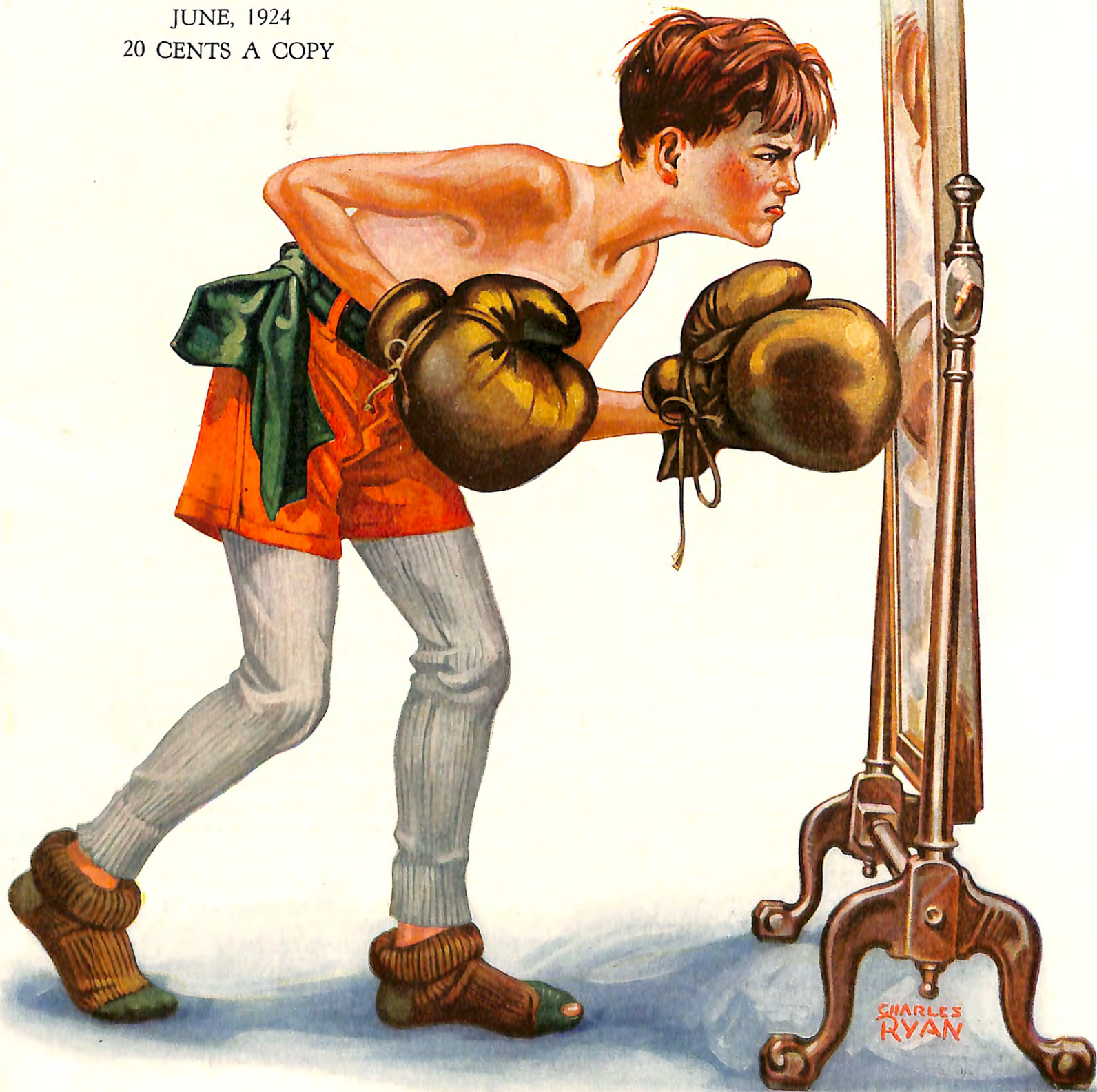


The Elks

Magazine

JUNE, 1924
20 CENTS A COPY



*Beginning Our Third Successful Year with a Thrilling
Novel of Adventure in China by Achmed Abdullah*



"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best"

"B.V.D." Union Suit

Men's \$1.50 the suit, Youths' 85c

"B.V.D." shaped elastic insertions at shoulders and *encircling* waist make these cool, loose-fitting undergarments instantly responsive to your slightest movement. These *ever-elastic* insertions are knitted by us on spring needle machines from yarns spun from selected cotton in our own yarn mill.

The perfect "B.V.D." closed crotch (patented) completely covers the crotch *without surplus trunk length* and uncomfortable needless material at crotch or seat.

The patented elastic shoulder construction and waist band reinforcement are additional guarantees of comfort and long wear.

"B.V.D." Shirts and Drawers

85c the garment

"B.V.D." Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers are the *constant choice* of millions of men who wear two-piece underwear. They know that they are correctly cut as to size and that there is a shapeliness to the garments that makes them hang smoothly and evenly with neither too much nor too little fullness.

The garments are tailored with noticeable balance and drape, which they retain no matter how long worn or how often washed.

The Thrill of a "Homer"

Finds the Fans Cool in "B.V.D."

"B.V.D." developed an entirely new principle which completely revolutionized under dress.

For its Coolness, Comfort, Long Wear and Famous Fit, "B.V.D." is *everywhere* the underwear of men who demand these qualities in their Undergarments.

From raw cotton to the finished garment, in every stage of manufacture, ceaseless care assures the Unvarying Quality which has brought world wide preference for "B.V.D."

The cool, durable nainsook of "B.V.D." is woven in our own mills from selected cotton and finished in our bleachery.

In our factories vigilant inspection guards every process of skilful cutting, sturdy stitching, well sewn buttons and accurate finish.

There Is Only One "B.V.D." Underwear

It Is Always Identified By This Red Woven Label



(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York

Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

©1924
The B. V. D. Co., Inc.

Looking for a Bigger Salary?

-Let LaSalle-trained men tell you how to get it!



If while you read this page a thousand men should march in front of you—pay envelopes in hand—and each should say to you something like this:

"You're wondering about home-study training by the LaSalle Problem Method. But WE'RE not wondering! HERE'S the evidence, Mr. Man—in BIGGER PAY!"

If you could actually SEE and TALK with these men—and not just a thousand, but many, many thousand—

You'd not waste time in WONDERING. You'd write to LaSalle Extension University AT ONCE—and get the FACTS!

* * *

These men can't come to you in person—but they CAN come most enthusiastically by LETTER.

And regardless of the rut you may be in—the discouragement you may feel—the thought you may hold that your particular case is "different"—regardless of all that, you will find among the 450,000 men who have enrolled with LaSalle in the past fourteen years many thousands of men who have been up against situations EQUALLY HARD—and who DESPITE the obstacles they faced have won rapid and most gratifying advancement.

Consider A. V. McDuffie, a North Carolina man, for example—clerk in a grocery store at \$15 a week, and with a wife and little daughter to support. Refusing to be disheartened at his financial straits, he

enrolled for training in Higher Accountancy—advanced in a salaried position to a point where he was making \$75 a week—and in his latest letter writes that he now owns a half-interest in an independent firm of Certified Public Accountants, and that his average income, even in dull years, is better than \$10,000 a year.

Consider L. A. M. Lewis, an Ohio man, who writes:

"Nineteen months ago I was a stenographer with a stenographer's salary and a vague idea that I wanted to know more about my work. Today—thanks to your course in Modern Business Correspondence—I have a department of my own in which I handle the work I used to take in dictation, with a 75 per cent increase in salary. The whole field of business has been opened to me, and my aims have gone higher and higher. Lately I have had an offer from the sales manager to represent the company on the road. It's the biggest thing that has come my way, and it's the result of LaSalle training."

Consider, finally, the thousands and thousands of LaSalle-trained men who have won advancement by the LaSalle Problem Method. During three months' time, for example, as many as 1193 reported definite increases totalling \$1,248,526. The average increase per man was 89 per cent.

* * *

If McDuffie—and Lewis—and thousands of others who have profited greatly by



LaSalle training—could come to you in person and tell you what they've proved for themselves, you'd no longer "wonder." You'd ACT!

But—PERHAPS you are shrewd enough—PERHAPS you have sufficient foresight to quit "wondering" RIGHT NOW—and from this very moment to make it your business to find out just what LaSalle training can do for YOU—

If so—there's a coupon just below this text which will bring you complete particulars of the training you are interested in, details of LaSalle's convenient payment plan, and a copy of that most inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

You want a bigger salary? Mark and sign and mail that coupon NOW—and—"let LaSalle-trained men tell you how to GET it!"

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 6328-R

Chicago, Illinois

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.

☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.

☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.

☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.

☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.

☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.

☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.

☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.

☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.

☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.

☐ **Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.

☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.

☐ **Commercial Spanish:** Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.

☐ **Effective Speaking:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech, for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.

☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**



Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Three

Number One



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

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Edward Leach

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

ON MAY 5th, the Order of Elks sustained a deep loss with the sudden passing, in his fifty-eighth year, of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach, for thirty years a member of New York Lodge, No. 1.

Born in Boston, September 3, 1866, Mr. Leach, left fatherless at the age of eleven, became successful in business and came to New York. He was initiated in New York Lodge in 1895. Throwing himself wholeheartedly into the work of his Lodge, he filled the lower stations in turn and, in 1899, was elected Exalted Ruler. This office he held for three years in succession. Upon his retirement as Exalted Ruler in 1902 he was elected a Trustee of his Lodge, and he remained a Trustee until his death. In 1901, at the beginning of his third term as Exalted Ruler of No. 1, Mr. Leach was appointed Grand Esquire by Grand Exalted Ruler, Hon. Charles E. Pickett. The following year he was re-appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler George P. Cronk. In 1907, at the Grand Lodge Meeting in Philadelphia, Mr. Leach was elected Grand Treasurer, an office to which he was reelected in four successive annual conventions.

At Rochester, N. Y., in 1913, Mr. Leach was elected Grand Exalted Ruler. His year as leader of the Order

was marked by an extensive program of visitations to subordinate Lodges, particularly to such smaller ones as had seldom, if ever, been visited by a Grand Exalted Ruler before.

As one of the most active members of New York Lodge, he played an important part in helping the Lodge to erect its present beautiful home.

Funeral services were held May 6th, at the Church of St. Francis Loyola, and also at New York Lodge. Coming as they did so soon after the death of Mr. Leach, it was impossible for many of the Grand Lodge Officers to attend them. Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, who was in Colorado Springs when the news reached him, designated Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61, to represent him in his unavoidable absence. The Lodge services were attended by large delegations from New England and New York State. Interment was at Waterbury, Conn., where the local Lodge conducted very beautiful services at the cemetery.

The touching eulogy delivered in the New York Lodge Room by Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips is published on page 35 of this magazine.

Personalities and Appreciations

TWO years ago this month, in June, 1922, to be exact, there appeared for the first time an entirely new kind of fraternal publication: THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Designed to be more than a mere house organ, more than a mere news bulletin; designed to be a genuine magazine of interest to the whole Elk family in addition to being an inspirational fraternal organ of the highest type, its coming was awaited with keen anticipation mingled, naturally enough, with some misgivings. Anything new, anything which departs from the humdrum path of the commonplace, is always awaited with misgivings. The need for a national publication had been recognized in the Order of Elks for upwards of twenty years. It had been talked about and debated. Finally, in Los Angeles in 1921, the Grand Lodge had unanimously authorized its establishment. At last it was to be a reality. But what sort of a reality would it prove to be? Not the members of the Order alone, but the entire publishing field as well, watched expectantly for its appearance. Now, every month, they still watch expectantly for its appearance. But for a different reason.

For THE ELKS MAGAZINE to-day is recognized as one of the leading periodicals of the country. It has been accorded a place among the best of the old-established magazines purely on a basis of reader interest and high quality. That it is thoroughly read and believed in by an overwhelming majority of those who receive it is proved by one very definite and uncontrovertible fact: advertising in THE ELKS MAGAZINE in any number of cases is outpulling, is drawing more inquiries and orders than the same advertising in some of the best known publications in the United States regardless of size. We have figures aplenty to back up this statement; figures furnished by the advertisers themselves.

It has been pointed out that THE ELKS MAGAZINE started with a tremendous advantage over the average publication in that it had a "ready-made" circulation of some 850,000. That was an advantage, of course. But there is this point to consider: it is not simply size of circulation that has brought THE ELKS MAGAZINE to its present place. THE ELKS MAGAZINE might have started with five millions of circulation and yet have failed miserably long before this if it had not interested and satisfied its readers.

Some Outside Editorial View-points

WHEN other publishers and editors put themselves on record in praise of a new magazine what they say has significance. Here is a brief note from a man generally considered to be one of the ablest magazine editors in America:

"Congratulations. You certainly have done wonders with the magazine. Of all the publications that come to my home, I always look it over among the first."

The letter that follows came from an editor famous for more than twenty years:

"There is no mystery about the popularity and progress of THE ELKS MAGAZINE during the last two years. You have set a high standard in contents and appearance, it is up-to-date in its policy, the best authors contribute to its pages and it is backed by that boundless enthusiasm that has made the Elks a national institution."

The editor of one of our greatest fiction magazines wrote this:

"Speaking in automobile parlance, I'd call THE ELKS MAGAZINE a 'fine job.' It has class in appearance and the vitals seem to be there. The Elks should be proud, in my opinion, of what has been done for them."

The owner and editor of one of the five oldest magazines in this country expressed his approval thus:

"THE ELKS MAGAZINE has been a great forum for good. You are to be congratulated on the splendid literature that has appeared in your issues and the warm human tone which one feels from page to page."

"I have always believed that the Elks as an organization were worthy of a forum such as you are publishing. It fills definitely and unflinchingly a need which every Elk must feel and appreciate."

From the editor of one of the great weeklies comes the following:

"THE ELKS MAGAZINE is something more than a promising infant. It cast off swaddling clothes long ago and stands squarely on its feet among its peers. It is a remarkable feat to take a fraternal publication and make it one of such general interest. More power to your elbow!"

The editorial head of a distinguished house publishing a magazine as well as good books has this to say:

"It seems to me you have been extraordinarily successful in a very difficult undertaking—that of combining the appeal of a popular up-to-date monthly with the necessities of a fraternal organ."

Another man prominently identified with book publishing wrote:

"During the period that I examined carefully certain issues of THE ELKS MAGAZINE I was most favorably impressed by the evidence of skillful editorial selection and by the excellence of the features contained in the magazine. They were distinctly readable and interesting."

The editor of a specialized magazine which leads its field made this comment:

"The other day—(a well-known writer) and I were out at luncheon and we were talking about THE ELKS MAGAZINE. We agreed that you have done a mighty big thing in creating so interesting a magazine in a short time."

The editor of a magazine occupying a similar position to THE ELKS MAGAZINE in another fraternal organization wrote this:

"Ever since its first issue THE ELKS MAGAZINE has been a creditable job,—indeed, physically, as fine a piece of publishing as American records can show."

"Editorially, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has set a very good standard, indeed. I know this because I have had to solve the problem of sustaining general editorial interest while maintaining a specific fraternal function. I believe THE ELKS MAGAZINE has solved this problem successfully. . . ."

"My study of the magazine impresses me with the success of the advertising department. Not knowing the details of your operations I should say, on the printed evidence, that the magazine's performance has been excellent. Certainly THE ELKS MAGAZINE has wrought vitally to convince readers and advertisers that the general fraternal field can be made one of the most fruitful for American periodical publishing."

All the foregoing comment was from editors. Now let us see what a few prominent men in the business end of publishing think of your magazine.

The Views of Some Publishers

FROM the vice-president of a firm that has been notably successful in the publication of high-class magazines:

"I had occasion to look over a recent issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE and was astounded at the progress you have made."

"The magazine itself is a highly creditable publication from an editorial standpoint, but the most amazing achievement is the big volume of advertising that you have already developed for a publication with so short a history as its background. Advertisers as a rule hesitate to spend their money in a magazine until it is pretty firmly established. They are not satisfied to know how many copies are being distributed, but they are interested to find out to what an extent these magazines are read and what impression they make on their readers. This is usually a very slow process. A magazine takes years to find itself and make a place for itself in the household. That THE ELKS MAGAZINE has accomplished this is amply evidenced by the big volume of advertising."

The publisher of an old-established family periodical goes on record thus:

"I believe that a paper representing a society or fraternal organization in a mediocre way is a bad liability. It hurts the organization and incidentally in time becomes a very heavy load to carry, as it never will get on a self-supporting basis. You are doing a job that I predict will become a successful publishing property and add great credit to the Elks."

The business manager of a great monthly of general circulation chimes in:

"Two years is rather a long time for me to wait to write a letter of congratulation but knowing as well as I do the publishing business—a business which I have been in for fifteen years—I am ashamed to admit that I never thought THE ELKS MAGAZINE could be put across in any different way than the great number of so-called

fraternal papers that have been on the market in a half-hearted way for years past.

"Now that two years have passed I have watched the progress you have made with this magazine every month and I simply want to say that it is without a doubt the most outstanding achievement that has happened in the publishing world—at least during my contact with it.

The president of a company publishing a magazine dealing with foreign affairs:

"I think you have done in two years what the average publisher is satisfied in doing in from five to ten years. You have a magazine which is well edited, well illustrated and with the best of editorial material in it. But, from my standpoint, it is of even more importance that you have an advertising section which is up to the quality of the editorial part of the book.

"I think I can best sum up my sentiments about the progress of THE ELKS MAGAZINE by saying if, in two years — Magazine is able to show the same development that you have shown, I will be perfectly satisfied."

The advertising manager of the best known magazines in the fiction field expressed himself as follows:

"The cover is very attractive, and the editorial contents are such as to appeal to everybody, whether a member of the Elks, or not. I was surprised at the amount of high-grade fiction that you carry. With my experience in this field, I do not hesitate in saying that you are building a magazine with tremendous advertising qualities. I was surprised to see the volume of your advertising, and also to see the high-grade and varied character of the same.

"When I say that I was surprised, I do not exactly mean that, for the reason that I was somewhat prepared by the comments I have been hearing from advertisers throughout the territory. In the last six months, it seems that THE ELKS has been the most talked of magazine of any that we come in competition, and we have seen much evidence of the rapid progress of THE ELKS."

Here is part of a letter from the business manager of a great women's magazine:

"It is one thing to push forward something that is already going and quite another thing to start a project from scratch and have it attain success.

"It must give you a great deal of satisfaction to notice the progress that your magazine has made in the last two years. It would seem to me as a rank outsider that you have done a mighty good job with it."

And here's one from the business manager of another distinguished magazine for women:

"You really are getting out a magazine. There is a lot of material here that is of real interest to people who are not Elks. Also you are carrying a class of business that I didn't think you could possibly get.

"I think you have done a great job, and I would like to be among those to offer you sincere congratulations. If the Elks had been in the publishing business as long as I have, and knew as intimately some of its difficulties, I think they would all have their hats off to you."

What Is the Secret?

WHAT is the secret of the appeal of THE ELKS MAGAZINE? Why do these men, trained workers in the publishing business, unite to praise it? Why has THE ELKS MAGAZINE won its way into the hearts of nearly nine hundred thousand families? Why is it eagerly awaited and read from cover to cover and then passed on to friends who are not yet Elks? Why is it that this publication, unknown two years ago, has, in so short a time, become regarded as on a plane with the old and firmly established magazines of this country? The reason is simple:

THE ELKS MAGAZINE was born with a purpose. It is fulfilling that purpose. THE ELKS MAGAZINE was founded to render a great service. It is rendering that service.

In establishing THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the Grand Lodge stipulated that: "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."

No magazine was ever started with a sounder platform than that. And any measure of success THE ELKS

MAGAZINE has achieved, or ever will achieve, may be laid to a scrupulous adherence to the terms of that platform. That and one other policy—

"None But the Best—"

FROM the very beginning we have made it clear that we wanted to give our readers None But the Best. In every respect and in every department that has been and is our aim. It would have been very easy to buy inferior paper, slipshod printing, third-rate material and to throw the magazine together haphazard, regardless of those niceties of detail which distinguish a genuine product from a shoddy imitation. But how long would the magazine have lasted had such methods been employed? What would people have thought of it and said of it? And how would you have liked it?

Every project the Order of Elks has ever undertaken has been carried out in a manner designed to reflect credit on its membership. In the case of THE ELKS MAGAZINE the necessity for building on the highest possible plane is greater, perhaps, than in any other undertaking of the fraternity—because THE ELKS MAGAZINE, as its official mouthpiece, represents the Order publicly in the eyes of the world. And we believe we may say, with all due modesty, that you or any other Elk could present any copy of THE ELKS MAGAZINE published during the last two years to a non-Elk confident that his—or her—impression of the Order would be broadened and heightened by perusal of it.

And you may feel confident, too, that now, on the threshold of the third year of the life of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, we are more than ever conscious of our great responsibility and of our obligation not only to maintain the standard of your publication, but in so far as it lies in our power, to raise that standard.

Is Naturalization Americanization?

ONE of the activities in which the Order at large is deeply interested is Americanization. This is a loosely used word, made to cover a multitude of meanings. Just what does it mean? We thought it would be useful to secure an explanation of the term from the practical standpoint. And so we went to a man who has made a study of Americanization and whose position enables him to see and to understand the problems relating to it more clearly, probably, than most of us. This man is Henry H. Curran, author of "John Citizen's Job" and U. S. Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, New York. Seeing, meeting and listening to thousands of immigrants coming into this country, Mr. Curran has learned to regard them a little differently from the way in which they are usually regarded. And his views on assimilating them into our population and making citizens of them are tremendously interesting.

In a forthcoming issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE you will find Mr. Curran's first article on the Americanization problem. In it he sets forth the conditions. Later on he will follow up this article with a discussion of the remedy for these conditions.

A Letter to the Editor

AS THIS issue went to press we were beginning to receive letters from Elks all over the country in response to an inquiry on this page in May asking readers to tell us what they turned to first in the magazine. Here is just one of the letters, from a member of Eastport, Me., Lodge, No. 880, now resident in Los Angeles:

"When THE ELKS MAGAZINE comes to me I usually turn first to the Official Communications and then to the Editorial pages and then to the theatrical pages, "Spreading Antlers," Sporting Angle, Sun Parlor, the financial article and book reviews and a short story. "I enjoy THE ELKS MAGAZINE to the uttermost and look forward to its coming as a symbol of brotherliness from Sea to Shining Sea."

"A symbol of brotherliness" strikes us as an excellent way to phrase it. And, if you haven't already done so, why don't you write and tell us which feature of the magazine you turn to first yourself?



A Thrilling Novel of High Adventure and Intrigue in China During the Turbulent Days of a Revolution

Part I

ON THE threshold of the Temple of the Monkey and the Stork stood a gaunt, orange-robed Buddhist priest, waving a triangular scarlet banner.

"*Pao Ch'ing Mien Yang!*" he yelled with the full force of his lungs, "—death to the Manchu oppressors and honorable loyalty to China!"

Above him, in the peaked roofing of the pagoda gateway, a gigantic coolie, half-naked, blood-smeared, had swung himself up with a whirl of large, hairy legs worthy of a chimpanzee.

"*Pao Ch'ing Mien Yang!*" he shouted his grim echo to the priest's falsetto.

"*Pao Ch'ing Mien Yang!*" the cry was taken up in savage symphony as the mob milled through the ancient North China town of Tai-Ho like a huge snake with innumerable, bobbing heads, butter-yellow, high-cheeked, almond-eyed, mouths cleft into toothy grimaces.

On they rolled, tramping over the cobble stones, splashing through the thick, blue slime, relentless, shrilling, uproaring—a brutal segment of Mongol cosmos. On, past a double row of women's and children's tense faces, shrieking, huzzaing, proud of father and brother and son who marched there with the crackle of steel and the thud of gun-butt. Through Pewter Lane; through the wide Eastern Road where the palace of Seng-ko-lin-chin, the Tartar prince, squinted down at them with sardonic, warily shuttered windows; through the Terrace of the Western Empress, once reserved to Europeans, but deserted on the eve of civil war by everybody except M. Jules-Marie Carragnac, the proprietor of the *Grand Hotel de Nord*: through the Street of Increasing Purity—so named with oblique Asian humor because here, scented with acrid poppy juice and cloying perfume, were houses devoted to the seven vices of man—and on to the Square of the Leaning Plumtree where general mandarin Po, a spectacled, scholarly man, was sitting his pony among the flutter of the battle flags, among the staccato, bull-like roar of the long-stemmed Chinese war trumpets.

Strife was over; victory won; the north cleared of invaders.

For last night, in the shadow of Tai-Ho's bastioned walls, the hordes of Manchus and Tartars, the monarchists, the copper-faced, tough-riding raiders out of the western plains and the northern mountains, had fled before the republic's coolie troopers; had been shelled to crimson carrion by the republic's European-drilled artillery—the *Shen-chi Ying* or "Divine Mechanism Army," as the Chinese called it. The golden dragon

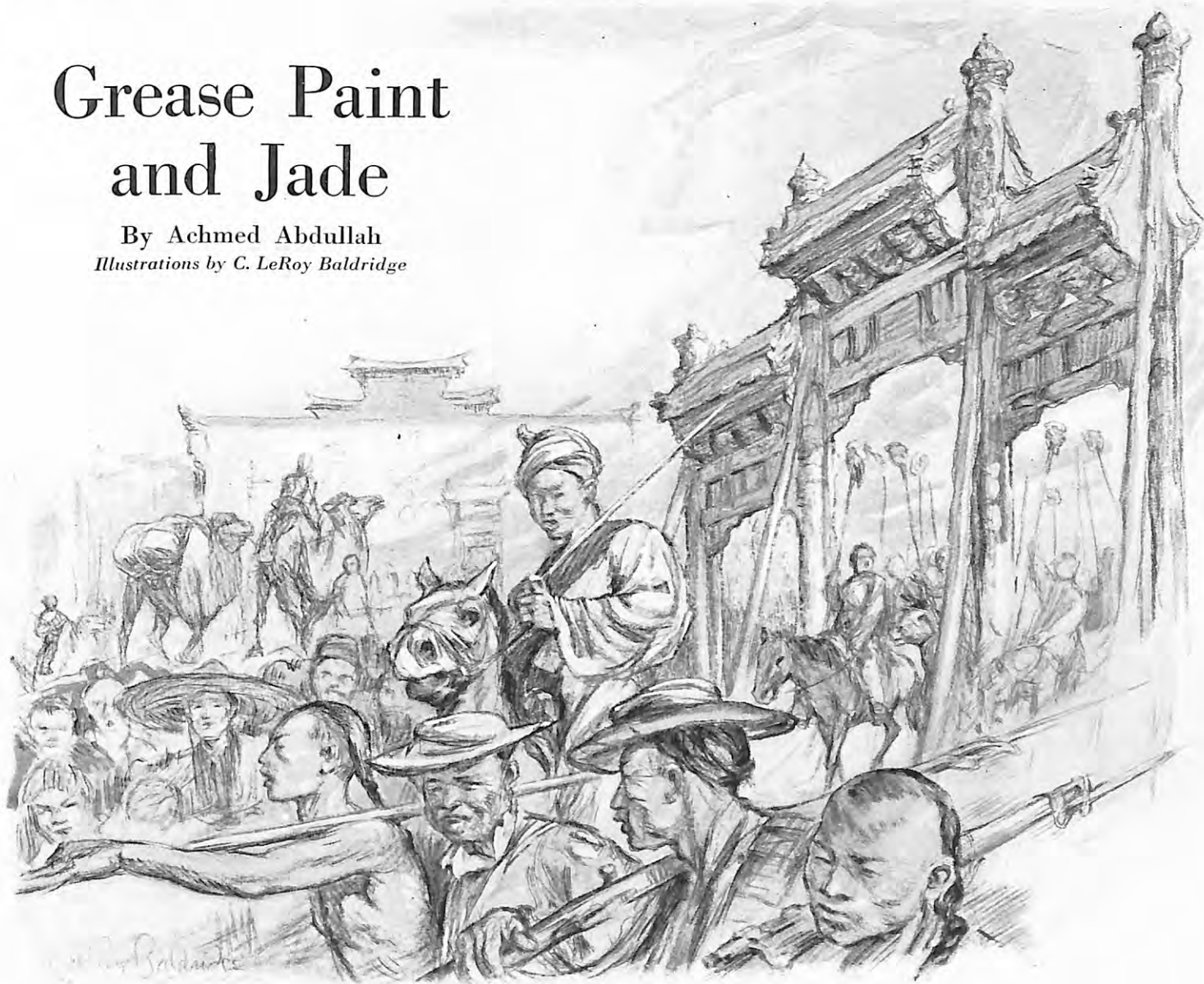
Still they came on, like illustrations from some fantastic book of travel . . . Louder shrilled the voices, bloating to a soul-freezing pitch as the end of the grim parade swept into sight



Grease Paint and Jade

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldridge



standard of the imperialists had been trampled in the dust. The five-striped bunting of China's brand-new democracy had flown victorious.

Now there was triumph. There was relief. There were prayers and swirling, sweet-smelling incense of thanks-giving to the Blessed Lord Gautama Buddha.

But there was not yet hate assuaged; nor the memory of former sufferings wiped out. And so occasionally, when the mob met Manchus or Tartars—not soldiers they, but peaceful traders and artisans, yet of the hated breed—clubs came down with a wicked swish.

A DISHEVELED Manchu woman dragged what had been a man into the shelter of a purple-blotched postern. A shower of bricks smashed a booth where an elderly "Fish-skin" Tartar was displaying his meager wares. Guns snarled and spat. A cry gurgled, as a Pekinese dagger struck home and flashed ruddy.

Still they came on, like illustrations from some fantastic book of travel.

Shensi men in yellow tunics embroidered with black dragons; wiry Cantonese, two-handed swords carried by some, while others fingered modern carbines; flat-featured, bandy-legged peasants from Szechuen armed with bows and arrows; sturdy, black-tur-

baned Kansuh braves tanned a deep mahogany by months of campaigning; khaki-clad, efficient-looking Pekinese levies. Too, there were auxiliaries from the South, not Chinese, but jungly aborigines, tattooed savages, clubs poised in brawny fists, emblazoned shields fastened to their left arms.

On, while the long-stemmed trumpets bellowed and thundered in half-chorus, first hanging on a high note, then suddenly tumbling an octave and roaring their challenge in unison, like a lot of enraged bulls.

Louder shrilled the voices: "*Pao Ch'ing Mien Yang!*"; not cheers, rousing, enthusiastic as victorious European soldiers would give, but hysterical, bloating to a soul-freezing pitch as the end of the trim parade swept into sight, with a huge Pekinese astride a white stallion, carrying high in his right hand, spiked on a tall lance, the head of a Manchu prince, its round bonnet with coral button of imperial rank stuck on awry, its long, green jade earrings tinkling with every jerk.

Followed other riders, carrying other heads. Hundreds of them, a very forest, topping lances and poles, twisted in the obscene grimaces of death; heads of Tartars and Manchus, but also here and there of white men, European and American adventurers who had tossed their last dice with fate, and of Tsarist officers, driven from

Russia by the Bolsheviks, who had fought—some for principle, more driven by need—in the army of the monarchists.

The watchers on the curb greeted them with a hurricane of jeers.

"**PAH!**" an old coolie woman spat through stumpy, yellow teeth. "Tiger you were once, O most exalted prince of the three-clawed dragon's breed! And—hayah! paper tiger you are now!"

"Aye!" chimed in another woman. "Paper tiger with paper teeth!"—and she shied a fistful of sticky, brown mud at the Manchu's dripping head.

More jeers; more hectic, foul-frothing curses.

For always and everywhere, in China or Moscow or Paris, when the gods of revolution are athirst, it is the women rather than the men who clamor for the last, black dregs of revenge.

"Carrion!"—the mouth that formed the word was small and cherry-red.

"Dung!"

"Thus may be the fate of all of them!"

"May pigs defile their mothers' graves!"

"Oppressors—dead, dead!"—in a great heaving of triumph that sublimated the cruel soul of China into something nearly magnificent.

"*Pao Ch'ing Mien Yang!*" again and again; and—blare! blare! blare!—the bull-like roar of the trumpets; then, suddenly, a single voice cutting, stridently, through the turmoil:

"Wait—Chinese dogs!"

A Tartar, a red-bearded giant from the far North, his lumbering body robed in sables, had jumped on a wall. He stood there, superb, fearless, with something so ominous and stately in his pose that, almost instinctively, all noises were quelled, all eyes stared at him.

"Wait, filth-eating Chinese dogs!" he repeated; and a harsh sob droned in his voice. "The end is not yet! Wait! Wait for the *Chien Ko!*"

"The *Chien Ko* . . .," came the stammering echo, gliding from mouth to mouth.

And, with the words, with the thought that they imaged and implied, something like a shivering pall seemed to drop over street and mob. They looked at each other, questioning each other with their eyes, trying to read the fear in each other's hearts.

"O Buddha!" mumbled the priest of the Temple of the Monkey and the Stork. His fingers dropped the revolutionary banner as if they had touched live coals.

A woman broke into hysterical tears and clutched her little child tight in her arms.

And still the Tartar stood there, defying them all, repeating like the response in some satanic litany:

"The *Chien Ko* . . . the *Chien Ko* . . . wait for him—Chinese dogs. . ."

It was not a name—*Chien Ko*—nor was it exactly a title. It simply meant "Dictator."

Nobody here had ever seen him. Nobody knew his name, his nation, his origin; nor even his faith or race.

OF COURSE there were legends and gossip a-plenty as to who he was.

Some said that he was an illegitimate son of the later Dowager Empress; others claimed that he was a Turkoman freebooter from Lake Baikal, eager to emulate his countryman Tamerlane's medieval example; the correspondent of the *Chicago Gazette* knew "for certain" that he was a paid Japanese agent, while his colleague of the *London Mirror* had it on "undisputable authority" that he was a former Prussian general, exiled by the world war. And, finally, the superstitious Mongol nomads of the western plains declared that he was an incarnation of that fabulous deity, the "King of the Demons," who was said to live in an underground palace in northern Tibet and to crystallize in his soul the courage and wild ambition of all the Central Asian conquerors who had ever invaded China: Genghiz Khan; the Kirgiz of the Golden and Silver Hordes; the squat, ruddy-faced riders of the Yuen dynasty; Turks and Tartars, Buriats and Afghans and Kalmicks; and at last the Manchus, the *aisin cioros*, the iron-capped, imperial clansmen of Nurbachi's breed.

But, whoever the man and whatever his origin, there was no doubt these last twelve months, he had been a thorn in the side of the young Chinese republic. For again and again his hawkish marauders had rushed to the rescue of the hard-pressed, numerically inferior Manchus. Again and again they had torn across the border with the swish of the sword, the jingling of turquoise-studded headstalls, the scream and bray of

the war trumpets, the rasp of bamboo lance-butts, and the flat thud of soft-nosed bullets; like a whirlwind of destruction, blazing up and down the western frontier; looting, burning, killing.

Here to-day and there to-morrow, striking swiftly and mercilessly and always at the very place where they were not supposed to be, saving the Manchus when all hope seemed lost, by diverting the attention of the Chinese generals and forcing them to weaken their armies by hurrying whole brigades to the west. Nor was there much consolation in the remark of Major Aloysius Donohue, the American military adviser at-

tached to Chinese headquarters, that the *Chien Ko* did not seem able or willing to follow up his victories and—"almost Russian in his dilatoriness," Donohue characterized him, "wants the chicken to lay the egg twice before he thinks it's good enough to fry and eat"—was always satisfied with temporary success.

Thus the *Chien Ko's* name had become a bugaboo from Peking to Canton; a dread reminder to frighten naughty Chinese children—to cause grey hair to sprout in the raven cues of solemn Chinese statesmen—and, finally, to drop over the Tai-Ho streets like a shivering pall.

BUT this pall of fear did not last long; a minute, perhaps two while the Tartar was bellowing his defiance—then, suddenly, a thought came to the priest of the Temple of the Monkey and the Stork.

He voiced it loudly:

"The Manchus are defeated! Out yonder—" he pointed toward the city walls—"the vultures are feasting on their bones! So let the *Chien Ko* come! He will come too late to save the oppressors!"

Too late . . . there was the gist of it, the fact; giving the lie to the Tartar's boast.

They realized it at once. And the very knowledge that they had been afraid without cause, the further knowledge that somehow, in spite of it, they were still afraid, increased their hate.

"Kill! Kill!" rose the shout.

They closed about the Tartar. The flash of steel. A choked shriek. Laughter.

"Wait!" cried the priest. He ran into the temple, returned with two large squares of rice brush, and Chinese ink, squatted down, painted rapid mandarin hieroglyphics.

Laughter again. And there, stuck on a lance, joining the heads of his countrymen, was the Tartar's red-bearded head and, front and back, with the blood of the severed

Rapidly the figure glided out of the silver moon wedge; but Maguire had seen the glitter of steel in one hand

neck dripping down, two squares of paper for all the world to read.

"*Wo pu shih*—I am not!" declared one of the placards sardonically, while the other advised as sardonically: "*Mo t'an kuo shih*—avoid political discussions!"

A trumpet blared. The procession swept out of sight, toward the Square of the Leaning Plumtree.

IT WAS characteristic of China—perhaps of its callousness, perhaps of its ancient, practical civilization—that, three minutes later, throughout town, business was resumed.

The prosy trade of every day. But, too, the special trade for the occasion, since marching, shouting men need food and drink, and since victorious, war-weary men crave amusement.

So now the streets echoed the shrill, sharp cries of haggle and barter.

There was the lemonade-seller's: "Sweet water—and gladden thy soul!" accompanied with the clanging of brass cups; the: "*Tsieh kwang! Hi low yah! To hoh wang!*" of the chair-bearers; the melancholy calls of the fish-peddlers; the castagnets of the candy-merchants. There were itinerant cook-shops where for a few copper cash a man could fill his bowl with chopped onions, a dried shrimp or two, some almonds, a little finely cut ginger, a bit of fresh fish, and then sluice the whole with boiling rice water and sprinkle it with a few drops of soey salt; and, for the richer gourmets, spatch-cock rats, split open, dried, and hung up neatly and invitingly by their tails. There were women from the Street of Increasing Purity, gorgeous in sky-blue grenadine embroidered with obscene pictures, and very evidently proud of their ancient profession, since there is no shame in China and work is work—to be done, and to be paid for.

Gradually, by twos and threes, the soldiers returned from the review on the Square of the Leaning Plumtree. The streets filled. Battle and death were forgotten. Trade became brisk. Mirth rose in gusts.

They were ready for anything, as long as it was either amusing or exciting.

And it came—both amusing and exciting—and necks craned, eyes stared, mouths split to full, wide laughter as the door of the *Grand Hotel du Nord* opened suddenly and revealed, flanked by his Chinese cooks and waiters, the proprietor, M. Jules-Marie Carragnac, his black, spade-shaped beard thrust out like a battering-ram, gesticulating wildly, and facing a young man and a young girl whom his servants had pushed across the threshold. "Bandit!" screamed the Frenchman. "Vagabond! Robber!"

"Dry up, whiskers!" began the young man, while the young girl ran down the steps, imploring him to





follow her. "Let me tell you what I think of you. . . ."

His words rolled on.

"Yang-kuei-tzu—foreign devils!" commented a coolie.

"Yes!" chimed in the merchant of spatchcock rats. "Maotzu—coarse-haired devils of the first class!"

"Indeed—" this from a priest—"especially the male devil-barbarian! Look at his hair—red! Observe his eyes—blue! Consider his face—freckled! And—for though I cannot understand his devil's language, yet has the Buddha granted me enlightenment—listen to the exquisite richness of his abuse!"

Instinctively the priest had guessed it. For the young man was telling the hotel proprietor in choicest American slang what he thought of him.

"Shut up!" he roared as the other interrupted him. "Say it with flowers—not with a mouth full of garlic!"

Out on the street, the young girl broke into laughter.

"My word!" she exclaimed; and there was that in her inflection which would have

"Bandit!" screamed the Frenchman. "Vagabond! Robber!" "Dry up, Whiskers!" began the young man, while the young girl ran down the steps. "This is what I think of you . . ."

stamped her anywhere as a native of London.

"Hyena!" yelled the Frenchman, trying to close the door. Unbeautiful Yankee cannibal!"

"Say—" countered the American, keeping the door propped open with his foot—"when it comes to matching beauty you aren't exactly a daffodil yourself!"

"Get out, Apache!"

"You're one of those Frenchmen that tried to charge us doughboys rent for the trenches we occupied over there! Sure! I know! I was there! Haven't you got no decency—to put us on the street—and to keep our baggage—and . . ."

"No money—no board!" cut in the other.

"Got quite Chinkified, didn't you? Like my laundryman back home in San Francisco, 'no tickie, no washee!'" He lowered his voice to a more conciliatory pitch: "Listen to reason. . . ."

"No money—no board!" repeated M. Carragnac.

"Sure. I heard you before. A word to the wise is as good as a kick in the pants. But—Have a heart! This is China—and revolution—and all the whites have beat it—and we haven't a red. I'm not asking for myself. But it's the girl—little Limehouse Ann! You wouldn't. . . ."

"I would, assassin!" cried the Frenchman; and, at the same moment, he gave the young American a sudden push that sent him sprawling down into the street.

The door shut with a bang.

THE American saw red. He was about to rush back up the steps, fists raised, when he felt the young girl's hand on his arm, heard her soft drawl:

"I say, old fruit! Wouldn't try it if I were you!"

"Why not?"

"Door is teak-wood—bound with iron!"

"Right you are!" he replied; smiled; and, regardless of the laughing, chattering Chinese who crowded about the pair, he sat down on the curb, rolled a cigarette, and lit it.

"Where'll we go from here?" asked the girl. She was on the sunny side of twenty-five, small and pretty, with wheaten hair, a short, softly curved nose, and straight, black brows which divided her grey eyes from her broad, low forehead. Her complexion—white and rose—was as typically English as her accent and her calm commonsense.

HE LAUGHED. "I know where I'd like to go!"

"Namely?"

"Straight up to some clergyman—and hear you whisper: 'I will!'—and the organ playing 'Voice that breathed o'er Eden. . .'"

"Proposing?"

"What d'you think?"

"Hardly the right time or the right place!"

"But the right girl! Ann—I take back everything I have ever said about the English—and my name's Sarsfield O'Malley Maguire at that! Honest—the minute I saw you, back stage there at the old Eldorado—I wanted to have you wrapped up and sent home C. O. D.!"

"Only—just now you have no home to send me to—and not enough tin to pay for the package."

"Darn cold-blooded little Britisher!"

"Please—have some sense, boy!"

And Sarsfield O'Malley Maguire, known among his many friends as Kid Maguire, raised clenched fists.

"Gee!" he said. "If I could get my fists on Dempsey Schloss and that red-haired chicken of his!"

Yet Dempsey Schloss' half-page advertisement a year ago in the Billboard had looked so attractive:

BANK ON THE GRAND OLD MAN!

Listen, folks! I'm going to the Far East with a show. I own this show. Musical show. She is a bird with teeth. She is going to knock Japan and China for a row of potted geraniums. I am going to clean the Americans and Britishers out there of all the dollars U. S. A. or Mex. that they possess. I am in the show business for the kale, folks, and I am going to get it. Come on, you singers and dancers, sign up if you hear the East a-callin' and the greenbacks a-rustlin'. Wire. Don't write. We're sailing to the land where chop-suey grows on bushes and where mandarins wash your chemises and your B. V. D's free of charge. Address: Dempsey Schloss, THE GRAND OLD MAN, 10 Clarke St., Chicago.

Dempsey Schloss was well-known as a theatrical impresario who specialized in road shows to the Far East. So Maguire, playing one-night stands on a southern vaudeville circuit, had wired, joined, and, carried away by Schloss' enthusiasm, had even invested his savings in the venture. Ann Higgins, known professionally as "Limehouse Ann," recently over from London had done likewise. A cast had been engaged, chorus girls, a heavy, a comedian, stage hands, and finally red-haired Rose la Rose, *nee* Sally Levinsky, who was billed as prima donna.

They had rehearsed in San Francisco, and had sailed for Manila for their opening performance.

The show was called "Pigs in Clover." It was the usual musical comedy where everything was stolen, including the tuning of the bass viol. But all through the Philippines and Japan they had played to full houses. Then, in China, business had been poor. Salaries had fallen in arrears. One by one, chorus girls and principals had quit until, when they reached Tai-Ho two days ago, only four had remained: Dempsey Schloss, Rose la Rose, Kid Maguire, and Limehouse Ann.

Without scenery or props, since everything had been sold to meet the most pressing debts, unable to produce "Pigs in Clover" even in tabloid form, they had decided on a vaudeville foursome.

Had decided in vain.

For while they had entered Tai-Ho from the east to give a show, the Manchu army had arrived from the west to give battle. The European residents had fled; and late last night, with the hotel bills unpaid, Schloss and Rose la Rose had followed their example, hiring a Pekin cart, taking with them the remaining cash, and leaving Maguire and Ann high and dry.

And now they had been put out on the street, without a cent, without their baggage.

They looked at each other. They were young. They were lonely. They were rather nervous and afraid in spite of their brave airs—and all about them, milling, curious, thoroughly amused at the misfortune of these two "mao-tzu," these "coarse-haired devils of the first class," were Chinese soldiers and coolies, men and women and children.

Maguire reached into his pocket, brought out a package of chewing gum, offered it to the girl.

Thoroughly British, she refused it with disdain.

"I'd much rather have a juicy slice of pork pie," she added.

"Sure—and lobster—and corn on the cob—and everything all to the Ritz! But how and where, Bright-Eyes?"

Silence—but for the gliding chatter of the Chinese. Then, suddenly, the girl looked up.

"I've an idea, old trout!"

"Spill it!" said Maguire.

But to understand Ann's idea and, too, to understand hers as well as Maguire's psychology, we should look a little more closely into their previous life.

Kid Maguire, now in his twenty-seventh year, was a native of San Francisco, South Irish on his father's, North Irish on his mother's side. But North and South had not had a fair chance to come to blows over his education as his parents had died when he was quite young. Since then he had earned his own living; first as a newsboy, then as a light-weight boxer fighting all comers for a five-dollar purse until, on an "Amateur Night" in an O'Farrell Street variety show, he had discovered a talent for the stage. He had become a professional vaudevillian, had made good, and had only interrupted his career during the war when, for two years, he had been at the front, first in the artillery, afterwards changing to the air service.

