

# The Elks

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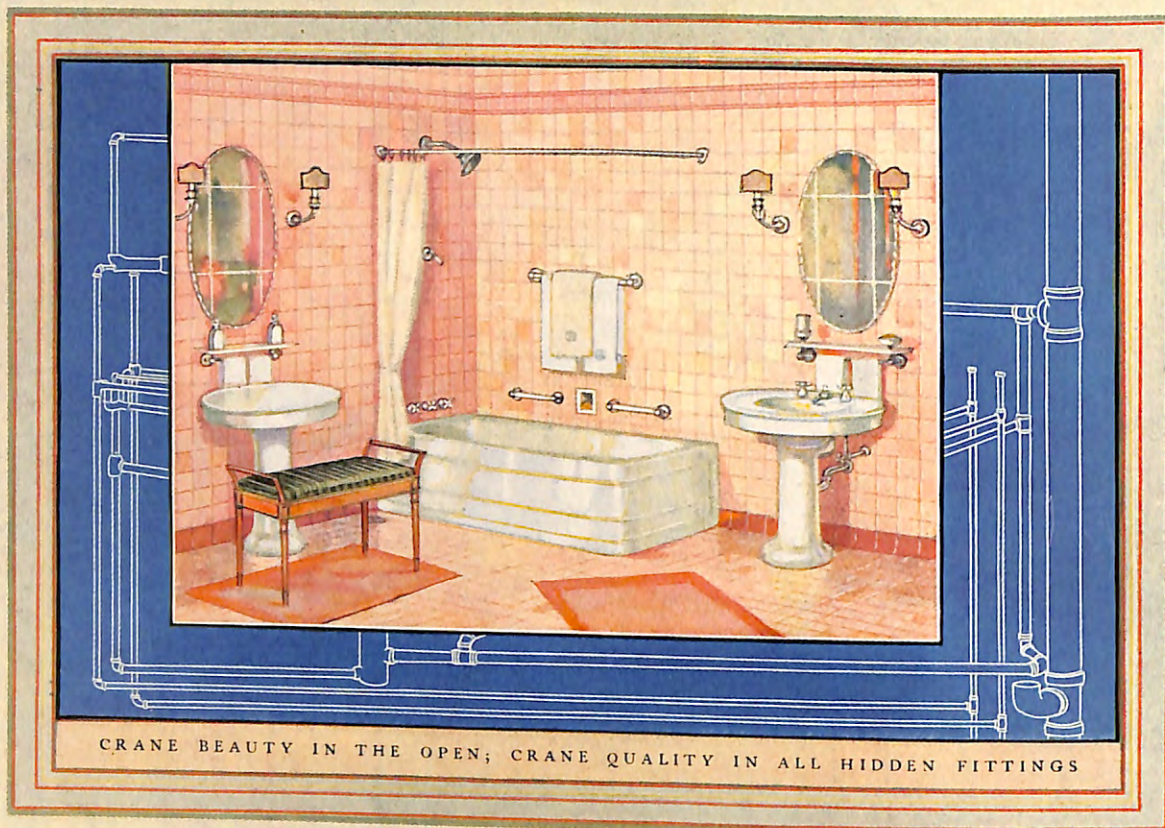
Magazine

JULY, 1924



*This Month: James B. Connolly, Henry H. Curran, Albert Payson Terhune and others*





Unless you have watched a modern home in process of building, you may have only a vague notion of the various pipe lines, valves and connections which are buried behind the walls and beneath the floors. Yet the health and happy comfort of your household depend as much on the smooth working of these hidden necessities as on the convenience and fine

proportions of the Crane fixtures whose beauty adds to the charm of your home.

It is the business of Crane service to supply this need for *complete* sanitary and heating systems as dependable and enduring as they are inviting in form. Branches and offices in 145 cities make it easy to choose plumbing materials satisfying both your taste and your building budget.

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# How the LaSalle Problem Method Bridges the Salary-Gap



—Why in three months' time alone as many as 1,193 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totalling \$1,248,526, an average increase per man of 89 per cent!



When you apply for a job, what is the first question?

Why, nine times out of ten, it's "What EXPERIENCE have you had?" —Not "How many years at business," understand, but "What actual work have you performed similar to the work called for by the position you now are seeking?"

For the sake of your future, therefore, it will pay you well to ask yourself this question:

**How rapidly are you acquiring the KIND of experience that you can CASH?**

For instance—

Are you depending upon your contact with the head bookkeeper for your understanding of ACCOUNTANCY?

—Upon hit-or-miss experience in the selling field for your understanding of SALESMANSHIP?

—Upon the routine transactions of the shipping department for your understanding of TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT?

—Upon the occasional discussion of isolated contracts for your understanding of LAW?

—Upon your lunch-time chats with representatives of investment houses for your understanding of FINANCE?

Don't think, for a moment, that you can DODGE the facts which govern salary by saying that other men have come up from the ranks thru day-to-day experience alone. They have—but—business moves at a far swifter pace than it moved even ten years ago. The great demand is for youth and energy trained in the how and why.

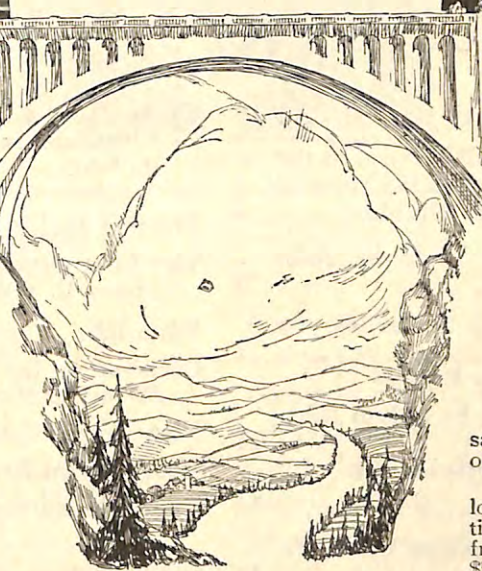
Obviously, then, you cannot escape the following arresting challenge:

**How—in the shortest possible time—can you PLUS your day-to-day experience with a practical working knowledge of the BEST ways for performing the special tasks of the higher positions?**

During the past fourteen years more than 450,000 men have faced that question squarely—and have found their answer in the LASALLE PROBLEM METHOD.

\* \* \*

When thousands and thousands of men in the United States and Canada (not to mention many hundreds in England, Australia, China and other foreign countries) choose the LaSalle Problem Method to speed their progress—when within only three months' time as many as 1,193 LaSalle members report definite salary-increases totalling \$1,248,526—when the average increase so reported is 89 per cent—surely the LaSalle Problem Method must offer an



unusually sound way of securing quickly the KIND of experience that can be CASHED.

It does. —And here is WHY:

## You Learn By Doing

Suppose it were your privilege every day to sit in conference with the head of your firm. Suppose every day he were to lay before you in systematic order the various problems he is compelled to solve, and were to explain to you the principles by which he solves them. Suppose that one by one you were to WORK THOSE PROBLEMS OUT—returning to him every day for counsel and assistance—

Granted that privilege, surely your advancement would be faster—BY FAR—than that of the man who is compelled to pick up experience hit-or-miss.

Under the LaSalle Problem Method you pursue, to all intents and purposes, that identical plan. You advance by SOLVING PROBLEMS.

Only—instead of having at your command the counsel of a single individual—your Chief—you have back of you the organized experience of the largest business training institution in the world, the authoritative findings of scores of able specialists, the actual procedure of the most successful business houses in America.

Thus—instead of fumbling and blundering and maybe losing a job now and then, you are COACHED in the solving of the very problems you must face in the higher positions. Step by step, you work them out for yourself—until, at the conclusion of your training in a given branch of business, you

have at your finger-tips the KIND of experience that men are willing and glad to pay real money for. In view of that opportunity, is it not folly to let the days and weeks and months slip away from you, when by taking thought you can put yourself in line for a high-salaried executive position?

## The Reward of Training

Between the routine job and the responsible executive position there is a salary-gap which is separating thousands of men from financial independence.

On the one side of the gap are long hours, low pay, little more than the bare necessities. On the other side are comparative freedom from supervision, an income of \$5,000 a year or better, the comforts and luxuries of life.

The only routes that can take a man across the gap are all of them marked "EXPERIENCE"—and of all those routes the only one that BRIDGES the gap is—HOME-STUDY TRAINING.

If you are intent to save the years you otherwise would waste, you cannot afford to turn away from that bridge—you cannot, indeed, afford even to turn this page—until you have taken the necessary steps to FIND the bridge and USE it!

The coupon just below this text will bring you a fascinating book—the story of how one man took this shorter route to success and earned for himself "Ten Years' Promotion in One." "Get this book," said a prominent Chicago executive, "even if you have to pay five dollars for it." LaSalle will send it to you FREE. With this book LaSalle will send you also complete information regarding the training you are interested in, together with details of its convenient payment plan.

Take your first real step toward that better position by placing the coupon in the mail TODAY.

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The Largest Business Training Institution in the World  
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Upon request, the book "Ten Years' Promotion in One," and material completely descriptive of the course and service that interests you, will gladly be sent without cost or obligation. Indicate your choice by checking, and write below your name and address.

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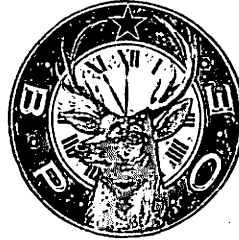
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# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Three

Number Two



## Features for July, 1924

President Coolidge, portrait .....	4	Grease Paint and Jade, Part II—a story of adventure in China by Achmed Ab- dullah .....	24
Message of President Coolidge read at the Cornerstone Laying of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building.....	5	<i>Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldrige</i>	
Frontispiece, a Camera Study by John Kabel.....	6	The Sun Parlor, a page of short humor ...	28
What Is Americanization? An article by Henry H. Curran .....	7	The First Olympic Victory, an article by James B. Connolly .....	29
<i>Sketches by Grant Reynard</i>		Editorial .....	32
Winner Takes All, a story by Calvin John- ston.....	11	Cornerstone Laying of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building.....	34
<i>Illustrations by Albert Levering</i>		New Home of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge	37
Behind the Footlights .....	14	The National Recreation Policy.....	37
The Sporting Angle, comment by W. O. McGeehan .....	17	Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order .....	38
<i>Sketches by Herman Palmer</i>		Guide Map to Boston for Visitors to the Grand Lodge Convention.....	40
The Vamp, a story by Albert Payson Ter- hune .....	18	Directory of Subordinate Lodges for the year 1924-1925.....	46
<i>Illustrations by Frank Street</i>		Real Estate Mortgage Bonds, an article by Stephen Jessup.....	74
Here You Are! Fresh July Books, reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn .....	23	Cover Design by Paul Stahr	



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

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# How do your last two years compare with his?

THERE ARE two kinds of managers. (Just as there are two kinds of superintendents, engineers, salesmen and accountants.)

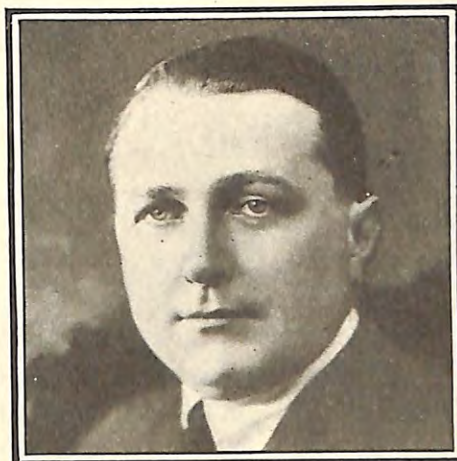
One says: "I am so busy that I cannot possibly do any outside reading." He does none.

The other says: "I am so busy that I do not see how I can possibly find time for outside reading, *but I must.*" He does.

T. F. Peirce, manager of the Pacific Desk Company, was very busy. "Altho I know that the Alexander Hamilton Institute's Course must have great merit, because of its national reputation, I am not in a particularly receptive mood," he wrote. "My work is quite engrossing; I do not consider that I have time. . . ."

But there is a difference between having a *busy mind* and having a *closed mind*. Mr. Peirce was not afraid to face the facts about himself. He investigated the Institute as a kind of test—to see just wherein his own training fell short. "I very quickly discovered one thing," he wrote frankly, "and that was how little I actually knew about the science of business."

Within a few weeks Mr. Peirce had found information in the Institute Course which had an immediate cash value to him. A few months later he had persuaded twenty-five of his principal associates to enrol with the Institute.



Mr. T. F. PEIRCE, President of the Pacific Desk Company, writes:  
"When a man clips a coupon from one of your advertisements he puts himself into touch with the strongest lifting power in modern business."

In one of the advertisements of his company in the Los Angeles papers Mr. Peirce announced these enrolments as evidence that the Pacific Desk Company was in a position to give better service to business men by having, in its organization, men thoroly trained in business.

The next step follows naturally and inevitably.

On October 31, 1922, Mr. Peirce wrote: "I want you to be the first to know the

good news, and that is that I have been elected to the presidency of the Pacific Desk Company and have taken over the entire control of its stock. . . . I believe your Course has had much to do with making me ready to grasp this wonderful opportunity when presented to me, and I desire to give full credit where credit is due."

Perhaps you are a department manager or a salesman, or an accountant, or an engineer. You have your eye set on the high places of business, but they seem a long way off. The Alexander Hamilton Institute *can shorten the distance between the place where you are and the place where you want to be*. It has proved that in the careers of many thousands of men. Will you take their word for it that "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress" is a guide book worth reading? The price is your promise to give it just one hour of your time. Clip the coupon. The decision, after that, will rest entirely with you.

*Where will you be five years from now?*

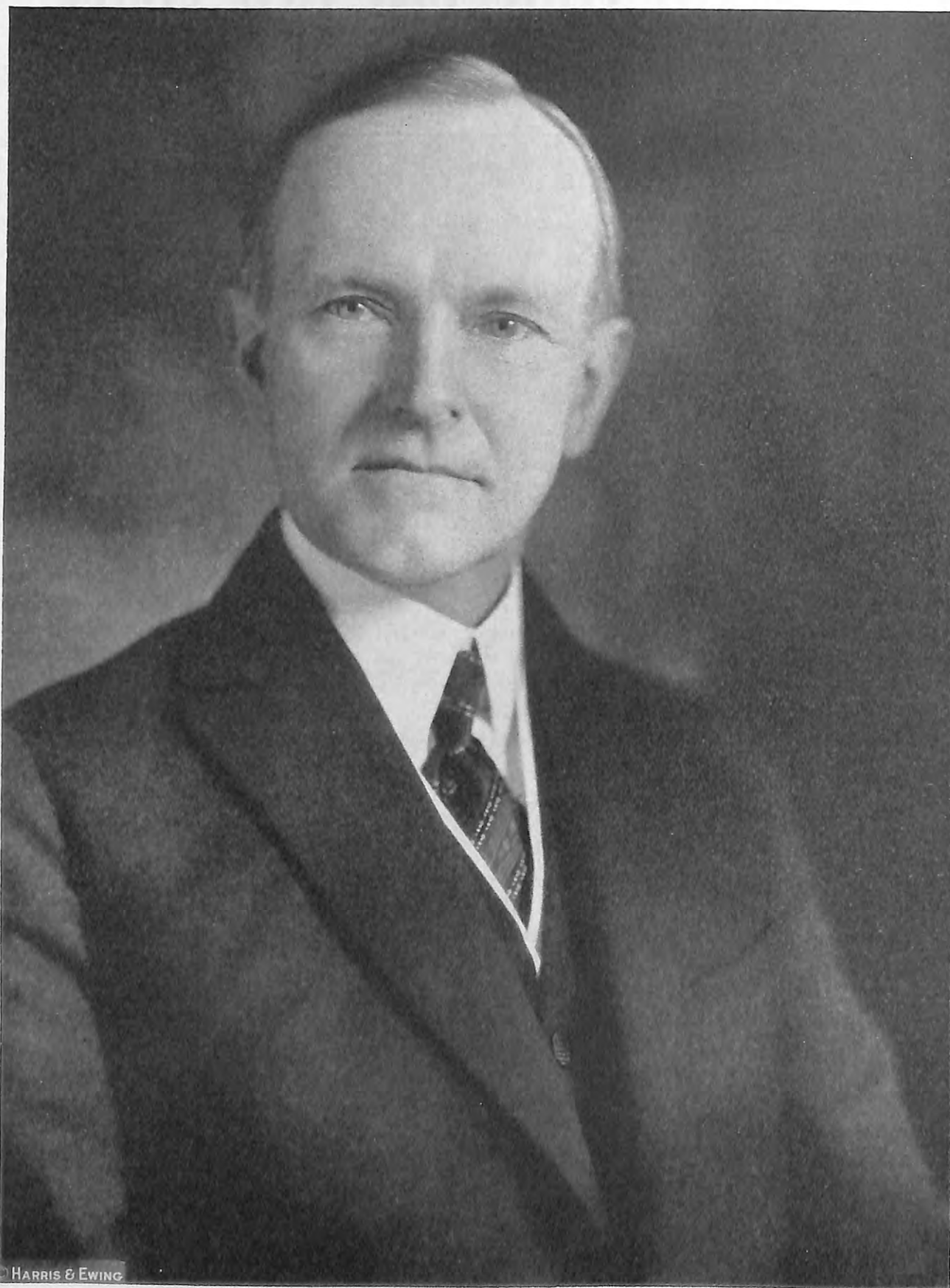
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE  
144 Astor Place New York City

Send me the book, "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," which I may keep without obligation.

Name.....  
Business.....  
Address.....  
*Please write plainly*

Business  
Position.....





*President Calvin Coolidge  
Whose message to the Order of Elks  
is reproduced on the opposite page*



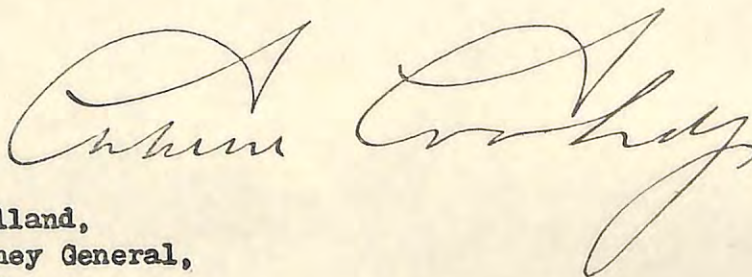
THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

June 5, 1924.

My dear Judge Holland : -

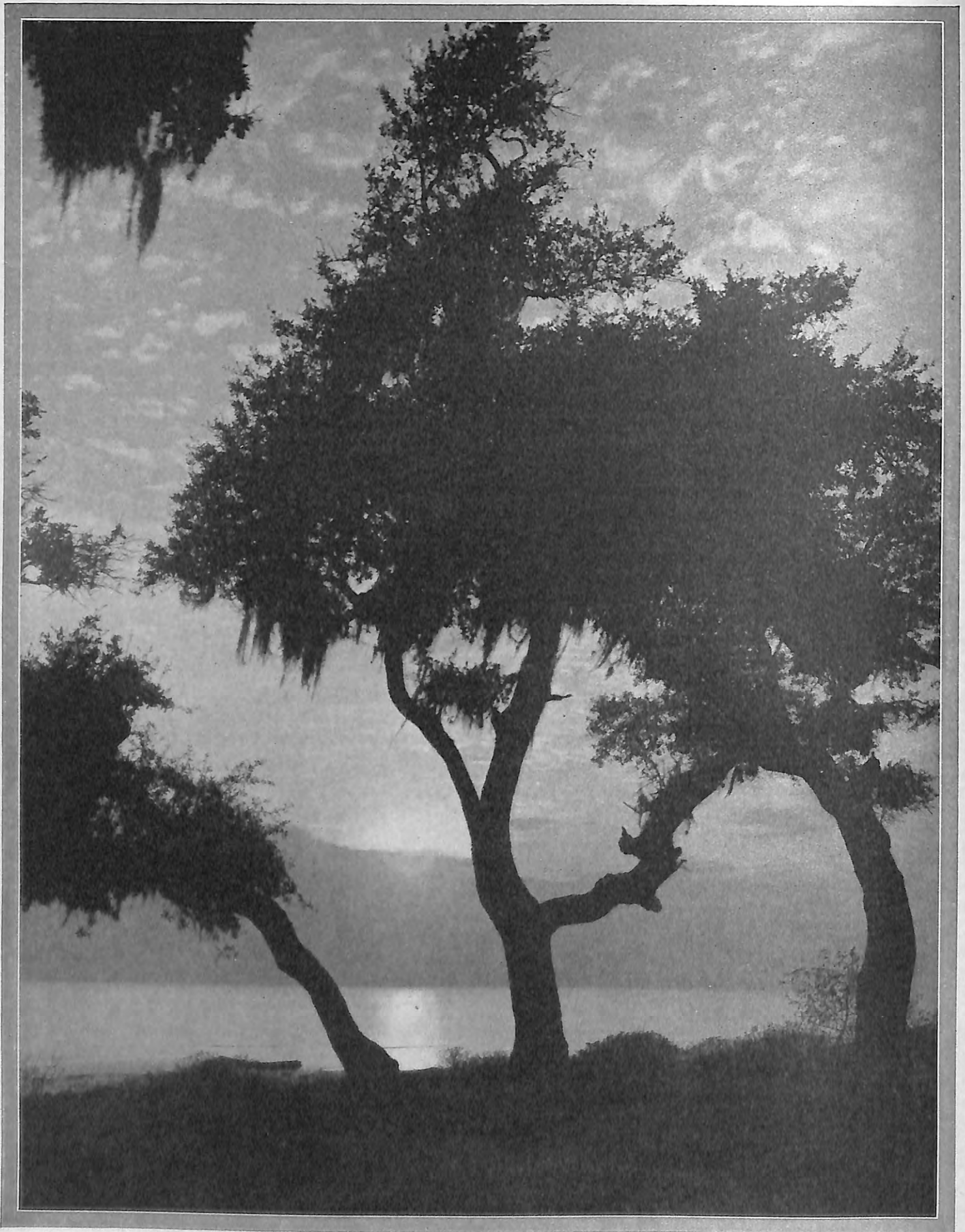
I am very glad to have an opportunity to join in this way in the ceremonies connected with the laying of the cornerstone of the Memorial Building of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. In the space of a single lifetime the Order has become a great national organization, embracing in its membership citizens of every class and station, and of every part of our country. Such a development would have been impossible had there not been behind it more than the pleasure and benefit which comes from the close and lasting friendships which the Order promotes. Charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity, are virtues which are eternal, and you have built upon them an organization which in its accomplishments shows that they have been a reality, and not merely a sounding phrase. If any demonstration were needed, it is found in that quiet but effective work which was carried on by the Elks during the War. Having undertaken a work of service, it was conducted without public appeal and without ostentation, but with a broadness of spirit and genuine sympathy which is known to all who came within its scope. I feel it an honor to add my tribute to those officers and men in whose memory this building is erected, and whose sacrifice is an enduring pledge of that loyalty and devotion which the Elks have shown to their Government and to the ideals upon which it is founded.

Very truly yours,



Hon. Rush L. Holland,  
Assistant Attorney General,  
Washington, D. C.





Sunset on the Mississippi at Biloxi, from a photograph by John Kabel

*Here in the peace of evening come  
Beauty and the breath of life—  
O let us gaze awhile and dream,  
Forgetful of the daily strife.*

—Charles Davies





Sketches made at  
Ellis Island by  
Grant Reynard

Henry H. Curran  
United States Commissioner of  
Immigration at New York  
Writes On

## We Talk About Making Aliens into Americans But What Do We Mean?

# What Is Americanization?

BACK in the golden days before the war, I saw an Italian become an "American" in a way that I have never forgotten. If I could tell you the story without confessing my own part in it, you may be sure I should do so. But Tony was a friend of mine, and that was why he got me into the scrape, along with another fellow whose boots Tony used to shine with the same acrobatic finesse with which he polished my own poor leathers.

Side by side on the bootblack's throne we sat, that fine spring morning, admiring the alarm clocks on our four young socks while Tony tore away at the shoes below. Slap! Down went the old rag, as sunbeams shot from the toes of the four shoes. Clap, clap! Tony leaned hard on the rag, then straightened up with a grin, arms akimbo—the artist had wrought!

It was right here that the clouds of European complexities intervened to cast their shadows over a bright American morning. For Tony wanted to become an American citizen, and he was afraid of those searching questions that judges ask of poor foreigners on naturalization day. As he unfolded his fears before our mischievous mercy, his black eyes told the story all too well. Tony was hopelessly unprepared for the orgy. What he knew about Lincoln and Washington and the Constitution and such-like would scarcely fill a small thimble; and as for States and Territories, wars and treaties, mayors and governors, they were a background of mist to the halo of "the big feller," the boss of the ward, who represented to Tony all that there was of American Government. The more we inquired about the Missouri Compromise and the Dingley bill, the more confidently Tony referred us to "the big feller." No, this would never do! The "big feller" might possess all the statesmanlike versatility of Tony's own vermicelli, but that was poor fodder for the judge. We hit upon a scheme.

"Tony, say this!" I commanded. "After me—listen now! Fourteen hundred and ninety-two!"

"Fourteen hunda, nine—"

My friend coached him, in a hoarse whisper.

"Fourteen hunda, nine—tattoo!"

"Ha! You've got it!" we exclaimed in unison. Then we drilled him.

"Tony," I demanded. "When was the battle of Bunker Hill?" There was a disheartening pause. Then a row of white teeth spread into a grin of light between the black eyes above and the red shirt below.

"Fourteen hunda, nine—tattoo!"

"Bravo! Bravo!" we thundered.

"When was Garfield shot?" sternly inquired my friend.

"Fourteen hunda, nine—tattoo!"

"All right, now, Tony," I hurried on. "When was Paul Revere married to Barbara Frietchie?"

"Fourteen hunda—" he rattled it off with the click of a practised crap-shooter.

Then we left him. "If he does the same way, with that grin, the judge may let him through anyhow," prophesied my friend.

"Yes—if the judge doesn't fall off the bench," I agreed.

A week later my friend and I stood in a corner of a crowded courtroom, while a tired judge watched a perspiring clerk swearing in the new "Americans." "Hold up your right hand! Yer sollumlee swear at-tr-r-r-salpyagod—this way out!" They were going through fast, and the judge seemed loath to halt the fleeting hours with queries about Molly Pitcher and the Seminoles, until of a sudden he spied before him the luminous face of Tony, grinning in anticipation, and near to bursting with knowledge undisclosed. He looked quizzically at the bootblack, while my friend and I shifted uncomfortably in the corner. But Tony's white teeth gleamed in a still friendlier grin. Then the judge leaned forward from the silken folds of his black gown, and—

"Heaven help us," whispered my friend. "he is really going to ask him a question!"

"Yes," I whispered back, trembling.

"Now, my man," said the judge, very gently, with still a twinkle in his eye, "tell me this, if you can—for I think you come from Italy—tell me when it was that Christopher Columbus discovered America?"

Tony stood as a Roman about to die, but his chest swelled with confidence—had he not been coached by the two Americans who were his friends?

"Fourteen hunda, nine—tattoo!" With a roar like a major-general he hurled back the verbal panacea for all naturalization ills.

Then he stood pat, still grinning. For indeed Tony was right!

My friend and I looked at each other in dumb amazement. That was the one question we had never thought of—all our calculations having begun with 1776—but that too was the one question sure to be answered right, despite our merry mischief!

And now the judge was looking down, his face twitching with something that seemed like an agony of suppressed mirth. The courtroom was silent. Then a white hand waved weakly from the black gown toward the clock. A ripple of titters from every corner of the room began to fleck the surface of the judicial calm.

"Order! Order in the court!" The clerk's voice crashed in, quick and loud, as he turned to Tony. "Hold up your right hand! Yer sollumlee swear at -tr-r-r-salpyagod!" It is over.

YES, Tony had become American. In a far corner a white-haired attendant is humming softly a requiem.

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two  
Columbus sailed the ocean blue!"

And in another corner two bewildered Americans are edging their way out. I am one of them. But in the center of the crowd Tony is marching to the door, straight ahead, with chin up, still grinning, and ready now to cast his first American vote for "the big feller."

Yes, Tony is officially an American.

But is he really—an American? Or have we once again, in our curious American way, left the whole thing to the agency of government, then washed our hands of it in the sleek assumption that it is all taken care of?

Even in our American colleges—a far cry from Tony and 1492—lurks that belief that a diploma, like a naturalization certificate or any other piece of paper, proves everything by its own words. There was a man in my time who stood beyond doubt at the very foot of his class. His stand was so low that no one could even begin to approach his dismal distinction. He had barely scraped through, against the unanimous prediction of the whole college. But on Commencement Day, when the newly graduated scholars filed out



of the chapel, diplomas in hand, and ready for the cold, cold world, this wastrel led the van, waving his sheepskin in air, and announcing emphatically to a breathless world, "Educated, by golly! Educated!"

And so he was, so far as the diploma went, just as Tony is a full-fledged American, by authority of the great seal of the United States of America affixed to one of the many millions of pieces of white paper that go by the name of "Naturalization Certificates." Pshaw!

**W**HAT is an American, anyhow? And, strangest of all, what is this alchemy of "Americanization" that we hear so much about? Just what is it? Ever since I took over this job of sorting immigrants at Ellis Island, I have been delving hither and yon to try to run down this will-o'-the-wisp of "Americanization." For it is well for those who do the work of the gate to know not only the mechanism of the gate itself, but also to have some acquaintance with the immigrant before he arrives there, and still more, to know a bit about what the immigrant is going to walk into once he has passed the gate. The whole thing is a cycle, with a beginning and an end. Anybody can count the clicks of a turnstile. But it takes more than that to know who should come in and who should not, and the process by which the immigrant is going to slip into our American life, once he is in, is a thing to study, almost to pray over—even as we look him over at the gate.

In point of fact, there is a seasoned Ellis Island conviction about this business of Americanization that is well grounded in the five hundred American men and women who do the island's work. The background for it is the human panorama of the immigrants themselves as they go by, day in and day out, the years around. Funneled in here from every corner of the world, they go through Ellis Island in greater numbers and in greater variety than at all the other ports of the world put together. Two-thirds of the entire immigration into America—that is the usual Ellis Island burden! Two-thirds of the imported life stream of the future America! We may well take a look fore and aft and get our American bearings

before we presume to say who in this stream shall pass and who shall not—at Ellis Island. If you will take a look with me for a moment, right now, I know it will be worth your while.

To begin with, there is something about the immigrant that leads me to think we should look at America through his eyes, rather than ours, before we begin to practice "Americanization" on him. He is really an appealing figure as he stands here at the gate. He is quite alone in the world. At this moment he is lonelier perhaps than you or I ever will be as long as we live. With back turned upon the old country and the old folks, with old villages, songs and memories all left behind forever, he has come to a time in his life that I rather think you and I can never quite know, in just the way he knows it. And that is how we find him, at Ellis Island, as he knocks at our gate. Will he be taken in, or turned back? Always in their faces is the question. The women ask it as well as the men. Even the little children seem to pause in their tugging at skirts and bundles when the final moment comes—as though they sensed in their dim way the shadow of a turn in the long life road ahead. When every day you come upon this curious company, standing uncertain at the fork in the path of their destinies, and when you learn, immigrant by immigrant, how the different varieties of these big and little voyagers from beyond the seas take to the affair, you begin to understand how it must feel—to be an immigrant. It is a very different thing from what it feels like to be—an American. It is a long bridge to cross.

But not yet have I found an immigrant who was not on tiptoe to see, hear and learn all that he could of America. Never was there such fertile human soil for Americanization, so far as the wish of the immigrant is concerned. He is almost pathetic in his eagerness to be "like us."

The other day a woman from Bohemia, brilliant in the blue of her eyes and her shawl to match, brought me the most exquisitely stitched diminutive American flag I have ever seen in my life. She had already been admitted, and it was merely a case of waiting for some expected funds so

that she might take up her journey to the golden West. But in her spare moments here she had chosen to stitch together, in the most minute fashion, this miniature American flag, perfect in design, and so delicate that the human eye could scarcely detect the handiwork when she showed it to me. I asked her what it meant.

"It is the flag of my new country," she said.

"Of our country?" I asked quickly, trying to see through her eyes.

"Yes—of Lincoln."

"And Washington and Hamilton?" I ventured.

She looked puzzled. "I do not know them," she said. "But Lincoln—ah, we all know Lincoln—he was a father."

Then I stopped. Could anything be simpler? Lincoln himself was like that, in his splendid simplicity. Of other Americans she knew nothing, this woman of Bohemia, but of Lincoln—yes, they "all" know Lincoln, from all the parts of the world. And so strangely it is with every immigrant who has caught in advance a name from our history. It is always Lincoln who is the living America—could we be more blessed, appearing thus through their eyes?

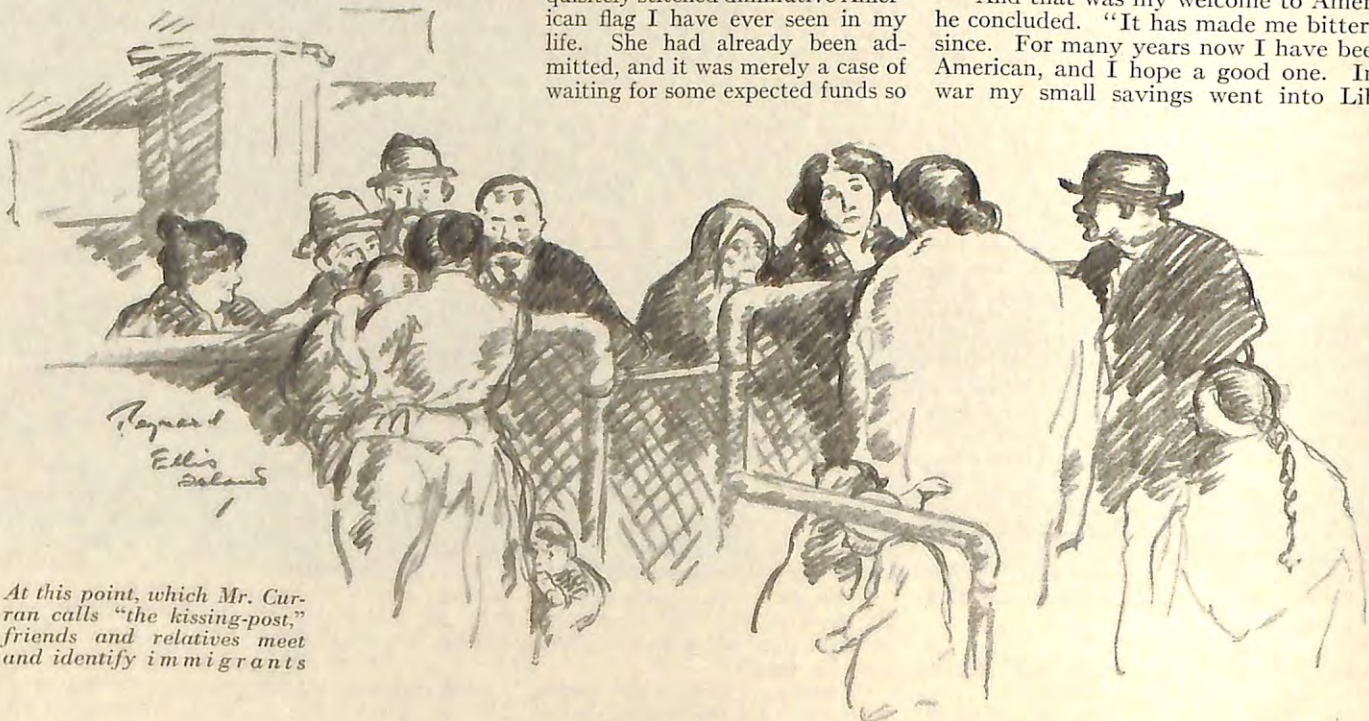
Then there was that Irish-born waiter, who hesitated before he left the table, in an old-fashioned restaurant where I dined the other night. I looked up inquiringly.

