was staged in a natural amphitheater, capable of holding 7,000 people and in the place where Lewis and Clark made their first rude camp. Here the actual scene of the arrival of Lewis and Clark was re-enacted by men and women themselves descendants of the pioneers of the "Inland Empire." Harking back to the days before steel was laid and steam engines puffed their way to the Coast, another romance of the West, the Pony Express race was held from Bend to The Dalles. A purse of \$1,250 in gold coin was presented to the winners of this thrilling event. As a contrast to the historical features, the delegates took part in baseball games and other sporting events. The following officers for 1923-24 were elected: President, Frank G. Lonergan of Portland; Treasurer, M. Hayden, Klamath Falls. Tillamook was chosen as the meeting place for 1924.

Jefferson City (Mo.) Lodge Celebrates Opening of New Club House

The formal opening and dedication of the new Home of Jefferson City (Mo.) Lodge, No. 513, was the occasion of a celebration which was attended by representatives from many Lodges throughout the State. A very large delegation was on hand from St. Louis. The program of entertainment included a grand Mardi Gras Parade in which the candidates, members and visitors took part. Two bands furnished lively music for this event. In the afternoon the members and guests sat down to a real old-fashioned Barbecue in the Pavilion of State Park. The dedication exercises of the new Home were conducted in the evening by the officers of the Missouri State Elks' Association, under the direction of the President, Lee Meriwether. The new Club House of No. 513 is one of the most complete and finely furnished Homes in the State.

Four Thousand Attend Illinois State Elks' Association Convention

The Twentieth Annual Convention of the Illinois State Elks' Association was from every point of view the most successful so far held by the organization. Moline (Ill.) Lodge, No. 556, was host to over 4,000 members from every part of the State and entertained them with a series of events that will be remembered for a long time. Seventy-nine Lodges were represented, and their bands, drill teams and other uniformed units made up a parade that was the biggest and best in the history of the Association. Delegates from Chicago Lodge, No. 4, numbered over 500. Mayor C. W. Sandstorm, Past Exalted Ruler of Moline Lodge, welcomed the delegates on behalf of No. 556.

He presented a large purple and white key to President W. W. Arnold as the symbol of the hospitality of the local Elks. Among the many important resolutions adopted by the delegates was one empowering the President to appoint a Committee to work out a plan of inter-Lodge visitation and social intercourse throughout the State. A resolution was also adopted empowering the President to appoint a committee to draft a recommendation to the Grand Lodge suggesting the establishment of a National Elks' Orphans' Home and School. The following officers were among those elected by the Convention for the ensuing year: President, Dr. W. R. Fletcher, of Joliet; Treasurer, William Guilette, of Mount Carmel; Secretary, George W. Hasselman, of La Salle. Chicago was chosen as the 1924 Convention City at the final business session.

Convention of Idaho State Elks' Association Held at Pocatello

Large delegations from every Lodge in the State attended the Annual Convention of the Idaho State Elks' Association which was held this year at Pocatello. Pocatello Lodge, No. 674, entertained the visitors royally and every minute of the two days of the reunion was enjoyed by the delegates and their families. A grand parade with prizes for the best unit, a luncheon to the ladies, sight-seeing tours and a dance on the last day of the convention, were some of the features of the meeting. Much good was accomplished at the business sessions where the exchange of ideas was productive of plans for increasing the activities of the various Lodges in Welfare Work.

Muskegon (Mich.) Lodge Equips Park with Play Apparatus

Muskegon (Mich.) Lodge, No. 274, is carrying forward a fine program of Community and Social Welfare Work in which the playground idea is receiving special attention. Recently the Lodge voted a sum of \$500 for the purchase of playground apparatus. The installation of this in McGraft Park was an event in which the city authorities and many school children took part. The city has agreed to keep the apparatus in repair and to furnish a playground supervisor who will instruct the children and supervise their games.

California Lodges Form Bowling Association

The Southern California Elks' Bowling Association, which was recently formed, now has twelve teams and a schedule to run until the middle of September. The teams composing the Association are the ones from Huntington Park, Glendale, San Bernardino, Santa Monica, Anaheim and Pasadena, while the Lodges at Redondo Beach, Long Beach and Los Angeles are represented by two teams each.

North Dakota Elks Hold Convention at Devil's Lake

A five-day program was provided the Annual Convention and Home Coming of the North Dakota State Elks' Association by Devil's Lake (N. Dak.) Lodge, No. 1216. After the business session of the Association, which was opened by an address from the President, B. J. Atkinson of Minot Lodge, No. 1089, a banquet was given in the evening to all delegates and Past Exalted Rulers present. The second day of the Convention afforded a round of special entertainment

to the visitors. Games and sports of all kinds and a picnic luncheon were enjoyed at Lakewood Park just outside the city. The closing event on the program was a large dance at the Lakewood Pavilion with the Elks' Band providing the music for the occasion.

Newark (Ohio) Elks Will Have New Club-House in the Fall

The members of Newark (Ohio) Lodge, No. 391, have purchased the famous Swisher Mansion, one of the most attractive private buildings in the city, and are making plans to remodel it early in the Fall. The Swisher house and lot have a frontage of 105 feet and a depth of 198 feet. The property offers unusual possibilities for the construction of a large Lodge-room in the rear and dance and banquet halls on one of the floors. When the work of remodeling has been completed, Newark Lodge will have a home that will be a credit not only to the Order but to the city as well. It will have every convenience and comfort possible for the members and will be designed so that it can play an important part in the life of the community.

Bazaar and Carnival Nets \$5,000 for Building Fund

Cumberland (Md.) Lodge, No. 63, has closed a most successful Bazaar and Carnival which netted \$5,000. This sum has been turned over to the Building Committee to swell the fund for the new Home which the Lodge contemplates erecting in the near future. Several sites in the city are being considered, and definite action regarding building and financial plans will be taken shortly by the membership.

California Lodges Give Farewell Banquet to Naval Chief

Admiral Edward W. Eberle, who retired as commander of the Pacific Fleet to become Chief of Naval Operations at Washington, D.C., was accorded a monster farewell banquet and reception by Elks' Lodges of Southern California at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. More than 400 were present including bands and uniformed drill teams from Lodges of the Southern part of the State. The farewell reception was launched with Admiral Eberle passing in review before rows of uniformed drill teams, while being greeted by music from a band composed of individual musicians selected from the bands of many Lodges.

Exalted Ruler Ingall W. Bull, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, presided as toastmaster at the banquet and introduced the speakers of the evening. Admiral Eberle, in his farewell speech to Californians, whom he said he had learned to love in his years of contact and friendship, expressed his deep regret at orders that will take him away from California. Music from Elk bands played intermittently during the evening. Exalted Rulers from twenty Elk Lodges in Southern California comprised the Reception Committee in honor of the Admiral. At 6:30 p.m., an invitational banquet was featured in honor of the naval chief and his staff, at which representatives from cities throughout the Southwest were in attendance. Judge Eugene Daney of San Diego was one of the chief speakers, the subject of his address being "Our Navy." Hon. Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary delivered a farewell address to Admiral Eberle, who, upon removing to Washington, will become chief of Naval affairs for the entire United States Navy.

The public reception in the ballroom of the Ambassador was followed by a grand ball. A massed band of 120 pieces furnished music during the evening and several uniformed drill teams staged competitive drills.

Princeton (Ind.) Lodge Dedicates Playground to City's Children

Following the annual Flag Day exercises, Princeton (Ind.) Lodge formally opened its Juvenile Playground and dedicated it to the children of the city. The Lodge is the first organization in Princeton to work out the playground idea. By buying and installing the necessary apparatus and by voting a fund to maintain the playground, the Lodge has endeared itself to the children and performed a real service to the community.

New Home to be Erected by St. Paul Lodge of Elks

The need of a new building as the permanent home of St. Paul (Minn.) Lodge, No. 59, has been apparent to every member of that Lodge for some time. While the proposition has been considered frequently, no definite action was taken until recently. It is now the plan of St. Paul Lodge to dispose of its present property and building and to purchase a site at the corner of Fourth and Washington Streets on which it will erect a Club-house that will adequately take care of its membership of nearly 2,000. As it is proposed that the new Home be exclusively for Elks and contain many rooms for the members of St. Paul Lodge and to other resident and traveling Elks in the city, the membership agreed that no more suitable location could be found. The Building Committee is now at work on securing plans and arranging for the financing of the project.

Mercedes (Texas) Lodge No. 1467 Instituted

The State of Texas witnessed the birth of a new Lodge when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert O. Koch of Sequin, Texas, instituted Mercedes Lodge, No. 1467. L. T. Hoyt is the first Exalted Ruler, and Hoyt E. Hagen the first Secretary.

Salina Elks Pay Fraternal Visit To Concordia Lodge

One of the first moves toward closer cooperation and fellowship between Lodges of Central Kansas was taken recently when a delegation of over 100 members and officers

of Salina (Kans.) Lodge, No. 718, were guests of Concordia (Kans.) Lodge, No. 586, at initiation ceremonies. Nearly all the officers of Salina Lodge and the 26 piece band made the trip. A parade in which the candidates took part preceded the initiation and the ceremonies were followed by an evening of excellent entertainment.

Dispensations Granted to Organize New Lodges

Since the last announcement made in The Elks Magazine, Grand Exalted Ruler Masters granted dispensations for the institution of new Lodges as follows:

Les Vegas, Nev., No. 1468

Ely, Nev., No. 1469.

Sanford, Me., No. 1470.

Ansonia Lodge Buys Building Will Remodel New Home

Ansonia (Conn.) Lodge, No. 1269, has purchased the property of the Y. M. C. A. on Main Street for \$65,000 which will be remodeled to suit the purposes of the Lodge. When completed, the new Club House will compare favorably with any Elks' Home in the Naugatuck Valley.

Salt Lake City Lodge Carries Through "Boy Day" Program

"Boy Day," held under the auspices of Salt Lake City (Utah) Lodge, No. 85, was a great success. Ten thousand boys paraded through the city streets, carrying banners and keeping step to the beat of drums and the music of bands. The Lodge organized the parade, furnished the music and looked after the boys throughout the afternoon. The program of the day included a ball game and many other forms of amusement in one of the city's parks. The Lodge presented a handsome silk flag to the best appearing unit in the parade.

Colorado Springs Lodge Host to State Convention

Colorado Springs was the scene of the Convention held this year by the Colorado State Elks' Association. The meeting lasted three days and was a means of bringing about a new spirit of cooperation among the Lodges of the State. Mayor Ira Harris of Colorado Springs, Past Exalted Ruler of Colorado Springs Lodge, No. 309, welcomed the delegates to the city. One of the features of the business session was the meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries. A resolution

expressing hearty approval and appreciation of The Elks' Magazine was unanimously passed by the Association. Colorado Springs Lodge entertained the delegates with a program which included a golf tournament, a baseball game, a band concert and a dance. Over five hundred dollars in cash prizes were awarded various units in the Grand Parade which was the event of the closing day of the Convention. The Association elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Chester B. Horn, Colorado Springs Lodge, No. 309; Secretary, Joseph H. Loor, Pueblo Lodge, No. 90.

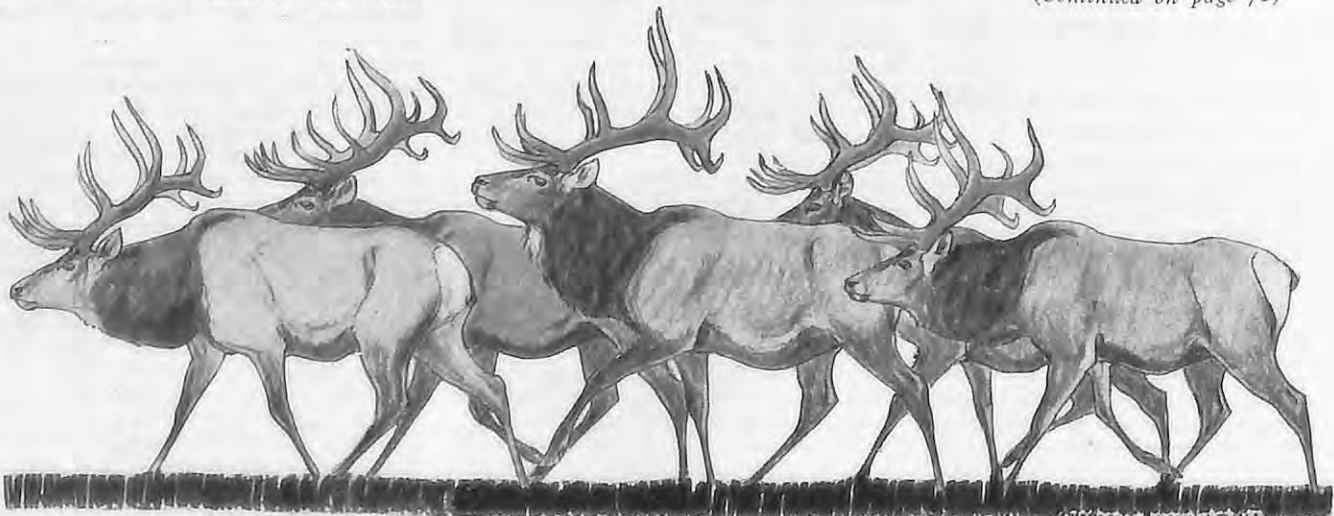
Million-Dollar Home of Portland (Ore.) Lodge Nearing Completion

Early fall will see the dedication of the magnificent new Home now being built by Portland (Ore.) Lodge, No. 142. The ground space which the new building will cover is 100x150 feet, though the Lodge owns an additional adjoining plot of 50x100 feet which will be used to enlarge the building when the necessity arises. The height of the new structure will be 127 feet or the equal of ten ordinary stories. The Lodge-room will be 82x101 feet, the dance-hall 67x84 feet, and the dining-room, 24x82 feet. The billiard-room is to be equipped with ten tables. The swimming-pool will be 20x60 feet, with a mean depth of nine feet, and the gymnasium, hand-ball courts and lockers will be built to take care of a large number. The design of the building will be dignified and impressive and the unusually complete equipment for the comfort of the members will classify it as one of the finest Homes in the Order.

Minneapolis Lodge Has Novel Way To Interest Members in Singing

Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge, No. 44, has put into practical use an idea that might be considered seriously by other Lodges having the same facilities. Every Elk knows that it is not easy to commit to memory the words of the opening and closing Odes, and on a great many occasions the cards containing the printed words are not always handy. In Minneapolis Lodge everybody who attends the meetings now takes part in the singing. The words are projected on a screen from a moving-picture machine, which also does duty for movie entertainments, and are easily followed by the whole gathering. There is something about this novel way of aiding the memory that makes the singing come easier. Even the most timid member who might refrain from participation otherwise now sings as lustily as his neighbor.

(Continued on page 71)





Are You Ever "Alone" in a Crowd?

If you attend a party, or a dinner, or a dance, do you feel entirely at ease and self-possessed? Or do you feel out of place, embarrassed . . . alone?

Some people are never at ease among strangers. Others have a "talent" for making themselves well-liked. Some people are always afraid of blundering, of making mistakes. Others always seem to do and say the right thing instinctively.