There, one day he had, carelessly and optimistically, tried to lick the whole of Count Hans von der Schulenburg's "Flying Circus" and had ended up just in back of the American front trenches, filled with blasphemy, bullets, and a splendid collection of broken bones.

Hospital. Two medals. A kiss from a French general. Peace. Discharge. And—for he really liked his vocation—he had returned to the vaudeville stage.

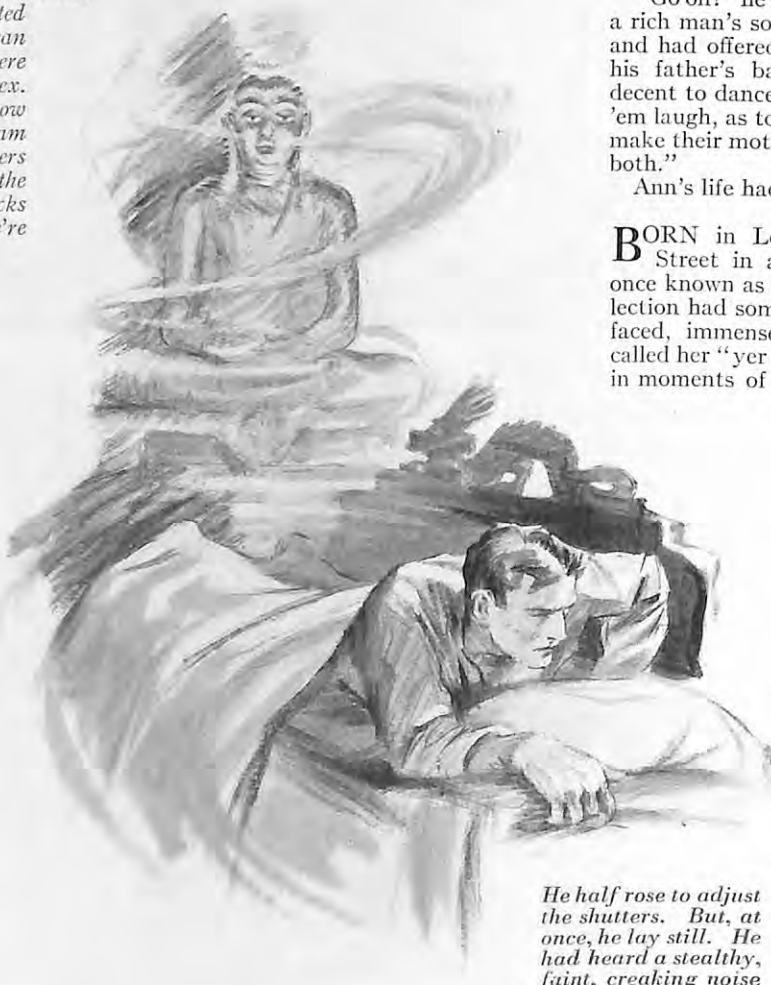
"Go on!" he had said to a former comrade, a rich man's son, who had argued with him and had offered him a job and a chance in his father's bank. "I guess it's just as decent to dance and sing for folks and make 'em laugh, as to go to war and kill 'em—and make their mothers cry. I know. I've done both."

Ann's life had run in a parallel channel.

BORN in London, not far from Oxford Street in a particularly odorous alley once known as Hog Lane, her earliest recollection had something to do with a pimply-faced, immensely stout woman who had called her "yer bleedin' little darlin' hyngel" in moments of alcoholic tenderness, to give

her clouts on the side of the head when the barmaid over at the "Rose and Crocodile" had put too much gin in her good-morning half pint of "swipes." Her reputed father had been a London street-performer, a black-face comedian singing negro songs with a gorgeous cockney accent—"the sun shoines broight in me old Kentucky 'ome. . ."—who, after her mother's death beneath the wheels of a Ratcliffe Highway-Wapping bus, had taken over her education. It had consisted in teaching her a few dance steps, a couple of songs, and going the rounds of the

(Continued on page 50)



He half rose to adjust the shutters. But, at once, he lay still. He had heard a stealthy, faint, creaking noise

Smuggling Aliens

By Evan J. David

Illustrations by Lester Ralph

The Captain ordered them all to wade to the shore, which he said was the coast of New York where he had contracted to land them. . . . They protested, only to be forced off the boat at the point of the Captain's gun. Soon afterwards they were captured on the highway—

JUST before last Christmas a coast-guard boat, plying off the coast of New York, discovered a sloop such as is used in the sponge-fishing industry of the Caribbean Sea, flying a variegated, not to say original, string of distress signals. When the government boat ran up to the sloop, the coast-guards found it wallowing about out of control with a nondescript "bunch" of fifteen Chinese "dummies" aboard, who knew nothing about the sea. They were utterly bewildered and on the point of starvation.

When the Captain of the cutter asked for the Master of the sloop, he was told that there were no white men or officers on board and that the ship had been drifting helplessly for some time. The Chinese also told a tale of adventure that rivaled any story of pirates ever heard by the members of that government boat.

The sloop had been engaged in the sponge-fishing industry off the coast of Florida and plying out of Cuba. The Chinamen had paid sums varying from \$500 to \$1,000 to be smuggled from there to New York City, where they hoped to disappear in the depths of Chinatown or other parts of the metropolis.

The craft had been manned by a crew of five whites including the Captain. When off the coast somewhere, the Master of the sloop put off in the small boat, saying he was going ashore to reconnoiter and arrange with the other smugglers where to land his human cargo without attracting the attention of any government official.

But after waiting for a long time the Captain failed to return. In the panic of fear of the rough sea the Chinese demanded to be put ashore. This the white men could not do for they did not know where they were any more than the Chinamen. The Chinese did not understand and attacked the crew. In the battle with knives, revolvers, clubs, dishes, iron bars, five of the

Oriental were killed, several of them wounded. All the white men were slain. The surviving Chinese heaved the dead men overboard and after trying to navigate the ship, finally ran up their signals of distress which were devised of old rags, shirts, and aprons.

Perhaps no form of law-breaking, with the possible exception of piracy, is fraught more with adventure and appeals more to the imagination of writers and readers than smuggling. Ever since the first government placed a duty on imports or an embargo on exports, a certain class of people have indulged in that crime.

The smuggling of goods, precious stones, furs, habit-forming drugs, and narcotics into this country has been going on more or less extensively ever since a tariff impost was placed upon them or a law restricting their importation was enacted. The smuggling of fire arms and other munitions of war out of the United States, during the time of an embargo, has also been carried on especially during revolutions in Mexico or other South American countries.

But it was not until the enactment of the 18th Amendment and the law excluding the aliens of certain races, such as the Chinese and the Hindoos, and the restricting of the admission of Europeans to certain fixed quotas, that the smuggling of aliens on a large scale has been con-

ducted. Due no doubt to the kinds of people who will indulge in such an occupation and also to the types of persons who will descend to breaking the laws of a country in order to get into it—they are often the scum of the earth—criminals, diseased, and even feeble-minded—it is nevertheless a perilous and romantic adventure fraught with big financial rewards—and imprisonment in a Federal penitentiary for smugglers when caught and convicted.

In 1882 the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed and the smuggling of aliens of that race began. It has increased steadily in the succeeding years and has extended to other races with the passage of laws excluding criminals, prostitutes, procurers, lunatics, feeble-minded, minors, and persons likely to become public charges; the recently formulated exclusion plan barring out all but a few classes of the Japanese; the

establishment of the Barred Zone, practically excluding all aliens from the greater part of Asia; the literacy test, which requires the reading of about forty words in a language selected by the alien; the head tax of \$8.00 for each alien admitted; and finally the Three Per Cent. quota law, which limits the number of immigrants admitted to the United States each year to that percentage of the number of persons of foreign birth in the country as per the census of 1910.

The latter law expires on June 30, 1924, and unless the recently dated new one is greatly to restrict the further admission of aliens, judging by the unemployment and poverty in Europe,



undoubtedly the next year will see the greatest invasion of immigrants to the United States that the world has ever known—much greater than the 1,218,480 aliens who were admitted to this country in 1914.

These immigration regulations and restrictions, however, have placed a premium on smuggling aliens into this country. Indeed, as much as \$1,500 a head has been paid by Chinamen to be landed safely and secretly at a certain destination in the States and as much as \$300 apiece has been given by European aliens for similar service. From time to time a number of Chinamen have sacrificed their bail of \$2,000 each so as not to run the risk of being convicted of being in the country unlawfully and deported. In the fiscal year 1923 over \$100,000 was forfeited in the form of \$500 bonds required by the Bureau of Immigration for each alien Chinese seaman who secured shore leave and failed to return to "re-ship foreign."

AT THE present time the practice of surreptitious entry has reached tremendous proportions. It is estimated by the immigration authorities that there are in New York City alone over 5,000 Chinese who have never seen an immigration inspector. Recently 102 of that excluded race were rounded up by the Bureau of Immigration in a factory in Long Island and deported for being in the country illegally. Last year over 200 Hindoos and others largely from the Barred Zone were arrested at one time while working as strike-breakers in railroad car shops in Pennsylvania, and deported. An investigation by the Bureau of Immigration revealed that there were over 30,000 Chinese in Cuba, "unemployed and not seeking employment," who were evidently seeking to be smuggled into the United States. In the Jacksonville district of Florida 626 aliens were arrested, most of whom had been smuggled into that State during the fiscal year 1923.

Of course it is impossible to know accurately how many aliens gain surreptitious entry to this land during a year, but 3,661 were deported in the fiscal year 1923 and 2,605 stowaways were captured. The Consuls General of the leading European nations in New York reported that during the same period 22,329 seamen deserted their ships in that city and remained in the country without paying the head tax and otherwise unlawfully. Over 3,000 seamen from China and the Barred Zone did likewise. For the last ten months of the same year it is conservatively estimated that 10,000 Germans came over as seamen and were smuggled into the country.

One of the worst phases of this smuggling is the peril to the health of the nation caused by these aliens who come in without physical examination. It was found that many of the Orientals arrested in the car shops of Pennsylvania were suffering from trachoma and other virulent and contagious loathsome diseases. Of the total deported for various causes the last fiscal year 319 were suffering from diseases or were mentally defective; 394 were criminals; 299 were prostitutes.

All of these, however, had not been smuggled in; some had undoubtedly successfully passed the immigration inspectors during the big rush of immigrants in the early part of the first five months of the fiscal year when the 20 per cent. monthly quota



for European countries was allowed to enter. But with the ten thousand miles of coast and border to patrol with only a small body of men and with many millions of aliens in Europe awaiting to be transported across and with only about 356,000 admitted per year by the quota, it is easy to see what a gigantic task the Bureau of Immigration has on its hands in preventing the smuggling of aliens into the United States and how easy it is for many thousands to get in unlawfully. Here are a few of the most popular ways of being smuggled into the country.

Usually aliens are not brought as far north from the West Indies as was the case with those Chinese caught off the coast of New York, because of the danger of being intercepted by coast-guard vessels, revenue cutters, or craft looking for rum-runners, though one smug-

gling captain of a high-speed boat operating out of Cuba, confessed that he had brought "dummies" as far north as Staten Island, N. Y. Florida, with its innumerable islands, inlets, bays, lagoons, swamps, shallow waters and fifteen hundred miles of coast, is so close to Cuba that most likely the greater part of the smuggled aliens from that island are dumped there. Thence they are conveyed north by train or automobile and lost in the great cities. As the trains from the peninsula have been carefully watched and inspected for aliens by the immigration officers, smugglers have resorted more and more to the use of the automobile, meeting the outlaws at night and rushing them far north by daylight.

Some craft, however, have sailed their unlawful loads as far west as New Orleans before discharging them. Eleven such Chinamen were brought surreptitiously to that port last year on two different vessels. Eight arrived on one and three on the other with only a day between them. The port authorities knew nothing about the smug-



In the battle with knives, revolvers, clubs, dishes, iron bars, five of the Orientals were killed, several of them wounded. The white men were slain and pitched overboard



gling until they received an anonymous telephone call informing them that the smuggled Chinese were going north via the Southern Railway for New York.

THE first party was intercepted at Baltimore by wire and the others were arrested in New Orleans before they got out of the station. They confessed that they had been smuggled in and that a fellow countryman named Chung Fook had made all arrangements for them to be landed in New York at the rate of \$750 per head. Those apprehended were deported to Cuba. Chung Fook could not be arrested, and it is men like him that have led the immigration authorities to believe that he was not operating alone but as the representative of a powerful secret Chinese society like the Tongs, which evidently make a business of smuggling in aliens of their own race.

But Chinese are not the only persons engaged in this nefarious business. Recently eighteen Chinese aliens were arrested at Petersburg, Va., hurrying north in a motor

truck. Three Italians, one American and one resident Chinese were accompanying them north. The white men were in a stolen motor car which had piloted them up from St. Petersburg, Florida. Twelve of the Chinese were deported; four of them gave bonds of \$2,000 each to appear in court for trial and later jumped their bonds so as to remain in the country. The court thereupon refused to release any of the others on bonds.

At the trial of the smugglers it developed that the Chinese had been brought from Cuba in a launch owned and operated out of Havana. The aliens had been transported on the *Eolis* to Johns Pass where they were transferred to a smaller boat called the *Bilma* and conveyed overland in an auto truck to

where they were captured in Petersburg, Va.

How far-reaching these conspiracies to smuggle in aliens are, it is hard to tell, but one interesting fact came out at the trial of these smugglers. A lawyer hurried all the way from Tampa, Florida, and he sought the district attorney to have the trial transferred to his native city, indicating that some of the civic authorities in that neighborhood might have been cognizant of and participants in the smuggling of aliens in from Cuba and the West Indies. Conviction of the smugglers was secured and sentence imposed.

WHEN smugglers of Chinese are caught and convicted, under section 8 of the immigration laws, which makes the aiding or harboring of smuggled aliens a penitentiary offense, the punishment is usually very severe. One William A. Hood, master on an auxiliary schooner, name unknown, was tried and convicted of smuggling thirty-six aliens into Naples, Florida, on January 16, 1923, and sentenced to three years in the Federal prison at Atlanta, Ga. This was not the man's first offense, for while testifying in his own behalf he confessed that he had smuggled twenty-nine Chinese aliens into the United States on April 22, 1922; and he was identified as the person in charge of seventeen aliens surreptitiously landed near Boca Grande, Florida, one month prior to his trial.

On another occasion five members of the Cuban fishing smack, *Gustavito*, were caught and sentenced to serve one year and a day in the above-mentioned prison for smuggling nine aliens in at Grove City, Florida, on June 23, 1923. And so it goes on through a long list.

But Chinese are not the only aliens smuggled into the United States in large numbers. On May 26, 1923, four Cubans, members of the American launch, *Millie*, smuggled some thirty-six aliens into the United States at Caxambas, Lee County, Florida. Aside from the crew of four and one Cuban lawyer, who was directing the operations, all were Italians and Spaniards with a few Greeks, who were excluded by the quota or other immigration laws. One of the men had an alias. Most of them sailed directly to Cuba to be in position, or with the understanding that they would be smuggled into this country at the first opportunity.

These men had been sold regular tickets in the office of the captured lawyer in Ha-

vana and he was evidently sailing with the crew to get familiar with all the methods to continue the smuggling business on an extensive scale. The aliens had paid anywhere from \$80 to \$130 in the office for their supposed tickets and they had again been compelled to hand over to the captain on the trip anywhere from \$30 to \$80 before he would land them.

The Italians told an exciting story of the voyage. They
(Continued on page 58)



Facsimile reproduction of the original draft of the Pledge of Allegiance. Notice that the word "to" in the first line is queried

*I pledge allegiance to my Flag and (to)
the Republic for which it stands—
one Nation indivisible—with liberty
and justice for all.*

A Twenty-Three Word National Creed

*How the Most Widely Known Patriotic Formula in America
Came Into Existence, Told by Its Author*

Francis Bellamy

COLUMBUS DAY of 1923 marked the thirty-first anniversary of the birth of a twenty-three word National Creed which is as familiar as a household word to practically all Americans who have passed through the public schools,—and many of the parochial schools as well,—since 1892; and that means a majority of our 110,000,000.

That National Creed dates from the memorable observance of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. The outstanding feature of that observance was the "National Public School Celebration of Columbus Day." It was a celebration which, according to congressional act and presidential proclamation, was centered locally throughout the country in the public schools,—as the free school system was recognized to be the most consummate expression of the Four Centuries of American life.

As early as February, 1892, the State Superintendents of Education at their meeting in Brooklyn took the first formal action calling for such a general public school celebration of that first Columbus Day. They appointed an Executive Committee to promote it and to prepare an "official program" for identical use in every locality. One of the features of this Official Program, when it was finally published, just in time for the nation-wide celebration, was a Salute to the Flag, which ran,

"I pledge allegiance to my Flag,
And to the Republic for which it stands,
One Nation indivisible,
With liberty and justice for all."

That was the first appearance of those now historic words. Of the 13,000,000 pupils then in the schools, it was estimated that three-quarters of them on that day stood at salute before their school-house flags and repeated this Pledge of Allegiance.

When several New York teachers recently were asked who wrote the pledge their answers ranged from Roosevelt to the older statesmen. When some Chicago teachers were asked, the prevailing answer was Lincoln. The president of one of the oldest book publishing houses of New York said he thought Webster was the author. A lawyer of eminence guessed it was one of George Washington's sayings. In this general uncertainty it is

not strange that various other persons have been credited with the authorship.

The narrative which follows is based not only upon my own memory of the occurrences but also upon the pasted-in data of a

IT WOULD be natural to suppose that when such a formula as the Pledge of Allegiance had taken so universal a hold in the National heart and mind, everybody would know how it happened to be born and who wrote it. The origin and authorship of our National hymns are matters of familiar history. But while the packed simplicity and human force of this Pledge of Allegiance ranks it near to the Preamble of the Constitution, and as some have said near perhaps to the Gettysburg Speech, it has won its remarkable popular hold practically as an orphan.

Although Mr. Bellamy has for thirty-one years privately avowed his authorship, this is the first time that he receives a public recognition as the maker of the Pledge.

very voluminous and detailed scrap-book made up just after the event.

A word should be spoken about the yellowed contents of that book, recently pulled out of a packing case where it has lain for a quarter of a century. Its stuff

covers the events and performances when a few men succeeded in arousing the entire American people to a unique act,—the National Public School Celebration of the first Columbus Day. It contains the full records of a universal press propaganda when that kind of thing was without precedent. It contains countless circular and form-letters addressed to all classes of leaders whose efforts were needed to stir the public mind. It preserves the personal correspondence with the President, with Congressmen, with Governors, with Commanders; originals of Congressional Acts and of the proclamations of the President and of the Governors. Besides, it embraces letters regarding the successive steps of the promotion, edited galley-proofs and some original scripts, including the first draft of the Pledge of Allegiance itself as written for the Official Program.

In short the original records of an historic movement are there piled together, as if my good secretary had fancied that one day they would be of vital value. With those old documents to aid memory it is easy to trace the exact narrative.

AT THE very beginning, I must disclaim an original, personal initiative in the creation of the Pledge, or the "Salute to the Flag" as it was then called. I was the creature of the events which led up to the need of it, and I wrote it because I could get no one else to formulate the idea or put it in words.

First, then, it is necessary to speak of the popular conditions that precipitated the movement of which this Pledge was a feature.

Along in 1890-91 a lot of far-sighted people had begun to say that the time had come for a popular revival of Americanism.

For the many mental angles of the bulk of our citizens had come to make the period portentous. At the beginning of the 'nineties single-heartedness in national feeling was at a low ebb. The patriotic ardors of the Civil War were an old story. It was only twenty-five years since Lowell in the Commemoration Ode had written of our Country as she emerged from that war,—

"What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee."

...with the motto, "E PLURIBUS UNUM," the people let themselves be guided by the Divine Providence for the devout faith of the discoverer and for the Divine care and guidance which has directed our history and so abundantly blessed our people.

In testimony whereof I have herewith set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 21st day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and seventeenth.

BENJ. HARRISON.

By the President:
JOHN W. FOSTER, Secretary of State.

At the close of the reading the Master of Ceremonies announces: "In accordance with this recommendation by the President of the United States, and as a sign of our devotion to our country, let the Flag of the Nation be unfurled above this School."

2. Raising of the Flag, *by the Veterans.*

As the Flag reaches the top of the staff the Veterans will lead the assemblage in "Three Cheers for Old Glory."

3. Salute to the Flag, *by the Pupils.*

At a signal from the Principal the pupils, in ordered ranks, hands to the side, face the Flag. Another signal is given: every pupil gives the Flag the military salute—right hand lifted, palm downward, to a line with the forehead and close to it. Standing thus, all repeat together, slowly: "I pledge allegiance to my Flag and the Republic for which it stands: one Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all." At the words, "to my Flag," the right hand is extended gracefully, palm upward, towards the Flag, and remains in this gesture till the end of the affirmation, whereupon all hands immediately drop to the side. Then, still standing, as the instruments strike a chord, all will sing AMERICA—"My Country, 'tis of Thee."

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees

A portion of the official program of the first Columbus Day celebration in 1892, for which the Pledge of Allegiance was written

Yet the popular sense of Country as paramount to all else, which had once eagerly responded to such words, had lost its edge.

In the new period of dazzling prosperity the hot chase for what was called the "nimble dollar" had become an obsession for business minds. Big enterprises were bewildering people's thoughts. Railroads, steel, oil and other monopolies, with new waterings of stock, occupied the imagination.

On the other hand were those who pointed out the menace of the new Trusts. The extremists of Free Trade preached a radical let-go of Protection. The Single Tax theory, with its "anti-poverty" slogan, gathered a vast following. Labor was organizing with an ugly reaction. Books predicting revolution, like "Looking Backward" and "Caesar's Column" were being absorbed with avidity.

Another counter-current was in a bitter debate over the right to support the public schools by universal taxation, and President Harrison made a swing-around-the-circle series of speeches to recall public reverence for the "little red school-house" of earlier times.

There came along the "Mugwumps, who were extending their doctrine of independence of party to a transcendental theory that the Nation itself might take a back seat if its interests conflicted with the interests of the world. One note of this esoteric feeling was a memorable editorial in the Boston Herald, entitled "The Worship of a Textile Fabric," which expressed a superior scoff at any idolatry of the Flag.

The times were indeed ripe for a re-awakening to simple over-all Americanism; and a goodly but scattered band of single-hearted lovers of the country were devising ways and saying words to bring it about.

If the calloused and confused of the adult generation were difficult of approach, the youthful oncoming generation offered a mass of promise. Accordingly many were pointing out the need of putting patriotic education in the schools and suggesting various methods. Among these were leading educators, Grand Army men, women of the patriotic societies, and a few public men like President Harrison and the then young Theodore Roosevelt. One man, who stands out, was Dr. Wm. T. Harris, the Federal Commissioner of Education, who seized his opportunity to drive in the creed of patriotic training in the schools.

BUT the most practical of them all, the man who found a way to put his dreams into action, was James B. Upham, junior partner in *The Youth's Companion* of Boston. He conducted the "premium department" of that paper (then at the zenith of its influence and national circulation), and in that capacity had his hand on articles of merchandise of interest to children.

Accordingly he conceived the idea of helping the schools to acquire flags, to be put on poles in front of their school-houses, practically at cost. He announced in his

pages that to any pupil who should ask would be sent 100 cards bearing this inscription:

*This Certificate
entitles the holder thereof to
one share in the patriotic
influence of a Flag over the
school-house.*

These cards, sold by the pupil at 10 cents each, brought the \$10 necessary for a substantial flag which his premium department would supply, and for which the board of education would be asked to furnish the staff. This clever plan, reinforced by spirited literature, resulted in some 25,000 schools acquiring flags in the one year of 1891.

Return

EXECUTIVE MANSION
WASHINGTON.

May 23rd/1922

Francis Bellamy, Esq.
Chairman, ...

My dear Sir,

I have your letter of May 19th in which you bring before me the proposition which has had some discussion in the public press to observe the 400th Anniversary of the Discovery of America by commemorations in the public schools.

I am very much pleased with the idea. Properly conducted such exercises will be very instructive to the pupils, and will excite in every village in the land an interest in this great anniversary.

Very truly yours,
Wm. T. Harris

Reproduction of President Harrison's letter to Mr. Bellamy commending the Columbus Day school celebration movement

That was how the school-house flag movement began its sweep of the entire country. To-day, whenever I see the flag-staff in front of a country or city school my mind goes back to those stirring days, and I say "Upham."

It was in 1891 that I entered the service of that Boston paper. Fortunately for me I was assigned by Daniel S. Ford, the chief proprietor, to J. B. Upham's department. I remember that Mr. Ford remarked to me, in effect: "James is very much interested in a patriotic plan to get the children to raise flags over their schools. It's a good thing. It would be contrary to our policy to push it very much in our editorials, but James sees how it can be done through his premium work. Perhaps you will enjoy helping him do that and other things he has in mind."

When J. B. Upham explained his ideas and method, his eyes had the gleam of a prophet. He pointed out how the old patriotism had fallen to a low level; how,

in the present mess of things, the love of country which used to be a passion had become enfeebled. The place to revive that old, intense sentiment was in the schools.

Some of his terse sayings I recall, for he said them so often. "When I was a boy," he said, "every Friday some boy declaimed Webster's speeches about the Union and the forefathers. We were brought up on the air of patriotism. Are the children getting that culture now? No. But we've got a practical way to start it again. Get the children themselves crazy to have a flag in front of their school-house, and show them how they can get it. The thousands and thousands of flags already raised in that way are only a beginning. Every school in the land must have a flag. Think what that will mean to the new generation. Those youngsters around their flag will get a sense that they belong to the Nation as well as to the town. Every time the flag goes up they will get a little more love of country."

BY THAT time, 1891, this flag-raising movement was recognized and aided by the educational papers and encouraged at the teachers' county meetings. It was going of itself.

Then Upham divulged to me his greater scheme. It was to result in every school in the land, on a certain day, having a flag raising under the most impressive conditions.

The coming year, he would say, was to be the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. On October 12, the Chicago Columbian Exposition was to be dedicated. The attention of the Nation would be riveted on that, our greatest anniversary.

But, as he pointed out, the Exposition would be chiefly a spectacle of material progress. The Day, he declared, should also be

marked as a new consecration to patriotism. How? By centering attention in every city and town on the new patriotic influence in the schools. Make the schools the nucleus for every local celebration. Why not? The free schools are the most typical result of our Four American Centuries. They are the training spots for the Americanism of the coming years. Make the school children realize that the future of the country is in their hands. Make the citizens realize that the children are having a patriotic culture and that they had better wake up themselves.

That was his vast dream, which came to him one day under the trees on a New Hampshire vacation.

He had already in his own columns asked his juvenile readers what they thought of it, and he had received hundreds of enthusiastic replies.

It seems that Mr. Charles C. Bonney, president of the World's Congress auxiliary to the Columbian Exposition, had got hold of a similar idea that the anniversary was too momentous to be confined to the

(Continued on page 70)

Privacy sat hunched in the corner, wondering how long the tirade would endure. He knew that his wife was sore and when Clarry waxed angry, Privacy maintained discreet silence



The Framing of the Shrew

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

THE eyes of Mr. Privacy Robson were larger than usual—much larger. And the little negro was shrunken smaller than usual—much smaller. With wizened face, the color of abandoned ashes, he cowered in the corner and gave reluctant ear to certain intensely personal comments emanating from Mrs. Privacy Robson.

There was little heroic about the cringing figure of the diminutive negro. His eyes were distended, his jaw drooped, his expression was of hopeless, helpless resignation not untinged with fear. As for the wife of his skinny bosom, she towered above him like some dusky Amazon who had been done wrong. And she delivered her diatribe in a voice which resounded down the street and came eventually to the ears of Florian Slappey. That elegant gentleman of leisure undraped himself from the veranda railing and delivered casual comment to the other boarders—

"Privacy Robson's catchin' heated hell ag'in."

No one disputed Florian's statement; the sounds flowing from the Robson household were unmistakable—and not at all uncommon. But this particular family controversy appeared to possess more volume than usual and so Florian strolled languidly in the general direction of the festivities—"Hmph! Glad I ain't never ma'ied. Never gwine to, neither. An' does I do so—I ma'ies me a 'ooman they ain't so much of."

Privacy's offense on this particular occasion had been more or less negligible, the real crux of the matter being that Clarry Robson was entirely out of sorts and Privacy's position in the household was that of out-of-sortee. She was always safe in searching for something in which Privacy might have erred. Privacy had so much to do about the house that all of it couldn't have been done correctly. This time he had put certain intimate feminine garments belonging to one white lady in the wash

which should have gone to the house of another. Those garments had been discovered under circumstances not pleasant for the husband of the lady discovering them. By the time the tangle had been straightened out the innocent husband was on the top of the heap and the white lady consequently and thoroughly peeved. She therefore vented her irritation on Clarry Robson—and Clarry promptly conveyed it to Privacy—with interest.

And so Privacy sat hunched in the corner, wondering how long the tirade would endure. The words—bitter and vitriolic—beat upon his ear-drums, but he did not sense their meaning. He only knew that his wife was sore and when Clarry waxed angry Privacy maintained discreet silence. Once—and once only—he had tested the possibilities of resistance. Just once. That once had been twice too often.

EVENTUALLY Clarry ran out of words. It had taken her longer than usual this day—but Privacy was blessed with an overstock of patience and he had not tried to hasten peace. He knew that she could not continue forever and it had been many months since he had tried to listen. In the first place, she was unjust. In the second, he realized that when she had told him so much about himself which was gross exaggeration—he became irritated. And Privacy knew instinctively that to become irritated with Clarry was shockingly bad tactics.

The kitchen door slammed behind her large-boned figure. Privacy sat motionless for a moment, to make quite sure that she did not intend to return under the spur of some newly discovered insult. Then, slowly, carefully, he hoisted himself to his enormous feet, brushed a bit of dust from

his threadbare clothes and heaved a profound sigh—

"Lawd sho' done sumthin' when he invented wimmin."

Mr. Robson shuffled discreetly through the front door and onto the veranda which spanned the front of the little one-story frame house. He saw the eyes of the neighborhood focused upon him, but Privacy was unashamed. Perhaps there was contempt in some of the glances bestowed upon him—but from most of the neighbors came looks of pity . . . and Privacy adored pity. It made him feel warm inside and good all over. He sidled over to a rocker and was about to seat himself into its depths when a low whistle attracted his attention. He raised interested eyes and nodded affirmation to Florian's invitation for a chat. It was significant of Florian's sense of discretion that he made Privacy come to the street instead of himself mounting the porch of Mrs. Privacy's home.

Together they shuffled off down the street: men of a size—but otherwise as dissimilar as a second-hand flivver and a new, imported limousine. Where Privacy was ramshackle and utterly dilapidated, Florian was a chocolate-cream symphony of the haberdasher's art. And once safely out of earshot, Florian let loose a commiserating query:

"Clarry busted loose ag'in?"

"Uh-huh."

"Wuss'n usual?"

"Ain't you heard?"

"Uh-huh. That 'ooman of you'n is sho' the out-talkin'est female—"

"She don't bother me none, Flo'ian."

"How come?"

"I never listens."

"Says which?"

"Says I never listens at nothin' she says. I jes' lets her keep on until she gits th'oo—an' when she does that we is bofe finished."

"But, Privacy—if'n I was you—"

"Ain't no sense wishin' bad mouf on yo'se'f."

"Woul'n't be no bad mouf was I ma'ied to that 'ooman."

"Huh!" Privacy's lips writhed into a sneer of unutterable derision. "What you talks is foolishment."

"Jes' 'cause you is skeered of Clarry—"

Privacy paused abruptly, arms akimbo, eyes focused directly on Florian. "Was you Clarry's husban'—which you had oughter bless Gawd you ain't him—you know what you'd do?"

"Yeh. I'd—"

"You wouldn't do nothin' of the kin'. Yo'd do jes' what I does."

"What does you do?"

"Nothin'. An' yo'd do the same thing. All the time. On account they jes' nachelly ain't no other thing to do with that 'ooman."

"You is got some rights, ain't you?"

"Mebbe so I is. But Clarry ain't never heard tell what they is."

"An' you mean to stan' up there an' 'spostulate to me, Mistuh Privacy Robson, that you is gwine put up with them soht of fumadiddles fum that 'ooman fum now on?"

"No."

"How long is you gwine stan' it?"

"On'y until I dies."

"Pff!" Florian was disgusted and made no effort to conceal his state of mind. "You ain't no man, Privacy. You ain't nothin' only a tripe. That's what you is—jes' a one-yahd piece of tripe. What I ain't got fo' men like you is no use. You is a disgrace to them pants you wears."

Mr. Robson cast melancholy eyes down-

ward. "Looks mo' like them pants is a disgrace to me."

"Ain't nothin' could disgrace a man no mo'n what you does yo'se'f lettin' a 'ooman give you bad mouf up an' down the street like'n to what Clarry does. Fum the fust time you ma'ied her I said you was makin' a bum deal. An' you was. You made the gosh-awfullest bummost deal I ever seen in my whole life. They never was no deals no bummer. They wa'n't—"

A REMINISCENT light played in Privacy's eyes. "You cimmences to soun' like Clarry."

"An' you is fish enough to lemme soun' thataway. Was I you, I woul'n't stan' fo' no mo' fum that 'ooman. I reckon I'd awful soon fin' out who was boss where I lived at."

"Yeh, Flo'ian—I soht of reckon you would. On'y you don' know jes' how soon you would fin' out."

"An' I ain't talkin' jes' words, Privacy. Nossuh, I ain't. 'Cause what I says is mo' than words—it's sense."

"Don' got me nothin'."

"'Cause you ain't got no git-up-an'-git."

"If'n I was to try any foolishment with Clarry I'd have plenty of git, but not so much git-up."

Florian turned away. "You ain't gwine let nobody he'p you out."

"Says which?"

"Says you ain't got no desiah to be the boss in yo' own home."

Privacy shook his head hopelessly. "Hmn! Boss over that 'ooman is the on'y thing I don't crave to be nothin' else but." He hesitated while the pleasing prospect unfolded briefly before his vision. "On'y they ain't no use wishin' fo' spilt milk."

"Yes they is."

Privacy brightened instantly. "You has got you a idee?"

"Suttin'."

"'Bout me gittin' to be boss over Clarry?"

"Uh-huh."

"An' not travel at the haid of no fumral peerade?"

"You said it."

"Cullud boy! them words makes sweet heavumly music in my ears, but they soun's like trouble."

Florian set himself solidly on both feet, threw back his head and let fly a spurt of logic. "Lis'en at me, Mistuh Privacy Robson: lis'en at what I speechifies. 'Bout a yeah ago come nex' month you ups an' ma'ies Clarry White. You knowed when you done it she could lick you. You knowed she had a temper sourer than a boughten pickle. But you done went ahaid an' ma'ied up with her: Why? Why, I asts you? Why?"

Florian paused for oratorical effect and Privacy chimed in with a meek answer. "'Cause she thunk it was a good idee."

"Yeh! Sho'ly she did. An' the happiest thing she was about when she ma'ied you was havin' somebody handy to do all the mean wuk. You knowed she had some



"C-c-clarry—you ain't deaf, is you?" She paid him no heed. Clarry missing an opportunity to talk!

money an' a heap of good plain an' fancy washin's ev'y week—an' you thunk you was gittin' in sof' when she let you give up that nice easy job what you had tendin' melted iron out to the rollin' mill. But you wa'n't: you was fixin to git yo'sef all sot in a job which they wa'n't no gittin' out of. An' it ain't no man's kin' of wuk which you has been doin' heah recent. You is be'n doin' woman's wuk: he'pin' with the washin', ca'yin' wash to the Soufside an' fetchin' it fum there. Totin' laundry bundles. Pff! You cleans house, you runs erran's, you he'ps wash up the dinner dishes. What a man ought to do when he gits ma'ied is nothin'. An' he oughter do it all the time. Now what I says to you is this: Quit it!"

"Sayin' words don' quit me no jobs, Flo'ian."

"I never 'lowed it did. But if'n you aims to git to be boss in yo' own home—you jes' lemme know an' I fixes it up."

"Y-y-you is gotten you a scheme?"

"Uh-huh. I schum it right outen my own haid when I hearn Clarry givin' you sech a hot time a li'l while ago. But of co'se they ain't no use tellin' it to a man like you. . . ."

"They ain't no hahm lettin' me think happy thoughts, is they, Flo'ian?"

"But if'n you ain't got no nerve—?"

"Ise aimin' to git me some."

"Does you promise me, Privacy Robson, that if'n I tells you a scheme how you c'n be boss in yo' own home, you is gwine try it?"

"If'n you proves it's gwine wuk."

"My schemes always wuks. Specially schemes which aims to make mens happier with wimmin'."

"I listens, Flo'ian. I listens—an' I hopes!"

Florin Slappey moved confidingly closer, drooping his voice to a portentous whisper. He uttered a single sibilant word—

"Divohce!"

"Mmmph!"

"Divohce yo'sef away fum Clarry! Tha's my scheme."

The idea sifted slowly through the Robson cranium. Then Privacy stepped back, face decorated with a sneer. "What you ain't got in yo' haid, Flo'ian, is no brains. Not ary single brain."

"How come?" resentfully.

"They's two reasons why I ain't gwine divohce myse'f away fum Clarry. One of 'em is that if'n mebbe she does gimme hell all the time—also she gives me th'ee meals a day. An' t'other reason is—she won't let me."

Florin was disgusted. "I never said nothin' 'bout divohcin' yo'sef fum Clarry."

"You did."

"Di'n't. Trouble with you, Privacy—yo' tongue is too loose. It slips quicker'n yo' brain wuks. You don' never let me finish. I wa'n't on'y begun."

Privacy shook his head in puzzlement. "Go ahaid, Flo'ian."

"I'TS thisaway, Privacy: You aims to be boss in yo' own home. You craves to git breakfus' in bed in the mawnin' an' not do no wuk all day an' soht of take things easy at night. You desiahs to have plenty money to shoot crap an' to horn into the kelly pool game down to Bud Peaglar's place. You is ambitious to quit wuk an' live easy. Ain't it a fac'?"

A beatific smile crossed Privacy's wizened face. "When you talks, Flo'ian, I heahs the angels sing."

"Well, heah's how you c'n do it, Brother Robson—an' you does it on account we knows that even if'n Clarry lights on you

heavy an' constant—she loves you a heap. An' the reason she does you dirty is that she thinks she is gotten you hooked tight an' fas'. If'n you was to suddenly bust loose Clarry would go wild. Plumb wild. On account while you ain't much man, Privacy, you is the on'iest man which Clarry has got, an' she'd hate to lose you."

"So what I says is this: You goes down to Lawyer Evans Chew an' gits him to staht divohce preceedin's against Clarry. You 'leges cruelty an' not on'y you asts fo' a divohce but also you asts fo' alimonies."

"I asts fo' whiches?"

"Alimonies."

"What them is?"

"ALIMONIES is money which the divohced pusson which is got it gives the divohced pusson which ain't got it. They pays it ev'y week."

"What I has to do to git them alimonies?"

"Jes' git that divohce. If'n you had some chillun, also you would ast fo' the custuddy of them same. But since you ain't, you asts fo' nothin' but money."

"Clear profit?"

"That's which."

"But s'posin' I don't git no divohce?"

"You ain't gwine git one. You ain't even aimin' to. Tha's where the elegant paht of my scheme comes in. On account fum the fust time you stahts that suit you ain't got no idee of gittin' divohced fum Clarry."

"You ain't no man, Privacy. You ain't nothin' only a tripe. What I ain't got fo' men like you is no use. You is a disgrace to the pants!"

But what happens when you stahts that suit? What happens, huh? Right away Clarry sees that she has went too far. An' she knows she is gwine lose her man—an' that she never would git her another so long as she lived. An' right away she gits sorry for all what she has done, an' she comes to you an' th'ows her arms around your neck—"

"An' strangles me?"

"—An' says as how she knows she has done you wrong, an' does you call off them suit fo' divohce you c'n have ev' thing yo' own way at home an' plenty of her money, an' never have to do no wuk n'r nothin', an'—"

"Jes' a minute, Flo'ian: Jes' one li'l teeny minute. Is you pos'tive you knows Clarry real good?"

"She ain't nothin' on'y a 'ooman. An' when she thinks 'bout losin' her man—absotively an' ontirely . . . well, she's gwine hol' on to you no matter how much it cos's."

Privacy gave himself over to rapt contemplation of the roseate prospect. In truth it was tinted with voluptuous hues. And it was backed by sound logic and an evident familiarity with feminine psychology. There was a doubt, of course. . . .

"You is sho' they ain't nothin' gwine





One step Clarry took toward them: two. Mallissie, pale green with horror, yet tensed herself for the impending physical clash—with its inevitable disastrous results. The crowd held its breath

wrong with this scheme? Ise pow'ful fon' of Clarry."

"The mo' fool you. But they ain't nothin' gwine wrong."

"How 'bout payin' Lawyer Chew?"

"Clarry does that when you calls off yo' suit after you an' her makes up."

Sudden determination lighted Privacy's face. "I does it, Flo'ian. Come on along with me an' we 'scusses the matter with Lawyer Chew."

Florian clapped him resoundingly on the back. "Now you talks like a man, Privacy. It's a pity you don't look like one."

One hour later they parted from Lawyer Evans Chew. The wheels of legal machinery had been set in motion, and Privacy started uncertainly for home. Once he paused and communed with himself. "I wonder," he speculated nervously—"I wonder has I done gone an' made me a mistake?"

THE two days immediately ensuing were anxious ones for the doubtful little man. He knew that he had started something—but he didn't know precisely what that something was. And now he was experiencing an alarming period of inaction pending the outburst of storm. Finally, when he could stand it no longer, he broke away and sought Lawyer Chew. That pompous and verbose colored legal light greeted Privacy enthusiastically.

"Ev'ything's fixed," said he.

"Fixed?"

"Uh-huh! The clerk which I hiahs an' employs to wuk fo' me has jes' served them divorce papers on yo' wife, to wit: Clarry Robson. He must have got to yo' domicile jes' after you depahted therefum."

A great fear smote at the heart of Privacy. "He's done done it?"

"He suttinly—" and then, as a dapper young negro entered the office: "Heah he is now. Joshua, has you served them divorce papers on Missus Robson?"

A sudden haunting fear played about the clerk's eyes. "Y-y-yassuh, Lawyer Chew."

"What did she say?"

"Well—" the clerk spread his arms expressively—"Taint presac'ly what she said, Lawyer Chew—it's how she said it!"

Privacy felt himself grow small with fear. "Wh-what she said now, cullud boy?"

The lad glanced at his employer's client commiseratingly. "She jes' soht of said like this: 'Reckon they's one skinny cullud man gwine take a ca'riage ride with a heap of flowers an' a ban' of music—on'y he ain't gwine smell them formers n'r heah them latters.'"

Privacy groaned. "Ise bettin' she was meanin' me."

"Uh-huh! I kind of think mebbe she was."

Lawyer Chew escorted Privacy to the door. "You jes' trot along home, Brother Robson. You is gwine fin' that ev'ything is gwine be all right."

"Huh! Nex' time I lis'ens at Flo'ian Slappey, I ain't gwine heah what he says."

The journey homeward was negotiated by a devious route. Prospect of the impending interview was not overly pleasing to Mr. Robson. He knew that the die was cast, but he was extremely regretful of that fact.

After all, he should have let well enough alone. True, the voyage of his matrimonial bark had been an unduly stormy one. Setting forth upon seas as placid as a pond—Clarry's massive temper and physical proportions had quickly ruffled the surface of the domestic waters and from then on Privacy had existed in a state of perpetual torment.

True, Clarry supported him; but never for one single instant did she allow him to forget that fact and fully six months since Privacy had come to realization of the fact that he was working harder and more consistently than he had ever done before in a burdensome life. And his independence was utterly gone. He was a mere slave,

a hireling, a hearthworm. And he stood in mortal terror of his powerful, acid-tongued wife.

And now he had started something which he was powerless to stop. He was shaken with tremors of apprehension as he approached his home. He was exceedingly afraid that something unpleasant was about to happen with himself as the happenence.

AN OMINOUS stillness brooded over the little house as he turned in at the front gate which hung dejectedly from a single rusty hinge. About the place was an air of forbidding gloom. Cold perspiration stood out in glistening beads upon the forehead of the man of the house. Timidly, nervously, he mounted the steps, crossed the veranda, entered the front door. There was no one in the living-room. In the kitchen he caught sight of his wife industriously mending a bungalow apron.

He knew that she knew he was there, yet she gave no indication of her knowledge of his presence. He stood uncertainly in the center of the room, fidgeting uneasily, shifting awkwardly from one foot to the other. Still she did not raise her eyes. He coughed—fearfully—apologetically. No indication from the large colored lady. And then, lured by the same attraction which sends a bird strolling down the gullet of a snake, Privacy Robson shuffled into the presence of his wife.

And yet she appeared unaware of his presence.

Privacy was trembling from head to foot. Vituperation, fury, even physical clash, he could understand. This fierce interdictory silence was getting on his nerves and rubbing them raw. Finally he could stand the silence no longer—

"H-h-hello, Clarry."

No answer.

"F-f-fine day, ain't it?"

Ditto.

"C-c-c-clarry—you ain't deaf, is you?"

She hummed the opening measures of a new jazz tune. Clarry missing an opportunity to talk! It was ghastly!

"N'r neither ain't you dumb?"

She paid him no heed. He cringed before her, prepared to flee the onslaught which

(Continued on page 44)

After the riot was over and we were back in our chairs, Bostie's lanky figure uncoiled, the silver fly-box in his hand. Anybody could see he was tickled foolish, in spite of his appropriate air of gravity



The Silver Fly-Box

Another Fishing Story by the Author of "Old One-Eye"

By Robert S. Lemmon

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

WHEN we organized the Dog-Catcher Club, we laid down two inflexible rules: First, each member must be a hopeless, incurable, gibbering addict to the dry-fly; and second, he must place the sportsmanly catching of the biggest available trout before home, business, golf, life and all other occupations and afflictions. If you will keep these two requirements in mind they will help you understand the way we felt at our seventh annual dinner at Parrish's, and why the events of the succeeding spring and summer up on the Esopus were so momentous to all of us.

Perhaps you know Parrish's. If you don't, you have missed one of the real inspirations of New York, a place that takes a lot of the curse off the subway jams, the lounge lizards and tea tournaments, the lack of a good, free sweep of the sky at night.