"And how is Ellis Island, sir?" he asked. "Covered with immigrants, to the waters' edge!"

"Yes, sir." Then he went on with the story he wanted to tell. It was all of twenty years ago when he came through the island, an immigrant himself. At the threshold he had been pulled at the elbow by a guard who directed his eye to an American flag, on the wall above him, and demanded hotly to know why he had not doffed his Irish hat. "I didn't see the flag," he answered truthfully.

"Well, now you see it, take off your dirty foreign hat to the American flag, and do it damned quick!"

Of course there was a rough-and-tumble. "And that was my welcome to America," he concluded. "It has made me bitter ever since. For many years now I have been an American, and I hope a good one. In the war my small savings went into Liberty



At this point, which Mr. Curran calls "the kissing-post," friends and relatives meet and identify immigrants





In the Ellis Island Kindergarten foreign children obtain a glimpse of American games

bonds, all of them, and my boy was wounded, in France. I love this country, but, if, sir, you could help your immigrants see it right in their first few minutes at Ellis Island, you would start many such as me in better spirit. Those first feelings count—they stay with a man."

Yes, they do. And as you look through Ellis Island to-day, you will find no flags tacked up on the walls with sudden orders to immigrants to look up and snatch off their hats to they know not what. The colors are there, to be sure, flowing from two staffs, one on either side of the great inspection hall, as they should. And they have a beauty and dignity of their own that reaps the respect of those who come from lands that love beauty and color. What they are and mean is plain to all. But there is no such compulsory mummery as courtesying or doffing of hats exacted from these travel-worn human beings at the most tense moment of their lives, when they have not yet cast off the old allegiance nor even crossed the bar to the new. Some bow voluntarily as they pass. For the rest it is enough that they see and their eyes approve.

YES, step by step it must be, with the gentleness of handling that all sound change and growth require in every nook of nature the world over. That is the first thing we learn at Ellis Island. You can not, over night, make an American of an Italian, or a Czech or a Scot. You can not do it by merely "naturalizing" them. You can not do it in some other well-advertised ways that are supposed to "turn the trick." If you or I should migrate to France, for instance, how soon do you think we should become Frenchmen in language, law, soul and spirit?

Let us try to imagine ourselves for a moment actually in the shoes of the immigrant. That will be difficult for you, because you are an American by heritage and by every fiber of your heart and head, and it never crossed your mind to become anything else. Furthermore, you are grateful for that accident of American birth and you are well satisfied with it. You have no ingrained objection to our form of government, you have not been persecuted or starved in a war-torn continent such as Europe is to-day, nor have you been denied an education. You are blest with most of the things that few immigrants possess when they come to Ellis Island.

Nevertheless we may well make the imaginary shift, hard as it may be, because only in that way can we begin to see things as the immigrant sees them. So, if you please, we shall suppose that times are hard—(yes, that has happened, here in America), that

you have lost your job, and can not get another, that your savings have disappeared, and that you have been foreclosed out of your home, and that your wife and children are hungry. Then a cousin who went to France five years ago writes back and sends you the money to buy steamship tickets for yourself and family—for France. He says there are chances in France. So you sell your few bits of furniture and you get up and get out and go to France, with your wife and children, to live and die a Frenchman, with never a thought of changing back to America again.

All right, now you are there, in France, with your family, with a knowledge of France bounded by "ah, oui" and "fini la guerre," with a profound distaste for cooked rabbits, and with a sudden deepening realization that in everything you encounter, from omelets to umbrellas, from lilies to cathedrals, there is always, somewhere, that smiting smell of invisible garlic. Yes, it is quite different. For ham and eggs you get artichokes and hard labor, for bathtubs they give you dry sponges, for Pullman "palace" cars they substitute a string of little jerkwater packing boxes, and for snow they drown you in rain, rain, rain—how it does pour down, day after day! Not yet do you know the beauty, valor and history, the comedy and tragedy of "La belle France"; nor yet do you know a word of instinctive French; nor yet, by a long shot, are you able to cope with the jumping-jack antics of the French franc after your restful experience with that stolid and stable old American dollar that you used to know "back in the old country"—in Kentucky or Maine or California. It is all very different indeed. "In God we trust," still, the way you did back home; but you are not so sure.

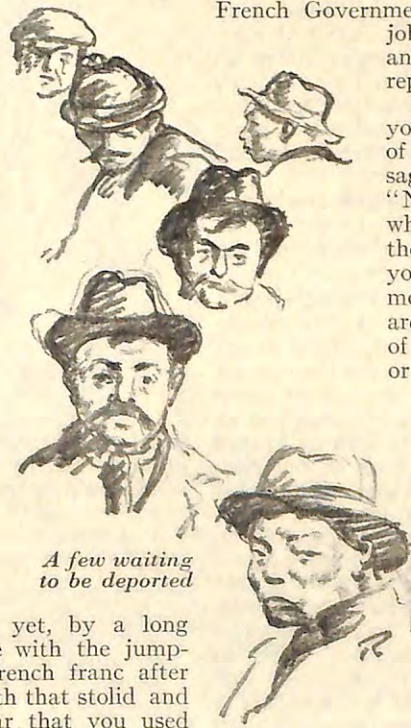
Yet there you are, at the gate in Havre or

Cherbourg, or five short years beyond the gate, in Flanders or the Midi, still trying to learn French and the French, still trying to be a good Frenchman in your new adopted country—France! Can you imagine it? Well, neither can I. Still less can I imagine your turning into a real Frenchman because a fellow with brass buttons tells you to tip your *chapeau* at a bit of tricolor tacked on the wall of a big hall in Havre the day you step off the ship. What is a "*chapeau*," anyhow? Nor will you be much more of a Frenchman on that day five years later, when a black gowned French judge in Bordeaux asks you when Napoleon was born, and then tips off a big bruiser alongside of him to shout "*salp ya-god!*" at you in French. When the Boss of the Bastide catches you outside the courthouse door a minute later, and slips you a ticket for a good job as a checker on the docks, you may begin to think there is something in being a Frenchman after all. In any event you will vote the way that boss tells you, next November in the Bastide, you bet! The man who gives you a job can have your vote for life. He has the right idea, and he can stand for all that there is to you of French Government, just as long as that job lasts, whether he knows anything about francs and reparations or not.

But, God help you, are you a Frenchman? Shades of buckeye, bluegrass and sage brush—you'll say "No!" Your heart is somewhere else, way down upon the Suwanee River, or back yonder through the sycamores where candle lights are gleaming, on the banks of the Wabash far away; or yet—and almost you can

not bear to think of it—in your little gray home that was, in the West, or "daown East," or under the bright lights where your wandering friend is about to give your regards to Broadway and perhaps even remember you to Herald Square. Oh, we know where your heart is, down deep; we know full well.

It is far from France, though you try and try to deceive yourself into feeling like a Frenchman. Over the seas and far away, where the oak and the ash and the bonny willow tree all grow together up in North



A few waiting to be deported



Amerikee—that's where your old American heart is, and all the "naturalization certificates" in France can not change it.

Yet, you have tried. It is better for your job, for your business, to be a Frenchman—in France. That means that it is better for your wife and children, and, after all, it is for them that you have left America; because you thought they would have a better chance in France.

**T**O BE sure, you have seen to it that the little ones learn English, from you, at the same time that they learn French, in the French school. Some day they may go back to America—some day! And then they will thank their old father for that little echo of the language that Americans speak.

Your own tie to your home tongue comes in the little American paper published in France. It is called the *French Courier*, but it is printed in English; and in the close-knit American colony in that quarter of Bordeaux known as "Little America" they all read the *French Courier*, for news of the White House or the Red Sox or the doings in distant places of boys in olive drab and navy blue. They get it better in English than ever they do in the big French paper, and though you, yourself, feel a bit guilty, as a Frenchman, to be sticking to the little American paper, still you stick, with a wink and a sigh.

Now, in all conscience, need we go further? No, let us have done with this phantasy of migrating to France! Tear away that dream-veil, quick! We are still here at home, in America, and right here we are going to stay. You still have your job, and your home and your loved ones and—times are good and getting better. Away with the artichokes and down with garlic! Waiter, bring some ham and eggs, and coffee, and a copy of the *Uncle Sam Gazette* and, by the way—do they play at the home grounds to-day? Yes? Well—you think—you guess—yes, you'll ring up the office, just to be sure—and—wow! It's a double header! Ah, yes, you do need a change—getting a little stale—ball game do you good—better for it next day! And you know what happens next!

Now, if you please, we are wide awake and all the way back to Ellis Island and America and this business of "Americanization" of the immigrant who comes here from Europe. We have taken a peek at France—just a peek—as she might look to us were we immigrants ourselves, eastbound. Does America look any less strange to the Frenchman or Italian or Moravian who comes west-bound to America? Or does it seem just as strange and unattainable to him as France would to us? When we look at our own familiar country through those wide-staring eyes of the arriving immigrant, then we are just beginning to understand him. Then we have taken the first step toward "Americanizing" him. To teach, we must first understand our pupil, his hopes, fears, loves, hates and habits. To sell, we must first understand our customer. To lead in politics and government we must first understand our people. Is it not so? The value that hides in the other fellow's shoes—what lifetime gropings we put in, trying to stand in his shoes, to see through his eyes! Business man, clergyman, statesman—whatever we be, we know the reward that rests in that other pair of shoes, if once we can get the fit of them.

And yet, when it comes to these foreign children in attendance at our school of Americanism, how do we handle them?

"Take off your hat to that flag and do it damn quick!" That was how one of the foreign children was taught to love our colors.

"Why don't you speak English, you poor boob?" That too has been said.

"Take off those theatre clothes and get a pair of American pants, if you want to stay here!"

"The sooner you cut out the spaghetti and get down to American fish-balls, the better for you!"

"Aw, get naturalized—get wise to the Constitution—get hep—then you'll be an American, sure!"

"Hey, Jack, lay off that foreign sob stuff when you fiddle—jazz is our music—good snappy he-man jazz—that's us—see?"

Yes, all that and more has been said, and



is being said over and over again, every day of our lives, by Americans to immigrants who would be good Americans themselves if only we would tell them how. The other day a man who was once an immigrant wrote this to me:

"I am sure if America wishes to be consistent, she should not call to the unhappy European to come over, and then stare at him commiseratingly and scornfully, as though he were some weird, repulsive thing forcing his way where he was not wanted.

"Of course, I speak for my own kind. When I had to inform people here, of whom I sought employment, that I had just come from the North of Ireland, I continually was met with the reply 'Oh, you are a green-horn.' Then finally when I convinced some people that I was not as green as they seemed to think, they told me my country had been

'licked' twice and it could be done again. When I applied at a public library for a borrower's card I was asked to sign my name as an 'alien.'

"Now, Mr. Curran, don't you think 'alien' is sometimes a very mean and unkind word? Do something for us, please."

Of course, as to any of those ancient "lickings" I have no desire to soften that conviction in the American breast that it "could be done again"; but, good Lord, is that the kind of talk to start a friendship?

The thing that seems to me worst of all is this insistent craze to "naturalize 'em," in the belief that by so doing, just as soon and as rapidly as possible, we have completed the transformation, to the safety and satisfaction of all concerned. In point of fact, we undo the thing instead of do it, when we go down that alley. To begin with, we have fourteen million foreign-born men, women and children in our continental United States. That means fourteen million immigrants, out of a total population of one hundred millions—14 per cent.—one in every seven of us, born in a foreign land. That is something to conjure with. Already we have "naturalized" seven millions out of the fourteen. In other words we have "made" Americans of half of them. But are they actually Americans, those seven million? Here is how some of them became "Americans" a few weeks ago in New York—the story is from next day's paper:

"Five thousand became Americans here in a single week. County clerk's office did a rushing business in naturalization. . . . Fifteen a minute—more than 5,000 in a week—is the record established. Aliens were herded, shoved and pushed. They broke windows and one glass door. They bruised one another, and one was arrested and fined for disorderly conduct. But they repeated the oath of allegiance, kissed the American flag, and left the county courthouse citizens of the United States. The writer (newspaper reporter) heard 'Who's President of the United States?' (Answer) 'Mayor Hylan, of course.' The Judge, who announced to the aliens that he was the son of an immigrant, and intended to see that they were treated properly, made the highest record by giving 217 papers on Friday and 275 on Saturday. (Sitting two hours each day.) Mr. Mullen worked at high speed (he's deputy naturalization clerk) the last day of his term in office (to-day).

In a few minutes more than an hour he recited the oath for nearly 300 prospective citizens. The second day of the rush Mr. Mullen found his gold watch missing."

**H**OW much do you think those five thousand foreigners learned of the value of American citizenship as they were hustled through by the judges like so many head of cattle in a stockyard? Could there be a more studied and calculated disgrace visited upon all of us than the putting through, by judicial sanction, of such a brawl in the name of Americanization? The sweat of it still reeks in the nostrils of even the slightest sense of civic decency. The sting of it stays with every one of those five thousand foreigners for life. America! What can it mean to them?

It means that they can vote, to be sure. The aiding and abetting politician knows that full well, just as he knows that every one of those five thousand untutored votes is just as valuable to him as your vote and mine when it comes to roping them in on election day—a little better in fact, because

(Continued on page 71)





"As ye insisted, Hogan," observed Denny, "I will tell ye of Boxfoot"

## Winner Takes All

By Calvin Johnston

Illustrated by Albert Levering

WHEN the yard crew took the trick at midnight, Denny, the old switchman, had admonished them bitterly: "Sure, ye move about your work with all the enthusiasm of the chain gang; and yet there was a keening in the wind last evening and a white banshee fluttering above the sunset. Snow there will be by the hour the Flyer is in, and ourselves fighting the storm and tumbling between the cars with hands benumbed—"

"Have done, ye croaking old crow," said the foreman uncivilly, as he put in his pocket the pay check he had been examining dolefully by his lantern; "'tis low enough a man feels anyway on pay day, with a dollar taken out of his hard earned pay for hospital dues, and him never sick or hurt to collect his money's worth."

"Ye may have the chance to begin collecting this night," said Denny, darkly, "if we do not get the switching lists worked before the snow comes down."

The foreman hooted his prophecy of storm which Denny ignored with the air of infallibility peculiar to the weather-wise; but when he saw the foreman again fumbling out the check in his pocket with the pained look of a railroad man who has been done out of a dollar by the company, he raised his voice in rebuke.

"And with all the dangers of switching in the great snowstorm which is due for-ninst the Flyer's arrival, ye will kick on the hospital dues which insure you bandages, splints, and a drink on the surgeon? Well, there are the likes of you on every railroad, one of them Boxfoot Grogan of the old P. D."

The foreman sniffed to show every one his indifference to Boxfoot Grogan, but the old switchman narrowed his eyes like a basilisk at young Hogan of the crew, who could not refrain from asking particulars.

"'Tis well ye should know," replied Denny with calm triumph in this unflinching auditor, "the history of Boxfoot and the first hospital on the P. D., so ye can pay your dues without the suffering which no surgeon can remedy—as the foreman does. And if we clear the yard in time for an hour of conversation to-night—"

"'Tis snowing now," interrupted the foreman at the shanty door and filled with suspicion of Denny, the prophet, expressed candidly his conviction that it had been snowing when Denny came into the shanty. Then he swung his lantern at the man in the cab, the engine just beyond glided by with a single whoof of the exhaust, and in a moment the crew, clinging in the gangways, had vanished down the lead. Came the clangor of starting or coupling cars, muffled in the snowy night, the misty twinkling of lanterns and changing switchlights—an hour, four hours; the Flyer swept in, her headlight dimmed so that the beam of it swayed ahead like a sheeted ghost. Then the station lamps went out, except for the green sparks through the shades at the despatcher's office upstairs. The yard, with its snow wrapped cars, looked like a ruin tumbled about under the drifts; the crew might have been taken for gnomes plodding up to the shanty where presently a stream of sparks roared out of the pipe of the big stove.

"As ye insisted, Hogan," observed Denny, after they were settled, "I will tell you of Boxfoot."

"Who will vouch for the story?" asked the foreman.

"Vouch for many things, I will," answered Denny, composedly, "but for what I tell," and though this was far from satisfactory, the thrifty foreman was so intrigued to discover how Boxfoot got his money's

worth for hospital dues, that he consented to listen.

"As ye know, when a new management takes hold of a railroad, 'tis always with a particular hobby which everybody must ride along of them. So at a change of managers on the P. D., old O'Hanan, our division boss, was not surprised to be told that the company was going in for a hospital service, which few railroads had at the time. And he agreed with the manager on the need of the same, telling him: 'Sure, it is better to keep the cripples of the P. D. penned up in one place than scattered as they are over the landscape, which gives passengers the impression that they are traveling on a battlefield—' the P. D. being unlucky in respect of wrecks, y'understand."

"'Tis the policy of the company to be humane to its men," explained the manager, and though O'Hanan nodded politely, he did not agree to the policy at all, which would only lead to misunderstanding on the Tableland Division. However, on his return to his headquarters at Barlow, he rented a barn for the division hospital, and on the arrival of young Doctor Gaffney to take charge, explained:

"I have not put in the hay yet, so that the patients may lie comfortably, not knowing but ye prefer straw. For old O'Hanan was brought up in the construction camps of old days, y'understand, where 'twas not customary to coddle the employees. And when Doctor Gaffney explained that beds were to be installed, 'twas a hard blow for the Superintendent to realize that time had flown and changes crept in."

"Beds," he reflected; "a bed for Boxfoot Grogan, who has slept on the floor of a caboose or on the baggage trucks for ten years! Sure, I am getting the old man," he reflected.







*"A demijohn a day is too much, but a cask is not human, at all"*

but wily, as all the O'Hanans were, he concealed the dismay of him, and answered as a matter of course: 'Sure, beds or cradles if ye will.'

"'Twill never do,' he reflected, 'for Gaffney to suspect I am not up to date on hospitals and them the hobby of the new manager;' and whilst scratching his head over how to make good with the young surgeon, he spied Katy his daughter across the platform with a friend by name Rafferty, the traveling passenger agent. 'Divil a thing that Katy is not up to the minute on,' reflected O'Hanan, who was daily disturbed by the advanced styles of the young lady with her large plumed hat and banged hair and bustle. 'She will help me out of the scrape I am in about the barn,' reflected O'Hanan, and took Dr. Gaffney over to introduce him.

**A**ND after he had given her the lead, Katy said with promptness: 'Tis such a convert my father is to the new fresh air treatment for invalids, Dr. Gaffney, that it is a wonder he did not urge you to treat your patients in the meadow yonder. But of course you will want a house, and I know one for rent.' She smiled in a way that made the Doctor fall in love at once and Rafferty, who had extended his territory to include her, pulverize his teeth with gritting them.

"I wish I had courage to help with the nursing," sighed Katy; 'but it requires a person of iron nerve, I know, to engage in surgery.'

"Have I got to stand for this?" thought Rafferty, seeing the Doctor, who was a delicate man with eyeglasses, swell out his chest at the compliment.

"I would not call it courage," said Rafferty, 'as men understand it who dare the danger of railroading—or of mortal combat,' he said, staring darkly at Gaffney.

"The doctor said nothing to this, but polished his eyeglasses and put them back on to gaze far away.

"The true surgeon has the higher form of courage," said Katy, 'for he must not only be steady as a rock but so sympathetic that he suffers as much as the man whose leg he is cutting off.'

"Where does he suffer?" asked Rafferty, and Katy explained with surprise: 'In the heart of him, of course.'

"But he will not need his heart to walk on when the cutting is done," said Rafferty, and though Katy continued the dispute herself, she thought of Gaffney: 'Faith, he must be a poor spirited man after all, not to defend his profession against Rafferty, big as he is.'

"And the Doctor knew this was true and was telling himself all the time: 'Speak up, ye poltroon, and tell this Rafferty that he

politely; 'and I suppose you secured the business which brings so much revenue to the passenger department.'

"I did," said Rafferty. 'Tis the first circus which ever come to Barlow and I will bring in the train myself and take Miss O'Hanan to the matinée and evening performance.'

"The divil will not give me a look in," thought Doctor Gaffney, but he straightened his glasses and read aloud from the bills: 'Cain, the untamable lion,' he read. 'Now, 'twould be stranger than fiction if there should be a wreck and Cain be my first subject in the hospital.'

"And he would be your last one, too," declared Rafferty, and drew on his imagination for a picture of the doctor and the lion operating on each other.

"Now, here is an opening to brag of my courage where I will never have to make good," thought Gaffney, and so answered boldly:

"'Tis not the disposition of me to quarrel or fight with men, or to go with them into danger; but a lion is a different matter. I would not hesitate at all to rough it with a lion,' he said, wiping his glasses thoughtfully, and adjusting them to study the red-mouthed, fanged murderer on the show bills. 'If Cain comes under my care, let him beware,' he said, and bowing his good-day walked on.

**T**O THINK of it,' breathed Katy, clasping her hands; 'rough it with a lion. Did I not tell you,' she asked with triumph, 'that he had the higher courage?'

"But ye have not heard what the lion would say about it," reminded Rafferty with sarcasm, which got him nowhere in the argument at all.

"Do ye pretend to know more about Doctor Gaffney than he knows about himself?" asked Katy. 'And he is quite an elegant young man with his pale face and blue eyes and spectacles, and would not deceive me. 'Twill be far better for Cain to keep his paws off him.'

"Now, as they discoursed and for different reasons kept their eyes on Gaffney walking toward the station, they saw Boxfoot Grogan push aside some trucks loaded with baggage, and address him. But at that distance they could not hear the

does not know the meaning of courage!' But the doctor was handicapped, y'understand, as a student of anatomy; aware that there are many ways of taking a man apart, he feared even the ignorant Rafferty might know one of them. So he quieted the jealousy of Rafferty by pretending to take no further notice of Katy, and staring at the circus bills on a wall across the way.

"So the elephant is coming to town, Mr. Rafferty," he said

growl or see the frown of Boxfoot, who had just finished a conversation with Superintendent O'Hanan.

"It can not be true, Superintendent,' Boxfoot had said, 'that employees are to be docked to keep up a hospital,' and explained that he had heard the rumor during a crap game on the caboose track.

"'Tis but a dollar a month," answered O'Hanan, speaking softly by reason of the new manager's policy.

"Is it meself must squander a dollar a month for the coddling of some weakling who jams his wing in a coupling or gets dizzy with watching the turntable?" questioned Boxfoot, his voice rising as that of the boss was lowered.

**T**IS a policy for the company to be humane to its men," explained O'Hanan.

"And to charge the men up with it."

"Where will you receive humanity for nothing?" reasoned O'Hanan. 'Anyway,' he said with a hard laugh, 'the policy may be abandoned at any moment and between man and man, ye will receive all the inhumanity ye can wish.'

"At the hard laugh, Boxfoot became thoughtful, and the Superintendent, fearing a loss of temper if the conversation continued, pointed out Gaffney. 'There is the surgeon himself, Mr. Boxfoot,' he said, 'who will gladly explain the benefits accruing to you when yourself is injured which will never be in the head.'

"So the other carried his grievance further. 'Doctor,' he said after explaining with his hand like an elephant's ear on Gaffney's shoulder, 'I do not need you; why should you take a dollar out of my pay check?'

"The doctor replied that he might be injured, but Boxfoot shook his head: 'It is not on the cards,' he said. 'Look at me—I am too tough.'

"Gaffney took in the big red face with its bulging eyes, the shoulders which side-swiped both jambs of a door when he went through; the big hands and feet and crooked cap and general disorder of him. Also he smelled whisky.

"Curse the luck," thought Gaffney, 'here I am in an exposed position after boasting how I would handle a lion,' but though his heart smote his ribs with fright, he polished his glasses and answered: 'Tis little flattery to say you are as tough a gentleman as I ever saw.'

"But I have a kind heart," said Boxfoot, 'and never have I beaten up any man till he forced the fighting. Now, a dollar a month is not much, but I have responsibilities, y'understand. I support entirely the crap



*Gaffney gave Cain some chloroform to smell when he became restless*



game on the caboose track. My friends will be needing that dollar. Often I have asked them to spare me enough of my wages to buy shoes, but they explain their family necessities, and who am I to take the shoes off the children's feet and put them on my own?"

"Miss Katy and that dommed Rafferty are looking on and the Superintendent, too," reflected Gaffney. "This ruffian won't dare murder me at this time anyway." So he put a good face on the matter and told Boxfoot to take the hand off his shoulder. "And you will pay your dollar a month to the hospital," he said, "which is better than gambling it."

"Whist, ye bone-sawing dude," hissed Grogan, dropping his blarney. "If there is a dollar out of my check on payday, ye will pay it back or furnish the hospital a boom which will keep it busy a year."

"I defy ye, ye lantern-nosed blaggard," replied Gaffney, now thoroughly roused to the spirit of reparation. And though Grogan would have destroyed him on the spot, he dared not do so with the Superintendent looking on, and could only depart muttering threats, with the face of the fiend himself.

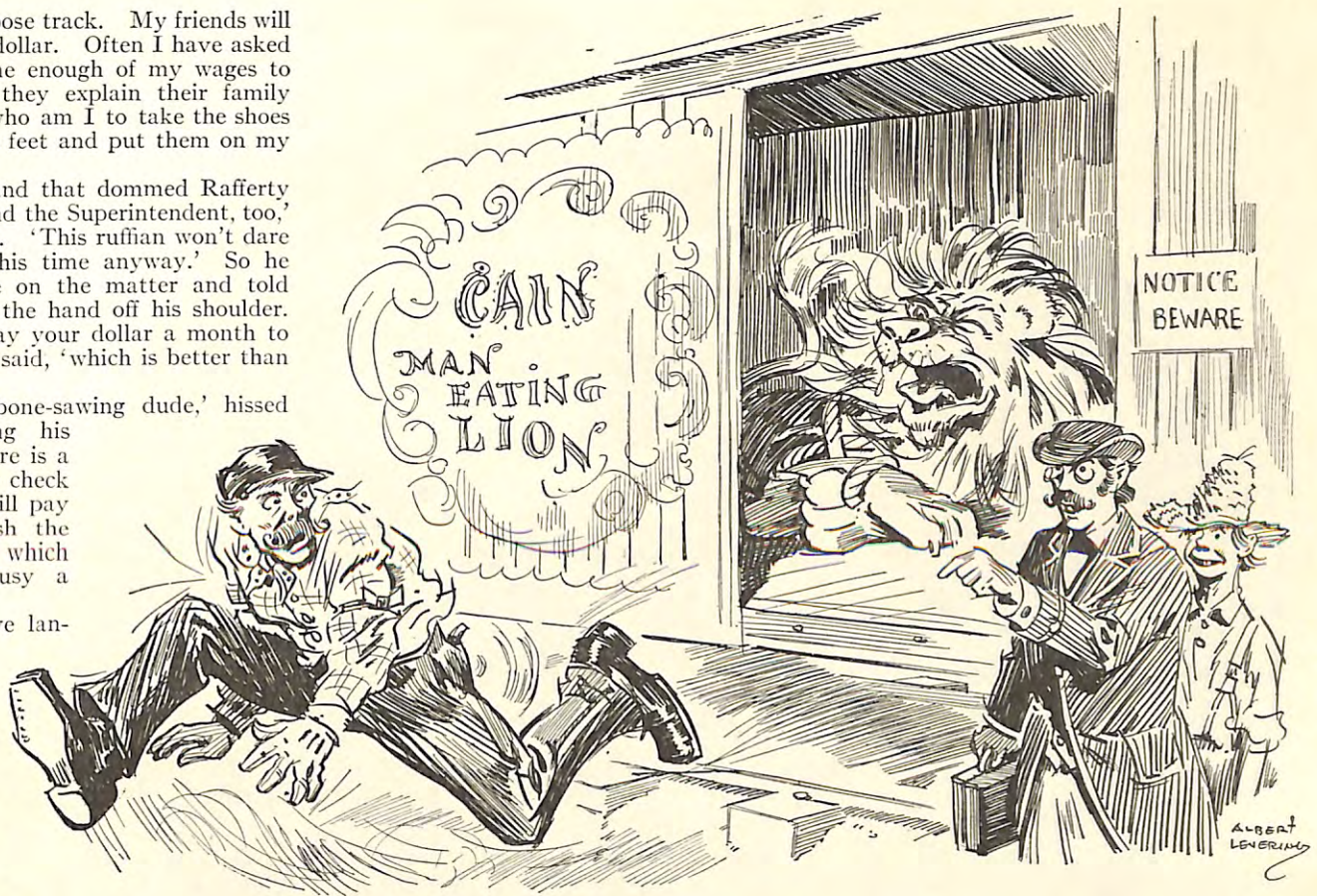
"Little wonder," thought Gaffney, retiring to solitude behind the baggage trucks, "that O'Hanan rented a barn for such employees, though instead of hay I will endow a barbed wire mattress for this Mr. Grogan. If he is not injured before payday, saints deliver me—" and though he had boasted of roughing it with a lion, he kept discreetly hidden behind the trunks till Boxfoot was out of sight and Rafferty boarded a passenger train up the line where he was to meet the circus in a few days.

"Then he came forth to consult Miss Katy on the house which could be rented for a hospital, and while they walked up the street to it, he forgot his enemies entirely, and only remembered them after the house was inspected and rented and the young lady had gone home to dinner.

"Sweet creature," he reflected, brooding over his lonely bachelor dinner in the Red Ant restaurant forinst the station. "She could make any man happy and yet, sorrow the day I met her and began making love to her, forgetting the scoundrelly Rafferty who will declare a vacancy in my corner of the triangle and no sooner said than done." And he mourned the mistake of his parents in educating him in a college instead of a prize ring. "Divil a prize will I take in a contest with Rafferty or Boxfoot Grogan," he confessed, but after a moment resolved to make the best of what life remained to him and hurried up street to call on Miss Katy, who was already wondering what kept him.

"So the affair between them began and so it kept going while the hospital was fitted up with the supplies sent from general headquarters. Till O'Hanan, seeing them always together, and Katy being an orphan on her mother's side, said politely: 'Standing in the position I do to surgeon Gaffney, may I ask what your intentions are toward him?'"

"Ye may ask," answered Katy, "and I



*Cain bucked about his cage as Gaffney went by and roared at him all the curses of the jungle*

wish you could answer for me. But the fact is, I like Rafferty for one thing and Dr. Gaffney for another. It is a great misfortune that they are not more alike," she said, "and then I could choose with no bother at all."

"Could ye not arrange," asked her father with sarcasm, "that the two should swap the traits of nature back and forth?"

"No," replied Katy firmly, "if they should meet now there would be something swapped beside the traits of nature, and I am not sure how Dr. Gaffney would stand up under the swapping. And that is what worries me," she explained with tears. "Not that I would expect Dr. Gaffney to fight Rafferty, who is bigger, or brakeman Grogan, who, I believe, has threatened him—but 'tis not the part of a man of spirit to look scared when I speak of his rival. And sometimes I believe he uses me as an escort to guard him from Grogan and never dares go to the station alone. And yet—"

"And yet—" repeated O'Hanan, who would fire Grogan at once did he not realize that it would only insure Gaffney the beating which he might still avoid.

"AND yet," repeated Katy, "when I remember that Dr. Gaffney would rough it with a lion—" and she repeated the conversation on the subject, watching her father closely for the signs of disbelief which Rafferty had made when the doctor said Cain had better beware of him.

"But O'Hanan sat silent with the heavy brows of him drawn together. 'Why could I never learn to throw a bluff like that with Mrs. O'Hanan,' he thought bitterly, for it is telling no tales that his late lady had kept him on the carpet during the ten years of her happy married life. 'I might have licked all the roughnecks on the division,' continued O'Hanan in thought, 'and never got a hand in my own corner. But a lion—"

to rough it with—a curse on me for not thinking of it first—"

"Ye believe it, father, do ye not?" pled Katy, trembling with anxiety.

"And O'Hanan, with a fixed stare, answered from his heart: 'I believe in Dr. Gaffney,' for which Katy gave him a sound kiss. 'Even to endorse a bluff like that brings a reward,' thought poor O'Hanan, wise when it was too late.

"SO GAFFNEY took the lead in Katy's affections, but the girl felt sorry for Rafferty and thought it only fair to hold up her decision till he came back to Barlow and made his talk. That would be circus day, the day after payday.

"In the meantime, Dr. Gaffney, having his hospital in shape, was on the lookout for patients, but for four days on the P. D., which was known as the line of most resistance, the trains ran smoothly, and there was not so much as a smashed finger in the machine shop at Barlow. 'Sure, there is a boycott on me,' thought Gaffney, sitting in a white apron by a window where he could hear a bellowing voice down on the caboose track. 'It is Boxfoot,' he muttered, running his fingernail along his knives and saws. 'And he is still uninjured, and tomorrow is payday. 'Tis all very well,' he thought, 'to ask the saints to deliver me when he discovers that his check is short a dollar for hospital dues, but the saints do not expect a man to lie down on them and it is only the part of a good Christian for me to take a run up the line and inform the employees I am ready for them when the P. D. gets back into its stride.'