Do you ever feel "alone" in a crowd? Do you ever feel tongue-tied while others converse? Or are you sure of yourself, at ease, confident that people cannot misjudge you?

THINK for a moment of the most popular person you know. Is there not about that person a certain ease and calm assurance? Isn't he, or she, able to mingle with strangers with the utmost unconcern—poised, pleasant, always welcome?

You may have thought it was some personal magnetism that made this person popular and well-liked. But it is because he is sure of himself that he is able to make himself feel instantly "at home." He knows that whatever he will do or say will be correct, acceptable.

People like to mingle with those in whose company they feel happy and at ease. They do not feel at ease with the person who is constantly making little blunders, betraying in a hundred ways his lack of breeding, his uncultivated taste.

Have You the Sense of Social Security?

Those who know exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every social occasion know what is right—and they do it. They are never hesitant, never uncertain, never ill at ease and embarrassed. Their knowledge of what is right gives them a sense of social security.

Good manners make good mixers. If you do not want to feel tongue-tied at a party, if you do not want to feel "alone" in a crowd, make it your business to know exactly what to do and say on every occasion. The man or woman who is able to do and say the correct and cultured thing without stopping to think about it, is always welcome, always popular, always happy and at ease.

Unexpected Situations That Demand Complete Poise

Someone once said that you can conceal poverty by clothing your body with rich, handsome clothes—but you cannot conceal the mark of poor breeding.

Consider how true this is. Clothe a beggar in beautiful raiment, place him at a table in the banquet hall—and see how quickly his bad table manners betray him! But clothe a king in tatters, place him in court, and see with what ease and assurance he mingles with the people there. The king knows what to do. The beggar does not know. The difference is evident in their manners.

We hear people speak of good society. What does it mean? It does not mean people who have wealth, nor people who have had a great deal of education—but people who are cultivated, who know the accepted form of speech, of dress, of manner.

Suppose you were introduced to some important man or woman and left alone for a minute or two. Would you know how to start a conversation and how to keep it flowing smoothly, pleasantly?

Suppose, a day or two later, you met that same person on the street. Would you give first sign of

recognition—or wait until she, or he, had noticed you first?

Suppose that person was accompanied by someone else to whom you were introduced. Would you say "How do you do?" Would you say "I am glad to know you"?

Problems like these constantly confront us. Unless we are prepared to meet them we are exposed to sudden embarrassments. People misjudge us, underestimate us. We feel always alone and out of place.

Why Everyone Needs the Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is a complete and exhaustive study of all that is admirable and useful in American manners. It teaches tact and diplomacy, it points the way towards greater ease and poise of manner, it protects from embarrassment, it dispels all lingering doubts—tells you exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times, on all occasions.

Etiquette will dress your personality as clothes dress your body. It will enable you to mingle in any society, associate with the most cultivated people, and feel entirely "at home." It enables you to master, in practically one evening, the code of being correct.

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Tonnage, Preferred

(Continued from page 17)

beyond control. Mr. Greer knew—and knew very well—that his contract read for a hundred dollars a week, only so long as Beelgie remained the biggest elephant in the world. There was nothing in that contract to say how this bigness should be determined. Height? Beelgie had that all right. Weight? It was slipping. Public sentiment—there was the deadly wallop! For the public would go to see the elephant which looked the biggest, and over on the American Mastodon, they were feeding Beelgie's runner-up eight meals a day! What was worse, he seemed to be relishing them, while Beelgie—

Well, Beelgie wasn't relishing anything. The medicine had accomplished nothing—save to give the world's greatest elephant a more woe-begone expression. To add to the distress of everything, the circus was approaching St. Louis. Once there, Mr. Greer knew exactly what Margery would do. More, when St. Louis finally arrived, she did it!

Not that she said a word to Mr. Greer. He was entirely beneath her. She talked instead to her girl friends, whom she brought to the circus, and assembled before Beelgie, entirely ignoring the well-dressed young gentleman who fluffed in the background. Of course, it had to be one of those times when Beelgie's visage was at its sourest—just after he had been made the recipient of a gallon of stomach bitters.

There he stood, only a shell of his former self. His hide bagged at the knees. The curl was gone from his trunk. Under his glassy eyes were pouches of skin for which there was no earthly use, since the flesh which once had held them up had departed. In places along Beelgie's sides, the ribs showed evidences of a desire to come out and look at the scenery. He had fallen away from a majestic eight and a half tons to a mere mass of some fifteen thousand and a quarter. In fact, and without prejudice, as the world's most ponderous pachyderm, Beelgie right then was a tremendous flop. Miss Margery Calhoun, pointed, almost with impoliteness.

"And to think," she announced, in a voice which carried much farther than her girl friends, "that I ever could be interested in a person who would buy a thing like that!"

Then she passed blithely on—being a young woman who knew that the best exit is the one which comes at the dramatic moment. Blankly Mr. Greer stared after her, then moved on out to the front door. As for Beelgie, he did nothing. Not even wiggle his ears to disturb the festivities of the fleas which camped beneath them. Things were become downright groggy. Only, however, the forerunner of worse things to come.

A WEEK passed. Ten days more. The circus journeyed into the south, while rumors journeyed to the circus. Those eight meals a day, over on the American Mastodon had accomplished an additional hundred pounds or so of heftage on the part of Beelgie's dumpy rival. As for Beelgie himself—there came the time when Mr. Greer even stopped eating fish. They reminded him of scales, and scales reminded him of the fact that Beelgie couldn't even go near one of those things without endangering his prestige. Besides that, the Old Man had made a few caustic remarks during the payment of the last weekly royalty. Ten thousand dollars, and a fifty per cent. investment were about to go up in elephant.

As for Beelgie himself, things were approaching a climax. Though he didn't know it, that walk around the hippodrome track wasn't enough. It so happened also, that the circus grounds of late had been almost on the railroad tracks, allowing practically no exercise in the morning or at night. Worst of all, the head bull-man, between doses of paregoric, liver dope, digestive pills and general tonic, decided that Beelgie needed rest, and cut him out of parade. That was the final blow!

Piteously, and simply because some stirring instinct within him called for that bit of exercise, Beelgie raised his trunk and chirruped, when the bands began to play and the long parade moved off the lot without him. The boss elephant man, spending most of his time with his big charge now, misunderstood entirely, and walloped Beelgie on the beezer. It was a vicious thrust. Beelgie had hated the medicine, but he had taken it. Beelgie had looked upon the boss

bull-man as a sort of professional tormentor, but he had abided him. Beelgie had accepted all the unkind remarks which had been shoved in his direction by jeering crowds during the last few weeks, simply because he didn't know what they were talking about. In fact, Beelgie had played his part fairly well. He had remained absolutely impervious to flattery, during those first few weeks when he was fat and round and famous. He had thought nothing of his notoriety, size or accomplishments. But now, after all he had suffered, to be goosed on the proboscis!

It saddened his whole day. Added to all this, on account of the smallness of the town, the middle pieces had been discarded temporarily from the big top, making the hippodrome track only half its usual size. Beyond that, it was a hot day, sultry with the threat of storm, redolent with the perfume of wildflower and woods, held close to earth by the heaviness of the atmosphere.

ALL afternoon the sidewalling was raised, that the menagerie might have the benefit of every breeze, and to relieve the stuffy tent from the ammonia odors of the cat animals. All afternoon as Beelgie looked into the distance, something stirred uneasily far within the heavy armor of his skull, something which strove to form a connection between his plight and the view of smooth fields, and faraway, hazy hills; of long yellow ribbons against the green, where the vehicles were making their way along dusty roads, of meadows where cows wandered, and embankments where the elderberry and the wild rose clusters nodded their cheerful greetings along the highway.

Evening came, and with it the bark of the lot superintendent and the chant of the swift-working guying-out crews, preparing the tent against the possible havoc of a night storm. Beelgie didn't care. His head was full of the singing of the crickets, and the croaking of the frogs in the marshes along the railroad tracks. Nature was getting in its work. Dimly, hazily, it is true, but nevertheless, certainly, a great truth was beginning to sink in. What Beelgie needed and wanted and must have—was exercise!

Stronger and stronger the urge grew. From the dressing-tent came the warning for tournament. The boss bull-keeper and his assistants hurried forward, decorated Beelgie with his ostrich plume crown and loaded his back with the howdy. Beelgie submitted in a bored manner; his mind was somewhere else—out there where the frogs croaked and the elderberry bushes grew beside the roadway.

The last strap of the howdy was put in place. The bull-keepers rushed to the other side of the tent, there to hitch the twin baby elephants to their rose-entwined cart, and then help out the lion tamer who'd been clawed up a bit and who couldn't get into his uniform. The Queen of Sheba sauntered in from the ladies' dressing-tent, chatted a moment with the giraffe-keeper, borrowed a cigarette and hid behind a lion's cage for a couple of inhalations. Beelgie didn't know. Beelgie didn't care. Beelgie had made a tremendous discovery.

Instinctively he had lifted the leg to which his picket-chain was attached—and found that with the strain, there had come a certain unwonted feeling of looseness; the fastening now seemed to sag on his ankle. Beelgie tried it again—and the defective link bent farther than ever. For a third time—then, crown, howdy and all, Beelgie launched back and pulled!

It was enough—the link straightened and lost connection entirely with the rest of the encircling band. A clink and Beelgie's bonds dropped from place. A bit of the old curl began to creep into the great beast's trunk. He was his own master! The frogs and crickets and dusty roads were calling. Five minutes later, when out of the confusion of tournament readiness, the Queen of Sheba moved forward to take her usual place, she discovered a grievous condition. She had been left flat—Beelgie was gone!

Gone, and far across the circus lot by this time, trotting joyously, happily toward the open country. The night was dark, with the exception of the first faint flashes of threatening lightning—but that didn't worry Beelgie. He wouldn't have gone around fences anyway. Now, his crown tilted in a rather rakish manner,



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Dept. 29



his empty howdy bobbing, he crossed the railroad track, slid down the embankment in kittenish fashion, stilled the frog chorus by sloshing through the marsh and then, half his howdy hanging on a too-low limb, he frolicked onward in the glorious knowledge that once again he was in the wide-open places where an elephant could be an elephant!

Back on the circus grounds, there was cussing and such as the owners of the World's Greatest cussed the boss bull-keeper, the boss bull-keeper cussed the assistant elephant men, and the assistant elephant men cussed the menagerie "punks," the animal feeders and principally the members of the hostler's crew who already had sent most of the circus equine stock to the cars for loading, thus delaying the procuring of adequate horses for the chase. Mr. Greer cussed no one. He didn't have the strength. The pit of his stomach suddenly had become a void—with the first announcement of Beelgie's departure there had flashed through his mind the knowledge that his contract had said nothing of who was to pay for the damages in such a case as this. And Beelgie had at least a half-hour's start!

All of which Beelgie might have appreciated, had he known. Then again, it might not have affected him whatever. He was making time now, doing a good 2:20 through alfalfa fields, fences, ditches and assorted things, his object nothing in particular save the glutting of muscles which so long had starved for their own particular food.

MILES passed—for an elephant is a far swifter beast than the ordinary person imagines. Horses and cows, dozing in dreamy pastures came out of their lethargy to find something akin to a seven-room house approaching from the distance, then to fly, snorting and bawling, out of its path. Pigs squealed. Chickens squawked and fluttered as Beelgie passed through their domain, taking most of it with him, particularly the chicken-netting. Farmers poked their heads out of windows, looked for the tornado, failed to find it—then ran, yelping, for the aid of neighbors. Beelgie went blissfully on, while the more frequently recurring flashes of lightning disclosed a beautiful path of wreckage.

Ten miles and he began to tire a bit. Now his ostrich plume crown was cocked at a full Bowery angle, and his howdy, where once the Queen of Sheba had shown her fourteen-karat teeth, little more than a mangled platform on his back, as the result of contact with tree-branches and the roofs of various sheds which Beelgie had passed through, rather than under. His pace slowed; now he stopped to eat a few pecks of soft dirt—there is nothing that an elephant loves more as an aid to a good stomach condition—following this tit-bit by yanking a couple of trunkfuls of his favorite dish from an elderberry bush. It tasted good. That little turn of exercise had brought again the old, the fulsome appetite!

He wandered through an orchard, stripping the limbs of juicy apples, and crowding them down by the trunk-load. The wind began to rise slightly, and the lightning now carried more threat. Very good. It showed Beelgie the trees with the most fruit on them, and he ate greedily on.

Ten minutes of fast crowding and he halted, to scratch joyously against a tree or two, ruining the foliage, but helping wonderfully an itch along his backbone, engendered from newly enlivened blood pressure. Far away he saw a light, and having nothing else to do at the moment, he moseyed to the window, there to stare within, while a family suddenly departed by the openings on the other side of the house and squawked for assistance.

Beelgie ignored the action. In the first place, he didn't know what it was all about, and secondly he was thirsty. He wandered through the farmyard, leaning against a fence, then going on through, crashing a few sheds when they got in his way, and wrecking the sleep of everything in them. The thunder had begun to rumble by this time, but Beelgie ignored that also. For two reasons. First, his crashing progress through barns and sheds made a pretty good noise of itself, and second, he had smelled something.

Something he had smelled before, back in those good old days on the Hame and Howard before they gave paregoric to an elephant when he got the colic, dosing him instead with a quart or two of Old Crow to help him out of his misery. Come

(Continued on page 54)



Men Quit their shaving creams for this— Millions of them—the world over

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Do you realize what has happened in the world of shaving creams? Three years ago every man who shaved had his own favorite soap. Then Palmolive Shaving Cream was perfected, and we offered a ten-shave test. Millions accepted it. Tens of thousands took the pains to write us thanks for making it. And now Palmolive, we figure, is saving men some ten years every morning.

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- 3—Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
- 4—Strong bubbles, to support the hairs for cutting.
- 5—Fine after effects, due to palm and olive oils.

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Tonnage, Preferred

(Continued from page 53)

to think of it, there were the beginnings right now of that condition which an elephant hates worse than anything else. Those apples—and that elderberry bush! Evidently they hadn't mixed. Beelgie was beginning to swell.

He needed something to heat up his stomach, and he halted in the midst of a mass of barrels and copper utensils and coiled tubing which now dimly revealed itself in the remains of an out-building. Beelgie unfurled his trunk and dipped it uncertainly into a barrel of corn mash. He tasted and rolled his eyes. Then he tasted again. It didn't go bad at all. Down went the trunk, deep into the barrel—food and drink at once!

Overhead the lightning staged a final electrical display, the thunder turned loose with every set of drums it possessed, and the sky opened up. Beelgie didn't care. The rain skidded off his wrinkled back unnoticed. His trunk went deeper into the barrel—and deeper. For fifteen minutes he pulled hard, absorbed thoroughly, and then, still unmindful of wind or rain or storm or circus or Mr. Greer or anything else, he moved a bit uncertainly, wiggled his trunk as though to assure himself that it still was there, and then, a queer blankness about his actions, looked about him for new fields and newer accomplishments. Beelgie wash jush a li'l bit pied.