Not that Parrish's is big or expensive or "smart"—thank the Lord, it hasn't been contaminated that way. It is just one of those little downtown holes-in-the-wall that still have sawdust on the floor, and sporting prints and pipes on the walls, dark oak tables without cloths, and the finest oysters, English mutton chops and baked potatoes that ever were served. All of which explains why we Dog-Catchers foregather there every year on the second Saturday night in December to give a dinner in honor of the man who has caught the mightiest trout during the preceding season and present to him, that he may cherish and possess it inviolate through the season to come, our championship trophy, the silver fly-box.

Our seventh dinner was more than ordinarily an occasion, for young Bostwick had won the club record for the second consecutive year. When George MacGregor got up to make his presentation speech the rest of us followed his lead as a sort of extra tribute to Bostie's skill.

"Fellow Dog-Catchers," Mac began, "as conquerors of big brown trout all but one of us had better take our rods and waders and creels and retire to the shelter of the tall, thick grass. If we have thought to take he-fish in the past, old dogs that were

mighty enough to bark and bite when we slipped our landing nets under them, let us admit here and now that our catches have been but nibbling minnows. We're out-classed, humbled, licked to a frazzle. Let me read you the story from our treasured emblem."

He lifted the lustrous box from its plush-lined case, tilted it so the light would catch the engraving on the cover, and called off the winner's record for each succeeding year:

"Thomas H. Wentworth—2 lbs. 7 oz.
No. 10 Coachman"

"Joseph Cleaves, II—1 lb. 9 oz.
No. 10 Wickham's Fancy"

"George MacGregor, Jr.—3 lbs.
No. 8 Coachman"

"Alfred A. Stoddard—2 lbs. 13 oz.
No. 12 Quill Gordon"

"Richard Somers—2 lbs. 12 oz.
No. 8 Whirling Dun"

"W. W. Bostwick—3 lbs. 1 oz.
No. 10 Cahill"

"W. W. Bostwick—3 lbs. 5 oz.
No. 10 Cahill."

Mac paused to pick up his cigar, gave it a couple of encouraging puffs, and prop it again on the saucer of his coffee cup.

"So there you have it, gentlemen. Bostie's not half the age of some of us, but he throws a mighty wicked fly. Twice in succession, and the growling old dog trout in our history. Gentlemen, in behalf of the club I give this highest honor we can bestow into Brother Bostwick's hands with respect, trust and all congratulations. We may be few in number, but we know a real fisherman when we see one!"

After the riot was over and we were back in our chairs Bostie's lanky figure uncoiled, the silver fly-box in his hand. Anybody could see he was tickled foolish, in spite of his gravity, yet after he'd said the usual things appropriate to such occasions he drove straight at a matter that had been more or less in our minds all evening, but which we had carefully avoided mentioning.

"These names," he drawled, looking at the cover of the trophy, "read to me a good deal like the roster of the club. Six of 'em, each a champion in his time. If the Father's was only here it'd be a complete roll-call."

It was a wicked jab, more because of the way Bostie said it than on account of the words themselves; but that's the way with him. I've never been able to make 'out whether he says those things because of an inborn streak of cruelty or because he simply has no appreciation of how the other fellow may feel.

FATHER O'MEARA took it like the game sport he is. Every one of us knew that the greatest ambition of his life was to win a place on the cover of that box. Yet the only sign he gave of the thrust having landed was a sharpening of the light in his naturally snapping eyes as he returned:

"Sure, Bostie me lad, and is it not sufficient of a distinction to be here this night, breaking bread with the champion of two years' hand-running? We'll leave the roll-call be in the hands of good Sir Ike, the patron saint of all true fishermen. Happen 'twill right itself one o' these days, lad."

I've often thought, in the light of what happened the next summer, that Mac's words as he left me at the Grand Central that night were oddly prophetic:

"Old man, if the Father doesn't win this year it'll be because he can't kill the jinx that's been riding him ever since we started the club. If I'm any judge he's going out after Bostie's scalp, and I'd give my eye-teeth to see him lift it. If only he doesn't draw again to a hard-luck hand—"

February had come before any of us saw Father O'Meara again, and a bitterly cold

interval it was. As he came weaving through the Forty-second Street crowd that afternoon toward Tommy Wentworth and me his lean face was warm with welcome.

"And how ar-re ye, lads?" he chuckled, linking arms between us. "Sure, and 'tis a weary while since I laid eyes on ye, ye benighted heathens! What with saving the souls o' me contrite parishioners and advising of them how best they could expiate their sins, 'tis meself has had scant time to go gadding about!"

"They've kept you pretty busy, eh?" Tommy commented.

"Busy?" Ha—a half-pounder rising to the first good hatch o' duns had nought on me! There's been times when I've almost forgot me new Bayne rod, so long was the line o' sinners awaiting to be shrived—almost, ye'll notice. Ah, but 'tis a grand little whip old Bayne had built for me this time. Eight foot four and a shade over three ounces without the reel—she'll throw a fly as straight as a bullet and light as a puff o' down, I'll warrant!"

"You'll be all set, then, when the season opens."

"Aye—I'm all set now! A brace o' new Bardy lines and a dozen leaders straight from the Old Country—and lads, one o' me penitent parishioners from Second Avenue has made me a gift o' nigh a double handful o' the finest hackle feathers ye ever glimpsed, from his pit-game cocks! Man, but they tie up into pretty flies—Woodruff, and Skews Hackle, and the good old Spent Gnat. . . . D'ye think the ice will work much harm to the trout when it goes out in the spring? I've a letter from Mrs.

Derwent, and she tells as the snow's a yard deep on the level and they do be cutting two-foot cakes from the big pool back o' the Four Maples. That's a power o' winter to be vanishing by Opening Day, let me tell ye! I misdoubt we'll find it uncommon chill when we foregather to wet our first lines o' the season."

While winter alternately froze and drizzled toward its appointed end, the Dog Catchers became men of dual personalities. As reasonably sane human beings we realized that if we were fools enough to go up to the Esopus on the first day of the season we would get insufferably cold, wet, and catch little or nothing; as fishermen, we didn't give a darn how we suffered so long as the ice didn't coat our lines thickly enough to prevent casting. The result was that all seven of us were hard at it by sunrise of April 5th, plugging away as energetically as woolen gloves and innumerable sweaters would permit.

The roil of snow-water was still in the flooded stream, and a nipping northwest wind streaked with snow flurries whipped down the valley. At noon, when Tommy Wentworth and I hauled out at the head of the old Boiceville pool and built a roaring fire on the bank, we were chilled to the marrow and had taken but three small trout between us. Which facts, supplemented by the steady snowfall into which the morning's spurts had thickened, started us on

the long tramp back to the Four Maples as soon as we finished lunch.

It was hardly three o'clock when we clumped into the big, warm kitchen and skinned out of our waders, but Mac, Bostwick, Joe and Dick Somers were already steaming around Mrs. Derwent's old-fashioned range. While Tommy and I gulped red-hot coffee they told of their scores: Joe, a blank; Dick and Mac a couple of nine-inchers each; Bostie five, one of them nearly a half pound in weight.

"Good work," Tommy commended, looking them over. "This biggest one of yours is a pretty fish, Bostie—unusually good condition for this time of year. Got to hand it to you for teasing 'em out."

"Oh, it's just luck—and a No. 10 Cahill with genuine woodduck wings," Bostwick disparaged, though the way he said it suggested that he thought his own skill had a lot to do with it.

"THAT'S the fly you take all your best fish on, isn't it?" Somers mused. "What're you planning to do—cop off the prize again this year?"

"Sure," said Bostie, calm as a June evening. "And it looks as though I've made a pretty good start."

Dusk was shutting down when at last Father O'Meara straggled in. I never saw a wetter or a colder man. The snow had sifted in around the collar of his old fishing-coat, melted and soaked him fore and aft. He had gone over the top with both waders, and as he lay on the bank with his legs in the air to drain them out the water had drenched what few dry stitches were left. His lean face was fairly blue, despite the vibration of his chattering teeth. Not until we had poured an assorted quart or so of warming liquids into him did he thaw out enough to talk.

Then, "April, April, laugh thy golden laughter," he sighed. "Sure, and 'tis a queer kind of a chuckle ye've given us this day, old gur-rl! Fetch me creel, Mac, like a good lad, that I may stop these rough-necks heckling to know what I've caught. Not all the fish in Simon Peter's own net could draw me away from this war-m stove at the present moment!"

MacGregor picked up the basket from the corner where the priest had dropped it, and brought it over to the lamp on the table. Father O'Meara's face was a mask of unexpression as he lifted the lid and began burrowing within.

"There's one," he announced, hauling out a quarter-pounder. "Two more o' the same makes three. And here, Bostie (a



At noon, when Tommy Wentworth and I built a roaring fire on the bank of the old Boiceville pool, we were chilled to the marrow and had taken but three small trout

perceptible ring crept into his voice) is the joker in the pack, which, be the same token, I caught for your especial edification!" With what in a less modest man would have been a flourish, he dragged forth from the bottom of the creel a trout which a glance showed us would scale a solid pound in weight.

It was superbly done. No fuss, no boasting, and yet the challenge could not have been more unmistakably flung down. Mac had been right; the Father was out after Bostie's scalp, and every man Jack of us there in the Four Maples' kitchen knew it from that moment on.

And Bostie? Well, he didn't say much until we began drifting up to our rooms to get ready for the nine o'clock train back to town. Then he gave his answer:

"Going down, Father?"

"That I am, worse luck! Two funerals and a High Mass I must be after conducting the morrow, no less. Only for them—"

"Well, that's too bad. I'm going to stay on for a few days—and do some *real* fishing."

A SERIES of week-end northeasters kept most of us away from the Esopus until the end of the month—all except Bostwick. Partly because he was more fortunately situated than the rest of us, and partly because Father O'Meara had put a figurative flea in his ear, he managed to slip in four or five good days while we were cursing our luck in town, with the result that he took the lead again by a margin of several ounces. In fact, Mrs. Derwent's official brown paper score-board tacked on the wall of the dining-room credited him with two fish unmistakably longer and heavier than the Father's.

Settled good weather came with a rush early in May. Almost overnight, it seemed, the dogwoods shook out their white coverlets along the hillsides. The coral bells of columbine spangled sunny rock ledges, and the misty green hillocks of the apple-trees in the flatlands grew faintly pink. Overhead the first swallows hawked busily through air from which the last touch of winter had gone. A myriad gnats were on the wing, swarms of duns hovered over the lowering stream. And in riffle, pool, raid and eddy the trout rose hungrily, steadily from dawn to dark.

In all the years that we have known the Esopus, we Dog-Catchers have never had such fishing as was ours that spring. Week after week the weather held, with hardly a shower and never a storm. The stream settled to a constant, diamond-clear level, fed by a thousand winter-filled reservoirs beneath the forest's floor. We waded it through a sort of dry-fly man's Elysium, picking our trout carefully, fastidiously, as an epicure selects from an inexhaustible menu.

And such trout as they were! Plump, full-colored, conditioned by the restless, ice-cold water, fighting like terriers, beautiful as rainbows. When we came in at evening each man's basket held the legal limit, and many were the tales of how, when the allotted ten pounds had been taken, the rise seemed to grow all the more fast and furious.

I think every one of us had an idea that

he'd get his name on the silver fly-box that year. By the first of June the lead had changed three times—first Somers came in with a two-pounder, then Tommy creeled one of two-and-a-quarter which Bostwick capped with a young whale that pulled down the official scales to the full three-pound mark.

"Guess that will hold you for a while," he announced grandiloquently as Mrs. Derwent entered the record on her score-board. "The championship's gone to smaller fish than that before now!"

Whereupon Father O'Meara lighted a fresh cigar with one of his infallible sulphur matches, puffed vehemently but in silence, and at precisely eight o'clock the next evening came sloshing up to the house with a brown giant that measured twenty-two inches from snout to tail tip and weighed exactly four pounds and one ounce.

Well, we just cheered—we couldn't help it. But our congratulations didn't shake the little priest's composure for a minute. His outward attitude was one of grim satisfaction in a job well done, of justification in the eyes of companions who had been with him from the start. He didn't even rub it into Bostie—which merely increased the young man's chagrin some fifty-five or sixty per cent. The only inkling we got of the real depth of his feelings came from Mac next morning, when he reported having heard the Father, in the room next to his, chuckling away to himself long after the lights were out and muttering:

"I'm thinking I showed him this time—him and his old Cahills with the real wood-duck wings. Yes, be the powers, his bluff is called for once! A Bayne rod and a Bardy line and a good Spent Gnat tied with the feathers of a pit-game cock from Second Avenue—man, but 'twas a grand fight! Happen 'twill land me name on the silver fly-box, no less, and let me die with a smile on me lips and a blessing in me heart!"

We fixed up a plan after breakfast when the old priest was out of earshot, a voluntary agreement to step aside and try for no more big trout that season. We'd had enough sport to satisfy any reasonable men, and—well, we wanted to see Father O'Meara win that honor on which he had so set his heart. Bostwick was the only one of the crowd who wasn't in on it. He had grabbed an early cup of coffee and headed for the stream before sunrise, with lunch in his pocket and blood in his eyes.

As a matter of fact, our vows of abstinence proved to be rather superfluous, for almost from that day the fishing fell off. An abnormally hot and dry spell had settled over the mountains. Under its influence the stream dwindled and the trout went off their feed. Now and then, for a half-hour or so after sunset, there would be a spasmodic rise, but nothing of any account. If a man hooked four fair fish a day he counted himself lucky.

Any pair with less at stake than young Bostie and the Father would have slacked up under such conditions. But the only effect the weather had on them was to send them at it all the harder—the one to win back the leadership he had lost, the other to forestall, by taking a still larger trout, the defeat which, at the hands of as skilful

a dry-fly man as Bostwick, was an ever-present danger.

So every day that either could snatch from the duties of business or parish was spent on the stream. Rivalry became their middle name, and whenever any of the rest of us slipped up to the Four Maples to pick up a few small fish Mrs. Derwent met us with some fresh report of how the little priest had hammered away from noon of one day to breakfast-time of the next, or Bostie had covered the whole five miles from the Concrete Bridge to the Cemetery Pool and never once stopped for so much as a sandwich, sir.

July came, sweltered through to a languorous, sultry August; and still no change arrived in the status of the two contestants. Once Bostie thought himself on the edge of victory, but Mrs. Derwent's official scales scored him a full three ounces under the mark. Whereupon he set his mouth in a still firmer line, wired to town for a fresh batch of flies, and went at it again.

The close of the season fell on a Thursday, and in accordance with established Dog-Catcher custom five of us went up to the Esopus the preceding night for one last day's fishing before the law forced us to watchful waiting for seven long months.

MRS. DERWENT greeted us with the news that Bostwick and Father O'Meara had already arrived—Bostie having left the city at two-thirty that morning in his car, and the priest traveling via the newspaper train which pulled out at three. They had arrived almost together, grabbed a bite of breakfast while she collected their fishing-togs from the hooks in the kitchen—and she hadn't seen them since.

While we lounged on the porch smoking our bedtime pipes they trailed wearily in, one from up-stream, the other from down. Bostie was uncommunicative, almost curt—sure sign that his luck had been poor. He said barely more than "Hello" and "Good night" before climbing the stairs to his room. But the priest lingered over a belated supper, his thin face drawn into gaunt, grimy lines and the white handkerchief which he wore around his neck in deference to his calling dragged and awry.

"Home stretch—eh, Father?" Dick Somers grinned understandingly.

"Ha—ye're right, me lad! Twenty-four hours more and we'll be coming under the wire neck and neck, and devil take the hindmost! Sure, me—well, a most important part o' me do be dragging on the ground, no less, a-bumping along in the dust and crying aloud in its misery, 'Arrah, Father, and will ye never give me leave to sit down and rest a mite?"

"But what can I do, I ask ye? Even though the good Saint Anthony is after remembering all the fine prayers I've offered up to him these three months gone, 'tis no guarantee that long-legged beggar upstairs will not grab the bit in the last ten yards and win by a nose. 'No, dang ye!' says I to me posterior extremity's bewailings. 'Ye can go to roost when the victory is ours, and not one second before that glorious moment!'"

"Well (he dragged to his feet, and as he





The great trout was almost within reach now, drifting on his side. Father O'Meara held the match higher, straining his eyes, and stretched forward slowly, with his net hand over the deep water. "Can you make it?" called Bostwick

started for the stairs we saw the effort which it cost him to square his old shoulders), "'tis meself must be getting a good night's rest. Bostie will be up with the dawn, and me hard after him again to hold me advantage. He takes a power o' beating, that lad!"

It was insufferably hot next morning, even for the last day of August. The sun scorched down out of a cloudless, hazy blue sky with a vengefulness that suggested a personal grudge against the earth in general and the Esopus part of it in particular.

We took one look at the shrunken, glassy stream, devoid of every semblance of fish or insect life, and with one accord sought the shade of the Four Maples' veranda. Even Bostwick and Father O'Meara gave it up by ten o'clock and returned to souse their heads with repeated buckets at the well.

Mid-afternoon came before any of us

had the courage to move. Then Bostie flicked away his twentieth cigarette butt, squinted at the lowering sun and, gathering up his tackle, set off up-stream without a word.

Father O'Meara watched him go, and his face fell. "Arrah!" he muttered, "he's heading for the Rip-Rap Pool again. Night and day all summer he's been a-pestering it like a gad-fly, and a rare good spot for a big 'un it is."

"Sure, boys, 'tis meself must not let him lick me at this eleventh hour—I'll be on me way once more. Will ye be coming along, any of ye?"

"Guess not," Mac spoke for all of us. "It's too infernally hot for fishing. We'll stick around here and pray for you. Here—this'll bring you good luck!" From his shirt pocket he pulled a withered rabbit's foot and tossed it to the priest.

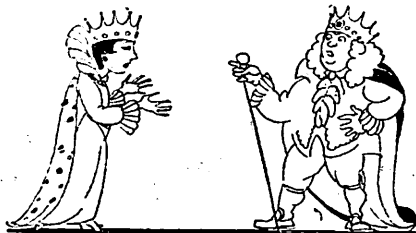
"Sure, and it's from a left hind leg, caught in a grave-yard in the dark of the

moon, I'll wager," Father O'Meara exclaimed, examining the bit of brown fur critically. "A fine heathen idol for a man o' God to be after pinning his faith to, and be the same token, I'll accept it with thanks, Mac, as a kind o' postscript to me prayers. So-long, lads—keep your fingers crossed for the old man!"

For a mile Father O'Meara trudged along the dusty road to where, languorous in the shade now creeping out from the westward mountains, the Rip-Rap Pool drowsed beyond a border of trees. Through an opening in the leafy screen he could see Bostwick thigh-deep in the water, shooting a methodical, accurate line to the current which drifted lazily along the crib-work holding up the farther bank.

"I thought as much," muttered the priest, mopping his forehead as he watched. "He's set for the evening, no less, going over that quarter-mile o' noble water with a fine-tooth

(Continued on page 56)



The Sun Parlor



The King's Breakfast

By A. A. Milne

Drawings by Herman Palmer

1
THE King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid:
"Could we have some butter for
The Royal slice of bread?"
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid:
The Dairymaid
Said "Certainly."
"I'll go and tell
The cow
Now
Before she goes to bed."

2
THE Dairymaid,
She curtsied,
And went and told
The Alderney:
"Don't forget the butter for
The Royal slice of bread."
The Alderney
Said sleepily:
"You'd better tell
His Majesty
That many people nowadays
Like marmalade
Instead."

3
THE Dairymaid,
Said "Fancy!"
And went to
Her Majesty,
She curtsied to the Queen, and
She turned a little red:
"Excuse me,
Your Majesty,
For taking of
The liberty,
But marmalade is tasty, if
It's very
Thickly
Spread."

4
THE Queen said
"Oh!"
And went to
His Majesty:
"Talking of the butter for
The Royal slice of bread,
Many people
Think that
Marmalade
Is nicer,
Would you like to try a little
Marmalade
Instead?"

5
THE King said
"Bother!"
And then he said
"Oh, deary me!"
The King sobbed, "Oh, deary me!"
And went back to bed.
"Nobody," he whimpered,
"Could call me
A fussy man;
I only want
A little bit
Of butter for
My bread!"

6
THE Queen said
"There, there!"
And went to
The Dairymaid,
The Dairymaid
Said "There, there!"
And went to the shed.
The cow said "There, there!"
"I didn't really
Mean it;
Here's milk for his porringer
And butter for his bread."

Going Down!

ONCE there was a little man in an inconspicuous grey hat and tweed suit, who got into an Office Elevator without having his rubber taken off when the door clanged behind him. This same little chap made up his mind the moment he left the ground floor that, Elevator Boy or no Elevator Boy, he was going to get off at the nineteenth floor. This was not because the nineteenth floor was the last stop; it was because the little chap wanted to get off at the nineteenth floor. Somewhere between the eighteenth and nineteenth floors he called: "Nineteen out!" the elevator stopped, he asked if this was the nineteenth floor, the Elevator Boy said yes, it was, the little chap shouldered his way out of the car and found that it was the nineteenth floor; and the first person to rush forward through the police lines and shake him by the hand was the author of this entertaining little monograph.

That man ought to be President of the United States. He had done something great. He had had his own way in an Office Elevator; and I am no one to dismiss this feat with a casual snap of the right thumb and forefinger.

I am afraid of Elevator Boys. All my life I have been bullied up and down the Office Elevators, simply because I lack the courage to answer them back. I am jostled, I am stepped on, I am ordered about, and I say nothing. The Elevator Boy takes me on past my floor, and I smile wanly. He stops his car so abruptly that I contract violently and give my chin an ugly knock on the floor, and I pick up my hat and apologize to him. The only other persons who can get away with anything like that with me are traffic policemen, waiters, soda-clerks, icemen, conductors, floor-walkers, plumbers and office-boys.

I challenged an Elevator Boy once, on the eighteenth floor of what I discovered later was an eighteen-story building. I asked him if he was going down.

He replied that he would tell the cock-eyed world he was, and did I think maybe he was going on through the roof?

"Oh, is this the top floor?" I inquired a little blankly.

"Naw, this is Coney Island!" he replied.

7
THE Queen took
The Butter
And brought it to
His Majesty;
The King said,
"Butter, eh?"
And bounced out of bed.
"Nobody," he said,
As he kissed her
Tenderly,
"Nobody," he said,
As he slid down
The bannisters,
"Nobody, my darling,
"Could call me
A fussy man—
"BUT

"I do like a little bit of butter to my bread!"



"My good fellow," I began, "would it not prove more convenient, as well as courteous, if you were to abandon superfluous badinage, and, instead of resorting to circumlocution, answer my query with a simple, straightforward 'Yes?'"

"Yes!" he said.

I picked myself up later and brushed off my hat and coat, and decided to walk downstairs after all.

On my way down the eighteen flights I thought of a remedy. It may not be very practicable; but I have a sneaking notion that it would make Elevator Riding a lot pleasanter if some one would construct a stationary car, and then have the building move up and down around it.

And I should like please to be the Elevator Boy, and work the building.—Corey Ford.

Early June Bridegrooms

How to Plant, Transplant, Cultivate, Prune, and Harvest Them for the 1925 Crop

IT IS of course too late to do anything with your Early June Bridegrooms this season. You either have one, or you haven't. If you have one, you doubtless consider him perfect, just as he grows, and would resent any advice as to developing him.

But, for the amateur or amative gardener who looks ahead, now is the time to study the habits and possibilities of this handsome and hardy annual—a favorite in so many millions of American homes—with a view toward making the very best of it.

Science has rather bungled the thing, so far. Science has persistently regarded the Early June Bride as though it were alone in nature. The reverse is quite true. What are the facts? They are these:

Wherever you find a June Bride, there you find a June Bridegroom.

This great and solemn truth has been overlooked by scientists for centuries.

The two simply cannot exist apart. And yet, science has always blindly overlooked this. From now on, in order to catch up with the Early June Bride, who has hitherto occupied 102 per cent. of the spotlight, simply because of the aforesaid blunder on the part of the scientific bozos, the Bridegroom will have to receive an extra share of attention.

The following simple rules should be observed:
1. In planting, care should be taken to secure only the finest seedlings.

They can be obtained from any good male order house.

But the safest way, followed by many successful debutantes, is to carry a ton of iron-men out of your Dad's bank with your own lily hands, seek out some good family tree in a storm, and wait there for the lightning to strike.

2. Plant during the winter season. Good soil may be found at almost any indoor petting party.

3. Transplanting: They may be forced in
(Continued on page 67)



Chrystal Herne
in
"Expressing Willie"

MAURICE GOLDBERG
RACHEL CROTHERS, who has a neat way of sticking pins in social foibles, is responsible for this comedy. Willie, her simple-souled hero, has risen to giddy wealth as sponsor of a popular dentifrice. He surrounds himself with a naughty crowd of breezy intellectuals and is on the brink of marrying a beautiful but mercenary soul-mate when his mother manoeuvres his boyhood sweetheart (Miss Herne) onto the scene. One weekend on Long Island suffices to teach this erstwhile music teacher the secret of modern self-expression—and to pass the lesson on to the rescued Willie



With no plot worth mentioning and nothing startling or spectacular in the way of song or dance, "Moonlight" still achieves a state of being mildly amusing through the prestige of Julia Sanderson (left) and Ernest Glendinning. William Le Baron acknowledges to having written the book, William B. Friedlander the lyrics, and Con Conrad the music for the occasion



RICHARD BURKE

Even the canine tribe can boast of its famous "specialists." Every movie fan will recognize this camera portrait of Strongheart, whose particular field of activities is the story of Western adventure. His most recent success is "The Love Master" and he is now enjoying a short vacation preparatory to starting work on a new series of pictures for the fall



EDWARD THAYER MONROE

There are at least three things in favor of the musical comedy "Sitting Pretty." Messrs. Bolton and Wodehouse, whose collaborations can be depended upon for more than average wit and freshness, wrote the libretto, the music is to the credit of Jerome Kern, and the cast includes such dependable humorists as Queenie Smith, Frank McIntyre, Gertrude Bryan (pictured on the left) and a number of others

Mr. Hodge did a shrewd and really thoughtful piece of writing in "For All of Us" and he acts the rôle of his hero, a sort of reformed Old Soak, to the top of his bent. Miss Belle Murray does well with the rather meager rôle of his long lost daughter

Clara Moores and Louis Calhern in "Cobra." This play by Martin Brown, centering round a man's struggle with his weakness for the wrong sort of woman, has two exceptionally good acts. Although the third is a letdown, the play is excellent entertainment for those who like their drama rather highly seasoned



RICHARD SOUTHALL GRANT



WHITE

Previous to her debut in "Vogues" Miss Odette Myrtil has graced only the vaudeville stage since she came out of France. Her singing and skill with a violin bow have an easy charm and piquant enthusiasm that make light the task of linking together the widely varied numbers of a well-turned-out revue by Fred Thompson and Clifford Grey, with music by Herbert Stothart



NICKOLAS MURAY



Decoration by R. L. Lambdin for "Whom Are You Leaning On?"

Whom Are You Leaning On?

Are You of the Crowd or Are You Fighting Up-Stream?

By Gabriel Heatter

More tragic than all the human woes we know is the leaner. Empty and futile is the life he lives. The greatest thing a man can do in life is to think, and to think his own thoughts. A thinker is never "in right." He is always tearing up old-fashioned ideas, blasting smug conventions. But the joy and glory of a life well lived are his.

TELL me, whom are you leaning on? What sign-posts mark the road you travel? How much of you is really you and how much is the man next to you? How many times do you stop and ask the way, and how often?

The thoughts you think, the dreams you dream, the words you speak, your laugh, your cry—whose are they . . . yours?

When you say yes and no—when you are for or against—is it you who speaks—or is it the man you are leaning on?

When you praise, or denounce, when you cry out and pound the table before you—who is it that is really praising and denouncing and pounding?

Is it really you?

Or are you of that great army of tragedy—the leaners? Are you one of those millions, and do you add to the helpless, pitiful wail that is theirs?

Where? How? Why? When? If? But? Maybe? Perhaps? . . . What terrible lamentation is theirs, what a chorus, as it rises up into the heavens while they stagger blindly through life!

For the road the leaner seeks is the easy road, the safe road, the posted road. He travels the road made hard by the pioneers who have gone on ahead of him, who have blazed ahead into uncertainty, into the dark and found there the light, and the thrill that comes with finding the light.

More tragic than all the human woes we know is the leaner. Empty and futile is the life he lives. What knows he of decisions? Of bold blazing ahead? Of seeking out the new and the untrodden? Of climbing to the heights? Of doing the undone? The thrill of these never comes to him.

There is fear. There is stifling, throttling discouragement. There are a million impostors who breed in the mire and dare you and me to strike out against them, and keep on ahead of them. And if we are leaners, what do we know of the glory that comes from battling with these?

We look upon the explorer. We shudder as we see him climbing to the heights and we believe that the thrill of climbing, of conquest, of decision, of victory, are for him only.

But you and I, even here in the valley, here in the quiet routine of home and office—we too in our hearts and hopes can feel that thrill and stand on those same dizzy heights. We too can march out, for we can say yes and no; I will and I won't; I must and I must not; it is right and it is wrong; and we can say these alone, and say them for ourselves. In us what a vast uncharted region to explore, what jungles to pierce, what mountains to climb, what victory to achieve. But not for the leaner . . . the leaner is never alone.

There is a problem, say. A problem for the leaner to solve. It is his problem, his own. What does he do? "I'll ask Smith,"

he cries out, "he ought to know. I'll see Jones, he had a problem like it. Perkins, he'll tell me." And the leaner goes and he leans on Jones and Smith and Perkins and robs himself of his own rich heritage, his own sacred privilege, and in a million homes, in a million weary lives, it goes on—leaners, knocking upon the door, waiting, with hat in hand, for the light, the answer, the safe answer—the empty answer.

Rich and poor, strong and weak, are the leaners. And for their safety, what a price they pay! For the leaner never knows the God-given thrill of finding for himself. He never knows the abounding happiness of making his own decision, of finding his own way. What does he know of those by-paths—those new roads where gold is hidden and happiness too.

The books he reads, the house he builds, the music he plays, the clothes he wears; his habits, the things he is for and the things he is against, all that he has and all that he is and all that he passes on to his children to live with after him, it is the leaner, living the leaner's life, leaning, leaning, always.

For the leaner "stands in" and the easiest thing in the world to do is to "stand in" . . .

To be "in right" is always the ambition of a good second-rater. A "yes man" is the cheapest thing in the world. Out on the broad highway of life are millions of men who are "in right." They go down-stream instead of up. For opinions they have platitudes. For convictions they have convention. Year in, year out, and every day of the year they go on—always hoping to "stand in" with a boss, with a superior, with the crowd. And then at the sunset of life they look back upon it and realize that they have leaned—only leaned.

It is not from these that immortals come. It is not from these that new thoughts, new ideas, new and better help to a greater life can ever come. Stand out for a change! Be "in wrong" if necessary—but stand out! Stand out on your own feet.

The greatest thing a man can do in life is to think, and to think his own thoughts. A thinker is never "in right." He is always branching out on new roads. He is tearing up old-fashioned ideas. He is blasting smug conventions. But the joy and glory of a life well lived are his.

The idle praise, the shallow satisfaction that comes to a man who "stands in" is the easiest thing, the cheapest thing to get—yes, the most comfortable. And if what you are seeking from life is comfort, if what you are thinking of is merely getting by with the least amount of resistance, with the smallest amount of mental effort—then by all means "stand in." Be a good "yes man!" Be a leaner! Lean—and lean your way through life.

But where lies the hope of the world? Is it from those who lean, who "stand in,"

or rather from those who ceaselessly toil to find the new road, the shorter road, the better road? Certainly with these come heartaches, setbacks and disappointments. Certainly these bring strife, opposition, competition. One of the outstanding tragedies of this world we live in is that all who bring some new thought to it pay the price of martyrdom; but what a heritage to leave your children, what a rich inspiration for them to carry on. Ask yourself honestly what you would rather have your son do. Would you rather have him "stand in" and go on meaninglessly, eating and sleeping and living, or would you rather have him stand out? And to stand out as unconquerable, rich in his ideas, strong in his passion for these ideas.

Come out of the crowd—out from the crowd of leaners. Lift your head high, turn about and go up-stream! Stand out and be numbered among those who don't lean, who seek, who strive, who walk in the light—among those who live usefully with purpose, who leave this world better than they found it, who think, who do, who act, who achieve.

When you realize what a wonderful mechanism this God-given human brain is, when you realize what hopes and dreams and visions are stored in your soul, when you feel the strength that is yours, what a sad thing it is to contemplate the leaner, the "yes man," who takes his compensation by "standing in"?

THERE is one aristocracy in the world, one thing that endures, and that is thought. Kingdoms, money, palaces, hanging balconies and golden monuments—all of these are shriveled in the dust of the ages. One thing survives—one thing lives. Thought! New thought! Clearer thought!

And the men who gave these thoughts were not leaners; they were men who stood out. Misjudged, misunderstood, trampled upon, scoffed, lied about, they continued to fight for the right as they knew it and it is their fight and this right that lives. These are the hope of the world, while the work of those who leaned, who "stood-in," who marched along, is buried with the ages.

Every day, every minute, you and I must make our choice. We must fall in line and be of the leaners, or we must strike out and plant our banner unfurled on the mountain-top. Ours is the choice to ask, to lean, to wait, to follow behind—ours the choice to do these or to think, to decide, to march out, to lead.

What is there in life more beautiful than finding the path for one's self. We either chart the unknown seas, we learn, we push on and we find, or we merely travel—with the leaners.

Come—stand out! Leave the easy road, the leaners, and take your joy in the glorious heritage that you will leave to those who look to you.

The Sporting Angle

By W. O. McGeehan

FOR the average follower of professional fisticuffs the loud ballyhoo of the promoter and manager is sweet music, as luring and harmonious as the song of the Lorelei. Perhaps a small minority of these admirers of the art of the builders of big matches realizes that a good deal of the ballyhoo hasn't the substance of even a soap bubble and that it is founded on everything except fact. But, as the late President Harding put it when he admitted that he liked to be buncombe a little, we are a nation of what are known in the vernacular as "fall guys." We like the sensation of being fooled even when we know that we are being fooled. We are willing to accept the hippodrome for the real thing—if the hippodrome is a "good show."

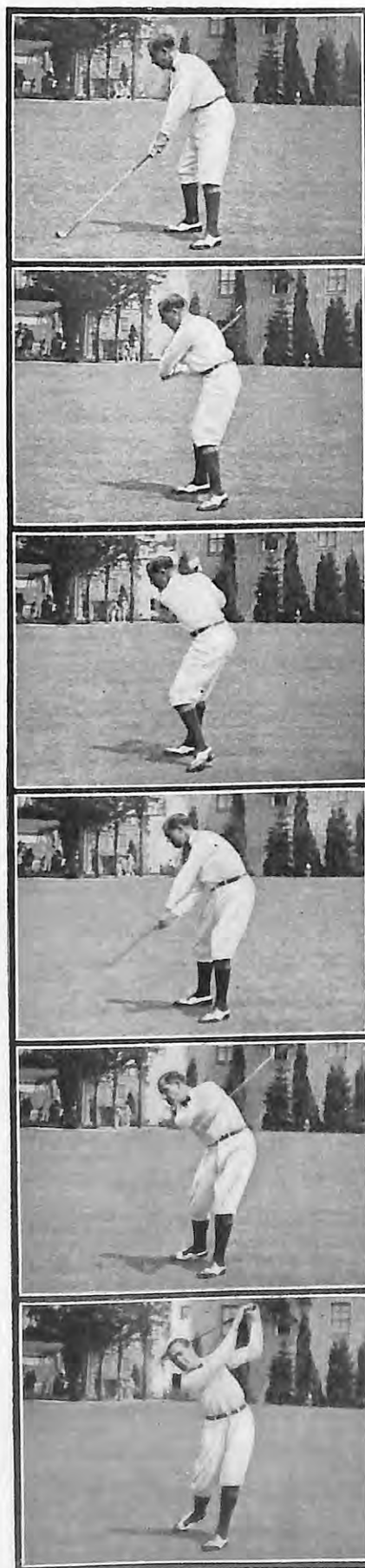
However, the sport expert likes to dig into the why and the wherefore of things. He likes to take the big boxing match apart and see what makes it tick. He likes to follow the construction of the million dollar attraction from the first faint sound of the ballyhoo to the grand blare—to the click of the cameras as the gladiators are photographed in the act of shaking hands preliminary to throwing gloves at each other.

As a subject for this sort of analysis I am considering the extensive ballyhoo that precedes the next appearance in the ring of our heavyweight champion, Mr. Jack Dempsey. Until very recently it was considered inevitable that Señor Luis Angel Firpo would be the next opponent. The fact that he made it seem like what the promoters call a logical match by knocking Mr. Dempsey out of the ring into a portable typewriter had the potential customers confident that the return match was inevitable.

But Señor Firpo is a financier as well as a gladiator and a financier of no mean ability, as is shown by the fact that he has no manager to count his earnings or to advise in regard to his investments. Señor Firpo became coy. He forgot that it was his dearest expressed wish to bring back the title to that dear Argentine Republic.

He began to think in figures and in such large figures that even Mr. Tex Rickard, who never thinks in sums less than a hundred thousand, was staggered. Also Firpo announced that he was tired of the crowds and the excitement attendant upon being a near heavyweight champion. He was desirous of retiring. He cared not for the lucre, he cared not for the glory of the thing.

All of this was very good ballyhoo. I am sure that it was ballyhoo, but Mr. Tex Rickard began to get weary of the bargaining after it passed a certain point. Up to that it was good. It would have added many thousands to the box office if the return match had been managed. The less anxious a gladiator seems to enter the ring the



Here are slow-moving pictures of three of the greatest living professional golfers. Above you see Walter Hagen, twice National Open Champion, winner of the North and South Open tournament this year and last, and one of the deadliest match players in the game. Note how he gets his shoulders behind his swing in the follow-through. Contrast his stance with the much more upright position of Arthur Havers, shown on the opposite page

How a Big Boxing Match Is Built Up — Our Olympic Prospects And Other Matters

more eager the customers are to get him back. Witness the case of James J. Jeffries, lured from his retirement into the disastrous bout with Jack Johnson.

Building a Silent Ballyhoo

In the meantime there was building up a silent but powerful ballyhoo for another opponent. The term, silent ballyhoo, may sound a bit paradoxical, but you may get what I mean when I add that the silent ballyhoo has been for a bout between Dempsey and Harry Wills, the colored stevedore and prize-fighter. Rickard promptly signed the colored man and got a working agreement with Dempsey for a heavyweight championship bout to be held in the historic arena at Boyle's Thirty Acres.

The announcement of the signing of Wills caused Señor Firpo to tear his shaggy hair and give vent to a roar that resounded over his native Pampas. He had learned American business methods but he learned them too well. He carried his coyness too far, to the breaking point, in fact. He reconsidered his determination to retire and told the world that he would first do battle with the Chilean pretender to the title of champion of South America and after that would meet Dempsey.

But the Dempsey-Firpo ballyhoo has faded or has been drowned out by the crescendo of the Dempsey-Wills ballyhoo. This now has become the "battle of the century," the "bout of the ages," or whatever you may please to call it.

Firpo Interest Has Faded

And that ballyhoo has only begun. The negotiations for Dempsey, which will be handled by Mr. Jack Kearns, are yet to come and leave it to Mr. Kearns to make the best of all opportunities to add to the ballyhoo. Before the actual signing of the champion and the colored stevedore there will be column upon column written. All this would not be if the reader did not relish the ballyhoo. Sometimes I think that the match-making very often creates more interest than the fight itself. Certainly it lasts longer than the average heavyweight bout.

When the Dempsey-Wills bout is over the ballyhoo for the return bout between Dempsey and Señor Firpo will be resumed. I am assuming, like most of the experts or near-experts, that Dempsey will win. When that time comes Señor Firpo may be a little more responsive toward what Mr. Tex Rickard considers reason.

It is rather a change from the days when John L. Sullivan traveled the country betting that nobody could stand up against him. Mr. Jack Dempsey, it seems, has but one fight a year on his program, or two at the most. He feels that his fee for the one



Arthur G. Havers, of England, British Open Champion. Havers is noted for his extremely long driving and fine putting and earned the distinction of beating Bobby Jones on his Atlanta home course and also Gene Sarazen in a 72-hole match in the East

appearance should be \$750,000. This is part of the ballyhoo. The chances are that Dempsey may knock out Harry Wills in one round. Who would not want to be present when the most expensive round ever fought in the history of the ring was staged?

For his first bout in New York Mr. Jack Dempsey received something like \$200. It is a rather quick jump from \$200 a fight to \$750,000. But Mr. Tex Rickard is beginning to weaken and even the customers are beginning to grumble. After the Dempsey-Wills bout there may not be enough money anywhere in the world to bring about the Dempsey-Firpo bout and the greatest sport ballyhoo will be lost.

Big Tennis Upheaval Coming

It looks as if we are about to see a big upheaval in world tennis. Big Bill Tilden, America's tennis champion, some time ago resigned from our Davis Cup and Olympic teams and the officials promptly accepted his retirement. As one of the powers that be in the United States Lawn Tennis Association put it, "We called Tilden's bluff." Vincent Richards, a young man who has been counted on to help defend the Davis Cup, is scheduled to play in the Olympics, but we can't tell yet whether or not he will be in the Davis Cup matches. Tennis experts look for Australia to take the cup back.

The average American sport follower would not mind losing that trophy if we were beaten with our best on the courts. But to have our leading experts sit by and let the cup go to the Antipodes is a mare of another color. The tennis association says that it is risking the loss of the world championship for an ideal. Tennis followers ask, "How sound is that ideal?"

Popular sympathy undoubtedly is with Tilden, who could do nothing but resign from our international teams after the Amateur Rule Committee of the United States Lawn Tennis Association had attacked his amateurism because of his writing tennis articles. Tilden wrote before he became champion. Writing is Tilden's chosen way of making a living. It was unjust to demand that Big Bill give up his vocation in order to meet the requirements of a coterie of super-idealists and overzealous purists. Most of the critics abroad, who would have been ready to espouse the cause of the Amateur Rule Committee had it been rational, took sides with Tilden. Even the conservative *Westminster Gazette* of London poked fun at the purists in America.

Who will defend the Davis Cup now? Billy Johnston and Dick Williams, champions of other days—men who have passed their crest in tennis—will probably be selected. Watson M. Washburn also is available. As the tennis stock of the United States sinks far below par that of Australia and even France rises to unusual heights.

The writer awaits with great interest the public reaction to the loss of the Davis Cup—if lost it is.

America's Chances in the Olympics

There has been considerable talk in the last three months regarding what is known as the Finnish menace in the Olympic games. Pessimists in this country have made themselves believe that the United States will lose the Olympic championship at Paris in July—that the Finns will wrest from us a leadership which we have maintained ever since the classic games were revived at Athens in 1896.

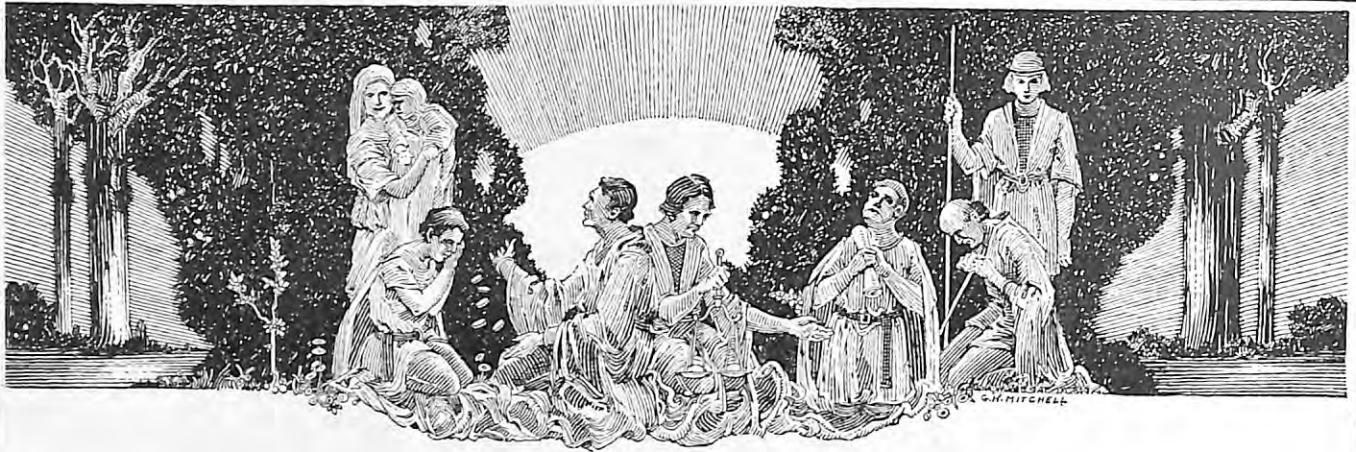
That Finland will send a formidable combination into the meet at Paris is

(Continued on page 57)



PHOTOS BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Gene Sarazen, National Professional Champion, practically unbeaten in this country since 1922 until his second match with Havers, whom he had previously defeated in California shortly after the Briton's arrival in America. Sarazen is a long driver but is especially famous for his iron shots



EDITORIAL

FLAG DAY

"Terrible in battle, may it be beneficent in peace. Happily no bird or beast of prey has been inscribed upon it. The stars that redeem the night from darkness, and the beams of red light that beautify the morning, have been united in its folds. As long as the sun endures, or the stars, may it wave over a nation neither enslaved nor enslaving."

THE Order of Elks justly prides itself upon the patriotic service it has rendered to our Country in the past. It proudly claims a preeminent place among those organizations whose fundamental purpose includes the inculcation of true patriotism in the hearts of their members. And it is unique among fraternities in that its mandatory laws require the annual celebration of Flag Day by each Subordinate Lodge.

The value of these patriotic demonstrations is so obvious as to call for little comment. A nation's flag is something more than a mere emblem of its sovereignty. It symbolizes all that the nation is and all that the nation stands for; its history, its traditions, its institutions, its hopes and aspirations. True reverence for the flag is, therefore, but an evidence of loyalty to the things which it represents. And that true reverence must be borne of an intelligent appreciation of what that physical emblem embodies and be-speaks.

The celebration of Flag Day, as conducted by Elk Lodges all over the country on June 14th, is not merely an occasion for the exhibition of surface emotion; nor is it designed simply to provide an opportunity for public display; nor to arouse a mere temporary patriotic enthusiasm. Its purpose is to teach, in an entertaining and effective manner, what the American Flag really typifies; to impress anew upon the minds of all the history that has glorified it; and to inspire in every heart that true patriotism which prompts to peace time loyalty and devotion no less than to war time sacrifice.