"So with traveling bag packed, he called on Katy to explain the duty which could be neglected no longer, and leaving word at the Superintendent's office where he could be reached by wire, boarded a train for

(Continued on page 57)





NICKOLAS MURAY



*THESE* four artists, now studying or enjoying vacations abroad, will be featured on our stage next season. Helen Denison (in circle) is one of the star pupils of Fokine. Her daintiness and grace have marked her for a leading rôle in the Fokine American Ballet to be seen in "Hassan," a spectacular production promised for the fall. Ludmilla (left), who has for some time been première danseuse with the Chicago Opera Company, will transfer the field of her activities to the Greenwich Village Follies when their sixth edition is unveiled. Among those also in the cast on that occasion will be the Dolly Sisters (below)

PHOTOS  
BY ADDE



More than the usual amount of half-superior, half-curious interest surrounding the revival of a last generation favorite has been aroused in the case of C. M. S. McLellan's "Leah Kleschna" since it is reputed the forebear of all crook melodramas as we know them. Its rather pompous style and lack of adroitness is more than offset by faultless acting and though it unquestionably has obvious mannerisms of its own—and irritating ones at that, it is at least free from the pseudo criminal atmosphere and stereotyped slang of our machine made article. Miss Helen Gahagan (right) gives a most admirable performance in the title rôle



MAURICE GOLDBERG



MAURICE GOLDBERG

Those who have looked forward to Peggy Wood's (below) promised début in a non-musical play will find "The Bride" a satisfying entertainment. Frederick Stanhope has not achieved an outstanding play, but he has written a very creditable crook drama with a fair share of thrills and a great deal of strength in its comic relief, notably the rôle played by Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Miss Wood's charm and personality stand firm without the doubtful aid of the airs and graces of musical comedy

More than a few years ago Mr. Lew Fields discovered his assured popularity in sentimental comedies which gave him generous opportunity for both pathos and laughter in the depiction of oldish eccentrics of uncertain temper and certain ill-fortune—with a happy ending. "The Melody Man," by H. R. Lorenz, is an amusing but improbable play in which Eva Puck (above) does very well with the part of manager of a jazz emporium



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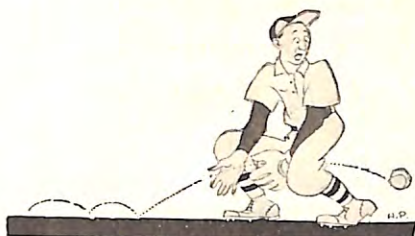




*Cecile D'Andrea  
and  
Harry Walters*

MAURICE GOLDBERG  
**T**HE most striking dance fantasies of "I'll Say She Is" are tripped by this ubiquitous couple. Will B. Johnstone wrote the book and lyrics for this musical comedy revue which leads the season's entries in its class by a very generous margin both in point of downright humor and snap—partly of course by reason of the lines and directing but chiefly due to the presence of the four Marx brothers, erstwhile of vaudeville, all clowns of as great drollery and divers talents as any who tread our boards





# The Sporting Angle



## The Dangers of International Sports, Baseballizing Europe And Standardizing Olympic Game Events

By W. O. McGeehan

Sketches by Herman Palmer

THEY are constantly ringing the changes on the ancient game of golf. A few years ago the enterprising proprietor of a billiard parlor invented the game of golf pool. It was played on the regulation pocket-billiards table on the green cloth of which they marked bunkers, water hazards, rough, and all the annoyances of the outdoor game.

This was in the pre-prohibition days, consequently there was a nineteenth hole. The player whose ball paused in this space bought a round for the gallery. While the novelty lasted the game flourished, but the novelty soon wore off.

An enterprising advertising man invented the game of shaving golf. The idea was for the player to shave himself with the least number of strokes with the razor. Later a fisherman demonstrated that he could make eighteen holes over a standard course with a flycasting rod and line in fewer casts than Gene Sarazen took strokes with the conventional golf implements.

I often have wondered why this idea never was carried into both Houses of Congress. For instance, in the halls of state the game would be to pass some necessary bills with the least number of speeches. I am sure that this idea would appeal to the nation at large, and that the indoor golf champion in this sport would be the most popular statesman in the country.

Mr. Jack Dempsey, our current heavy-weight champion, applies the principles of the ancient Scottish game to his own profession. All through his career he has endeavored to attain his objective, the flattening of his opponent with the least number of blows. In the event of a return match with Señor Luis Angel Firpo he will endeavor most earnestly to hole out in one, as it were.

It is the golf notion that is behind Babe Ruth's vehement swings. His notion is to get the maximum number of bases for the minimum number of strokes with the bat.

Taken all in all the influence of the game in the private and public life of the country is very strong indeed. The writer regrets only that there seems to be no way of mustering a certain number of words without writing them one by one. Otherwise he might be induced to take up golf with a renewed enthusiasm indoors as well as outdoors.

### Dangers of International Sports

The theory is that international competition in sports promotes friendship among the nations involved. It is a fine theory, but frequently it gets a bit twisted.

The most recent indication that international competition is becoming dangerous was the aftermath of the Olympic Rugby game in which the American team beat

France. The American victory was followed by a riot in which a few American spectators were handled roughly. The French spectators did not take the defeat with the politeness which is supposed to be characteristic of the French people.

Before getting bitter over this, let us recall what happened at the Polo Grounds when Johnny Dundee, the Italian-American boxer, was beating little Criqui, the French featherweight. Criqui, who was wounded at Verdun, was putting up a gallant but losing fight.

Suddenly the cry came from the American spectators, "Knock him back to France. Oh, what a bum!"

It stung the little Frenchman to the heart. His face was bruised and bleeding, that pale and twisted face that wore the scar of Verdun. He was being beaten. He was losing his recently acquired championship, but he was facing his defeat with the same quiet courage that he showed against the machine-guns at Verdun. The clamor of the American "sportsmen" continued until the end of the bout. It was the most disgraceful episode I ever witnessed in the name of sport.

Coming back from a tournament in England, Walter Hagen, the professional golfer, made considerable complaint about the manner in which he had been treated overseas. Mrs. Mallory returned from her defeat at the hands of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen with some complaints. Mlle. Lenglen, after forfeiting a match to Mrs. Mallory here, went back to France with an alibi.

Taken all in all these international competitions instead of promoting better understanding seem pointed to bring about some serious misunderstandings. Despite the bad name our diplomats have been given, it begins to look as though the matter of foreign relations had better be left in their hands than to be turned over to the athletes.

### Those Savage Non-combatants

The ferocity of the non-combatant at any sort of a contest always has been a constant marvel to me. At a prize-fight the watcher at the ringside is more intent on the "kill" than the most determined prize-fighter. He wants gore and plenty of it. There is a murderous gleam in his eyes. He clenches his fists. His neck swells until there is the threat of a bursting blood-vessel.



Nine times out of ten the most blood-thirsty of the non-combatants is a man who would quail at the threat of a blow himself. Most frequently he is a portly and bulbous sort of person, particularly soft and sensitive about the middle. Always it is this type that shouts, "Hit him downstairs. He doesn't like them there."

Even in circles composed of the better bred, the non-combatant is the most vociferous and the most insistent upon dire punishment being meted out to the opposition. Consider the occupants of the stands at an intercollegiate football game. The non-combatant old grads and undergraduates are more wrought up over the game and the issues at stake than the players. And the female of the species is decidedly more intense than the male.

No matter what the contest may be, any bitterness that it engenders is not due to anything said or done by the men playing the game, but by the noisy non-combatants. Men who struggle breast to breast wind up the day with mutual respect and esteem. But the partisan non-combatants continue the cheering or the hooting until it brings about a more or less permanent bitterness.

More years ago than I like to remember I was marching away with a regiment of volunteer infantry to "avenge the Maine." From the street-corners numbers of excited persons shouted, "Give those Spaniards hell for us." This was the first time that it occurred to me that a non-combatant ought to mind his own business. As a Californian I liked the Spaniards then for the charm that they had left to California, and I still like them.

One more constitutional amendment would not hurt. Why not one providing for the gagging of non-combatants in general?

### The Step Is Too Drastic

After setting down the foregoing, I begin to realize that it is utterly impossible. In the first place, the non-combatants always are in the majority. Also, they are more vociferous than the ones who play the game.

Then, too, the non-combatant as a matter of right is entitled to some opportunity for self-expression, as they say. In the colleges they outnumber the football squads many times, and they should have some part in the annual struggles, even if it is merely vocal. Take away from a Yale old grad his privilege of openly hating Harvard once a year and you cut the last tie that holds him to his youth. It would come close to being a fatal operation.

If you are going to prohibit the customer at a baseball game from razzing the visiting team and the umpires, there is going to be a marked scarcity of customers. While the

(Continued on page 64)



## No Stage-and-Movie Vampire Was Agnes Lee, But Delilah Herself Wouldn't Have Been a Worse Companion for Buck Purdee, Welterweight Champion of the East

# The Vamp

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Frank Street

THE stage-and-movie Vampire is long and lank, with clingy black clothes and snaky gestures and unfathomable black eyes and masses of midnight hair. She does most of her vamping by the aid of the aforesaid eyes and gestures. She can be classified, at a glance, as easily as can Brooklyn Bridge or a wen on the nose. And she has everything her own way—till the last act or till Reel Six.

Agnes Lee had not one single physical trait in common with the stage-and-movie Vampire. At first glance, one would mistake her for a rather pretty girl in the early twenties, with wide-open and level gray eyes, and with a nose that turned up just a little at the tip, and with as close an approach to a bulldog jaw as a comely girl could hope to have.

Yet—well, read what she did to Buck Purdee!

Buck, at twenty-five, had hammered his fierce way up from a juvenile pork-and-beaner to the welterweight championship of the East.

This he had been able to do, partly because he was a natural boxer and as strong and as swift and as plucky as they make them; and as rugged as a rock-pile. But chiefly he had done it because he was a born fighter.

There is a million miles of difference between the best and ruggedest boxer and the most mediocre fighter. Any ring-enthusiast can tell you that. As much difference as between a race-horse and a leopard.

Your boxer may land fancy blows. He may be a marvel at blocking and countering. He may even be brave and enduring. But, let him lack the mystic spark of cold tigerish fearlessness, and he can never hope to become a fighter.

Buck Purdee was not a scoundrel. He was not even a wild beast. But he had the calm ability to inflict fearful punishment and to go on inflicting it—the gift for being able to tear into a beaten and sagging opponent, instead of letting up on him.

In short, he was a fighter. That does not mean he was cruel or tough. But ring-work was his life's trade. To him, the demolishing of an adversary in the squared circle was as much a part of the day's work as for a butcher to kill and cut up a calf. Outside the ring he was not a bully nor a quarrel-picker. Indeed, he was stolidly mild-mannered. Outside the slaughter-house, the professional butcher does not wander around the streets seeking for harmless animals to cut up. He leaves that to the vivisectionists.

Do you get the idea? I have used many words in trying to explain it. But the explanation was needful to our story. The rest of the yarn is action.

Buck was twenty-five, when, in the first glory of his championship title, he met Agnes Lee.

The girl's uncle, Jimmy Harker, was Buck's manager. Agnes had come to live with Harker and to keep house for him,

when her mother died. She knew little about the fight-game; and what little she did know did not impress her at all favorably.

Then she met Buck; and she found, to her vague amazement, that he was not a gorilla-faced and growling caveman who tore raw meat with his teeth and nails and picked street fights for the fun of it. This puzzled her. And the woman who is puzzled is interested.

Out of the ring and out of ring-clothes—or out of the lack of ring-clothes—Purdee was a stocky, middle-sized, boyish-faced chap; a little scared in the presence of women; and far more concerned in piling up a permanent bank-account than in flashy dress or flashier amusements.

As he was training at Harker's quarters for his coming bout with Kid Farrol, welterweight champion of the Middle West, he saw Agnes every day and many times a day.

"It's funny," she commented, as she and Buck chanced to be sitting alone together on the porch of Harker's cottage, one evening, "you aren't one bit like what I thought a prize-fighter would be."

This was after the acquaintance had been blooming for more than a fortnight, and when personalities no longer were things to dodge.

"What'd you think a fighter would be?" he asked, amusedly.

She told him, or tried to. In the middle of her recital he interrupted her with one of those big laughs of his—the laugh she

was learning to love and to listen for—the laugh that somehow made her feel as if he were a jolly child and she his mother.

"Guess you've been reading a book!" accused Buck. "I never saw a fighting man like the kind you've been telling about. Maybe they had 'em, in the old times when everything was allowed, in the ring, except biting off the other feller's leg, and when fighters were fed on five pounds of raw meat a day to make 'em ugly. Harker's told me about those times. He read about 'em in one of the Sunday papers. Me, I don't care much for reading. I don't read so easy; without my specs. And I never had on a pair of specs. . . . But you sure got it all tangled up, about the ring. Why, even ladies goes to fights, now—lots and lots of 'em. Real nice ladies, too—with things in their hair and fur wraps and fore-and-aft dresses and all that. Make Harker take you to a match, some time. Then you'll—"

"He's asked me to," she said, with a little shudder. "But I'd—I'd hate to."

SHE hesitated ever so briefly; because into her mind had flashed the amazing and unwelcome thought that perhaps she might almost enjoy seeing a fight—if Buck Purdee were to be one of the fighters. She put the idea from her, with a twinge of self-shame. She could not understand herself, of late. All sorts of new thoughts and angles on life were beginning to seep into her unwilling mind. Now she repeated, much more firmly:

"I'd hate to."

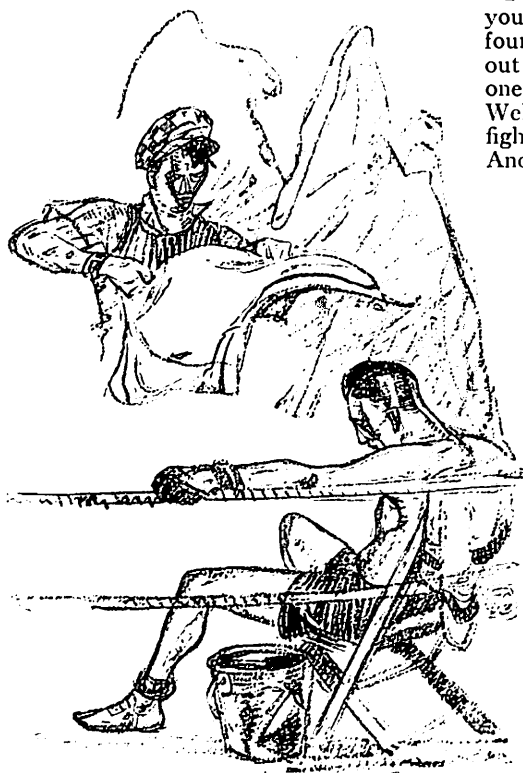
"Why would you hate to?" he insisted. "You were crazy about that football game you told me about. And you said three or four fellers were carried off the field, knocked out; and that you read in the paper where one of 'em was due to be a cripple from it. Well, there's never but one knockout in a fight. Sometimes, not even that many. And there's not one fight in a couple of years

that kills a man or even makes a cripple of him. It's science. And it's pretty to watch. Make Harker take you to one, some time, and you'll see what I mean. You'll see lots of other ladies there; too, in the boxes."

"But it *does* mean a knockout, sometimes," she argued. "And it always means hitting and pummeling each other and hurting each other as badly as you can. Why do you keep on with a business that's so brutal? Why don't you do some kind of nice refined work for a living—some kind of work that'll make folks proud of you? Of course," she added with much haste, "it isn't any of my business, at all. I—I hope it wasn't impolite of me to ask you that? I—"

"Get this!" instructed Buck Purdee, with a vehemence which surprised himself. "Anything about me is just as much your business as you'll let me make it. That goes."

He checked himself, flinching at the memory of his unwonted fervor.







Then, to mask it, he went on impersonally:

"Why don't I take on some nice refined job, hey? Well, if I was to be a counter-jumper or a shipping clerk or a bookkeeper or any other of these nice refined things—I'd be pulling down about one-twelfth as much pay as I'm getting now. By the time I was so old they'd have to send me to the bone-yard, I'd have saved up maybe a couple of thousand dollars or so, if I had been real frugal and lucky."

"But—"

"The way things are breaking for me now," he continued, unhearing, "in another year I'll have enough saved by to get me that ranch I was telling you about; and enough cash at interest to make me not care

*"It's funny," she commented, "you aren't one bit like what I thought a prize-fighter would be"*

whether it's a good year for crops or a bum year. I was born on a ranch, like I told you once. And I'm always homesick to get back to one. A fighter's not much good after he's thirty; no matter how clean he's lived. And I'm going to beat 'em to it, before they can put the skids under me. Fighting is just a job, to me. I don't do it for fun. It's my trade. I'll be as glad to quit it, when I've made my pile, as if it was shoemaking or street-cleaning."

Again he paused, this time ashamed of having talked so much about his own daydreams. Before either of them could

speak again, Harker came out on the porch to warn Buck that his bedtime was twenty minutes past.

To her own astonishment and to Buck's glowing joy, Agnes consented to attend the Purdee-Farrol fight, two weeks later. A seat in a ringside box was provided for her, and she was under the escort of Harker's cousin, old Felix McNab, an ex-lightweight, who in his extreme age picked up a living as a sort of assistant trainer to Harker's string of fighters.

Several times, in the barn which served as a gym, Agnes had watched Purdee boxing with one or another of his sparring partners. And she had found herself admiring covertly the young champion's swiftness and grace. She discovered, too, that the bouts were





not brutal, but scientific and spectacular. Thanks to old Felix McNab, she even picked up enough rudimentary idea of the game to enable her to follow its practice with a certain understanding.

At the eleven-round fight itself she got a galaxy of thrills; some pleasant, some revolting. The first and mildest pleasure was to find that her neighbors in the double rectangle of ringside boxes were not drunken and unshaven thugs with felt caps and sweaters, but well-dressed and orderly men and women—folk, very evidently, as respectable as herself.

THE next and wildest thrill was the burst of applause which greeted Buck Purdee as he came into the ring with his retinue of handlers. Unaccountably, she was stirred by these plaudits. She felt a mighty pride in them. Then she wondered indignantly why she should be proud of an ovation to this mere acquaintance. Yet proud she was. And she was proud of his clean-cut good looks and his easily confident bearing. She was a bit chagrined, though, that a tuft of his hair had escaped the brush and was standing rebelliously on end. Maternally, she hoped the other spectators would not think Buck was slovenly in his dress and grooming.

Then came the fight. It was scheduled

to last fifteen rounds. Buck ended it in eleven. At first, it seemed to Agnes to differ little from the fast training bouts she had seen in Harker's barn gym. More tense, perhaps, and with an unnameable tinge of something starkly earnest. But surely not brutal. It was an exhibition of speed and of powerful grace. Again she tingled with pride.

In the final round came her unpleasant thrills; and she was sore put to it not to get up and leave the box.

Buck had not fought sensationally. But, endlessly and with driving persistence, he had worn down his opponent; battering him to gradual slowness and loss of speed. By the end of the ninth round it was apparent, even to Agnes, that Farrol had shot his bolt; and that, barring accidents, the fight was Purdee's. The applause grew more and more vociferous. Unmoved by it, Buck continued the tactics he had started out with; and proceeded at every punch to weaken his foe, more and more. It was good boxing, and it was better fighting.

Then, all at once, a few seconds after the

beginning of the final round, Agnes saw Purdee develop a burst of dynamic energy and ferocity that appalled her. Buck knew the signs. His opponent was ripe for the slaughter; and he bored in to finish him. Abandoning none of his watchfulness, yet he took the aggressive in a whirlwind fashion that sent Kid Farrol reeling and lurching helplessly back to the ropes. Buck pinned him there and avalanched terribly punishing short-arm blows into the stricken man, until the referee made him step back.

Agnes was sick at the sight. Poor Farrol was striving in groggy pluck to keep to his shambling feet. His jaw had fallen. His eyes were glazed. A child could have put him out. Surely Buck would be merciful in this moment of triumph! Surely he would disregard the screeches of the insane spectators and would give Farrol time to recover himself! Agnes waited, breathless, for this supreme reason to be proud of Purdee.

But she had no cause for such new pride. Like an unleashed rabid beast, Buck hurled himself at his helpless victim. Back to the ropes, again, he slugged Farrol. There, grimly, he set himself; and delivered the knockout.

The senseless creature slumped heavily to the floor. Buck stood grinningly waiting at one side, while the referee counted Farrol out. The house went mad. Agnes was sick at heart and sicker of body. She had just witnessed the most brutally cruel sight of her

sheltered young life. And an idol had fallen from a new-built niche in her heart's temple. She wanted to forget the icily grim look on Purdee's face as he delivered the knockout.

Harker's laughing contempt for her squeamishness did not shake her repulsion. Neither did wise old Felix McNab's soothing diplomacy. Neither did Buck Purdee's dumbfounded surprise at her shrinking from him.

But the sight of Kid Farrol, apparently none the worse for his unmerciful thrashing,—walking to his taxi, a bare half hour after the bout,—bearing only a face-bruise or two, to show he had fought—this did more than all else to banish her new horror of the youth she had begun to care for.

Back to Harker's cottage returned Buck,



for a month; while negotiations went on for his next fight. And there, in less than ten days, he and Agnes Lee became engaged. The remaining three weeks of the month were a wonder-time to them both; and a cause for endless jokes from Harker and old Felix.

It was during those three weeks that the queer change came to Buck Purdee.

Hitherto, Buck had taken life as he had found it; asking no questions, aware of no great emotions; but going stolidly through the routine of the days and nights. There had been no woman in his life—no woman who counted. Nor had any big experience broken the bovine shell which crusted his sensitive inner nature. Indeed, he was not conscious of any such inner nature. His life had been little more psychic or introspective than that of a beast of the field.

Now, everything was changed. He was in love. For the first time in his quarter century of life he had met someone who could lift him out of himself; who could open his eyes to the tenderer and higher phases of existence. Under this odd new influence, he expanded into something which Harker had trouble in recognizing as the stolid fighter of other days.

Sentimentalists would have said that Buck had found his soul. As a matter of fact, he was merely the trillionth man to grow temporarily gentle and considerate, under the spell of a gentle and considerate woman. Agnes had opened some of the eyes of his mind.

At the month's end, Buck Purdee took on Bud Ricker, the New Orleans welter-weight, for a ten-round bout which served

Knowing that Buck always fought to win and to win in as short a time as was compatible with due caution, Jim Harker had made big side wagers that the champion would stop Ricker inside of six rounds.

Agnes was at the ringside, as before. She had tutored herself to calmness, in the matter of watching any possible cruelty. Yet, in her heart, she was grateful that soon or late Buck was going to give up the ring for the ranch. He and she had talked much of this ranch project during the past few weeks.

**S**HE need not have schooled herself to bear the sight of brutality. There was none. As ever, Buck worked brilliantly and forcibly; outboxing his sturdy opponent in every round; taking no foolish chances. But that was all he did. When it came to the savage thudding punches which were calculated to beat the speed and nerve and strength out of Ricker—those punches were not delivered.

The fight dragged on to its full scheduled length. Neither man was badly hurt or in any distress. The referee awarded the decision to Buck Purdee on points. There was scant enthusiasm from the crowd.

There was no enthusiasm at all from Harker and from old Felix McNab. Both of them had bet more cash than they liked to lose. Both had bet, not on the general result of the bout, but

on Buck's stopping Ricker, in or before the sixth round, with a knockout.

"What ailed the poor boob?" fumed Harker as he and Felix drove home together. "Has he lost his punch or has he turned yellow? He acted like it was Ladies' Night at the Y. M. C. A. gym. He—"

"He's still got the punch," answered the old man. "And there's no yellow to him. But he does like I did, once, when I was his age. I got over it, when she married Marty O'Meagher. But while it lasted I was a bowl of broth. I'd come closer to kissing the boys I fought than knocking 'em out. I was so happy and tamed that I felt holy. I loved everybody. I couldn't bear to hurt



to open the new Cestus Athletic Club.

It was what is known in ring parlance as a "bye-battle." In other words no great issue hung on its result—unless Buck should chance to be knocked out. And Harker had taken good care to see his New Orleans adversary was not of a caliber likely to knock out or even out-point the champion. Ricker was a husky, red-haired lad, who had done some spectacular fighting in the South; and who had enough of a following to insure a tolerable gate; apart from the spell of Purdee's name.

*The senseless creature slumped heavily to the floor. Agnes had witnessed the most brutally cruel sight of her sheltered young life*





*Agnes' neighbors at the ringside were not thugs but well-dressed men and women—as respectable as herself*

anyone. And Buck's got a touch of the same malady. Only, he's got it ten times as bad as ever I had—he being ten times the man, and she being—

"What in blue blazes are you blithering about, you old nut?" demanded Harker. "What's the idea? And what 'she' is it you mean? And how does—?"

"Do ye go to the movies?" asked Felix, with seeming irrelevance. "Ye do. Sometimes at my expense. Did ye ever see a Vamp, in any picture?"

"I never saw anything else," said Harker, crossly. "What's that got to do with—?"

"A Vamp," went on the old man, oracularly, "is a dame who gets some poor cuss crazy about her and then puts him and his

career on the scrap-heap. Am I right? I am. Very well, then."

He fell silent, as though he had explained everything worth explaining. But Harker grunted:

"What are you driving at, anyhow? What's all that got to do with Buck Purdee?"

"He's been vamped," said Felix. "That's all. He's been vamped. By a Vamp. A she-Vamp. Not that I ever heard there's any Vamps but she-ones. The boy's been vamped. His future, as a fighter, is all in his past. He's through. I've seen it coming,

this good while. And I kept hoping I was wrong, all the while I knew I was not. So now he—"

"Vamped?" spluttered Harker. "And him keeping company with the Little Girl! The swine! If you're right about this, it'll break her heart; and I'll break his head. Who's the Vamp? Speak up!"

"The Vamp," replied Felix, slowly, "is the Little Girl. It's Aggie. She—"

He got no further. Harker stormed at him, luridly; vowing that only Felix's age saved him from a smashed jaw, for daring to call the Little Girl such a name; and to hint that she was anything but the dandiest kid that ever happened. When Harker

(Continued on page 54)



# Here You Are! Fresh July Books

## *This, That and Some Other Things in a Reading Way*

By Claire Wallace Flynn

I HAVE often wondered if some simple soul were to pile up a little wagon or push-cart with the books he thought would be good for us at this particular season of the year, and came shouting his wares down the street, if we wouldn't all hurry out to buy—just as we run out when the geranium man comes along, or the strawberry boy.

We wouldn't think of his volumes then as anything silly, or top-heavy and improving and literary. Rather, they would be part of summer, part of all the fresh July things popping up radiantly on every hand. We'd want his books. Perhaps there is for many of us something hypnotic about a push-cart, something nice and common and gypsy and fleeting. Push-carts are almost the last link we have with those romantic old peddlars who used to bring the voice of the world into the wilderness settlements when our great-great-grandfathers were only someone's unruly great, great-grandchildren.

Silks and calicos, tonics and needles, flower seeds and skillets, and books from Boston, New York and London!

If one of those peddler chaps had just once opened his pack at a log-cabin door and tumbled out such a little group of books—good and pretty good—such as anyone might gather haphazard from the publishing houses this Summer, he would have been presented with the freedom of the entire country, and a fiesta (only they would have called it a barbecue) hundreds of miles in diameter, would have been proclaimed.

As it is, we mostly have to go into imposing shops for our books and ask a patronizing clerk for what we want—and anything we do want appears to strike him as either infantile or preposterous.

Now, what all this has been leading up to is—if *only* we could buy books from a kind huckster, it might all seem simpler and jollier—this reading business.

"Good-morning, Mr. Jones, how are books to-day? Oh, these look very nice. I'll take some 'travel stuff'—say a quart, European and African mixed. And a basket of novels—good rich, fat novels, with a wild one like 'Empty Hands' by Arthur Stringer thrown in for good luck. And, some real books 'to make me grow.' There are two special ones I see, 'The American Mind in Action' by Harvey O'Higgins, and one with such an awful name that it *must* be good for one—'Mobilizing the Mid-Brain.' And a bag of those jolly stories picked by Irvin Cobb and some others tied together and labeled 'Razzberry!' by Edward Anthony. Thank you!"

Now, I ask you—on some July morning wouldn't it be great to buy your mental food in some such crazy manner, just for a change?

### A Basket of Novels *"The Green Bay Tree"*

By Louis Bromfield

WHAT is it that makes this book so fascinating? Is it the glowing pictures, done with so sure, so unusual a touch for so young a writer? Its slow, definite, rich movement? Its gradual passage, while a splendid story unwinds itself, from the last days of the Victorian tradition, to a Paris

filled with politicians and statesmen from all over the world "fixing up the peace" after the Great War? Or is it just Lily, Lily Shane, whose affections and sweeping emotions are all bigger than her resistance? We have been reading of Lily Shane in other guises since we first met Helen of Troy in our ancient history and she is always new, always thrilling, and she always holds us.

### Books Reviewed This Month

*The Green Bay Tree*, by Louis Bromfield. (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York)

*Empty Hands*, by Arthur Stringer. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis)

*John Dover*, by Margaret Cameron. (Harper & Bros., New York)

*The Gay Ones*, by Charles Hanson Towne. (The Century Co., New York)

*Camera Trails in Africa*, by Martin Johnson. (The Century Co., New York)

*Rome in Seven Days*, by Arthur Mil-ton. (Robert M. McBride & Company, New York)

*A Laugh a Day Keeps the Doctor Away*, by Irvin S. Cobb. (George H. Doran Co., New York)

*'Razzberry'*, by Edward Anthony. (Henry Holt & Co., New York)

*The American Mind in Action*, by Harvey O'Higgins and Dr. E. H. Reede. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

*Mobilizing the Mid-Brain*, by Frederick Pierce. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

"I am only a woman living by what she believes . . ." says Lily to a Prussian officer who has quartered himself at her little lodge on a hilltop near the Marne.

"It requires courage, Madame . . . and indifference . . ." answers the German, little knowing how much of both Lily Shane, transplanted daughter of an American steel town, really possesses.

Here is a story of two sisters, one beautiful and alluring; the other her exact opposite; one boundlessly adventurous with her own heart; the other in terror of life. This younger sister does not so much influence Lily's life as Lily influences hers. In fact, Lily Shane is the kind of woman who leaves a deep impression on everyone with whom she comes in contact. Mentally her fascination lay not so much in brilliance, for Mr. Bromfield suggests that she was not brilliant, but in a certain exquisite and unerring taste, well indulged in by means of her fortune. This, and her tawny beauty, were enough to make her path in life one where men crossed and recrossed before her languorous progress. United States governors, crude labor leaders, honest stumbling American men, French statesmen—these all knew and loved Lily.

Yet, once you get beyond the reach of her slow, seductive voice, it is not any of these things that make the book so well worth reading or Lily Shane so well worth knowing.

Perhaps, after all, the charm of the book can be summed up in a definition of Lily accorded her by the dowdy French society in which she moved in Paris: "She appeared to have mysterious resources, of instinct, of knowledge, of mystery. . . ."

In characters in fiction, just as surely as in the real people that we know, the great drawing power of their personalities is not so much what these people do or have done as it is in mere possibilities we discover within them to possess adventure and romance and to touch with a sort of splendid energy the depths of human relationship.

It is with this indefinable capacity that Mr. Louis Bromfield has invested his Lily Shane.

We like this book tremendously and, if you love a good novel—good in the sense of interesting situations, excellent craftsmanship and some philosophy, we urge you to read "The Green Bay Tree."

Lily Shane, according to some, may be no better than she ought to be, but Louis Bromfield's first book is infinitely better than most first books and a great deal better than most last ones.

We can not help wondering how Mr. Bromfield, being as young as he is, has acquired all this worldly knowledge and passive wisdom and has been able to transmute it into a tale full of youth, impulses and flaming images with a restrained ardor of expression worthy of a much older and much tried writer.

### "Empty Hands"

By Arthur Stringer

AS A violent contrast to "The Green Bay Tree," let us for a few moments consider Mr. Arthur Stringer's extraordinary contribution to romantic current literature. A book like this does not help you much in settling your own problems nor does it throw any revealing light on complex human situations, and yet, heaven knows, with even one eye on the plot of this story, it seems all human situation and all problem. However, they are not the kind that the ordinary human being is often called upon to meet.

There are two perfectly good themes for the writing of novels which almost invariably spell success and carry along in their train crowds of admiring readers. One is the Cinderella plot, in which the lowly young person is transplanted to scenes of glory. Occasionally she (in rare instances they even make Cinderella a man) is retransplanted to her original milieu, but that is neither here nor there. Almost every author in the world has succumbed to Cinderella—even Barrie. Then there is the Robinson Crusoe plot—the story of the civilized person cast off by accident or design into some savage, desolate or uninhabited land where he must work out his own salvation and trust to his instinctive human knowledge. Generally these Robinson Crusoe stories are tales of adventure—just one thrilling experience after another. Conrad has used this theme in a measure in "Lord Jim," though adventure, of course, is not the underlying motive of that great novel. Lesser literary lights

(Continued on page 60)



## A Chinese Brigand Falls for an Old Box Trick and is Started on a False Trail

# Grease Paint and Jade

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldridge



### Part II

WHEN early the next morning the prince entered Maguire's room the latter, looking sharply at his host's smiling face, decided that he had no suspicion of last night's happenings; decided, too, not to mention them. The prince would of course thank him profusely; but might on the other hand reproach him for having permitted the would-be assassin to escape. It was best to be silent.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am to you," he said.

"Oh—a trifle . . ."

"To you, perhaps. Not to us. That money just about saves our bacon."

"You expect to return to vaudeville?"

"You bet. It's my life."

"Not much of a life for a man of your intelligence and energy."

"Say! Look out whose corns you're stepping on!"

"Forgive me. I did not mean to hurt your feelings. I am afraid my ideas are rather old-fashioned. By the way—" the prince smiled—"I noticed that you—ah—and the little girl . . ."

"Me? Yes. Crazy about her. But—Ann . . . ?"

"But . . . ?" encouraged the prince.

"She's British!"

"So I gathered."

"Practical down to the ground! Says people shouldn't marry until they have something solid beneath their feet."

"Solid—?"

"Yes. Financial—you see—a little money saved up."

Had Maguire been a student of human nature, he would have seen an expression of relief flash momentarily in the other's eyes.

The prince did not reply at once. He summoned a servant and spoke to him in Tartar.

The man kowtowed, left, and returned with a tray supporting opium jar, lamp, pipes and needles.