FAR away, excited animal-men were fighting their way through swift-slashing rain as they scoured the countryside and strove to follow a trail of wreckage to the thing they sought. Back on the circus grounds, drenched workmen slathered through the mud of a bad, gumbo lot, while superintendents groaned with the knowledge that the performance was only half over and that long before the big top could be lowered, their every wagon would be hub-deep in sticky, black clay which would make the loading out of the show almost an impossibility. Especially, since the first section, carrying the elephants, had departed before the storm broke. But Beelgie didn't know he was a left-behind.

Telephone calls were traveling frantically over singing wires, as the blank-eyed Mr. Greer strove in half-dazed fashion to find out just where his loose-skinned investment had gone, and how high the damage was running. That was nothing in Beelgie's life, either. Already, at the big-top entrance, circus-fixers were arguing with irate farmer-folk and striving ineffectually to "square the squawks" with reserved-seat tickets to the performance when the show came back next year. But nobody argued with Beelgie, so why worry? Down in his private car, the Old Man rummaged wildly in his safe for a certain contract, that he might read it again, and set his mind at rest. What was that, however, to a regular elephant? Beelgie paused in his rounds of the deserted farm, stared blankly at the curtain of rain as it revealed itself in a beautiful display of lightning, realized dimly that he was getting rather wet, and moved uncertainly toward the vague outlines of a long shed, open on both sides.

It was just high enough to admit his head—but that didn't matter. For one thing, Beelgie wasn't thinking very far back, and for another, his rather glassy eyes had fastened on a dim line of small, white boxes which jiggled uncertainly before him. Beelgie extended his trunk, sniffed, paused, considered the matter seriously, sniffed again, and then smashed the box. Honey!

Gobs of honey! But when he gathered up the first trunk-load of it, something interfered. A million somethings, which entered the soft end of his trunk, turned around, pushed hard, then flew away again. Which settled on his tender flanks, and on the thin-skinned expanses behind his ears where formerly only fleas had dwelled, and there put forth their every effort. The effects even penetrated the haziness engendered by the corn mash. Beelgie squealed. He smashed another box, this time for spite. It only made matters worse. Then reinforcements came to the first army of attack from all the other boxes—and Beelgie lit out.

When he came to half-way clear understanding of things, a small forest which lined a murky stream careened as though it had received every lightning flash of that night's storm, which

now had settled into a steady rain. The stream itself also was considerably mused. Banks were caved in; there were deep holes where formerly there had been shallows; driftwood which had ceased to move since the last spasm of high-water was drifting again—and Beelgie was hardly an Apollo.

The strappings of the crown still held it in place, but the beauty of the ostrich feathers was gone. Now they were only muddy things which hung down in Beelgie's aching eyes. What was left of the howdy bore mud, leaves, driftwood, and a mud-turtle, scrambling about in the slime and wondering what had happened to the bottom of the river. The advertisers of mud-baths for clear complexions could have made good use of Beelgie at about that time—but, of course, that's all beside the point. The important thing was the fact that Beelgie's head ached, his trunk ached, his mouth was swollen, and he was cold, distressed—and lonely! Things never had happened like this back in the old days. There everything had been enjoyable, companionable—

That was it, companionable! Vaguely it penetrated Beelgie's throbbing cupola that he wanted companionship. Some one to turn to, to tie to, some one who could lead him through the rain-wet fields, and along the soft roads, and at the same time give him protection. Back in the days of Hame and Howard, he'd never run into anything like this—and Beelgie right now was trying to live in the past; an effort which was leaving him exceedingly damp. Discouraged, still muddled, he sloshed up the muddy bank of the stream, shimmingy with the chill of the storm-cooled night, again crashed down a few trees, wandered listlessly here and there, tried one path, bumped his head, tried another and stumbled over a log, tried a third and then—

Something flared out of the now-drizzly night, jumped at him, roared with the noise of a thousand tornadoes, then went crashing on into the darkness, while Beelgie cut a new path for himself through the woods, cleared his back of the howdy and driftwood and the mud-turtle—then suddenly halted. After all, that thing had a familiar sound—something which connected his muddled mind with happenings which now seemed far away. It was the same sort of a noise which kept him awake all night; the noise of a train. A train, to Beelgie, meant folks; folks meant the circus, and the circus, right now, meant company! He leaned against a tree and scratched thoughtfully, clearing one side of a peck or so of mud. Then with a new joy—the joy of the wanderer homeward bound, Beelgie sashayed out of the forest, climbed the slight embankment to the railroad track, and started happily along in the direction which the freight train had taken.

Miles—and more miles, in which nothing happened. Wearily, Beelgie put his trunk in the air, sniffed long and carefully, and chirruped uncertainly. It all brought no reward. Another mile and still another, while the rain ceased, and the air freshened with the clearness brought about by the storm. Beelgie tried again. No luck. For a third time, following another session of travel. With this attempt, his trunk curled high, and a shrieking trumpet-call shrilled the announcement of a joyous discovery. Faintly, from far away, his sensitive nostrils had caught the scent of cat-animals. Out ahead somewhere—!

He plunged forward feverishly. Lights appeared, shutting out by their brilliance the gleam of the little town behind them. Carbides—the moving forms of men and horses! Beelgie wheeled from the railroad tracks, loped through a fence or two, scattered a half hundred shadowy watchers, flopped into a muddy ditch, flopped out again, and then, at the edge of the circus lot, as a group of workmen suddenly summoned by the Old Man began to circle him, he halted, once again to raise his trunk and to trumpet with a call almost of triumph!

For an old, a happy thing was before Beelgie, a thing he hadn't seen since those regular days, back on the Hame and Howard. His transfer to the World's Greatest had made a secret thing of him, to be hurried to the lot as soon as the menagerie was erected, there to be placed within and not taken forth until parade time, to be held under canvas every possible moment that the

looker might be forced to pay for his look, then to be taken to the cars the minute that tournament was over at the beginning of the night show. In all those days he had not seen the old pictures—the familiar, frenzied work of putting up and tearing down. It had been wiped out by the machinery of well-greased organization. But now—!

Beelgie didn't even look at those circling roughnecks. He insulted the Old Man by ignoring him completely. What Beelgie's corn-mashed eyes saw was a circus stuck in the mud, just like the Hame and Howard was wont to be stuck in the mud, when every one yelled for Beelgie, and when the big, faithful old elephant finished one task only to begin another. Before him was a pole-wagon, sunk to its bed, and with horses unavailingly hook-roped to every possible part of its frame. A bit of a hoochie-koochie movement came into Beelgie's hind-quarters. One hind-leg swung joyously across the other, then back again. His high shoulders began to jazz. His head swung with an old, a confident movement. Then, disdainful the shouting workmen who sought to capture him, he walked through them, through ropes, through the Old Man and a few piles of canvas, lowered his big head, heaved his shoulders, snorted, roared, squealed, bellowed a couple of times—and pushed the wagon out of the mud!

Nor did he halt with the completion of the task. Far across the lot was another vehicle, literally swimming in gumbo. Men were roaring and bellowing now, the Old Man waving his arms, hostlers dodging their horses, and the circus lot teeming—just like it used to teem on the smaller scale of the Hame and Howard. Beelgie knew what that meant. More work! knee-deep in mud, he went on, to scramble, to slip about in the slime, to squeal and protest at his own efforts, and once more bring a wagon to safety. That done, a gilly-wagon Flocked his path. His trunk went around the curved hook of its tongue, and a moment later another vehicle was on the paved streets, ready to be transferred to the cars. It was about this time that the Old Man started to roar orders, and four workmen began to tie ropes on the doulle in the fashioning of a makeshift harness. That done, the Old Man's voice became louder than ever!

"HEY—lay off on them horses. They're all worn out anyway. Let Beelgie do it—and listen you!" He halted the mud-caked lot superintendent, "tell the trainmaster in the morning that I want one elephant car hooked on the second section, not to go out 'till the big top's off the lot. See what he got us into to-night by pulling out with all the bulls and not leaving us nothing for a pinch? Except, of course, Beelgie here—and he never knew what he was doing."

Nor did Beelgie care. Still with a bit of the hoochie-kooch displaying itself in his scrambling walk, Beelgie was himself again, hard at work and happy. The Old Man yelped to a pony-punk:

"Grab a horse somewhere and light out and find them menagerie men. Tell 'em we've found that bull. And if you see that press agent, tell him I've got the dope on what's been wrong with Beelgie! Hop to it—hey you, over there, don't drag them horses around that way. Can't you see that's a elephant's job?"

They saw. So did Beelgie. In two minutes more, he was yanking another wagon out of the mud, while the Old Man stood in the darkness and grinned. A week later—

It was dawn. The steel-runways of the World's Greatest had clattered to the ground a half-hour before, while the door of an elephant-car had opened and a tremendous hulk, whose sides already were beginning to fill out at the request of an enormous appetite, slid forth, trumpeted a greeting to the morning, bowed his head for the adjustment of a rope harness, and then shuffled down the line of flats to the loading-out ways. There, the pull-up teams had placed six wagons in a long line, while hurrying skimmers, or teamsters, had chained them in position. Beelgie one-stepped into place. A steel hook at the end of a hawser-strength rope dropped into position at the end of the first wagon-tongue.

"Mule up!" shouted the boss bull-man and Beelgie obeyed, squealing as he strained at the getaway, then shambling happily as the wagons began to trundle behind him. On the curbing,

(Continued on page 56)

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(Continued from page 55)

a young man in horn-rimmed glasses turned somewhat anxiously to his companion.

"Er—er—Boss, have you thought over that proposition?"

"Me?" The Old Man grumbled, as was his habit. "Yeh—too damn high the way it stands. The damages were ten thousand."

Mr. Greer of the World's Greatest swallowed hard.

"YES, of course, I realize that. But then, we've really got to do something. I saw a lawyer, like you wanted me to do, and the contract's all smashed to pieces."

"Huh?" The Old Man turned with sudden interest. Mr. Greer went innocently on:

"Yes, that line where it says that the World's Greatest agrees not to work Beelgie or to in any manner endanger his state of health. Now, if you work him, you break the contract, and if you don't work him, you endanger his state of health. So—"

"Well," the Old Man cleared his throat, "what's the answer? That if I don't take him at your figure, now that you've found out how to keep him in shape, you'll go over to the American Mastodon with him? Specially since I was the one who got hep to what was wrong?"

Mr. Greer pursed his lips.

"Well, I want to do the square thing, Boss. You'd leased Beelgie. The lawyer says you'll

have to be responsible for the damages. So I just thought I'd be a regular fellow and knock off for that—and just make it forty thousand—"

The Old Man cleared his throat—and young Mr. Greer halted immediately. Mr. Greer always had trained himself to halt at a hopeful sign. For a long moment the Old Man stared at the receding form of a big elephant dragging six circus wagons to the show lot, where he would be allowed to spot them, help with the carrying of the cookhouse paraphernalia, act as motive power for the raising of menagerie and big top poles, put the cages in place, carry planks, haul the water wagon, lug seat planks, place quarter-poles, and then pull the hippopotamus den in parade. Far into the distance the early morning cavalcade progressed, to round a corner and disappear. The Old Man turned back to his companion.

"Too damn much," he growled, "Give you thirty five. Take it or leave it. Check by ten o'clock if you say so—"

A minute later, the Old Man stood all alone. A young man was running rather wildly down the street, at last to reach a telephone exchange, scramble up the stairs, gasp for breath, then to lean, somewhat frantically, toward the waiting long distance operator.

"Get me St. Louis," he panted. "Miss Margery Calhoun, Kinlock eight oh, eight six-six. And for the love of Pete, rush it!"

Sign on the Dotted Line

(Continued from page 10)

There, at the beginning of the path, Sheng Pao stationed the Tartar with instructions to watch and report . . . "where?" he turned to Mok Ng.

"At the Pagoda of Exquisite Purity," said the latter. "A mile straight up the path. You cannot miss it."

"If any suspicious-looking stranger should appear, don't let him see you. But come to me at once," said the Manchu.

"Listen is obey, O master!"

They were off again, and the sun was already sinking when they arrived at the pagoda, a jewel of gleaming white marble in its frame of dark trees.

"Here de Sousa made his first stop," said Mok Ng.

"So shall we," rejoined the Manchu.

He entered and kowtowed before the priest, a very old man, who was the guardian of the pagoda:

"Ten thousand years!"

"Ten thousand times ten thousand years, my son!" came the courtly reply.

"I am on pilgrimage to give thanks to Kwan-on, the goddess of mercy."

"A worthy object, my son."

"One already approved by the ancients in that delightful volume, the *Po-Hiao-Tou-Choue*."

SO, PRESENTLY, the Manchu captured the guileless old priest's heart with his knowledge of the Chinese classics; and, gradually, over tea and pipes, he approached the real reason for his journey.

"An out-of-the-way spot, your pagoda!"

"Indeed. A forest retreat—" the priest smiled gently, "almost like the Excellent Buddha's when he meditated for seven years in solitude on the five *Hin*, or principles of the universe."

"Has it always been so lonely?"

"Yes. Many centuries. But, a long, long time back, there was a village not far from here, in a narrow valley-cleft on the other side of the mountain, erected by orders of Chi-tsong, the Yellow Emperor."

"He at whose command the *tchai-yao* porcelain was made?"

"The same. I spoke of it to the last visitors who were here, about half a year ago."

"Who were they? Perhaps scholars—or pilgrims like myself?"

"No. One was a coarse-haired barbarian, very dark-skinned."

"And the others?"

"A number of baggage coolies. And, too, two men of Japan, one of them deeply versed in porcelain lore. The other had many curious foreign books and curious foreign things—small vials and bottles and scales and drugs and instruments." He smiled at the recollection. "Hayah! They asked me a thousand questions!"

"They remained here?"

"Only a few days. Then they crossed the mountain and went into the valley where once was the village erected by orders of the Yellow Emperor. . . ."

SO THEY gossiped while, in Hongkong, Blennerhassett Jones was in a jubilant mood. During the next few days he was very busy, figuring and calculating, dictating to his secretaries, consulting his engineers and accountants, making the Yun-nan project shipshape against Lord Spottiswoode's return.

He had no news from his partner except one afternoon, a week later, when he received a telegram, dated Kowloon, from the Manchu's agent.

It read:

"Sheng Pao begs you to find out if within lest six months Japanese chemist and Japanese artist passed through Hongkong on way to Kowloon. Wire reply at once.

(Signed) Mok Ng."

Jones shrugged his shoulders.

"Absolutely nutty!" came his amused comment.

But knowing his partner of old and that there was usually a sound reason for even his queerest requests, he set about finding out what the other had asked him; and, good friends with the Hongkong Secret Service to whom he rendered service occasionally, he was able to wire back that evening:

"Professor Shigeoyoshi Hayashi, internationally famed chemist, geologist, expert on clay formations, and Kido Matsugata, well-known painter, lecturer on Chinese art at Tokyo university, artistic director of Imperial Japanese pottery works at Kyoto. Both have gone back to Japan. Tell Sheng Pao to be here without fail by Friday, day of Spottiswoode's return. Tell him that we are partners. So why should I do all the work?"

(Signed) Jones."

Two days later he received another strange telegram:

"Ship immediately, secretly, by trusted mes-

senger, ten boxes of first-chop dynamite. Shall be back in time. As to being partners, consider the classic saying that when the windlass stops, the garden bed is dry. How do you do, Mister Garden-Bed?