President Wilson, in an eloquent address on Flag Day, in 1917, said:

"But one may live as well as die for a flag and for the ideals which it symbolizes. Every flag that

floats free in the breeze is a living thing. It speaks with the voice of the great past and the mighty present. It is a challenge to us, the Americans of to-day . . . The flag has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours."

The maintenance of the glorious character of our beautiful banner, and the cultivation of such citizenship as will insure its stainless purity in generations to follow, is the high purpose of our fraternity. And in providing each year for the ceremonial observance of Flag Day, the Order of Elks not only rekindles the fire of patriotic zeal, but lays afresh the educational and inspirational foundation upon which that fire may continue to burn as upon a sacred altar. And it insures a concrete expression of that zeal in multiplied examples of loyalty and unselfish service. It is in this aspect that the Order is exerting a truly great patriotic influence that registers its uplifting effect upon the hearts of millions of our people.

It is earnestly hoped, and may well be assumed, that no effort will be spared this year by the Subordinate Lodges to provide again for such a celebration of Flag Day as will be worthy of our great Order and of the great purpose that lies behind the ceremonial observance of the occasion.

LAW ENFORCEMENT

IT IS gratifying to note in the last circular of the Grand Exalted Ruler that, upon a careful survey of the whole Order during his administration, he is moved to commendation of the Subordinate Lodges for their orderly enforcement of the laws of the civil government and of the Order. Among the nearly fifteen hundred Lodges only two were deemed properly subject to discipline.

Obedience to law is an essential attribute of good citizenship. It is also a definite duty of Elk membership and of Lodge administration. It is the very essence of true patriotism.

It should ever be borne in mind that the Subordinate Lodge is the unit by which the whole Order is judged in its community. The Order has,



therefore, a vital interest in the manner in which the Lodge is conducted. This is particularly true as to the manner in which its Club House is administered, because that involves a certain publicity that affects community sentiment.

It is easy to grow lax in law enforcement where thoughtless individuals are prone to construe their privileges as licenses, and where fraternal consideration and regard prompt to generous excuses of misconduct. But one "bad actor" can do the Lodge and the Order more harm than a dozen exemplary members can offset by consistent good conduct.

It behooves the Lodges, therefore, to be rigid in their requirements of law observance. And the Grand Exalted Ruler is to be commended for his disciplinary measures against those few Subordinate Lodges which were the discreditable exceptions to the splendid general rule.

VACATION

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

HOW many times, in our early school days, have we laboriously written this model sentence in cramped and ill-formed letters, striving to emulate the beautifully flowing script at the top of the copy-book page. And how much less thought we gave to the truth of the old adage than we did to the task of making accurate copies of the text.

We do not know if it still be used in the penmanship course; but it has come to be recognized as a wise aphorism of modern commercial and industrial life. Every well conducted business organization provides a vacation period as a regular feature of its annual program. And this is done not as a matter of grace or generosity; but as a matter of practical economy and efficiency.

The vacation season is now at hand and thousands of Elks, all over the country, are planning how they will spend the period of release from the ordinary round of daily duties. Are they planning wisely and with a true conception of the real value of a vacation? Or are they looking forward to it merely as an opportunity for indulgence and excesses with their attendant physical, mental and nervous drains?

Wisely spent, a vacation, even a brief one, refreshes the jaded brain, recuperates the wearied body and relaxes the over-tautened nerves. And

one returns from such an experience with renewed vigor that enables him to perform his daily tasks with increased efficiency as well as with greater ease and comfort to himself.

Unwisely spent, in late hours, in overtax of physical and nervous energy, and in thoughtless over-indulgence, it wholly fails of its designed purpose. And the inevitable result is a less capable mind and body for the remainder of the year.

This is so obvious as to be trite, and yet the little preachment embodied in the mere statement of the well recognized, but frequently disregarded, truth may not be ill-timed nor out of place here and now.

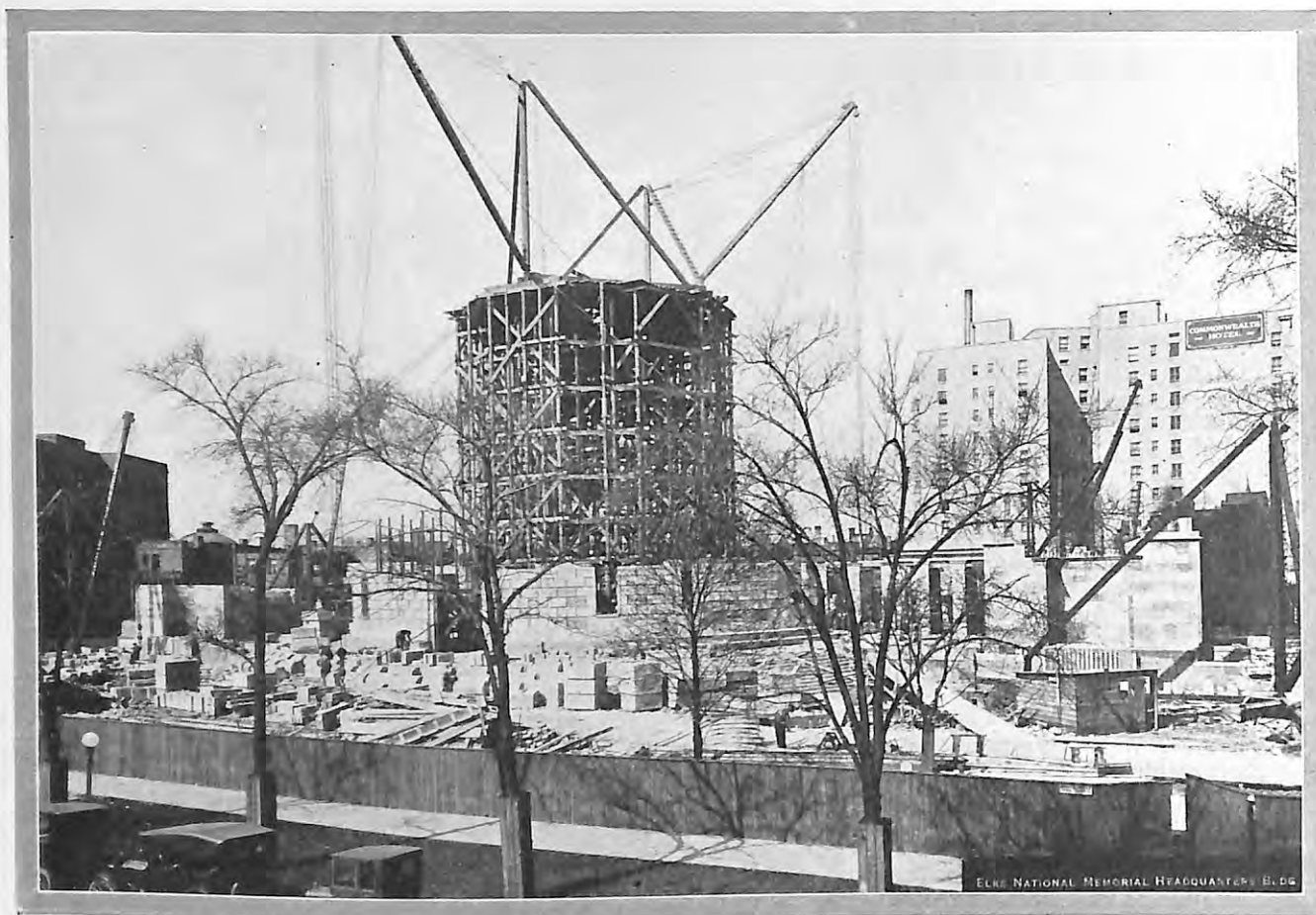
THE NARCOTIC EVIL.

THE thinking people of the world have become aroused to the growing menace of narcotic drug addiction; and statesmen have recognized the wisdom and necessity of international agreement looking to the only effective method of overcoming this evil: rigid regulation of the production of the baneful drugs.

The late President Harding was instrumental in giving a forward impulse to this movement and, as a result of his initiative, there will be held in this Country in July an International Convention to consider the subject. It is to be hoped that the wholesome sentiment of the people of America will make itself so felt that the Convention will realize it is meeting in a sympathetic atmosphere and will be encouraged to a steadfast determination upon measures, however drastic, that will accomplish the purpose in view.

This is a matter about which Elks can be very helpful. They should display that interest in the Convention and its purpose which its importance justifies. They should exert their influence in favor of such Congressional legislation as will properly finance the Convention's activities. And they should, in every appropriate way, endeavor to mould public opinion into a properly aggressive attitude toward the insidious evil, so that the weight and force of that opinion may be definitely impressed upon those charged with the responsibility of dealing with the subject.

An opportunity is here presented for a service to humanity which the Order and its members should not neglect.



CHICAGO ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

Cornerstone Laying of Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building—Chicago, June 7

ON SATURDAY afternoon, June 7, at two o'clock the Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge officers will conduct exercises at the laying of the cornerstone of the beautiful Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago. Presiding on this important occasion will be Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. The principal speakers will be Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, a member of the Commission, and Grand Exalted Ruler James G.

McFarland, who will perform the cornerstone laying ceremony. Participating in the exercises will be members of the Illinois State Elks Association—meeting at that time in Chicago—and members of Chicago Lodge No. 4. Music will be furnished by the band of Chicago Lodge, and both the band and the glee club of Milwaukee Lodge. Miss Margery Maxwell, soprano of Chicago Opera fame, will be the soloist and will lead in the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. The impressive program will be fully reported in the July issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

Are You Going to Boston in July?

All New England Is Ready to Welcome You

By James B. Connolly

FOR months Boston Lodge members have been perfecting the numberless details which are to make for the comfort and recreation of their guests during Convention Week. They are now beginning to see a successful end to their labors.

First and foremost has been the matter of housing visiting brothers and their families. Extensive reservations have been made in every hotel of any account in Boston. Quarters in hundreds of the better class lodging-houses have also been requisitioned.

Boston is pretty well fixed for hotels; but even so, overflows have been known on bumper occasions. Convention Week is bound to attract to our city many visitors who are not Elks, but who will be there because of Elk Week. There are business men who visit Boston irregularly but who are

going to see to it that a trip to Boston shall coincide with Convention Week; also there will be many men and women having no commercial business here but who, to take in the big show, will make it convenient to be here that week too.

It is recommended, therefore, that intending visiting brothers send word early to Mr. Wesley H. Murray, Chairman of the Housing Committee, Elks Home, Somerset Street, Boston, as to the number of rooms they need and the sort of rooms, hotel or lodging-house—whatever it is they prefer. Mr. Murray is prepared to take care of 30,000 people; but it will help him if notified well ahead of time.

Copley Square, because of its beauty and location—it is in the residential heart of the city proper—has been selected as the place

to stage the central Convention activities. There will be no danger of congestion to large crowds in the spacious Square, while as a point of departure for city and suburban excursions it will be found most convenient.

Copley Square is a triangular plot with the superb Public Library building bounding the short side. The splendid structures of the Copley Plaza Hotel and Trinity Church—Phillips Brooks' church—bound it on another side.

Across the Square from Trinity, at 525 Boylston Street, in the Boston University School of Business building, will be Registration Headquarters. In this building, kindly loaned to Boston Lodge for the week, will be established a Bureau of Information, a Messenger Service and a First-Aid Station. Visiting brothers can have their mail and tele-

grams addressed to them at 525 Boylston Street, where it will be held for them or, if they so wish, delivered to whatever other address they chose to register from.

Grand Lodge Headquarters will be in the Copley Plaza Hotel. Ladies' Reception Headquarters will be in the same hotel. Just up the street, at 177 Huntington Avenue, the Ladies' Entertainment Committee will have their headquarters. Here, under the direction of Mrs. M. W. O'Brien, Chairman, will be conducted a Rest House throughout the week.

VISITING delegates will be met by receiving committees and escorted to their hotels by bands of music. At all railroad terminals, as well as in large department stores and on Boston Common, will be stationed Boston Lodge members ready to act at all times as an Information Corps. They will be on deck with literature or guides, whichever will best serve, to look up or look into whatever it may be that visitors wish to see or know about in Boston or vicinity.

Boston is now all set for the brotherly invasion. From the opening Monday prayer by our National Chaplain, the Rev. John Dysart, in Trinity Church, to the last stroll Saturday on the Newport beaches, the crowded program only awaits the day to be started on its way.

Boston Lodge has enlisted every friendly aid, public and private, in the cause of Convention Week. Federal, State and City officials have been drafted for the service: all have jumped to the call. -Admiral Stiguer will see to it that his war craft are in shape to transport parties down the harbor for the naval demonstrations; the machinery of the Commonwealth under the direction of Governor Cox (Boston Lodge member) will be functioning in full strength; historic old Boston, Mayor Curley (also of Boston Lodge) in the van will be free with every municipal agency which can possibly be of use to our visitors. Mayor Curley has seen to it that the city has appropriated a generous sum for the entertainment of Convention guests.

The suburbs of Boston, inland and along-

shore, are numerous and attractive; some are among the most beautiful in the country. Take them altogether it is doubtful if their equal can be found outside any other large city in the country. All are quickly accessible by train or boat or motor-car; everywhere in them visitors are assured of a warm greeting.

The Convention program for the week—extensive, varied and interesting—has already been published in these columns. The unofficial program, the things which Boston Elks and their friends are eager to do on their own private account, have not been, and obviously cannot be printed here; the items would be too many. But of course there must be more than the things which can be seen with the eye and heard with the ear, and such are the things which mean most to the stranger in the far city. We think that you who come to us in Convention Week will find that thing here. Let us put it briefly and say to all Brother Elks and their kin: With open hands and beating hearts the people of Boston are waiting to welcome you.



E u l o g y

Of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach Delivered at the New York Lodge Services

By William T. Phillips

Past Exalted Ruler New York Lodge, No. 1

THE duty has been assigned me to say the last words of farewell to one of the "Old Guard"—a task I could not perform unless sustained by the knowledge that it was the wish of the Brother before whose silent form I stand, in humble submission to the Divine Will, that I should say this last "good-bye."

We have called his name to-night and for the first time in thirty years Ed Leach has failed to answer: for the first time he has entered this Lodge Room his heart unresponsive, with lips from which no fraternal greetings fall and the light of friendship gone from his eye.

Ed Leach is dead—and if I fail to do justice to his memory, as fail I must, bear with me in patience, for tears are near the surface and my heart, in common with many hearts to-night, is heavy with grief at the loss of a friend.

So suddenly was our Brother called away, so swiftly has the blow fallen, that we scarcely realize that he is gone. Surely there has been no time to select from the manifold activities of his life any phase of his character that we do not know. But, after all, why should we? His life was an open book for all his friends to read.

Shall we speak of his services to New York Lodge? This building in which we are assembled, our material prosperity, are monuments to his Fidelity—for no one man contributed more freely of heart and mind and soul to the upbuilding of No. 1 than he.

Shall we tell of his devotion to the Grand Lodge? His selection as Grand Treasurer, and his elevation to the highest office within the gift of that great body speak more eloquently of this than words.

Shall we dwell upon his personality, his qualities of friendship, his worth as a man? Your presence, your tears, the flowers heaped in such profusion about his bier need no supporting testimony from me.

So standing here at the parting of the ways, he wrapped in the deep and dreamless sleep of death, you and I still following life's shadowy, winding road, I shall sum up the recollection of twenty-five years' close association in these words "He was an Elk, upright and firm" his memory worthy of every honor we can bestow.

Looking back over the traveled road a thousand memories come crowding towards us, some so happy they make the parting very hard to bear. But we, nevertheless, thank God for the gift of Memory, which after years and friends depart, enshrines the tender recollections to be recalled at will.

Among the beautiful memories inherited from Ed Leach are his love for his fellow man, his kindly heart, the charitable impulse which never denied an appeal for aid, the hand always outstretched to help a man.

Oh! if all of those to whom Ed Leach had rendered a kind and loving service would bring a single blossom to his grave to-morrow night would find him "sleeping beneath a wilderness of flowers."

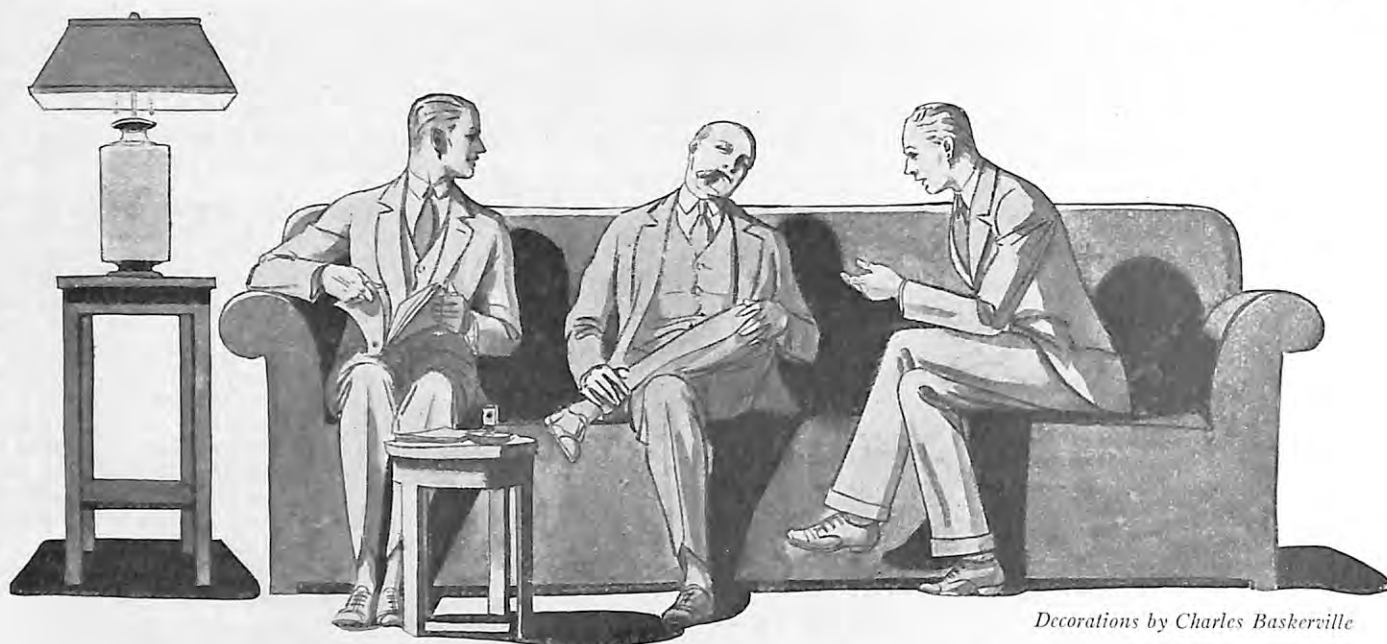
In the passing of Ed Leach many of us lose a sincere, loyal friend: Our Order suffers the loss of a Brother who, next to home and family, loved it with an intensity and depth that few men could feel. His every act as an Elk was prompted by his love for an institution in which he believed with all his soul.

From out the casket of memory no jewels shine more brightly than the love of our brother for his home and kin. His wife, brother, sister and—his mother. How Ed Leach loved her living—and how reverent he worshipped her memory, dead. I know there is great joy in Heaven to-night because Ed's mother has had "her boy" restored.

It is hard at a time like this to find words that will pour balm into fresh opened wounds. And to those who by ties of kinship feel his loss the most we can only offer the consolation of the beautiful hope of immortality which has ebbed and flowed in the human heart "since affection became an attribute of man."

To-morrow we shall lay Ed Leach to rest in the soil of his beloved New England. He shall enter the "narrow house" amid the fragrance and beauty of Spring—and may the loveliness of Nature's resurrection, the awakening of the world from its Winter sleep, presage the advent of the kind and loving soul of our Brother gone into a more beautiful life to come.

"Sleep, my Brother, and peace be with you."



Decorations by Charles Baskerville

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of the Lodges Throughout the Order

AS WE go to press with this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Lodges throughout the entire Order are making preparations to observe "Mother's Day." From the indication at hand, this day, so close to the spirit and ideals of the Order, will have wide and reverent recognition, and the beautiful ritual provided for its observance will be enacted throughout the Lodge rooms of the Order. As it will not be practical for THE ELKS MAGAZINE to publish accounts of all these many observances of the day, we take this opportunity to commend the Lodges for their fitting tributes and to urge even a more general consideration of the beauty and significance of this occasion.

Elks' Banquet Held in Cape Town, South Africa

No place is too far distant for the spirit of the Order to manifest itself, as was exemplified recently when the nineteen members attached to the U. S. S. *Concord* held a banquet at the Royal Hotel in Cape Town, South Africa. The members, probably the largest number ever aboard a single man of war, represented Lodges in all parts of the United States. B. D. Wilder, Past Exalted Ruler of Crowley (La.) Lodge, No. 745, acted as toastmaster of the dinner at which the commanding officers of the *Concord* were the guests of honor.

Arizona State Elks Association Meets at Tucson

Over 1,000 members and their families attended the Convention of the Arizona State Elks Association held recently at Tucson. Gov. G. W. P. Hunt of Arizona welcomed the delegates and expressed his appreciation of the work being done by the Order throughout the State. Grand Tiler Joseph F. Mayer of Globe (Ariz.) Lodge, No. 489, was one of the many prominent members of the Order who addressed the meeting. Important subjects were discussed including the question of establishing a national hospital for tubercular members of the Order in the Southwest. The Association also recommended an active support of the State orphanages on the part of the various Lodges. Tucson Lodge, No. 385, made elaborate plans for the entertainment of the visitors. Some of the features of this part of the program were polo games at the University, sightseeing trips, Yaqui dances and a large ball at the State Armory. On the closing day of the Convention a giant barbecue was held at Nogales, on the

international line. G. K. Smith of Tucson Lodge was elected President of the Association for the coming year, W. C. Doudna, of Tucson Lodge, Secretary, and R. C. Kaufman of Winslow Lodge, No. 536, Treasurer.

San Francisco (Calif.) Lodge Prospers. New Building Going Up Rapidly

During the past Lodge year, San Francisco (Calif.) Lodge, No. 3, made most wonderful progress. Under the leadership of Exalted Ruler Nadeau L. Bourgeault, the Lodge had a net gain in membership of 532, bringing its membership up to 2,279. Financially the assets of the Lodge increased \$74,918. Work on the new million dollar Home was begun and the building at present is rapidly nearing completion.

Decatur (Ill.) Lodge Will Have Lakeside Country Club

Decatur (Ill.) Lodge, No. 401, is planning to build a complete country club on the lakeside, which will enable its members to enjoy all pleasures of out of doors. The project will cost in the neighborhood of \$135,000 and tentative plans call for an eighteen-room building which will house among other things a large modern dance hall. The building committee is studying the possibility of a lakeside tract east of the city for golf. The 100 acres which it covers, if properly laid out, will provide enough space for an 18-hole course. Provision also will be made for tennis courts.

Decatur Lodge is in a most excellent condition with a membership now close to 1,500 and assets of \$75,000.

Automobile-Fashion Show of New Orleans (La.) Lodge Brilliant Event

Grand Lodge officers, representatives from many Lodges throughout the Order and thousands of people of the city and outlying districts witnessed the annual Easter Automobile-Fashion Show conducted by New Orleans (La.) Lodge, No. 30. For the last six years this show has been given for the benefit of some worthy charity. This year the profits were given to the Child Welfare Association. Two big events preceded the actual show. On Saturday afternoon there was a baby parade in which members of the Lodge appeared in baby costumes, and in the evening a spectacular "Midnight Frolic" was staged at the Orpheum Theater to which every theatre in the city contributed one or two

acts. Each of these events was well supported by the public, and the various civic, welfare, and business organizations of the city cooperated with New Orleans Lodge in making the whole project a great success. Many prominent members of the Order joined in congratulating Exalted Ruler Werlein and the members on the manner in which the events were conducted. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and Rush L. Holland, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Col. John P. Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, and Waldo M. Pitkin of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order.

Distinguished Guests at Anniversary Of Auburn (N. Y.) Lodge

Auburn (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 474, recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a banquet at the Osborne Hotel, which was attended by over 400. All the Exalted Rulers of New York North Central District were present. Sixteen of the original charter members were the guests of honor. Hon. John G. Price of Columbus (Ohio) Lodge, No. 37, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George J. Winslow of Utica (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 33, and Hon. Murray Hulbert, of New York Lodge No. 1, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, were among the distinguished speakers of the evening.

Auburn Lodge has had a healthy growth during the last twenty-five years and now has a membership of nearly 1000. Recently the Lodge purchased a building site for \$47,500 with the intention of erecting a new Home on the property to cost about \$200,000.

Baltimore (Md.) Lodge Doing Excellent Welfare Work

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Baltimore (Md.) Lodge, No. 7, is doing most excellent work. Recently the Lodge opened a dental clinic at Kernan's Hospital for crippled children which had been equipped by the Lodge with the most modern dental units procurable. In addition, the large delegation of members and their wives who witnessed the formal opening of the clinic, distributed Easter baskets to the youngsters and entertained them with songs and music. Through the efforts of Dr. Arthur G. Barrett, Past Exalted Ruler of Baltimore Lodge, a private room and bed in the West Baltimore General Hospital were endowed.



The Committee has also many other plans for important welfare work which will be developed during the year.

Monumental Edifice Being Built By Los Angeles (Calif.) Lodge

Final plans for the magnificent new Home of Los Angeles (Calif.) Lodge, No. 99, on the southwest corner of Sixth and Park View Streets, which will be erected at a cost of \$1,500,000, have been approved by the building committee. When the edifice, on which work has already started, is finished, it will rank with the best in the country and will be one of the architectural beauties of California. Special attention has been given by the designers to incorporate the very latest designs and conveniences in the building, and to include every facility for the pleasure and comfort of the members. Every detail in the arrangement of the interior has been carefully worked out and designed to include the best features found in other luxurious Homes. In design of the exterior and interior a typical Grecian and Syrian architecture predominates. The height of the main structure will be 156 feet while the height of the two side wings will be 72 feet. The structure will cover a plot of ground 214 x 148 feet. One of the many features of the building will be the Lodge room with a seating capacity of 1,500, measuring 77 x 136 feet, with a height of 55 feet. There will also be a large memorial hall, ball room, gymnasium, swimming pool, two roof gardens, seven private dining rooms and nearly 200 living rooms equipped with baths. Across the street will be erected a two story garage with a capacity of 350 cars; on the roof of this building will be located 10 handball courts. It has been the aim of the architects to give the building the appearance of a real fraternal organization rather than that of a purely social club.

White Plains (N. Y.) Lodge Has Band of Fifty Pieces

White Plains (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 535, has organized a band of fifty pieces, including a fife and drum corps of sixteen pieces, and a jazz band of eight pieces. The entire band will accompany the Drill Team to the Grand Lodge Convention at Boston in July. This Drill Team has won high praise for itself during the past year. Recently motion pictures of this famous unit were taken and these will be shown for the first time at Boston.

Robert McDonald Thirty-two Years Secretary of Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge

Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge, No. 211, deeply regrets the resignation of Robert McDonald who, for the past thirty-two years, has served as its secretary. His never failing cheerfulness, courtesy and efficiency endeared him not only to members of No. 211, but to many outside the

Lodge with whom he came in contact. In accepting Mr. McDonald's resignation the Resolutions Committee recommended that "to show the spirit with which Brother McDonald is held and esteemed by this Lodge, that the same compensation now received by Brother McDonald be continued to be tendered to him for the remaining days of his life." William J. Culver succeeds Mr. McDonald as Secretary of the Lodge.

Winthrop (Mass.) Lodge Lays Plans For Boston Parade

At a recent meeting of Winthrop (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1078, various plans were discussed with regard to the participation of the Lodge in the great parade to be held in Boston during the week of the Grand Lodge Convention. Suggestions were made relative to costumes, badges, music, float, banners, etc., and judging from the interest shown by the members, Winthrop Lodge will be a real contender for the valuable prizes to be offered.

Sandusky (Ohio) Lodge Holds First Meeting in New Home

Sandusky (Ohio) Lodge, No. 285, now occupies its beautiful new Home which was recently completed. The first meeting held in the new quarters was one of the most impressive in the history of the Lodge. A large class was initiated and many distinguished visitors were present to congratulate the membership on its fine achievement. Hon. John G. Price, Past Exalted Ruler of Columbus (Ohio) Lodge, No. 37, Congressman James T. Begg of Sandusky, R. Ford Loomis, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and W. H. Reinhart, Past Exalted Ruler of Sandusky Lodge, were among those who addressed the large gathering.

Representing an investment of about \$140,000, the new building will not only serve as an ideal Home for the members but will fill a definite place in the civic and community life of Sandusky.

Big Welfare Program Planned By Freeport (N. Y.) Lodge

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Freeport (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1253, is planning an excellent and varied program of work. Among the projects considered at a recent meeting were the opening of a free dental clinic; the endowment of an Elk's bed in the Nassau County Hospital, flag essay contest with prizes to be awarded on Flag Day; entertainment of the crippled children of St. Giles' Home, and the establishment of a public playground.

Tacoma (Wash.) Lodge Has Active Big Brother Committee

The Big Brother Committee of Tacoma (Wash.) Lodge, No. 174, has outlined a campaign

for the present year for the welfare of the city's boys. The committee has already arranged with several public officials to give it an opportunity of helping the delinquent boys and the membership is cooperating in this direction by offering these boys positions wherever it is possible.

Brilliant Exercises Mark Cornerstone Laying of Iliion (N. Y.) Lodge

Iliion (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1444, celebrated its second anniversary by laying the cornerstone of its beautiful new Home which is being erected on a centrally situated plot in the downtown section of the city. The exercises were most ably conducted by George J. Winslow, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, assisted by the officers of Iliion Lodge and Amon W. Foote, Secretary of the New York State Elks Association. Many other distinguished members of the Order were present, including Hon. Murray Hulbert, of New York Lodge, No. 1, and member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare; Miles Hencle, former District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and Philip Clancy, President of the New York State Elks Association. The orator of the day was State Senator William T. Byrne of Albany (N. Y.) Lodge No. 49, who delivered a most beautiful and impressive address. Senator Byrne attended the institution of Iliion Lodge and also its first initiation. He emphasized in his speech the importance of the new Home and joined with the other guests in praising Exalted Ruler Dr. E. B. Manion of the Lodge for his fine leadership and untiring devotion to the principles of the Order. Representatives from many Lodges throughout the State also took part in the celebration.

When the new Home is completed it will represent an investment of \$125,000 and will be one of the best structures of its kind in the State. It will be two stories high and will be of tapestry brick with concrete, stone and steel construction.

Fargo (N. Dak.) Lodge Host to Grand Exalted Ruler

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland and Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, accompanied by Charles D. Ray and Charles E. Witt, their respective secretaries, recently visited Fargo (N. Dak.) Lodge, No. 260, where they were enthusiastically entertained by the members. The distinguished visitors were met at the depot by the Purple Band of the Lodge, escorted through the city, stopping to view the new Home now in the course of construction. Later a large banquet was served at which both Mr. McFarland and Mr. Robinson delivered interesting speeches. Leaving Fargo, the Grand Exalter Ruler visited Jamestown (N. Dak.) Lodge, No. 995 on the following day, and continued his journey stopping at Mandan (N. Dak.) Lodge, No. 1250, Billings (Mont.) Lodge, No.

394 and Miles City (Mont.) Lodge, No. 537. His reception in each case was marked with great enthusiasm and he was the guest at special functions arranged in his honor.

Boys' Club of Elizabeth (N. J.) Lodge Popular with Youngsters

During the past year Elizabeth (N. J.) Lodge, No. 289, made many improvements and changes in the building which houses its Elks Boys Club, so that now it is in a most excellent condition. The Club is proving itself to be highly popular with the youngsters of the community. According to a recent report the afternoon attendance for seven months was 5,690 and the evening attendance 13,517. During the five summer months the attendance on the play field and in the club was 7,869, making the total attendance for the year 27,076. The Lodge has also organized an Older Boys Association in the annex which now takes care of the boys over 16 who were formerly dropped from the club according to the age rules. The association is self-governing under the supervision of the superintendent.

Chaplain of Denver (Colo.) Lodge Presented with Modern Bungalow

The Rev. Charles Marshall, Chaplain of Denver (Colo.) Lodge, No. 17, was recently presented with a modern six-room bungalow by his friends, a large portion of the funds necessary to make the gift being contributed by members of the Lodge. The Rev. Marshall is one of the charter members of the Lodge, has long been active in its work and is widely known and loved throughout the Episcopal circles of the West.

New Home of Defiance (Ohio) Lodge Dedicated

Assisted by the officers of the Lodge, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George A. Snyder recently dedicated the handsome new Home of Defiance (Ohio) Lodge No. 147. Nearly 500 guests from neighboring Lodges and members of the Lodge witnessed the ceremony and enjoyed the dinner served later in the new banquet hall. Musical numbers were given during the dedication exercises and banquet by various members and the Lodge's band. The principal dedication address was given by Hon. John G. Price of Columbus (Ohio) Lodge, No. 37, who complimented the Lodge on its energy and its loyalty to the ideals of the Order.

Helena (Mont.) Lodge to Build Has Unique Budget Plan

Plans are being worked out by the Building Committee of Helena (Mont.) Lodge, No. 193, for a new Home and will be presented shortly to the members for their approval. Helena Lodge has shown decided progress since adopting its budget plan in April, 1923. This plan is unique in that it makes a flat rate for dues that is actually less to the members than the usual system of making frequent requests for donations for various causes. The Lodge now pays all special assessments and per capita tax instead of passing them on to the membership. Information will be supplied other Lodges that might be interested in this plan upon request of the Secretary of Helena Lodge.

The minstrel show recently conducted by the Lodge was a means of increasing its charity fund over \$1200.

Alexandria (La.) Lodge Erects Memorial in Elk's Rest

A handsome and imposing monument has recently been erected by Alexandria (La.) Lodge, No. 546, in that section of Greenwood Memorial Park known as Elk's Rest. The monument is made of unpolished marble and rests on a massive base. It is 6 feet thick, 12 feet in width and 25 feet or more high. On two sides is the inscription "Elk's Rest" and on the other sides is a clock with hands at eleven. The words "Justice, Fidelity, Charity and Brotherly Love" also appear. The monument proper is 15 feet high and on top is a large ten foot bronze elk with massive horns and head erect. This beautiful memorial was made and erected at a cost of \$3,500.

Florence (Ala.) Lodge Big Asset In Life of Community

Florence (Ala.) Lodge, No. 820, can look back on the past Lodge year with satisfaction in the work it has done and the part it has played in the life of the community. It has kept its Home open as a meeting place for important public gatherings, having been host to such organizations as the Jackson Highway Association, the Southern Insurance Men's Association, and the State Federation of Women's Clubs. In the field of charity, besides taking care of many children at Christmas, the Lodge included in its welfare budget donations to the various relief organizations of the city, such as the Day Nursery, the Free Kindergarten and the Associated Charities. It has also contributed liberally to the Chamber of Commerce and similar civic enterprises.

Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland recently visited Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge, No. 44, where he installed the new officers of the Lodge. A large reception and banquet was tendered Mr. McFarland, many distinguished visitors being present from all parts of the State. Among those who addressed the gathering were Mr. McFarland, John E. Regan, President of the Minnesota State Elks Association, Mayor George Leach of Minneapolis, and W. H. Lawler, the oldest charter member of the Lodge. The whole affair was brilliantly and impressively conducted.

Morgantown (W. Va.) Lodge to Build Big Addition to Home

Morgantown (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 411, will build during the year a large three-story addition to its present Home which will include a basement with sufficient length for bowling alleys, showers and gymnasium equipment. The second floor will be a ball and banquet room, convertible into a complete auditorium with a stage properly outfitted and equipped, dressing room being a part of the arrangement. The third floor will be the Lodge room with a seating capacity of 600. The structure will be of stone, brick and concrete and will cost in the neighborhood of \$125,000.

School Children Given Use of Rooms In Home of Ketchikan (Alaska) Lodge

During the construction of the city's new High School building, the students availed themselves of the generous offer made by Ketchikan (Alaska) Lodge, No. 1429, and held their classes in the Lodge room and in the reading and writing rooms of the Home.

Massachusetts State Elks Association To Meet at Pittsfield

The Convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association will be held this year at Pittsfield, signaling the thirtieth anniversary of Pittsfield (Mass.) Lodge, No. 272. Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland will be present and there will be many notable visitors from Massachusetts and surrounding states. New York Lodges in Albany, Cohoes, White Plains, Troy and Hoosick Falls will be among the many represented at the Convention. The following is the tentative program of the meeting:

Sunday, June 15th: Arrival of Delegates. Registration at Elks Home. Assignment to Hotels. Mass meeting at theatre. Concert. Speeches by prominent men.

Monday, June 16th: Meeting of Delegates at ten o'clock at the Pittsfield Boat Club. The Grand Exalted Ruler will preside. Dinner at Hodecker's Grove. Election of officers at 2 o'clock. For the ladies an automobile ride through the county has been arranged, with luncheon at a down town hotel. At Hodecker's Grove there will be various water sports.

Tuesday, June 17th: Afternoon, baseball game at Wabconah Park, Pittsfield vs. Springfield. Band and incidental sports. Evening, spectacular parade. Taking place at night, there will be special opportunity for gorgeous effects.

Gary (Ind.) Lodge Celebrates Laying of Cornerstone

The whole city was in holiday attire on the day that Gary (Ind.) Lodge, No. 1152, laid the cornerstone of its new \$250,000 Home. American flags and the colors of the Order floated in the air and graced the shop windows as the members of the Lodge, accompanied by hundreds of visiting members, paraded to the building site where the cornerstone was laid with impressive ceremony. Hon. John G. Price of Columbus (Ohio) Lodge, No. 37, and Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott of Linton (Ind.) Lodge, No. 866, were the principal speakers of the day. The cornerstone festivities closed in the evening with an elaborate banquet served at the First Presbyterian Church. Covers were laid for nearly 400.

The new Home of Gary Lodge will be one of the most attractive structures of its kind in Indiana. The building when completed will cost about \$250,000, exclusive of the value of the ground. More than \$25,000 will be expended in equipping and furnishing the club rooms and Lodge rooms.

East Liverpool (Ohio) Lodge Celebrates Freedom from All Debt

East Liverpool (Ohio) Lodge, No. 258, which was recently visited by Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, has celebrated its excellent financial condition by burning the remaining mortgage on its Home. Liverpool Lodge, instituted on March 16, 1893, with 30 charter members, has grown and prospered steadily until to-day it has a large and active membership, owns its own Home and is completely free of debt.

Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1 Organize Lodge Has Distinguished Membership

Hon. Murray Hulbert, Past Exalted Ruler of New York (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1, and President of the Board of Aldermen of New York City, recently gave a dinner to all the Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1. Every living Past Exalted Ruler was present, including Mr. Champe Andrews who came from Tennessee to make the roll complete. The object of the dinner was to organize the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of No. 1 for the purpose of assisting the active officers of the Lodge in any way possible. Thomas F. Brogan was elected Chairman and William T. Phillips, Secretary. This example could well be followed by every Subordinate Lodge, as the combined experience and wisdom of such an organization is apparent and its possibilities of helpfulness to the active officers manifold. Those present at the dinner were as follows: Thomas F. Brogan, Edward Leach, Champe S. Andrews, William T. Phillips, Henry G. MacAdam, Murray Hulbert, Arthur V. Dearden, William C. Miller, John E. Dearden, Clayton J. Heermance, J. H. Chris. Mitchell, Frederick E. Goldsmith, George A. Hopkins, James P. Walsh, Patrick J. McGrath, Frank D. Fallon and James E. McDonald.

The past Lodge year was for No. 1 an exceedingly prosperous one in which the Lodge recorded a healthy growth in members. Not only in numbers but in the quality of the new members initiated did the Mother Lodge sustain its high reputation as one of the most important organizations in the life of the city. A few of the prominent men who were taken into New York Lodge during 1923 were: Governor Alfred E. Smith; United States Senator Royal S. Copeland; George Gordon Battle (prominent attorney and leader in the Park and Playground movement); District Attorney Joab H. Banton; State Senator Nathan Strauss, Jr.; Congressman Royal H. Weller; Edward Dowling (author); Judge George W. Simpson (Acting Chief City Magistrate); Bainbridge Colby (ex-Secretary of State and former law partner of President Wilson); Ferdinand Pecora, First Assistant District Attorney of New York County; Congressman Samuel Dickstein; Harold Hastings, Assistant District Attorney of New York County; and Jacob H. Stiefel, Assistant District Attorney of New York County.

New York Lodge has also on its rolls the following Justices of the Supreme Court: John Ford, Richard P. Lydon, Robert F. Wagner,

Edward J. McGoldrick, Aaron J. Levy and Jeremiah T. Mahoney, and the following Justices of the Court of Special Sessions: George W. Olvany, John F. McIntyre, Otto A. Rosalsky, Cornelius F. Collins and Morris Koenig. In addition to many others holding high appointive places in the City Government, New York Lodge has such prominent individuals as Murray Hulbert, President of the Board of Aldermen; Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University; James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany; and John Kenlon, Chief of the New York Fire Department.

New Jersey State Elks Association Meets in Jersey City June 6-7

On June 6-7 the New Jersey State Elks Association will hold its annual convention in Jersey City. More than 25,000 members and their families are expected to be present. Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge, No. 211, has been working diligently for months in preparation for the great event and has arranged a program of entertainment for the delegates and visitors that will make the convention the most successful ever held in the history of the Association.

Bucyrus (Ohio) Lodge Has Pictures of All Presidents of United States

Bucyrus (Ohio) Lodge, No. 156, has just completed its collection of pictures and photographs of all the Presidents of the United States, from George Washington down to Calvin Coolidge. They have been framed and now hang in the main lobby of the lounging room. The photographs of Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge have been autographed. At a recent meeting of the Lodge it was voted to make it a part of the duties of the trustees elected for five years to see to it that the collection remains unbroken from now on and that an autographed photograph of each succeeding President is placed in position. Bucyrus Lodge claims it is the only one in the Order having a complete collection of the photographs of our chief executives hanging on the walls of its Home.

Ground Broken for New Home of Irvington (N. J.) Lodge

Before a distinguished gathering of members from Lodges in Northern New Jersey and many visitors from various parts of the country, Past Exalter Ruler Fred A. Mohr turned over the first shovel of earth on the site which will soon be occupied by the new Home of Irvington (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1245. This magnificently designed building will adjoin the present Home, facing the proposed Essex County Park, and will cost nearly \$250,000. Among the prominent members who took part in the exercises were George L. Hirtzel, Jr., President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Fisher of Bloomfield (N. J.) Lodge, No. 788, and Henry A. Guenther of Newark (N. J.) Lodge, No. 21, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Association. After the services luncheon was served in the Home to members and guests and a special entertainment enlivened the festivities.

Building Lot of Palatka (Fla.) Lodge Turned into Children's Playground

Palatka (Fla.) Lodge, No. 1232, recently purchased a desirable building lot on South Second Street on which it will eventually erect a new Home. At present, however, the plot has been cleaned up, made attractive and turned over to the children of the city to be used as a playground until the Lodge is ready to build. Modern playground equipment will also be installed for the use of the youngsters. The plot is located in the heart of the city, is well shaded and will prove a valuable asset to the children's welfare and happiness during the hot summer.

Florida State Elks Association Meets at Miami

The Florida State Elks Association held its nineteenth annual convention at Miami. From the point of view of attendance and the extremely important work accomplished, the meeting will

go down on record as the most successful in the history of the Association. Eighteen Lodges out of the twenty that are members of the Association were well represented, and it was estimated that nearly 2,000 delegates and visitors were present. In the various contests that were on the program of the convention, Miami (Fla.) Lodge, No. 948, won the silver loving cup for excellence in Ritualistic Work, and St. Augustine

General Notice

ON ACCOUNT of the imminent change of administration, it is very urgently requested that no matters be referred to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler after June 15th, 1924, except where they are immediate and most important. The office of the Grand Exalted Ruler will be extremely busy in closing the year's work, and there will be a necessary hiatus on account of the Grand Lodge Session, and a consequent delay in referring all matters after June 15th, to the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler.

J. G. MCFARLAND
Grand Exalted Ruler

(Fla.) Lodge, No. 829, won a similar cup for the best attendance of officers during the year. Some of the recommendations endorsed by the delegates to be carried out during the ensuing year were the appointment of a committee of five to work with the President of the Association in Welfare Work and to promote fellowship between the various Lodges throughout the State; and the setting of the first Thursday in September of each year as Children's Day. The convention also endorsed the idea of making an annual gift to the residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., and were unanimous in advocating means of stirring up greater interest in Flag Day and of helping the poor and crippled children of the State. In view of the excellent work of the officers of the Association during the past year they were unanimously elected to fill a second term for the ensuing year. Lakeland (Fla.) Lodge, No. 1291, was chosen as the Convention City for 1925.

Among the prominent members of the Order present were Hon. Jefferson B. Browne, Chief Justice of the Florida Supreme Court and W. H. Mustaine, President of the Tennessee State Elks Association, of Nashville (Tenn.) Lodge, No. 72.

Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

The following purchases of property and building plans have been approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Trustees:

White Plains (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 535. Erection of a new two story and basement building at an estimated cost of \$110,000. The Lodge already owns the site which is valued at \$50,000.

Patchogue (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1323. Erection of a Home on the site of their present building at an estimated cost of \$125,000 with furnishings of \$15,000.

Charleston (Ill.) Lodge, No. 623. Purchase of a Home at a cost of \$10,000 on which they are to spend \$2,600 on improvements.

Fredericksburg (Va.) Lodge, No. 875. Enlarging its Home, the estimated cost of the addition to be \$20,000 with furnishings to cost \$2,500.

Mannington (W. Va.) Lodge Gives Series of Successful Dances

Mannington (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 388, has been giving a series of very successful dances during the past winter and spring months, which have been largely attended by members and their friends from many northern West Virginia cities. The

series ended with the Lodge's Annual Easter Ball for which the Steel City's Collegians of Pittsburgh, Pa., furnished the music.