"Breakfast?" grinned Maguire.

"Just a small pipe—to clear my brain and help me think."

Delicately, the servant kneaded the brown poppy cube against the pipe-bowl, then dropped it into the lamp where it changed to amber and gold. The opium sizzled and evaporated. The servant filled the pipe and passed it to his master who,

leaning well back, inhaled the acrid smoke with the full strength of his lungs, blew it out again, and smiled at his visitor.

"My brain is now clear," he said with a typically Mongol mixture of naïvete and blandness. "I have considered your predicament."

"My—predicament?"

"Yes. I like you. Suppose I gave you fifty thousand dollars—would that seem enough of a nest-egg for your practical little Miss to start house-keeping?"

"Fifty thousand?" exclaimed Maguire. "Let me have a pull at your pipe! Two pulls—and I dream a hundred thousand!"

"Very well. A hundred thousand it is."

"Don't wake me for a long time, please!"

"I am serious," said Seng-ko-lin-chin; and, looking up, Maguire, wonderingly, saw that he was.

"YOU"—he stammered—"you mean to sit there and tell me you're going to slip me a hundred thousand bucks—because you like me—as a gift . . . ?"

"Not exactly as a gift, nor exactly because I like you. Friendship must be mutual."

"Name the nigger in the woodpile!"

"Not much of a nigger," smiled the prince.

"I shall deposit fifty thousand dollars to your credit at once with any bank you wish. The other half will be yours on completion of the service that I shall ask of you."

"Namely?"

"To visit a friend of mine in the far West of China, near the Tibetan border, and sing and dance for him. Like myself, he is fond of western music. But living out there, he has no chance to go to the theatre."

"Why doesn't he take a trip to Hongkong or San Francisco?"

"He is afraid to cross China."

"Oh—Manchu, is he—or Tartar?"

"Neither. Russian. An aristocrat who has taken refuge in the wilds of Asia, as he is in danger of his life from the Bolsheviks. So you must tell nobody where you are going lest the Bolsheviks find out and one of their spies follow you. Nor—" he added with masterly casualness—"must you show to a soul the letter of introduction which I shall give to you. You must hide it beyond the possibility of discovery. That's where you will have to use all your shrewdness."

"AND—" came Maguire's slow drawl—"all that kale just to do a little jazz for your pal back there in the tall timbers?"

"The journey will be hard and long. Even dangerous, with the land in turmoil. You will have to be both subtle and plucky to evade suspicion."

"Still . . ."

"The Russian is very dear to me."

"Must be!" Maguire commented drily.

"Prince, you've been mighty nice to me. And I like you! But—tell it to the marines!"

"What?"

"Your fairy tale! I've known 'con' men back home—no offense meant! Find the little pea? I've found her! The letter of introduction—that's where the pea rolled under. Am I right?"

"Perfectly right!" admitted Seng-ko-lin-chin.

He was a typical Oriental. He had woven a tissue of falsehoods, skilfully as he thought. Not skilfully enough. The other had seen through it. So why deny it? "Perfectly right!" he repeated. "It appears that you have more perspicacity than I gave you credit for. I lied," he continued without the slightest shame. "Now I shall tell you the truth."

"All of it?"

"As much as you need to know."

"You do not trust me—altogether, eh?"

"I trust nobody—altogether. Not even myself—except when I am awake. For in my sleep I may babble . . ."

"About what?"

"You would not understand. You are American."

"Complimentary, aren't you?"

"Perhaps I meant it as a compliment. Perhaps the dying world to which I belong—the world of Kaiser and Tsar and Manchu emperors . . ." He interrupted himself with a sudden, rather bitter laugh. "I am growing old—I talk too much . . ."

He was silent; his lips quivered; and, somehow, Maguire felt sorry for him.

"About the letter—?" he suggested.

"Yes." The prince went on to say that



this letter contained grave information which had to reach the Russian as soon as possible. But, being under constant surveillance by the republican authorities, he had heretofore found it impossible to send a messenger. "I could not risk his being captured. Then you came—almost like an answer to my prayers. Nobody will suspect you. You will go?"

"Ann can't travel to the coast alone."

"My house is hers. Countess von Pahlen will look after her. Come!"—when Maguire still hesitated he led him to the window, opened the shutters, pointed. "You are young! It isn't only the money—it is, too, the zest of it, the shining adventure! See—there, below your feet—" pointing at the hurrying throngs—"to launch yourself upon that great yellow sea! To cross it! To see the far lands! Mongolia—Tibet—the Gobi—the Himalayas! Look! Look! China—Asia—the horror, the beauty, the mad maze and color which is Asia! Can't you feel it beckon and wink? You had the great adventure—in France! What about this new adventure? Listen . . ." Momentarily he was silent as, from below, came a confused symphony of sounds, voices in a dozen Chinese dialects, rising, then decreasing, the plangent, metallic shouts of the street vendors, the soft tinkletinkle of a woman's jade bracelet. "Asia!" exclaimed the prince. "Can you resist the call of it?"

And, at that moment, Asia—as Maguire put it to himself—"got below his skin."

He felt as he had that first time when he had had a trim little airship rolling beneath him through the clouds, twisting through them like a live, riotous thing—with the airblast and the wash from the propellers hitting him between the eyes and brushing away all sensations but one: the sensation of flying—just flying . . . yes—if he had wings to fly—to jerk away from the window across the purple haze of China—to look into the lives, the gaieties, the sorrows of this motley Mongol throng . . . "I'll go!" he cried suddenly.

"Blessed be the Buddha!"

"Guess I'd better tell Ann," said Maguire.

"I'll send her to you. In the meantime I shall write the letter. And as to the first payment—the fifty thousand . . ."

"Put it in Ann's name."

Any bank she wants. I guess she'll be tickled."

And here Maguire proved how little he knew of feminine psychology. She was not "tickled" when he told her. She was indignant.

"Don't you love me?" she cried, a catch in her voice.

"Don't I! Say! One look at you knocks the Follies for the city dump! I'm crazy about you!"

"Is that the reason why you want to leave me—and risk your life . . ."

"Fifty thousand berries, kid! And fifty thousand to follow!"

"My word! Just like a man! Because of—" witheringly—"money!"

"Why—" he was taken aback—"didn't you tell me you didn't want to marry me until . . ."

"I've changed my mind. I don't want money. I want you. I'll marry you as soon as we reach the coast. The first clergyman will do—Catholic or Church of England or Jew or Mohammedan or Holy Roller—I don't care!"

"Say, sweetness—you're making me awfully happy"—he kissed her—"but . . ."

"Is there a 'but'?"

"There always is! I promised the prince. I got to go. I'll come back—sure I will—and when I do—say—I know a little house down in Los Angeles . . ." And when she



*When they understood what Maguire wanted they surged about him, pulling him this way and that, when a tall nomad, in a claret-colored robe, waded into their midst, brushing them aside like so much chaff. "I shall be your driver!" he announced boldly*



interrupted, with more arguments against his going: "No use, kid, I've made up my mind."

She smiled at him as Eve must have smiled at Adam just before he bit into the apple.

"You are so masterful," she sighed, "and I'm only a weak woman. When do we start?"

"Where did you get that 'we' stuff?"

"I'm going with you."

"No!"

"Yes!"—and more argument until at last she shrugged her shoulders. "Right-oh! I can't force you to take me. But—"

"Well . . . ?"

"I submit under protest. Don't be surprised if you should run across me in Mongolia or wherever you're bound for."

He laughed, considering it a good joke; was still laughing when the prince entered.

"All fixed!" he said. "Where do I go from here?"

THE prince told him that he could make the first part of the journey, to Urga, the Holy City of Mongolia, down the great overland road by carriage which he would be able to hire at what the Tartars called the "*Mo-ghul Maun-zil-Khaneh*," the caravanserai of the Mongol cameleers, on the outskirts of Tai-Ho. "Afterwards," he went on, "you will have to use your own ingenuity and travel as best you can." He mapped out a route, twelve hundred miles southwest from Urga to Kuldja on the Russian border, then across Sinkiang and a wedge of the Gobi desert to the Pamir mountains where five countries—India, China, Russia, Tibet, and Afghanistan—meet and swap lies and threats.

"There, at a small town called Ishkandar-Serai, you will go to the shop of Ali Jangidost, a yellow-bearded Turkoman, in the Bazaar of the Grain Merchants, and buy supplies. Quite suddenly you will ask in Chinese: '*Ni you mai mai ma*—do you sell rice, too?' and when he mentions the price you will exclaim: '*T'ai ho ka lok*—that's too much!' Then, if he strokes his beard with his left hand while adjusting his turban with his right, you will tell him that you would like to see '*Monsieur George*.'"

"The man to whom your letter is addressed?"

"Yes. Of course you will have to memorize route directions and passwords."

"Sure," replied Maguire. "I had bully training in the air service—map-making, scouting, all that. Let's go over it a few times."

And, with Ann an interested listener, he went over it carefully, until he knew it all by heart.

"Here is the letter." The prince gave him a tiny square of tissue paper, waterproofed by a secret process and covered with a maze of diminutive Manchu writing that was also waterproofed. "How will you hide it?"

"Easy as pie!" laughed the American. "I'm cursed with an affliction—and a habit. A hollow tooth—and a craving for chewing gum. And—" producing a thin, pink package—"never without a supply." He turned his back on the others; faced them again a few minutes later. "Now they can search me all they please. It'll take a dentist to locate the letter to '*Monsieur George*.'"

"Charming," smiled the prince. He passed a purse. "Here are your traveling expenses."

"You'll take good care of Ann?"

"As if she were my own daughter."

He shook hands with the prince; then took Ann in his arms and kissed her. "So long! I'll be back before you'll have time to

miss me." Airy his words. Yet at that moment, looking into the grey eyes that were dearer to him than the dwelling of kings, he would have pledged his soul's salvation to remain; and he felt a sense of loneliness overwhelming him even before he started on his journey.

She looked at him; understood. "Toodledo, old thing!" she replied, a break in her voice.

He walked to the door. Then, suddenly, he turned.

"Geel!" he exclaimed. "I'm a dumbbell! Darn near came a cropper right at the beginning!"

"How?" asked the prince.

"Told me—didn't you—that you're being watched—you and your house—by the republican plain-cloth flat-foots?"

"And—?"

"They see me leave here. Know I dined with you and spent the night. Know, too, that I got kicked out of the hotel because I had no kale. And here I turn up, as flush as John D., and hire me a carriage and go for a little jaunt to Urga. That won't look kosher!"

"You're right." The other was worried. "What will you do?"

Maguire gave a boyish laugh. "We must take a leaf from the frog-eater's book!"

"You mean . . . ?"

"Sure. Have me kicked out. And d'you know why?"

"No."

"We played poker last night."

"We didn't."

"You're dense—even if you are a prince. We played. I won a lot of dough. You get sore. Accuse me of cheating. I get sore, too. Because you accuse me of cheating? Not at all! I'm hard-boiled. But because you're making eyes at my girl—and she likes it! This morning I raise hell. And—bingo—you kick me out like the Tartar you are! But what do I care! I'm a tough guy! I still got the cash. And, being a crazy, globe-trotting Yank, I take carriage and beat it for the far West of China."

"My word!" exclaimed Ann. "I'm proud of you!"

"So am I," smiled the prince.

A FEW minutes later the inhabitants of Tai-Ho were again treated to the spectacle of the red-haired young foreign devil of the first class being forcibly propelled into the street by a gigantic Tartar servant who moreover, so that all the world might hear, proclaimed the other's perfidy:

"Begone from here, O creature without decency! Thou didst cheat my master out of gold after filling thy lean belly with his food! Even the foreign woman wants thee no longer. Hereafter she will bask in the sun of my master's benevolence, thereby causing thee to lose much face. Begone, uncouth cockroach! Begone, loathly beast! O thou with pig's ears!"

What followed, with the Tartar shoving and the American resisting, had all the appearance of a spirited struggle, finally won by the former who gave the other a sudden push and sent him sprawling.

Maguire shook a fist at the closed door. "*Wang-pa kao-turtle-spawn!*" he shouted, his voice rising an angry octave. He was not an actor for nothing.

"A step into the mud and a blow from the unjust—alike, they matter not," purred a soft voice at his elbow; and he turned to face a stout Chinese merchant, dressed coquettishly and unbecomingly in baby-blue satin embroidered with butterflies. "What can you expect from these insolent Tartars? You are not hurt?"

"Not much. Just a sore shoulder . . ."

"Good. Come away from this evil place." Courteously he took Maguire by the arm. "Can unimportant me be of service to you, O wise and older brother?"

"If you will be so kind—you might help me find the *Mo-ghul Maun-zil Khaneh!*"

"The caravanserai of the nomads? You are going on a journey?"

"Yes. Off for a little trip—" vaguely—"west . . ."

"You Americans! So energetic! Never still! Always traveling—like the sun!" He gave Maguire's arm an affectionate squeeze. "Come. I shall show you the way."

"Thanks. I would like to stop at the French hotel."

They walked along, conversing amicably, mostly about politics, the Chinese voicing his hate of Manchu imperialists, the American seconding him heartily.

"Ah—" said the Chinese—"before we are through with them their laughter shall be like the laughter of a nut between two stones. They shall eat sword—and so—" lowering his voice to a threatening purr—"shall their friends and allies—whatever their nation or race!"

"Kid!" commented Maguire in English.

"You're all to the Fourth of July!"—and, as if translating, he continued in Chinese: "Right! Down with the oppressors!" He was beginning to enjoy himself hugely. By this time they had reached the hotel. "I will be back in a moment."

WHEN M. Carragnac saw Maguire come into the lobby, he beat a strategic retreat behind the desk.

"Assassin!" he exclaimed, unconsciously imitating the more heroic among his countrymen. "You shall not pass!"

"Don't want to pass! Want to pay, you little black-bearded shrimp!"

Came the clink of gold on the desk. Came, too, a remarkable change in M. Carragnac's demeanor.

"The bill? A matter of no importance! Thank you, *monsieur!* The suitcase? At once! . . . Wang! Hey—Wang! Fetch the honorable sir's baggage! . . . *Monsieur* could not be persuaded to remain? No? *Au revoir!* And last night—a mere misunderstanding—almost a jest . . ."

"All right—as long as you don't kiss me!" exclaimed Maguire, picking up his bags and joining his new-found friend outside.

The latter pointed at the suit-cases. "Can I help you—with your sore shoulder . . . ?"

"I'm all right. Here—" as he hailed a passing mule litter—"tell him where to drive—do you mind?"

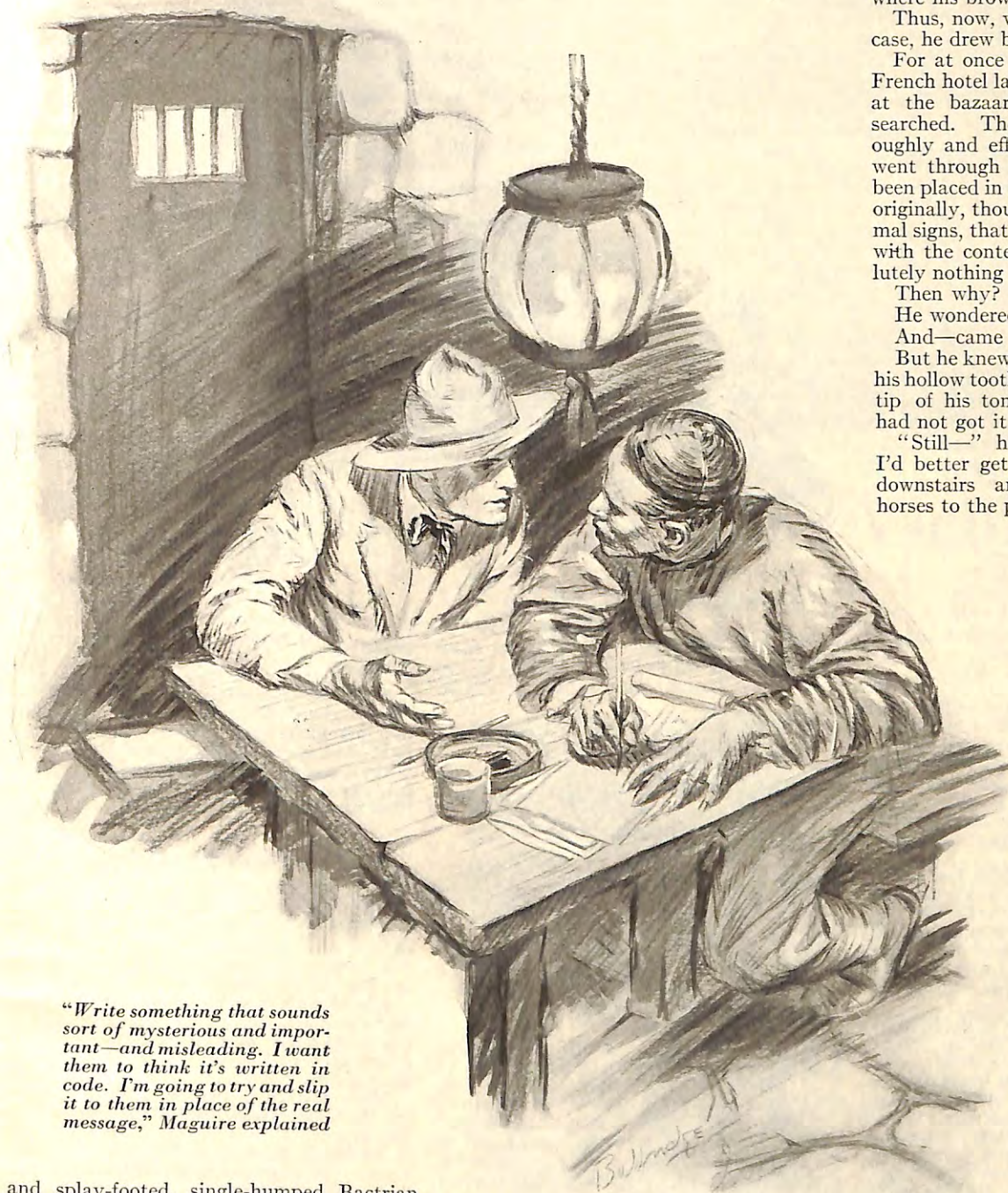
"Gladly! I shall accompany you . . . no, no"—as Maguire said it was not necessary—"it will be a pleasure!"

Fifteen minutes later they reached the *Mo-ghul Maun-zil Khaneh* where Maguire said good-by to the other, thanked him, and entered.

The inn was typical. There was the usual *k'ang* or brick platform round three sides of the main room where the guests sat and chattered and smoked and spat during the day and slept at night; the usual earthen floor saturated with damp, clotted filth; the usual windows, covered with torn paper, which permitted the offensive odors of human dirt to escape while permitting the equally offensive odors of garbage and cattle to enter.

The caravanserai part was an immense courtyard where there were a number of springless Pekin carts, shaggy Tartar ponies,





*"Write something that sounds sort of mysterious and important—and misleading. I want them to think it's written in code. I'm going to try and slip it to them in place of the real message," Maguire explained*

and splay-footed, single-humped Bactrian camels that strained at their heel ropes and bit whomever they could reach. Typical camels. Ill-natured, ill-smelling, with big, large-pored Hebraic noses and conceited eyes; reminding Maguire of certain elderly, aristocratic spinsters back home in America who, possessing no money and very little brain, had at least one inalienable asset: the consciousness of social superiority.

Only in its guests did the place differ from the ordinary local hostelry. For there were few Chinese. Most of them were nomad Mongols from the far West, smiling, copper-complexioned, jolly, swashbuckling camel-ers and horse-traders, bow-legged from years spent in the saddle, dressed in felt and leather, crowned by enormous fur caps.

And their boots! Indeed—from Moscow to Pekin—by his boots shall ye know the Mongol! Clumsy, loose affairs with up-turned toes, cumbersome soles, giving to the Mongol that shuffling walk which is his birthright—as is his sense of humor, his savage independence, the rawhide *nagaika* whip tied to his left wrist, his silver-mounted hunting-knife, and the flint and tinder purses slung on silver chains around his waist.

Maguire rented one of the few private rooms where he deposited his suit-cases.

Near by, on his way, he had seen a bazaar. He went there now to buy certain supplies which the prince had advised him to get: canned food, matches, tobacco, a sheepskin coat, boots, a fur cap, blankets, quinine, a leather water bottle, and extra cartridges for his revolver.

Half an hour later he returned to the caravanserai and set about repacking his things.

And then he noticed something which startled him.

For, the typical actor, forced by his profession to spend half his life in hotels and small theatrical dressing-rooms, he was a meticulously neat man in his personal habits, as methodical as the veriest New England maiden lady. Always he arranged his belongings with mathematical precision, and woe to the call-boy who misplaced a

single make-up box or rabbit's-foot—woe to the chambermaid who put his black socks where his brown ones ought to be!

Thus, now, when he opened the first suitcase, he drew back in surprise.

For at once he knew that—either at the French hotel last night, or here while he was at the bazaar—it had been opened and searched. The job had been done thoroughly and efficiently, he discovered as he went through both bags. Everything had been placed in the order in which it had been originally, though he could tell, by infinitesimal signs, that somebody had busied himself with the contents. Robbery? No. Absolutely nothing had been taken.

Then why? Who? Where?

He wondered; felt uneasy.

And—came the next thought—what?

But he knew at once; smiled as he touched his hollow tooth—hollow no longer—with the tip of his tongue. There it was safe; they had not got it; would never get it.

"Still—" he said to himself—"I guess I'd better get a move on." And he went downstairs and mentioned carriage and horses to the proprietor of the caravanserai.

The latter pointed at the courtyard.

"Many of these nomads are starting back to Urga to-day. There has been little traffic out of Tai-Ho because of the war. They will be glad to earn the money."

When they understood what he wanted, they crowded about him, begging, yelling.

Speaking in a bastard mixture of Chinese, Mongol and Tartar, they assured him that they were poor men, every last one of them, that they were also of sterling honesty, every last one of them, with uncounted wives and children, all clamoring for food and drink, while Maguire seemed to stand in their estimation as a combination deputy providence and impromptu exchequer.

They surged about him, pulling him this way and that, when a tall nomad, dressed in a

wadded, claret-colored robe, waded into their midst, brushing them aside like so much chaff.

"I shall be your driver!" he announced to Maguire.

"Sure of it?"

"YES. I have a splendid carriage with new springs for which I paid that dog of a Chinese who made them seven taels—may he be a louse in his next life: also a team of horses which once graced the stable of the Dowager Empress! As to my driving—modesty forbids me to speak of it. But I am Dorbung, of the tribe of the Chakhar Mongols! All the world knows me! One-half the world speaks well of me! The other half matters not!"

"Hate yourself, don't you? How much?"

"Where to?"

"Urga."

"A long, hard journey . . ."

(Continued on page 65)



# The Sun Parlor

## In the Regular Way

PLEASE send us eighty gross of this,  
And ninety gross of that;  
Send us all kinds of furnishings,  
And every style of hat.

Send raisins, tools and lingerie,  
And shoes and silverware;  
And every kind of novelty,  
From clocks to ladies' hair.

Send us car-lots of everything,  
By yards and by the block;  
We're billed a sale of bankruptcy—  
We're CLOSING OUT OUR STOCK!  
—Myrtle Conger.

## From a Full Heart

"HYPOCRITE!" I sneered snootily. The professional advertising writer heaved a heavy sigh. "I wish I were," he murmured. "What! You don't mean to tell me you believe all that stuff you write about automobiles and tooth paste." "That's just the trouble. I do." Seeing that I was still incredulous, he lit a Zebra Cigarette (it was he who had originated the phrase "I'd climb a tree for a Zebra") and continued: "When I was a newspaper reporter life was simple and unemotional. I wrote about accidents and murders and robberies, and my existence was comfortably humdrum. Then one day a man came to me and told me he'd pay me real money if I'd write him a booklet about Grainbriar Pipes. I yielded to the temptation and spent an intensive week-end in contemplating and fondling imported pipes. That's how I became a pipe smoker."

"But now you smoke Zebras." "Yes. Along with my Grainbriar and my El Fungo cigars—another account. To do them all justice keeps me puffing. Well, the booklet was such a success that I was asked to write a campaign for College-Fyt Clothes. Which got me to thinking about the importance of wearing fresh-cut garments from sunlit factories, and soon I was transformed into a snappy dresser."

"After that I devoted all my time to advertising. I wrote about Foamo Shaving Cream, and my morning lather became a ritual. I spent a month meditating upon the elasticity of Bristol Garters, and ever since then the upkeep of my Needleproof Sox has been vital."

"My fealty to Suppleform Corsets put me in a quandary until I had the happy thought of marrying so that my will-to-wear-Suppleforms could express itself vicariously. By this proxy method I have been enabled to liberate also my urge for Phryne Face Powder and Magik-Mesh Hair Nets."

"But now I must leave it all."

"How's that?"

"I've got to travel around the globe. For the last three weeks I've been working on a travel booklet for a steamship company—been over at the Public Library reading about the wonders of India and China and Japan. Now I'll never be able to rest till I've seen those extraordinary lands. Had no idea how beautiful and amazing they are. So I'm starting next Thursday."

It was nearly two years before I saw him again. He looked pale.

"Didn't your trip do you any good?"

"Oh, the Orient is enchanting. No one can afford not to come under its spell. But I had some harrowing experiences."

"Chinese bandits?"

"No. My Zebras and El Fungos gave out, and I dropped my Grainbriar overboard; and, though the cuisine was excellent as I had described it, it didn't seem like home not to know the trade name of the foods I was eating. And I missed those dear little domestic intimacies like seeing the word Apex on the wash basin when I brushed my teeth. So I'm relieved to be back among the belongings I belong to."

"But you're not looking very gay about it."

"That's because I am obsessed by a new urge (and there seems to be only one way of gratifying it). I'm writing a lovely campaign for Morgan's Funeral Parlors." "I haven't seen him since."

—Lawton Mackall.



## Address to a Re-Covered Sofa

(Written In and After Scotch)

WHEN ye were in your auld cocoon,  
Sae worn an' shabbye,  
Upon ye I might rest my shoon,  
Wi' no one crabbie.

Now ye are like a butterfly,  
Sae braw an' bonie,  
To ye I maun not e'en go nigh  
For resting onie.

—Fairfax Downey.

## Fairy Flutes

ONCE upon a time, a man was walking through a forest when he was accosted by the brightest, the sunniest, the shapeliest, and the most beautiful fairy he had ever seen.

"Please take me home with you, Mister," pleaded the exquisite creature, "and I will do your bidding morning, noon and night. I am so tired of being alone in this dismal forest and I want somebody to love me."

"I am very sorry, little girl," answered the man, "but I already have a little fairy in my home, who is none other than my wife, to whom I have been married twenty-seven years come Whitsuntide."

With this, he turned and walked away.

Yes, he did!

ONCE upon a time a certain kingdom was so harassed and tormented by a vicious dragon, that the ruler of the country offered half of his kingdom and the hand of his beautiful daughter in marriage to anybody who would rid the land of the pest.

At once a hundred magnificently accoutered knights volunteered their services. And each, in turn, went forth, and each, in turn, was eaten by the dragon, horse, accouterments, and all.

At last, a poor wood-cutter's son, on foot, and armed with nothing but a blunt axe, presented himself as a candidate.

The king looked at him in surprise; the haughty princess curled her upper lip in disdain; the courtiers gave him the greatest razzing in the history of the dynasty. But the boy persisted, and received the royal permission.

He sallied forth, and two days later returned to court with the dragon's head, still spitting fire, over his shoulder.

Yes, he did!—Samuel Hoffenstein.

## Wanted: A Lop-Sided Man

IF ANY ONE should happen to run across a man with a lop-sided face set slightly on the bias, he is the one I am looking for.

When last seen he was attired in evening dress, with a paper hat over one ear, and was seated at the lower right-hand corner of the Annual Dinner of the Old Boys of Harlem Association. I have his photograph before me now.

He is apparently a member of the Elks, Masons, Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, the Mask and Wig Amateur Theatricals, the Riverside (Cal.) Rotary Club, the D. K. E. Fraternity, the Michigan Alumni Association, the Methodist Bible Class of Atlanta, Georgia, and other organizations; and he attends all their banquets. He has a special table in the lower right-hand corner, and he is always to be found, with his diagonal expression cut in half by the camera, peering up over the edge of the paper.

I don't believe I have ever met him myself, but I have hundreds of friends who have been to banquets with him. They point him out with delight in the group photograph, and laugh and shake their heads, and exclaim: "Poor Jack, he nearly got left out, hahahahaha!"

If any one finds the little chap, with his lop-sided smile and oval face inclined about 45°, I wish they would ask him to be present, please, in the lower right-hand corner of the flashlight photograph of the Crescent Tennis and Racquet Club on Monday evening. Remind him to wear his lop-sided paper hat in the picture.—Corey Ford.

## The Dunsonhurst Campaign

DUNSONHURST is going to ADVERTISE! Not that it hasn't done so already. Slade & Co., the real estate dealers who wet-nursed our little suburb into life, keep the commuting public pretty well informed of its existence.

What I mean is, we're going to open up a new field—broadcaster our wares in another market. Or, as Slemmer puts it (he's the chap who figured up the whole idea), we'll sell ourselves to the servants.

Maybe you don't understand. Well, we didn't get the idea complete either, the first time he sprung it on us. This fellow Slemmer—though, as he admits himself, he did more to revolutionize the Paper-Buttonhole-Boutonniere industry than any other man (it seems he thought up that by the now World Famous slogan "Say it with paper flowers—they never die")—well, anyway, he had a hard time convincing some of the old timers. But he finally put it over.

It seemed we had been barking up the wrong tree all the time.

"Treat your cooks and chauffeurs and gardeners like human beings," that's the way he put it. "After all, they're no wiser than you are."

"I don't know about that," puts in old Mr. Japes. "They seem to stay in the city pretty much. They last about a week when they do come out here, and the way they act. The only difference I can see between a cook and a week-end guest is that the cook gets paid."

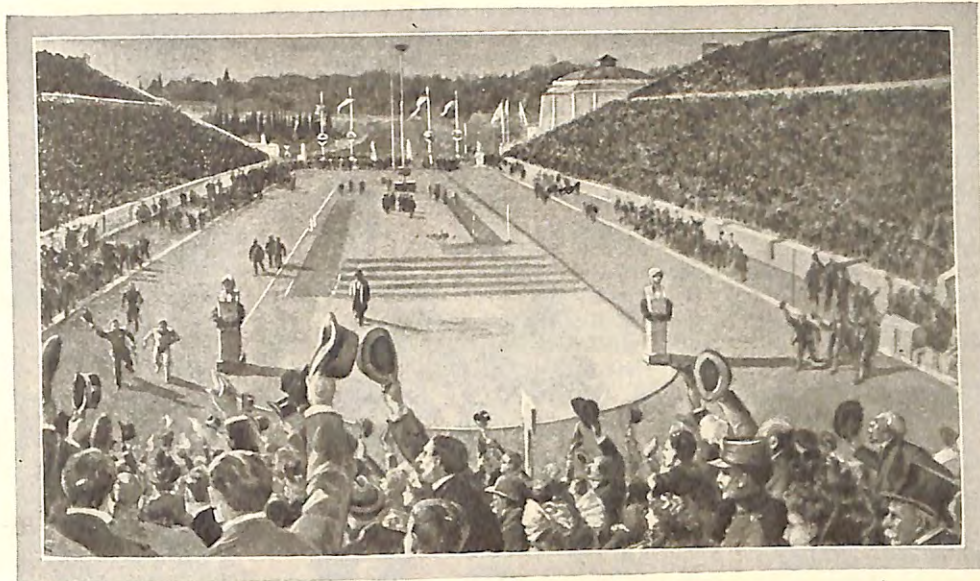
"Well, what we want to do," said Slemmer, "is to make them want to come out here."

We all had a good laugh at this, but Slemmer wasn't disturbed.

"Make them want to come," he repeated. "That's what I mean. Slade & Co. made you want to come. We'll use the same method on the servants. Now—" he dug into his brief case, and flung a sheaf of papers on the table in front of us. "We'll use the same idea. The country appeal, if you get what I mean. We'll have those chambermaids with their mouths watering for the Rolling Vistas and Changing

(Continued on page 72)





*Drawing of the stadium at Athens made at the Olympics in 1896 by Corwin Knapp Linson*

# The First Olympic Victory

By James B. Connolly

**A**FTER 1500 years the Olympic Games were to be revived in all their ancient glory. This was in 1896 and I was a student in the Scientific School of a great American University. Right away I began to get excited. Ever since I was a boy and able to read books of more than one syllable my imagination had been fired by tales of the old Greeks.

I made up my mind to take part in this new Olympiad, which—O wonderful thought!—was to be held in Athens. I went to the college track trainer and told him of my intention, expecting to see him brighten up and say: "Good idea! Great thing for the college to have a man in those games! Go ahead and good luck to you!"

Our trainer made his living off athletics, but his real passion was for coon hunting. He had been out on such a hunt only two nights before and he was telling a friend all about it in the college yard when I broke in on him. He continued to talk to his friend while I waited. By and by, his friend having absorbed all his system would stand about coon hunting, he turned to me:

"What'd you say, Connolly? Oh, those Olympic Games! I did hear something about 'em. Where they holdin' 'em? Greece? Pretty long trip, ain't it, to take in a set of games?" He paused thoughtfully. "You heard me about that coon hunt? Well, you should've seen the fight that second coon put up! Near chewed up one of my dogs. A wise old dog, too!" And that was all I got out of him about my going to Athens.

The Dean of our Scientific School at this time was a fine character. Besides knowing his academic business he was a most likable, human person. I

went to see him, told him what I had in mind to do, and asked him what he thought of it. He shared my enthusiasm. He also



endorsed my judgment that such a trip, with the glory that was Greece to light up the background, would have fully as good an educational value as the same length of time spent in college. He also said: "But to be absent six weeks from college will require the permission of the Chairman of the Athletic Committee. You will have to see him."