(Signed) Sheng Pao."

"Dynamite!" exclaimed Jones. "Good Lord! The old boy has turned anarchist!"

But he sent the ten boxes at once, not without trouble, since it was against the law.

SO THE week ended, another began, and Wednesday came with the house-boy announcing, late in the evening, that Leopoldo de Sousa was calling.

"Show him in!"

The half-breed entered, followed by a coolie who carried half a dozen packages. He turned to the latter.

"Go. Wait outside."

"What's in the mysterious packages?" jested Jones. "More precious porcelain?"

"Exactly!" came the shattering reply.

"Very precious indeed. In fact—*tchai-yao!*"

"Oh—" stammered the Virginian—"you—you said—?"

"*Tchai-yao* vases! Perfect! Glorious!"

"B-but . . ."

"Eighteen of them!" De Sousa unwrapped the packages. "Look!"

"Good Lord!" cried Jones as, on the table, he saw eighteen *tchai-yao* vases as like the first as peas in a pod.

"They are yours at the same price as the first," said the half-breed. "Seventy thousand dollars apiece, making a total of one million two hundred and sixty thousand. . ."

"Take your damned vases and go to the devil!"

"I can not force you to buy, Mr. Jones. But, unless you do, I shall give them to Lord Spottiswoode."

"He won't buy from you."

"I said 'give'—not 'sell.'"

"You wouldn't give a dead fly to a blind spider!"

"Perhaps not. But the Chartered Company, your worst rivals, will reward me handsomely after Lord Spottiswoode has refused to do business with you—naturally—since you sold him an imitation."

"Then . . . oh . . . but Meh Wong—he—"

"He is a great expert and an honest man. He was right—and wrong. How? Never mind. You will buy the vases. One million two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. It is much, not? Very well. I shall take notes for a million, perhaps a share in your Yun-nan concessions." He wrapped the vases carefully, called his coolie, gave them to him, then turned again to Jones. "Spottiswoode returns Friday. Unless I hear from you by Friday morning—ah—you know the alternative. . ."

He bowed ironically and left, while the other sat there, amazed, confused. His first thought was to send for Meh Wong. But he reconsidered. The man would stand by his signed and sealed opinion. And had not de Sousa said that Meh Wong was wrong—and right? Spottiswoode would be back the day after to-morrow—he, the collector, who priced a bit of antique Chinese porcelain merely a shade below his salvation. He would not only refuse to back the Yun-nan enterprise, but there was also his enmity to figure with, his wealth, his power, his influence, his hate. On the other hand, to be blackmailed by the half-breed—to pay him over a million dollars? No, no—it was intolerable! Thus his thoughts ran in a vicious circle. He drank more bourbon than was good for him; and he was glad when, an hour later, the Manchu came in, weary and travel-stained.

"We are in a devil of a pickle!" was Jones's greeting.

"Are we?"

"Yes." He related what had happened.

"What are we going to do?" he wound up.

"How many vases did you say?" asked Sheng Pao.

"Eighteen. And, since they are imitations, God knows how many more will turn up."

"Not a one!"

"How do you know?"

"Because of the dynamite which you sent me."

"Please be less mysterious, Sheng Pao."

(Continued on page 58)

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Sign on the Dotted Line

(Continued from page 57)

"Remember the investigations which . . ."

"Which you nagged my liver about—?"

"And which," the Manchu continued imperturbably, "you refused to hear about? Well—I discovered that half a year ago de Sousa went to Kowloon, thence to Tai-mau Shan, where he remained a while, accompanied by coolies and by two Japanese, one, as you wired me, a famous chemist and geologist, the other a painter and an authority on Chinese potteries. His revenge was long-planned. He found out about our Yun-nan enterprise, how we needed Lord Spottiswoode's support, and a great deal about the latter's collection. He set his shrewd brain to work and discovered that *tchai-yao* is the rarest porcelain in the world, of which there exist only three specimens, that many have tried to imitate it and failed. Perhaps because of the double glaze, the overglaze and the under-glaze. This has baffled even the greatest European scientists, and some advanced the theory that the glorious glaze and blending of colors was, perhaps, less due to the skill of the ancient Chinese craftsmen than to some peculiar chemical substance in the clay which they used. Perhaps through Meh Wong—who, doubtless, is honest—he learned that the original *tchai-yao* was made in a narrow valley beyond Yaimau Shan. The rest was easy. He is less hide-bound, more practical, than the scientists. He put two and two together. There was he, his brain, his money. There was the old priest telling them all he knew. There was the search for the Yellow Emperor's village. There was finally the clay bank used by the craftsmen of old for their *tchai-yao*—the clay bank with the unknown chemical substance. Came the experiment—then the achievement—the *tchai-yao*!"

He paused; lit a cigarette.

"I, TOO, found the clay bank," he added. "I still found some of the kilns and molds used by de Sousa. So I sent you a wire, and you shipped the dynamite. And now—Buddha, Buddha!—the clay bank is no more. There will never be another *tchai-yao* vase—genuine or imitation!"

Jones did not speak for several minutes. Then he looked up.

"You are a pretty useful partner, after all. But—"

"But—?"

"How are we going to explain to Spottiswoode? For, surely, we shan't let that half-breed blackmail us!"

"You should have listened to me two weeks ago when I warned you that de Sousa *is* de Sousa and the daughter of a cockroach can never give birth to a nightingale."

"Please!" begged the Virginian. "That I told you so' stuff won't knit any broken bones."

They were both silent, each occupied with his own thoughts.

Then, all at once, the Virginian laughed.

"I have an idea," he said.

"I mistrust those sudden ideas of yours."

"But it is our only chance. Do or die!"

"Die—I am afraid!"

"Pessimist!"

"I fail to see where optimism will help us."

"Perhaps not," admitted Jones. "But a knowledge of human psychology—a collector's psychology—may!"

"What is this precious psychological idea of yours?" asked the Manchu.

"I won't tell you. I played a lone hand getting us into this pickle. Now I am going to play a lone hand trying to get us out."

"As you wish. But I dread the interview with Lord Spottiswoode."

The Manchu was right in his misgivings. The interview commenced inauspiciously when, late Friday night, answering an imperious summons, they went aboard the Englishman's yacht and found him in the main-saloon, on the table in front of him nineteen *tchai-yao* vases, the one which they had sold to him, and the eighteen which de Sousa had produced afterwards.

The Englishman's face was purple with rage. His opening remark smacked of the Liverpool Docks at their worst:

"Aw! For a blinkin' dustbin!"

"What for?" asked the Manchu, taken aback.

"To bury yer 'ead in, yer plurry fool wot's got more cheek than pants and more pants than 'orse-sense! To sell me this 'ere vase—this blarsted imitation—Gawd blyme!—for seventy thousand dollars!"

"Less ten per cent for cash," suggested the Virginian.

"BLARST yer arrogance! Yer'll be pipin a different tune in the shyke of a lamb's tyle! Wyte, me bucko, till I gets through with yer! Why—when I thinks o' the things wot I'm goin' to do to yer I'm gettin' ashymed of myself! I'm going to ruin yer! I'm going to 'ound yer out o' business and out o' China if I 'ave to 'ire every last blinkin' king's counsel and shyster lawyer between John o' Groats and the cliffs o' Dover! Why—to sell me this 'ere imitation for seventy thou' . . . and 'ere comes this bleedin' 'arf-breed and gives—right-oh!—gives me eighteen more free o' charge! Of all the blinkin', rotten, tuppence-'ypenny. . ."

Words failed him momentarily.

Then, fervently, incontinently:

"Aw Lord! Stop the bus!"

"Pardon me," asked Jones quietly. "But for how much will you sell me these vases?"

"Yer can 'ave the lot for a dollar!"

"Sold! Here you are!" Jones put a dollar on the table. "I admit that I was cheated by de Sousa," he went on in a calm, matter-of-fact voice. "I admit, too, that unfortunately I made you a co-victim. Now I am going to rectify my regrettable blunder."

"Ow?" demanded Lord Spottiswoode, interested in spite of himself.

"What—pardon me—exactly constitutes the worth of antique porcelain in a collector's eyes?"

In his astonishment at the other's coolness, the Englishman forgot momentarily to use his favorite diction.

"Two things," he replied. "Beauty and rarity."

"There is no doubt of these vases' beauty, is there?" continued the Virginian.

"No. They are gorgeous! Wonderful!"

"Very well."

"What do you mean 'very well'?"

"Wait. Now—as to rarity. How many genuine *tchai-yao* vases are there in the world, sir?"

"Three. And I have one of them."

"Just three—?"

"Yes. That's why they are so valuable!"

"Then—if there were two, they would be still more valuable?"

"Decidedly!" Spottiswoode was utterly puzzled.

"And—suppose there existed only one, sir?"

"It would be priceless! Absolutely priceless!"

"Ah—" the Virginian smiled.

Then, suddenly, with one sweep of his arms, he brushed eighteen of the nineteen vases on the floor, where the delicate, brittle porcelain shivered into a hundred pieces.

"Are you mad?" asked the Englishman.

"No, sir. Never more sane in my life." Jones picked up the one remaining vase. "Here, sir," he said; "There may be three genuine *tchai-yao* vases in the world. But you possess the only simon-pure imitation *tchai-yao* on earth! There will never be another!"

And he related in a few words how Sheng Pao had blown up the clay bank with dynamite.

The Englishman blinked; considered; then broke into a roar of laughter.

"Tell me," he said, "was Mr. Barnum a Virginian?"

"No, sir."

"Hm—should have been!" Again the Englishman laughed. "Run along home," he continued, "and get me the Yun-nan papers!"

"I've brought them with me," replied the Virginian. "I thought we would understand each other." He took a typewritten sheet from his pocket. "Just a preliminary agreement, subject to your examination and suggestions. Here"—pointing—"sign on the dotted line, please!"

And Lord Spottiswoode signed.

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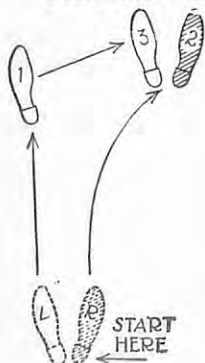
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The Garden of Terror

The Story So Far

MERTON CALVERT, driving his friend Carroll Jayne's car into the city after a week-end in the country, is arrested at the entrance to a country lane by the appearance of three house servants who emerge and go tearing down the road with every indication of fleeing from something in abject terror. Exploring, Calvert finds a large substantial house in the midst of vast lawns, the kitchens deserted and the silver scattered about the pantries, and the doors open. Beneath the last of the family portraits in the entrance hall is seated a darkly vivid, imperious girl, the original of the picture above her, wearing a noticeable dress of violet and Egyptian-red which somehow does not seem to "belong" and intensifies Calvert's creeping sense of horror. Glancing up he sees a masked man gazing steadily at him from the second gallery. He turns and quietly leaves the house and goes out onto the terrace. There he encounters Eulalie Falcon, crouching on a bench, also under a mysterious spell of terror. Returning together to the house, they find that both the woman and the masked man have disappeared, and investigating further they discover Wendell Falcon, Eulalie's father, dead in the armchair in his study with no sign of a wound and the telephone receiver dangling by his hand.

WHILE Calvert is calling for the doctor a police officer enters in response to Falcon's call to headquarters—"A man's threatening me—send help—quick!" The doctor arrives and pronounces Wendell Falcon dead from fright. Calvert accepts Eulalie's invitation to stay with them until the mystery is cleared up. He is surprised to learn that Carroll Jayne is their neighbor and was madly in love with her half-sister, Thecla, who was killed by a fall from her horse shortly before the opening of the story. He discovers that the portrait of the woman in the Egyptian dress is of Thecla Falcon and although he is incredulous of ghostly manifestations, the memory of the woman in the

wrong clothes under her own portrait explains the wave of terror that has swept the household.

Already more than half in love with Eulalie, Calvert is determined to clear up the mystery. To this end he occupies the strange, beautiful room that was Thecla's, in which all her possessions have remained untouched. Jayne confesses to Calvert that he believes Thecla, who had always been cruel to him during her life, has returned from the grave to comfort him.

Wendell Falcon is buried in the private burial grounds on the estate and the next day Dr. Crosby, the family physician, takes up his residence with the Falcon household to help hunt down the mystery. The woman in the wrong clothes reappears several times on the lawns in the moonlight and at night Calvert sees her in the doorway of the closet in Thecla's room, but in each instance the watchers are held spell-bound by a mysterious sense of terror and are unable to pursue the apparition of this woman whose unusual charm had hypnotized all who came in contact with her.

ON THE second night after the tragedy, Eulalie is wakened by a long wailing cry, and as she waits in the hall while Dr. Crosby investigates she is terrified by the sight of the masked man standing in the doorway of her dead father's study. The doctor finds Merton's room empty and no trace of him can be found. In the morning Desmond, the butler, reports that the portrait of Miss Thecla Falcon has been cut from its frame and \$100 left with a note by the unknown thief to the effect that he could not live without the picture. Searching the grounds for Merton, they find human blood on the floor of the little observatory near the entrance to the cemetery and Eulalie summons Carroll Jayne to help her carry the search further afield. Their first discovery is that Thecla's maid, Hortense, who is passionately devoted to the memory of her dead mistress, has left the house with all her belongings without notifying even the other servants.

(Continued from page 2.)

labored to captivate men; labored as over heavy kettles and firewood. What an extraordinary blunder!

"Didn't you hear that her horse threw her?" the doctor asked, "and she died in a few hours?"

"I heard it, but I didn't believe it—just a bit of camouflage! That's all death is anyway—camouflage," he added. "And I saw her—alive."

"And you asked for her hand?"

"I did."

"Why did you wear that bit of flummery?" said the doctor, pointing to the mask, "if you were on a decent errand?"

"Protection. I didn't want her to recognize me."

"HOW did you get into the house?"

"Watched my opportunity and walked in when the way was clear. I saw people running out of the house and then I went in."

"And who did you see first?"

"I saw her sitting in the hall, but her face was turned from me and I went upstairs and into the room that was Wendell Falcon's without her seeing me. He was very angry when I asked for her hand; and said she was dead. 'She is not,' I told him. 'She is sitting in the hall downstairs.' He grew white as death then, and took down the receiver to call help; as he was calling he sank back. About that time I heard steps in the hall—it was easy to hear because it is all open to the roof—and I put on the mask and peered over the gallery. She was still sitting there; and you are—the man!"

He pointed dramatically to Calvert.

"I might have known! I kept wondering where I had seen you before. Well, I waited till you left the hall—and then I stole down. I didn't see anyone around, though she was still sitting there; but she didn't notice me!"

"You didn't care enough for her, I suppose, to tell her that her father needed help," grunted the doctor.

"He was beyond help, and I knew it—and he was dead while living," was the strange answer.

"He had killed his soul long ago in drink."

"Why didn't you tell her you loved her," demanded the doctor, "instead of acting a fool's part?"

"She knew it without my telling her," he answered. "And I wanted that proud Wendell Falcon to know that love has no barriers—no rank, no class, no division. Smothering himself he tried to smother everybody around."

There was an accuracy in this audacity of description which seemed to hit the doctor hard.