Las Vegas (Nev.) Lodge Shows Fine Growth

Las Vegas (Nev.) Lodge, No. 1468, which was instituted on July 5, 1923, with a charter list of 56 members, now has close to 200 names on its roster. Its present Home, dedicated last December, covers the entire second floor of the Lillis Block. A fine large Lodge room, a lounge, and a ball room are some of its features. The Lodge rents this ball room on occasions for various public meetings and dances, thereby deriving enough revenue to pay a large portion of its rent and overhead expenses. Las Vegas Lodge is situated in a wide awake desert town, the gateway to the famous Boulder and Black Canyon Dam, in a city that is showing remarkable growth and development.

Buffalo (N. Y.) Lodge Ready for Convention of State Association

Buffalo (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 23, is all ready for the convention of the New York State Elks Association, which will be held in its city on June 2-4. Preparations have been made on a large scale and every indication points to a record attendance and the most successful meeting ever held by the Association. Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland and many other prominent members of the Order will be present. The following is the program at the time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE went to press:

Public exercises on Sunday evening, June 1st. Opening of Convention, Hotel Statler Ballroom, 10 A.M., Monday, June 2nd. At 2 P.M. Monday fifty mile boat ride on Crystal Beach Company boat. Monday evening the delegates will be the guests of the Fort Erie Beach Company; an elaborate program has been arranged including fireworks. The Ritualistic contest will also be held on Monday evening. On Tuesday, Niagara Falls Lodge will entertain the visitors, returning to Buffalo for the Grand Ball at Hotel Statler in the evening. Drill Team contests at Front, Wednesday, at 10 o'clock. Grand Parade at 2 P.M. Wednesday, followed by massed bands. During the three days of the convention the 11 o'clock toast will be given at different points throughout the city.

St. Cloud (Minn.) Lodge Cooperates With American Legion

St. Cloud (Minn.) Lodge, No. 516, recently showed its "Big Brother" spirit by sponsoring the indoor "Mardi Gras Chinatown" which came to the city under the auspices of the Wallace S. Chute Post 76 of the American Legion. The purpose of the carnival was to raise funds for the entertainment of the State Convention of the Legion to be held in St. Cloud in August. The Lodge was highly successful in stimulating public enthusiasm in the affair and was directly responsible for the satisfactory results.

Large Sums Spent for Charities By Detroit (Mich.) Lodge

The secretary's report for Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34, for the year ending March 31, 1924, shows, among many other interesting items, that the Lodge expended approximately \$34,500 for relief, distress, funerals, charities and welfare work. This represents an actual per capita expenditure of \$5.75 for each and every member on the rolls of the Lodge. The welfare activities, outside of Christmas and Thanksgiving, included Orphans' May Day, Decoration Day, Flag Day, Armistice Day, Kiddies' Base Ball Day, Memorial Day, Old Newsboys, Fresh Air Fund, Oberammergau Children, Olympic Meet, Japanese Disaster and Educational Fund.

Wilmington (Del.) Lodge Will Build Imposing New Home

Wilmington (Del.) Lodge, No. 307, will start building a beautiful new Home this year. It is proposed to erect the building on the site now occupied by the Lodge on Market Street. It will cover a plot 80 x 100 feet and be six stories

high, of Italian Renaissance design. The plans call for a most complete club and Lodge building, embodying all the modern facilities in its construction and furnished throughout with taste and luxury.

Pekin (Ill.) Lodge Has Fast Ball Team Anxious for Games

Pekin (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1271, recently organized the Elks Twilight League for the baseball season of 1924. There are six teams competing and every man on the teams is a member of the Lodge. The members have also organized a team to compete with other Elks Lodges and would like to hear from any teams anxious to try their skill on the diamond.

Weekly Entertainments of Washington (D. C.) Lodge Have Large Attendance

The Sunday night entertainments given by Washington (D. C.) Lodge, No. 15, are proving most enjoyable, as is evidenced by the constantly increasing attendance. These entertainments are free to members and their families, and consist of music, moving pictures and vaudeville.

Pontiac (Ill.) Lodge Occupies Handsome New Home

Pontiac (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1019, is now occupying its beautiful new Home which it recently purchased. The building is three stories high and has a large basement, reading and lounging rooms, billiard and pool room and a well equipped Lodge room. The building, formerly the residence of Frank Carothers, a member of the Lodge during his life, was sold to Pontiac Lodge for \$20,000 by his widow, though the property was easily worth \$100,000. Due to her generosity and because of the splendid work of the officers in working out the financial plans for the purchase, Pontiac Lodge has now one of the most handsome and comfortable Homes in the Central West.

Port Townsend (Wash.) Lodge Has Large "Home-Coming"

A large "Home-Coming" marked the celebration of its twenty-ninth anniversary by Port Townsend (Wash.) Lodge, No. 317. Members residing in Tacoma, Seattle, Everett, Bellingham and other communities were on hand to enjoy the elaborate program of the evening which included a banquet, addresses by prominent visitors, music and vaudeville acts.

Westfield (Mass.) Lodge Instituted by District Deputy Donovan

The institution of Westfield (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1481, was a gala event in which the townspeople showed their appreciation by decorating the principal streets and turning out by the thousands to welcome the visiting members. About 2,000 Elks from all over New England marched in the parade that was greeted all along the line with loud applause. The institution was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John E. Donovan, and many distinguished members of the Order were present at the ceremony. The Exalted Ruler is Harry E. Williams and the Secretary is James T. Burke.

Eveleth (Minn.) Lodge Dedicates New Home

The beautiful new Home of Eveleth (Minn.) Lodge, No. 1161, was recently dedicated, impressive exercises and a fine program of entertainment marking its formal opening. Perhaps few Lodges suffered so many discouraging setbacks in building as did Eveleth Lodge. When the Home was nearly completed in April, 1923, the entire front of the structure collapsed as a result of a premature thaw affecting the concrete foundation. The workmen began at once and the building was practically ready for occupancy again in December, when on December 11 it was visited by a fire of unknown origin which destroyed the entire ground floor. In each instance, after each misfortune, the building was rebuilt better than before, and to-day members of Eveleth Lodge can be proud of their new

Home which stands as a permanent and imposing monument to their faith, courage and enterprise.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge Spent Large Sums on Christmas Charities

The Christmas Basket Committee of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 22, reports that at last Christmas it distributed 11,000 baskets, 500 additional chickens and \$211.00 in cash. The last two items took care of the overflow, making a total of 11,600 families who received aid from the Lodge. This was approximately 2,000 more than the largest previous year. In addition the Lodge distributed 2,730 pairs of shoes, which was approximately 700 pairs more than the highest previous year. The Lodge also gave away over 2,000 pairs of stockings, which were donated by various members. Approximately \$50,000 was raised and nearly \$40,000 was expended in connection with this annual charity by Brooklyn Lodge.

Ball Team of Orange (N. J.) Lodge Plays for Crippled Kiddies Fund

Orange (N. J.) Lodge, No. 135, has organized an excellent baseball team known as the "Orange Elks." The team has already played some important games and has arranged a fine schedule for the season. All the money made by the team from its games will be donated to the Lodge's Crippled Kiddies Fund and will further its comprehensive work in this field.

Salt Lake City (Utah) Lodge Celebrates Silver Jubilee

Salt Lake City (Utah) Lodge, No. 85, recently celebrated its Silver Jubilee. A supper, entertainment by artists from all over the country, an exhibition by the Drill Team, and the Inaugural Ball in honor of retiring and newly elected officers, were features of the celebration. Since its institution on April 5, 1899, Salt Lake City Lodge has prospered substantially, and grown steadily until now it has a membership of over 3,300 and owns one of the finest Homes in the Order.

Asbury Park (N. J.) Lodge Mourns Death of Leon R. Taylor

Members of Asbury Park (N. J.) Lodge, No. 128, and his many friends mourn the death of Leon R. Taylor, former Governor of New Jersey and an active member in the affairs of the Lodge. Mr. Taylor was the youngest Governor to hold office, having just passed, with a two days' margin, the required age of thirty when he was inaugurated on October 28, 1913. Previous to his governorship he was speaker of the Assembly. He had a brilliant war record, and two attacks of influenza overseas were doubtless responsible for the causes that led to his untimely death.

Meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries Held at Tacoma (Wash.) Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier of Washington Northwest and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. H. Tucker of Washington Southwest, recently called together at Tacoma (Wash.) Lodge, No. 174, all the incoming and outgoing Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the various Lodges within their respective jurisdictions. Many things of vital interest to the Order were discussed, and many new and progressive ideas were gained from the various officers who related their experiences during their terms of office. Most of the officers present at the session remained over for the Lodge meeting in the evening when they witnessed some extremely inspiring initiatory work put on by Tacoma Lodge.

McKeesport (Pa.) Lodge Supplies Free Milk to School Children

By voting \$1,200, McKeesport (Pa.) Lodge, No. 136, assured the supply of free milk to children of the local public and parochial schools, until the end of the term. The work of distributing the milk is being carried on under the supervision of the school nurses, school officials, and the Sisters in the parochial schools, and it is

furnished to the children in half-pint sanitary bottles.

Idaho State Elks Association Will Send Elk Herd to Boston

The Idaho State Elks Association will bring to Boston on the occasion of the Grand Lodge Convention in July a herd of elk which will be presented to the city for one of its municipal parks. This will be done entirely at the expense of the State Association. It is planned to use the animals as a part of the Idaho unit in the Grand Parade and to pasture them on the historic Boston Common during the entire week of the Convention. Efforts are being made at this time to have an Idaho man of national prominence make the official presentation.

Plainfield (N. J.) Lodge Sponsors Appearance of Helen Keller

In order to stimulate interest in the American Foundation for the Blind, Plainfield (N. J.) Lodge, No. 885, recently sponsored the appearance of Helen Keller, the famous woman who has so marvelously overcome the triple handicap of being deaf, dumb and blind. She appeared in the High School Auditorium before a large audience composed of the leading citizens and the heads of the various welfare organizations of the city.

Portland (Ore.) Lodge May Send Auto Caravan to Boston

If the plans now in the making are carried to a successful conclusion Portland (Ore.) Lodge, No. 142, will send its drill team and drum and bugle corps across the continent in automobiles to the Grand Lodge Convention at Boston in July. This will be one of the most unusual trips of its kind ever made. According to present plans, the caravan, made up of 16 automobiles, will leave Portland about the middle of June and make its way leisurely across the country, stopping at various points along the route.

Beautiful Clock Given to Fitchburg (Mass.) Lodge

Gardner (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1426, recently presented Fitchburg (Mass.) Lodge, No. 847—its "Mother" Lodge—with a beautiful grandfather's clock as a token of its gratitude for the many acts of helpfulness and courtesy extended to it at the time of its institution three years ago. Representatives from many neighboring Lodges were present to witness the presentation.

Summit (N. J.) Lodge Conducts Flag Essay Contest

The prizes in the Flag Essay Contest recently conducted by Summit (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1246, will be awarded at the Flag Day exercises of the Lodge on June 14. The contest, open to all students of the High Schools, private schools, public and parochial schools within the jurisdiction of the Lodge, drew forth an enthusiastic response. The subject given was "The Origin and Early History of the American Flag," and the essays were limited to 500 words.

District Deputy Blue Compliments Troy (Ala.) Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harvey M. Blue recently paid his official visit to Troy (Ala.) Lodge, No. 928, where he was the guest at an elaborate entertainment arranged in his honor. Mr. Blue complimented Troy Lodge on its progress and was greatly interested in its plans for increasing its membership and for building a large permanent Home in the very near future.

Quincy (Ill.) Lodge to Dedicate New \$250,000 Home in Fall

The new \$250,000 Home of Quincy (Ill.) Lodge, No. 100, is rapidly nearing completion and will be ready for dedication sometime in the early fall. The present quarters of the Lodge are no longer adequate to take care of the growing membership which is fast nearing the 1000 mark.

The Annual Charity Ball of the Lodge was the largest in its history, nearly \$2,500 being realized, which was given to the three orphanages of the city.

Dedication of Astoria (Ore.) Lodge's Home to be Part of Public Celebration

Astoria (Ore.) Lodge, No. 180, has postponed the laying of the cornerstone of its new \$200,000 Home until July 3. This was done at the request of the city's committee in charge of the Greater Astoria celebration which is to take place on July 3-5. Elaborate exercises are planned by the Lodge and, in view of the fact that the cornerstone ceremonies will be held in conjunction with the public celebration of Astoria's resurrection from the ashes, the event will be of historic importance.

Gardner (Mass.) Lodge Has Novel Idea for Grand Parade

Gardner (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1426, is planning a novel effect in connection with its appearance in the Grand Parade at Boston next month. As Gardner is known as the "Chair City" because of the large factory situated there, which turns out thousands of chairs every year, the Lodge has arranged to have each of its members participate in the parade carrying a special folding chair. These will be used by Gardner paraders during halts, and will be exchanged, at the close of the Convention, for badges or souvenirs of members from far Western States. Each chair will be embossed with the emblem of the Order, the name and member of the Lodge and the words "Chair City, Gardner, Mass."

Lewiston (Idaho) Lodge Will Erect New Home

Lewiston (Idaho) Lodge, No. 896, has voted to erect a new Home to cost approximately \$60,000 on property already owned by the Lodge. The building site is located in the heart of the business district.

"Brother Elks" is Title of Play Presented by High School Students

The High School seniors of Catlettsburg, Ky., recently presented their class play before a large audience. The title of the play, "Brother Elks," called forth excellent support from the public and from Catlettsburg (Ky.) Lodge, No. 942, in particular, the members of which cooperated in every way.

St. Petersburg (Fla.) Lodge Meets in Beautiful New Lodge Room

St. Petersburg (Fla.) Lodge, No. 1224, is now holding its meetings in the new Lodge room on the third floor of its new Home. This beautiful room measures 65 x 85 feet and is one of the largest rooms of its kind in the country. The new ante rooms and lounging quarters of the Home are equally spacious and comfortable.

Albany (N. Y.) Lodge Conducting Flag Essay Contest

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Albany (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 49, has worked out unusual plans for its second annual Flag essay contest. The prizes will be awarded at the Flag Day exercises which will be held in Washington Park. Last year \$200 in gold was distributed among the winners.

Children's Dancing Class of Erie (Pa.) Lodge Give Big Dance Revue

The Children's Dancing Class of Erie (Pa.) Lodge, No. 67, closed its season with a large dance revue given in the Auditorium of the Home. Group dances by the entire class of 200 and solos by the talented members made up the program. This class, free to the children of Erie Lodge members, was started in November and has proved of great interest, not only to the pupils themselves, but also to the mothers who have come weekly to see the progress of the children. Many of the youngsters have shown unusual ability and with further training give promise of developing into excellent dancers.

Palo Alto (Calif.) Lodge Dedicates New Home

The dedication of the new Home of Palo Alto (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1471, was marked by a large public reception and inspection of the new quarters. Many distinguished visitors and members of the Order from various surrounding Lodges witnessed the ceremonies. Palo Alto Lodge occupies an entire upper floor of Fraternity Hall at the corner of University Avenue and High Street. The floor, which has been most attractively decorated and furnished, has been divided into 10 rooms, including a Lodge room 55 x 45 feet and a large lounging room.

Fire Does Damage to Home of Franklin (N. H.) Lodge

A recent fire badly damaged the Home of Franklin (N. H.) Lodge, No. 1280, destroying all its supplies. The members were able to save most of the furniture and fortunately, practically the entire loss was covered by insurance. Repairing and rebuilding the structure are going ahead rapidly. The Arthur E. Shaw Post of the American Legion and Father Timon Council, K. of C., extended the members the use of their social rooms while the building was being repaired.

Women of Atlanta Will Assist Atlanta (Ga.) Lodge

The wives, mothers, sisters, daughters and widows of members of Atlanta (Ga.) Lodge, No. 78, have formed an association called the "Kle Club" which will assist the Lodge in its charity and Social and Community Welfare Work.

Atlanta Lodge has had one of the most successful years in all its history. Its finances are in splendid shape, its Home in excellent condition and there are more than 4,000 members on its roster.

Round the World Aviators Feasted By Los Angeles (Calif.) Lodge

Military Night was fittingly observed by Los Angeles (Calif.) Lodge, No. 99, when the Round the World Fliers were present as the honored guests of the Lodge. Major Frederick L. Martin,



Patronize Magazine Advertisers

"WERE a clearer understanding possible among the membership of our Order on the needs of a popular magazine, the Elks' official publication would soon pass all other monthlies in circulation and advertising. The day of the advertiser who bought space just to be a good fellow and donate a few dollars has long passed from existence. The man who uses up white space now is placing his money where it will pay dividends; this means that the advertiser in 'The Elks Magazine' is not displaying his wares in order to be charitable and prevent the Order from carrying a white elephant; it is a business proposition and should the magazine not pay profits, he will soon withdraw his copy. The brothers of Detroit Lodge can assist the directors of the Elks' monthly by reading every advertisement, sending for catalogues and other literature and always mentioning the 'Elks Magazine' when writing to the advertiser. Patronize whenever practical the man who is patronizing you."

—Official Bulletin of Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34.



Commander of the Flight, told the members of the Army aviators' plans. Other members of his staff also spoke, as did many of the distinguished military personages present. All the members of Uncle Sam's forces were entertained in the dining-room with an elaborate feast. The Exalted Ruler expressed the sentiment of the Lodge when he wished the aviators godspeed on their

trip around the world. A fine vaudeville program wound up the evening.

New Home of Sapulpa (Okla.) Lodge Dedicated

Sapulpa (Okla.) Lodge, No. 1118, recently dedicated its beautiful new \$50,000 Home. The new building stands on the corner of Lee and Poplar Streets and is in many respects one of the finest structures of its kind in the State. Sapulpa Lodge was instituted on June 17, 1908, and immediately attracted to membership many of the leading business and professional men of the city. Its growth in the past year has been rapid, and with the opening of the new Home an even larger increase in membership is expected during the coming months.

Salina (Kans.) Lodge Institutes Largest Class in its History

Over 300 visitors from various parts of the district joined with members of Salina (Kans.) Lodge, No. 718, in the festivities that attended the initiation of one of the largest classes of candidates in the history of the Lodge. Two of the interesting events on the program were the large banquet and the special entertainment that followed for the guests. The initiation took place in the New Theatre to which the members and visitors marched in parade formation.

Sacramento (Calif.) Lodge Observes Flower Day

Sacramento (Calif.) Lodge, No. 6, recently observed Flower Day. On this day, as in the past, the Lodge took flowers to all persons in the city who were confined to their homes or hospitals because of illness. The committee in charge of the distribution had the cooperation of the entire membership in making out the lists of persons to be visited, and as a consequence few who were ill on that day were overlooked.

Utah State Elks Association To Meet at Provo, June 6-7

The Utah State Elks Association will hold its convention this year at Provo on June 6-7. Provo Lodge, No. 849, has formulated plans that will assure one of the greatest meetings in the history of the association. Bands from lodges in Ogden, Salt Lake City and other places are certain to be in attendance, accompanied by large numbers of delegates and visitors. The streets of the city are being decorated with the colors of the Order and everything is being done to make the gathering a great success.

Patchogue (N. Y.) Lodge Active in Many Ways

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Patchogue (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1323, has organized the Elks Grammar School Baseball League. The boys of the upper grades play three afternoons a week. The winning school will be given a trophy that must be won two years to become a permanent possession. The committee is also making a survey of Suffolk County for names of crippled children. Last year nearly two hundred were given an automobile ride and theatre party. The Lodge has also started a revival of the Boy Scout movement in Suffolk County and will begin a drive to raise \$15,000 to maintain two paid secretaries for the organization. Work on the new \$150,000 Home which the Lodge is building has started.

Cripple Creek (Colo.) Lodge Entertains Grand Exalted Ruler

Elks of the "World's Greatest Gold Camp" turned out en masse to greet Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland when he recently visited Cripple Creek (Colo.) Lodge, No. 316. From the time of his arrival Mr. McFarland spent a very busy afternoon and evening. Accompanied by a committee from Cripple Creek Lodge, No. 316, he was taken to the Independence Mill of the Portland Gold Mining Company where he saw \$10,000 worth of molten

(Continued on page 64)

New Home of Omaha, Neb., Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland Dedicates Handsome Building

MEMBERS of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, now occupy their beautiful new Home. This handsome building, erected at a cost of \$1,350,000, was formally dedicated with impressive ceremonies on May 1 by Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland. Large delegations from various Lodges throughout the State were present and many distinguished members of the Order took part in the celebration accompanying the opening of the new Home. Among those assisting in the dedication exercises and present at the banquet to Mr. McFarland which followed in the evening and at which Herbert W. Johnson, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, presided, were Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Keefe and W. C. Bullard; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain; Judge John C. Karel, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Charles A. McCloud, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and Carl Kramer, President of the Nebraska State Elks Association.

Ground was broken for the new building February 12, 1923, and the cornerstone was laid May 26, 1923, by J. Edgar Masters, at that time Grand Exalted Ruler, on which occasion several members of the Grand Lodge were in attendance. In less than a year the building has been constructed, furnished and dedicated.

The building stands out most prominently to-day as a remarkable monument to the activities of Omaha Lodge. Omaha Lodge is the only Lodge in a city of about 200,000 people that has a completed building that cost \$1,350,000, backed by a membership of 4,560, with at least 500 new members in sight, carrying this Lodge over the 5,000 membership mark before the Grand Lodge meets in Boston in July.

The new Home stands at Eighteenth and Dodge Streets, in the same block, and directly across from the Fontenelle, Omaha's

leading hotel, within three blocks of the retail business center of the city. It occupies a ground space of 132 x 132 feet.

The exterior of the building is severely plain, and presents a dignified business appearance. It is in the interior of the building that its remarkable beauty is most impressively revealed.



© PHOTO BY ERNEST SHULER CO.

New Home of Omaha (Neb.) Lodge
No. 39, built at a cost of \$1,350,000

Ten bowling alleys, a commodious room for the Omaha Elks Band, vault and store room, and the mechanical and heating plant of the building occupy the basement.

Ten stores, five on Eighteenth Street and five on Dodge Street, occupy the first floor. The hotel office, elevators, a large grill-room and the main kitchen and re-

frigerating room are also on the first floor. A wide marble staircase, with easy treads, leads up to the second floor.

The Lodge room, on the second and third floors, is about 60 x 80 feet with a 23-foot ceiling. The interior wood finish is of the best selected black walnut, with very beautiful Italian marble paneling above the wainscoting. The ceiling decoration and the entire color scheme are carried out most effectively in this room, as they are throughout the entire building. The Lodge room is equipped with a Wurlitzer Pipe Organ, located in the Lodge room balcony. The dining-room, ladies' parlor, men's lounge, library and memorial room are located on the second floor. The men's lounge is very large and an attractively furnished room.

The third floor is devoted to club purposes, and contains the pool and billiard rooms together with the secretary's office and committee rooms.

On the fourth, fifth and sixth floors are one hundred and five living rooms with thirty-nine baths. There are four shower baths in a unit on each floor, and each room is equipped with lavatory and clothes closet, and attractively furnished. All are outside rooms, and a few of the rooms are en suite.

The banquet hall and assembly room with stage and service kitchen, also a large gymnasium, are located on the seventh and eighth floors. This floor is two stories in height.

Following the dedication on May 1, the Nebraska State Elks Association held its annual meeting in the new Home Friday morning, May 2, and Saturday morning, May 3. Friday afternoon and evening the building was opened for a public reception of members of the Lodge and their Omaha friends. Saturday afternoon and evening the building was inspected by out-of-town members.

Too great praise cannot be given to the Committees which carried out the expressed wishes of the Lodge in the erection of this wonderful building.



Sonnets Inspired by the Order

The Near Elk

ARE you a Near Elk, friend? Do you
"belong"?
You wear the Antlers and you show a card
As pioneers carried guns when life was hard
To guard them from an enemy too strong.
Your antlers link you with the antlered throng
And from their councils you may not be barred;
But though you sidle past the Outer Guard,
Are you an Elk? You nod—but you are
wrong!

* * *

What have you given? What give you to-day?
What sacrifice to Elkdome have you brought?
This weary world can show a vast array
Of mortals craving much and giving naught!
In our great Brotherhood from coast to coast
Many a Near Elk hears the mystic Toast.

The Joiner

HE joined the Elks because he wished to bray
That he belonged to every lodge in town.
He knew that it would add to his renown
And maybe swell his coffers—who can say?
He and his wife agreed that it would pay
Before he planked the first installment down
Like a small boy who, with a thoughtful
frown,
Shells out his hoarded dimes on Circus Day.

* * *

Not for this man the happiness that thrills
The hearts of those that give to luckless brothers!
Not for this man the joy of him who wills
To make the hard road easier for others!
The Joiner mounts the bandwagon and cheers—
The real Elk hauls that wagon through the
years!

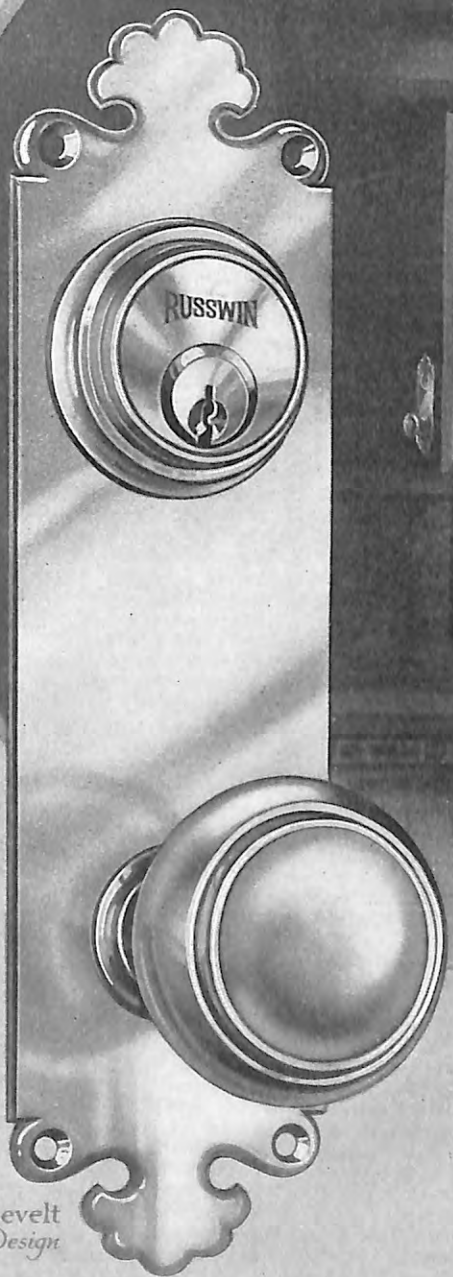
Old Glory

IT basks upon the Altar, 'neath the Star,
The Flag we love—the Red and White and
Blue—
The only Banner, old and ever new,
The sacred emblem that has carried far
With glory lighting every star and bar.
Brother, how much does this flag mean to you?
You tell us you are true to it. How true?
Have you gone forth where its dead lovers are?

* * *

They sleep in Mexico. They sleep in France.
They lie at rest beneath the Seven Seas.
Old Glory riots where the sunbeams dance
To think that it was loved by such as these!
It calls to Elks of high and low degree:
"HE died for men—and men have died for me!"
—William F. Kirk.

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 Design*

*"To Russwin-ize
 Is to Economize —
 The Economy of the Best"*

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That Russwin Hardware is used throughout thousands of such homes is a tribute to the beauty of Russwin designs — and to the public faith in the name Russwin which for over eighty years has been a guarantee of trouble-free service and absolute security.

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Chicago

San Francisco

London

"The Williams Cap is in the ring—



I VOTE FOR IT!"

THE big vote is going to Williams and the reason is clear. It has the one shaving cream cap that can't get lost. And Williams offers you three definite improvements in shaving:

—There's that famous Williams lather: its closer texture holds the moisture in against the beard. Quicker softening results.

—There's a lubric quality in Williams lather—actually a film between razor's edge and your skin. Pulling and irritating friction are eliminated.

—There's a soothing ingredient which leaves your face smooth and flexible even in hurried daily shaving.

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The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.
The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd.
St. Patrick St., Montreal

Williams Shaving Cream

with the Hinge-Cap that can't get lost



We've scored again! Aqua Velva is the new product—a scientific formula for use after shaving. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 56.

The Framing of the Shrew

(Continued from page 19)

he knew was inevitable. He tried to make meek amends—

"Is—is somebody fum Lawyer Chew's office be'n in to see you, Clarry, honey?"

She rose, moved across to the stove and inspected something which was boiling in a large dark pot. Privacy passed a shaking hand across an aching forehead:

"My Gawdness, sweetness; what the matter is with you?"

But still she did not answer. For a half hour Privacy hung around, begging for the guillotine, and being vouchsafed not even one single consoling blow. And finally he fled in terror. Clarry on a rampage was bad enough—but at least she was understandable. Clarry quiet was Clarry terrifying. Privacy sought a secluded corner of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billard Parlor and there he cowed in quivering terror until long after the dinner hour had come and gone. And then, reluctantly, yet fascinatedly, he rose and trailed slowly toward home.

THE place was shrouded in blackness. He crept guiltily within, yearning for the caressing bang of a flat-iron against his skull—any gentle indication of wifely affection. But nothing greeted him save stillness, fierce emptiness. He slunk across the room, paused with his hand on the knob of the bedroom door. From within there came to him the welcome sound of healthy snoring. "Tha's Clarry. She sho'ly do snore sweet!"

He turned the knob. But the door didn't open. He rattled the door. Then fearful doubt became horrible certainty. He was locked out of his own bedroom.

Desperately he rattled the knob and banged the door. Clarry's slumbers continued unbroken. Miserably, Privacy turned away—"Reckon I c'n take a hint as well as anybody."

He slunk into a tiny storeroom adjoining the living-room, laboriously moved two or three washtubs and ironing boards, laid himself down on the floor and tried to sleep. But sleep would not come. He found a lamp and lighted it. In the corner was a plate containing a meager apportionment of dinner. Humbly, gratefully, he ate; then once more tried to lure Morpheus into an all-night embrace.

But there was strictly nothing doing. His cosmic scheme suddenly had gone topsy-turvy. And Privacy Robson pitched and tossed on the unutterably hard floor and cursed all the fates and Florian Slappey.

Of course he knew what had prompted this action on the part of Clarry. Clarry realized that since he had started suit for divorce he was no longer her husband: therefore he had been ejected from their room. That was all very well—but it wasn't at all as he had planned or desired.

According to Florian, Clarry should have been waiting for him with teary cheeks, open arms and forgiving heart. She should have prostrated herself before him, overcome by the very thought that he might desire to lose her. Instead of that she ignored his existence.

The following morning he sought Lawyer Chew and begged that gentleman to withdraw the divorce suit. But that dignitary explained in all seriousness that the courts were not to be played with: that a divorce suit once started could not be stopped—"Ceptin' on'y by mutual consent of bofe pahities."

"You—you is got my mutual consent, Lawyer Chew."

"Yo' mutual consent ain't enough, Brother Robson. Also, I requiahs yo' wife's mutual consent."

But that consent was not forthcoming. For four days the rigid silence was maintained. Humble overtures from the miserable Privacy were greeted with stony silence. Thrice daily a platter of food was served to him—in the room where he lived with the washtubs. Each night Clarry retired behind securely locked doors. Through the long dark hours, Privacy pitched sleeplessly and mourned the friendship of Florian Slappey. And on the fourth day he sought that gentleman—sought him with indignation in his brain and murder in his soul.

Into Florian's ears he poured verbal vitriol. He explained his opinion of Florian's immediate ancestors and possible descendants. Upon Florian himself he lavished a wealth of uncomplimentary loquacity.

Florian listened nonchalantly. But he was both interested and surprised. This was not at all as he had anticipated. His plan had failed and he knew it. Yet he realized that it would never do to let Privacy in on that knowledge. He puffed languidly upon a near-Turkish cigarette and when Privacy had concluded the outburst surveyed that emaciated gentleman calmly.

"Is you finished off with talkin', Privacy?"

"You no-count, none wukkin', loose-talkin'—"

"You done said all that befo', Brother Robson. Was I cravin' to git mad I would long ago have done got. So le's leave off them soht of conversations an' talk sense."

Privacy's profanity slithered off into unintelligibility. Florian waited patiently until the noise ceased, then delivered caustic comment:

"Trouble with you, Brother Robson—you never let no feller finish tellin' you what he stahts to say."

"Wh-wh-what—what you mean?"

"I mean you went an' cut me sho't t'other day when I was tellin' you 'bout that divorce business. Cut me right off sho't like my words di'n't mean nothin' whichever to you."

"They meant a-plenty. Plenty trouble."

"Co'se they would when you di'n't heah ev'rything I was aimin' to tell you. What you done wrong was to git stahted befo' I was finished adwisin' you."

"If'n you aims to advise me any mo' advice, Brother Slappey—save yo' breff on account I ain't gwine lis'en."

Florian shrugged indifferently. "If bein' onhappy is the fondest thing you is of—"

"But it ain't," wailed the other. "It's the saddest thing I is about."

"Then the way to stop bein' onhappy is to do which I says. Jes' listenin' to half of what I is got to tell you."

"You mean to say, Flo'ian, that all what you tol' me t'other day, ain't all what you was plannin' to tell me? Does you mean to 'sinuate that I is got to do some mo' 'sides what I is a'ready did?"

"I does." Calmly.

"Then you is mos' as foolish as you looks."

"Ve'y well. It's yo' fum'ral. On'y if'n you was to of done one mo' thing Clarry would be crawlin' roun' on her shinbones beggin' you should take all her money an' quit doin' any soht of wuk an'—but they ain't no use talkin' sense to a feller like'n to what you is. You jes' go in one ear an' come out t'other."

Privacy gave the matter careful thought. Florian spoke confidently, and, in his heart, Mr. Robson held enormous respect for Mr. Slappey's acumen. Florian was all that Privacy was not: world-wise, debonair, indifferent, free from feminine entanglement.

"What the res' of yo' scheme is, Flo'ian?"

"You ain't intrusted."

"Yeh, I is."

"Reckon you ain't."

"Reckon you reckon wrong. Reckon I oughter know is I intrusted."

"I ain't gwine th'ow away no breff givin' advice which ain't gwine be took."

"How I know whether Ise gwine take it ontill I knows what 'tis?"

"If I says it's good advice, Brother Robson—it's good. If'n you promise befo'han' you is gwine to take it—I gives it. Otherwise I says a li'l less'n nothin'."

Privacy begged, pleaded, argued, cajoled; but Florian was adamant. And finally—if a bit reluctantly—Privacy consented to act upon Florian's advice. "Reckon I ain't gwine be no wuss off than what I now is."

"Reckon you ain't, Privacy. You has done gone an' messed things up sumptin' horrible by not listenin' to all which I had to say."

"Ise listenin' now, Flo'ian. Tell what Ise got to do to win Clarry back ag'in."

Simply, tersely, graphically, Florian outlined the new strategy. When he finished Privacy's eyes were wide and staring, his jaw drooped limply.

"Flo'ian! You ain't se'ious?"
 "I is."
 "Another gal? I is to go take another gal out to the pitcher show?"
 "Uh-huh."
 "An' let Clarry know I is doin' same?"
 "Jes' that."
 "My Gawd, Flo'ian, does you crave to see me git kilt or sumthin'?"

"Reckon you ain't gwine be no kilter than what you is now. Hones', Privacy: Yo' ig'runcie is sumthin' fierce. I asts you now, who ever hearn tell of a divohee without no corr'spondent? It jes' cain't be, tha's all. Does you crave to git a divohee, you stahts off by gittin' a corr'spondent. You jes' natchelly is got to have one. Clarry's soht of be'n waitin' fo' it. Up to now she has jes' be'n sayin' to herse'f that this ain't no decent divohee a tall on account they ain't no other woman mixed up in it. She's jes' sittin' back waitin' fo' that other gal to show up. An' when she do, Clarry comes to you an' says please will you fo'give her an' let her take you back. Don' it soun' reasomble?"

"Mmm! Million dollars soun's reasomble—but it don't git me no eatments if'n I ain't got it."
 "You done promised you was gwine take them advices."

"I ain't said I ain't."
 "You ain't said you is."
 "I ain't shuah."
 "Well," impatiently. "Is you is or is you ain't?"

"Mph! Clarry gits jealous of this other gal an' wins me back fum her?"

"Uh-huh! Does you do it?"
 Fearfully, timorously, Privacy nodded.
 "Reckon I does, Flo'ian. But sumthin' tells me I is makin' a turrible mistake."

Nor did anything transpire during the ensuing twenty-four hours to put Privacy more at ease. Florian, as usual, did the fixing—and he fixed not wisely but too well.

As the *tertium quid* he selected the regal Mallissie Cheese: curvy, dimpled, roguish, light-tan Mallissie who trifled with the hearts of dusky beaux for the sheer fun of the thing—and to whom the prospect of the social spotlight—(however doubtfully acquired)—was quite entrancing.

THE following evening at seven o'clock, Privacy Robson nervously adorned himself for the festivities; the wardrobing consisting of donning a clean white necktie which had lain long forgotten in a bureau drawer. Ready to emerge from the house, he presented himself before Clarry's unseeing eyes and hurled the defi—hoping against hope that she would break her studied silence and save him from himself.
 "Is gwine to the Champeen theayeter with Mallissie Cheese!"

No answer.
 "Jes' I an' Mallissie an' not nobody else."
 Clarry was not interested. Privacy became desperate. Clarry was due to exhibit anger. But perhaps she didn't understand—

"Mallissie's gwine be our corr'spondent."
 Still no sign of excitement from Clarry. Privacy slunk dejectedly through the door.
 "Reckon she jes' don' b'lieve I is gwine with Mallissie. . . ."

Privacy did not enjoy the evening overly much. Mallissie took care that all about them should know whom she accompanied. And her cerise gown glowed through the darkness which enshrouded the interior of the Champion Theater.

Colored society was properly scandalized. Before, the Robson vs. Robson divorce suit had been merely amusing. Now it was becoming serious. But slight attention was paid to the vicissitudes of the screen heroine. Mallissie was the center of attraction.

And then a sudden tremor of excitement shook the house as the picture neared its end. Some one started the rumor at the door and it wire-lessly through the spectators. Privacy was conscious of a renewed—almost morbid—interest in himself and his companion. He didn't understand it . . . and he fidgeted nervously. Then some one flopped beside him, and through the semi-gloom Privacy found himself peering into the cheerful countenance of Keefe Gaines, the undertaker. And Keefe was speaking:
 "Privacy?"

(Continued on page 46)

Men, here's a real idea!

Strange no one thought of it before. And offered for the first time ever to readers of Elks Magazine

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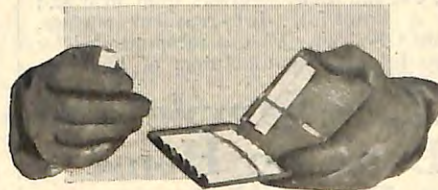
into which the razor fits perfectly. Keep it in your medicine cabinet as a holder for the razor and blades.



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Think of it! The gold-plated Gillette Razor alone formerly cost much more. Now you get this identical razor, a tray in which to hold it and a cigarette case that is alone well worth the money.

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The Framing of the Shrew

(Continued from page 45)

"Huh!"
"You know I is a frien' of your'n?"
"Reckon so."
"Well listen—you better be keeful."
"How come?"
"Yo' wife, Clarry, is hangin' roun' out front waitin' fo' you!"
Privacy went cold all over. "S-s-s-says which?"

"Says Clarry is waitin' outside fo' you an' Mallissie. An' she looks rough, tough an' ugly."
"Oh! Lawdy. . . ." Then, violently: "Daw-gone that Flo'ian Slappey!"

Keefe Gaines lowered his voice. "If'n anythin' was to happen to you right sudden, Brother Robson, does I git the job?"

"Which job?"
"Buryin'?" I an' you has always be'n frien's—an' while I hope Clarry ain't as mad as what she looks . . ."

Privacy shoved Mr. Gaines violently into the aisle—"Gwan away fum me, cullud man! Git away fum heah!"

Privacy passed the unpleasant information on to his partner, and Mallissie, despite a valiant exterior, was genuinely frightened. At first she fondly had fancied that no woman—even Clarry—could really be jealous of the runty Privacy Robson. But evidently she had miscalculated. As for Privacy—he felt an intermingled sense of terror and elation. Certainly, here was proof of Clarry's devotion. For there was not the slightest doubt in Privacy's mind that he and Mallissie were about to be thoroughly and completely exterminated.

The picture ended, the house lights went up, there was a general, hurried, buzzing exodus. Necks were craned backwards that eyes might miss no move of Privacy and Mallissie. Outside the theater a mob had gathered, standing respectfully back from the mammoth, avenging figure of Clarry Robson.

EVENTUALLY Privacy and his companion emerged. To the terrified little man, the figure of his wife loomed like a mountain which was about to fall upon him. And then Clarry advanced upon the would-be-guilty pair. Flight was out of the question, the interested crowd was too dense for that.

One step Clarry took toward them: two. Mallissie, pale green with horror, yet tensed herself for the impending physical clash—with its inevitable disastrous results. The crowd held its breath.

And then came Clarry's voice—sweet, soft, gentle.

"Evenin', Mallissie."

Miss Cheese merely gasped.

"I says evenin', Mallissie."

"E-e-evenin', Missus Robson."

Clarry paid no attention to her quivering husband. "What you is doin' out all alone by yo'se'f, Miss Cheese?"

"B-by myse'f?"

"Uh-huh! You is alone, ain't you? I don't see nobody with you."

Somebody in the crowd laughed. Privacy felt himself flushing hotly. Sudden death would have been preferable to this ignominy.

"Somebody done tol' me, Mallissie, that you was down heah with a man which useter be related to me by ma'age. But I don't see no man—an' I knowed it never could of be'n Privacy, on account a gal like you has got too much sense to go traipsin' roun' with a shrimp like'n to what he is. Ain't it the troof?"

"Sho'ly is, Missus Robson."

"An' seein' as you is alone, Mallissie—s'posin' I an' you goes down to the Gol' Crown fo' a ice cream soda?"

Mallissie hesitated, suspecting a ruse. But there was no mistaking the amiability on the face of Clarry Robson, nor the atmosphere of genuine good humor which hovered over the spectators. And then Mallissie did the only thing possible under the circumstances. She stepped forward and linked her arm within that of Clarry.

"A'right, Clarry. Us drinks."

Together they walked through the lane which was opened for them, utterly oblivious to the dilapidated little man in the clean white necktie who stood gaping at the spectacle.

Then the human gap closed again and a cloud of spontaneous humor arose—

"Who them ladies was, Privacy?"

"Seems like they ain't neither of them never sawn you befo'."

"Nary one of them useter be related to you by ma'age, was they?"

"Did you want to separate yo'se'f away fum Clarry, you has sho' Lawd succeeded."

Privacy writhed in the nethermost depths of degradation. Had Clarry pulverized Mallissie and himself, his position would not have been entirely ignoble. But now—this was worse than the disgrace of being ignored in his own home. Here there were hundreds of witnesses: grinning witnesses who made no attempt to conceal their enjoyment of his discomfiture. He stood in the center of the chuckling circle, small, black, abandoned. And only once did he speak, his voice coming harsh and cracked from his parched throat:

"Any of you folks know where Flo'ian Slappey is at?"

"Why?"

"'Cause," explained Privacy, "I aims to commit murder on him."

Eventually they allowed him to go. Forlornly he dragged himself down the street and so to the place where he once had been miserably happy. There had Clarry brought him as a groom, vowing to love, cherish, obey and support him. Here he was now cast into the storeroom with a quarter-dozen disused wash-tubs. He cursed the divorce suit with its aftermath of fierce physical discomfort; the heroic attempt to introduce a co-respondent with its epilogue of ridicule.

That night he stationed himself outside Clarry's locked door and ate a large chunk of humblest pie. He demeaned himself absolutely and utterly—calling himself all the names in her vocabulary, begging for forgiveness and reinstatement. But Clarry heard not—or if she did hear—she paid no heed.

It was a solemn, crushed, dispirited Privacy Robson who found Florian Slappey the next day. He did not even retain sufficient fire to resent the twinkle of amusement in Florian's eyes at the story of the previous night's episode. And of course he could not suspect that Florian was completely bewildered. This was not at all as Mr. Slappey had planned. Privacy spoke in a dull, hopeless, monotonous voice—

"You gotten me into this mess, Flo'ian. Git me out!"

"Which mess?"

"The on'iest mess I is ever be'n in—an' the only one I is ever gwine be in. The one which I is in now."

"Hot dam! boy—you ain't in no mess."

"Does I git in any wuss one, Flo'ian, I is gwine kill myse'f by committin' suicide."

Florian bluffed desperately. "G'wan with you, cullud boy. Things has jes' stahted to wuk out right."

"If'n they wuks out any righter—Mistuh Flo'ian Slappey is gwine need him jes' one thing."

"What that is?"

"A lily."

Florian lighted a shameless cigar. "I s'pose you think that on account of what happened las' night, things ain't runnin' so smooth as they oughter, eh?"

"You is a champeen s'poser, Flo'ian."

"Now what I has got to sigges'—"

"You ain't got ary thing to sigges'. Not to me you ain't. Not a tall. Not even once. On account, Flo'ian, I woul'n't be mis'able like'n to what I is now if you hadn't of been so dam' siggestive a'ready."

Florian appeared hurt. "You ain't meanin' to stan' up there an' tell me to my face you think I is done explained all my scheme, is you?"

A tiny frown corrugated the Robson forehead. "Not all yo' scheme?"

"Suttlin' I ain't tol' you all. Trouble with you, Privacy, is you never let no feller finish tellin' you nothin'. Fust off I tells you 'bout stahtin' a divorce suit an' askin' fo' alimonies—an' what does you do? What does you do? I asts you that?"

"I plays hell."

"You runs off 'thout listenin' to all which I had to say, tha's what you does. If'n you

had of listened to me complete an ontire in the fust place . . . anyways, you di'n't. Then you come to me later an' I stahts to tell you 'bout gittin' a corr'spondent. An' what you does then, huh? I asts you: What you does then?"

"I plays some mo' of the same."

"Sho'ly you does. An' why you does it, huh? The reason why you does it is 'caus'n you ain't never let me finish tellin' you what I stahted to tell. Now Ise astin' you now—is you gwine lis'en to all my scheme, or ain't you?"

"You is got some mo' scheme besides what you has a'ready tol' me?"

"Suttinly. You ain't never let me tell you it all."

PRIVACY shrugged indifferently. "Reckon I might's well listen, Flo'ian. Nothin' you adwises is gwine git me in any wusser trouble than what I is in a'ready."

"Is you gwine take my adwice?"