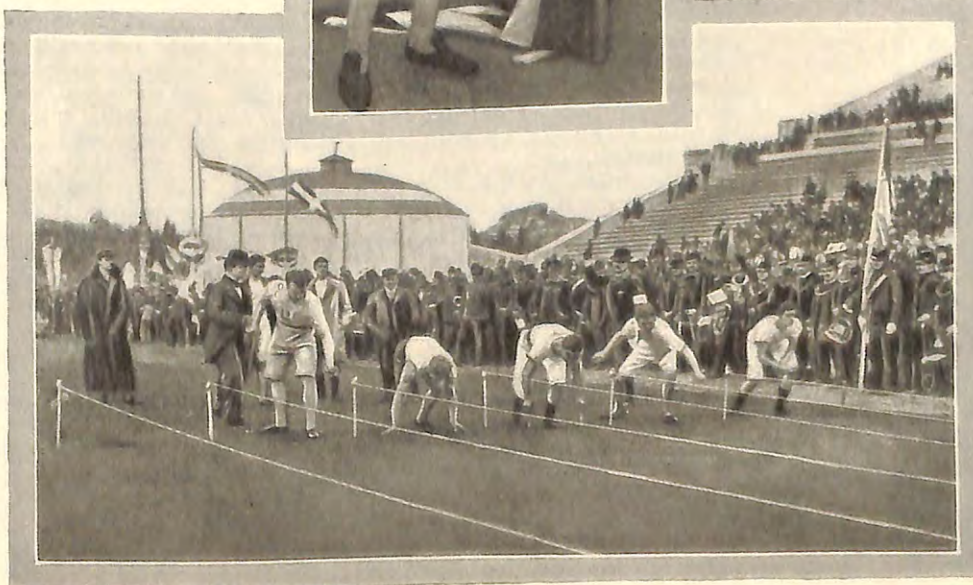
I went to see the Chairman, who was a Professor of the Faculty. I did not loosen up to him as I had to the old Dean. I started to, but his cool, self-sufficient manner soon quenched my warm speech. The Dean was inclined to credit everybody with the best of motives; this composed Professor was inclined rather the other way. He gazed over my head and said coldly: "You know you are only going over there for a junket."

My dream for years had been on some day seeing with my own eyes the great places I had for so long been reading about; and of all those places Athens loomed greatest. Marbled Athens! Violet-wreathed Athens! The ruined Parthenon on the brow of the lofty Acropolis! Something to see they were! I stared, perhaps with rude amazement, at this educated man who could not understand.

I heard my college mentor's voice again. In icy accents he was saying: "I shall not grant you leave-of-absence. But I will tell you what you can do—seeing that you seem bound to go. You can resign from college and on your return make application to reenter, and I shall consider your application."

*James B. Connolly as he appeared victorious at Athens*

*Photograph of the start of a sprint in the 1896 Olympics*





He had been speaking with increasing self-assurance, and I listening with increasing wrath. He stood up as a sign of dismissal, whereupon I said a few things: "I can still recall clearly my closing words: 'I am not resigning and I am not making application to re-enter on my return. I am through with this college right now. Good day.'"

I never did go back to that college; that is, to study. I did go back some years later to address the student body, but the invitation to address them did not come from that Chairman of Athletics; and he was not among those present. I did see him again though, as I shall tell about further on.

Between schoolboy days and my entrance into college I had been earning my living and at this time had enough money to put me through a special two years' college engineering course. What was left of that money would pay for my trip to Greece. I could, I knew, compete under the colors of a big athletic club and have the trip without cost to myself, but I never did enjoy the thought of having my expenses settled for by some wealthy club man, who might look on me as he would look on one of a stable of race horses performing for him to brag about.

**T**HERE was a little athletic club with headquarters in my own home town of South Boston. I had won an American amateur jumping championship for them before this; but on leaving home to take a job with an Army engineering corps in the South I dropped my membership in that club.

On the day I left for Greece a committee from that little old club dropped in on me. Charged with sentiment from the earlier days, they had held a meeting the night before and unanimously elected me as a member. They handed me the club emblem—a stag's head done in gold—asking me would I wear it in the games. There was not enough money in the treasury to pay my expenses, or they would gladly offer to do so.

I had already bought me a little silk American ensign to wear—better than any club colors I thought—but I took the golden stag's head and said I would be proud to wear the old colors, too. As for the expense part; never having had any athletic club pay my expenses, I was just as well pleased to go along now with my record clear on that score. I later had the stag's head sewed on

my jersey and wore it with the little ensign in the games.

In those days I was not given to profound reflections on the doings of people around me. It was enough to be living without stopping to think about it; but irresponsible as I was even then the thought did occur to me that our colleges and athletic clubs were woefully indifferent to what the revival of the Olympic Games might come to mean in international life. Only one American college (Princeton) and one athletic club beside my own (Boston A. A.) was represented in that first Olympic team. I have often thought since then that our colleges follow along like a flock of sheep in too many things. The bell-wether of that day was Harvard and the Harvard authorities could see nothing in the Olympic games. As for the Amateur Athletic Union officials of that day—well, some of them I know had only the haziest notions of what the old Olympic Games were all about.

There were but ten athletes on that first Olympic team. The six who were from Boston took the overnight boat train to New York, picked up the Princeton contingent next morning, and that same day we all sailed on a German steamer for Naples via Gibraltar. We got some exercise, but not much real practice, prancing around the steamer's deck. It was not a great big steamer.

My own attempt to exercise was discouraging enough in the beginning. The day before leaving home I had strained my back high-jumping in a gymnasium. This was in March and the weather up to then too wintry for outdoor work. For eight days on that steamer I had to use my hands to help myself get up out of a chair. I wasn't worrying about it. Nothing worried me much in those days. I had a feeling that it would come out all right. And it did. The day before we were due in Gibraltar I started to lift myself out of my table chair as usual when—presto!—I did not have to lift myself. I bounced up with not a thing the matter with me.

We stopped for half a day at Gibraltar and two days at Naples. We took a train across Italy to Brindisi, and from there a steamer to Patras, Greece, stopping half a day at lovely Corfu on the way.

It was early morning when we steamed into the harbor of Patras. We hurried through breakfast and then hustled ashore to catch the every-other-day train to Athens. I was busting already with the sights I had seen—the Azores Islands rising up like a post-card picture out of the sea, the rock of Gibraltar just like the insurance ad and now cutting a jagged bit of a huge copper sun going down behind it; the Bay of Naples which had lived up to its reputation, as seen through the airport just after day-



*Loren Murchison, of the Newark A. C., one of the fastest sprinters in this country  
Joie Ray of the Illinois A. C., holder of many records in the middle distances*

PAUL THOMPSON



*Hills, of Princeton, one of the most formidable of our shot putters*

PAUL THOMPSON

break; the art galleries and museums of Naples; the Italian villages hanging over the edges of the high Apennines;—these wonderful sights I had seen, and now throughout most of that eight-hour run to Athens my head was stuck out of the compartment window to see what I most of all desired to see. For a full hour before any human eye could possibly see Athens I was looking out of the window. I knew I could not see it yet, but I kept my head stuck out just the same; no telling, some magical mirage of it might flash up somewhere!

It flashed out at last with the sun of a fair spring day shining down on it. I saw the high Acropolis first. I knew it from the pictures I had been looking at since I was a boy. Next I picked out the ruins of the Parthenon, and in that moment knew more of Phydias than a score of text-books could have told me. Soon I could make out the low-built houses of the old parts of the city. It was a great hour, that last one rolling in to Athens.

A committee met us at the station. They marched us up to the Chamber of Deputies. Many foreign athletes were there before us. There was a drinking of healths—to whom or what we did not know. All of our crowd were practically teetotallers. For myself, except for once taking a slug of whiskey with hot water and lemon to sweat out a bad cold, I had never tasted liquor. But here was an occasion which seemed to demand something of us as representatives of our country. The German group were uttering tremendous Hoch, Hoch, Hochs from under high-held glasses; so we all emitted many loud Hurray, Hurray, Hurrays, and three or four of us drained two gallant goblets of light wine to the Germans.

**W**E WERE next handed into carriages, and with an able band ahead and another just behind, we rolled through the streets of Athens, a tumultuous populace ceaselessly cheering us; all of which we enjoyed and would have enjoyed it even more but we were very hungry, having had only bites of ridiculous little sandwiches at railway stations since early morning.

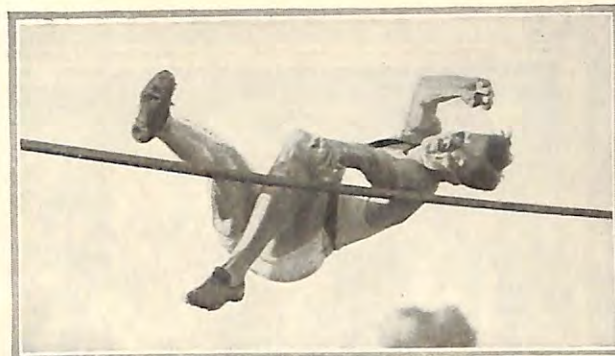
At half-past eight they delivered us at our





Here is Charley Paddock, America's premier sprinter, snapped at the start of a race

F. D. Tootell, Boston A. A., holder of the Intercollegiate hammer throw record, 181 feet, 6½ inches



Harold Osborne, U. of Illinois, who recently cleared the bar at 6 ft. 8¼ inches, a world's record

bound away to the Stadium for the immortal test—we were a lot of blessed heroes.

Two hundred yards from the Stadium gate our carriages were stopped by a double line of soldiers. We were about to get out when the driver held up his hand. We were competing athletes and as such were entitled to drive clear up to the very gates. He named us one after the other—Bur-r-ka, Gar-rat-t, Cur-r-tis, Kenelly (so he pronounced mine). The officer recognized our presences; so, up to the very gate we were driven.

It was an hour to the opening ceremony, yet the Stadium was already filled. Eighty, some said one hundred, thousand people it held. Already the hills above and just outside the walls were packed with men, women and children. They were almost reverentially silent. It was the day of days, the first day of the first Olympiad after 1500 years. This very Stadium was also erected on the banks of the Ilyssus, on the site of that very Stadium wherein the games had last been held fifteen centuries ago.

It was a thrilling promenade up the cinder track to that corner of the arena from whence led the tunnel to the dressing-rooms. People in the front rows recognized some of us from our pictures in the morning papers. They shouted our names as we passed.

We made our way through the tunnel, thence by way of an open air fenced-in walk to a structure wherein was a gravelled court with booths set all about it. The booths allotted to us were decorated with American and Greek colors. Long tables and benches

(Continued on page 76)

hotel. We had guests at our dinner table. The lively young sons of Mr. Alexander, the American minister, were there with a chum, a prince from the Palace, a good-natured lad who could talk pretty good English and who seemed proud to be with us. He became so interested in our table talk that he forgot half the time what he was doing. He sat between Tom Burke and me. Tom brought him to one time by saying: "Say, Kid, the trick in eating soup is to throw it down your throat, not your shirt-front." That little boy has been King of Greece since; also the Powers fired him. He was a pleasant, likable kid, nevertheless, when we knew him.

The life of the square and streets near the hotel—we hated to leave it that night. However we got to bed, but were hardly asleep—at least so I thought—when we were awakened by the crashing of loud music. We got up. It was barely light. We stuck our heads out of the window. Our hotel, the d'Angleterre, was across the square from the Palaceway around the square and past our windows. All the soldiers in Greece must have paraded past our window that morning. When there were no more soldiers left we started to go back to bed; but it was already near time for a bath and breakfast, so we did not bother to go.

While we were eating, an official came in to inform us that some of the events would be contested that afternoon. We listened without excitement. We had with us a copy of a home newspaper program which said that none of the events in which we were entered would be contested before such and such a date, which date was yet a week and a half away. Naturally they would not ask men who had come 6000 miles after sixteen days on the road to get out and compete for a world's championship the very next day. They would give us a few days of course to get the feel of spiked shoes and solid earth under our feet again. Of course they would!

So we paid no attention to the message of that first official. But presently another one came along, who could speak English, and he made it clear to us that it was true. Why the rush we asked, displaying a newspaper clipping. Ah, but there was no rush. The dates were as originally set. He suggested delicately that possibly the difference between the Gregorian and Greek calendars, a matter of twelve days, had not been taken

into account by our newspaper. We admitted that perhaps they hadn't. We stormed that official to learn who the hard luck fellows were, and lo and behold you—I found myself among those who would have to compete that day. Tom Burke and Curtis and Jameson in the 100 metres trials, and Bob Garrett in the discus throw were also on the list.

None of us was much given to over-worrying in those happy days, but we did hold a little talkfest over the prospect at lunch that day. Some of our crowd had been competing indoors during the winter, but three of us—none of us, I believe, had had a spiked shoe on since the previous fall, except for half an hour or so on the race-track at Gibraltar, and then we had not stripped to it—merely pranced around in our street clothes to get rid of our sea-legs.

We were wishing we had a little more time, but it was the luck of the draw. Somebody had to go out the first day. We were there to give them all we had. If it was not enough—well, what would be, would be.

AFTER an early lunch we chartered a fleet of their low-sided fiacres for the Stadium. Crowds cheered us away from the hotel door. The streets were filled almost solid with hurrying, excited people. The Greek papers had been filled with copy about the coming games for months past. Historians, archeologists, all kinds of experts had been drafted by the Government to dig up everything relating to the ancient games; and scores of private investigators had been going it on their own. Everybody was saturated with the lore of the old days.

Greek peasants had been pouring in from every province for the great festival. A real patriot, when he did not have the price to take the train, came in on foot. They were wearing the old Greek costume mostly—long white woolen drawers for trousers, red shoes with blue pompons sticking up from the toes, a short cutaway jacket of the sort which we had been seeing in light opera, frilled white linen shirts and red fez. Many of them carried their food supply in a great wallet at their waistbelt. They emblazoned the streets with color, kept them boiling with their lively action. Everybody was a brother with them, and as for the athletes

DeHart Hubbard, U. of Michigan, holder of the Intercollegiate broad and triple jump titles







## EDITORIAL

**A**S THIS issue of the Magazine goes to press, the final arrangements are being completed for the Grand Lodge Convention which is to assemble in Boston, on July 8th, and which gives promise of being the greatest gathering of Elks in the history of the Order.

The Lodges of New England, in association with Boston Lodge, have cooperated with splendid loyalty and generosity to insure the comfort, entertainment and the fraternal and patriotic inspiration of all who may attend. The preparations have been most elaborate; and the program is perhaps the most ambitious ever undertaken for the entertainment of a Grand Lodge Convention.

The Committees in charge of the several events have performed their services with ability and devoted enthusiasm. The successful results now depend upon the members of the Order. To those who have attended previous Grand Lodge Conventions, no suggestions are needed. But to those who have not enjoyed this fraternal experience, it is appropriate to state that they will find at Boston a demonstration of the power and prestige of the Order, and opportunities for fraternal associations that will inspire them with new loyalty and zeal as members of America's greatest benevolent and patriotic fraternity.

### ROTATION IN OFFICE

**I**N MANY of the Subordinate Lodges of the Order the custom prevails to elect each retiring station officer to the next higher position, and to do so as matter of course, without special consideration of the qualifications of the officers for such higher stations. The practice is referred to as "rotation in office," a phrase that is not accurately descriptive but is well understood.

It is unfortunate that the custom is so general. It can not be justified in principle and its observance is not infrequently attended by results that are disappointing if not disastrous. And now that no elections are pending, it would seem an appropriate time to suggest a few obvious reasons why the custom should be abandoned.

The office of Exalted Ruler of a Subordinate Lodge is not an easy one to be acceptably ad-

ministered. It calls for unusual qualifications; for its demands are as variant as they are important. An Exalted Ruler should be a good presiding officer who can conduct the sessions of the Lodge with dignity and dispatch. He should be a good ritualist so that the ceremonials of the Order may be performed with impressiveness and beauty. He should be a leader among his associates, capable of initiative and with the ability to secure the support and cooperation of the membership. He should be not merely a good fellow but a man who inspires the respect and confidence of his Lodge associates and of his whole community. He should have the time to give to the exacting duties of the office as well as the disposition to give it.

It may be that each of the station officers is qualified to become a successful Exalted Ruler. But that fact is not demonstrated merely by the acceptable administration of the Subordinate offices; and mere service in one position should not of itself be regarded as the sole requisite for promotion. Loyalty and readiness to serve are essential qualities in every official, but they alone do not justify preferment.

This does not mean that each Exalted Ruler, or that each station officer, should be each year newly elected from those who have not previously served the Lodge in official capacity. Experience in the chairs gives opportunity to develop and display qualifications for advanced authority and responsibility. But the advancement should depend upon demonstrated capability and not merely upon willingness to accept election to higher office.

Nor do these suggestions imply any lack of appreciation of the loyalty and devotion of those who have served in subordinate positions. That appreciation may be expressed by the Lodge in many appropriate ways.

But the best interests of the Lodge and of the Order require that election to office should be impersonal, so far as possible; and that officers should be chosen because of their ability to successfully perform the peculiar duties incident to their respective positions. There should be no rule or custom that one elected to a subordinate





office will, by mere lapse of time, and continued willingness to serve, become eventually Exalted Ruler. Such a practice cheapens the office, makes it the fixed reward for a definite period of service, and disregards the considerations which should control the selection of the most important official of the Subordinate Lodge who automatically becomes a life member of the Grand Lodge.

#### INDEPENDENCE DAY

IT IS not infrequently stated that the American people are establishing too many anniversary celebrations in honor of events and individuals, and that their observance as holidays involves a serious encroachment upon the time that should be devoted to the regular activities of business life. Whatever may be the justification for the statement, as a general criticism of our calendar of holidays, certainly there is none as to Independence Day, or, as it is more simply and familiarly called, Fourth of July.

It is the anniversary of the most important event in the history of our Country, and, therefore, one of the most important in the history of the World. It is appropriate that it should be celebrated from year to year in such manner as to revive in our hearts an appreciation of the blessings which that event has assured to our forefathers, to ourselves and to our posterity.

It should not be observed as a mere holiday, a brief respite from the ordinary business obligations of our daily existence, but it should be regarded as a significant occasion upon which loyal patriotism should be definitely displayed and upon which every true American should solemnly rededicate himself to his Country's service.

It is unfortunate that the old-fashioned Fourth of July celebrations have fallen somewhat into disuse. There may have been much of bombast about them. But there was, in the final analysis, much that was instructive to youth, inspiring to maturity and comforting to age. And there are many thousands who can trace to such occasions their awakening to the realization of the blessings of American citizenship and the civic obligations that are incident to that citizenship.

A revival of the appropriate celebrations of the anniversary of American independence can but lead to a rekindled patriotic ardor among those

who participate therein. Its importance and significance should not be lost sight of because of the other occasions of less moment which we observe.

#### LADIES' CARDS

A SHORT while ago a member of the Order expressed the opinion that some provision should be made by the Grand Lodge for issuing identification cards to wives and daughters of Elks. He was an example, all too characteristic, of the prevailing indifference to, and lack of knowledge of, the laws of the Order. Had he but read the Grand Lodge Statutes, he would have found that Section 200 provides as follows:

"Subordinate Lodges are authorized to issue, under their seals, upon the written request of any member in good standing, to the wife, mother, daughter or sister of a member, and to the widow of a deceased member so long as she shall remain a widow, a visiting or identification card, stating her name and residence and showing at whose request said card was issued, and the relationship of the holder of the same to the brother requesting it, and the date when said card expires. . . ."

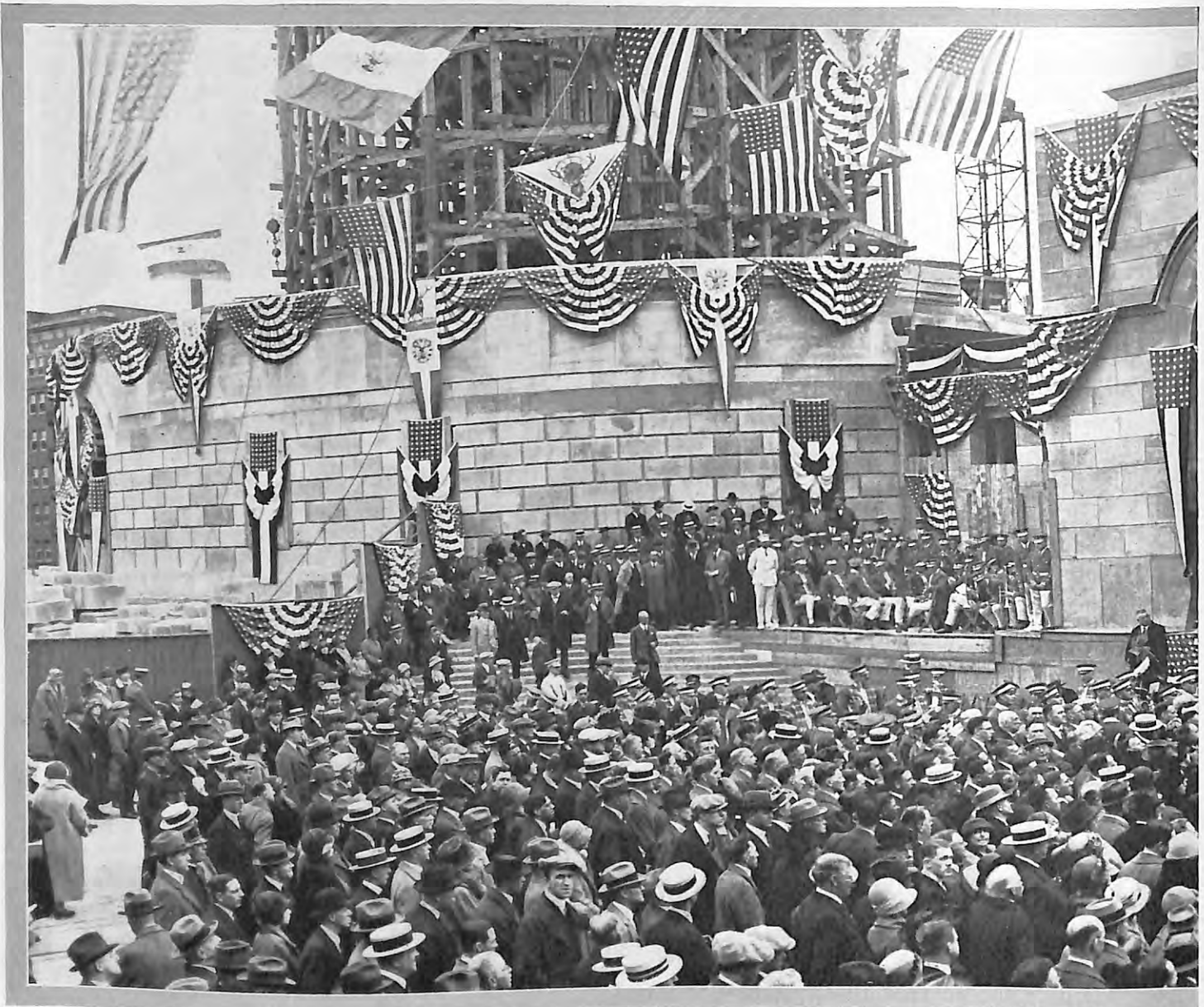
There is no expense, and very little trouble, incident to the issuance of such cards; and it is surprising that so few applications are made for them when their value is so obvious.

There is usually little need for such cards in the home city of the interested parties, for identification is rarely required and is easily established. But when a lady member of a brother's family travels to other cities, particularly if such journey be made alone, an Elks' card is a valuable certificate to have in possession.

True Elks are uniformly courteous and helpful to all women who may have need of their protection or assistance. But it is natural that one who can identify herself as a near relative of a member of the Order should have a peculiar claim upon all other members. And in case of real need or emergency, an Elks' lady's card may prove the means of saving valuable time and avoiding much embarrassment and annoyance and possible danger.

It would be well if every member of an Elks' family entitled to such a card would keep one in her possession at least while traveling or while in a strange city.





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## Cornerstone Laying of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

*Chicago Sees Impressive Ceremonies*

ON THE afternoon of June 7, the cornerstone was laid for the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building which is being erected at Diversey Parkway and Lake View Avenue, overlooking the waters of Lake Michigan. The ceremonies, perhaps the most impressive of their kind ever conducted by the Order, called forth nearly the entire roll of Grand Lodge officers, representatives from Lodges in every part of the country, city officials, and many hundreds of citizens. With the exception of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, of San Francisco, who found it impossible at the last moment to come, all the members of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, under whose direction the building is being erected, were present: Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Chairman; Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director; James R. Nicholson, Edward

Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Rush L. Holland, Frank L. Rain, William W. Mountain, J. Edgar Masters, and Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland (ex-officio).

Beautifully decorated with American flags and the colors of the Order, the building, even in its present unfinished state, presented an imposing spectacle. But more effective than this was the realization, on the part of all, of what that building would stand for when completed: a permanent testimonial, as nearly perfect as hand and heart could make it, to the great army of 70,000 members of the Order who took part in the World War and to the 1,200 of these who paid the supreme sacrifice.

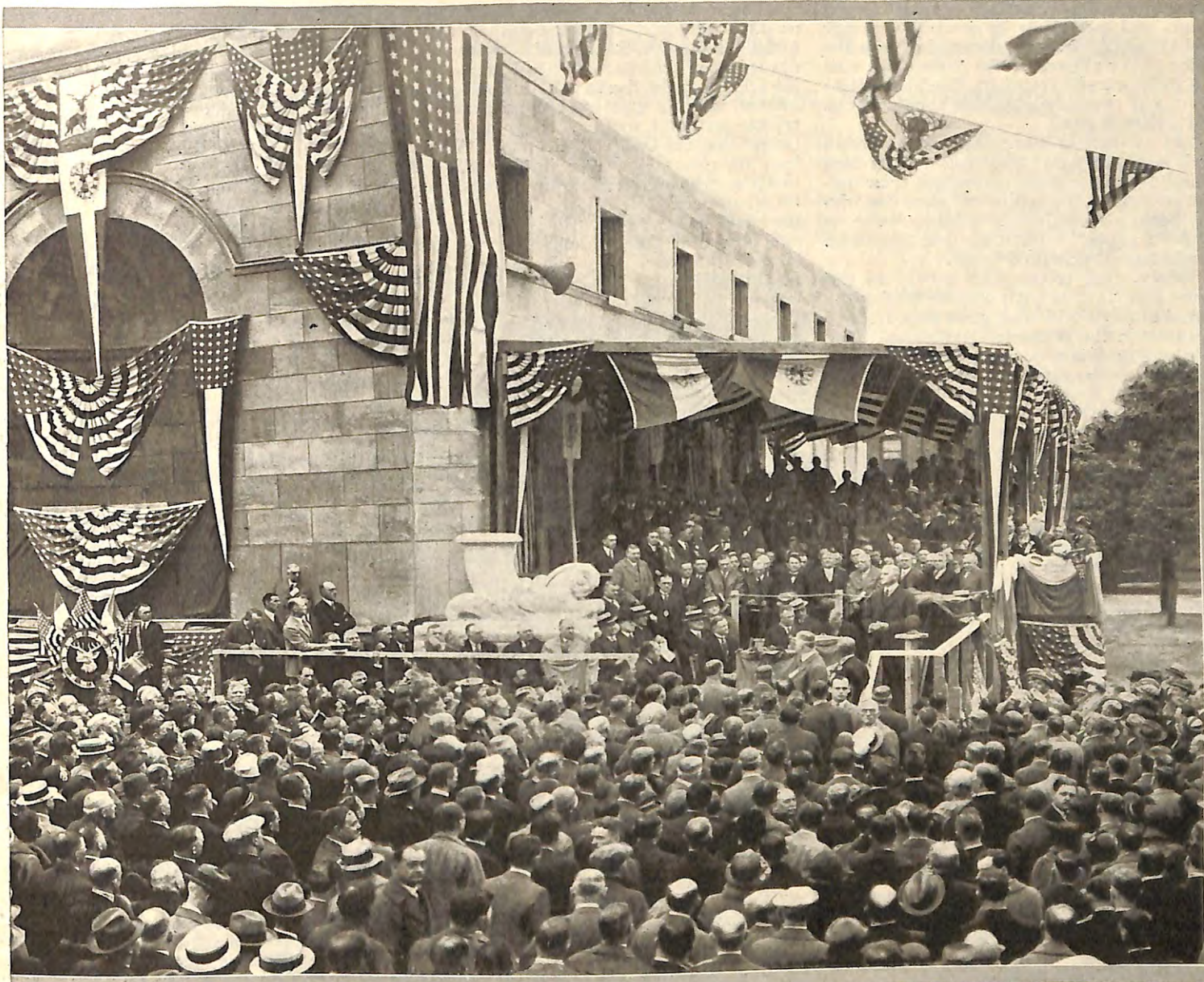
Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, acting as presiding officer of the exercises, opened the program by reading the letter written and sent by President Calvin Coolidge especially for the occasion. This

letter expressing the President's appreciation of the achievements of the Order in war and peace is reproduced in facsimile on page 5.

Hon. William E. Dever, Mayor of Chicago, delivered an address of welcome, voicing on behalf of the citizens Chicago's pride in having been chosen as the city in which the great Memorial Building will stand. He spoke not only as the official head of a great metropolis, but also as an Elk—as a member of Chicago Lodge, No. 4.

Following this address Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland opened the ritualistic service. This beautifully worded service was never more effectively enacted than on this occasion when Mr. McFarland was assisted by the following Grand Lodge officers: Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Harry M. Ticknor; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George J. Winslow; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Clement Scott; Grand





Secretary Fred C. Robinson; Grand Treasurer John K. Burch; Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart; Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow.

The music of the ritualistic services was especially impressive. "The Star Spangled Banner" was of course a familiar song to every one present, though it is doubtful if many of that large assemblage had ever heard it sung as dramatically as Miss Margery Maxwell, Soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, sang it that afternoon. Her clear, compelling voice touched responsive chords in every breast, so that before the music ended the whole gathering was in song. This and the song "The Americans Come," which was beautifully rendered by Miss Maxwell, moved the whole audience deeply. Not any less effective was the music given by the Band and Elks' Chorus of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46 and the Band of Chicago Lodge. The opening and closing marches were brilliantly played by the Chicago Band, and the selections given by both the Chorus and the Band of Milwaukee Lodge were magnificently interpreted.

Just before the cornerstone was actually moved into place, a copper box containing the following appropriate items was deposited in the recess by Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson and Grand Treasurer John K. Burch: letter from President Calvin Coolidge; the following coins: penny,

nickel, dime, quarter, half dollar, dollar, all of 1924 coinage; Grand Lodge Proceedings of 1920-23, inclusive, in so far as they relate to the National Memorial Headquarters building; copy of Detweiler's "History of the Order"; photographs of all Past Grand Exalted Rulers and present Grand Lodge officers; copy of Grand Lodge Constitution, Statutes and By-Laws of Subordinate Lodges; present Ritual and special Rituals; names of architect, Edgerton D. Swartwout, advisory architect, Col. J. Hollis Wells, and general contractors, Hegeman-Harris Co., Inc.; copy of the program of the 1924 Anniversary banquet of New York Lodge No. 1; copy of the program of the cornerstone laying of the National Memorial Headquarters Building; copies of THE ELKS MAGAZINE; copy of the souvenir program for the Christmas Tree Fund, April 14, 1923, of New York Lodge No. 1, containing an article on the origin of the Order and a brief history of its inception by William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1.

The principal address of the day was made by the Hon. Bruce A. Campbell, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and a member of the Commission. It was a speech that conveyed fully the idea and purpose of the Memorial. We print it here in the Magazine so that every member of the Order may read it for himself, and feel proud of his own share in the erection of this lasting testimonial to those who, during the World War,

unselfishly offered their lives or lost them—true to the spirit of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

#### *Address of Hon. Bruce A. Campbell*

"FROM time immemorial nations and individuals have erected memorials and monuments in memory of their honored dead. "The cities and countries of the Old World contain magnificent structures erected to commemorate the life of some man or group of men. In this comparatively new country of ours the custom has perhaps prevailed to a greater degree than in any other nation. In the great cities of our country there are not only monuments, but memorial hospitals, colleges, churches, libraries and other buildings calculated to improve the public welfare, as well as to commemorate some man or set of men, or some great event, either in the history of the nation or of the community. Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive, the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, the Washington Memorial, the Jefferson Memorial, and others of like character indicate the extent to which our people have gone in the development of this idea.

"Not less in magnitude and extent is the colossal undertaking now under way near Atlanta, where the history of the great struggle between the States is being perpetuated in the solid granite of Stone Mountain. Smaller in size and expense, but equally



great in sentiment, are the soldiers' monuments and memorials in nearly every city and village in America, commemorating the valor of the citizens of the community who left their peaceful vocations, shouldered their arms and responded to their country's call in its time of need.

"In Brussels, in Rome, in Paris, in London and in Washington grateful nations and grateful people have entombed their unknown soldier, to typify not alone he who lies buried there, but in a larger sense to render a nation's tribute to all of those who fought and died in its defense.

"More than 70,000 Elks served in the Army and Navy of their country during the period of the World War; more than 1,200 of them made the supreme sacrifice and now lie sleeping either beneath the poppies of France or in the peaceful cemeteries of their native land.

"FROM the Armistice, individual members of our Order had in mind that some magnificent memorial building should be erected which would not only express our appreciation of the patriotism of our Brothers, but also would be a permanent structure that would last throughout the ages as a memorial to all of our Brothers who gave their lives for their country and be a monument for all of them, just as the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Washington is a monument for every American soldier who gave his life in the great struggle in which we were so recently engaged.

"This sentiment crystallized and became so general among the members of the Order that at the session of the Grand Lodge held in Chicago in 1920 a Committee was appointed to consider the question and to report to the succeeding Grand Lodge session whether or not such a project should be undertaken, and if so, where and in what manner it should be done. That Committee reported to the session of the Grand Lodge held in Los Angeles in 1921, and recommended the construction at Chicago of a Memorial Building, and provided for the fund with which to build it, and for a Commission to have charge of the work.

"The report was unanimously adopted and a fund of nearly \$3,000,000 provided by the Grand Lodge for the purpose, and as a result of the action there taken, we are here to-day to lay the cornerstone of the great structure that is here being built for the purposes heretofore related.

"It is fitting and proper that this building should be constructed. Memory is generally only sweet when altogether pleasant. When, however, one has died in a noble cause, and when the time is past when grief is poignant and only pride is in our hearts and we have reconciled ourselves to the inevitable, then the memory of one who has lived well and died bravely and honorably becomes one of life's sweet experiences.

"The Brothers whose acts and deeds are here being commemorated were members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks; they had appeared before the same altar and had taken the same obligation that you and I took. They were perhaps no better or braver soldiers than thousands of their comrades who did not wear the Antlers, but they had been trained by reason of their membership in this Order to have high ideals and sterling patriotism that insured that they would fight bravely and well for their Country and their Flag. No Elk with the obligation that he had taken and with the ideas and ideals of Americanism with which he became imbued could fail to be a good American, and any one who is a good American necessarily is a good soldier.