He stared grimly at this piece of nature, at the long, loose-jointed fingers, the quite noble head, the look of suppressed fire in the deep eyes. The man bore about him the atmosphere of pain—wrestling with vast forces had left him only half subdued.

"What is your name?" asked Merton Calvert.

"Pliny Burd. My father was quite a Latin scholar; but he had to leave college and he couldn't make the farm prosper—so it was sold to these people." He pointed to the large house in the distance. "I only have an acre or so—and the forge."

"Well, since you know this region," the doctor said, "you are going to help us find Miss Eulalie Falcon. You led us a dance in that wood! What was your object?"

"Why separate two sisters? You don't believe she's alive! I do!"

"Man, I saw her die—and I saw her buried," the doctor challenged, half angrily.

"Now I want to ask a question," put in Calvert. "I want to know how I got to your place?"

"I had been out—night before last—late."

"Ah!" ejaculated the doctor as if a light was breaking.

"I came home—and found you on my doorstep unconscious. A horse-blanket had been hanging on the line, and whoever brought you

had spread that over you. I dragged you in—and put you to bed.”

Calvert nodded. “I see. I am certainly obliged to you. Now you are coming with me to search for Miss Falcon—Miss Eulalie Falcon. She means as much to me as your dead Thecla does to you. Perhaps that will arouse your interest in helping me to find her.”

Pliny shook his head. “It only makes me wonder why you are not in love with Thecla, having seen them both.”

“I’ve not the honor of Miss Thecla Falcon’s acquaintance,” returned Calvert coldly. “She was in her grave before I came on the scene.”

“Yet you saw her in the great hall,” the farmer challenged.

CALVERT was silent. He felt half ill, feverish and dizzy, and this conversation did not tend to increase his calm. The great leap of his heart towards Eulalie that day when he first beheld her on the terrace had left him in mid-air, riding the clouds of fantasy. He wanted solid earth beneath his feet and his beloved close against his heart. “Thank God, Eulalie has no charm,” was his curious reaction to his bewilderment. “I may be able to hold her and keep her some day.”

“We are wasting time, Burd,” said the doctor. “Now, no more nonsense about separating sisters. Come along!”

He half pushed Pliny Burd towards the sedan. “Have you seen a French-American maid up this way?” he questioned when they were seated.

“A black-eyed woman—she walks on high heels over stony roads as if she walked on air—yes, I’ve seen her!”

“Lately?” asked Merton.

“Yesterday!”

“Did you speak with her?”

“Yes. She said she was Miss Falcon’s maid, dismissed from service—and the family would rue it.”

The doctor drove more quickly.

They were soon at the little brook, and found Carroll walking up and down restlessly. He seized upon Calvert with genuine relief and delight. “My God, I’m glad!” he exclaimed. “Tell me—where have you been? How did you hurt yourself?”

Calvert answered his eager questions and saw Jayne’s eyes wander as he spoke.

“Oh, he’s come back with you, has he!” he exclaimed, looking towards Pliny Burd.

“Yes, I’ve come back,” Burd said sullenly, “since I know more about Thecla Falcon than you do.”

Carroll’s eyes blazed. “You do—do you?”

“Yes, I know she’s alive!”

They glared at each other; and Calvert thought of the moon-child that was Eulalie; and she would slip into splendor while they were quarreling over the dead!

The doctor looked moodily on—too anxious over Eulalie to care whether they were at each other’s throats or not. A wild half-circle of sunset now rimmed the ragged mountains angry-red above the ineffable unapproachable blue of heights in retreat. The brook’s voice was loud and dreary, as water always sounds towards evening. Calvert caught the old physician’s eye, and a mutual sign passed between them. They were to keep their heads in this confusion of baffling circumstance; and they were to snatch Eulalie from it into peace and security.

“Where in thunder are those men?” the doctor ejaculated, looking at his watch. “Maybe they’ve taken the wrong turn. Easy enough on these hills. Are there any houses upon the mountain?” he addressed Pliny, who withdrew passionate eyes from Carroll long enough to say, “Yes—the strange house.”

“What’s that?”

“A stone house that looks like a prison; and has a high stone fence about it.”

“Who owns it?”

“They say Miss Jennifer Burnham owns it.”

Silence again; and that strange oncoming loneliness of evening like a shadow from an empty valley. Merton, his dark eyes directed to the mountain, thought of Eulalie with a longing that she might rest from her pain in some environment untroubled by the past. His own life craved that miracle of newness, the secret of lovers, poets and saints who see the world with fresh eyes every day; while all the others toil with their unmanageable past. Neither the

(Continued on page 62)



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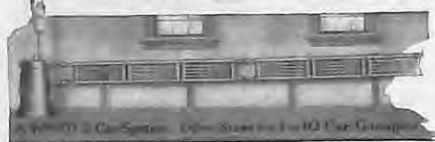
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The Garden of Terror

(Continued from page 61)

past nor the future—but the eternal present brought the new strength! "You'll take me there now" he said out of the urgency of these thoughts.

Pliny looked at him—melted from his jealous antagonism by that mystic secret in Calvert's face. "Yes, I'll take you," he assented with a black look at Carroll Jayne.

"Do you feel well enough for the climb, Calvert?" said the doctor. "Fever's not exactly a preparation for mountaineering."

"I'm all right. You and Carroll stay here and wait for the men."

"They are bringing torches," the doctor said, "and a bite to eat. Jayne and I can camp in the sedan all night, if necessary. After you've made inquiries at that house you'd better come back here."

"RIGHT-O," answered Calvert, and swung into the gloom of the forest with his guide, who, when they were out of earshot of the others, said confidentially, "I might have shown 'em the way, but I didn't want to separate those two."

"You mean Thecla and her sister."

"Yes, the tall little fairy girl—" Pliny answered. "I never saw blue eyes so eager."

"And did the other one turn her head?"

"No! but say, Mr. Calvert, one's as beautiful as the other."

A last sunlight held these heights; the trees in shadowy phalanx moved away to the ethereal blue of the far eastern sky. Calvert had a vision of those two sisters going on and on up the mountain, "one as beautiful as the other." "Oh, brave darling," he murmured, "you're finding out the secret perhaps at the risk of your life."

The wound in his head troubled him, and the cool rarefied air gave him a sense of dizziness, of the world spinning around two lost lovers. He thought of an old tale he had once read of two who had sought each other down the interminable aisles of a forest until they were like withered leaves in the wind, whirling in spirals—but never meeting. "How far is it to this house?" he asked.

"Only about a mile more. You're tired."

"No—just sickish—and my thoughts race on ahead of my steps."

"Lord! don't I know what that is?" Pliny commented. "Once I got lost in these mountains—because my thoughts ran so fast ahead. All of a sudden the mountain looked queer. I couldn't tell the landmarks. 'Pliny Burd,' I said, 'this won't do'—and I stopped short—frightened. It's a strange feeling—that first sense of your being lost! Then my head cleared and I knew Old Misery 'way up towards the Canada line, and I took a fresh start."

They trudged on.

"Say, Mr. Calvert, do you think they'll take her picture away from me?"

"Why, I think they will—but they won't put you in jail. After all, you did leave a hundred for it."

"Was it worth more?"

"Yes, about fifty times that."

"I gave all I could afford," Pliny said simply.

"They won't put you in jail."

"Bein' in love is bein' in jail—and only one has the key; and she's gone—gone."

"I am out of breath, Pliny."

He felt a strong arm slipped about his shoulders and a big-brother face bending kindly over his. "There, breathe a spell. You're out of wind. Lord! how white you were the night I found you!"

"You don't know any more than you told us?"

"Straight goods! I could not be dishonest—and love her."

Calvert glanced at the patient brooding eyes full of a long, lonely expectancy of something that could never come to pass. "Pliny, weren't you a bit mad to think you could marry her?"

"Not madder than anybody that wants to marry anybody," he answered vaguely.

"It was a strange power-house the Almighty started when He made love."

Calvert could but agree.

Night was closing in when the forest parted, revealing a semi-circular natural terrace upon which a small massive house of stone, covered with warm rose-colored stucco, showed its head

above a guarding wall of heavy masonry, green with exposure to the north. This wall followed the curve of the hill and where it dipped down into a hollow displayed an iron gate, which apparently gave access to a dark tunnel leading to the house, and furnishing both protection from the weather and from undesirable visitors. Solid shutters painted white gave a durable aspect to the already buttress-like character of the building, which had the appearance of a great rosy-colored rock resting broadly on its craggy foundations. On one side the forest was cut away in an ever-widening triangle which furnished the eye an outlet to a range of mountains unfamiliar to Calvert.

There was a bell by the side of the iron gate, and Pliny gave it a vigorous pull. Its peals awoke the echoes of the forest.

Out of the gloom tramped a countrywoman who looked at them suspiciously. "What do you want, Pliny?" she asked.

"I want to see the missus."

"Miss Jennifer's at her supper."

"Well, let us in, anyway. There's a lost lady in the woods."

The imperturbable face of the maid remained unmoved by this news. "Come in," she said shortly.

They followed her through the long dark passage, stumbled up some steps after her, and found themselves on a kind of stucco terrace with a protecting wall against a precipice invisible from the angle of their entry. The maid motioned them through opened French windows into a room as singular as Calvert had ever seen. The floor of black tiles reflected the intense rose color of the ceiling—the white walls between them had nothing on them but glass candle sconces twisted with rose glass flowers. There was only a bench to sit on—a long, black oak affair.

He was glad to sit down, for he still felt dizzy. But he rose as a door opened and a middle-aged woman with very black hair and eyes and a complexion tanned by the sun entered. She wore a sweater of rose color and a white linen skirt, and her alert out-door look contrasted oddly with that sophisticated room.

"Pliny! And who's this?"

"Miss Jennifer, this is Mr. Merton Calvert—he is staying at Falcon Manor. Miss Eulalie strayed in the forest. Did she get as far as here?"

Jennifer Burnham's face hardened. "Pliny, are you sure you didn't dream this? They tell me you think Thecla Falcon's alive."

"HE DIDN'T dream it," spoke up Calvert. "The family physician, Dr. Crosby, is down in a valley of the hills, waiting for men from the manor."

Miss Burnham weighed this. "I am sorry I can't help you. She isn't here."

An impenetrable element in her manner took Calvert out of his speculations. "Would you know the young lady, Madame?"

"Could anyone not recognize a member of that family—a handsome race—a strange handsome race?"

"You were at the tea-house—I understood it is yours—when the accident happened to Thecla Falcon."

The woman's dark eye had a kind of wild tenderness in them for a moment. "Yes, poor broken child—that stallion she rode was more like a devil than horse-flesh. When we took her in—my maid and I—there was blood in the lovely hair—and she was unconscious, but so beautiful. I was looking at her even while I washed the blood."

Calvert wondered at the soft sound of the woman's voice, dropped now as if she trod a magic memory cleansed from cruelty of suffering and death.

"The ambulance came and took her away—quite into eternity, they say. Yes, I remember the old doctor. But Pliny here believes she is not dead."

He rose in the light of the candles as one about to recite a creed. "She's not dead, Miss Jennifer."

A curious smile flitted about her lips and she glanced toward the rosy ceiling, then down at the night-dark pavement. "Oh, Pliny—you've lived too much alone. I know what it does to you. Who better than I?"

Just then Calvert had a strange fancy. He thought he saw Eulalie looking in at one of the French windows. In an instant and—fancy or actual face—it was gone!

Jennifer Burnham followed his eyes. "Which one are you looking for?" she said, "Thecla or Eulalie?"

"I am engaged to be married to Miss Eulalie Falcon," he replied with an assurance astonishing even to himself.

She gave a perceptible start. "Ah, no wonder you are anxious!"

"We can't stay here longer—if you are sure you can give us no news of her."

The slight emphasis on the word "sure" brought a lifting of the brows. "Certainly not—but you and Pliny must have something to eat—then I'll give you a lantern."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes!"

She spoke as one used to be obeyed. Calvert looked at her attentively; a fine, simple, strong creature, but with something deeply complicated about her for all. From what class of society she came it was impossible to tell, and her odd English name added a piquancy to her dark, keen face and direct personality. Even after she left them to give some orders, Calvert asked Pliny, "Why does she keep that tea-house?"

"It's not because she has to. Gets lonely up here, I reckon."

"I should think she would."

SHE returned to usher them into another strange room—green in color this time, with a black table bearing some Italian ware on which were fruit, white and yellow cheese, with brown and white bread and hard eggs. A decanter of dandelion wine completed the meal which Calvert thought perfectly delicious. She sat down and talked to them as they ate—How did Calvert like the mountains? For herself she never wanted to leave them. They had stolen into her blood like a quieting narcotic—and she would dream and look at them until the end of her days.

The maid brought them a lantern after supper, and thanking their hostess they followed the taciturn servant through the long tunnel again. After they had gone a long way from the house, Calvert turned to his companion.

"I think she was lying. I think she knew something she didn't want to tell."

Pliny put down the lantern which cast immense grotesque Gothic shadows on the arches of the trees and drew bat-like flying things within its circle, and pale feathery moths.

"You've said the gospel truth. That woman's concealing something. I saw her eyes shift."

"We'll know soon what it is. I am coming back to watch that house."

"Good," said Pliny. "But Miss Jennifer, she's square—mostly."

The last word was not altogether reassuring; but Calvert was in no mood to formulate his own shadowy thoughts. What secret the house held—if any—could interest him only as it affected Eulalie.

"Can you—will you, guide me back?"

"Sure, but not—" his face darkened, "Carroll Jayne."

"Have you anything against him except the fact that he shares your devotion to a beautiful dead lady?"

"Not dead!"

"Haven't you seen her grave in the Falcon burying ground?"

His face whitened. "No," he whispered. "She's alive, I tell you."

(To be concluded)

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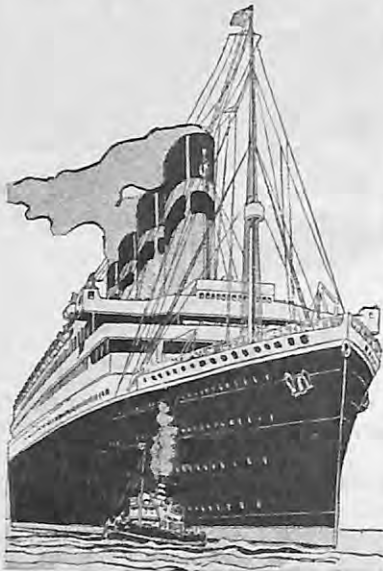
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Measure For Pleasure

(Continued from page 33)

face became very hard and unpleasant—"I'se gwine fix him."

"How?"

"I'se gwine git him some time when he ain't sispicatin' nothin' an' fust thing he knows I'se gwine have them groun's on him."

"You ain't got no scheme, has you?" There was method to Premium's question: could he learn her plans he'd pass them on to John Shuford.

"On'y one. You see, John is turrible jealous of you but he ain't quite jealous enuff. Did he catch us t'gether kinder compromisin'-like he'd mos' likely raise a awful row. Then they woul'n't be no trouble gittin' him to divohce me."

Premium frowned. "You wants me to let yo' husban' catch you an' me gittin' comprimised?"

"Tha's it. You is the understandinest man!"