"I is hearn them words fum yo' lips befo', Brother Slappey, an' they always has spelled misery to me."

"Tha's on account you never let me finish. Now if'n you wants to be happy with Clarry—if'n you craves to jes' nachelly boss her 'roun' an' make her do whichsoever you wants—jes' listen to two words . . . Jes' two li'l simple words."

"Yeh? Yeh? What is they?"

Florian caught his friend by the coat lapel, stepped closer and pressed his lips against Privacy's ear. Softly, insinuatingly, triumphantly, he whispered—

"Hunger strike!"

"Says which?"

"Hunger strike!"

Privacy shook his head wonderingly. "You says words, Flo'ian,—but they don't make no sense."

Florian struck an attitude. "Does you mean to stan' there an' show yo' ignorumps by 'sinuatin' that you don't know what is a hunger strike?"

"Reckon so, Flo'ian."

"Wiggilin' tripe. When it comes to brains, Privacy, you jes' nachelly ain't. A hunger strike, Privacy, is what you goes on when you wants sumthin' which somebody ain't aimin' to give you."

"I goes on it?"

"Sho'ly you does."

"How I goes on it?"

"All what you does, Privacy—is to stop eatin'!"

The information sifted slowly. Then Privacy stepped back and shook his head. "Reckon I an' you better keep away fum each other, Flo'ian. I ain't aimin' to travel 'roun' with no crazy man."

"Who's crazy?"

"You is."

"How come?"

"Any man which says I stops eatin' is crazy. Crazy right in the haid."

Florian stepped close again. And once more came a torrent of logic. Florian commenced with the first recorded case of hunger striking. He traced the history of the fad down to date—and credited to it a batting average of 1,000. "An' as fo' yo' case, Privacy," he finished triumphantly. "It can't fail."

"Anything c'n fail where Clarry is concerned at."

"This heah cain't. On account why? On account Clarry is a elegant cook an' does she see you starvin' to death she is gwine be mis'able 'cause you ain't eatin' which she cooks fo' you. An' then when you gits sick she has to pay all the expense of doctor's bills an' sech. Mebbe even fum'ral expenses does you go an' die on her. She comes in to you an' says fo' Gawd's sake, why don't you eat? An' you says that you ain't eatin' 'cause you loves her an' wants to be happy with her—but on account she treats you so rotten you'd ruther go die of hunger. An' then she gits so anxious fo' you to eat an' not die that she does whichsoever you wants."

"Hmm! Not Clarry."

"Yassuh, Clarry. Kings has done it, an' who Clarry is that she ain't gwine do what a king done? I tell you, Privacy, it jes' nachelly cain't fail."

"You is posolutely shuah?"

"Absotively."

(Continued on page 48)

Thin Cool Absorbent



LAWRENCE Tailored Knit Underwear is the perfect summer underwear, the *new idea* in athletic undergarments. Different from the woven or muslin type.

Stout or slender, Lawrence "Athletics" fit—they're tailor cut.

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And how it wears! Seams won't split and buttons *can't* come off. Ask for *Lawrence Knit-athletic*.

Union Suits—\$1.75 to \$2.50. Shirts and Drawers—\$1 to \$1.50. Two qualities—Blue Label, combed yarn, finest quality; Red Label, same durability and finish, slightly different yarn. If your dealer hasn't the particular garment you wish, please send us his name, and **write for booklet showing various styles.**

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UNDERWEAR

The Framing of the Shrew

Those fellows who are making anywhere from ten to thirty thousand dollars a year—who travel first class, stop at the best hotels, are in daily contact with prosperous business men—did you ever figure out what it is that enables them to **SELL** with such success?

Otherwise keen sales executives would specialize in furniture heavers and chorus men—whereas some of the best salesmen measure less than five feet five and are so homely that you actually feel sorry for them.

Otherwise only college graduates would hold the records.

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which they inherit—

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A bold statement, you may think—but it is based on bedrock facts.

When LaSalle Extension University was preparing its training in Modern Salesmanship, it made a careful study, over a period of years, of the selling processes of more than a thousand outstanding salesmen engaged in selling a wide variety of products and many different types of service. These men were already rated as exceptional. Their records proved it.

Under the direction of a nationally known sales executive—himself a \$50,000 man—the particular methods which were found to yield the highest percentage of results were sifted out—and for two years, and at a time when selling was anything but 'easy,' more than four hundred salesmen—comprising a number of separate sales crews—were instructed to specialize in these particular selling methods.

Out of this test came unusual and often surprising results. The best men on various forces—in lines ranging from boots and shoes and electrical apparatus to motor cars and life insurance policies—thru the basics furnished them **MATERIALLY INCREASED THEIR SALES.**

One salesman stated that what was furnished him was responsible for the establishing of more than 100 new accounts in his territory and a large increase with his old trade.

Increases of 100% and in some cases 500% were reported.



On the strength of these findings, the identical principles and methods used by these men, and proven sound and practical, were organized and incorporated into the present training offered by LaSalle in Modern Salesmanship.

And AGAIN they are proving out—as witnessed by the following statements, typical of hundreds that have been received by LaSalle within the last few months:

"The first two texts have given me so much that I am firmly convinced that if I never learn anything more from the course I would have a full return for the entire investment. I tell you frankly that I would not take \$25,000 for my scholarship if another could not be had."

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"From a salesman in the ranks, in two short months my sales have shot up nearly 150 per cent, and I have received a promotion from a company I have been with only six months. I am now a district manager with eleven men working under me. Not only have my immediate sales shown an increase—and right in the middle of the summer months—but I have a keener grasp of the principles of selling. I know the meaning of 'fundamentals' now; I know that by the application of certain definite truths, certain definite results can be attained. My effort, formerly more or less of an uncertainty, is now a certainty. Getting down to brass tacks, I know what I am doing now."

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For the benefit of the man ambitious to develop as a salesman, LaSalle has prepared a 66-page book entitled "Modern Salesmanship"—an interesting and compelling presentation of the present-day opportunities in salesmanship and a clear outline of the way they may be most quickly realized.

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And so, with many misgivings, Privacy agreed to try the hunger strike. He embarked upon it against his better judgment, a pessimistic victim of Florian's persuasive oratory.

It wasn't so difficult at breakfast the following morning. As usual, Clarry left his meal on one of the washtubs in his makeshift boudoir. When she returned a half hour later the meal was untouched: grits, side-meat, coffee—all were just as she had served them. And Privacy, watching her out of the corner of one hungry eye, visioned a gleam of interest.

This was his initial touch of triumph. The divorce—the introduction of a co-respondent—both devices had gone unrewarded by so much as a single flash of interest. Hungry as he was, he chuckled to himself at the puzzlement which he knew must be Clarry's at sight of himself unfed. And voluntarily so.

IT WAS not so easy to leave the lunch untasted.

The turnip greens and white meat were toothsome and plentiful. And Privacy was gnawed by a hunger exceeding strong. But his reward came when Clarry opened her lips to question him—then closed them tight again and walked out with the dishes. Privacy was sorry that she hadn't spoken. Undoubtedly, the hunger strike was proving more effective than any other method—but, too, it was extremely painful to a man of Privacy's gastronomic propensities.

The supper came near to proving the finish of the hunger strike. After a heroic battle, Privacy wrenched himself away from temptation, and left the ham swimming forlornly in its alluring gravy, the rice untasted, the corn pone ignored. Clarry entered earlier than usual. She gazed unbelievably upon the neglected supper, keenly at Privacy—then departed shaking her head.

Clarry was bewildered. There wasn't a doubt of that. And sooner or later Clarry must crack. Privacy found himself praying that it would be sooner. He knew that he could not stand the strain for long. His belt buckle sagged in the melancholy proximity to the backbone and there was an unnecessary ache within Privacy where food was wont to reside.

Florian had at last struck the right course. But he loathed the arduous task which was his. Domestic difficulty was all right . . . but a foodless man didn't have a chance. He took stock of the situation and scoured himself into carrying on for another day. And that night he slept fitfully—dreaming maddening dreams of barbecued pork and rich Brunswick stew: of crumbly waffles and golden syrup: of— He waked moaning, then lulled back into restless slumber.

Somehow he managed to resist the breakfast; and marvelled at the bridle which Clarry had upon her curiosity. He could see that she was aching to question him. He knew that they were both approaching the point of capitulation . . . and merely did not know who was approaching with greater speed.

At noon he again withstood the succulent meal, but his eyes were popping from his head and he felt weak and faint from the strain. He knew that he was feverish. He prayed fervently for power to withstand the gustatorial attacks for a few hours more. Clarry must give in—he knew that no woman's curiosity could much longer remain unsated. And somehow, by dint of a physical effort of which he had never dreamed himself capable, he determined to fight away from the supper . . . to withstand it no matter what the shock to his digestive system. And then if Clarry did not question him . . . he knew his cause was lost.

It was evident that Clarry, too, sensed a crisis. She came home about five o'clock loaded down with bundles. She built a roaring fire in the iron range. And then to Privacy's tortured nostrils, there came the odor of frying chicken; of sizzling bacon; of pancakes singing on the griddle; of greens in the pot; of rich, steamy coffee. And as a final Machiavellian touch—a boy arrived from the corner grocery with a large watermelon, and Privacy saw Clarry make the incision, heard the seductive cr-r-r-runch as the knife sawed through and then the rich, juicy plop as the melon divided into halves. He felt that luscious,

crimson heart inviting him—luring—screaming a demand to be eaten!

He turned his tortured eyes away. This was not fighting fair. Clarry was hitting below the sagging belt. And she walloped him again when she piled a plate high with dainties and set them beside his washtub, then returned to the kitchen table and fell to with a relish.

Privacy rose and walked the floor. He was verging on delirium. The strain was horrible—well-nigh unbearable. Privacy called upon the last ebbing ounce of his resisting power and fought off the almost irresistible urge to satisfy the biting hunger pangs. And when Clarry came for the dishes he knew that he had almost won the battle. Almost—but not quite. For several seconds Clarry hesitated . . . then went off with the untasted food, muttering to herself.

Alone again, Privacy buried aching head in trembling hands and cursed himself for a fool. There had been a meal fit for a king. For a pair of kings. And he had disdained it. He watched Clarry place the residue safely in the ice chest; pausing occasionally to glance wonderingly at her strangely muttering husband.

"Oh! Lawd! gimme the strength to las' th'oo jes' one mo' meal. Jes' one mo' meal! Ise a hungry cullud boy, Lawd! but I hungers in a good cause. Gimme strength to keep away fum them eatments. An' don' let Clarry keep up much longer, Lawd, on account Ise gwine be daid if'n she does. An' if'n this heah hunger strike don' wuk—please, suh, remember that Flo'ian Slappey sic'd me onto it!"

Dusk settled over the wide, tree-lined street. On the front veranda sat Clarry Robson, rocking incessantly, wrestling with the problem presented by her husband. Clarry was near the breaking point. . . . On the back porch rocked Privacy: back and forth, back and forth. He saw nothing, heard nothing. He only knew that he was hungry. Oh! he was hungry. He was quite sure that never before in the history of the world had ever man been quite so fearfully hungry.

The battle was not a fair one. Clarry had merely to combat her curiosity: Privacy was tortured by his appetite. The one was powerful, perhaps; but the other was irresistible.

AND Privacy had fought a good fight. Yet he knew that he was beaten. Remembrance of that ample store of food in the ice-box was too much for him . . . he became sick and faint at the thought of the viands waiting to be eaten.

And so he stared off across the rooftops at the full moon which leered at him, and became a sick, sick colored man. It wasn't that the scheme wasn't all right: it was merely that it was never intended for human beings of the colored persuasion.

He remained in his semi-comatose condition until ten o'clock. At that hour, Clarry came indoors, stood gazing curiously at her husband—then entered her bedroom. Through force of habit she locked the door. The sound of the key grating in the lock was like a knell o' doom to Privacy. There was an air of finality about that particular performance which broke the last struggling bit of his resistance.

For fifteen minutes he waited; a half-hour—an hour. Then he rose, staggering against the porch rail as he did so—staggering from sheer weakness. He threw his arms wide in token of utter surrender. And then, noiselessly, carefully, he crept through the kitchen toward the ice-box. He progressed with scarcely a sound; fierce hunger lending caution. . . . He reached the door of the ice-box, wrapped cold fingers about the handle, and wrenched it open—

His fingers found the leg of a chicken. Privacy uttered a cooing, caressing sound as he raised it to his lips. . . .

Meanwhile Clarry Robson had dropped off into a deep, untroubled slumber. She was puzzled and more than a little worried. But she was healthily tired, and sleep wooed and won her in jig time.

How long she slept she did not know. Then suddenly she found herself sitting straight up in bed, every hair making frantic effort to stand on end; cold beads of perspiration glistening from her chocolate brow.

She sat rigidly; nerves a-jangle, ears strained for a repetition of the sound. Yes—there it was—again! A stealthy snooping noise from the kitchen. . . .

(Continued on page 50)

Did You Ever Eat a Green Apple?

Sure! But you know better now. The only kind of apple you'll put a tooth in to-day is one that's *ripe*. You don't want 'em either too green or too ripe. But, oh man, how good a ripe apple can be!



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That's the only kind of tobacco we ever use in Mapacubas, or in any other of the Bayuk Cigars.

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The Framing of the Shrew

(Continued from page 49)



Keep Out Dust, Dirt, Draughts

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Learn how little this year-round protection costs.

Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips keep out draughts, dust, soot, and rain. They keep homes clean. Protect furnishings and keep wall-paper and decorations fresh and new. Dirt can't get in. It saves half the tedious, endless toil of house-cleaning, dusting and scrubbing.

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Number of Doors—
Name _____
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Eng. Dept. 200

A burglar!
There wasn't a doubt of it. And Clarry's fear was of the negative variety. She could not stand the strain of inaction.

Noiselessly she slipped from the bed. Quietly she opened the bedroom door. Her bare feet made no sound on the uncarpeted floor. On the other side of the kitchen she saw a sinister, crouching, shadowy figure. She crept toward it, every massive muscle tensed—breath coming in short, choking gasps. She set herself for the spring. She sprang—

A wild yell of terror shrilled from Privacy's throat as the fighting figure leaped upon him from the blackness, long fingers clutching at his throat.

Frenzied with terror, he leaped to one side. His fingers closed around something. A weapon! A poker!

It swished through the air. There was a thud—a choking grunt—the sound of a heavy falling body. Screaming for help, Privacy found a match and lighted the lamp—then, limp and lachrymose, turned to gaze upon his handiwork.

He found himself gazing down into the unconscious face of his wife, and gradually there came to him realization of the fact that he had conquered her in physical combat. With that knowledge there was born within him a new and glorious sense of power: a psalm of triumph sang in his heart. Proudly, defiantly, he reached for the breast-bone of the chicken and bit into it.

Fifteen minutes later he succeeded in restoring Clarry to consciousness. He didn't know what had caused all the trouble, but he knew he was victorious: he was gripped by a certitude of triumph.

Clarry raised terrified eyes. Privacy, glancing affectionately into them, was pleased to see that her injuries were but temporary. And then, as Clarry glimpsed the face of her adored Privacy she clasped muscular arms about his neck and swooned again.

It was but the work of a minute to bring her back to consciousness. And her first words reassured Privacy—

"Where he is at?"

"Wh-where which is at?"

"The burglar?"

Suddenly a great warm light burst upon Privacy. He understood. . . . "Oh! him? I heard him jump on you an' I chased him off."

"You chased him off?"

"Uh-huh! Found him eatin' that chicken you cooked so rotten. Hit him over the head with a stick of wood—an' off he run."

She turned upon him eyes in which there was no sign of disbelief: merely a wondering affection. "O-o-oh! Privacy—I never knowed what a fine man you was."

"N'r neither that ain't the on' thing you never knowed, 'ooman."

She warmed to the new, assertive nuance of his voice. "Reckon I ain't be'n v'y good to you. Oh! Privacy—why ain't you be'n eatin' what I be'n cookin' fo' you?"

"Them eatments was n't good enough, Clarry."

"Honey . . . if'n you on'y wa'n't gittin' a divorce away from me, I'd show you how good I can cook. . . ."

Somehow, the tide had turned: magnificent victory had been miraculously snatched from

direct defeat. Privacy ignored no scintilla of his triumph.

"I done stahted that divorce, Clarry. Reckon I'd better go th'oo with it."

"Please, honey, please don't. Ise willin' to do anythin' you want. . . ."

Privacy appeared to consider—"Ise willin' to call off that divorce, does you do sev'al things?"

"I'll do anythin' you says, Privacy. You has done taught me what a wonderful man you is—an' how wrong I has always done you."

"Well," he said magnanimously: "Fust off you gives yo' mutual consent that the divorce gits called off. Secon' you pays Lawyer Chew the fees which I owes him. Thi'd you promises I ain't gwine hafter do no mo' wuk: wuk not bein' fittin' fo' a man like'n to what I is. Fo'th you promise you ain't gwine raise no mo' hell 'roun' the house."

"I promises all that, sweetness. Ev'y single li'l bit of it."

Inspiration came to Privacy. "An' fifth, you pays me alimonies of th'ee dollars ev'y week. Does you say yes?"

And Clarry, adorable in her utter surrender, agreed!

CLARRY emerged from her home and walked down the street in quest of washing. She was radiantly happy—and Florian Slappey, sliding from behind a woodshed, scuttled into the shelter of the Robson home.

He found Privacy in bed, a large tray, containing the remains of an enormous breakfast, beside him; a huge, black cigar gripped between his teeth. Florian's face broke into a wide, congratulatory grin.

"Hot dam! Privacy—I tol' you I was gwine fix things up fo' you!"

Privacy's face twisted into a sneer of contempt. "Huh! You says! You ain't fixed nothin' up." And then Privacy told him just what had occurred the previous night.

Florian listened patiently. And when Privacy had completed his story, there was a large expression of bitterness on the face of Mr. Slappey.

"Dawg-gone, Privacy—if you ain't the on-gratefulest man."

"How come?"

"Sayin' I di'n't fix all this up fo' you."

"Reckon you di'n't."

"Reckon I did. Now lis'en heah at me, Privacy; ar' lis'en good. Trouble with you is you never has let me finish tellin' you all the scheme I done schum. You listens at paht of what I has to say an' then runs off an' does the thing yo' ownsef."

"If'n you had of let me finish the other day I would of tol' you what was gwine happen 'bout Clarry thinkin' you saved her from a burglar. I 'nowed all the time it was gwine be that away."

Privacy's eyes popped wide with believing wonder.

"Honest, Flo'ian?"

"Cross my heart. I schemed it all that way fust."

Privacy extended the hand of friendship.

"Whyn't you tell me in the fust place, Flo'ian? Fum the bottom of my heart I thanks you. An' I says this to the world—you is sho'ly the scheme-iest man what is!"

Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 10)

crowd with tinkling tambourine to drop coppers in. He, too, had died during a street brawl with a temperamental costermonger.

Thereafter she had earned her own living. As Limehouse Ann she had been well-known and well-liked back there where the East India and Commercial and Victoria Docks spill over with taverns and sailors' boarding-houses. There, one night, Sir Israel Samuelson, the great theatrical producer, had seen her and had said to his private secretary:

"By Jove—dat gal can dance—eh, vot?"

So he had given her a chance, and she had made good.

But in those early days—when she had danced and sung for coppers about the Docks whence

men go down to the sea in ships and come up from there, as often as not, in hansom cabs to spend the bitter wages of six months' battling with storms and rotten timbers in one night's scarlet spree—she had learned one lesson. She remembered it now.

"Boy," she said to Maguire, "it isn't the rich who give to the poor. It's the poor who give to each other—and . . ."

"And—?"

"These Chinese are very poor."

"You don't mean . . .?"

"I do, old thing. We're broke. We'll have to sleep somewhere and eat somehow. There's only one way for us to earn the needed tin!"

(Continued on page 52)

CONRAD'S stories are often thought of as "sea stories." That is a woefully insufficient description. To be sure he knows how to describe a storm in such a way that the ferocity and uproar of it fairly takes you by the throat but there are *men* in that storm. Or again he may describe a brig dipping gently at anchor behind a reef with her sails catching the red glow of a rich sunset across the Malayan Archipelago, but there is a *girl*, a young bride, who is going to set sail in the little white forecastle. Or perchance a freighter packed with hot and chattering Chinese coolies plowing up the listless Arabian Sea strikes a derelict and begins to sink—but it is the *man*, the agony of whose heart is laid bare at that moment.

These stories are sprung of this great author's actual experiences, caught by his genius, and colored by his glowing temperament, such a temperament as only a Tolstoy, Turgenev, a Paderewski, a Conrad possesses.

It is the highest function of a novel to convey to the reader

Conrad's Romance and Thrill!

a strong sense of life. When you throb in harmony with the action of the narrative, and find your feelings absorbed as though you are a part of the high adventure that moves across the printed page—then the writing will endure with you and in you. Therein lies the greatness of Conrad. He appeals to you to share the thrill and romance of life as he knows it and reveals it so wonderfully in his books.



Some Hints of What to Look For in These Books



THE ARROW OF GOLD: The title of this strange romance of Southern France symbolizes the piercing beauty of a young Basque peasant-girl, Dona Rita, who became the model for a dashing Corsican artist. She was the "mysterious girl one could see on the big sofa in Allegro's exclusive pavilion"—and the "Dona Rita of the initiated Paris." Nothing Conrad has written is more dramatic than the climax of this girl's life-story, when she is locked in a room in the arms of her lover while a murderous low-bred rival pounds and raves on the other side of the door.

THE SHADOW LINE: The "shadow line" is that mysterious border land between care-free youth and age with its responsibilities. A young captain takes a short voyage during which the ship undergoes the most incredible and heartrending experiences. During twenty days they are on the brink of agonizing destruction from insidious forces. In that brief time the man crosses his shadow line, and his tale leaves you gasping.

ALMAYER'S FOLLY: In Borneo lived a white man of lively ambition. He would have gold and diamonds, and then he would leave his savage haunts for Europe, taking along his half-caste daughter—"They would be rich and respected. Nobody would think of her mixed blood in the presence of her great beauty and of his wealth. . . ." What actually happened to Almayer and the copper-skinned Nina with her flashing eyes only Conrad will tell you. This was the author's first book written during four years while he was ardently wandering over the face of the earth.

CHANCE: The infatuation of Roderick Anthony for the lovely, wistful young daughter of de Barral, the egregious financier, and the upshot of their romance shows what a mighty force is mere chance, and how it turns the whole current of life. Flora de Barral, who is "all eyes," is one of the most famous of Conrad's characters. The stress of her emotion is heightened by the action of her lover's departure on a voyage to the other side of the world. This book has provoked tremendous public interest.

TYPHOON: For sheer description and breathless suspense the fight of the *Nan-Shan* freighted with Chinese in the most terrific typhoon that ever visited the China Sea is without parallel in the literature of any language. This thrilling volume is relieved with charming contrast by three of Conrad's choicest short stories—AMY FOSTER, FALK, and TOMORROW.

LORD JIM: Perhaps the best-known of Conrad's works and by many considered his masterpiece. You will find more than a life of vivid adventure and painful retribution of a simple, sensitive character. You will find the "whole sentiment of life" as we know it. Jim finds his ship sinking under him, and in that moment of physical distress he impulsively loses his honor. The consciousness of what he did pursues him all through life—even into the depths of an Indian jungle where he becomes "Lord" of a savage tribe and . . . !

AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS: The "clever" Willem member of the superior race of white traders in the South Seas, through his blundering, voluptuous nature, continually ran his nose into trouble. He is married to a Portuguese woman, by fateful events he is forced to live with a beautiful Malay princess—at the climax of an impossible situation the meeting of the wife with the dusky emotional mistress is one of the most dramatic moments in literature.

VICTORY: The affair of immovable Axel Heyst who suddenly found himself passionately moved by the insinuating charm of the graceful, shy, little Lena, of a traveling orchestra. He kidnaps the girl, who is willing enough to escape, and lives with her on Samburan, a remote island in the Malay Archipelago. The outcome of the story, when the pair are overtaken by Lena's former master and a vicious lover, is acutely unexpected. This is one of Conrad's most striking and moving stories.

YOUTH: The story of an ill-fated ship told with such compelling style that you can scarcely put it aside once you start to follow the *Judea*: first she meets terrific storm, then her cargo catches fire, finally . . . do you think she gets to Bangkok?

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THE RESCUE: Out of a world of profits and luxury, into the seductive calm of tropical coves, drops the yacht of a millionaire and sticks fast on a reef. There are strange signals from the hills—the natives are sharpening their barongs for a massacre and an orgy. Suddenly Captain Lingard, "King of the Sea," with his brig arrives on the scene, he falls in love with the romantic wife of the yachtsman and what happens is perhaps Conrad's greatest love story.



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Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 50)

"Gee!" laughed Maguire. "You may be right at that!"

"And they're in a festive mood, you know—like on a Bank Holiday back home . . ."

"Yes. And the soldiers—why—I was in Paris on Armistice Day—same thing here—I guess they'll be generous." He threw his cigarette away. "Wait till I tell 'em."

"They don't speak English."

"But I've mispent many years in San Francisco's Chinatown, and once I was sweet on a Chinkie girl down on the Barbary Coast. I can sling their lingo more'n a little. Just listen. . ."

He stepped forward, and addressed the crowd in fluent Chinese. There was no doubt that they understood him. For they laughed; then, as he continued talking, receded a few feet, forming a half-circle of eager faces.

"What'll we give them?" asked Ann.

"What about that bully old Czecho-Slovak love song: 'She blew her nose and gave his name away'?"

"Please be serious!" She considered. "Boy," she went on, "I have always had to sing comic cockney stuff, and all my life I've wanted to sing those hearty old-time English songs. The managers never let me—and now . . ."

"I get you! Try it on the dogs! Why not? Home in America they applaud everything Russian, because they can't understand a word. I guess Barnum was right—there's a hick born every second—and I doubt that China's an exception to the rule. All set? Let's go!"

She stepped forward. The quaint old Cornish song bubbled from her lips with deep, warm intonation:

*"God bless Aunt May Moses,
With all her power and might O;
And send us peace in Merry England
Both day and night O.
With Hal-an-tow,
Jolly rumble O,
And we are up as soon as any day O,
And for to fetch the Summer home,
Tie Summer and the May O;
For the Summer is a-come O,
And Winter is a-go O. . ."*

It sounded strange and rather pathetic: this old Cornish flower song of the Helstone Furry—here, in the stony, yellow North of China—with the ring of Mongol faces closing in tight and eager—and the evening sky overhead vaulting scarlet and gold—and, like an unlikely background, the painted, fretted houses with their peaked roofs and bird's-nest balconies.

There was a sob and quiver in her voice:

*"And we are up as soon as any day O,
The Summer and the May O,
With Hal-an-tow,
Jolly rumble O. . ."*

She broke off suddenly, forcing back her tears; and, at once, the Chinese broke into boisterous applause, while Maguire turned to the girl.

"Psychological moment!" he whispered. "Here—take my hat and collect! Meantime I'll try some of my best Vernon Castle on 'em!"

And so, while Ann made the rounds with his hat, Maguire commenced swaying and shuffling and be it mentioned that, even with no accompaniment except his whistling, his was the incommunicable gift of setting his own gay soul a-dancing in his feet, of putting the devil into the souls of the onlookers.

CHAPTER TWO

THERE was no doubt that Kid Maguire and Limehouse Ann were as popular in Tai-Ho as they had been on the Orpheum circuit. The Chinese were enraptured, chiefly with Maguire. Men clapped him on the shoulder; pretty, almond-eyed women smiled at him largely. They wanted him to keep on dancing. But at the end of twenty minutes, both stopped, triumphant though exhausted. Presently the Chinese dispersed to seek other amusements, while Ann counted the money.

"I say!" she exclaimed.

Maguire smiled in an absent manner. For the moment the actor, the artist in him was predominant. He had been the center of this

litt'e world, with his dances, his songs, and its applause had been as incense in his nostrils.

Then, as she spoke again, he came out of his trance:

"Yes, Ann?"

"Look—what a lot of money—even some silver pieces!"

"Bully! Let's hunt up a Chinese inn and get us a couple of rooms—and then for a *lité-à-lité* with a bowl of chop-suey!"

"Right-oh!"

They were about to leave when they heard a voice behind them, speaking pidgin-English.

"Hey! Filst-chop Ta-Ta plince him wishee makee little pidgin!"

THEY turned; saw the speaker, a huge Tartar, dressed in a gorgeous livery of purple and scarlet, and gesticulating wildly with a silver-tipped ebony staff.

"Pinched, I guess!" laughed Maguire. "Pinched for performing without a police license!"

"Filst-chop Ta-Ta plince him wishee . . ." repeated the other, while Maguire cut in with: "Stow that comic dialect stuff!"—and: "Ni ui kong f'ong wa ma—do you speak Chinese?"

"Of course!" came the answer in the latter language.

"All right. So do I. What can I do for you?"

The other bowed three times, with hands clasped across his massive chest.

"Little and unimportant me," he said with that typical Mongol politeness which requires the speaker to disparage himself while over-praising the person whom he addresses, "is the despicable servant of a Tartar prince whose trifling name is Seng-ko-lin-chin. His house is around the corner on the Eastern Road whence, sitting behind the window, he saw you dance and heard you and the foreign woman sing. He wishes to offer you his worthless thanks and implores you, therefore, to come with me and enter his insignificant and utterly filthy mud hovel!"—and he pointed toward the street corner where, sharply outlined against the glowing evening sky, rose a great palace, motley with tiles of purple and yellow, crowned with turrets and bell-shaped Tartar domes and swinging down to the west, where ran the sluggish, oily Tai-Ho River, with an avalanche of bold masonry.

"What does he want?" asked the girl.

Maguire translated.

"What do you say?" he asked.

"We'll go—of course."

"Oh—but do you think it's safe?"

"Who cares? It's perfectly, gorgeously, thrillingly romantic!"

"I bow to your adjectives! We go!"

He turned to the Tartar, trying to match the latter's self-deprecatory politeness:

"Our miserable selves shall be only too honored to be permitted to abuse your august master's hospitality."

"Exquisite and harmonious thanks! Be pleased to accompany small me!" said the six-and-a-half foot of Tartar humanity; and they followed him around the corner where prince Seng-ko-lin-chin's palace squinted down with sardonic, warily shuttered windows.

Wary, too, was the atmosphere once they entered the house, with a platoon of fully armed servants just beyond the threshold, a small park of machine guns commanding the entrance in case of a rush, and—farther down the enormous outer hall the lights were dim and nothing visible except an indistinct mass of men and here and there a sudden glimmer of steel.

"Seems to me," Maguire whispered to the girl, "that prince Hickamoodle feels about as safe in his own bailiwick as a drummer for safety razors during a barbers' convention."

"Be pleased to enter," said their guide, as he opened a door. "I shall call the prince." He withdrew.

They looked about.

"My word!" exclaimed the girl. "Must be rather a toff!"

"I'll tell the world!" agreed Maguire.

Through the shuttered windows only a few dying sun rays danced in with purple and copper. But from the high ceiling seven great

violet paper lanterns, shaped to resemble scowling Tibetan masks, were hung; and beneath their glow, fretted with a saraband of shifting light, the room lay in dim, scented grandeur. Underfoot the floor was hidden by a huge, overlapping pile of thicknapped dragon rugs, lengths of Pekinese brocade, and silver and gold cloth, so that the whole room seemed like a divan, immense, restful, and princely. Age-darkened tulip-wood furniture faded into the corners where the shadows trooped and coiled. The four walls were covered with yellow satin, embroidered with quotations from the Chinese classics. Here and there, on table and taboret, were priceless pieces of porcelain and jade, while at the north angle a silver-gilt Buddha, more than life size, was smiling among the perfumed incense sticks.

"He'll never go to the poor-house!" exclaimed Maguire; and he turned, startled, as a voice spoke from the door, in perfect English:

"I am not so sure, sir."

The man who had come in, dressed in black satin with a single, gold dragon embroidered over the left shoulder, was old, perhaps seventy years of age. But he still seemed to preserve a certain remnant of tough, clouting strength.

He was a typical Tartar, different in every physical characteristic from the moon-faced, well-fleshed Chinese. For he was tall and lean. The nose, the ears, the upturned chin that rose defiantly to meet the sardonic lower lip, the brows, the thin, long mouth, the curve of the narrow hips—everything was in sharp angles; and sharp, too, were his words as he went on:

"No. I am not sure about the poor-house. The world is in a turmoil. The old order is changing. The gutter is trying to become the gable. And I—ah—I am not exactly *persona grata* with the authorities, although—" he gave a half-sigh, half-laugh—"I am such a loyal, loyal Republican."

"You are, are you?" countered Maguire, winking broadly and democratically and thereby gravely shocking Limehouse Ann, who, conservatively British to the core, believed stanchly in a social trinity of High Church, Old Port and Aristocracy. "And is it because of your loyalty to the Republicans that you have all your windows so carefully shuttered—and that neat little nest of machine guns down below—"

"We have a saying in my own language," replied the prince, "that great men are measured by their calumniators."

"Meaning . . . ?" asked Maguire who had liked the other on sight and—characteristically—was already beginning to feel at home.

"Meaning that, for all my loyalty, I am suspected by some. For I was formerly in the service of the Manchus, the Dowager Empress. In fact, I used to be Chinese ambassador to your so delightful country . . . you are an American, are you not—Mr. ah . . . ?"

"Maguire. American. Correct, sir. And—" as Ann curtsied—"this is Miss Higgins—and as British as roast beef and Yorkshire pudding."

"Right-oh! What about?" exclaimed the girl who, at times, was inclined to be both touchy and aggressive where her national pride was at stake.

"Say, Ann!" came Maguire's contrite rejoinder. "I didn't mean anything . . ."

"I didn't like your tone of voice!"

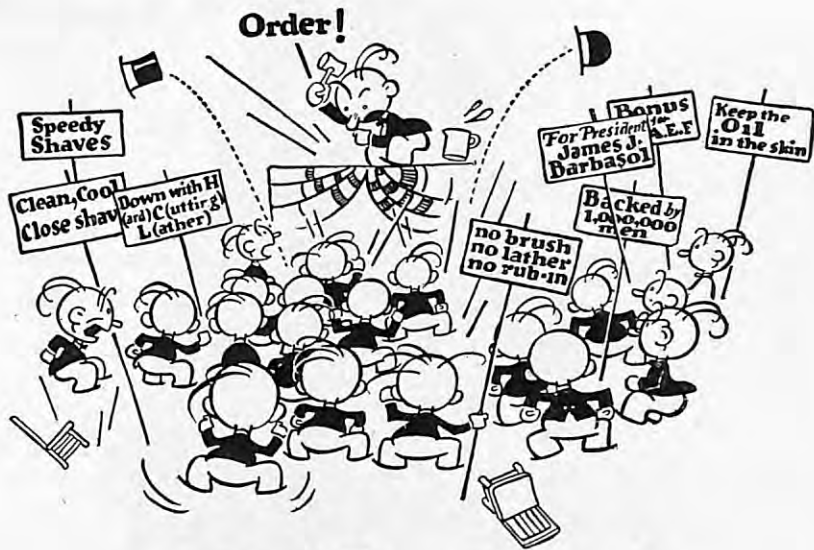
"Children, children!" The prince laughed, spread pacifying hands, and waved his visitors to a couple of seats. "I was so distressed that, because of the shuttered windows, I could catch no more than a glimpse of your performance."

"Well—" said Maguire, at that moment very much the thespian, hoping to be contradicted, "you didn't miss much."

"I am positive I did. The little I saw—why—I liked it tremendously. I wish I could express my gratitude more adequately and . . ." He interrupted himself. "Ah—" he continued, as if struck by a sudden idea—"I can express it—a little—although only materially, if you will permit me . . ." And he took a wide-meshed purse, heavy with the glint of gold, from his loose sleeve and offered it to Ann with a deep bow.

He did it gracefully, almost humbly. He was one of those rare types—the real aristocrat, not by right of inheritance, but by right of self—who, though they have to be measured with a standard of their own, always preserve a perfect balance with the standards, the very prejudices, of others.

(Continued on page 54)



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Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 53)

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MILANO
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A gift? Yes. But a gift so charmingly offered that there was no embarrassment in accepting it, so that it caused a glow of joy to warm Maguire's heart and stammered thanks to bubble on Ann's lips.

"Oh—you are nice. . . I—" She looked at the purse, said to herself that here was an end to their worries, plenty to see them home—"I want to. . ." The words splintered; tears filled her eyes.

Prince Seng-ko-lin-chin waved a hand, closing the incident.

"You are making a lengthy stay in our wretched city?" he asked.

"At first we thought we'd have to keep on staying sort of indefinite," laughed Maguire; and, when the prince raised questioning eyebrows: "Yes, sir. For a while we felt like all the ten commandments rolled into one—we were so broke."

"Not really?"

"You bet!" Maguire had no way of knowing that one of the prince's confidential men had watched his ejection from the *Grand Hotel du Nord*, had made inquiries from the Frenchman's servants, and had given his master a verbatim report. He related how Dempsey Schloss had left them high and dry, how M. Carragnac had put them on the street, and wound up: "Now, thanks to your generosity, we'll be able to get to the coast—and then home, sweet home!"

"In the meantime," suggested the prince, "you must be hungry and thirsty."

"Oh—well. . ."

"Personally," interrupted Ann with British honesty and directness of purpose, "I could do with a brace of well-stewed bricks."

"You shall have better than that. At times the inharmonious son of Satan who calls himself my cook serves meals that are not altogether execrable."

Not long afterwards, over champagne and a Pekinese dinner, complete from birds'-nests soup to sharks' fins, by skilful questions he loosened his visitors' tongues so that, by the time coffee and cigarettes were served, he knew as much about them as they did themselves.

Knew perhaps—at least psychologically—a little more.

For he smiled when Maguire spoke of his flying experiences in the war and mentioned the thrill "when you're ten thousand feet up—and the little linen-and-wood kite below you answering to the stick—and you, all by your lonely, playing tag with a mountain range at a hundred miles an hour—and hanging on to the stars by your teeth. . ."

"And by your nerve!" interrupted the prince; and, in Tartar, to the servant behind his chair: "Sired by courage and delightful impudence! You think the young barbarian will do?"

"Doubtless," replied the servant, making believe that his master had asked for more chartreuse. "Throw him into the river, and he will rise with a fish in his mouth."

"But—he loves the girl."

"He also loves adventure, Heaven-Born!"—and, blandly, the servant refilled Maguire's glass.

With regret Ann and Maguire rose to say good-by. But their host shook his head.

"No," he said. "You can not return to the hotel after your humiliating experience."

"I thought of a native inn."

"Impossible! They are dirty, uncomfortable. Besides—listen. . ." He pointed at the windows whence, from the street, noises seethed in brutal streaks. "Our—ah—patriots are still celebrating, many doubtless drunk with too much rice wine. It would not be quite safe to. . ."

"Well—but where. . .?"

"Perhaps, for the night, you will accept the hospitality of my insignificant hovel?"

Maguire was about to accept. But the girl's exclamation—"Oh, what a lark!"—made him reconsider. He loved her; and the thought of her spending the night, away from him, in the palace of an Oriental prince—why. . . he wondered what white lie to invent; but the other must have read his mind.

"Can it be," he asked with gentle irony, "that your ideas as to my wretched country are those

of your delightful motion pictures?" And when Maguire blushed guiltily, he added: "Wait."

He spoke to the servant, and a few minutes later a large, elderly, gentle-faced, and very capable-looking woman entered, German from the tight coils of her gray hair to her large, comfortably shod feet; German, too, her words: "Sie wünschen, Herr Prinz?"

"The Countess von Pahlen," he introduced her. "The Countess," he explained, "was driven from her own land by the late, regrettable war—though not regretted by me, being a selfish old man, since, forced to earn her own living, she is now the governess—so kindly, so sensible—of my little granddaughters. Yes—" to Ann's question—"I have three granddaughters! You see—" he addressed Maguire—"I am really most respectable."

"I beg your pardon," mumbled the young American.

"For nothing. Caution is a virtue. Countess," turning to the German woman, "will you take care of Miss Higgins for the night?"

"Gladly!" She put an arm affectionately about Ann's waist. "Come, *Liebchen*."

"My house is filled with servants," said Seng-ko-lin-chin to Maguire when they were alone. "So you will have to make yourself comfortable in this room. Mine is next."

He opened the farther door, and showed a small apartment with no other egress and no windows, but elaborate ceiling ventilation.

"You're right," laughed Maguire. "Caution is a virtue."

"Also a necessity."

"In spite of your loyalty?"

"Loyalty, you see, is a view-point. Good night. My servant will bring you whatever you need."

"Good night, sir—and thank you."

HALF an hour later Maguire was stretched on a divan between the window and the prince's room. He found it hard to fall asleep. For the street noises streaked in: the snarling whine of the peddlers bartering over infinitesimal values; the Pekinese soldiers' high, clipped accents; and, occasionally, a riotous, drunken shout of:

"Pao Ch'ing Mien Yang!"

Rain came; spluttering in the eaves-troughs; finally chasing the revelers to shelter.

Rain ceased, driven by a high wind that cleared the skies.

Silence then. Immense. Somehow—the queer imagining came to Maguire—rather tragic.

"Oh well—" he yawned; was about to doze off when, suddenly, sharp, clear, a thin silver beam of moonlight stabbed into the room.

He half rose to adjust the shutters. But, at once, he lay still. He had heard a faint, creaking noise.

He strained his eyes toward the window. Gradually the moon beam broadened, lengthened. Again the shutters creaked. They opened, slowly, cautiously.

Two hands then. He saw them distinctly. Hands with groping, yellow fingers. They leaped from the outside blackness into the moon's silver sea. Followed a body, climbing in with the agility of a monkey.

Maguire sucked in his breath, undecided what to do.

Rapidly, batlike to avoid the light, the figure glided out of the silver moon wedge; sought the shadows along the wall; sought them not quick enough. For Maguire had seen the hard glitter of steel in one hand.

Carefully the man moved toward the prince's door.

Then, instinctively, Maguire was galvanized into action. He was out of bed and across the room in one great, soft leap. Before he knew exactly what he was doing and how and why, his hands gripped the other's throat. The dagger clattered on the floor.

It was—afterwards he shuddered at the recollection—as if all the instincts of his cave-men ancestors and, too, dim memories of night warfare in No Man's Land had returned to him. For he felt the lust of killing; tasted it on his palate, like the rich, warm aroma of blood.

He choked that soft, pulsing flesh under his fingers. He pressed ruthlessly, with every ounce of savage, exultant strength.

The other gave a gurgling gasp. His arms waved wildly up and down; then fell to his sides. One second more, and he would have died.

They were near the wall. Maguire felt for the electric switch while with the other hand he kept a grip on the intruder's throat.

The light flared up. He looked. The man was a Chinese, young, not bad-looking.

Maguire was on the point of calling out and rousing the prince when, suddenly, he gave a low exclamation of surprise. He stared.

For, fastened to the man's coat, he saw the bronze emblem of the A. E. F., the little button with the five-pointed star telling of honorable discharge from the army.

HE LET go his grip. The Chinese dropped to the ground, a limp, inert mass. His breath came in a rapid staccato. Maguire tied his hands and feet securely, ran over to a taboret, returned with a water bottle, and dashed the contents into his captive's face.

The man opened his eyes; blinked as if not believing their testimony when he saw the foreign face above him; blinked yet more when he heard Maguire's question, in English:

"Where did you get that A. E. F. button?"

"Over there!" came the answer, also in English.

"How come? You're a Chink!"

"Born in San Francisco."

"What street? How did you join the army? Which was your division? Who was your K. O.?" Maguire fired question after question, received satisfactory replies, shook his head. "Sorry I got to do this to a buddy," he murmured, turning to the door to call the servants.

"Don't!" came the other's whisper.

"Why not? Came to kill the prince, didn't you?"

"Yes!"—defiantly, proudly—"I'm a patriot!"

"Patriots don't murder."

"If you had had a chance during the war to get in back of the German lines and kill the Kaiser—would you have done it?"

"Witness refuses to answer. So the prince is an enemy of the republic?"

"There are grave suspicions that he is a friend of the *Chien Ko*."

"Who may that be?"

The other explained in a few words, adding: "Nobody knows for certain who he is. Nobody has ever so much as seen his face. He wears a veil—always."

"Mysterious gent. Still—what'll I do with you?"

"Let me go as I came."

"You've got your gall! Tell you what I will do, though. I'll call the prince. He's a regular fellow. I'll tell him you're just an over-enthusiastic young jackass—I guess he'll forgive you."

"No!" An expression of horror came into the man's eyes. "I would rather have you kill me—now—at once."

"Don't be silly!"

"You don't know Tartars. He'll have me tortured inch by inch."

Maguire wondered what to do. Justice advised one thing; humanity the opposite. So, since he was a decent man, humanity won; and he unfastened the ropes, and told the other to go.

"But don't you come back and start any more foolishness. Next time you'll get it in the neck—sure!"

"Are you in the prince's service?"

"No. I'm a vaudevillian. Just blew in here to dine and spend the night. Don't believe me?" as the other smiled. "Well—no use arguing. Beat it while the beating is good."