"These Brothers, time and time again, as they attended the meetings of their Lodges, had seen the flag of our country draped upon the altar; they had listened to the tribute to the flag in our ritualistic ceremonies, and no greater or more beautiful tribute was ever written. They had been taught that the Order of Elks was an American fraternity, confining its membership to those who were American citizens, and they had seen their beloved fraternity initiate and become responsible for the general observance of the anniversary of the birthday of our flag. They had been taught the lesson of America and of America's greatness, and they were filled with the spirit of patriotism and love of country that caused them to respond to their Country's call when they were needed.

"They had been taught the lesson of a higher Charity that taught them that it was better to give than to receive, and it was that charity which made them willing and eager to give their time and services and even their lives to their country and to humanity.

"They had been taught the lesson of the higher Justice which made it necessary, with their ideas of justice, that they should fight for their country, engaged as it was in a righteous cause and fighting for the principles of universal justice among all mankind.

"They had learned well the lesson of Brotherly Love, and with that spirit in their hearts they were willing to die, if necessary, for the purpose of creating a like spirit in the hearts of all mankind, and thereby ending all wars and securing to the world the promised thousand years of peace.

"They had been taught that fidelity was the greatest of all virtues, and that fidelity meant not only fidelity to home and family and friends and loved ones, but also fidelity to the Flag of the nation of which they were proud to be citizens, and which they had sworn to protect and defend.

"They had been taught the great lesson of Immortality; they believed that after their work and labors here were done that there was a Life hereafter and that the grave was not the end of all. They believed that as on earth we eat and sleep and drink and breathe the God-given air, all of which are necessary for our existence here, so death, as universal as are all of these, was likewise provided in order to insure the Life eternal.

"Someone has said: 'No one could ever meet death for his country without the hope of immortality.' And so our Brothers, believing in the Fatherhood of God and in the Brotherhood of man, could approach their death 'like one that wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams,' confident that if they gave up their lives for their country that they were only preceding the rest of us a little while into Eternity.

"If this building means to us only a magnificent structure, if it means to us only limestone and marble, artistically put together in order to form a great building in which to house our Order and in which to record its deeds and accomplishments, then our money has been spent in vain. If it has been erected merely that we who live and those who come hereafter may point with pride to our Order and its members, then our time and money have been wasted. If it merely appeals to our sense of beauty, and as a monument alone, then it will be useless in the perpetuation of our ideals and in the attainment of our purposes.

"On the other hand, if the 850,000 members of our Order are able to look

beyond the outward and visible signs of what we see here and what we shall see here, and see the inward meaning of this building, then we have builded well. Lincoln at Gettysburg expressed the idea, when in dedicating the monument there, he in substance said that it was not those who were there then who could consecrate and dedicate that hallowed spot, but that it was those who died there who would forever consecrate it to a holy cause. And so, if we who remain, as we look upon this magnificent building when it is completed, see beyond its walls, beyond its dome, behind its paintings and decorations, into the real thing which it typifies and represents, then this building is a valuable contribution to our Country and to our Country's good. If, as we do this, we are inspired to a higher patriotism, to a greater love of Country, to a belief in our Country and its institutions, and if we consecrate ourselves forever to be valiant in the defense of our Country, of its Constitution of its time-honored institutions, of its form of government and of its flag, then the cost of this building will be returned a thousandfold in a better country, a better nation, a better people and a better form of government.

"We cannot take up arms in defense of our Country. We hope that the time will never come when it will be necessary for us, or our children or our children's children, to be called upon to fight with arms for our Country. All of the fighting, and all of the patriotism, and all of the bravery, however, is not necessarily shown in battle. We have a duty to perform as citizens of a great nation which we can perform as bravely and as well as our Brothers performed their duty as soldiers of the nation.

"Attacks are being made upon our government. There are thousands who seek to shake the foundations of our Republic. There are thousands who would destroy the great government given us by Washington and Jefferson and Franklin and the great Revolutionary patriots who established this great free government upon this side of the Atlantic; preserved to us as a great nation by Lincoln and by Grant and the thousands of others who by the arbitrament of arms settled the great constitutional question of the right of a State to secede from the Union, and further preserved by millions of American men who, in the recent World War, fought—many of them dying—in order that the government of Washington and Jefferson and Grant and Lincoln might continue to exist as the greatest power for good in the history of the world.

"There are thousands in this country who would destroy the integrity of our Courts, who would weaken the power and integrity of our government, and who would, if they could, destroy the very fabric of our government and replace the starry flag of our country with the red flag of anarchy and the black flag of corruption.

"OUR duty as American citizens and as members of the great American fraternity to which we belong is, as we see this building, to rededicate and reconsecrate our lives to the defense of our country against these attacks and to a continued fight made energetically and unafraid for the maintenance of our Country and its institutions and the continued glory of its Flag.

"In conclusion let me say that to me this seems to be the lesson which we should learn from this occasion and from this building. May it ever be to us an inspiration to higher ideals and better citizenship. May it ever stimulate us to our full duty to our Country and to its Flag."



# New Home of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge

## Impressive Ceremony Marks Dedication of Building

ONE of the most impressive fraternal services in the history of the city took place on May 20 when the beautiful new Home of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge No. 852 was dedicated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener. The following distinguished members of the Order assisted Governor Tener in conducting the ceremony: William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1, Hon. William T. Byrne, Past Exalted Ruler of Albany Lodge No. 49, Dr. John Edwin Dearden, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1, Frank S. Powell, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Norwich, N. Y., Lodge No. 1222, Philip Clancy, Past Exalted Ruler of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge No. 346, and Rev. Theodore Dewees of Binghamton Lodge.

Following the dedication ceremonies a large banquet was served to over 500 on the roof garden of the new Home. Exalted Ruler Howard A. Swartwood of Binghamton Lodge who acted as toastmaster, introduced James A. Farley, Past Exalted Ruler of Haverstraw Lodge, since elected President of the New York State Elks Association; John A. Giles, Mayor of Binghamton; Dr. John Edwin Dearden and William T. Phillips; William E. Drisland, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Philip Clancy, President of the New York State Elks Association; and State Senator William T. Byrne, who laid the cornerstone of the new Home in 1923. Each of these distinguished guests praised Binghamton Lodge for its fine growth and achievement. Governor Tener, the honor guest of the evening, spoke of the Order as a potent force in shaping a national character for America. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was beautifully

rendered by Frank J. Barrett, Past Exalted Ruler of Binghamton Lodge.

The new Home is one of the most attractive buildings of its kind in the East. It is four stories high of brick and new stone, beautifully designed and finished through-

the site, was \$200,000, and \$50,000 additional was spent for the furnishings.

Every conceivable facility for the comfort and pleasure of the membership has been incorporated in the building. There are six bowling alleys, a Dutch Kitchen, showers and lounging room for non-members in the basement.

A billiard room with five tables, a reception room, a complete kitchen and a dining room with a capacity of 110 are on the first floor.

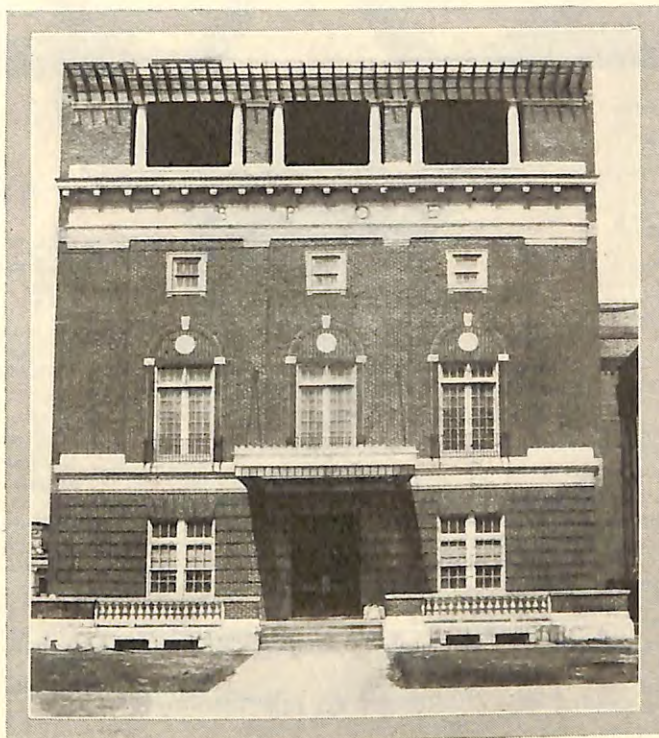
The Lodge room is on the second floor. This has a balcony, one story high, surrounding it.

The Exalted Ruler's station is on a platform raised thirty inches from the floor in the rear of the room. Also on this floor are coat rooms, lounge rooms, rooms for candidates, offices of the secretary and trustee's room. A large clock with letters of gold is suspended over the Exalted Ruler's station. The light arrangement in the building is so planned that at eleven o'clock all lights go out for eleven seconds, while the chimes of the clock toll the hour.

A memorial tablet five feet high and a beautiful three manual organ are features of this handsome room. The tablet is on hinges and when swung away from the wall reveals "leaves" in which are fastened plates bearing the names of the departed members. The organ is

so arranged that by opening consoles it can be heard in any part of the building. Various musical instruments can be imitated on it.

A large roof garden with a seating capacity of 450, tops the building. Windows run its full length on both sides and it is so arranged that it can be used at all seasons of the year for banquets or dances.



*New Home of Binghamton, N. Y.  
Lodge No. 852, recently dedicated*

out. Work on the structure was begun on October 16, 1922, when J. Victor Schad, Chairman of the Building Committee turned the first shovelful of earth. The cornerstone was laid on May 25 of the following year. The cost of the new Building, exclusive of

## The National Recreation Policy

THE Conference on the formulation of a national recreation policy, called by President Coolidge for May 22 to 24, was held on those dates at the National Museum in Washington and was attended by delegates from some 125 organizations. In calling the conference, President Coolidge appointed Secretaries Weeks, Work, Wallace, Davis and Hoover, and Assistant Secretary Theodore Roosevelt, as a committee charged with the task of formulating a recreation policy for the nation and suggesting how such a policy might be put into action. Mr. Roosevelt was appointed executive chairman of the conference.

Knowing well the interest shown by the Order of Elks in all recreation matters, Mr. Roosevelt invited Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning to attend the conference on behalf of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, while Hon. Murray Hulbert, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, was also in attendance representing the Amateur Athletic Union and other organizations as well.

The conference was opened by an address from President Coolidge, who stressed

the national value which would accrue if there were an organized, instructed and persistent effort to bring the benefits of outdoor recreation to the people at large. "Our youth need instruction in how to play," said the President, "as much as they do in how to work. Those who are engaged in our industries need an opportunity for outdoor life and recreation no less than they need opportunity of employment. Side by side with the industrial plant should be the gymnasium and the athletic field. Along with the learning of a trade by which a livelihood is to be earned should go the learning of how to participate in the activities of recreation."

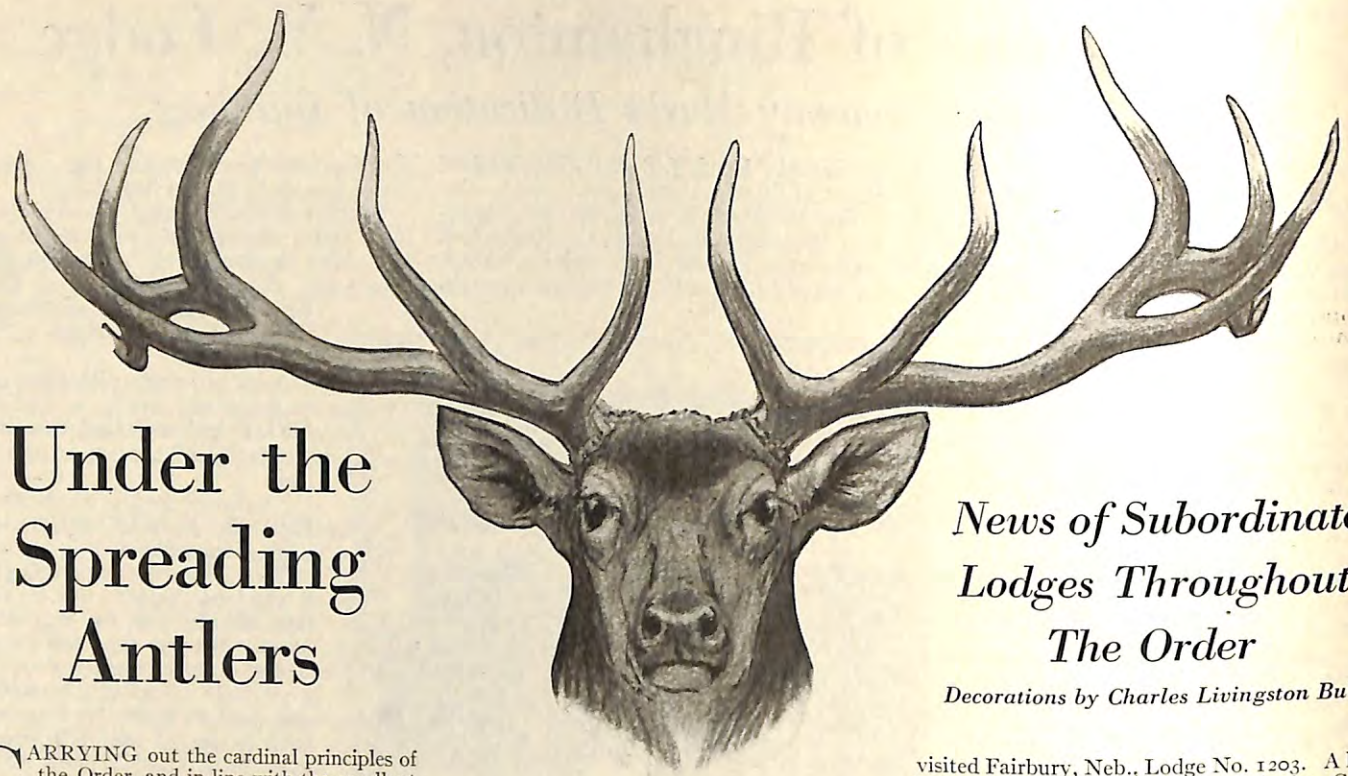
The conference was addressed by experts in many fields allied to the main recreation theme, papers being read on specific subjects falling under the following general topics: Wild Life Resources in the United States; Recreational Resources of America; and National Cooperation of Federal, State, and Private Agencies.

Coincident with the reading of the papers on these subjects, meetings were held of seventeen special committees appointed by

Chairman Roosevelt to set down recommendations for the consideration of the General Committee on Resolutions. The Committee on Permanent Organization to which these reports were then referred, drafted a plan, specifying the form in which the Conference should be perpetuated. This plan, embodied in a general resolution which was adopted, provided that there be formed a permanent National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, to be convened at least annually; that the Conference consist of the members of the President's Committee on Outdoor Recreation, such other federal officials as may be designated and delegates representing organizations interested in national outdoor recreation; that any organization desiring to participate may do so, upon approval by the Advisory Council; and that from the certified delegates there shall be chosen annually an Advisory Council of seventy persons, to be elected by the delegates.

The first Advisory Council was nominated by the Committee on Permanent Organization and elected. This Council will act upon the reports and resolutions of the seventeen special committees.





## Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

*Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull*

**C**ARRYING out the cardinal principles of the Order, and in line with the excellent work it has already done in this field, New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge No. 324 recently voted to contribute \$10,000 to the St. Peter's General Hospital and a like amount to the Middlesex General Hospital for the construction and equipment of a special operating room for crippled children and general orthopedics in each institution. In addition to the contributions of \$10,000 to each of the hospitals, the Lodge has contributed \$1,000 to the general building fund of each. The donations will come out of the general treasury of the Lodge and there will be no drives among the members or any public affairs to raise funds, the members voting to pay the donations from dues and initiation fees. The construction and equipment of the operating rooms will be done solely by the Lodge. Each institution will be paid the sums appropriated in ten equal yearly instalments.

Brunswick Lodge has already a high record for work in this field. Last year, under the sponsorship of the Lodge, fully 100 children were treated at these institutions weekly, at an expense of approximately \$4,000 a year. The recent action taken by the Lodge is perhaps the greatest practical demonstration of charity on the part of a fraternal organization ever witnessed in New Brunswick.

### *Pennsylvania Southwest Association Elects New Officers*

At a recent monthly meeting of the Elks' Association of Pennsylvania Southwest, held at Jeannette, Pa., Lodge No. 486, there were 19 Lodges represented, having 67 delegates in attendance. An interesting meeting was held, the members of Jeannette Lodge providing a fine program of entertainment for the visitors. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, F. J. Schrader, Allegheny Lodge, No. 339; Treasurer, William C. Carle, Jeannette Lodge; Secretary, C. S. Brown, Allegheny Lodge.

### *Brilliant Annual Banquet Given By San Francisco, Calif., Lodge*

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3 recently held its annual banquet in the Colonial Room of the Hotel St. Francis. Over 400 guests were present to pay homage to Past Exalted Ruler Nadeau L. Bourgeault after his wonderful administration and to welcome the new Exalted Ruler August L. Fournier. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin of Napa, Calif., Lodge No. 832, and William M. Abbott of San Francisco Lodge were among the many distinguished guests of the evening. Toward the close of the banquet Past Exalted Ruler Oliver

D. Flahavan, on behalf of the members of San Francisco Lodge, presented Mr. Bourgeault with a most beautiful diamond brooch for Mrs. Bourgeault, as a token of the esteem in which the Lodge holds its retiring Exalted Ruler. The banquet was enlivened with an excellent program of vocal and instrumental music.

### *Work Progresses on Impressive Home Of Irvington, N. J., Lodge*

Work is progressing rapidly on the new Home of Irvington, N. J., Lodge No. 1245. Adjoining the present quarters of the Lodge on a plot fronting 178 feet on Springfield Avenue and running through to Sharon Avenue 125 feet, the new building will occupy a space 93 feet front facing both streets, having sufficient ground for further development. This remaining ground will be used for outdoor entertainments, smokers and carnivals, as well as a parking space for 200 or more cars. In designing the Home, the architect envisioned the future development of the beautiful expanse of park which the building will face and accordingly drafted the English architecture of the Tudor period in planning the structure. The general construction is to be of skeleton frame, semi-fireproof. The exterior will present a pleasing, dignified appearance with variegated colored brick trimmed with Indiana limestone, rising to a height of three stories with a four-story central tower from which it will be possible to get a splendid view of the surrounding territory. Every modern convenience will be embodied in the Home and nothing will be left undone for the comfort of the members.

### *Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Mourns Passing Of Charles "Split" Seymour*

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge No. 53 mourns the loss of Charles "Split" Seymour who recently passed away at the age of 86. For more than 40 years he was a member of the Lodge, serving as its tiler for 37 years. His was a life crowded with romance and adventure, and the part he played in the history of Toledo Lodge endeared him to many. He was the best known and best loved member of the Lodge and far and wide members of the Order knew No. 53 through the reputation of this dignified gentleman who was the kindly and humorous host for so many years.

### *Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Fairbury, Neb., Lodge*

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland and Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson recently

visited Fairbury, Neb., Lodge No. 1203. A large banquet was given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler and an elaborate entertainment was staged for the enjoyment of the visitors. The Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge and officers from a number of other Lodges in the State were present. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain of Fairbury Lodge introduced Mr. McFarland to the gathering which was enthusiastic in its reception of the Grand Exalted Ruler and his interesting address. At the conclusion of the banquet Mr. McFarland was presented with a handsome pair of silver candlesticks.

### *New York Lodge, No. 1, Provides Entertainment for Sing Sing Prison*

The Director of Entertainments of the Mutual Welfare League of Sing Sing Prison at Ossining, N. Y., recently sent the following letter to New York Lodge, No. 1: "This letter is merely the outward and visible symbol of the great big feeling of gratitude and appreciation which the men here hold for your organization in arranging the transportation for the party of the San Carlo Opera Company. The artists themselves, as many of you heard, were tremendously applauded, but those of us who know that it is your organization which is responsible for the trip want you to feel that we are particularly grateful to you for so splendidly arranging the entire matter."

### *Elks Club of Fifteen Members Formed on the High Seas*

Fifteen members of the Order from Lodges in all parts of the country were on the passenger list of the S. S. *Empress of Canada* on her recent around-the-world cruise. The members formed an Elks Club shortly after sailing from New York City on January 30 and regular meetings were held on board throughout the voyage. The Club was royally entertained at Manila, P. I., Lodge No. 761, and at Honolulu, H. I., Lodge No. 616.

### *Arkansas State Elks Association Holds Convention at Little Rock*

More than 1,000 delegates from the various Lodges of the State were present at the thirteenth annual convention of the Arkansas State Elks Association which met recently at Little Rock. Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland was the guest of honor and delivered a most stirring address at the opening of the convention. A feature of the meeting was the presentation to the Association of a handsome loving cup by Mr. McFarland. This will be awarded to the degree team winning first place in the annual State ritualistic contest. Important steps were taken by the delegates to broaden the field of



welfare activities of the Lodges throughout the State and committees were appointed to investigate and report on various phases of the work. Dr. Louis J. Kosminsky of Texarkana Lodge No. 309, was elected President of the Association for the ensuing year; E. L. Lund and A. W. Parke, both of Little Rock Lodge No. 29, were elected Treasurer and Secretary respectively. Pine Bluff was selected as the convention city for 1925.

### **Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensations for New Lodges**

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland granted dispensations for the institution of the following new Lodges:

Dunellen, N. J., Lodge No. 1488.  
Burkburnett, Texas, Lodge No. 1489.  
Brookings, S. Dak., Lodge No. 1490.  
Whitehall, N. Y., Lodge No. 1491.  
Inglewood, Calif., Lodge No. 1492.

### **Georgia State Elks Association Meets in Augusta**

G. P. Maggioni of Savannah, Ga., Lodge No. 183 was elected President of the Georgia State Elks Association at the close of its tenth annual convention held at Augusta. Other officers elected for the ensuing year were Thomas B. Lamar of Columbus Lodge No. 111, Treasurer; Ike Ehrlich of Albany Lodge No. 713, Secretary. Tybee Island, within the jurisdiction of Savannah Lodge, was selected as the Convention City for 1925. The meeting was the most successful ever held by the Association and excellent work was accomplished by the delegates. Several important resolutions were adopted, one of them being an award of \$100 each year to students of the University of Georgia who during the yearly term submit the best essays on patriotic subjects—the awards to be announced yearly by the Association. Augusta Lodge No. 205 was lavish in its entertainment of the visitors and everything was done to make the convention a memorable occasion.

### **Band and Drill Team of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge Please Old Folks**

The famous drill team and band of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge No. 535, accompanied by a large number of members, recently visited the County Home at East View where they provided the old folks of that institution with a most enjoyable program. During the evening Exalted Ruler Mortimer C. O'Brien stated that the Lodge is at the service of the Home at any time and in any way, and extended the best wishes of the entire Order to the audience. Boxes of candy were presented to the women, as well as oranges and other delicacies, and the men were given pipes and tobacco.

Pending the completion of its new Home, White Plains Lodge has been generously offered the use of the quarters of the Masons and Knights of Columbus. The Masons have turned over their Temple for meeting purposes and the Knights of Columbus their club rooms for the rehearsals of the Lodge's band. These acts of kindness, evidence of a true spirit of brotherhood existing between these fraternal organizations of the city, are greatly appreciated by the members of White Plains Lodge.

### **Columbia, S. C., Lodge Plays Host To the Children of the City**

Columbia, S. C., Lodge No. 1190 takes an active interest in the welfare of the children in its community. Recently the Lodge arranged an Easter Egg Hunt and played host to the city's children. Prizes were given to the youngsters finding the gold and silver eggs. It was a most successful party and one of the biggest events of its kind ever conducted in the State.

### **Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Plans Extensive Rebuilding Program**

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge No. 672 is planning a large rebuilding program the first step of which will be the erection of a new structure on the south or rear portion of its present property at 400 West Colorado Street. The part of the Home now occupied by the dining or "jinks"

room in the basement and the Lodge room will be removed for this new building. The structure will be fire-proof, of reinforced concrete walls and floors with steel trusses for roof. The cost of the building, exclusive of furniture, is estimated at \$90,000. This will be the first unit of the rebuilding program and will fill the immediate needs of the Lodge and be adequate for the next 20 years or longer.

### **Cornerstone for New Home of Kendallville, Ind., Lodge Laid**

Kendallville, Ind., Lodge No. 1194 recently laid the cornerstone of its new Home. Nearly 500 witnessed the ceremony and took part in the festivities that followed.

The building, located at the corner of West Mitchell and Orchard Streets, will be architecturally beautiful and modern throughout. The exterior walls will be faced with light buff brick of rough texture and set with white cut stone cornices and ledges in ornamental designs. Two features of the building will be the large auditorium and the spacious Lodge room. The cost of the building will be in the neighborhood of \$50,000.

### **Portland, Ore., Lodge to Have Beautiful Country Club**

As a result of a resolution recently passed by the members of Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142, application has been made to obtain from the Federal Government a tract of 25 acres situated on the Mt. Hood Loop Highway for a Country Club site. The erection on the site of a suitable club house to accommodate the thousands of Portland members and their families will not cost Portland Lodge one penny, as individual members of the Lodge are willing to erect it at their own expense and have so placed themselves on record. The proposed Club will be situated in the heart of the Cascade Mountains on Oregon's far-famed highway, one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

### **Successful Meeting Held by Alabama State Elks Association**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harvey M. Blue of Montgomery, Ala., Lodge No. 506 was elected President of the Alabama State Elks Association at the annual convention held recently at Montgomery. C. L. Haley of Florence Lodge No. 820, was elected Treasurer, and E. D. Warneck of Ensley Lodge No. 987, was elected Secretary. The convention was a great success, every Lodge in the State being represented. Birmingham Lodge No. 79, with the largest of all delegations, was successful in having its city chosen as the meeting place of the Association in 1925. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor was the principal speaker before the convention. In closing his address Mr. Rightor paid splendid tribute to the late Judge B. M. Allen of Birmingham Lodge, who was also a Past Grand Exalted Ruler.

### **Clinton, Iowa, Lodge Dedicates New Home**

Clinton, Iowa, Lodge No. 199 recently dedicated its new \$75,000 Home in the presence of a

large gathering of Elks from various parts of the State and from Illinois. A sumptuous dinner to over four hundred was followed by talks by prominent members of the Iowa State Elks Association. At eight o'clock the dedication services were held at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. W. Wallace of Oelwein Lodge No. 741, presided. Following the dedication of the Home, a class of 34 candidates was initiated in a very impressive manner.

### **Sport Night at Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Helps Olympic Games Fund**

An evening of athletic contests, given with the purpose of stimulating interest in the Olympic Games Fund, was recently conducted by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99. The following prominent athletes were on the program: James J. Donahue, all-round world champion; Charley Paddock, world's champion sprinter; Maurice McLaughlin, ex-world's tennis champion; Alma Richards, winner of high jump in 1912 Olympiad; Duke Kahanamoku, record breaking Hawaiian swimmer; Fred Kelly, former hurdler, and other world-famous athletes.

### **Ionia, Mich., Lodge Active. Will Build Addition to Home**

Ionia, Mich., Lodge No. 548 has entered into a prosperous year, with an excellent program of activities scheduled for the coming months. The Lodge is also engaged in extensive building operations and plans to spend about \$60,000 in the construction of a large addition to its present Home. This, when completed, will give Ionia Lodge one of the finest Homes in the district.

### **Four New Lodges Instituted Into the Order**

Launched on their careers with impressive ceremonies, the following new Lodges have been recently instituted:

Kelso, Wash., Lodge No. 1482.  
Cordova, Alaska, Lodge No. 1483.  
Oroville, Calif., Lodge No. 1484.  
Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487.

### **Junction City, Kans., Lodge Occupies New Home**

The beautiful new Home of Junction City, Kans., Lodge No. 1037 stands on the spot where the first dwelling house was built in Junction City in 1858. The present building was erected in 1919 by the Catholic War Camp Community Service for soldiers and citizens and cost about \$60,000 completed. Last December the building was acquired by Junction City Lodge and was thoroughly renovated, redecorated and equipped with everything necessary to make it a model Elks Home.

### **Elks Magazine Reaches Traveler In Far Places of the World**

George H. England, a charter member of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge No. 902, and now a member of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99, who has just returned to this country after an absence of four years during which time he traveled in almost every part of the world, reports that every issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE reached him safely. In London, Lucerne, Dresden, Cairo and many other places he was able to keep in touch through the magazine with the activities of the Order. A copy of the magazine reached him even at Nairobi, in British East Africa, just as he was starting on a big game hunt through the jungle.

### **Barberton, Ohio, Lodge Gives Furniture for Hospital Rooms**

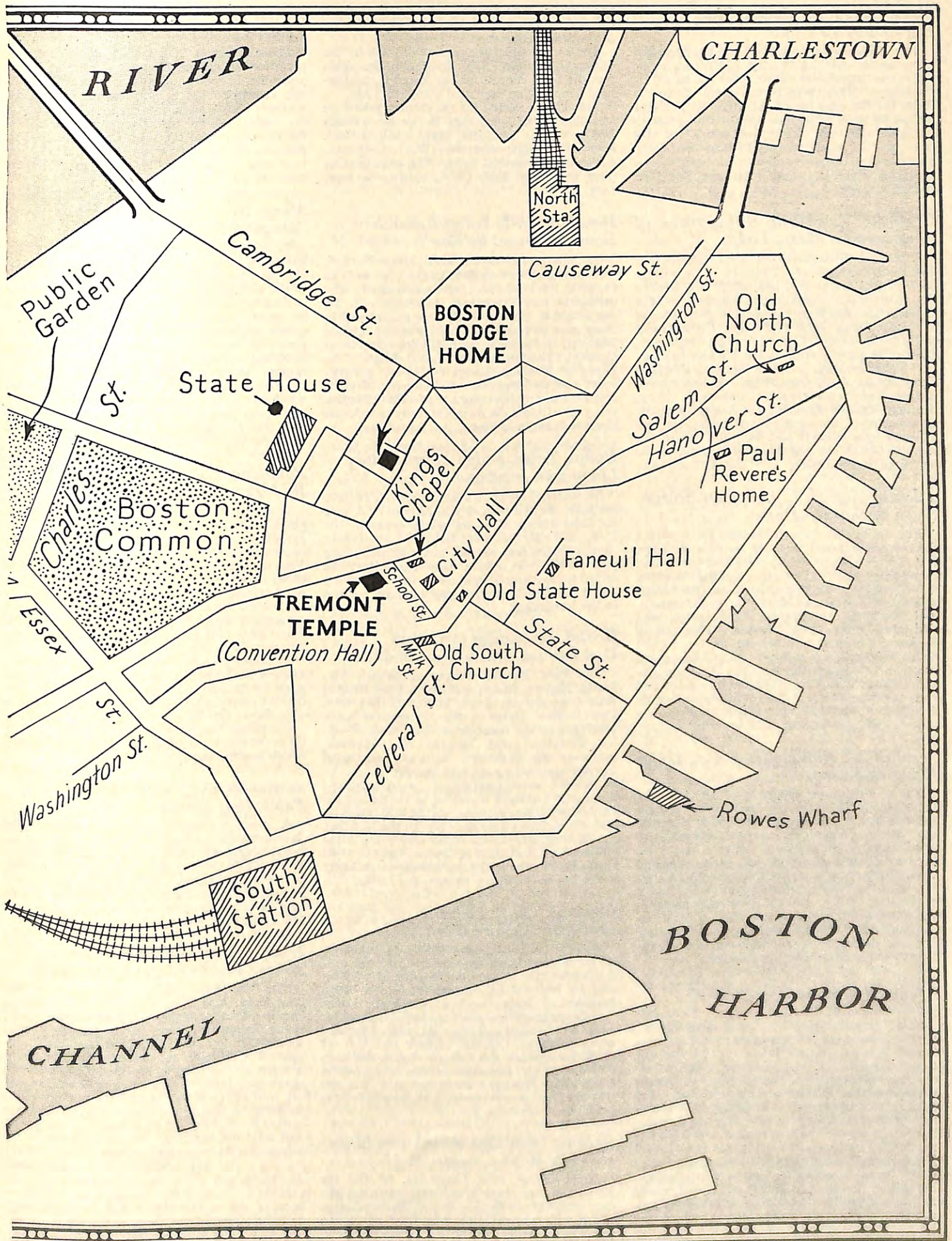
Barberton, Ohio, Lodge No. 982 is continuing to do excellent welfare work in its community. In addition to recently fitting up a room for members at the Citizens Hospital, the Lodge has agreed to furnish the large convalescent room used by all patients at the same institution. Among the items that will be supplied by the Lodge for the purpose will be shades, frosted and shaded lights and lamps, battleship linoleum for the floor and wicker reclining chairs and couches.











*to the Grand Lodge Convention*



### **Sioux City, Iowa, Lodge Gives Big Children's Picnic**

Sioux City, Iowa, Lodge No. 112 has perfected plans for its children's picnic which assure one of the most successful outings ever conducted by the Lodge. This event is an annual one and is given for the orphans of the city. It is a day looked forward to by the children all through the year. It was this event which recently prompted the youngsters at the Boys' and Girls' Home to compose a song about their big brothers, the Elks, which they sing with great spirit on special occasions.

### **Celebrate Twentieth Anniversary of Newburyport, Mass., Lodge**

A host of distinguished guests attended the Twentieth Anniversary Banquet of Newburyport, Mass., Lodge No. 909, which was held in the City Hall. Among the speakers of the evening were the Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston; Hon. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Michael H. McCarron; Hon. E. Mark Sullivan, Corporation Counsel of the City of Boston; and Mayor Cashman of Newburyport. Andrew J. Casey, the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, was the toastmaster of the evening. The banquet was followed by a concert and ball, and one of the features of the evening was the burning of the mortgage on the Home.