"You tell 'em, Dark 'Ooman. I'se so understandin' that I says I ain't gwine do same. Does yo' husban' catch me comprimisin' you he's gwine have keen eyes an' runnin' feet. I reckon, Rosabella, that the fartherest apaht I an' you keeps fum one 'nother—the better off we is gwine hofe be."

BUT Premium was genuinely worried. He knew there were no lengths to which Rosabella would not go to attain her ends. And once divorced from John—she had him dead to rights. No chance then to avoid marrying her.

He made a last desperate attempt to see Vasilene. She refused to speak with him. With a woman's contrariness, she ached for a reconciliation, but refused to have it. She, too, was miserable in her renewed single blessedness; but against her ex-husband she harbored an inexorable bitterness.

Business had ceased to be. Premium was kept moderately occupied collecting the weekly installments on the one hundred coffins, but for the most part this was easy work owing to the twin facts that each coffin had been sold under a contract drawn up by Lawyer Evans Chew which provided that upon default of two consecutive payments all property rights immediately reverted to the Gaines-Premium Wardrobe Coffin Company, with right of immediate possession; and also that the pride of the owners drove them to superhuman efforts to raise the weekly two dollars in order not to relinquish prestige.

Financially, Premium was doing well. But now that the first flush of enthusiasm was past he found himself with more leisure time to dwell upon his own miseries.

Only one thing rankled. In the home which he had once shared with Vasilene there were many personal belongings of his: two suits of clothes, shaving outfit, shoes, a few bits of jewelry. He had demanded these of her and she had refused to give them to him. He would have had recourse to legal measures; but dreaded to further inflame her ire. And so, eventually, he decided to acquire those belongings for himself. "They's mine. 'Pears to me they ain't nothin' wrong in goin' down an' gittin' 'em."

Vasilene's refusal to relinquish these belongings of Premium's had been based upon an idea composed of moieties of sentiment and perverseness. As to the first, it salved her heart-break to brood over the symbols of her former intimacy. As to the second, it naturally pleased her outraged womanhood to know that she was discommoding him.

But Premium was in no mood to be discommoded. Too, he entertained an overweening desire to invade once again the confines of his erstwhile happy home. And so, making sure that Vasilene was not at home, he entered through the back window.

Her room: once *their* room. The same room, but oh! how different. Gone almost all trace of exclusiveness. Too, opposite the bed there was the handsome purple coffin which he had designed: lid open, mirror shined. Tears welled into Premium's eyes at sight of that coffin, for he knew its history. Vasilene had purchased that coffin several weeks before, had met her first two installments on the minute—and then had ceased to pay. Only consideration for Premium's feelings had deterred Keefe Gaines

from taking advantage of his contractual rights and reassuming possession of the wardrobe. And Keefe had just about reached the limit of his patience. He was sorry, of course, that Vasilene was out of a job—but that was Vasilene's lookout.

Premium mooned mournfully about the room, plucking idly at various personal possessions. He longed to remain here—to have the right to do so. "Ma'riages is made in Heavum," he reflected, "but they sho' sometimes goes to hell."

And then something happened. From outside came the rattle of a dray: the sound of voices raised high in altercation. Through the angry cacophony Premium could distinguish Vasilene's beloved soprano—"Ain't gwine 'low it. It's plumb ruinatious." And a basso profundo explaining to her where she might alight.

Terror clutched Mr. Fig. His wife—and in an ugly humor. Sight of him would ignite the T.N.T. of her pent-up resentment. He knew that technically he now stood in the capacity of burglar. He had broken and entered what was once his own home with the avowed intention of forcibly removing certain personal articles. "Goodness Gawdness, Miss Agnes! Comes Vasilene to ketch me heah an' they ain't nothin' fo' me to say on'y 'Guilty.'"

There wasn't a doubt in his mind as to what Vasilene would do should she discover him. Vasilene and her visitors were entering the front door. Too late for him to exit as he had entered: they'd hear the racket of his hurried departure. And then—"Jail—I says howdye!"

He searched wildly for a hiding place. The room did not boast a closet. Its only door led to the front room where Vasilene now stood in all her magnificent anger. Under the bed? Too great danger of detection.

And then inspiration came to Premium Fig. The casket! Premium stood not upon the order of his hiding, but hid at once, and scarcely had he closed the mirror behind him when Vasilene and her visitors entered the room.

Premium sighed relievedly. Then he gasped with pain as his head—moving slightly—banged against one of the hooks studding the hanging clip. He was glad now that he had thought of putting airholes in the coffin. Voices from the room came to him as from a very great distance. Premium was physically uncomfortable—didn't like to recall that the latch on the mirror door could be operated only from the outside. The hooks were head-high and extremely annoying. There was something oppressive about the satin-lined interior of the wardrobe. His inventive mind became busy—

"Does I ever git out of heah safe—I invents a pillow fo' these heah things. Lemme see—advertise it: 'Our sof' pillows makes comfutuble cawpses.' 'Res' easy in yo' grave.' Uh-huh! I reckon them ought to sell easy . . ."

MEANWHILE there had been occurring certain events of which Mr. Premium Fig was blissfully ignorant.

In the first place the morning had developed a family row between Mr. John Shuford and the fair Rosabella. During the discussion many words were passed and, too, a couple of poorly aimed flatirons. Eventually, John departed the house in a magnificent, broad-shouldered huff and Rosabella flung herself face-downward on the bed, loudly bemoaning the fate which had given her in marriage to a man whom she could not handle physically. "Was I ma'ied up with Premium Fig, I reckon he never would try nothin' like that. . . ."

John Shuford trod the streets in high dudgeon. For some unaccountable reason he was more than ever in love with his acidulous wife. The scene of a few minutes since bothered him—not because of what had happened, but because John desired, above all things, a tranquil home. And gradually, as he reflected upon it, he came to realize that whether or not he had been in the wrong, it was up to him to make amends.

Ordinarily he would have handled the matter firmly, but he knew now that the divorce bee was buzzing in his wife's bonnet and he could not afford to make a single misstep: realizing that she was searching for divorce grounds. And he did not desire a termination-of their matrimonial alliance.

Therefore, it behooved him to sweep her from her angry feet by the magnificence of his apology. And, inevitably, his mind turned to the idea of a casket.

There a gift supreme: a gentle token of his abiding love. And he knew that she wanted a casket. So far he had stubbornly refused to patronize a firm in which the despised Premium Fig was a partner. Not that he suspected that there was anything wrong between his wife and Premium—he'd have exterminated Premium had he believed that—but he did know that Rosabella desired matrimony with Mr. Fig and it never occurred to him that her passion was unrequited by the diminutive Premium.

He found Keefe Gaines lolling in solitary and affluent grandeur.

"Mawnin', Brother Gaines."

"Mistuh John Shuford?"

"I is him."

Keefe rose: rubbed the palms of his hands together: "What I c'n do yo' fo' this mawnin', Brother Shuford?"

"Mm! I craves a coffin."

"I see. I see. Somebody gone to Heavum fum yo' house?"

"Uh-uh! I desiahs one of them wardrobe things which you keeps yo' clothes in while you lives, an' yo'se'f when you dies."

Keefe's face fell. "Sorry, Brother Shuford—them wardrobe caskets is done all sol'."

Disappointment clutched at the Shuford heart. "Jes' my luck. . . ." Now that he could not have the casket he was doubly desirous. "I is jes' nachelly got to have one."

"Sorry. . . ."

John flashed fifty dollars under Keefe's nose. "I pays that much cash down."

"Fifty dollars. . . . Mmm! Tha's a haws of another breed. Lemme see. . . ." Suddenly Keefe's face brightened. "Gimme them fifty."

"I gits the wardrobe?"

"You gits."

"But how come. . . ."

"One of my clients is behine in their 'stallments. I gives you it."

"How long befo' I gits?"

"Quick as I gits my dray down there."

The fifty dollars changed hands. John Shuford departed happily. "I waits ontill the coffin gits there—I walks in li'l while later—Rosabella flings herse'f at me. Oh! Mama—ain't no place like home—with a casket."

FLAT on his back, riding in a casket en route to the one place in the world where he least desired to be, Premium Fig made a new and painful discovery—

"These heah is pretty good coffins," he reflected miserably, "but they shuah ain't no Pullman cars."

Of what had transpired at Vasilene's home prior to the abrupt departure of the coffin in which he was contained, Premium knew naught. He had heard a babel of voices, but had been unable to distinguish words. He gathered that the casket was being forcibly removed and judged that it was being carted to Keefe Gaines's place. And he dared not make known his presence in the wardrobe for fear that Vasilene was riding on the dray. "An' did she see me heah, she's gwine think I was the reason of her losin' the casket—an' then—blooie!"

He bore his torture with Spartan-like fortitude. Every jolt of the springless wagon banged his head against the shiny brass hooks. "Was I glass, they couldn't treat me no rougher." He was jolted and jounced and battered and bruised. And terrified. "Ain't no use of me sayin' nothin' ontill I gits to Keefe's place. Chances is I c'n slip out after Vasilene has gone."

Things would have been made easier had Premium possessed two bits of vital information. One was that Vasilene was not with the dray. The other, that the dray was headed for the home of the mammoth John Shuford.

Vasilene was strictly on a different job. She made all haste to the establishment of Keefe Gaines to ascertain the whys and wherefores. Keefe was apologetic and explanatory. Vasilene, doubly indignant—

"My coffin goin' to that 'ooman's house! Keefe Gaines, you shuah has rubbed it in."

She turned violently toward the door. "Where you is goin', Vasilene?"

"Ise goin' after my coffin, tha's where Ise
(Continued on page 67)



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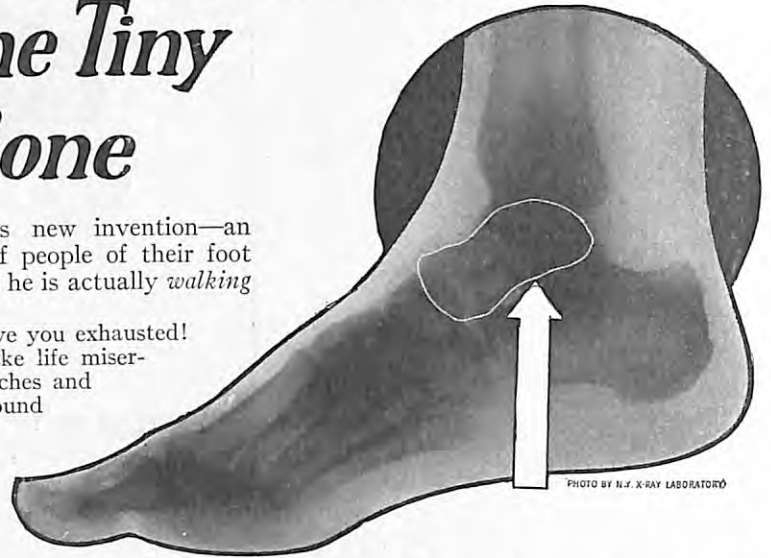
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MILLIONS of people have the mistaken idea that their sore, burning, aching feet are due only to the pinching of their shoes. Other pains in the legs and thighs are wrongly attributed to rheumatism.

But Science now proves that 99 of every 100 foot pains are caused by a displacement of the **astragalus** bone—a small bone at the top of the foot arches. This bone supports your whole weight. It is held in place by a series of tendons and ligaments. But very often these tendons become weakened. This tiny bone, under the weight of the body, is then forced out of place. The result is fallen arches.

The arches are really the "wagon springs" of your body. They "give" every time your weight falls on the foot, thus absorbing the shocks of walking. But when the astragalus bone gets displaced, the arches instantly lose their springlike resiliency. As a result, when you walk, the whole weight of your body falls solidly on the delicate bones and muscles of your feet, causing all sorts of foot misery. Just as an automobile without springs would soon break down, so it is with your feet. The muscles become twisted out of place, sensitive bones are placed under terribly unnatural strains and delicate nerves are tortured.

How New Invention Works

The old way of treating fallen arches made no attempt to bring permanent cure. The arches were badly forced into position by using hard, unyielding braces or props. These were merely "crutches," for when removed, the arch flattened out again. Then, being rigid, they did not absorb the shocks of walking. It was just as if you placed a huge rock between the springs of a wagon. Their worse fault, however, was that instead of **strengthening** the foot muscles that support the arches, these rigid props actually weakened them because they did not exercise the muscles.

But how different is this marvelous new invention! It is made of Russian Sponge Rubber, and is in the form of a wonderfully light and springy pad, scientifically formed to the natural arch. It can be slipped into any styled shoe, yet were it not for the wonderful comfort and buoyancy that it brings, you would never be aware of its presence.

Note the Instantaneous Results!

The marvelous new Airflex Arch Supports, which slip into your shoes, are entirely different from anything known or used before. There are no rigid appliances; no special shoes; no braces; no straps; no salves; no powders; no trouble or inconvenience of any kind. Yet the flattened arch is lifted gently back into place, pain is instantly banished—aching bones and muscles are instantly soothed—all swellings and soreness disappear immediately. And every step you take *strengthens and builds up* the torn and twisted ligaments until the foot becomes normal once more! Further use of the supports is then unnecessary.

With a gentle even pressure at all points this resilient rubber at once raises the fallen arch to its natural position, gently working the displaced astragalus bone back into place. This instantly releases the pressure on the sensitive nerves and blood vessels, and takes all strain off the weakened muscles.

Brings Permanent Relief

At the same time, as the light and springy rubber yields to your weight, it reproduces exactly the **natural spring of your arch!** Its constant compression and expansion with every step massages, exercises and strengthens the muscles in a natural way—thus quickly bringing back their old-time vigor and strength.

The beauty of it all is that results are evident **instantly**. The moment you put on these wonderful supports all pain vanishes and walking becomes an actual pleasure.

Even if you are not troubled with your feet, you will find the Airflex Arch Supports of tremendous value. Thousands of housewives, clerks, salesmen and others find that with these supports they can stand or walk all day long without the least bit of fatigue.

Send No Money

Many people have paid specialists as high as \$200 for the benefit that you can now secure from the Airflex Arch Supports for an astonishingly small fraction of this amount.

Furthermore, you do not risk one penny in trying them, for if after five days you are not more than delighted with the improvement in your feet, your money will be instantly—and gladly—refunded.

Don't send a cent. Simply fill in the coupon, being sure to give the exact size of your foot as instructed below. Don't hesitate to order by mail, for every day we fit hundreds in this way. When the postman brings you your supports, just pay him the amazingly low price of \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment.

Slip the supports into your shoes. Walk on them. See if you are not amazed at the wonderful relief and comfort they bring. This special low price is being made for introductory purposes only, and may never be offered again. So mail the coupon today—now—and say good-bye to foot pains forever. THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. A-88, 43 West 16th Street, New York City.

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THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc.
Dept. A-88, 43 West 16th Street,
New York



If not sure of Shoe size, stand on piece of paper—trace outline of stockinged foot. Hold pencil upright. Enclose this with coupon.

Send me, at your risk, the proper pair of your new Airflex Arch Supports. I will pay the postman \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) with the full understanding that there are no further payments. If I am not satisfied after wearing them, I will return them in five days and you are to refund my money without question.

Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....
Size of Shoe..... Width.....
Men's
Women's

Measure For Pleasure

(Continued from page 65)

goin'. I'se got a pow'ful 'fection fo' that casket. It fits me puffed!"

The dray reached the home of John Shuford, backed against the curb. Once the coffin slipped and bumped upon the concrete paving. A hollow groan filled all the space in the casket not occupied by Premium himself. Fortunately the draymen did not hear.

The casket was delivered to Rosabella with much ceremony. She clasped her hands in amazement and for the first time in weeks felt a softening of the heart toward her husband. She had the coffin stood on end, dismissed the draymen and stood back admiringly. Such a wonderful coffin: all purple and soft to the touch and trimmed with near-silver. At that particular moment Mr. John Shuford stood ace-high with Mrs. John Shuford. He had planned cleverly—had John.

And down the street he strode: an anticipatory smile decorating his milk-chocolate features. Inside the house Rosabella surveyed the casket from all angles. Then she flung back the lid, inspected herself in the polished mirror—put her hand on the catch and flung open the mirror door—

And there, corpse-like, staring out at her, was the terrified figure of Premium Fig!

She screamed! He sagged with horror! In the home of John Shuford! "Oh! Lawdy! Hahd Luck has shuah kicked me in the chins!"

There came to her shocked senses the sound of a heavy tread on the veranda: the front door opened. She slammed shut the door, leaving the wardrobe casket innocent of appearance but chockful of dynamite. John entered the room happily, alive to the prospective pleasures of the moment. He paused uncertainly at sight of the face his spouse turned toward him. Upon that face was an expression of rapt rigidity, a sort of fixed horror. He swept her into his arms—

"Ain't nothin' to be skeered of, honey. Coffin's empty."

She loosed an audible groan. Too well did she know that the coffin was not empty, and now, when she held within her grasp the situation which would give her husband ample grounds for divorce and the desire to use them—she discovered that she desired to remain Mrs. Shuford.

There was no use explaining to John. Easy-going and trustful, he was yet intensely jealous. She knew he would never believe that Premium had not been there with her all along, and concealed himself in the casket upon his approach. The evidence was circumstantial but hopelessly damning. Any other man . . .

"Tain't nothin' on'y one of them swell wardrobe coffins," John was explaining. "I opens it an' shows you—"

She clung to him with desperate strength. "Nossuh. Please, John, leave it stan' like it is."

"But, sweetness—"

"Don't but me, John. Leave that thing be."

His face fell. "Ain't you happy 'bout havin' it?"

"I'se the 'preciativest 'ooman in the world, John, an' I think you is the lovin'est man—but, oh! honey—I'se skeered to open that casket jes' now. It looks a heap gooder thataway than what it would open."

He was disappointed at that: had craved to exhibit proudly the white satin lining . . . but she was displaying an ardor long since absent from their marital relations and he forced himself to be content. "Reckon I'se got to dress, anyway," said he. "That mirror is a awful good thing to dress befo'."

"Uh-huh!" she agreed tensely—"Befo'!"

Meanwhile, the voices floating unintelligibly to the ears of Premium Fig through the airholes of the coffin were far from reassuring. He detected a nuance of hysteria in Rosabella's tones, and a dominating timbre in the voice of John Shuford.

Altogether, Premium was in a highly unsatisfactory and compromising position. "Does they open that do' I'se gwine heah the Angel Gabriel play his saxophone pretty sudden."

Trapped by his own invention: cooped up in a coffin of his own making: a Frankenstein. . . "After this," mourned Premium, "I uses my haid on'y to have aches with." He reflected bitterly that Rosabella was eager to supply her

(Continued on page 68)

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“For a good many years I worked for a salary. I was an electrical engineer making from \$150 to \$300 a month. Like almost every other man who works for a salary I was dissatisfied, for I felt every day that if I were only working for myself instead of someone else I would make more money. It wasn't only that, either. I just didn't like the idea of having someone to boss me—someone else to tell me how much I was worth—to hire me or fire me just as he pleased.

“How did anybody know what I was worth? How did I know? I didn't, and that is what worried me. I wanted to know. Maybe I was worth five, ten or even twenty times as much as I had been getting. In other words, after a good many years of hard work, with a certain measure of success I came to the conclusion

that I was getting nowhere and that it was high time for me to do something on my own hook if I ever wanted to be more than just somebody's employee.

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* * *

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Name.....

Address.....

(Print or write plainly)

Measure For Pleasure

(Continued from page 67)

husband with divorce grounds. Undoubtedly she would see to it that he was discovered—

John Shuford was dressing before the gleamy mirror. Rosabella hovered fearfully near by—sensing immediate calamity. John launched himself into a new shirt—the thing caught and he tugged at it. He tripped—lunged forward—and his elbow smashed through the mirror!

“Oh! my Gawd!” shrieked Rosabella. “Seven years bad luck—stahtin' right now!”

Mr. Shuford pulled back: glared toward the hole created by his elbow. Then, slowly, his eyes popped open and his jaw sagged, for—

Staring out at him through the lacinate aperture was the peagreen face of Mr. Premium Fig!

PREMIUM was colossally unhappy, and that unhappiness was increased as he glimpsed the dawning fury in John Shuford's eyes. Nor could Premium attempt flight. He was still imprisoned. Gradually the significance of the situation impressed itself evilly upon the slow-moving mind of Mr. Shuford and he uttered words which were surcharged with prophecy of immediate danger.

“Mistuh Fig,” he advised in a deadly monotone—“I sigges's that you remain right where you is at.”

“My Gawd! Brother Shuford—”

“By stayin' where you is, you saves me the trouble of puttin' you back. Yassuh—you is sure gwine be there fo' a long, long time.”

Mr. Fig felt himself strangling. “You ain't got no right buryin' me in this coffin,” he screamed. “You ain't paid nothin' on'y the fust installment.”

John disdained further conversation. He extracted from the top drawer of his battered chiffonier a glittering razor. This he proceeded to strop, pausing occasionally to test its edge. “Hmm! Bet I'se gwine have to git this honed ag'in after I finishes up with Premium. ‘Nother two bits gone to hell.” Rosabella flung herself before him, wildly protesting her innocence and a recrudescence of affection. “He shoved her aside and glared balefully upon Mr. Fig.

“Taint ev'ybody I'd let use my new coffin.”

“I—I ain't cravin' . . .”

Through the smashed mirror they stared at one another, the razor waving slowly before the eyes of Premium Fig, fairly hypnotizing him. His teeth were chattering audibly, his knees sagged and he would have fallen had not the modest dimensions of the casket kept him upright. There was no possibility of flight. . . .

Then came a merciful commotion from the front, and Vasilene Fig swept into the room. She flared angrily before John Shuford, then, following the direction of his lethal stare, found herself gazing into the wide-open eyes of her beloved husband.

“Oh! Vasilene,” wailed Premium, “make him leave me be. He's aimin' to slice me all up. . . .”

She swung back on John. “Whaffo' you craves to 'sterminate my husband', Mistuh Shuford? I asts you that.”

John explained, briefly and graphically. Premium emitted a wild shrill of protest. “Tain't so, honeybunch. I swears 'tain't so a tall. All what happened was that I hearn Keefe Gaines was gwine take yo' casket away an' I went down an' gotten in it to see it was taken care of. An' they went an' brung me heah an' Brother Shuford foun' me an' now—an' now. . . . Oh! Lawdy. . . .”

Vasilene kept her head. “That's the truth he's 'spostulatin', Brother Shuford. I knowed he was in that coffin which is how come me to foller it heah. So you ain't got no cause to be jealous of my husband—”

“He ain't yo' husband’.”

She shook her head. “Suttinly he is. I never did have no faith in divohces.”

Mr. Shuford was uncertain. He disliked being deterred from his homicidal plan. But, for the first time in many moons, he felt that Rosabella was done with her infatuation. Still, with Premium six feet underground, the last vestige of marital danger would be removed. He raised the razor aloft.

“Reckon I better had finish up the joy anyway. I ain't ve'y busy right now.”

Vasilene planted herself in his path. “Ain't

you got no spohtin' blood? Ain't you gwine give him a chance?"

John paused. He did have sporting blood: plenty of it. "Does I give him a even chance, you-all 'bides by how comes it out?"

"We does," quavered the two women, sparing for time.

"Good," John Shuford stepped to the corner and picked up a broom. From it he broke two straws, one considerably longer than the other. Adjusting two ends so that they appeared of the same length, he concealed the remainder of the two straws in the palm of his left hand. He returned to the casket and stared through the jagged opening into the paralyzed face of his prospective victim. Toward that ghastly countenance he extended the hand containing the two straws.

"Mistuh Fig," he announced, "one of these heah straws is a heap longer than t'other. I sticks my han's inside yo' domicile an' you draws one of the straws with yo' teeth—"

There came a gasp of horror from the two women. John continued grimly.

"Does you draw the *short* straw, Mistuh Fig—Vasilene ma'ies you! Draws you the *long* straw, Rosabella buries you! As is!" He faced the others. "Does you understand?"

A sepulchral voice came from the casket. "I understand's. Short straw I lives with Vasilene: long straw I dies by myse'f."

"Tha's it. If'n he draws the short straw, Vasilene, is you willin' to ma'y him ag'in?"

"I is."
"A'right . . ." Slowly, impressively, John Shuford raised his arm and presented the twin straws within range of Premium Fig's castanet teeth. Through Mr. Fig's brain a single refrain kept running—"Short straw I lives: long straw I dies—sudden an' complete. . . ."

"Take one!" commanded Mr. Shuford.

H E A D wobbling on a neck unable to firmly support it, eyes closed in horror, Mr. Fig fastened his teeth upon one of the straws. Fearfully he drew back his head, extracting the straw from the hand of John Shuford. The women had crowded close—watching in petrified terror its seemingly interminable length—"Long straw I dies . . ."

John Shuford stepped back, holding a single straw in his hand.

"You got the long one," he announced triumphantly. "In two minutes you is gwine be ain't."

"Measure 'em . . ." pleaded Vasilene. "Measure 'em."

John held aloft his own straw. From the face of Mr. Fig he took the other. Then he flung both on the floor with an ejaculation of disappointment. Wild hope surged in the breast of Vasilene Fig.

"Premium drew the short straw!" she exulted. "He drew the short one, di'n't he, John?"

"Yeh—he drew the short one. I never did have no luck."

Vasilene flung open the mirror door and she and Premium clinched violently. Humbly, Rosabella slid into the arms of her husband . . . and contentment salved his troubled soul.

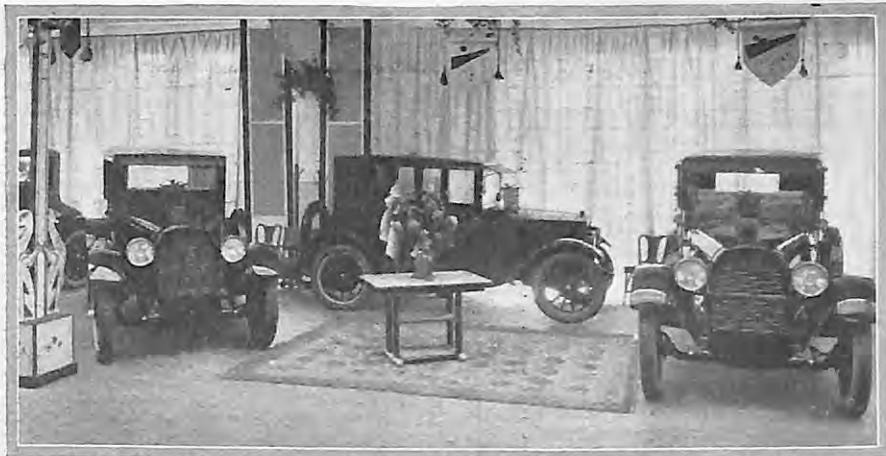
"You git out of my house, Premium Fig," he ordered, "git out an' stay out. An' nex' time you travels heah in a coffin, be shuah you comes a'ready embalmed!"

Gloriously, deliriously happy, the reunited couple departed the home of trouble. They walked arm in arm down the street, too blissful for mere words. "Us goes to Rev'en' Plato Tubb an' gits ma'ied up ag'in," announced Vasilene.

Suddenly Premium paused and was seized with a violent paroxysm of coughing: fierce coughing which racked his slender frame. Vasilene was all tender solicitude—

"What the matter is, sweetness? You must of caught yo' death of col' in that casket."

"No . . ." Premium shook his head between spasms. "That ain't it. It's jes' that I swallied an awful long piece of straw, an' it stuck in my throat!"



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Questions to Ask the Salesman

If He Can't Answer Them,
You Had Better Leave His Securities Alone

By Paul Tomlinson

THE New Jersey Bankers' Association, not long ago, prepared an "Investor's Questionnaire" for the use of people who are solicited to buy stocks. The idea is that the questionnaire be handed to the stock salesman and he be asked to fill in the answers to the nineteen questions it asks. If the salesman refuses to answer all of the questions, the prospective investor is urged to have nothing more to do with his proposition, and quite rightly, for the questionnaire asks nothing that a reputable stock salesman should hesitate to answer. In fact, the right kind of a salesman should expect every prospective buyer to ask him these very things.

Questionnaires similar to the one put out by the New Jersey Bankers' Association have been compiled by bankers' associations in other States, and are also used by such organizations as the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and the Better Business Bureaus, Commissions, and Committees throughout the country. They are designed for the protection of the small investor, and he is asked to have one filled out by every person who tries to sell him stock, then take it to some banking institution in his community and have it passed upon. "Before you invest—investigate," is the slogan employed, and certainly much money would be saved if this sound advice were followed. Common sense, as well as experience, tell us there are no short cuts to financial independence, and the idea of these questionnaires is to protect the small and inexperienced investor from the many speculative, not to say questionable, stocks which are continually being offered him.

If the readers of THE ELKS MAGAZINE have not seen any of these questionnaires, they may be interested in the kind of questions asked, and a brief discussion of what they mean.

First of all, the salesman is asked to insert the date, that is, the date when he fills out the questionnaire. Next comes the name of the company whose stock he is trying to sell, and then his own name. Question 4 asks what kind of stock is offered—that is, preferred or common; if it is preferred, whether cumulative or not, and if common, whether full paid and non-assessable. Then comes a request for information about the total issue of stock, both preferred and common, and in the answer to this question the amount of each issue authorized should be given, as well as the amount to be issued at the present time.

Question 6 asks whether any stock is being given for property. It is not an infrequent occurrence for a new company to give stock in exchange for land, sometimes also for buildings and equipment, and if this is done the prospective purchaser is entitled to know about it and the amount. The salesman is also asked to state

whether any stock is being given for "good-will." An already existing company is possibly being purchased, and if this company has been in business for some time its name is known and it may have a good reputation. These items would come under the head of "good-will" and possibly be worth something. Possibly no cash has been turned over in exchange for such an item, however, and the prospective purchaser should inform himself how much stock, if any, is being given for this rather intangible asset.

Question 8 asks if any stock is being given for patents. Frequently the success of a new company is entirely dependent upon the value of its patent rights. New companies, further, are not usually embarrassed by an excess of cash and very often the owner of a patent or the inventor is prevailed upon to take stock in the company in lieu of cash payment. The size of the stock interest exchanged for patent rights may have an important bearing on the future of the company.