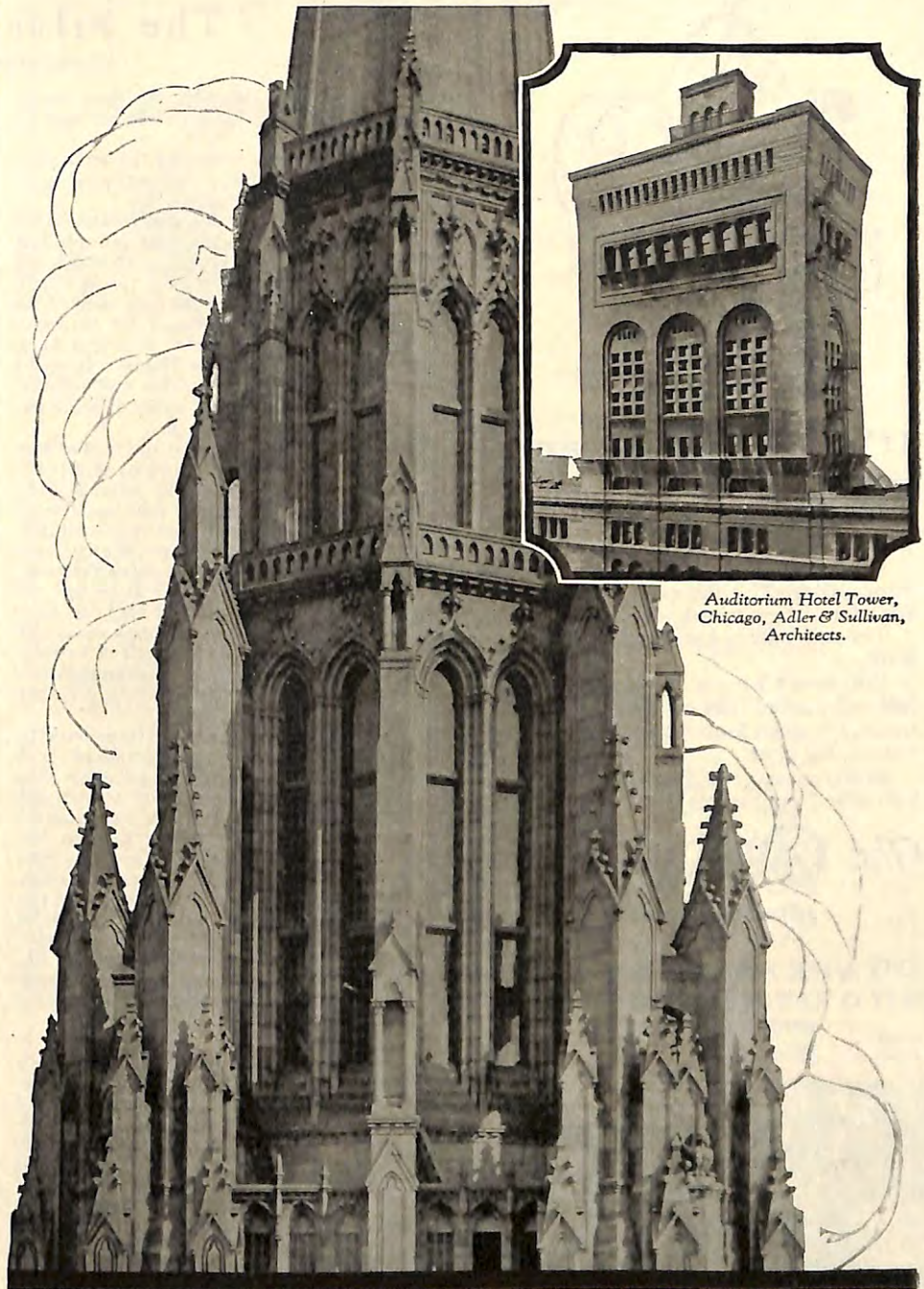
The Chinese walked to the window. There he turned. "My name is Cheng," he said. "Theodore Roosevelt Cheng."

"Mine's Maguire. Call again—when you're less in a hurry."

"Mr. Maguire," Cheng went on, "you have saved my life. I shall not forget it." He raised a thin, yellow hand. His words throbbed solemnly. "By the blessed countenance of the Lord Buddha! I shall never, never forget it! I shall always be in your debt!"—and he swung himself out of the window, while the American looked after him.

"Nut!" he commented succinctly, and went back to bed.

(To be continued)



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Temple Building Tower, Chicago,
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The Silver Fly-Box

(Continued from page 23)

comb. 'Tis a good thing for me that nought but redfins are like to stir in weather such as this.

"Well, I'll be going in around the bend, yonder, and fish up a stretch. Some rare good spots that way, out o' his sight and sound."

Dusk was fast merging into dark before Father O'Meara reeled in for the last time and splashed through the shallow water to a path which led back toward the road. It was pitchy black under the trees, and more than once as he blundered along, he berated himself for his carelessness in leaving his pocket flashlight back there in his room at the Four Maples. It would have saved him many a stumble and relieved him of the fear that his rod might become entangled in the brush and broken.

Yet as he felt the firmness of the road at last under his feet he was far from being in a petulant mood. That he had fished faithfully over excellent water for a matter of four hours or so and raised only one small trout depressed him not in the least. On the contrary, the fact was distinctly elating, for it went to prove that conditions were fully as unfavorable as he had expected and thereby strengthened his belief that even as expert an angler as Bostwick could not have fared much better. No streak of baseless pride in his own skill underlay his confidence—a lifetime of knowing trout fishing weather when he saw it.

So, as he started on the long tramp back to the house it was in the cheerful frame of mind of one who is soon to be proclaimed victor in a great contest that has been fairly fought and honestly won. He chuckled in anticipation of the reception that was awaiting him on the veranda of the Four Maples—Macgregor's gripping handshake, Dick Somers's back-slapping, the grins and boisterous congratulations of the rest. He wondered how Bostwick would take it, Bostie to whom winning for the sake of winning seemed to be the biggest thing in life. Was the youngster's sportsmanship true enough for him to accept his defeat with becoming grace?

BUT most of all, his thoughts were of the honor for which he had striven so long that now, when he was about to achieve it, its importance in his own heart almost startled him. The champion Dog-Catcher of the greatest season the club had ever known—his name engraved upon the silver fly-box—the very thought of it sent a glow through his weary, slender body and lent an eager lightness to his heavy footsteps.

The night was vibrant with a ceaseless drone and rasp and chirrup of insects through which the harsh *see-see-see* of katydids scraped intermittently. Save for that and the wind-borne whisper of shrunken rapids as Father O'Meara came abreast of the Rip-Rap Pool, all was still, peaceful, brooding under the stars.

The priest halted and bared his head to the refreshment of the breeze. Looking up, he saw the pale track of the Milky Way bridging the mountains. A great calm filled him, as of rest after long labors.

"And the peace of God which surpasseth all understanding," he murmured, "keep your hearts—"

He broke off abruptly, startled by a floundering splash in the pool off to his right. Again it sounded, and in a moment followed a man's sharp exclamation, eloquent of impatience.

The priest listened intently, a smile crossing his thin cheeks. Then, raising his voice,

"That you, Bostie?" he called through the darkness.

"Yep." Somehow the single word conveyed a sense of supreme concentration.

"And what do ye be after doing—taking a swim?"

No answer. Presently another splashing, accompanied by the dull snap of water-rotted branches.

"Something wrong, I misdoubt," muttered the Father. "I'd best see if there's aught I can do." He leaned his rod against the roadside fence, climbed over and felt his way among the trees in the direction of the sound.

"Are ye in trouble, lad?" he asked solicitously as he reached the bank and thought to

make out a dim form looming above the water a dozen feet from shore.

"You're damn right I am!" Bostwick growled back. "Hooked into a whale and can't land him. He's tired out, but I'm stuck in the top of this infernal fallen tree—curse it! The damn stubs are all around me—couldn't see what I was gettin' into. . . . Not a chance of workin' him within reach. . . . He'll be off in a little while. . . . Hell of a fight—must've nearly worn the fly out of his mouth."

As clearly as though daylight placed it before his actual eyes, Father O'Meara saw that whole tragic situation. Swiftly he calculated its possibilities. In an instant his mind was made up.

"Have ye a light, Bostie?"

"No—dropped it in the creek an hour ago."

"Hm-m. All right—which way is he from ye?"

"Downstream."

"Stand by for a minute, then!"

"What you goin' to do?" Bostwick's tone was a challenge.

"Net him for ye—if ye'll give me leave."

A pause, and then,

"He's a whale, I tell you! You know what it'll mean if he's landed—"

"Certain I know! It'll mean that the silver fly-box goes to ye again, for licking of a good trout in a fair fight, as any fisherman should be proud to help at. Stand by, I tell ye!"

He sloshed into the stream, net in hand, fumbling for one of the big, old-fashioned sulphur matches that were always in a pocket of his fishing coat. In a moment the flare of the flame sputtered, steadied and etched the surrounding water sharply.

"He's off to the left of you, by the feel of the rod," Bostwick directed.

"Aye—there's the ripple! And further down, too. Hold steady, now! Suffering Saints, but he's a monster old dog."

At the edge of the current, gleaming palely through the clear water, the priest had made out a sluggish, slowly wavering form whose mouth gaped wide in exhaustion.

"Two foot long and more!" he muttered grimly. "Arrah—!" His tone switched sharply to exasperation as the match died to a glowing stub.

Feverishly he reached for another, half-conscious that it was his last, and drew it head along the sleeve of his coat. A snap, a hiss, and again the darkness withdrew.

The great trout was almost within reach now, drifting on his side. Father O'Meara held the match higher, straining his eyes, and stretched forward slowly with his net hand over the deep water of the channel.

"Can you make it?" called Bostwick, anxiously. "Wait—I'll try and swing him nearer to you!"

Sullenly the big trout yielded to the inexorable pressure of that leader and line which left the water at his mouth and angled upward through the night to the tip of Bostwick's rod. Slowly, ponderously, unwilling to submit but powerless to offer further resistance, he neared the waiting net.

THE flare was dimming again, the heat scorching the priest's fingers. Heedless of the pain, forgetful of everything save the capture of that drifting body, he set himself for the crucial, sweeping stroke. And as he poised, the slender thread of the leader swung unnoticed full into the flame.

Came a sputter, a faint twang of the taut gut parted. The match gave a dying flicker, and in the instant before darkness shut down blankly Father O'Meara saw the great fish sag off out of reach into the channel, free again—heart-breakingly free.

"Your fault—nothing!" Young Bostwick's voice shook a little as he stood on the bank beside the old man a few minutes later. "You're a game sport, Father—the damndest game little sport ever!"

In a moment he laughed nervously:

"Well, the silver fly-box goes to you at last, old boy—and by the Lord, you deserve it! Shake!"

The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 31)

certain. That the United States will be represented by a remarkable aggregation of track and field athletes also is certain. As the days pass and the Olympics move closer our chances grow more brilliant. Just when we had resigned ourselves to defeat in the Marathon overseas along comes Clarence De Mar and breaks the Olympic and American records in the Boston Marathon.

The performances of our college athletes help to build up a feeling of optimism. Happenings such as the establishment of a new world record for the two-mile relay by Boston College in the Pennsylvania relay carnival help to make us feel that no matter how fast the others may improve we will step along just a little faster.

Weeks ago there was a feeling here that we would have to yield to Finland in field events even if we upheld our supremacy on the track. Along came Hartranft of the University of California with a put of better than 50 feet with the 16-pound shot—and another first place apparently was lopped off the list of likely Finnish successes compiled by our athletic pessimists.

The Stars and Stripes will float from the pole-head frequently enough at Paris to make our victory even more clean-cut than it was at Antwerp in 1920.

Plea for Government Ownership

While on the subject of the Olympic games let me make a plea for better support of our team by our government. Every time the meet rolls around the American Olympic Committee is forced to start a campaign of panhandling. Funds are collected by dribs and drabs. It is a fine thing to let as many individuals as possible get behind the American forces, but that sort of campaign throws a tremendous burden on the officials and leaves them in a state of constant indecision as to whether or not they will be able to see the thing through.

Our representation in the Olympic games is of great international significance—of tremendous political import. Why can not the government step into the breach and take care of our team? We have all sorts of craft available for transporting the athletes. As for housing and feeding our representatives on the other side—what would a million mean to our national treasury? Many a million is spent by our nation in causes less worthy.

It seems too late now to make a change in plan for the coming meet. But, if we must send a team abroad in 1928, let our government support the Olympic representatives. All of the European nations which will compete at Paris have made government appropriations. If they can do that why can't we?

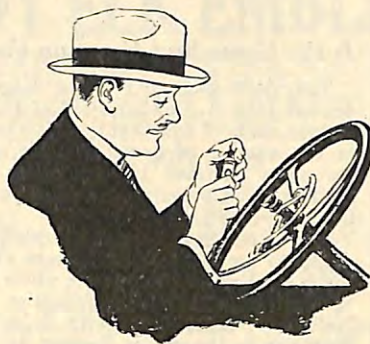
New York in the Ascendancy Again

As the major league baseball races progress it looks as if the New York teams will gain their great goal and win their fourth successive championships. That the world champion Yankees would repeat was conceded after they took the measure of the Giants in the big series last October, but in view of the collapse of John J. McGraw's pitching against the Yankees there was a wide-spread feeling that the National League this year would crown a new title holder.

To be sure, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh look decidedly formidable, but the Giants are playing great ball and apparently are headed for another triumph. McGraw has bolstered up his pitching staff with a few youngsters who have delivered the goods so far and apparently will continue to do so. His prize catch is Wayland Dean, a young right-hander, whom he purchased from Louisville for a price reported to be \$50,000. Dean, though only twenty-three, has the actions of a veteran. He has speed and curves and fine control. And above all he possesses undoubted gameness.

The Yankees got off to a bad start but soon struck their real stride and began playing the high class baseball of which they are capable. Miller Huggins's Big Five pitching staff is in fine fettle and is giving old New York visions of another world series.

(Continued on page 58)



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The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 57)

Is the Home-Run Craze on the Wane?

Ten days after the major league season opened John A. Heydler, head of the National League, said, "I note that there is a big decrease in the number of home runs hit so far this season—a decrease in comparison with the number hit in a similar period last year. Pitching is improving."

Mr. Heydler's statement indicated an official desire to see the home-run craze go into the limbo of other baseball crazes which from time to time have featured competition since the National League came into being in 1876. However, is the public desirous of seeing the craze go on the wane? I doubt it very much. There is the same old desire to see Babe Ruth lift one into the right field bleachers. There is the same old roar when the big fellow soaks a little baseball where it will rest while he makes the circuit of the bases.

The home-run craze seems to be in baseball to stay. Baseball, particularly in New York and Chicago, has attracted a clientele which before the advent of Babe Ruth and the new importance of the home run did not concern itself very much with major league doings. This clientele wants home runs and I have a suspicion that it will get what it wants.

The rise of the worshippers of the home run has brought with it a falling off in scientific baseball. It has will nigh killed the steal. It has put the hit and run in partial eclipse. The pretty squeeze play has become almost as obsolete as the one-horse shay. And as for an outfielder throwing out a runner at the plate—perish the thought!

Lovers of the real baseball bewail the passing of the old scientific game. But lovers of the home run seem to be more numerous, and the more numerous division is the more popular with the powers that be in the major leagues. The turnstiles dictate baseball styles and just now they dictate what is known as the sock into the stands.

Will Babe Ruth Hit Those Sixty?

On top of this discussion of the home-run situation comes the inevitable query—will Babe Ruth hit those sixty home runs which he has predicted he will hit?

Ruth at present holds the record, with fifty-nine homers. Whether he will hit sixty or more this season is a question which no man can answer, for Babe Ruth may not be judged by any established human standards. Not that the Babe is not human. He is very much so. But he is the arch doer of the unexpected.

That's what makes him so great an attraction and so colorful a player.

Ruth has it in him to hit sixty home runs but he may be handicapped by a big improvement in pitching. The presidents of the major leagues have instructed the umpires to use a ball as long as they possibly can. The practice of throwing out a ball as soon as it got a bit soiled, which came to a ridiculous head in 1923, has been curbed. The constant influx of new baseballs made pitching particularly difficult and hazardous.

The longer a ball is in the game the better the pitcher can put what is known as "stuff" on the leather. An old ball gives the hurler a better purchase and makes it possible for him to put more curve on it. A 25 per cent. reduction in the major league baseball bill would mean a 12 per cent. reduction in hitting.

There's the one big contingency which confronts Babe Ruth as he goes in quest of a new record of sixty home runs.

Great Year in International Sport

It looks as if this Summer will break all records for international sport. While the Olympic games will be contested abroad America will get more than its share of international events. We are to have the polo matches with England at Meadow Brook, Long Island, in September. The challenge round and preliminary matches for the Davis Cup will bring foreign tennis players to these shores. England is to send a team of amateur golfers to meet our best for the Walker Cup at Garden City, Long Island, and to compete in our national championship. Foreign golfers also will compete in our national open.

In boxing we will probably witness the Dempsey-Willis affair. Other international ring contests also are in the offing. In racing we may have Epinard, the French champion, show his paces against Zev, our best three-year old last year. We already have had international competition in athletics, with the visit of Cambridge University's four to the Pennsylvania relays.

The event which seems to have the least popular appeal will bring out many more spectators than most of the other big international affairs. Polo rapidly is becoming the game for the people to watch. Last year more than 20,000 persons, most of them mill workers, saw a match near Philadelphia. The onlookers were highly appreciative of good play and highly critical too. When England took the International Cup from our players in 1914 at Meadow Brook the final match brought out more than 40,000 persons.

Smuggling Aliens

(Continued from page 13)

were all crowded on the deck of this small boat. All the way over the captain was so drunk he could not come on deck and had to shout his orders for steering the craft up the cabin door. Just before they reached the coast he came up for reckonings and to collect the money. When he saw a craft on the horizon, he ordered the aliens below into the cabin which was so small they could not get in except by climbing on top of each other. This he compelled them to do at the point of his revolver.

Meanwhile Alfredo Gonzales, the leader of the party, continually flourished a revolver and kept telling how he was going to shoot the first immigration officer that interfered with their unlawful landing. When they finally got into shallow water off Marco Island, the Captain ordered them all to jump into the bay and wade to shore, which he said was the coast of New York where he had contracted to land them. As they had only been out two days, the Italians and the Spaniards knew that they could not be near that port. So they protested, only to be forced off the boat at the point of the Captain's gun. Soon afterwards they were captured on the highway, but the Captain and the launch escaped.

Alfredo Gonzales was convicted and sentenced to a year and a day in the Federal prison at Atlanta. As Antonio Menendez had taken part

in the expedition as a boyish prank, and Manuel and Enrique Rodriguez, two brothers, were stranded seamen in Cuba, who had sought this method of getting back to the States, leniency was shown them and they were compelled to pay only a fine of \$100 each.

Not only are various kinds of craft given over entirely to smuggling aliens, but many boats plying between Cuba and this country participate in this dangerous trade. Many of the rum-runners smuggle men over. They, however, prefer to smuggle Europeans whom they can use as a part of their crew. Also in case they are sighted or visited by strangers they do not attract as much attention as Chinese. Naturally the aliens who take such chances with the rum-runners are dangerous or desperate characters, for if caught they are punished for two offenses.

There is evidence, too, that certain steamship companies have from time to time induced aliens who were debarré from the United States because of a filled quota or deported to Europe for some crime, to take passage to the West Indies. This, of course, meant more revenue for the steamship companies during the dull periods of the month or the year after the 20 per cent. monthly quotas had been filled. They usually explained to the aliens that the immigration requirements of Cuba were so few and easy to

pass that they would have no difficulty in getting in that country and that once there they would be in an excellent position to be transported to the States as soon as the next monthly quota was open or to be smuggled from there in case the quota was filled in the first five months of the year as is most often true.

The comparatively insignificant immigration requirements of Cuba is the reason why so many Chinese and other Asiatics have migrated to that country. Also its closeness to the United States has been a reason why so many of these races have gone there. Thousands of Chinese have been transported across the United States as per their treaty rights, to that island. As many more have crossed Canada in the same way, for the immigration laws of that Dominion are similar to those of this country. Many hundreds also have been carried through the Panama Canal to the same destination and for the same purpose—to be easily smuggled into the United States.

To finance so many Chinamen to travel so far and to smuggle them into the country undoubtedly several benevolent Chinese secret societies have been cooperating by advancing money, providing the information necessary to get them into the United States, and compelling the aliens to pay back the money in monthly installments after they have been safely landed. Indeed, so many aliens have been smuggled in from Cuba that the Bureau of Immigration sent investigators to Havana to investigate the extent of the trade and the methods of the smugglers.

The commission found an appalling situation. They discovered nearly a dozen so-called "kings" of smuggling. Their "hatching places" for "dummy" smuggling were usually blinds such as bar-rooms, offices of lawyers and dry goods stores. There their "feelers" and "fixers" brought the aliens to negotiate for their passages. There they met the heads of the smuggling gangs, the captains of the boats, the members of the crews and the raffish of the world waiting to be smuggled across or plying some phase of this perilous trade. Here they paid their money, received their tickets and instructions about where to meet the boat, etc.

One of the "kings" was a Chinaman, Woo Ton, who ran an "American Bar," where rum-runners and smugglers of all kinds congregated. Another "king," Alfonso Jose Sin, ran an office and was said to have over 500 Chinese on his list waiting to be smuggled to the States at not less than \$500 a head. A Turk, named Jose Crieda, conducted his blind in a dry goods store and a certain doctor ran a little optical shop where he was suspected of arranging not only for smuggling aliens but drugs and narcotics.

"Feelers" and "fixers" were numerous. Many of them operated out in the open and accosted their prospects in Central Park, Havana, which had gotten to be the meeting place of most of the European foreigners. The Chinese kept under cover more or less in the daytime in Chinatown, but at night they were out in the streets in great numbers.

One of the feelers was a former British flier in the World War. He was also known as the master of one of the high-powered motor boats used for smuggling.

Photographers too were implicated in the traffic of smuggling aliens and always had a man on hand in the Park to take pictures necessary for false passports.

After the aliens made their first payment they were given an identification card and told to appear at some preappointed place not far from Havana, where they were loaded in boats at night in order to avoid the harbor police or the imports officers.

The smuggling boats were anywhere from thirty to sixty feet in length and driven by high-powered gasoline engines, which could make as high as twenty-five miles an hour. They were of shallow draught and often could land in three feet of water. Since the passage is seldom more than a two-days' trip—and is often negotiated in a night—to the nearest points in Florida there are very few accommodations for the aliens and they are usually compelled to sleep out on the small decks exposed to the weather except when there is danger of being discovered by a passing vessel.

How many have been lost in the violent storms of the Gulf and the Atlantic will never be known

(Continued on page 60)

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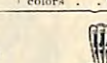
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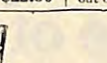
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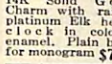
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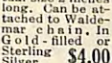
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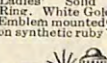
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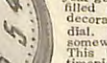
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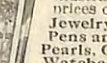
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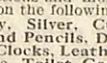
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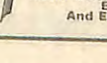
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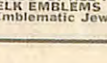
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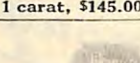
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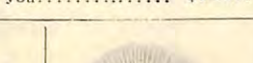


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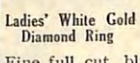
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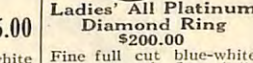
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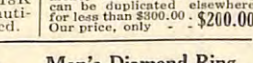
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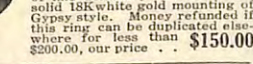
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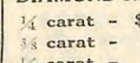
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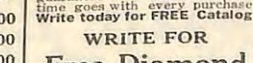
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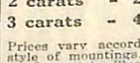
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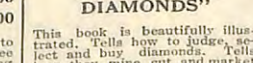
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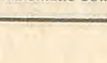
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Smuggling Aliens

(Continued from page 59)

even by the smugglers themselves, for of course no record is kept of the crew or the aliens. Nevertheless, the number must be considerable, for the captain of a rum-runner confessed that he had given up the smuggling of "dummies,"—though it was more profitable than liquor smuggling—because he was, as he put it, "no murderer."

One night he had a load of "dummies" on board ready to start from Havana to Florida when he realized that it was going to be a "hell of a night on the Gulf." So he refused to take the aliens out and drown them, as he surely would on his crowded little power-boat. There was \$2,000 in it for him if he would go through with it, but he persisted in his refusal. When the bunch of "aliens" understood that he would not transport them across that night they begged and pleaded with him and even offered to pay him more if he would take them over regardless of the threatened storm. He still refused and finally they tried to rush him and his engineer. He only saved himself and his boat by pulling his gun on the foreigners and compelling them to get off the craft. The night proved to be all that he anticipated. "I'm not a murderer; I'm a rum-runner" is the way he put it. That experience cured him of "dummy" running.

The favorite route of one of the smuggling captains to Florida was to Long Key and then up the coast to Turkey Point, to Miami, through Hope Sound past Palm Beach and finally through the inner waterways to the St. Johns River. At shallow points inland he unloaded the aliens.

It has been estimated that 90 per cent. of the Italians smuggled into the United States go by the way of Tampa. As that is a city of 75,000 with 15,000 Italian inhabitants, once in that quarter, natives of Italy have no difficulty in being absorbed. To get such aliens from the boat, upon which they are smuggled in, to the city, a padrone is usually used. He is the one who has paid the passage of the alien from Cuba and he meets his charge usually at night and escorts him by a devious route to his hiding quarters. There is usually only one way in which the alien can pay back the padrone and that is to work for him. It is easy to imagine what effect such a system of peonage must have on the mind of the immigrant who has entered the land unlawfully. What kind of Americans will such aliens make who have broken the laws of the land to enter it?

Mexicans and the Mexican Border

Before the revolution in Mexico one of the favorite routes from Europe and Cuba to the United States for smuggling in aliens was to ship to Vera Cruz or Tampico. This was used a great deal by Chinese and European criminals. From those two cities, they used to make their way overland to a point on the border where they were smuggled across to waiting friends or members of the smugglers' gang. Since there are such great distances between cities in the southwest, it was very hard for the Chinamen to make much headway unless aided by some one with a covered conveyance of some kind, for a Chinese hobo was the most conspicuous thing on the landscape and the easiest to arrest.

The Japanese too have used Mexico a great deal for making surreptitious entry to this country. They have from time to time migrated to that country by the thousands, so naturally many of them have sought to get in over the border. In most cases they sneaked over the California line and once in a Japanese community, they were safe, but they too had to utilize the services of the professional smuggler. Europeans, however, did not find that difficulty. All they had to do was to make a detour of the inspector on the border, cross the line, get into a town or city where they were safe.

But as long as the law requires a head tax and forbids the entry of illiterates, there will be many illegal entries of Mexicans, for once over the line they can mingle with the population, which usually contains a high percentage of Mexicans. In El Paso, Nogales, and other large towns they are soon lost.

To prevent Mexicans from drifting across the line wherever they wished, patrols of mounted guards have been established. Some operate automobiles, others river craft, and others use

A - B

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horses. Considering the number of guards and the extent of the border, the nature of the terrain, with its desert and brush, the number of Mexicans who make surreptitious entry in the country is comparatively meager, for the guards check up the trains, automobiles, and the highways and have captured so many Mexicans in this way that their fame has penetrated into Mexico with salutary results.

This guard work is often very dangerous. During the fiscal year 1923 one of the guards was killed, another was severely wounded, and a third was badly beaten by smugglers or aliens seeking unlawful entry. All in all there are too few immigration officers and guards on the 750 miles of Mexican border.

Canadian Border

The illegal entry of aliens from Canada by both land and sea has increased with the increase of restrictive measures. This is true of Canadians themselves, but is more true of Europeans. As in the case of Cuba many excluded aliens have been induced by steamship companies and by smugglers to migrate to the Dominion to be in a strategic position for surreptitious entry into the United States. The fact that the Canadian immigration requirements are very similar to our own, so far as the excluded classes are concerned, affords a degree of protection that neither Cuba nor Mexico can give. Fortunately the Asiatics are virtually excluded as they are in the United States. Nevertheless, there is still a large percentage of aliens who get in through Canada without taking the literacy test or paying the head tax.

Our immigration laws requiring a five years' residence in Canada, and the literacy test just as in the case of Mexico, help the immigration authorities in deporting aliens once caught over the border in the United States.

The smuggling of liquor over the line has been an aid to Europeans in finding a speedy way into the United States. Rum-runners here often use the services of an alien in operating the boat or in helping in the handling of the contents of a truck. The fact that there are so many logging roads, highways, trails crossing the borders at thousands of places makes it more or less easy for aliens to migrate across. With 500,000 passengers carried each month on the ferries between Detroit and Windsor, Canada, it makes it very difficult for an adequate inspection of aliens, who might want to ride over and thus enter the land.

As a rule the bootleggers avoid bringing in Chinese because the penalties are so severe and the Dominion authorities are cooperating so closely with the immigration officers in this country to reduce the number of illicit entries.

Stowaways

Not the least important as a method of getting barred aliens into the United States is by means of stowing them away in the hold or cargo of a ship. For aliens who have not much money, this is one of the cheapest ways. Sometimes the master of a vessel is an accessory to the crime, but more often it is the members of the crew who are guilty.

Since as many as 800 persons constitute the crew of some of our largest ocean liners, it is very easy for stowaways to get aboard ship, especially if they have the aid of a member of the crew. Once aboard, they can, with the help of their friends, remain hidden or out of the way till the ship lands. After the master's crew list has been inspected by the immigration officer and the oath of the captain taken to the effect that there are no stowaways on board—to the best of his knowledge—then his friends get busy, and various ways or means are used to get the stowaway ashore. Sometimes they substitute for members of the crew, when going on shore leave—after the friend has fixed it with the watchman or other persons on guard. Occasionally they get in by slipping over the side of the boat and swimming for it, their friends bringing their things to them later.

Chinese are continually being discovered as stowaways. In Baltimore last December three different batches of these aliens were discovered on ship-board by government officials. The physical torture and the mental anguish these Orientals will endure to sneak in via this route are harrowing. Sometimes they will allow themselves to be crated with practically no air to

(Continued on page 62)

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Smuggling Aliens

(Continued from page 61)

breathe; at other times they will be nailed up in barrels like apples.

Eleven of these aliens were caught in that port on the *Calabas* in from Cuba. They had been found among the iron pyrites and how they lived was a miracle. In a consignment of tea seven more were discovered on the *Ecuador* at Locust Point, in the same harbor; and four Chinese were caught on the *Pilar del Rio* in a sugar cargo near the refinery also near Baltimore. When these aliens were questioned, they said they had been smuggled aboard by members of the crew and fed by them, but they failed to identify them and the guilty persons escaped punishment.

The 2,605 cases of stowaways dealt with by the Department during the fiscal year showed an increase of 886 over the previous year. With 26,818 vessels of all kinds inspected last year at United States ports an idea may be had of the opportunities for smuggling in stowaways.

Other Smuggling Methods

Perhaps no scheme for getting alien Chinese into the United States surpasses in perfection or is more highly organized than the bringing in of so-called native-born sons or daughters or wives of American-born Chinese. By the Chinese Exclusion Law merchants, students, and persons traveling for profit or pleasure may be admitted. Last year 4,486 persons were admitted from China in that way. These Chinese, as well as Chinese born in the United States, are permitted by law to bring in members of their immediate families.

Since most of these Chinamen return to their native land at some time or another and usually marry over there and have children—mostly sons according to their statements—they make application for certain of their immediate family to come to this country. Such applicants seem to find no difficulty in getting the proper passports, whether they are related to the Chinaman in America or not, for there are always plenty of witnesses to prove the relationship. If the son or daughter claims to be born in this country, likewise there are enough persons to swear to the fact, testifying to the number of the house, the street, and the town in which the applicant was born.

The evidence in each case proves conclusively that there are secret organizations cooperating with Chinamen desiring to get fellow-countrymen into this country in this way. Schools have been in operation in certain cities like Hong Kong and Shanghai, which drill Chinese in how to answer questions of the immigration authorities and to fill out necessary papers.

There have been so many cases where fraud has been revealed in trying to get such Chinese smuggled into this country that the slightest discrepancy in the testimony of the applicants is sufficient for debarring them. In bringing in women as the immediate members of the family the cases are also scrutinized with the greatest care for fear they may be imported for immoral purposes. In the case of wives, the Chinamen have no trouble in producing marriage certificates from China. Since women have been brought in as such and afterwards arrested in houses of ill repute and since there is also reason to believe that so-called daughters have been brought here for the same purpose, the Chinese must prove their case in each instance, to get women folks into this country.

Some time ago a woman and her child were admitted as the wife and son of a Chinese native of the United States. Shortly afterwards the woman was arrested in a raid on a house of ill fame in San Francisco. At the hearing she testified that she had sent her son to its godmother in Los Angeles. It was proved that she had been brought to America for a shameful purpose and the boy never belonged to her.

An interesting case recently developed when a young Chinese who had entered the United States as a student applied for a return certificate when he was about to depart for China. A raid on a Chinese in a town in Arizona, proved by a family photograph taken in China that this supposed young student was the son of this native Chinese. He had been born there when his father made a visit to China. He had evidently brought the boy over as a student, re-

serving the privilege to bring over another native as his son, doubtless for a consideration. This shows, however, the subtleness employed in smuggling in Chinese aliens.

Alien Seamen

But of all the unlawful ways of entering the United States, the easiest, and the one now practiced the most perhaps by both Europeans and Asiatics, is the Seaman's Law. This act provides that a seaman, touching at any of our ports, may, upon application to the master of his ship and the immigration inspectors, go ashore for sixty days to "reship foreign." To do this he is not required to pay a head tax of \$8.00, his physical inspection is often perfunctory, and he is not required to have anything but his seaman papers. Consequently, there is nothing in the world to prevent him from disappearing in the city or town as soon as he is clear of the dock.

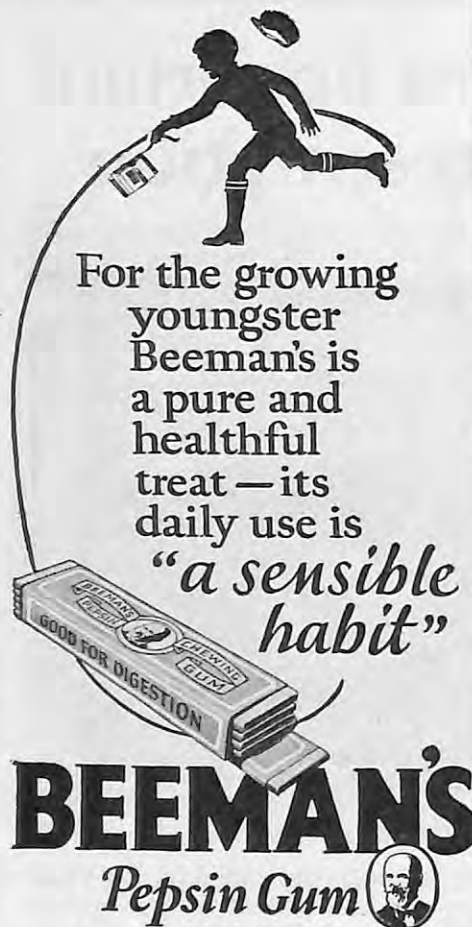
As 1,018,060 alien seamen were inspected at our ports the last fiscal year, one may have an excellent idea of how easy it is for a large number of sailors to desert ship and fail even to reship foreign. As stated before, over 10,000 Germans have been brought to this country in this way. Indeed, the practice has become so general that one German captain brought over 43 men whom the American consul in Germany could not visé certificates for, because they did not belong to the crew. Moreover, the German captain of this ship, regardless of the instructions of the inspector in the United States port of entry, permitted them to disappear after they had reached port.

Usually such aliens are seamen who have no funds and for that reason are likely to become public charges. They often carry a high percentage of disease and, as they have entered by breaking the law, are not apt to have too much respect for our laws and our forms of government. That captains are being well paid for bringing men over in this way, there can be no doubt. The danger of conviction for them is not great, if they can prove to the courts that they took reasonable precautions to hold the men aboard ship. The enrollment of all seamen touching our shores will decrease this practice.

Needless to say the Oriental races were not long to seize this opening to get into the country. Many Japanese coming to Seattle and San Francisco apply for "shore leave" for shopping or other purposes. They disappear and go to work in the lumber camps or on the farms or even in the factories which are owned by their countrymen on the Pacific coast. This is a serious problem, for after a Jap has been in this country for five years, he cannot be deported for surreptitious entry.

Here again the Chinese have displayed their native ingenuity. A ship with a Chinese crew of perhaps a hundred will sail into a Pacific port. The immigration inspector will go aboard and examine the crew list and the men. Perhaps thirty of the Chinese will apply for permission to "reship foreign." That will be granted. Then the inspector will have to go aboard another vessel with perhaps 200 Chinese seamen on the crew list. They have to be examined and a certain number of them given shore leave for the same purpose. Thus for perhaps ten days the inspector goes on with his work, until it is time for the original boat with the first Chinese crew to sail out. The inspector re-examines the crew. But how can he remember the faces of the original thirty that went ashore to "reship foreign"? There is a full crew. Undoubtedly many desiring to return to China have been substituted for the ones that wanted to remain. It was worked so often that the Department finally required a photograph of each Chinese going ashore and a bond of \$500 to assure his return, but we have already seen that over a thousand forfeited their bonds last year to remain here unlawfully.

These few cases and methods of smuggling of aliens into the United States give an idea of the size of the task which confronts the immigration officers in enforcing the various immigration laws and the need for the protection of our borders and our boundaries against one of the great perils to the health, the morals and the future government of the United States.



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The Agency neither makes nor sells cigars, but can recommend reliable manufacturers or dealers to those who wish to purchase Porto Rican tobacco products.

Buyers of Porto Rican cigars and tobacco may be certain they are getting the genuine article. On every box of cigars and every barrel or bale of tobacco Government Guarantee Stamps are attached, certifying to the origin of the tobacco.

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"I Never Knew It Was So Easy —to Learn Music!"

An interesting story of the fulfillment of a life-long wish—by means of a new, easy, spare-time method which teaches music in a fraction of the time that old, dull methods require.

THREE months ago I couldn't have believed that I'd be playing the piano today—why, I didn't know the first thing about music. Never having taken a lesson in my life, it seemed there wasn't a chance of my actually ever learning to play.

Of course, I had always loved music, and even as a child my head was just full of tunes. Once I thought I'd learn to play something—but, oh well, I kept putting it off until I got so old I thought it never could happen.

That made it awfully hard for me. Nearly all my friends played some kind of instrument—and were good entertainers. How I envied them, and wished that I, too, could join in their fun. Why, I thought it would be the greatest thing in my life if I could sit down and play all the popular and old-time favorites, as they did.

All the time I thought that my friends had that natural ear for music which I lacked, so I never asked them how they did it. Then one day a musical friend of mine gave me the biggest surprise of my life. He said, "Why, anyone who would like to can easily learn to play music by note. You don't have to study hard with a teacher, either. Just think, everything I know about the piano and the saxophone I learned through the mail. Never had a teacher in my life—just got ahead taking short, simple courses in my spare hours at home. Yes, sir, and it was wonderful fun from beginning to end. If you really want to

learn to play your favorite instrument—or if you think you're a hopeless case, just write in to that school of mine and let them show you how it can be done."

Well, do you know, I sat down that very night and wrote to the U. S. School of Music. I was as happy as could be. Here was the thing I had waited for all my life.



In just three days' time I received the School's interesting book explaining all about their new easy way of teaching music. And after glancing through a few of the letters of recommendation and praise from some of the school's 300,000 enthusiastic students, I was completely sold on the whole idea. I found out that the same easy, pleasant, short-cut method was applied to all the different instruments, so I decided on my old favorite, the piano, and wrote at once for my first lessons. Best of all, these lessons cost just a few cents apiece.

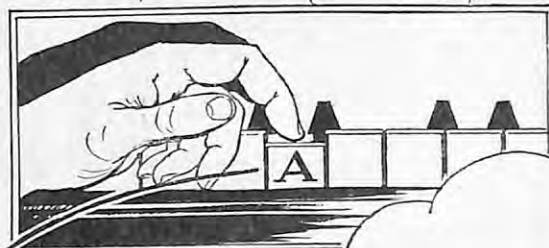
From then on I was as enthusiastic as could be about my wonderful course in music. Each new lesson was better and easier than the last. Everything about them was so simple and clear that a child of eight could understand it. I'd read over the Print-and-Picture instructions, which made everything as simple as A, B, C,—and then I'd sit down to the piano and play another of the School's beautiful selections. It was real fun—every bit of it. No practising long, dull exercises—no discouraging bother with monotonous scales—no tricks, no "numbers," no make-shifts of any kind.

And in exactly three months' time I was able to play a large number of my favorite songs—and a great many others besides. I feel sure that before very long I'll be able to play any piece of music I want to.

Of course, everybody's asking me how in the world I ever did it. And when they find out they certainly are surprised. As a matter of fact, I'm mighty proud to say that I got quite a number of my friends to become students of the best music school on earth, THE U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

By D. L. KING.

This enthusiastic story is like that of thousands of men, women and children who have studied with us. And now, if you are anxious to learn to play your



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Piano	'Cello
Organ	Ukelele
Violin	Guitar
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Banjo	Steel Guitar
Tenor Banjo	Harp
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favorite instrument—or to sing, write at once for our free booklet, "Music Lessons In Your Own Home," which explains all about this new, simplified method of learning music at home. With it will be sent an illustrated folder, which proves better than words how delightfully quick and easy this famous Print-and-Picture Method is. If you act at once you can take advantage of a special reduction in our courses, which we will be pleased to explain. But do not delay. Clip and mail coupon now, today, while you think about it. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 3626 Brunswick Building, New York.

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(Please Write Plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

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"I think I am doing wonderful with my lessons, and my friends think the same way. When I started I didn't know one note from another, but now I am proud to think I can play."—Miss C. Zeizer, 200 South Street, Morris-town, N. J.

"I am 14 years old, and I think your course is just fine. Everything is explained so clearly that your lessons are not hard at all."—Harold B. Campbell, Channah, Ill.

"I am making fine progress and the work has proven a pleasure and a delight."—Rev. George C. Sauer, Belfast, Maine.

"Even after a hard day's work on the farm, I have found it one of my greatest pleasures to take up the fascinating studies prepared so thoroughly that even a beginner like myself cannot but enjoy."—Rudolph Gereg, R. No. 44, Brookfield, Connecticut.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 41)

gold poured into gold bricks. He was then taken to the famous Cresson Mine. As a souvenir of the occasion, Robert Gardiner, Superintendent of the Cresson Mine, presented Mr. McFarland with a beautiful and unique gold specimen.

In the evening a reception for the Grand Exalted Ruler was held at Cripple Creek Lodge. The Lodge room was packed to capacity with home members and visitors from Colorado Springs, Victor and other nearby towns. As a memento of his visit here, Mr. McFarland was presented with the address of welcome painted on white lambskin.

District Deputy Hallinan Institutes Two New Lodges

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 878, recently instituted two new Lodges in his district, New York Southeast: Hempstead Lodge, No. 1485, and Ossining Lodge, No. 1486. In each instance the ceremonies were attended by many prominent members of the Order and representatives from Lodges throughout the district. Elaborate and impressive exercises helped to start each of the new Lodges on its career.

Montana State Elks Association Will Meet in Havre, July 3-5

The Montana State Elks Association has recently decided to hold its annual convention this year at Havre on July 3-5. Havre Lodge, No. 1201, is making unusual preparation for the reception of the large crowd that is expected. Great Falls Lodge, No. 214, will send a big delegation to the convention, headed by its drum and bugle corps. Butte Lodge, No. 240, will also send its drum and bugle corps, while Missoula Lodge, No. 383, promises to have its all-star minstrel troupe in attendance. The indications are that the coming meeting will be one of the best attended conventions so far held by the Association.

Oxnard (Calif.) Lodge Wins Prizes. Stages Successful Minstrel Show

Oxnard, Calif., under the auspices of Oxnard Community Service, Inc., recently revived the old Welch custom of holding an "Eisteddfod," being a week of competition in the various arts—painting, music, drama, etc. The Elks Band of Oxnard (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1443, was awarded first prize in the quick step contest and second prize in the concert music contest. The orchestra of the Lodge won first place in its section. Both units received beautiful silver cups.

Oxnard Lodge recently staged a successful home talent minstrel show, raising over \$1,000. These proceeds will be used to send the band to the meeting of the California State Elks Association at Catalina in September.

Grand Exalted Ruler to Lay Corner-Stone of Milwaukee (Wis.) Lodge

Plans have been perfected for laying the cornerstone of the new million-dollar Home of Milwaukee (Wis.) Lodge, No. 46, on June 6. Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, accompanied by other Grand Lodge officers, will preside at the ceremony and will be the honor guest at a large banquet to be given at the Pfister Hotel preceding the laying of the cornerstone. Representatives from many other Lodges are expected, and the exercises will have much of the nature of a public celebration because of the importance of the event.

Lawrence (Kans.) Lodge Broadcasts Interesting Program

Lawrence (Kans.) Lodge, No. 595, recently broadcast a radio program for the Kansas City (Mo.) Station which was received in many parts of the country. In addition to the usual vocal and instrumental numbers, detailed information was given to Kansas Elks regarding the special excursion rates, etc., to the Grand Lodge Convention in Boston.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Middletown (Conn.) Lodge has entirely renovated its Home.

Jeannette (Pa.) Lodge is considering a proposal to build a grand stand at Athletic Park for children under 16.

Wichita (Kans.) Lodge has named its official bulletin "The 427 Doer" after the Grand Exalted Ruler's famous slogan "Let's Do."

Many representatives from surrounding Lodges joined in the celebration of its first anniversary recently conducted by Webster (Mass.) Lodge.

An Elks' Chorus is being organized by Hudson (Mass.) Lodge.

So successful was the Minstrel Show put on by St. Augustine (Fla.) Lodge that it had to give an extra performance.

Springfield (Ill.) Lodge recently initiated a class of 300 candidates.

Rahway (N. J.) Lodge initiated a class of candidates for Lakewood (N. J.) Lodge on the occasion of the latter's visit to Rahway.

The Boston Choral Society recently gave a concert under the auspices of Cambridge (Mass.) Lodge for the benefit of the Lodge's Convention Fund.

A record-breaking crowd attended the Annual Charity Ball of Berwick (Pa.) Lodge.

The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Battle Creek (Mich.) Lodge has grown rapidly since its organization about a year ago until now it has over twenty boys.

Kearny (N. J.) Lodge is organizing a band.

North Adams (Mass.) Lodge observed its Twenty-fifth Anniversary with a celebration that eclipsed anything put on so far by the Lodge.

The plans for a new Home were recently submitted to the membership by the Building Committee of Vineland (N. J.) Lodge.

The Annual Banquet of San Francisco (Calif.) Lodge held at the St. Francis Hotel was a splendid affair.

An unusual program with many features was given in connection with the Twentieth Anniversary Banquet of Woburn (Mass.) Lodge.

Officers of Monessen (Pa.) Lodge and large delegations of members recently paid a visit to Donora (Pa.) Lodge.

Pawtucket (R. I.) Lodge successfully staged its third annual minstrel show.

Paul Whiteman's orchestra, on furlough from the United States Ship *Leviathan*, furnished the music for the Annual Charity Ball given by Gloucester (Mass.) Lodge.

Many children of the community enjoyed the Easter Party given them by Milton (Pa.) Lodge.

The ladies of the Newburgh Dramatic Club gave a variety entertainment and dance, the proceeds of which went into the Mortgage Fund of Newburgh (N. Y.) Lodge.

Waterloo (Iowa) Lodge has taken steps toward the erection of a new Home.

"A Home Without a Mortgage" is the slogan of the members of Montclair (N. J.) Lodge in connection with the new building being erected by them.