### **Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge Dedicates Betty Bacharach Home**

The Betty Bacharach Home for crippled children, owned and operated by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge No. 276, was appropriately dedicated on Mothers' Day. This unique institution, given to the Lodge by Congressman Isaac Bacharach and his brother, former Mayor Harry Bacharach, both members of Atlantic City Lodge, was christened after their mother. Mrs. Betty Bacharach herself was present at the formal dedication and was the center of an affectionate group of congratulating friends. This remarkable Home, the only institution of its kind owned and maintained by a Lodge of the Order, is fully described in an illustrated article published in the May issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

### **"Frolics" of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge Brilliant Success**

The great annual spectacle of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2, the "Elks Frolic," was recently presented at the Metropolitan Opera House in that city for four nights. It far surpassed any previous Frolic given by the Lodge in respect to the magnificence of production, attendance and the amount of money realized. The highly successful show furnished amusement for thousands of members of No. 2 and their friends, and provided funds for an adequate display of Philadelphia Lodge at the Grand Lodge Convention, and at the meeting in Williamsport of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

### **Nebraska State Elks Association Meets at Omaha**

The Nebraska State Elks Association recently held its annual convention at Omaha, Nebraska. Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson and a host of other distinguished members of the Order were present and addressed the meeting. The delegates adopted the following significant resolution: "Believing that the State Association has for its object the stimulation and improvement of all Lodges in the State, we think that it is advisable that a committee be appointed to draft plans whereby contests at the annual meeting of the Association should be determined and suitable prizes given for all Lodge activities, athletic, social and charitable, in which the Lodges may be engaged on a similar basis as the McFarland cup trophy for ritualistic work, and the Lodges be thereby encouraged in carrying out the object of the Elks brotherhood. This committee should consist of three, and should report to the President of the Association within three months; the report should be adopted by the officers and trustees of the State Association, and

the Lodges duly notified in order that these competitions may be held at the next meeting of the State Association."

The annual ritualistic contest was won by the officers of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge No. 80. This was the third contest for the James G. McFarland Trophy Cup presented three years ago.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows: President, Dan B. Butler, Omaha Lodge No. 39; Treasurer, Frank Real, McCook Lodge No. 1434; Secretary, W. J. Gregorius, Columbus Lodge No. 1195. The next meeting place will be at Falls City sometime in June, 1925.

### **Honolulu, H. I., Lodge Rebuilds Home Damaged by Fire**

The Home of Honolulu, H. I., Lodge No. 616, which suffered serious damage from fire early in the year, has been rebuilt and redecorated. The architects and decorators, following out the suggestion of the members, have endeavored in every case to restore the beauty of the original interiors, and to make the rebuilding conform, as closely as possible, to the original design. The Home of Honolulu Lodge has been for many years the meeting place of hundreds of globe trotters and any planning a trip in that direction this year will find the members ready to welcome them as heartily as ever.

### **Dallas, Texas, Lodge Presents Baby Camp with Incubator**

Members of Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71 have set aside the third Sunday in May of each year as Baby Camp Day, on which occasion the Lodge will visit the Dallas Baby Camp and make some contribution for its maintenance. This year its gift was a \$225 baby incubator to be added to the camp's equipment, together with a dozen hand-embroidered wool blankets for use in the institution.

### **Bristol, Pa., Lodge Organizes Past Exalted Rulers Association**

The Past Exalted Rulers of Bristol, Pa., Lodge No. 970 have organized a Past Exalted Rulers Association. Lewis T. Rodan, the second Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, was made President of the Association; Francis J. Byers, Vice-President, and Howard R. Thornton, Secretary and Treasurer. It is the purpose of the Association to have each member deliver an address at some meeting of the Association, discussing a subject beneficial to the welfare of the Lodge. These meetings will be held monthly, and will be interesting not only for the fact that the Subordinate Lodge will receive the close affiliation of Past Exalted Rulers, but they will keep the members of the Association actively interested in the future work of the Lodge.

### **Glendale, Calif., Lodge a Leader in Welfare Work**

Glendale, Calif., Lodge No. 1289 takes an active interest in all the affairs which are conducted for the welfare and interest of the city and its institutions. In addition to a broad program of charity work on which the Lodge spent over \$8,000 last year, the Relief Committee visits all the blind and State aid cases of the city every 30 days. One day in each month is set aside for visiting the indigent tubercular men and women who live alone in little cabins among the hills of Tujunga. Fruit and other luxuries and necessities are brought to them on these occasions.

### **Indiana State Elks Association Meets In Terre Haute, August 26-27**

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge No. 86 and the whole city are making elaborate plans for the convention of the Indiana State Elks Association which will take place on August 26-27. A fine program of entertainment is being prepared, including an all-day picnic without admission charge on private grounds, and many other events. Indiana Lodges will also compete for the Joseph T. Fanning Cup for the best ritualistic work. Indications are that this twenty-third meeting of the Association will set a record in attendance and achievement.

### **A New Home in Sight for Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge**

Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge No. 335 is maturing plans for the building of a new Home. For some years the Lodge has owned an excellent site at the intersection of Adams Street and Second Avenue. It is proposed to erect a two-story structure that will embody every convenience for the comfort of the members. The damage recently done by fire to the present Home has been repaired and meetings will be held there until the new building is ready.

### **Minot, N. Dak., Lodge Sponsors "Hospital Day"**

"Hospital Day" was recently observed in Minot, N. Dak., under the sponsorship of Minot, N. Dak., Lodge No. 1089. The three hospitals of the city held open house and the public was invited to visit these institutions, not simply as an endorsement of their wonderful work, but to obtain a greater realization of their achievements and thus be better informed as to methods of aiding the efforts to prolong life and reduce misery. One of the features of the occasion was the first annual Charity Ball of the Lodge which was held on the evening of Hospital Day. This event was highly successful and well attended, and was the means of providing substantial funds for the work of the hospitals.

### **Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Active With Boy Scouts**

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge No. 672 has won a place in the hearts of the Boy Scouts within its jurisdiction. The Lodge has shown a fine spirit of cooperation, helping the Scouts in many ways. For example, the Lodge gives the Scouts the use of its Lodge room every month for their Court of Honor sessions. By thus affording fine surroundings, these sessions are proving to be extremely dignified, well attended and an inspiration to both the boys and the leaders. Last summer the Lodge purchased new uniforms for the Troop in the South Pasadena Orphans' Home and also paid a summer camp fee of \$12.50 each for the boys who attended the big Boy Scout Camps on Catalina Island. The Lodge is planning to do this again this year.

Pasadena Lodge is at present formulating plans for the organization of a Boy Scout Troop which it will sponsor and develop.

### **Savannah, Ga., Lodge Out for Public Golf Course**

A most attractive float was entered by Savannah, Ga., Lodge No. 183 in the parade held in connection with the observance of Boys' Week. This float represented a miniature golf course and was designed by the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee to aid in stirring public interest in the construction of a public links for the city.

### **New York State Elks Association Takes Census of Crippled Children**

The Crippled Children Committee of the New York State Elks Association is making a survey of the crippled children of the State, under the age of sixteen, for the purpose of providing the new State Crippled Children Commission with a complete census. The Commission was created by the last Legislature to make an investigation of the condition of crippled children with a view to rendering immediate aid and treatment. The Elks committee is soliciting aid of residents of the State, and any one knowing the whereabouts of a crippled child under the specified age who may have escaped the notice of investigators will perform a real service by sending its name and address to the local Elks Lodge or to the chairman of the committee, Frank L. Armstrong, 130 West 42nd Street, New York City.

### **New Orleans, La., Lodge Entertains 1,000 City Orphans**

More than 1,000 orphans from ten of the city's institutions were recently treated to a special entertainment at the Strand Theatre by New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30. At the con-



clusion of the show the children were given cakes, candy and toys by the Lodge. The bill was especially designed for the entertainment of children. The Delgado Trade School Minstrels put on a show which kept the youngsters in high spirits; and there were other amusing acts, motion pictures and music by the Strand orchestra. The children were brought from the various institutions in automobiles and busses. In addition to the large number of private machines loaned, the various taxi companies of the city donated the use of their cars.

### **Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge to Construct Handsome New Home**

Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge No. 896 is considering plans for building a new Home on the site of its present club house. The proposed structure will be two full stories high, with a basement. The lounge, offices, dining room and ladies' reception room will be on the ground floor, and the Lodge room and ball room on the second. The Building will cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000 and will be a structure of which the Lodge can be proud, large enough to accommodate its membership adequately for years to come.

### **Warren, Pa., Lodge to Have Picture Album of Members**

Warren, Pa., Lodge No. 223 is compiling a large album in which it is planned to preserve photographs of all its members. A member of the Lodge, who is a photographer, has generously agreed to furnish the album itself and to take the pictures without expense to the Lodge or to the individual members.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge No. 906 and San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3 are two other Lodges that have decided to keep similar albums.

### **Valley City, N. Dak., Lodge Visited By Grand Exalted Ruler**

Valley City, N. Dak., Lodge No. 1110 was recently visited by Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland. Mr. McFarland, who was accompanied by Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, was the guest at a special luncheon given in his honor at the Rudolph Hotel by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. Mr. McFarland and Mr. Robinson both addressed the large gathering, complimenting the Lodge on its excellent showing.

### **San Mateo, Calif., Lodge Holds Its Annual Picnic**

San Mateo, Calif., Lodge No. 1112 recently held its annual picnic at Coyote Point. There were barbecued meats—prepared by experts in the art of outdoor cooking—coffee, ice cream, soda etc., all supplied by the Lodge, and a program of games for young and old which surpassed anything attempted at former picnics. Sports and contests for boys and girls from 5 to 70 years of age were offered, and a generous array of prizes and trophies for each event was provided.

### **Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved**

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

Moline, Ill., Lodge No. 556. Erection of a new Home at a cost of \$200,000 with furnishings at \$25,000.

Salem, Ore., Lodge No. 336. Erection of a new Home at a cost of \$197,500 with furnishings valued at \$10,000.

Puyallup, Wash., Lodge No. 1450. Erection of a new Home at a cost not to exceed \$90,000 with furnishings at \$10,000.

### **Oregon State Elks Association to Meet at Tillamook, August 14-16**

The Convention of the Oregon State Elks Association will be held this year at Tillamook, August 14-16. This is a week earlier than was planned, the change being made to avoid a conflict in date with Buyers' Week at Portland.

Tillamook Lodge No. 1437 is making great preparations to entertain the large number of visitors that are expected.

### **New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge Reveals Excellent Spirit**

New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756 is continuing its success along the most progressive lines and every department is functioning without friction and to the advantage of the Lodge. The Welfare Committee recently staged a baseball game at City Park, the receipts going to the Charity and Crippled Children Fund.

### **Carnival on Silver Anniversary Of Joplin, Mo., Lodge**

Joplin, Mo., Lodge No. 501 has completed its arrangements for its third annual Charity Carnival to be held August 25-30. This being the Silver Anniversary of the Lodge, the members are planning one of the largest carnivals ever held in this district. The two previous charity carnivals held under the auspices of the Lodge were highly successful and were the means of raising considerable funds for charity work. The coming carnival is expected to surpass these in size and profits.

### **Carnegie Medal and Pension for Heroism of Portland, Ore., Lodge Member**

The heroic act of Sidney W. Hoffman, a member of Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142, who lost his life in saving that of Miss Dorothy Austin at Seaside, Oregon, has been officially recognized by the trustees of the Carnegie Pension Fund, and a medal commemorating this brave deed, together with a pension of \$80 per month, has been granted the widow and her children.

### **"Old Boys of Old Eighty-Six" Celebrate Tenth Anniversary**

The third issue of "Now", a magazine published every year by the "Old Boys of Old Eighty-Six," is full of interesting information concerning the old timers of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge No. 86 who have banded together for the sake of former times and fellowship. This unique association is now ten years old, and this year it celebrated its birthday with a large festival and banquet.

### **Jersey City, N. J., Lodge Wins State Bowling Championship**

The "roll-off" of the tie existing between Jersey City, N. J., Lodge No. 211 and Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357 for the 1923-24 championship of the New Jersey State Elks Bowling League was staged at the Home of Rahway, N. J., Lodge No. 1075. It was one of the biggest events ever held by Rahway Lodge, between 800 and 900 visiting members being on hand to witness the match and to enjoy the fine entertainment provided by the Lodge. The match and championship was won by Jersey City Lodge in two straight games. The scores were very close, the first game being won by 39 pins, and the second by 6 pins.

### **Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge Working for Proposed State Sanitarium**

Members of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge No. 335 residing in Wickenburg have launched an active campaign to secure the proposed Elks Arizona Sanitarium for which a site is being sought. Two members have generously agreed to donate 30 acres of land located in the outskirts of Wickenburg. Assurance has also been received of a donation of \$3,000 to \$5,000 cash by the Wickenburg citizens to help the cause of the Sanitarium.

### **Worcester, Mass., Lodge Claims Unique Record**

The records of Worcester, Mass., Lodge No. 243 show as unique an entry as probably exists on the books of any Lodge. There are seven members who answer to the name of "Lavigne," all family and fraternal brothers. There are eight members who respond to the call of "Rogers"—six family brothers and two not related, but "brothers" just the same. This

record of two sets of brothers, seven and six, is something that is, indeed, unique.

### **New District Deputy Appointed For Indiana, North**

Stuart P. Carney of Ligonier, Ind., Lodge No. 451 has been appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Indiana, North, to succeed H. J. Holland of South Bend, Ind., Lodge No. 235, who has resigned.

### **Drill Team of Eureka, Calif., Lodge Gives Series of Entertainments**

The drill team of Eureka, Calif., Lodge No. 652 is planning a series of entertainments to raise funds to defray expenses of the trip to Long Beach and Catalina Island, September 17-20, when it will participate in the annual state championship competition. One dance has already been given by the team, and on July Fourth another will be held at the Sequoia Auditorium. This will be one of the best dances in the history of Humboldt County, and a record-breaking crowd is expected. The team is showing excellent improvement and has high hopes of winning the championship.

### **Danbury, Conn., Lodge Celebrates Thirty-fifth Birthday**

Danbury, Conn., Lodge No. 120 recently celebrated its thirty-fifth anniversary with a large banquet given at the Hotel Green. The Lodge, instituted with 34 members, has developed until it now is one of the largest fraternal organizations in the city with a growing membership of nearly 800. The Lodge owns its own Home and is free of debt. Funds are now being raised with the idea of erecting an addition to its present quarters or else the construction of an entirely new and larger building to take care of its increasing membership. A delightful vaudeville show was given as a part of the evening's program. Over 400 members were present at the celebration.

### **Pueblo, Colo., Lodge Honors Four of its Loyal Members**

At a recent meeting of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge No. 90 four of its veteran members were fittingly honored. They were James L. Lovern, Charles B. Carlile, Arthur H. Stanard and Thomas Andrews. The mark of approbation was the voting of a life membership card to each of these members in recognition of their steadfast loyalty and untiring work for the Lodge over a period of many years, and their efficiency in performing the duties of the offices they have filled or are still filling.

### **District Deputy E. E. Gaddis Institutes Susanville, Calif., Lodge**

Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487 was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. E. Gaddis of Woodland, Calif., assisted by the officers of Oroville, Calif., Lodge No. 1484. A feature worthy of comment lies in the fact that though Oroville Lodge was instituted only a few weeks previously the officers of that Lodge performed the work of initiation for Susanville Lodge. The new Lodge starts with a membership of 217, and already owns a building site, and a Home formerly conducted as an Antlers Club. Among the noted visitors present were James M. Shanly, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Hardy C. Hutchinson, Vice-President of the California State Elks Association, and Dr. Hubert N. Rowell, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the Bay District of California.

### **Franklin, Pa., Lodge Has Splendid Record in Welfare Work**

Franklin, Pa., Lodge No. 110 is a leader in the charity work being done in its community. It has so organized its efforts in this respect that its activities cover a wide and varied field. The Lodge cooperates with every local organization, including the Rotary Club, Kiwanis Club, Child Welfare Association, American Red Cross, American Legion, Salvation Army, Chamber of Commerce, Boy Scouts, Public Library, Hospital Associations and Musical Societies—so that it is



actively identified with all civic and welfare movements of the city.

### **Float of Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge Honored in Blossom Festival**

This year the float entered by Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186 in the annual Apple Blossom Festival was used by the Festival Queen as her Royal Carriage. This honor was bestowed on the Lodge because of the beauty of its prize-winning floats in previous years.

### **Pasadena, Calif., Vocational School Dedicated by Local Lodge**

The beautiful new Pasadena Vocational School was recently dedicated by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge No. 672 in the presence of several thousand persons who were greatly impressed by the ceremony which was conducted on the brilliantly illuminated athletic field of the new institution. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Harry M. Ticknor delivered the dedicatory address in which he praised vocational training and complimented the members of the Board of Education on the establishment of the new school. Following the dedication the Lodge presented the school with a beautiful silk American flag. During the evening the Lodge's band and glee club provided a program of excellent entertainment.

### **Salem, Ore., Lodge to Build New Home**

Salem, Ore., Lodge No. 336 has already disposed of \$100,000 worth of bonds and will use the proceeds to finance the construction of a new Home.

### **Band of Ballard, Wash., Lodge Profits By Indoor Circus**

The Indoor Circus recently conducted by Ballard, Wash., Lodge No. 827 was very successful, more than \$1,500 being netted for the Lodge's band. The money will be used to buy new instruments and to provide for the expenses of the band to the State Convention at Bellingham. The band is also arranging a series of concerts for the shut-ins in various parts of the city and county during the summer months. Public concerts will also be given, the Lodge having erected a stand on the lot adjoining its Home.

### **Beautiful New Home for Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge**

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge No. 613 is planning to erect a new Home that will be one of the finest buildings of the kind in the district. It will be equipped with every modern convenience, including all the up-to-date athletic and gymnasium features. The Lodge expects to spend \$256,500 on the project.

### **Meadville, Pa., Lodge Active In Charity Work**

Meadville, Pa., Lodge No. 219 is doing excellent welfare work in its community. An outstanding example of the generosity of its members was given recently when the Lodge voted a donation of \$500 to the Spencer Hospital Building fund. In addition, the Lodge is planning to conduct an outdoor circus, and to devote the profits to further charitable work in the city.

### **Butte, Mont., Lodge to Build New Home Soon**

Butte, Mont., Lodge No. 240 expects to award the contract for its new Home by July 1 and to begin operations shortly after that date. The building will be located at the southwest corner of Montana and Galena Streets. The total cost of the project will be \$150,000 of which \$101,000 will cover the cost of constructing the two-story building and basement on the 85 x 100 foot lot. A fully equipped gymnasium will occupy the basement, which will also contain two handball courts.

### **Detroit, Mich., Lodge Gives Party For 2,000 Children**

More than 2,000 children, orphans and cripples of the city, were entertained by Detroit,

Mich., Lodge No. 34 at the annual May Day party held in its Home. The children were brought to the Home in automobiles, treated to a circus and all the good things they could eat and then returned to their various institutions with gratitude in their hearts for the members of Detroit Lodge.

### **Dubuque, Iowa, Lodge Entertains Grand Lodge Officers**

More than 300 members of Dubuque, Iowa, Lodge No. 297 and visiting members from neighboring Lodges in the State and in Wisconsin and Illinois, attended the banquet given by Dubuque Lodge in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson and the Grand Chaplain, Rev. John Dysart. The fact that all three honor guests were former residents of the city gave the banquet a special significance. Each of the Grand Lodge officers addressed the gathering. Mr. Robinson responding to the toast of "How Does He Do It?", Dr. Dysart to the toast of "Fidelity," and Mr. McFarland to the toast of "Elkdom." The banquet was one of the most impressive events ever held by the Lodge.

### **San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge To Improve Property**

It is proposed by the Board of Trustees and the Building Association of San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge No. 836 to erect a revenue producing building on the site of the old Home which was recently razed. The proposal contemplates the erection of a two-story building having three large storerooms on the ground floor, and a dormitory of about twenty rooms above.

### **New York State Elks Association Holds Brilliant Convention**

The city of Buffalo witnessed one of the greatest conventions of the New York State Elks Association ever held in the history of the organization. Over 20,000 visitors from all parts of the State and country, Grand Lodge officers, headed by Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, and members distinguished in government and judicial circles, were present. Buffalo Lodge No. 23 played host to the great gathering and a most elaborate and unusual program of festivities was offered the visitors. One of the most interesting reports read at the business session was that of Secretary Amos W. Foote, which had to do with the charitable activities of the various Lodges of the State. It read in part: "As usual the amount of money expended for charity by the 73 Lodges of the State ran well into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. The exact amount as reported to my office was \$349,718.96, but this does not represent adequately the full amount extended to the poor and needy."

Retiring President Philip Clancy strongly urged that the activities of the Association in behalf of crippled children be extended next year pursuant to a definite policy of relief.

George J. Winslow, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, and former President of the Association, reported on the athletic fields and playground movement. Many Lodges of the States are active in this respect and have appropriated sums of money to equip playgrounds.

The outstanding social event of the Convention was the large banquet held at the Hotel Statler at which many distinguished members of the Order were present and addressed the diners.

On the closing day of the Convention over 5,000 marched in the great parade stepping to the tunes of 70 bands. Each Lodge in line had a distinctive uniform and the spectacle was one of the most colorful and stirring Buffalo has witnessed in years.

The Association elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, James A. Farley of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge No. 877; Treasurer, Jay Farrier of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge No. 767; Secretary, Amos W. Foote of Utica, N. Y., Lodge No. 33. The last two officers were reelected.

### **Dallas, Texas, Lodge Building Band and Drum Corps for Boston**

Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71, which recently entertained Grand Exalted Ruler James G.

McFarland, has just completed the first unit of its new Home. The new building when completed will represent an investment of over \$250,000. Dallas Lodge has felt the need of more commodious quarters for some time as its membership has increased to nearly 2,000 in the past year.

The Lodge will be well represented at the Grand Lodge Convention in Boston this month as it is planning to send its Band of 35 pieces and its Drum and Bugle Corps of 30 pieces.

### **Jersey City Lodge Lavish Host to New Jersey State Elks Association**

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge No. 211 was host to one of the best conventions ever held by the New Jersey State Elks Association. There were present more than 203 delegates representing 48 Lodges of the State and many thousands of members of the Order and their families. Jersey City Lodge was lavish in its entertainment, providing a program of festivities that was unique. The parade held on the closing day of the Convention was conceded to be one of the best ever organized in the history of the Association. This gala event was followed by a great Block Dance on the Boulevard in front of the Home of Jersey City Lodge. Awards were made to the Lodges which took part in the parade as follows: Union Hill Lodge No. 1357, for the largest number in line; Passaic Lodge No. 387 for the best appearance; Trenton Lodge No. 105 for the best drilled patrol; Plainfield Lodge No. 885 for the best decorated floats; Madison Lodge No. 1465 for the best decorated automobile; Union Hill Lodge No. 1357 for the best appearing band; Newark Lodge No. 21 for the most unique appearance. Several other important awards had not been decided by the various judges at the time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE went to press.

The Association elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, A. Harry Moore, Jersey City Lodge No. 211; Treasurer, Charles Rosencrans, Long Branch Lodge No. 742; Secretary, E. T. Reed, Perth Amboy Lodge No. 784.

The first quarterly meeting of the Association will be held in September at the Home of Long Branch Lodge No. 742.

### **Cornerstone Laid for New Home of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge**

One of the most impressive ceremonies of its kind ever held in Wisconsin took place recently when Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, assisted by the officers of the Grand Lodge, laid the cornerstone for the new million dollar Home of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46. The program began with a reception to Mr. McFarland and his official party at the Hotel Pfister; this was followed by a testimonial banquet in his honor at which many distinguished members of the Order, State and City officials were present. After the banquet the members and visitors marched to the site of the new Home where the cornerstone was laid. The last number on the program was the Dedication Ball given at the Wisconsin Roof Garden for the members and guests.

The new home will be one of the handsomest in the Order. The plot on which the eight story building will stand is 160 by 162 feet and the building itself covers a space 110 x 145 feet. Every conceivable modern improvement will be adopted in its construction and everything will be perfected for the comfort and convenience of the membership.

### **Illinois State Elks Association Meeting at Chicago**

Over 400 official delegates and thousands of members from all parts of the State came to Chicago to take part in the annual convention of the Illinois State Elks Association. An elaborate and diversified program of entertainment was provided the visitors and the business sessions of the meeting brought forth many interesting resolutions and ideas for the closer cooperation of the Lodges within the Association. J. Nick Perrin, Jr., of Belleville Lodge No. 481 was elected President for the ensuing year, and William Gullett of Mt. Carmel Lodge No. 715, Treasurer. George W. Hasselman of La Salle Lodge No. 584 was reelected Secretary.



## News of the Order From Far and Near

Many members of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge who own cars have cooperated in the Safe Drivers' Campaign by signing Safety Drivers' Club pledges.

A fraternal visit was recently made by Provo, Utah, Lodge to Park City, Utah, Lodge. The officers of Provo Lodge conducted the initiation of a good-sized class.

A building committee was recently appointed by Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge to consider plans for the enlargement and improvement of its present Home.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John B. Knapp recently made his official visit to Easton, Pa., Lodge where he was elaborately entertained.

An excellent entertainment and good music were features of the Beefsteak Supper recently given by Newport, R. I., Lodge.

Newton, Mass., Lodge is remodeling its Home.

Bristol, Pa., Lodge observed its nineteenth birthday with a large banquet.

As part of its series of visits to sister Lodges, Anaheim, Calif., Lodge recently paid a call on Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, where a fine reception was given in its honor.

Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge issued, in connection with the celebration of its twentieth anniversary, a beautiful souvenir program containing interesting information about its organization.

The Saxophone Band of Norristown, Pa., Lodge is winning a name for itself in the community, having taken part in a number of public events.

Muncie, Ind., Lodge reports a net profit of \$2,200 from its "Frolics" show.

Great preparations have been made by Frankfort, Ky., Lodge for its Elks Picnic to be held on July 4.

Brookline, Mass., Lodge has organized an excellent orchestra.

Rutherford, N. J., Lodge gave whole-hearted support to the recent Home Service Drive of the Salvation Army.

The Annual Stag Frolic and Revue produced by Sullivan, Ind., Lodge was given for the benefit of Sullivan Post of the American Legion.

The Boy Scout troop fostered by Albuquerque, N. Mex., Lodge now has eighteen members. The formation of a fife and drum corps is planned as soon as the troop has the required number.

Renovo, Pa., Lodge has purchased a site adjoining its present holdings on which it plans to erect a handsome new Home.

Grafton, W. Va., Lodge celebrated its twenty-ninth anniversary with a fine program which included the initiation of a large class of candidates.

The entertainment committee of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge recently staged a "Battle of Music" at which an excellent concert was provided by the Boston College and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology orchestras.

Everett, Wash., Lodge recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. More than 400 were present, and many of the old timers asserted it was one of the biggest nights in their recollections of the Lodge.

Lockport, N. Y., Lodge recently burned the mortgage on its Home. A fine entertainment was given the many distinguished guests.

Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge is interesting itself in a troop of Boy Scouts.

The success of the first May Ball given by Pottstown, Pa., Lodge insures its annual repetition.

Berwick, Pa., Lodge has an excellent ball team in the field which it has equipped with uniforms. The team not only plays in the city league but has games on its schedule with teams of other Lodges in nearby cities.

Natick, Mass., Lodge has dedicated a new memorial tablet in its Lodge room.

Casper, Wyo., Lodge conducted a most successful "Frolic," the profits of which went into a fund to purchase furniture for its Home.

Lansford, Pa., Lodge celebrated its eighth anniversary by burning the mortgage on its Home.

Many distinguished members of the Order and representatives from Lodges throughout the State joined in honoring George L. Hirtzel, Jr., President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, at the testimonial dinner given to him at the Home of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge is considering the idea of sponsoring a Boy Scout troop.

Over \$7,000 was realized by Toledo, Ohio, Lodge from its annual carnival.

Recently a class of 75 candidates was initiated into Stockton, Calif., Lodge—the largest in its history. Two thousand members and a new Home by 1925 is the goal set by the Lodge.

Some of the best music heard by the public in years was rendered by the band of Wilkesburg, Pa., Lodge at its open air concert.

North Adams, Mass., Lodge recently celebrated its silver anniversary. A unique feature of the occasion was the fact that all the original officers once more occupied their chairs.

The Quartette of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge recently broadcast a concert from the Hotel Statler.

The famous children's dancing class of Brad-dock, Pa., Lodge presented its annual "Juvenile Follies" before large and enthusiastic audiences.

Oak Park, Ill., Lodge recently gave a dance to raise funds for an outing for the poor and crippled children within its jurisdiction.

Richmond, Calif., Lodge recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of the dedication of its Home.

During the past Lodge year Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge expended over \$26,000 for charity.

"Melodyland," produced by the members of North Platte, Neb., Lodge, was well received by large audiences.

In the recent Boy Scout Drive, San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge made a substantial donation and publicly endorsed the great movement.

A radio night was recently enjoyed by the members of Quincy, Mass., Lodge.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge took an active part in the Borough Day celebration.

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, which was recently instituted, has already made plans for owning a Home. It is considering the purchase of the August Belmont former residence property at a price near \$75,000 for the purpose.

Members of Chisholm, Minn., Lodge and their sons gathered in the new high school recently and held a Father and Son banquet.

The erection of a new Home is on the program of East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge.

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, cooperating with other organizations of the city, is taking steps toward the formation of boys' clubs in various parts of the city.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York Lodge No. 1 has perfected plans for the Children's Outing for which a day next August has been set aside. It has also under consideration other phases of welfare service.

Chelsea, Mass., Lodge took a prominent part in the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the city.

Chester, Pa., Lodge raised a substantial sum by its production "Brite Bits of 1924" which will be donated to the entertainment of the city's children this summer.

Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge is making great preparations for its annual Clam Bake on July 27. Games and athletic contests of all kinds will be features of the outing.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge gave the children of the Queens County orphanage a fine outing at Dexter Park, Woodhaven, L. I.

The band of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge recently gave a concert for the prisoners at McNeils Island Penitentiary.

Fargo, N. Dak., Lodge mourns the death of D. E. Wingate, who was perhaps the oldest member in the Order. Mr. Wingate was initiated into Fargo Lodge at the age of 95 and was 98 when he died. Until his fatal illness he attended meetings regularly and visited the Home frequently.

Memphis, Tenn., Lodge staged a most successful circus.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge has appointed a committee to inaugurate a movement toward the purchase of the local Baseball Grounds and to establish in this way a permanent Community Athletic Field.

New Orleans, La., Lodge has under way a billiard and pool tournament. Many attractive prizes have been offered.

More than 600 attended and enjoyed the Annual Stag and Homecoming held by Red Wing, Minn., Lodge.

Lansford, Pa., Lodge celebrated its eighth birthday. Many distinguished members of the Order were present to congratulate the Lodge on its growth.

A real day of sport was recently conducted by Yakima, Wash., Lodge for the benefit of the city's children. More than 4,000 youngsters and their parents were invited to the event.

Bend, Ore., Lodge recently conducted a successful Elks circus.

Portland, Ore., Lodge presented Kelso, Wash., Lodge with a beautiful elk's head and antlers on the occasion of its institution recently.

William E. Washburn has served as tiler of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge for twenty-nine years. Four years ago, upon the completion of twenty-five years' service in that office, he was presented by the Lodge with an Honorary Life Membership and a gold card case.

Officers of the Washington State Elks Association recently visited Olympia, Wash., Lodge and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier presented Martin Gottfelt with a Past President's jewel on behalf of the Association.

Trenton, Tenn., Lodge gave its first annual charity minstrels at the Peabody High School. The proceeds went into the Lodge's charity fund.

Plans are being made for the sixth annual "Elkpat" celebration under the auspices of Biloxi, Miss., Lodge on July Fourth for the benefit of the Biloxi City Hospital.

Charley Wegner, who is now serving his twenty-fifth term as Secretary of Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, was recently given a dinner by the members as a testimonial of the esteem in which he is held.

Longmont, Colo., Lodge is considering the idea of building a new Home on the property which it recently acquired.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge claims the distinction of being the only Elk Lodge having four members of one family as Life Members, the father, Edward Brady and his three sons, Thomas, Joseph and Frank. Frank Brady, the youngest son, was formerly with the American League as catcher for the Cleveland team.

Members of the Minstrel Troupe of Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge recently entertained the patients of the Wallum Lake Hospital.

Circleville, Ohio, Lodge recently dedicated its new Home.

Pottstown, Pa., Lodge is making plans for the enlargement of its library.

The band of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge recently won two handsome loving cups—prizes for its performances in the Boys' Day Parade and at the Lion's Club Dance.

Woburn, Mass., Lodge recently instituted a class of seven G. A. R. veterans. The ceremony, conducted by Exalted Ruler Charles H. Cosgrove, was extremely impressive. The ages of the new members range from 79 to 88 years.