The next two questions have to do with Liberty Bonds. No. 9 asks whether the salesman will take Liberty Bonds in exchange for the stock, and question 10 asks, if so, at what price? Many small investors, as every one knows, bought Liberty Bonds during the war. These bonds are as good as cash and of course any stock salesman would be willing to take them in place of a check. The price he will allow for them is extremely important, and should be compared with the market price prevailing at the time.

THE amount of cash needed is the question asked as No. 11. How much ready money does the salesman estimate is necessary to start operations? Or in case the company is already in existence and doing business, how much cash is required for its present needs? The par value of the stock comes next. This is an extremely important thing to know, for if stock is issued at say \$50 a share it is rather essential to know whether the par is \$1, \$10 or \$100.

The market price of the stock is question 13. This means how much per share can be realized on the stock in case the owner wishes to dispose of it. The price at which he can sell has an important bearing on the price he should pay, and stocks in this respect do not differ from other commodities, in that they are worth only what they can be sold for. And market price does not mean the price at which the stock is offered you by the salesman, but what you yourself could sell it for. If the salesman tries to avoid this question it is an almost sure sign that there is something wrong. He may say that "application will be made" to have it listed, but do not take that as sufficient. Such promises are often given, but not always carried out, and the fact that "application will be made" by no means assures acceptance on the part of the stock

exchange authorities. And, further, if the stock really is listed the chances are that it can be bought, then as cheaply, or more cheaply, as at the time it is offered by the salesman.

The salesman in number 14 is asked to state whether or not the stock has a ready market, and in answer to question 15 to state where it is listed.

Question 16 inquires if the stock is accepted by banks as collateral for loans. As most people know, a bank requires security when a loan is made to one of its customers, and the security must be of such a nature as in the bank's opinion will be a sure guarantee that in case the loan is not paid the security will bring more than enough to cover the amount due. If stock, therefore, is accepted by banks as collateral, this is a good indication of its value. If it is not accepted this fact indicates just as surely that the stock is of questionable worth.

In question 17 the salesman is asked in case the stock is regarded good bank collateral to state what banks have to his knowledge accepted it for this purpose. If he lists a number of them it is very easy to check his statement with the banks mentioned.

Question 18 is extremely important. It asks the salesman to state what the present net

earnings of the company are. This presupposes, of course, that the company is in operation and unless a person is in a position to take chances it is a pretty safe rule never to buy stock in any corporation which has not yet commenced business. It is said that out of every hundred new business enterprises thirteen succeed and eighty-seven fail. In other words, the chances are nearly seven to one against stock in a new company proving a profitable investment.

The last question, number 19, asks for bank references, and it is no more than prudent to have this information before purchasing stock from any one. Lastly, the questionnaire provides space for the names of the officers of the corporation whose stock is being offered, and the former occupation of each. The management of any company has a definite bearing on its success, and the character of the men in charge, their experience and personal reputations are things which may mean the failure or success of the enterprise.

With this information to present to your banker or to submit to one of the bureaus or committees mentioned in the second paragraph of this article, it should be comparatively simple for any investor, no matter how inexperienced, to protect himself from doubtful investments.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 50)

Louisiana's Chief Justice Is a Member of the Order

The Honorable Charles A. O'Neill, a charter member of Franklin (La.) Lodge, No. 1387, is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, the highest judicial office in the State. Other members of the Order who share similar honors are Jefferson B. Browne of Florida, J. A. Sanders of Nevada, and Floyd E. Thompson of Illinois.

Columbus (Miss.) Lodge Holds College Night—Votes Another Scholarship

A College Evening, in which students from the Mississippi State College for Women entertained the members with an unusual program, was recently held at Columbus (Miss.) Lodge, No. 555. One of the young women, the beneficiary of the Lodge's Scholarship Fund for last year, was formally presented to the members and an appreciation of the Lodge's Scholarship plan was made by the head of the Music Department of the College. During the business session which followed the entertainment, the Lodge voted another Scholarship for the coming College year.

Members of Swedish Birth Dine Rest of Jamestown (N. Y.) Lodge

Between 60 and 75 per cent. of the population of Jamestown, N. Y., is either of Swedish birth or parentage. As nearly the same percentage prevails in Jamestown (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 263, the Swedish members recently had the idea of giving an entertainment to the rest of the Lodge. A special dinner was arranged and the novel program staged by the Swedish members caused much amusement and good feeling. Not to be outdone by the Swedes, and also in order to show their appreciation of the entertainment, the other members responded a short while after, by putting on an evening of fun at which their Swedish brothers were the guests of honor.

Unique Parade Opens Charity Jubilee of Columbus Lodge

A grand parade preceded the opening of the mammoth Jubilee and Carnival staged by Columbus (Ohio) Lodge, No. 37. The parade was marked by many unique and entirely new features, these being a series of beautiful floats dealing with nursery rhymes and stories and exemplifying the purpose of the Carnival which was to raise funds for twelve Columbus charitable institutions caring for the children of the city. The Carnival, which lasted for ten days, was exceedingly well patronized throughout its run, and over \$10,000 was realized and distributed among eighteen philanthropic organizations of the city.

"Printer-Elks" in Greater New York Get Together at Jersey City Lodge

The first "Get-Together Dinner" given by the "Printer-Elks" of Greater New York and adjacent territory, was held at Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge, No. 211. The affair gave the Elks, who are in the printing crafts, an opportunity to enjoy a sociable Sunday evening. As most of the members of the group are engaged on the Metropolitan papers at night, it is seldom possible for them to attend Lodge meetings during the week without sacrificing a night's work. It is proposed to have one of these functions every three months and to hold the meeting at some suitable Elk club-house in the Metropolitan district. On some of the occasions, it is planned to have the families of the members present. The "Printer-Elks" have no organization other than a Committee of Arrangements, and the membership is made up of men from various Lodges who are employed in and around the City of Greater New York.

Minstrel Show Staged by Elks for Benefit of Red Cross and Veterans

A most elaborate Minstrel Show was put on by New Kensington (Pa.) Lodge, No. 512, for the benefit of the local chapter of the Red Cross and R. P. Arnold Post 92, Veterans of Foreign Wars. Members of both organizations assisted the Elks in the production which played for five nights to crowded houses at the Liberty Theatre in New Kensington, and was the means of raising \$2,500 for the Red Cross and \$500 for the Veterans. Each of the organizations will use the money to establish Charity Funds that will be of real public service in the event of an emergency.

Dixon (Ill.) Lodge a Stopping-Place For Many Tourists

Elks driving over the Lincoln Highway will do well to stop off a while at Dixon (Ill.) Lodge, No. 779, which is situated one block off the Highway. There will be found one of the most comfortable Club-houses in the State. Members of Dixon Lodge have recently remodeled and refurnished their Home throughout and made it exceedingly attractive. Situated on one of the great National thoroughfares, it is a point of pride with every member to welcome the traveler hospitably and to show him every consideration—even though his stay be brief.

Life Membership Given to Veterans of Civil War

The eight surviving members of Burnside Post, No. 92, G.A.R., were recently made life members of Mount Carmel (Pa.) Lodge, No. (Continued on page 72)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)



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I Made Hardly Enough to Support My Family



When I think back to this time last year and recall that I was then making barely enough for my family to live on, I can hardly realize that my present salary of \$400 a month is not just a pleasant dream.

A year ago I was what you might call a "jack-of-all-trades and master of none." Today I am a trained automobile man, holding down the job of foreman in the town's main garage—and all because I made a study of automobiles in my spare time at night after work.

I first learned about the Home Study Automobile Course, put out by the Michigan State Automobile School, through an advertisement I saw one day in a magazine—and I have never been so glad over anything in my life as over answering that ad. The information I received in reply to my letter to the Auto School opened up an entirely new field to me. For I had never realized how much money could be made in the automobile business—and how many good-paying jobs were open in it for trained men.

The information which I received is all contained in a Free Book which the Michigan State Automobile School will be glad to send you upon request—together with a 100-page Catalog of the mammoth school in Detroit to which students come from all parts of the country. Send for the FREE Book and Catalog, as I did, and find out how easy it is for you to get into the \$400-a-month class like myself and thousands of other young fellows like me—by just studying about automobiles in your spare time at home. Write today.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO MEMBERS

Every member of the Order is a subscriber to The Elks Magazine and is entitled to and should receive it regularly each month.

Members are urged to immediately notify their Lodge Secretary of any change in their mailing address, and the Secretary is required by Grand Lodge Law to promptly report all such changes. Only by this cooperation can the members be assured of receiving their copies of the Magazine.

356. The occasion was a memorable and impressive one. The veterans appeared in their well-known uniforms and were escorted into the Lodge by World War Veterans also in uniform. The Lodge-room was crowded with members who were deeply moved by the scene as the old warriors took the obligations of the Order. The entire ceremony was held, and the veterans responded with touching and inspiring speeches. After the session of the Lodge, the Boys of '61 were entertained with a special banquet in their honor. An orchestra played martial airs and old time war songs were sung. The average age of the eight new members of Mount Carmel Lodge is eighty years.

Ex-Servicemen at Battle Creek Given Concert by Grand Rapids Lodge

Grand Rapids (Mich.) Lodge, No. 48, recently gave the ex-service men confined in Roosevelt American Legion Hospital, located at Battle Creek, Mich., an entertainment which will linger long in the memories of patients. The Lodge's own band of forty pieces, accompanied by the University Trio, made up a program which drew laughter and applause from the boys. Besides using a special car, many of the members made the trip to Battle Creek by auto. This was the second entertainment given at the Hospital by Grand Rapids Lodge in the past six months.

"Baby Lodge" of Wisconsin Institutes First Class

Instituted in April, Platteville (Wis.) Lodge, No. 1460, the "Baby Lodge" of the State, recently held its first initiation of new members, thereby bringing its membership close to 100. The officers of Galena (Ill.) Lodge, No. 882, conducted the initiatory work and delegations from sister Lodges at Dubuque, Appleton, Lancaster, Darlington and other points in surrounding territory, attended the ceremony. A banquet followed the initiation and the evening was enlivened by a program of vaudeville acts.

Galveston Lodge Conducts Successful "Milk Fund" Dance

Galveston (Texas) Lodge, No. 126, is proud of its achievement in raising a large sum for the United Charities milk fund. The Lodge arranged a mammoth dance for which more than 800 tickets were sold. A fine orchestra was engaged and members and their friends crowded the famous Tokio pavilion which had been elaborately decorated for the occasion. The proceeds realized by the dance will be used by the United Charities for the purpose of supplying needy Galveston babies with proper nourishment during the balance of the summer.

Shreveport (La.) Lodge Will Build New Eight Story Home

Plans for a \$450,000. structure to be erected on the lot recently bought by Shreveport (La.) Lodge, No. 122, adjoining the site of the present Home, have been prepared by the architects. The building will be eight stories high, of concrete and steel framework, limestone and pressed brick front, and will be one of the most complete Club-houses in the community. A large swimming pool with special locker facilities will be one of the features.

Members Buy Liberally of Stock In New Building

Whittier (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1258, took the first step toward securing funds for a new Home at a recent meeting, when seven thousand dollars worth of stock in the project was subscribed by the members in ten minutes. The report of the Building Association of the Lodge that the books of that corporation were open, followed by an invitation to all members present to purchase at least one share of stock, brought forth a liberal response. Whittier Lodge proposes to erect this year a \$100,000 building on its property at the corner of Philadelphia and Painter Streets. Work will not be started until half of the money

needed is in the bank, and an active campaign is under way to secure this amount early in the Summer.

Morgan City (La.) Lodge Celebrates Anniversary with Banquet

Morgan City (La.) Lodge, No. 1121, recently celebrated its fifteenth anniversary with a large banquet and entertainment. The Lodge was instituted in 1908 with 27 members and it now has 316 names on its roster. Morgan City Elks own their own Home which they are planning to remodel so as to include a gymnasium and swimming-pool.

Orphan Children Entertained By Santa Monica (Calif.) Lodge

All orphan children in the Santa Monica Bay cities were guests of Santa Monica (Calif.) Lodge, No. 906, on the opening day of the three-day rodeo and barbecue at Cooper's Ranch in Topanga Canyon. Prizes were awarded children in outdoor events of all kinds. The same day saw Women's Day, with special features arranged for them. Proceeds of the show helped to send the State Championship Elk Band of No. 906 to the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlanta.

Playground Established and Equipped By Wheeling (W. Va.) Lodge

Wheeling (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 28, is steadily widening the scope of its activities in the field of Welfare Work. One of the Lodge's recent accomplishments was the establishment of an Elks' Playground on a large city plot. The Lodge has equipped the ground with a wide variety of play apparatus and is now considering additional plans for the betterment of the city's youth.

Dallas Lodge Initiates Large Class—Many Lodges Attend Ceremony

All lodges within a 150-mile radius of Dallas were invited to attend the special ceremonies and entertainment which accompanied the entry of a large class of new members into Dallas (Texas) Lodge, No. 71. Fort Worth (Texas) Lodge, No. 124, sent a delegation of 200 and its famous degree team took charge of the work necessary to make the 110 candidates members of the Order of Elks. In the evening a large banquet to the visitors and new members was followed by a program of music, dancing and many other features.

Brief News of the Order Received from Far and Near

By staging a successful "Elks' Follies," Sayre (Pa.) Lodge raised sufficient funds to purchase uniforms for its recently organized "Elks' Community Band" of 38 pieces.

Salem (Ore.) Lodge claims the distinction of being the only Lodge organized in 1896 with every one of its 27 Past Exalted Rulers not only living but also in good standing.

The 166th Infantry Band from Columbus, Ohio, and delegations from all neighboring Lodges, took part in the corner-stone laying ceremony for the new Club House of Circleville (Ohio) Lodge.

Milford, Conn., is talking of forming a Lodge of Elks. Between 80 and 90 members of the Order, now residents of Milford, belong to Bridgeport and New Haven Lodges.

Nearly \$2,000 was realized by the circus given by McAlester (Okla.) Lodge. The raising of this sum made it possible for the Lodge to pay off its entire outstanding indebtedness so that it is now in a better financial condition than at any time since its institution.

Pottstown (Pa.) Lodge was host to the famous Philadelphia Degree Team and a delegation of 500 members from No. 2. A street parade preceded the initiation of a large class by the Philadelphia team.

A special program was given by Lamar (Colo.) Lodge to celebrate the opening of its new Club House.



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Never was there such a variegated genius as Oscar Wilde, and never a more sensational career. At one moment the most eminent man of letters in the world; the most accomplished conversationalist of his day; his wit and epigrams quoted as news in the papers of two continents; three plays running at one time in London; his books, when they appeared, translated into every civilized language! The next moment—ruin and a felon's cell, his career blighted.

Wilde's case is on all fours with that of Poe, De Maupassant, Coleridge, De Quincey, and many other great masters, who lived within the shadows. His work, however, is immortal. Because of his varied genius, it is replete with endless entertainment. Since his death, there has been an unceasing and *ever-increasing* demand for his complete works. Booksellers will tell you that there is no standard author in more constant demand. Why is this? Because it is recognized everywhere to-day that ignorance of Wilde's outstanding

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