The Scottish Rite Male Chorus of 30 voices recently gave a concert at the Home of Wheeling (W. Va.) Lodge.

Wakefield (Mass.) Lodge celebrated its Twelfth Anniversary with a large banquet, after which the mortgage on its Home was burned.

The anniversary of the dedication of its present Home was celebrated recently by Muskegon (Mich.) Lodge. A dance and cabaret were some of the features of the event.

To Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge went the honor of dedicating the city's new vocational school.

Everett (Wash.) Lodge celebrated its Silver Anniversary.

Hannibal (Mo.) Lodge is considering plans for the remodeling of its Home.

Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor of the City of Boston, has been invited by Wakefield (Mass.) Lodge to give the Flag Day Address.

The Booster Club of Anaheim (Calif.) Lodge recently held its first outing, visiting Lodges at Riverside, San Bernardino and Redlands.

Buffalo (N. Y.) Lodge initiated a large class of candidates into Bradford (Pa.) Lodge.

Newport (Ky.) Lodge cleared over \$5,000 from its annual charity minstrel show which ran for three days. One entire performance was broadcast by radio from Station WSAI, Cincinnati, many Lodges thereby enjoying the show. The entire proceeds were given to Hospitals and Orphanages of the city.

Casper (Wyo.) Lodge staged a County Fair which was one of the funniest events ever put on by the Lodge. It ran for three days and nights and was heartily supported by the public.

The Field Day of Arlington (Mass.) Lodge will be held in Russell School Park on June 6 and 7.

Members of Pontiac (Mich.) Lodge enjoyed an indoor barbecue recently in their Home.

A troupe of Boy Scouts recently appeared before the members of San Luis Obispo (Calif.) Lodge and gave an exhibition drill.

Portsmouth (N. H.) Lodge held a most satisfactory Annual Charity Ball.

Bloomfield (N. J.) Lodge has a Dramatic Committee which recently produced a most interesting one-act play before a large audience.

Mount Vernon (N. Y.) Lodge has voted \$900 to be used for uniforms for its Drill and Degree Team.

Peabody (Mass.) Lodge boasts of having three chiefs of police among its members.

Many of the big stars from Cleveland theatres and Keith's Orchestra gave a special performance at the Home of Elyria (Ohio) Lodge.

The formation of a Drill Corps and the organization of an orchestra and band are planned by Bethlehem (Pa.) Lodge.

Napoleon (Ohio) Lodge is going ahead with plans for building a new Home.

Reading (Pa.) Lodge recently held its spring outing at the Eagles' Mountain Home.

Officers and a large delegation from Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge went to Okanogan within its jurisdiction and initiated a class of over 100 candidates.

Red Bank (N. J.) Lodge has added a new section to its Home and remodeled the building throughout.

Members of Westerly (R. I.) Lodge staged a highly successful minstrel show.

Hampton (Va.) Lodge celebrated its twenty-seventh anniversary with a banquet and a varied program of entertainment.

"The Great American," a play dealing with the life of Lincoln, was recently presented by members of Alhambra (Calif.) Lodge.

A smoker and entertainment were given by members of Norwood (Mass.) Lodge for the benefit of their baseball team.

Milwaukee (Wis.) Lodge has chartered the S.S. Manitou and members and their families will take a delightful cruise through the Great Lakes on this palatial steamer, leaving Milwaukee on June 14 and returning on June 23.

Danbury (Conn.) Lodge celebrated its thirty-fifth anniversary with one of the greatest entertainments ever given by the Lodge.

A Fun Festival and Bazaar netted Sunbury (Pa.) Lodge over \$1,500.

Stockton (Calif.) Lodge is having great success with its newly organized band.

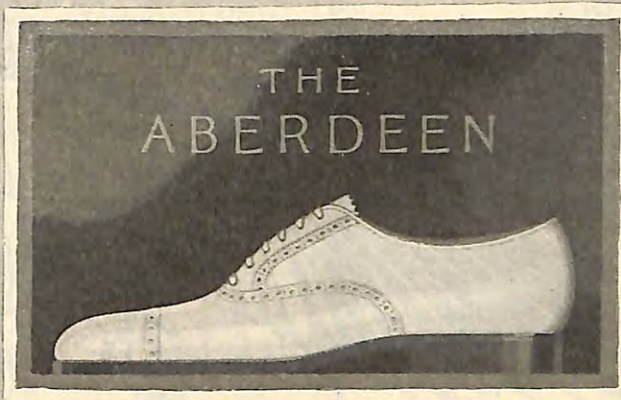
The annual minstrel show conducted by Bay City (Mich.) Lodge was highly praised by the many hundreds who witnessed its two performances.

Work on the new \$200,000 Home of Moline (Ill.) Lodge has been started.

The Annual Beefsteak Dinner and Dance for members and their friends was a recent event conducted by the Entertainment Committee of New Rochelle (N. Y.) Lodge.

Elizabeth (N. J.) Lodge is building a combination laundry, kitchen and shower room on its farm for poor kiddies.

(Continued on page 66)



Do you know how good shoes are made?

Do you know the difference between "filler" and "insole"? between "ply" and "one-piece soles"? between "skivings" and "first top leather"?

A booklet, "Men Like to Say They Wear Them", explains these things and also shows why paying a bit more for Nettletons means 100% more in wear... and looks. Write for your copy today.

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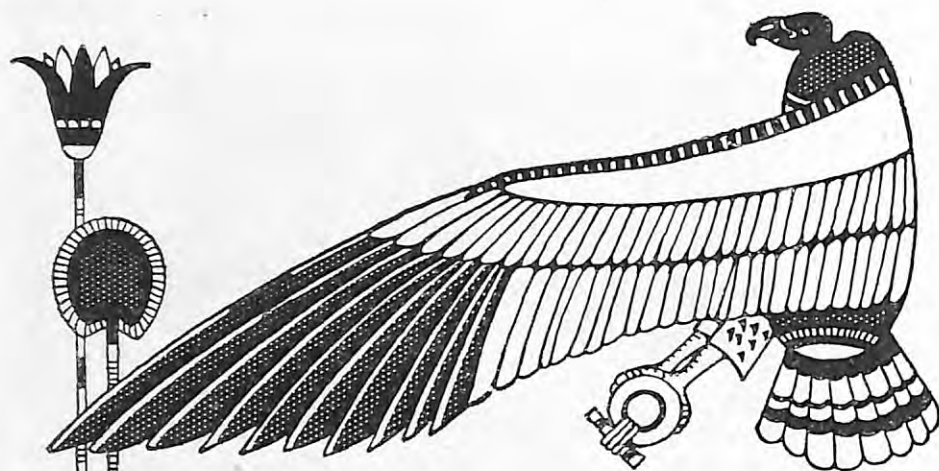
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MELACHRINO Cigarettes
through their very
fineness have become
the most widely desired
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ORIGINAL
MELACHRINO
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Clean-cut tones
No more "wolf" tones

**At Last!
Band Instruments
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MAKE LEARNING EASY

Now you can easily have the place in the band you've longed for! In 30 days you can be playing! For the world's foremost music house, now offers you instruments with continuous conical bore—a revolutionary improvement.

No more waste of time learning to "favor" certain tones as in old-style horns! No more "wolf tones" to overcome!

Continuous Conical Bore (Couturier) Band Instruments

are built according to Nature's law that "a sound wave expands as it travels." All you need do with a Lyon & Healy instrument, is to learn to play the notes naturally, without forcing. Every note comes "true to pitch as a master's violin."

Learn now what this means to you—how you can be a band player in 30 days! Send for FREE Catalog with the whole amazing story! (Mention whether you want Band Instruments or Saxophones.) WRITE TODAY!

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NATURE'S richest gift—rich, glossy, luxuriant hair—a business asset for men—for women, a crowning glory.

Thousands of people will tell you. "The only thing I have ever found that does any good is Glover's. It stops dandruff and helps my hair grow."

If your hair is dry, stiff, lifeless, brittle—if it is falling out—or if you have dandruff—use Glover's. Results are immediate. Your hair takes on new life, new lustre, begins to grow, looks soft, silky, and in fine condition.

Dandruff, the cause of most hair troubles is caused by a parasite similar to the mange parasite. Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine—the genuine—stops dandruff and, by gently stimulating and invigorating the hair roots, it helps your hair to grow as nature intended. Buy a bottle of Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine today. Insist upon the genuine.

Look for the Glover dog and the name, "Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine." Use exactly according to directions and then watch results.

Made only by the H. Clay Glover Company, Inc., 17-129 West 24th Street, New York City.



Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 65)

Pittsburgh (Pa.) Lodge is organizing a band and orchestra.

Freeport (N. Y.) Lodge claims the distinction of being the first Lodge instituted on Long Island as well as being the largest outside of the Metropolitan area. Its membership is nearing the 3,000 mark.

Fort Wayne (Ind.) Lodge held its first Stag Picnic of the year at its beautiful Country Club. Besides many other features there was a Band Contest for out-of-town Elks with \$50 for first prize and \$25 for second prize. A fine dinner was served the members and visitors.

Lynn (Mass.) Lodge is remodeling its Home.

A large reception and dance were features of the celebration arranged by Clarksburg (W. Va.) Lodge for its twenty-fifth anniversary.

The general entertainment Committee of Newark (N. J.) Lodge reported a profit of nearly \$30,000 during the past Lodge year.

The reception given by Pittsburgh (Pa.) Lodge to members of Braddock (Pa.) Lodge was a notable event. A feature of the evening was the dancing number put on by the children of Braddock Lodge's dancing class.

During the week of June 7-14 Findlay (Ohio) Lodge will put on a circus. The proceeds will be used to reduce the debt on its Home.

A week's entertainment and festivities marked the opening of the new Home of Allentown (Pa.) Lodge.

Danville (Va.) Lodge has perfected plans for its celebration of Flag Day. General A. J. Bowley, in command at Fort Bragg, will be the orator, and a feature of the exercises will be the distribution of prizes in the Essay Contest which the Lodge has conducted among the school children.

The wives, mothers and sisters of members of Somerville (Mass.) Lodge have formed a club which meets regularly in the rooms of the Home, and which is rendering valuable assistance to the various activities of the Lodge.

Peekskill (N. Y.) Lodge recently conducted a very successful Bazaar. The Lodge has just purchased a valuable plot of ground adjoining its home at a cost of \$18,000.

Members of Tulare (Calif.) Lodge were recently guests at a dance given by the Woman's Club in honor of the actors who took part in the Lodge's successful show.

The minstrel show staged by Mason City (Iowa) Lodge was a huge success. Every seat in the house was sold and a tidy sum was placed in the Lodge's charity fund for the city's needy and poor.

Members of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Lodge and their families enjoyed a Maypole dance. A massive pole was erected in the center of the auditorium around which the children wound the Elks colors.

For the first time in the history of Mena (Ark.) Lodge a son has followed his father to the Exalted Ruler's chair. This happened when Roy R. St. John, a charter member of the Lodge, installed his son Warner as Exalted Ruler.

The money cleared by the seventeenth annual charity ball of Bellevue (Ohio) Lodge was turned over to the Union Aid Society to be used by it for relief work among the city's poor.

Pensacola (Fla.) Lodge put over a successful new membership campaign.

Catlettsburg (Ky.) Lodge recently unveiled a picture of the late L. T. Everett who was one of the charter members of the Lodge and twice its Exalted Ruler.

George Turnbull, Past Exalted Ruler of Duquesne (Pa.) Lodge was recently presented with a handsome green gold Hamilton watch on the occasion of his retirement from the secretaryship of the Lodge.

The Rev. E. W. Hunter, long an active member of New Orleans (La.) Lodge, has been consecrated Bishop of the Old Catholic Church of the Apostles.

Tiler Charles H. Winston of Springfield (Ohio) Lodge has a record of 25 consecutive years of loyal service in various official capacities, with only one meeting night missed during that time.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO MEMBERS

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.



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The Charity Benefit Reception and Musical Comedy "Leave It To Jane" was successfully conducted by members of Newark (N. J.) Lodge. The show ran for three nights to packed houses at the Krueger Auditorium.

Scranton (Pa.) Lodge will put on a mammoth circus June 2-7 for funds to defray expenses of its representatives at the Grand Lodge Convention in Boston.

Brookline (Mass.) Lodge recently sponsored a successful concert in the High School auditorium for the benefit of its "Kiddie" Fund.

Williamsport (Pa.) Lodge is considering the formation of a Degree Team. The Lodge is also making great preparations for the coming convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association to be held in its city next August.

At a recent meeting of Hackensack (N. J.) Lodge a father and three sons and another father and two sons were all initiated into the Order.

Marshalltown (Iowa) Lodge now has a membership of over 600. It has done and is doing excellent welfare work, over \$2,000 going to the Salvation Army and other charities.

Oakland (Calif.) Lodge will shortly break ground for its new million dollar Home.

The famous Drill Team of White Plains (N. Y.) Lodge recently gave an exhibition of its skill before the members of Port Chester (N. Y.) Lodge.

Atlantic City (N. J.) Lodge dedicated the Betty Bacharach Home on Mother's Day. This Home for crippled children, owned by Atlantic City Lodge, was fully described in the May issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

An Old Fashioned Indoor Picnic was recently enjoyed by members of Springfield (Ohio) Lodge.

Seattle (Wash.) Lodge has increased the facilities of its Home by adding a tennis court and three outdoor four-walled handball courts.

Modesto (Calif.) Lodge has broken ground for its new Home.

July 23 has been selected by Washington (D. C.) Lodge as the date of its annual outing for the orphans.

Camden (N. J.) Lodge has decided to sell its Home on Broadway and Federal Street. The Lodge is to receive \$300,000 for its property and this amount will be utilized in building a modern Home.

Prizes totaling \$60 have been offered by Framingham (Mass.) Lodge to the school children for the six best essays on the American Flag.

A Bazaar and Indoor Carnival was recently conducted by Corry (Pa.) Lodge.

Hon. Daniel Winters, Past Exalted Ruler of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Lodge, was recently given a testimonial dinner by members of the Lodge.

Long Beach (Calif.) Lodge is considering plans for organizing a Boys' Club to be run under its supervision.

Clay S. Morse of Portland (Ore.) Lodge, No. 142, has donated a beautiful set of chimes which will be installed in the Home. The chimes will automatically toll off the eleven strokes at meetings.

The Sun Parlor

(Continued from page 24)

hot-houses, if desired, and also may be transplanted from abroad. But if glass houses are used, look out for bricks.

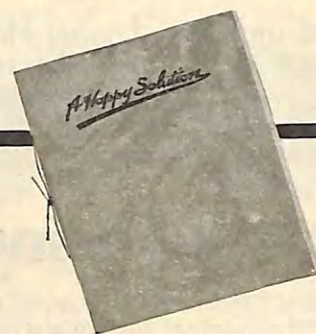
4. If seedling Bridgerooms are available it will not be necessary to get busy until much later in the season. A few warm Spring evenings will do wonders.

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—Samuel McCoy.



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What Is Short Selling?

(Continued from May Issue)

By Stephen Jessup



IF THERE is a great demand for the stock and the supply is scarce, the broker having it on hand may not only not have to pay any interest on the money deposited with him, but he may receive compensation for lending it. The brokers wishing to borrow have to compete with one another to obtain it. As an inducement they offer payment to the broker having it to lend. In this case the stock is said to "loan at a premium."

Your broker, who borrows the stock, has to pay this premium and of course charges you accordingly. The premium varies from 1-64% to 1-16% or even 1-8%, depending on the circumstances. As 1-64% for one day is at the rate of 6% per annum, it will be seen that the higher rates constitute an important item of expense to the man selling short a stock that is difficult to borrow.

Your broker having sold for your account 100 shares at 100, and having borrowed and delivered the certificate to the purchaser, you are now "short" 100 shares of stock.

If the price of the stock advances to 110 your \$1,000 margin is exhausted. Before this point is reached, however, your broker calls upon you to supply more margin, just as he calls upon a "long" to supply more margin when the price declines.

If the price of the stock declines in accordance with your expectations and reaches 90, you can conclude the transaction and take your profit of \$1,000, less commissions and less any premium you may have had to pay in borrowing stock. You therefore give your broker an order to buy 100 shares of the stock. This is called "covering."

The broker buys the stock for \$9,000, obtains the certificate the next day, delivers it to the broker from whom he borrowed it, receives the \$10,000 deposit again, and the transaction is closed. The difference between the \$10,000 deposit which he originally received when you sold, and the \$9,000 cost of replacing the stock, is your 10-point profit on the sale of the 100 shares.

There are, of course, advantages and disadvantages in speculating on the short side of the market as compared with the long side. Among the disadvantages are:

The possibility of having to pay a premium daily while stock is borrowed has been mentioned. At times this proves a distinct handicap to an operator on the short side.

The short is charged with any dividends that may be paid by the company during the time he is borrowing the stock. These dividends belong to the owner of the stock. They are credited to him by his broker and are charged to the short by the latter's broker.

The short's possible loss is almost unlimited. The stock may soar in price, and the longer he defers covering the greater the price he pays. A famous instance was that of Northern Pacific in 1901, when, on urgent buying by shorts anxious, if not desperate, to cover, the price rose from around \$150 to \$1,000 per share.

Among the advantages of the short side are:

Declines in stock prices are frequently abrupt, due to sudden news, which is often bad. Disasters, deaths, unfavorable court decisions, are usually unforeseen. Advances in stock prices, on the other hand, are often slow and gradual, due to the discounting of anticipated good news.

The expense of operating on the short side is usually less than on the long side. An important consideration is that, there being no debit balance, there is no interest to pay. A man long of 100 shares of Steel at 100 with \$10 per share margin owes his broker \$9,000 and pays interest on that sum. The longer he carries the stock, the more the interest charge mounts. A man

short of 100 shares at 100, or at any price, owes his broker no money and has no interest to pay. He receives interest on his margin deposit, just as a "long" does.

Under certain circumstances the matter of interest may be an advantage to those short of stocks on a large scale. If the floating supply of such stocks is plentiful and interest is being paid on the money deposited with those who lend the stocks, such interest may be divided by the broker with his short customers on a basis reached by mutual agreement.

Experience shows that the speculative public usually buys stocks near or at the end of an advance—near the top—and sells stocks near or at the end of a decline—near the bottom. Short sales at the height of a bull market are often extremely profitable, covering being performed easily in the ensuing decline.

IT WOULD seem to be common sense to buy cheap and sell dear, but when stocks are cheap, or "weak" as the Street expresses it, depression and gloom usually abound. Fearing that prices will go lower, the public is unwilling to buy. Usually an upward movement has gone some distance and has gained considerable activity and momentum before courage is restored and buying begun. Similarly, a protracted decline tires out holders of stocks until finally they become disgusted and sell. These tendencies of human nature favor the shorts.

Shorts are also helped somewhat by the execution of "stop" orders. A stop order is an order to be executed when a stock reaches a certain price. It then becomes a "market" order. A number of people having bought Steel on margin at 100 and having no reserve resources to protect themselves in the event of a decline, put in "stop loss" orders at 91. When the stock reaches that figure all these orders automatically become "market" orders, to be executed at once at the best available price. The consequent influx of selling orders, outnumbering buying orders, causes a further decline, or "break," in the price, enabling the shorts to cover at a lower level and with increased profit.

Stop orders are also placed by shorts at prices higher than their own selling levels, in order to protect them against loss in the event of an upward swing in prices.

While the weight of selling by shorts may depress the market temporarily, it should be borne in mind that such sales, unlike sales of stock actually owned, must be followed by corresponding purchases sooner or later. Hence they form a dormant potential buying power, which is frequently felt when stocks show a disposition to rise again. Sometimes the market rises five points or more in a single day almost entirely because a short interest is being "driven in."

Many think that it is not right to permit speculators by short selling to depress the quoted prices of securities. On the other hand, many others think that the great virtue of the Stock Exchange is that it provides a free and open market place for securities; a place where the respective desires of those who wish to buy and of those who wish to sell can, and do, meet at a common point, thus establishing the current price of stocks and bonds traded in on the Exchange; that as securities may be bought without the purchaser having the full purchase price

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i.e. buying on margin, it is equally right and fair that securities can be sold without the seller actually having them in his possession at the time.

In support of this view it is pointed out that short selling can not keep down the price of a security below its real value indefinitely, and that short sellers, being potential and inevitable buyers, form a source of support to the market, especially at a time when buying may be limited, which it often is when bad news causes sudden and excited selling. Sometimes the covering of shorts taking their profits provides nearly all the support that there is in the market, and without it prices might decline severely, so severely as to depreciate the value of collateral held as security for loans and even to cause panic.

Another claim made for the short interest is that it checks reckless buying on the long side, just as a conservative political party tends to offset a radical one. Were there only one party the country might be swayed to extremes. Were there only buyers in the market, prices might be carried to unreasonably high and unsound levels.

It is also pointed out that if it were not for short selling a man living, for instance, in California could not sell stocks almost immediately by telegraph. He would have to wait until the mail had transported his certificates to New York. By the end of the five days so elapsing he might receive a price considerably less than that prevailing on the day he wished to sell. Short selling obviates, therefore, what otherwise might prove to be an injustice.

The practice is also defended on the ground that it occurs in other lines of business; that commodities are sold short for future delivery; that the publishers of a magazine, for example, sell what they do not have and can not immediately deliver when they take money for a year's subscription in advance.

Shorts are, in effect, pessimists, since they look for lower prices. The path of the short is not always smooth. It is a matter of history—and quite recent history—that this country is growing rapidly and adding to its wealth every year. Probably the national wealth has doubled itself already in the Twentieth Century. Experience and history show that for long range vision it is better to be a bull on America than a bear. Most men connected with Wall Street, as a matter of fact, recognize this, and the activities of shorts in the main are confined to more or less temporary market movements, especially in individual stocks which for one reason or another may appear to be selling too high at the moment.

Investment Literature

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Adair Realty & Trust Co., 800 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga., have issued a booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," which will be sent free on request.

The Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will gladly send on request a booklet dealing with the advantages of insuring in the Postal Life. Send for booklet "See How Easy It Is."

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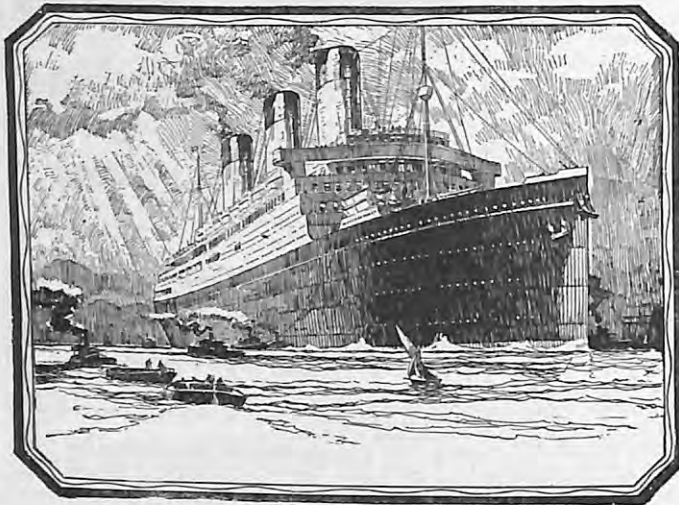
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A Twenty-Three Word National Creed

(Continued from page 15)

Exposition in Chicago and that it should be observed by the Public Schools everywhere. When he found that Upham had already started on the same trail he officially entrusted the management of the scheme to the Boston publisher.

Then the U. S. Commissioner of Education promised his support; and Daniel S. Ford, chief of the paper, consented to put its machinery and resources behind the movement.

Here is where I happened into the picture as something more than J. B. Upham's assistant. One day he took me to Mr. Ford who thus set a new assignment before me:

He remarked that this prodigious project must have the most hearty cooperation of the entire educational personnel of the country, of the newspapers, and of as many other organized influences as possible. Therefore the official authority must emanate from the State Superintendents of Education and the management must be in the hands of an executive committee appointed by them. The chairman of that committee, however, must be a representative of the paper which would supply the means. This putting forward one of the staff by name was a radical departure from the policy of the paper, but a personality in the chairmanship was needful to make the thing go. And he had selected me for the job.

It was a staggering commitment for a young man untrained in wide affairs, and I accepted it with trembling.

THE initial step was to gain the authorization of the Superintendents of Education. On Feb. 17, 1892, I presented the plan at their annual meeting in Brooklyn. Dr. Harris in a strong speech supported it. A series of resolutions were adopted recommending the project to all superintendents, teachers and newspapers; urging their cooperation to make it universal; naming the State Superintendents as a general committee; and providing for an executive committee of five to start the wheels going and to provide an official program of exercises for use in all localities.

The executive committee there named consisted of—

Francis Bellamy, Chairman, representing *The Youth's Companion*. J. W. Dickinson, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. Thos. B. Stockwell, Commissioner of Rhode Island Public Schools. W. R. Garrett, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Tennessee. W. C. Hewitt, Superintendent of Michigan Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair.

The only way to captivate the children themselves by the idea was by "Messages" through the local press, which good-natured editors were willing to print when we handed it to them on "boiler plates." Parents and teachers were reached by the same system, month after month.

The local superintendents were stirred up by a series of circulars, the bigger ones by form-letters.

If it was easy to supply the religious and educational press with "canned editorials," the main trouble was to give the regular daily and weekly newspapers enough fresh stuff to keep the idea alive and cumulative. To this end I solicited, in Washington, a pile of commendatory interviews from Senators and Representatives for publication in their State papers, and from a few high personages for general publication.

The first interview, however, was in New York, on my way to Washington. It was from Grover Cleveland, who was going to run again for president.

Representative Henry Cabot Lodge took me to see President Harrison, mentioning the Grover Cleveland interview just printed. The President said warmly, "Yes, the idea is a fine one, and I will write you a personal letter commending it which you may use."

"I thank you, Mr. President," I said in my freshness, "but I was going to ask you if you wouldn't issue a proclamation making the day a National holiday and recommending the people to observe it in the public schools."

"Why, sir," he replied with a stare, "that is impossible without Congressional authority."

As we went out Mr. Lodge curtly told me, "That was going too far after the President showed you such consideration," and he made some remark about kicking over the apple-cart. "I'm sorry if I made a bull," I replied, "but now we'll have to get Congress to give him the authority."

"That is absolutely impracticable," said Mr. Lodge. "While the Senate is Republican, the House is Democratic, and this election year they won't unite on a thing which might give Mr. Harrison such a bid for popularity."

But I didn't know any better than to try. I went about getting scores and scores of interviews from leading Congressmen, and their interest was thereby so enlisted that by June a Joint Resolution was put through empowering the President to proclaim the four hundredth anniversary a National holiday with "suitable exercises in the schools."

Altogether I had got considerable for the newspapers to talk about. But the proclamation hung fire for weeks. Its issuance was needful for us, as we were unable to start a drive for the equally desirable State authorizations until it came out.

I was again in Washington on July 21. At the White House I learned that the order for the proclamation had already gone over to the State Department. I immediately called upon Secretary of State Foster and asked him if the proclamation might not be hurried.

Mr. Foster properly remarked the nerve of such a suggestion. But his Second Assistant, Mr. Brown, ventured to mention that the order had just been received. On my part I gave as my only excuse the fact that in view of the coming election a tactful wording of that proclamation was very important, and that as the whole matter up to now had resulted from personal conferences with Congressional leaders and the President himself, I thought that possibly I was in a position to contribute one or two valuable points of view as to its phrasing.

Then the Secretary gave me the jolt of my life: "If that is so your call is opportune. I'll send you right up to Third Assistant Secretary, Mr. Creidler, who will give you the form, and you can write out the first draft yourself."

Mr. Creidler showed me the customary formula, and let me pen the substance. When I wrote into it the critical words, "Let the National Flag float over every schoolhouse in the country, and the exercises be such as shall impress upon our youth the patriotic duties of citizenship," I felt that if the President signed that our success was assured. When, next day, the entire press carried those words, the big-hearted originator of the movement in Boston and its friends everywhere knew that the school centering of Columbus Day was bound to go.

After that the State authorizations were easy to get; and the Governors' proclamations came in on the run, as well as the formal instructions of the State Boards of Education and the orders of the State G. A. R. Commanders.

THE final step was making the "Official Program," authorized by the creating resolutions of the Superintendents at their Brooklyn convention. My colleagues of the Executive Committee made valued suggestions, but left the construction to the chairman's office subject to their approval.

Upham was close on that program job with me. We knew its vital import to the justification of the long campaign. It could not be an ordinary list of "exercises."

In settling down to it we agreed that its natural opening should be the President's proclamation. J. B. Upham had secured an original Ode, rich in feeling and diction, from Edna Dean Proctor, who had abundantly responded to the largeness of his enthusiastic vision. I had persuaded Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, the "silver tongued orator of Kentucky" to write an address for declamation, on "The Meaning of the Four Centuries." My colleagues and Mr. Ford, however, thought his contribution didn't quite hit the mark, and so I was asked to write a substitute myself,—which was accepted and which quite properly (and at my own suggestion as I see by a contemporary letter of mine) bore the signature of "The Youth's Companion." Theron Brown wrote an original "Song of Columbus Day."

Of course the nub of the program was to be

(Continued on page 72)

Friendships We Prize Appropriately Recognized

"Then, there is the outstanding person who *likes you best*, who inspired your soul, who holds you with heart ties to the last—ties that will hold beyond the grave. The Insurance policy makes good to such a friend after your death. There is no respect, no consideration like it. It is as binding as death itself."



"It fits a priceless friendship"

Henry Goodman has been successful in life, and now spends fewer hours in business and more at his ease. Reviewing the past in an hour of reflection, his mind is filled with a consuming sense of gratitude. Pictures of pleasant episodes and of friends crowd upon his vision.

"Did not dear old Professor Orton halt me, and point the better way of my going?"

"There is Haywood, the dearest companion I ever had."

"And Harper, who lent me the \$100 which tided me over a panicky period. It helped me more than any other money."

In life we can no more avoid the ties of society than the ties of the family. Out of such relationships come companionships, friendships, many choice experiences.

It is often said, we have but one life to live. But can any one doubt that there is a life after this? Can we believe that the life beyond is wholly disconnected from this? Will not the real ties here be continued there? In this life are there not laid upon us debts of deepest gratitude—the debts hard to pay? Let's find a feasible way to pay them.

Business debts are well defined and easily taken care of. Do not some of us confine ourselves to incurring and paying such debts only? Has the debt of highly valued friendship not been overlooked?

Have you taken out a policy for YOUR friend

who may have endeared himself to you by giving you substantial help, and, indeed, may have been your greatest benefactor?

Then, there is the outstanding person who *likes you best*, who inspired your soul, who holds you with heart ties to the last—ties that will hold beyond the grave. The insurance policy makes good to such a friend after your death. There is no respect, no consideration like it. It is as binding as death itself. It fits a priceless friendship.

It is the worthwhile salutation from the rail of the ship disappearing over the rim of the world, to one who never forgets. It is a genuine earnest of the ties of enduring love between men. Echoing back through the ether comes the message from one to the other: "I go ahead to prepare a fitting welcome for you. Use this in remembrance of me."

From the contemplation of this pleasing picture, turn to another with a rude awakening:

Did you know that a cousin, and even a distant one whom you have never known, is often by statute related to your estate, and may become possessed of a share of it? The man who was "only a friend" in the eyes of the law, but a mighty dear one in your eyes, may go unremembered by your oversight.

If you do not guard your friendships while you live, they will have no standing in court when you die. Even your will, providing for a bequest to your dearest friend, may be invalidated by relatives, unknown to you and undeserving. Technicalities will run against you after death, for you then cannot correct them. Even a good lawyer sometimes forgets the law and his document fails of its purpose.

A friend can have hope in the courts only if he is definitely "nominated in the bond." If he is the beneficiary under a policy, your wish will be secure: *the company will protect him.*

The simple question asked is, "What relation is he to you?"

The simple answer you give is, "A dear friend."

To be thus sincerely remembered by a friend as the cords of his life are loosed and he slips away into the beyond denotes a sincerity touched with holiness. The heart and the intellect meet in an act superb and supreme.



POSTAL LIFE BUILDING

Read the "Strong Postal Points" above and write for insurance particulars for yourself mentioning *The Elks Magazine*, or, make use of the coupon.

In your letter be sure to give

1. Your full name
2. Your occupation
3. Exact date of birth

No agent will be sent to visit you; this Company does business with out agents, "over the counter," or through the mails, and the resulting commission savings go to you because you deal direct.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WM. R. MALONE, President

511 Fifth Ave., Cor. 43rd St., New York

Strong Postal Points

FIRST: Standard Policy Reserves. Resources more than \$10,000,000. Insurance in force, \$43,000,000.

SECOND: Old-line legal reserve insurance—not fraternal or assessment.

THIRD: 9½% dividends guaranteed in your Policy and the usual contingent dividends paid as earned.

FOURTH: Standard policy provisions, approved by the New York State Insurance Department.

FIFTH: Operates under strict New York State requirements and subject to the United States Postal Authorities.

SIXTH: High medical standards in the selection of risks.

SEVENTH: Policyholders' Health Bureau provides one free medical examination each year, if desired.



E. 6-24

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Without obligating me, please send full insurance particulars for my age.

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Occupation

Exact date of birth

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Arthur Brisbane's Great Book of 200 Pages

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Nowhere in either hemisphere is there a man whose daily message is so widely read—whose advice is so carefully followed as that of Arthur Brisbane.

His insight into the problems of every man—his sympathy and understanding of the problems of every woman—his clear, incisive style—have made his the greatest influence of the printed word in all the world.

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Here is a hint of articles taken at random from this wonder volume of 200 pages:

What animal controls your spirit?—What kind of blinders do you wear?—The unknown land—Do our souls come back?—Thought and spirit—Well, it's just a friendly game—We long for immortal perfection, we can't have it—Have the animals souls?—The "Criminal" class—How marriage began—The three best things in the world.

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Enter my subscription for Hearst's International for two years and send me—as your gift—a copy of Brisbane's Book of Today. I will remit \$4.00 on receipt of your bill. (If you prefer to pay now, enclose check or money order for \$4, and cross out previous sentence.)

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E. M. 6-24

A Twenty-Three Word National Creed

(Continued from page 71)

the raising of the Flag, with a Salute to the Flag recited by the pupils in unison.

But that nub was the rub. We didn't have a satisfactory formula for the "Salute." One had been in general use, written by Col. Balch of New York, running "I give my heart and my hand to my country,—one country, one language, one flag." But it seemed too juvenile, lacking in the dignity and comprehensiveness belonging to this occasion.

Upham and I had talked about the need of a better one for weeks. We agreed that it should embody a lofty sentiment, a sense of history and of fundamental Americanism. I said to him, "You write it,—you have the time." He refused, saying, "No, you write it,—you have a knack at words."

So our reciprocal urging went on until one day in August. The promised date for the publication of the program was perilously near, and the formula for the Salute which was to be its backbone seemed as far off as ever. I asked Upham if he had got hold of a clear idea for it. He said he was full of general ideas but he couldn't seem to get them into shape, and that I would have to do the thing if it was done at all.

We agreed to stay together that evening until I could formulate a clear idea and work out its words. While dining at the Thorndike Hotel we discussed the bearings thoroughly. It had become apparent to me that so long as we aimed merely at some improved "Salute to the flag" we were bound to be hazy; we would be likely to formulate some sonorous speech which might prove less popular than the Balch Salute. Accordingly I suggested a new trail, in which the general notion of a flag salute would be subordinate to a vow of loyalty, or allegiance, to the flag based on what the flag definitely stood for. I argued that thus we might get a compact brevity and a sureness which otherwise would be hard to attain.

When we got back to the office I was strongly stirred with this idea. I shut myself in my room alone, asking my friend to wait until I called.

The strain of the next two hours is still a distinct memory.

Beginning with the new word *allegiance* I first decided that *pledge* was a better school word than "vow" or "swear"; and that the first person singular should be used, and that my Flag was preferable to "the."

When those first words, *I pledge allegiance to my Flag* looked up at me from the scratch-paper the start appeared promising. Then for the further reach: should it be "country," "nation" or "Republic"? That was hard. *Republic* won because it distinguished the form of government chosen by the fathers and established by the Revolution. The true reason for allegiance to the flag is the *Republic for which it stands*.

NOW how should the vista be widened so as to teach the National fundamentals? I laid down my pencil and tried to pass our history in review. It took in the sayings of Washington, the arguments of Hamilton, the Webster-Hayne debate, the speeches of Seward and Lincoln, the Civil War. After many attempts all that pictured struggle reduced itself to three words, *One Nation, indivisible*. To reach that compact brevity, conveying the facts of a single nationality and of an indivisibility both of States and of common interests, was, as I recall, the most arduous phase of the task, and the discarded experiments at phrasing overflowed the scrap-basket.

But what of the present and future of this indivisible Nation here presented for allegiance? What were the old and fought-out issues which always will be issues to be fought for? Especially, what were the basic national doctrines bearing upon the acute questions already agitating the public mind? Here was a temptation to repeat the historic slogan of the French Revolution, imported by Jefferson, "liberty, fraternity, equality." But that was rather quickly rejected, as fraternity was too remote of realization, and as equality was a dubious word. What doctrines, then, would everybody agree upon as the basis of Americanism? *Liberty and Justice* were surely basic, were undebatable, and were all that any one Nation could handle. If they were exercised for all they involved the

spirit of equality and fraternity. So that final line came with a cheering rush. As a clincher it seemed to assemble the past and to promise the future.

That I remember is how the sequence of the ideas grew and how the words were found, on that August night with the cooling Boston sea-breeze coming softly through the open window of my room.

I opened the door and shouted for Upham. As the inspiring old patriot came in his eyes were sparkling and he asked, "Have you got it?" I read the twenty-three words to him. "Read it again," he said. I read it several times. Then I remember he took the paper, snapped his heels together, and said:

"Now up there is the flag; I come to salute; then when I get to the words 'my Flag,' I stretch out my hand and keep it raised while I say the rest." We went over it in unison in that fashion several times to get the effect.

He sat down and studied the formula word by word, asking why this? and why that?

Finally he said, "It seems to me you have got the thing we want. Of course others, Mr. Ford or your colleagues, may make some suggestions, but I am led to think it is right, exactly as it stands."

I DIDN'T begin to feel that it was a fully finished thing until Upham told me Daniel Ford had just said, "That's good; I like it; let it stand as it reads." My colleagues in the executive committee approved it without change, and so it took its place in the official program as the "Salute to the Flag" for Columbus Day.

In its first printing, however, it had but twenty-two words, for in proofreading I myself took the liberty of deleting the word "to" before "Republic" for the sake of brevity. But when I heard it roared out by some 4,000 Boston high-school pupils on the day of the celebration I decided that rhythm required that cancelled word, and accordingly I restored it in the next printing, which was for the ritual of the Lyceum League of America, in whose organization I also had a hand. From then on the Pledge has been printed with its twenty-three original words.

In the official program it was anonymous. When I asked Daniel Ford about its being signed he replied,

"No. Your address has our signature, and that's enough of us for a short program. Let the Salute stand anonymous, and it will seem to emanate from the executive committee who were authorized to prepare the whole thing and whose names stand on the first page. That will be a correct assumption also, for you wrote it as their chairman quite as much as our representative."

Which was a clever as well as a gracious thing for the far-sighted proprietor of the paper to do; for he didn't court a later rivalry between this and the then popular "Balch Salute."

That is all; except that no one else could be so surprised as this author at the survival of those twenty-three words exactly as he wrote them in 1892.

For a while the Salute Pledge served as a playful reminiscence in the office when my friends greeted me. But as presently I passed into another kind of work, the formula took a rear seat in my thought, except when occasionally reminded that it was still going in the schools and on those occasions I would tell how I had written the words. Editorial work habituates a man to plod behind the screen, and a later advertising career, wherein a man turns himself to making publicity for other folks, only strengthened the habit of personal submergence. So it grew to seem like a far call back to the National Public School Celebration of 1892 when, perforce, my name had wide publicity thrust upon it.

But now that it seems a duty to tell the bit of history which covers the origin of the Pledge of Allegiance, because no one else is living who is able to tell it in detail, I must not fail to render what is due to the men of patriotic vision in the 'nineties. It was the vital movement they inaugurated that gave me the incidental chance to write what has turned out to be a thing of value to the Flag and to the Republic for which it stands.

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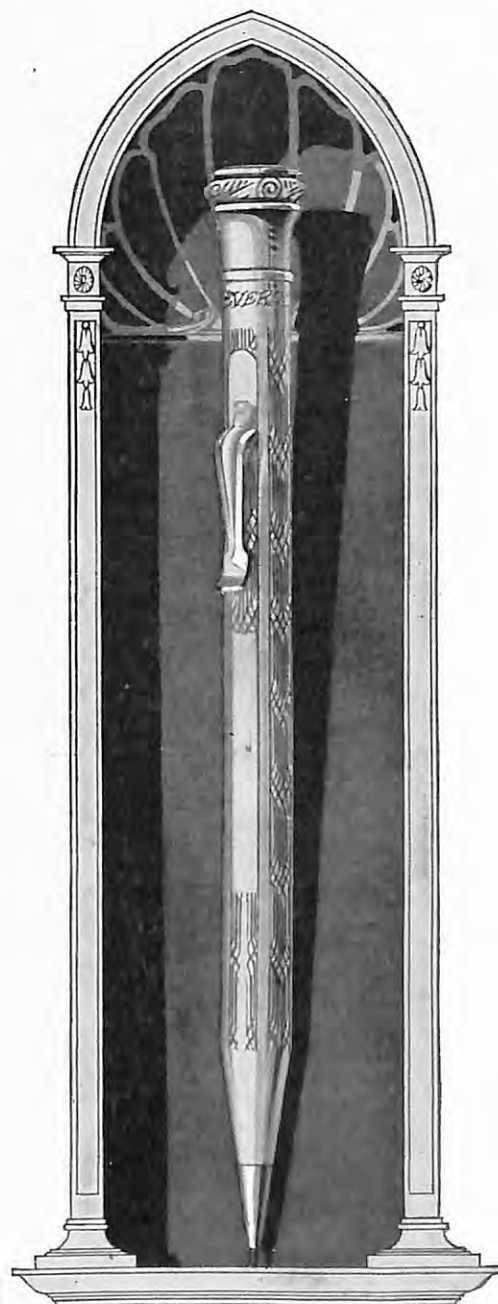
And a better balance makes the new pencil a delight to use. Its ease and quickness of operation, its efficiency, give the pleasure, the pride of ownership that the possession of the thing most modern always brings.

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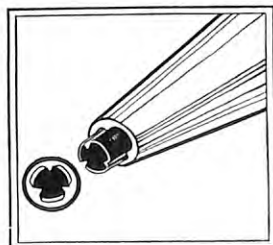
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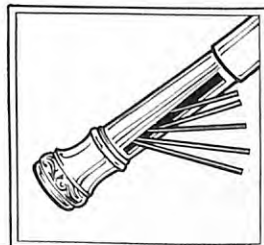
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It can now be changed in a few seconds.

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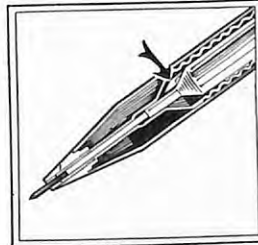
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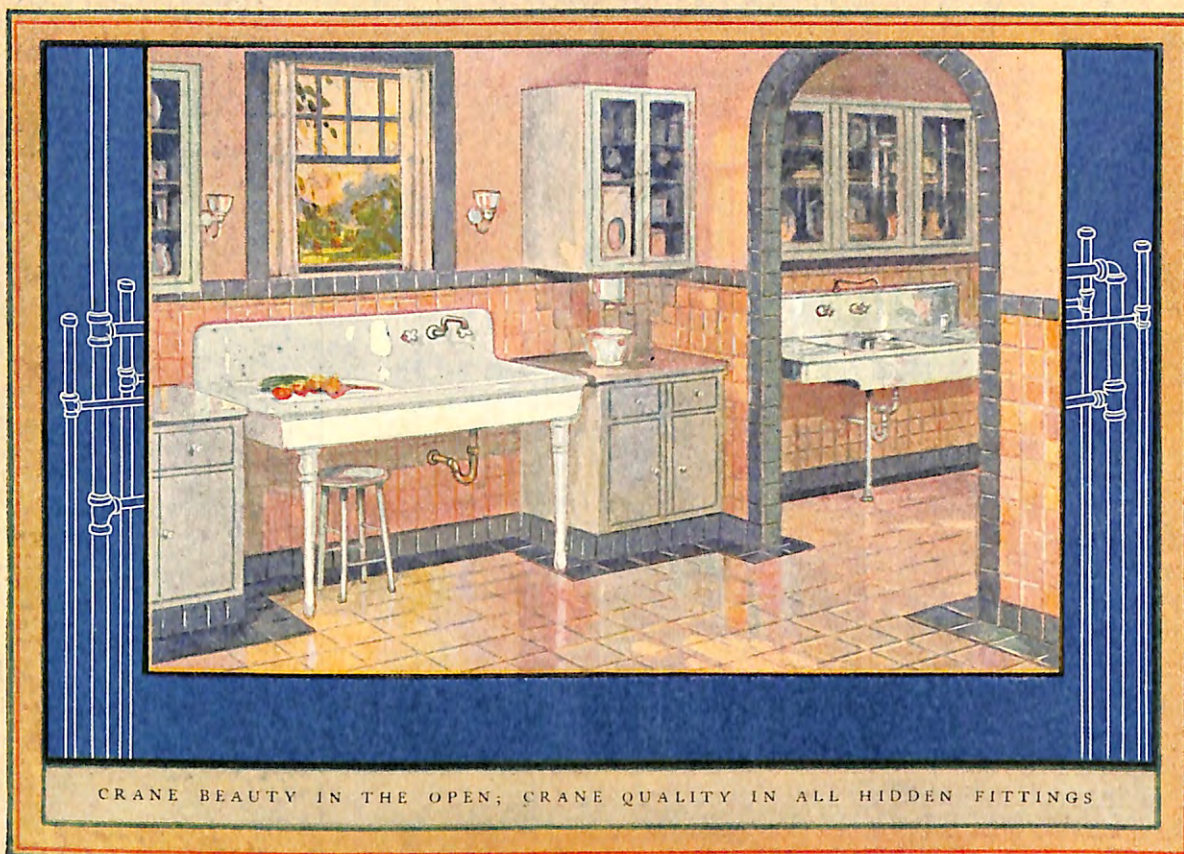


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