# Directory of Subordinate Lodges

For the Year 1924-1925

Compiled by Fred C. Robinson

Grand Secretary, Chicago, Illinois

Aberdeen, Miss., No. 620—Frank B. Maier, Exalted Ruler; Frank Ranson, Secretary.  
Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1046—Lloyd C. Jones, Exalted Ruler; Grant H. Mountain, Secretary.  
Aberdeen, Wash., No. 593—W. A. Ackerman, Exalted Ruler; H. L. Oliver, Secretary.  
Abilene, Texas, No. 562—Fleming D. James, Exalted Ruler; L. P. Novakoski, Secretary.  
Ada, Okla., No. 1275—Edwin S. Haraway, Exalted Ruler; J. T. Roff, Jr., Secretary.  
Adams, Mass., No. 1335—Norbert B. Shay, Exalted Ruler; Charles H. Tower, Secretary.  
Adrian, Mich., No. 429—Oliver H. Cleveland, Exalted Ruler; Fred H. Tag, Secretary.  
Agana, Guam, No. 1281—James H. Underwood, Exalted Ruler; Joseph J. Leonard, Secretary.  
Akron, Ohio, No. 363—Ralph G. Thomas, Exalted Ruler; Thos. S. Heffernan, Secretary.  
Alameda, Cal., No. 1015—Horton D. Maynard, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Higby, Secretary.  
Alamosa, Colo., No. 1297—C. T. Myers, Exalted Ruler; B. T. Poxson, Secretary.  
Albany, Ga., No. 713—I. G. Ehrlich, Exalted Ruler; R. L. Kearsy, Secretary.  
Albany, N. Y., No. 49—John A. Boyle, Exalted Ruler; Edward P. Hanlon, Secretary.  
Albany, Ore., No. 359—George E. Sanders, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Bowersox, Secretary.  
Albert Lea, Minn., No. 813—Dave Peterson, Exalted Ruler; C. M. Laite, Secretary.  
Albion, N. Y., No. 1006—Daniel F. Dugan, Exalted Ruler; R. Pollo Stillman, Secretary.  
Albuquerque, N. M., No. 461—Frank H. Strong, Exalted Ruler; Frank A. Stortz, Secretary.  
Alexandria, Ind., No. 478—Chester Hughes, Exalted Ruler; P. H. Martin, Secretary.  
Alexandria, La., No. 546—J. C. Kuebler, Exalted Ruler; A. D. Baldwin, Secretary.  
Alexandria, Va., No. 758—Howard D. Carter, Exalted Ruler; George H. Railing, Secretary.  
Alhambra, Cal., No. 1328—L. W. Barlow, Exalted Ruler; P. O. Prince, Secretary.  
Allegheny, Pa., No. 339—A. J. Weber, Exalted Ruler; G. J. Schondelmeyer, Secretary.  
Allenstown, Pa., No. 130—Robert G. Kleckner, Exalted Ruler; Fred D. Kutz, Secretary.  
Alliance, Neb., No. 601—M. D. Nolan, Exalted Ruler; Percy H. Cogswell, Secretary.  
Alliance, Ohio, No. 467—H. L. Grimes, Exalted Ruler; George Sheets, Secretary.  
Alma, Mich., No. 1400—H. S. Woodley, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Howlett, Secretary.  
Alpena, Mich., No. 505—C. A. Reynolds, Exalted Ruler; H. Joachimsthal, Secretary.  
Alton, Ill., No. 746—W. I. Jolley, Exalted Ruler; F. E. Copping, Secretary.  
Altoona, Pa., No. 102—George H. Liebegott, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Storm, Secretary.  
Altus, Okla., No. 1226—Chas. H. Welch, Exalted Ruler; Ned Thomas, Secretary.  
Alva, Okla., No. 1184—E. Westling, Exalted Ruler; O. S. Collison, Secretary.  
Amarillo, Texas, No. 923—W. H. Flamm, Exalted Ruler; Sam S. Hall, Secretary.  
Ambridge, Pa., No. 983—James A. Wilkinson, Exalted Ruler; Harry Schwartz, Secretary.  
Americus, Ga., No. 752—J. A. McDonald, Jr., Exalted Ruler; W. L. Morgan, Secretary.  
Amsterdam, N. Y., No. 101—Charles W. Becker, Exalted Ruler; Fred S. Fowler, Secretary.  
Anaconda, Mont., No. 239—Geo. E. Hackett, Exalted Ruler; Frank H. Clinton, Secretary.  
Anacortes, Wash., No. 1204—Lee B. Carroll, Exalted Ruler; C. P. Washburn, Secretary.  
Anaheim, Cal., No. 1345—L. A. Lewis, Exalted Ruler; Chas. A. Clark, Secretary.  
Anchorage, Alaska, No. 1351—H. H. McCutcheon, Exalted Ruler; F. A. Martin, Secretary.  
Anderson, Ind., No. 209—J. J. Netterville, Exalted Ruler; M. A. Steele, Secretary.  
Anderson, S. C., No. 1206—R. E. Cochran, Exalted Ruler; J. Frank Gaillard, Secretary.  
Annapolis, Md., No. 622—Wm. J. Seeley, Exalted Ruler; Frank H. Thompson, Jr., Secretary.  
Ann Arbor, Mich., No. 325—Norman Ottmar, Exalted Ruler; Ernest E. Gwinner, Secretary.  
Ansonia, Conn., No. 1269—William F. Shiears, Exalted Ruler; George F. McNamara, Secretary.  
Antigo, Wis., No. 662—F. T. Lynde, Exalted Ruler; F. J. Dvorak, Secretary.  
Apollo, Pa., No. 386—W. P. Stark, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Hildebrand, Secretary.  
Appleton, Wis., No. 337—Heber H. Pelkey, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Fennie, Secretary.  
Ardmore, Okla., No. 648—Louis Fischl, Exalted Ruler; Julius H. Kahn, Secretary.  
Argentina, Ark., No. 1004—Charles T. Ryan, Exalted Ruler; Percy H. Machin, Secretary.  
Arkadelphia, Ark., No. 1140—J. S. Moore, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Lowdermilk, Secretary.  
Arkansas City, Kans., No. 956—Fred H. Jepson, Exalted Ruler; John N. Floyd, Secretary.  
Arlington, Mass., No. 1435—John F. Collins, Exalted Ruler; Francis L. Dalton, Secretary.  
Asbury Park, N. J., No. 128—Samuel Metzger, Exalted Ruler; James J. Carroll, Secretary.  
Asheville, N. C., No. 1401—P. R. Terry, Exalted Ruler; E. E. Stafford, Secretary.  
Ashland, Ky., No. 350—Henry D. Shanklin, Exalted Ruler; Oscar R. Schmauch, Secretary.  
Ashland, Ohio, No. 1360—H. S. Lett, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Gardner, Secretary.  
Ashland, Ore., No. 944—Deo W. Dunn, Exalted Ruler; J. Edw. Thornton, Secretary.  
Ashland, Pa., No. 384—Jos. C. Brecker, Exalted Ruler; Thomas Rich, Secretary.

Ashland, Wis., No. 137—Wm. J. McCoshen, Exalted Ruler; L. W. Pool, Secretary.  
Ashtabula, Ohio, No. 208—Henry E. Schrock, Exalted Ruler; James E. Breen, Secretary.  
Aspen, Colo., No. 224—J. W. Hetherley, Exalted Ruler; E. J. Grover, Secretary.  
Astoria, Ore., No. 180—Guy W. Spicer, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Clinton, Secretary.  
Athol, Mass., No. 647—Emil Schreiber, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Henderson, Secretary.  
Athens, Ga., No. 700—Joseph H. Lumpkin, Exalted Ruler; George H. Waskey, Secretary.  
Athens, Ohio, No. 973—Hugh Jefferson, Exalted Ruler; O. G. Jordan, Secretary.  
Atlanta, Ga., No. 78—L. P. McClelland, Exalted Ruler; B. C. Broyles, Secretary.  
Atlantic City, N. J., No. 276—Joseph Altman, Exalted Ruler; Geo. B. Stoddard, Secretary.  
Atlantic, Iowa, No. 445—J. F. Price, Exalted Ruler; John J. Rapp, Secretary.  
Attleboro, Mass., No. 1014—Forrest C. Worrall, Exalted Ruler; Virgil Blackinton, Secretary.  
Auburn, N. Y., No. 474—Edward P. Vanderbosch, Jr., Exalted Ruler; C. A. Dayton, Secretary.  
Augusta, Ga., No. 205—E. Foster Brigham, Exalted Ruler; John A. Rox, Secretary.  
Augusta, Kans., No. 1462—Sidney E. Patterson, Exalted Ruler; Harry O. Mangold, Secretary.  
Augusta, Maine, No. 964—Earl R. Hayes, Exalted Ruler; Harris S. Day, Secretary.  
Aurora, Ill., No. 705—N. H. Millard, Exalted Ruler; Leonard Applequist, Secretary.  
Aurora, Mo., No. 697—L. G. Adams, Exalted Ruler; Byford Madrey, Secretary.  
Austin, Minn., No. 414—Fred Ten Eyck, Exalted Ruler; J. J. Scallon, Secretary.  
Austin, Texas, No. 201—Leo O. Mueller, Exalted Ruler; C. B. Anderson, Secretary.

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Bainbridge, Ga., No. 986—Joe C. Lane, Exalted Ruler; Alva C. Welch, Secretary.  
Baker, Ore., No. 338—Prentiss Brown, Exalted Ruler; Walter S. Kennon, Secretary.  
Bakersfield, Cal., No. 266—J. W. LaBrum, Exalted Ruler; James Egan, Secretary.  
Balboa, Canal Zone, No. 1414—J. Lang Wardlaw, Exalted Ruler; Mace M. Jacques, Secretary.  
Ballard, Wash., No. 827—Torfi Sigurdsson, Exalted Ruler; Dwight S. Hawley, Secretary.  
Baltimore, Md., No. 7—M. Maurice Meyer, Exalted Ruler; Chas. R. Klosterman, Secretary.  
Bangor, Maine, No. 244—Edward J. Conquest, Exalted Ruler; Walter I. Brown, Secretary.  
Bangor, Pa., No. 1106—William A. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Russel F. Yahraes, Secretary.  
Baraboo, Wis., No. 688—E. S. Johnston, Exalted Ruler; Adolph Andro, Secretary.  
Barberton, Ohio, No. 982—Jos. H. Bauhart, Exalted Ruler; E. A. Jacobs, Secretary.  
Barlesville, Okla., No. 1060—George R. McKinley, Exalted Ruler; E. L. Meng, Secretary.  
Batavia, N. Y., No. 950—William S. Bauer, Exalted Ruler; Frank H. Homelius, Secretary.  
Bath, Maine, No. 934—Walter L. Whitney, Exalted Ruler; Rosco H. Shaw, Secretary.  
Baton Rouge, La., No. 490—George M. Davis, Exalted Ruler; Louis J. Ricard, Secretary.  
Battle Creek, Mich., No. 131—W. H. Earle Kanaga, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Neale, Secretary.  
Bay City, Mich., No. 88—Charles T. Trombley, Exalted Ruler; T. C. Hughes, Secretary.  
Bayonne, N. J., No. 434—William F. Stalling, Exalted Ruler; John F. McCarthy, Secretary.  
Beardstown, Ill., No. 1007—L. G. Schaeffer, Exalted Ruler; Edwin S. Knight, Secretary.  
Beaumont, Texas, No. 311—Leo L. Ryder, Exalted Ruler; Sam S. Solinsky, Secretary.  
Beaver Falls, Pa., No. 348—I. E. Gordon, Exalted Ruler; H. B. Chandley, Secretary.  
Beckley, W. Va., No. 1452—L. H. Davis, Exalted Ruler; R. B. Bunton, Secretary.  
Bedford, Ind., No. 826—F. M. Richardson, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Beem, Secretary.  
Bellaire, Ohio, No. 419—E. Frank Phillips, Exalted Ruler; Russell Heatherington, Secretary.  
Belleville, Ohio, No. 132—Neil J. Dietrich, Exalted Ruler; R. W. Zoz, Secretary.  
Belleville, Pa., No. 1004—Arthur C. Dale, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Armstrong, Secretary.  
Belleville, Ill., No. 481—Earl G. Wangelin, Exalted Ruler; Wilbur E. Krebs, Secretary.  
Belleville, N. J., No. 1123—Raymond B. Yerg, Exalted Ruler; Henry Gemeinhardt, Jr., Secretary.  
Bellevue, Ohio, No. 1013—G. A. Wright, Exalted Ruler; F. H. Schuster, Secretary.  
Bellingham, Wash., No. 104—Jas. E. Masterson, Exalted Ruler; G. Ed. Rothweiler, Secretary.  
Beloit, Wis., No. 864—Robert S. Dailey, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Perkins, Secretary.  
Belton, Texas, No. 1131—Harry Allen, Exalted Ruler; Lee A. Walker, Secretary.  
Bemidji, Minn., No. 1052—D. F. McCann, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Jerrard, Secretary.  
Bend, Ore., No. 1371—W. G. Manning, Exalted Ruler; C. T. Terri, Secretary.  
Bennington, Vt., No. 567—William P. Hogan, Exalted Ruler; Henry T. Stickle, Secretary.  
Benton Harbor, Mich., No. 544—Guy Tyler, Exalted Ruler; D. H. Green, Secretary.  
Benton, Ill., No. 1234—James N. Philp, Exalted Ruler; J. T. Carroll, Secretary.  
Bergenfield, N. J., No. 1477—Charles S. Barry, Exalted Ruler; J. William Fallon, Secretary.  
Berkeley, Cal., No. 1002—Irving R. Whitney, Exalted Ruler; Jas. H. Wheeler, Secretary.  
Berlin, N. H., No. 618—A. E. A. Macdonald, Exalted Ruler; P. J. Hinchey, Secretary.  
Berwick, Pa., No. 1138—Russell D. Fairchild, Exalted Ruler; A. C. McClure, Secretary.  
Bessemer, Ala., No. 721—Robt. B. Ragsdale, Exalted Ruler; Ralph E. Burke, Secretary.  
Bessemer, Mich., No. 1354—Harry W. Byrne, Exalted Ruler; Frank J. Duda, Secretary.  
Bethlehem, Pa., No. 191—Ray L. Crosland, Exalted Ruler; Robert J. Harte, Secretary.  
Beverly, Mass., No. 1309—Charles H. McManus, Exalted Ruler; J. Joseph McKeone, Secretary.  
Bicknell, Ind., No. 1421—Hiram Buck, Exalted Ruler; Lee Landis, Secretary.  
Big Rapids, Mich., No. 974—Jay W. Davis, Exalted Ruler; Barney Laser, Secretary.  
Big Springs, Texas, No. 1380—N. C. Bennett, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Hodges, Secretary.  
Billings, Mont., No. 394—Chas. J. Carroll, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Sackett, Secretary.  
Biloxi, Miss., No. 606—Geo. B. Cousins, Exalted Ruler; John Schwenck, Secretary.  
Binghamton, N. Y., No. 852—Howard A. Swartwood, Exalted Ruler; J. Victor Schad, Secretary.  
Birmingham, Ala., No. 79—Joe K. Saks, Exalted Ruler; H. M. Bagley, Secretary.  
Bisbee, Ariz., No. 671—J. C. Wertz, Exalted Ruler; J. A. Kelly, Secretary.  
Bismarck, N. D., No. 1199—Robt. W. Webb, Exalted Ruler; L. K. Thompson, Secretary.  
Blackfoot, Idaho, No. 1416—Robert Peterson, Exalted Ruler; Leon J. Chapman, Secretary.  
Blackwell, Okla., No. 1347—E. R. Walcher, Exalted Ruler; Hal Rustenhaven, Secretary.  
Blairsville, Pa., No. 406—Edw. M. Larkin, Exalted Ruler; J. G. New, Secretary.  
Blocton, Ala., No. 710—J. R. Young, Exalted Ruler; B. H. Gatlin, Secretary.  
Bloomfield, N. J., No. 788—Theodore Blumenfeld, Exalted Ruler; Wilmer L. Baldwin, Secretary.  
Bloomington, Ill., No. 281—Mathew Rosenberg, Exalted Ruler; O. Seibert, Secretary.  
Bloomington, Ind., No. 446—Glen B. Woodward, Exalted Ruler; William P. Dill, Secretary.  
Bloomsburg, Pa., No. 436—A. Brown Hess, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Sloan, Secretary.  
Bluefield, W. Va., No. 269—E. Mark Kincaid, Exalted Ruler; John F. Land, Secretary.  
Blue Island, Ill., No. 1331—LeRoy T. Rowland, Exalted Ruler; Edward L. Kruse, Secretary.  
Bluffton, Ind., No. 706—Fred A. Wiecking, Exalted Ruler; Earl Warnock, Secretary.  
Blytheville, Ark., No. 1211—J. T. Hall, Exalted Ruler; Spencer Semmes, Secretary.  
Bogalusa, La., No. 1338—H. J. Cowgill, Exalted Ruler; Ed. Harms, Secretary.  
Boise, Idaho, No. 310—Jess B. Hawley, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Johnson, Secretary.  
Bonham, Texas, No. 941—Martin Halsell, Exalted Ruler; C. A. Leatherwood, Secretary.  
Boone, Iowa, No. 563—Robt. McBurnie, Exalted Ruler; Robt. T. Fisk, Secretary.  
Boonville, Ind., No. 1180—I. O. Henning, Exalted Ruler; Herman J. Becker, Secretary.  
Boonton, N. J., No. 1405—Aaron Basch, Exalted Ruler; A. S. Freeman, Secretary.  
Boston, Mass., No. 10—Daniel J. Kane, Exalted Ruler; P. F. McCarron, Secretary.  
Boulder, Colo., No. 566—James D. Lewis, Exalted Ruler; James Cowie, Secretary.  
Bound Brook, N. J., No. 1388—John V. Wall, Exalted Ruler; John P. Koehler, Secretary.  
Bowling Green, Ky., No. 320—Cooper R. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Joe Schneider, Secretary.  
Bowling Green, Ohio, No. 818—Irvin A. Gorrill, Exalted Ruler; D. M. Alkire, Secretary.  
Bozeman, Mont., No. 403—B. W. Clark, Exalted Ruler; H. M. Stewart, Secretary.  
Braddock, Pa., No. 883—John F. Nugent, Exalted Ruler; Paul D. Carr, Secretary.  
Bradford, Pa., No. 234—Thomas C. Francis, Exalted Ruler; Jas. L. Andrews, Secretary.  
Brainerd, Minn., No. 615—A. K. Cohen, Exalted Ruler; John J. Cummins, Secretary.  
Brawley, Cal., No. 1420—L. Rumsey, Exalted Ruler; S. D. Carey, Secretary.  
Brazil, Ind., No. 762—Charles H. Smith, Exalted Ruler; John Jay Hubbard, Secretary.  
Breckenridge, Texas, No. 1480—N. J. Nannie, Exalted Ruler; H. M. Stevenson, Secretary.  
Bremerton, Wash., No. 1181—Charles Rantz, Exalted Ruler; A. A. Dickover, Secretary.  
Brenham, Texas, No. 970—E. A. Lehmann, Exalted Ruler; F. L. Amsler, Secretary.  
Bridgeport, Conn., No. 36—Michael W. Healy, Exalted Ruler; Edward F. Nevins, Secretary.  
Bridgeton, N. J., No. 733—Robert F. Crowell, Exalted Ruler; D. Herbert Thompson, Secretary.  
Brinkley, Ark., No. 1262—J. L. Grover, Exalted Ruler; Henry Wolf, Secretary.  
Bristol, Conn., No. 1010—Thomas J. Malley, Exalted Ruler; George L. Roberts, Secretary.  
Bristol, Pa., No. 970—John H. Hardy, Exalted Ruler; Howard R. Thorton, Secretary.  
Bristol, Tenn., No. 232—S. C. McChesney, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Heritz, Secretary.  
Brockton, Mass., No. 164—Michael J. Kelliher, Exalted Ruler; Joseph W. Crowley, Secretary.  
Bronx, N. Y., No. 871—Bertram L. Kraus, Exalted Ruler; John J. McConologue, Secretary.



Brookfield, Mo., No. 874—W. H. Smith, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Osborn, Secretary.  
 Brookline, Mass., No. 886—Charles J. Fay, Exalted Ruler; Joseph A. S. Gohl, Secretary.  
 Brooklyn, N. Y., No. 22—James T. Brady, Exalted Ruler; Joseph H. Becker, Secretary.  
 Brownsville, Texas, No. 1032—A. C. Hipp, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Kyle, Secretary.  
 Brownwood, Texas, No. 960—E. J. Robertson, Exalted Ruler; J. Claude Smith, Secretary.  
 Brunswick, Ga., No. 601—Louis Ludwig, Exalted Ruler; K. E. Ammons, Secretary.  
 Bucyrus, Ohio, No. 156—H. E. Cook, Exalted Ruler; R. W. Lamb, Secretary.  
 Buffalo, N. Y., No. 23—Carl L. Johndahl, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Cullen, Secretary.  
 Burley, Idaho, No. 1384—F. B. Parke, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Schlick, Secretary.  
 Burlington, Iowa, No. 84—Florian Koerner, Jr., Exalted Ruler; E. A. Erb, Secretary.  
 Burlington, N. J., No. 906—Raymond C. Morris, Exalted Ruler; G. Roland Oliver, Secretary.  
 Burlington, Vt., No. 016—Howard S. Crane, Exalted Ruler; Harry T. Bacon, Secretary.  
 Butler, Pa., No. 170—James W. Young, Exalted Ruler; V. A. McShane, Secretary.  
 Butte, Mont., No. 240—Archie McTaggart, Exalted Ruler; Frank L. Riley, Secretary.  
 Byron, Texas, No. 850—Carl Wipprecht, Exalted Ruler; C. S. Beckwith, Secretary.

## C

Cadillac, Mich., No. 680—Henry Miltner, Exalted Ruler; E. J. Millington, Secretary.  
 Cairo, Ill., No. 651—Edwin J. Langan, Exalted Ruler; Herbert C. Steinel, Secretary.  
 Caldwell, Idaho, No. 1448—C. J. Westcott, Exalted Ruler; S. Earle Boyes, Secretary.  
 Calexico, Cal., No. 1382—R. J. Nicholson, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Lesenring, Secretary.  
 Calumet, Mich., No. 404—Frank X. Sedlar, Exalted Ruler; George J. Kemp, Secretary.  
 Cambridge, Mass., No. 830—Daniel J. Doyle, Exalted Ruler; Wm. H. Reardon, Jr., Secretary.  
 Cambridge, Md., No. 1272—Jos. K. Shriver, Exalted Ruler; Hobart Phillips, Secretary.  
 Cambridge, Ohio, No. 448—Will M. Phillips, Exalted Ruler; Samuel G. Austin, Secretary.  
 Camden, Ark., No. 1140—D. F. Holland, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Fahy, Secretary.  
 Camden, N. J., No. 203—D. Trueman Stackhouse, Exalted Ruler; Albert Austermuhl, Secretary.  
 Caney, Kans., No. 1215—E. J. Ehemann, Exalted Ruler; L. G. Parsons, Secretary.  
 Canon City, Colo., No. 610—Fred W. Merriam, Exalted Ruler; W. H. McKinstry, Secretary.  
 Canonsburg, Pa., No. 846—Wm. T. Love, Exalted Ruler; Charles E. Skirble, Secretary.  
 Canton, Ill., No. 626—Harry W. Greer, Exalted Ruler; Albert Wormser, Secretary.  
 Canton, Miss., No. 458—John Mulholland, Exalted Ruler; John W. Stone, Secretary.  
 Canton, Ohio, No. 68—Harry E. Fife, Exalted Ruler; Chas. A. Booth, Secretary.  
 Cape Girardeau, Mo., No. 1464—Clyde A. Vandivort, Exalted Ruler; Louis Krueger, Secretary.  
 Carbondale, Ill., No. 1243—D. W. Entsminger, Exalted Ruler; R. H. Hundley, Secretary.  
 Carlinville, Ill., No. 1412—R. G. Borman, Exalted Ruler; Loren A. Meiners, Secretary.  
 Carlisle, Pa., No. 578—L. J. Faller, Exalted Ruler; J. Harvey Line, Secretary.  
 Carnegie, Pa., No. 831—T. S. Lenfestey, Exalted Ruler; R. F. Westermann, Secretary.  
 Carrollton, Mo., No. 415—Walter B. Scott, Exalted Ruler; Harry M. Baird, Secretary.  
 Carthage, Mo., No. 520—Otto Griggs, Exalted Ruler; J. N. Marsh, Secretary.  
 Caruthersville, Mo., No. 1233—Sharon J. Pate, Exalted Ruler; W. M. Collins, Jr., Secretary.  
 Casper, Wyo., No. 1353—Louis F. McMahon, Exalted Ruler; G. Clyde Gibson, Secretary.  
 Callettsburg, Ky., No. 042—Henry Hensley, Exalted Ruler; J. H. McConnell, Secretary.  
 Catskill, N. Y., No. 1341—Joseph A. Madigan, Exalted Ruler; W. C. O'Brien, Secretary.  
 Cedar Rapids, Iowa, No. 251—S. J. Van Kuren, Exalted Ruler; L. E. Henry, Secretary.  
 Centerville, Iowa, No. 040—F. Paul Staley, Exalted Ruler; J. M. Beer, Secretary.  
 Central City, Colo., No. 557—Clifford I. Parsons, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Matthews, Secretary.  
 Centralia, Ill., No. 403—R. J. Oldham, Exalted Ruler; E. C. Livesay, Secretary.  
 Centralia, Wash., No. 1083—A. F. Cormier, Exalted Ruler; Walter Hilton, Secretary.  
 Chadron, Neb., No. 1300—William P. Rooney, Exalted Ruler; James R. Nylen, Secretary.  
 Chambersburg, Pa., No. 600—Frank N. Emmert, Exalted Ruler; Stuart L. Brown, Secretary.  
 Champaign, Ill., No. 308—W. F. Woods, Exalted Ruler; I. E. Pearman, Secretary.  
 Chanute, Kans., No. 806—E. B. Park, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Wood, Secretary.  
 Charlelot, Pa., No. 404—Joseph L. Connell, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Tussing, Secretary.  
 Charles City, Iowa, No. 418—E. W. Forrester, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Smith, Secretary.  
 Charleston, Ill., No. 623—Harry A. Cottingham, Exalted Ruler; W. O. Glasco, Secretary.  
 Charleston, S. C., No. 242—Frank E. Condon, Exalted Ruler; D. P. Hartley, Secretary.  
 Charleston, W. Va., No. 202—L. A. Tinder, Exalted Ruler; R. C. Franklin, Secretary.  
 Charlotte, N. C., No. 302—W. C. Hinson, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Beardsley, Secretary.  
 Charlottesville, Va., No. 389—Rosser C. Forbes, Exalted Ruler; C. Pace Bailey, Secretary.  
 Chattanooga, Tenn., No. 91—John E. Gilbreath, Exalted Ruler; Mike O'Grady, Secretary.  
 Cheboygan, Mich., No. 504—John A. Garrow, Exalted Ruler; Hugh A. McKinnon, Secretary.  
 Chehalis, Wash., No. 1374—Chas. R. Mitchell, Exalted Ruler; Chas. L. Brown, Secretary.  
 Chelsea, Mass., No. 938—Martin J. Casey, Exalted Ruler; Edgar E. Donnell, Secretary.  
 Cherryvale, Kans., No. 080—Floyd L. Brothers, Exalted Ruler; Claude Bush, Secretary.

Chester, Pa., No. 488—James Simpkins, Exalted Ruler; B. George McAskie, Secretary.  
 Cheyenne, Wyo., No. 660—George F. Storey, Exalted Ruler; John J. McInerney, Secretary.  
 Chicago, Ill., No. 4—Frank C. Sullivan, Exalted Ruler; Gustav W. Notherdurft, Secretary.  
 Chicago Heights, Ill., No. 1066—A. R. Peterson, Exalted Ruler; L. W. Ashen, Secretary.  
 Chickasha, Okla., No. 735—O. B. Crofford, Exalted Ruler; J. J. Clark, Secretary.  
 Chico, Cal., No. 423—L. R. Bruce, Exalted Ruler; J. S. Brown, Secretary.  
 Childress, Texas, No. 1113—Reid B. Scott, Exalted Ruler; S. W. Mitchell, Secretary.  
 Chillicothe, Mo., No. 656—Herbert E. Danielson, Exalted Ruler; John W. Williams, Secretary.  
 Chillicothe, Ohio, No. 52—Louis Laeger, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Greenbaum, Secretary.  
 Chippewa Falls, Wis., No. 1326—Peter J. Murphy, Exalted Ruler; Walter L. Hale, Secretary.  
 Chisholm, Minn., No. 1334—Nels A. Nelson, Exalted Ruler; Geo. T. Anderson, Secretary.  
 Christopher, Ill., No. 1366—Ozro H. Lewis, Exalted Ruler; R. R. Hudson, Secretary.  
 Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5—Thomas J. O'Neill, Exalted Ruler; Jas. S. Richardson, Secretary.  
 Circleville, Ohio, No. 77—Walker Baughman, Exalted Ruler; Rudolph Gessley, Secretary.  
 Cisco, Texas, No. 1370—H. I. Stock, Exalted Ruler; E. M. Clayton, Secretary.  
 Claremont, N. H., No. 870—Victor F. Charron, Exalted Ruler; Frank N. Tucker, Secretary.  
 Claremore, Okla., No. 1230—J. Herbert Moore, Exalted Ruler; Geo. M. Reed, Secretary.  
 Clarksburg, W. Va., No. 482—J. C. McManaway, Exalted Ruler; Walter B. Wilson, Secretary.  
 Clarksdale, Miss., No. 977—T. F. Logan, Jr., Exalted Ruler; G. C. Rogers, Secretary.  
 Clarksville, Tenn., No. 601—H. C. Merritt, Exalted Ruler; I. S. Kleeman, Secretary.  
 Clearfield, Pa., No. 540—J. W. Cleary, Exalted Ruler; J. F. Pletcher, Secretary.  
 Cleburne, Texas, No. 811—Sidney West, Exalted Ruler; George J. McCabe, Secretary.  
 Cleveland, Ohio, No. 1438—Edward A. Wilhelmy, Exalted Ruler; William F. Brunning, Secretary.  
 Clifton, Ariz., No. 1174—George Reitzer, Exalted Ruler; G. L. Cashion, Secretary.  
 Clifton Forge, Va., No. 1065—C. W. Roadcap, Exalted Ruler; H. W. Driscoll, Secretary.  
 Clinton, Ill., No. 785—K. A. Groves, Exalted Ruler; Francis Owens, Secretary.  
 Clinton, Iowa, No. 109—J. Le Roy Nichols, Exalted Ruler; Chas. F. Sheen, Secretary.  
 Clinton, Mass., No. 1306—Joseph E. Casey, Exalted Ruler; George H. Kramer, Secretary.  
 Clinton, Mo., No. 1034—C. H. Whitaker, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Severs, Secretary.  
 Clovis, N. M., No. 1244—Willard Swaney, Exalted Ruler; F. S. Burns, Secretary.  
 Coalgate, Okla., No. 988—Arthur Reese, Exalted Ruler; J. F. Keller, Secretary.  
 Coatesville, Pa., No. 1228—Ralston R. Roper, Exalted Ruler; Harry V. Atkinson, Secretary.  
 Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, No. 1254—Wm. B. McFarland, Exalted Ruler; Sam Dehnert, Secretary.  
 Coffeyville, Kans., No. 775—Clyde Frazier, Exalted Ruler; F. E. Garverick, Secretary.  
 Cohoes, N. Y., No. 1317—Charles Leo Moak, Exalted Ruler; Thomas J. Connery, Secretary.  
 Coldwater, Mich., No. 1023—Arthur G. Lyon, Exalted Ruler; Gerald E. Kleindinst, Secretary.  
 Colorado Springs, Colo., No. 300—St. George Tucker, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Stubbs, Secretary.  
 Columbia, Mo., No. 504—M. F. Thurston, Exalted Ruler; Jas. K. Parker, Secretary.  
 Columbia, Pa., No. 1074—Henry M. Bruner, Exalted Ruler; Luther J. Schroeder, Secretary.  
 Columbia, S. C., No. 1100—J. Randolph Little, Exalted Ruler; George C. Hopkins, Secretary.  
 Columbia, Tenn., No. 686—J. P. Greenlaw, Exalted Ruler; Chas. I. Cecil, Secretary.  
 Columbia City, Ind., No. 1417—David A. Walter, Exalted Ruler; Austin E. Overdeer, Secretary.  
 Columbus, Ga., No. 111—Peter G. A. Vig, Exalted Ruler; A. B. King, Secretary.  
 Columbus, Ind., No. 521—Eldo Robertson, Exalted Ruler; Walter W. Spaugh, Secretary.  
 Columbus, Miss., No. 555—Sam Egger, Exalted Ruler; S. B. Schwab, Secretary.  
 Columbus, Neb., No. 1105—Carroll D. Evans, Jr., Exalted Ruler; W. J. Gregorius, Secretary.  
 Columbus, Ohio, No. 37—Arthur S. Burket, Exalted Ruler; John W. Ranney, Secretary.  
 Concord, Mass., No. 1470—George F. A. Mulcahy, Exalted Ruler; Andrew J. Raymond, Secretary.  
 Concord, N. C., No. 857—J. A. Goodman, Exalted Ruler; L. C. Barringer, Secretary.  
 Concord, N. H., No. 1210—Matthew J. Gorham, Exalted Ruler; Albert Hanus, Secretary.  
 Concordia, Kans., No. 586—Ed. B. Whipp, Exalted Ruler; C. B. Davies, Secretary.  
 Conneaut, Ohio, No. 256—D. H. Booth, Exalted Ruler; John F. Walsh, Secretary.  
 Connellsville, Pa., No. 503—A. J. Rottler, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Wallace, Secretary.  
 Connersville, Ind., No. 370—Roy D. Morrow, Exalted Ruler; Edwin M. Maley, Secretary.  
 Conway, Ark., No. 1364—Frank Farris, Exalted Ruler; R. C. Reid, Secretary.  
 Coraopolis, Pa., No. 1090—C. R. Boyd, Exalted Ruler; Harry T. O'Neill, Secretary.  
 Cordova, Alaska, No. 1483—J. V. Lydick, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Brunelle, Secretary.  
 Corinth, Miss., No. 1035—Daniel K. Fyfe, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Rankin, Secretary.  
 Corning, N. Y., No. 1071—Ivan M. Bernkopf, Exalted Ruler; John M. Beck, Secretary.  
 Corpus Christi, Texas, No. 1030—Walter L. Barnum, Exalted Ruler; Geo. W. Grim, Secretary.  
 Corry, Pa., No. 760—Horton J. Davis, Exalted Ruler; Foster E. Davis, Secretary.  
 Corsicana, Texas, No. 172—Boyce Martin, Exalted Ruler; Louis Goldberg, Secretary.  
 Corland, N. Y., No. 748—Joseph F. Howard, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Dowd, Secretary.  
 Corvallis, Ore., No. 1413—Floyd E. Bogue, Exalted Ruler; Fred McHenry, Secretary.

Coshocton, Ohio, No. 376—J. Vincent Thrapp, Exalted Ruler; R. T. Raymer, Secretary.  
 Council Bluffs, Iowa, No. 531—Robert L. Sprague, Exalted Ruler; H. A. Waddington, Secretary.  
 Covington, Ky., No. 314—George M. Sheridan, Exalted Ruler; Herman A. Hohnhorst, Secretary.  
 Covington, Tenn., No. 1205—T. C. Howard, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Biddle, Secretary.  
 Crawfordsville, Ind., No. 483—Charles C. McClure, Exalted Ruler; Earl Laurimore, Secretary.  
 Creede, Colo., No. 506—James H. Soward, Exalted Ruler; H. D. Barnhart, Secretary.  
 Creston, Iowa, No. 605—Wm. Loren Recknor, Exalted Ruler; Leon A. Morrison, Secretary.  
 Cripple Creek, Colo., No. 316—J. B. Wild, Exalted Ruler; W. D. Tatum, Secretary.  
 Crisfield, Md., No. 1044—Richard R. Nevitte, Exalted Ruler; James W. McLane, Secretary.  
 Crookston, Minn., No. 342—Wm. A. Nebelung, Exalted Ruler; C. D. Billings, Secretary.  
 Crowley, La., No. 745—F. L. Landry, Exalted Ruler; Louis P. Gaudin, Secretary.  
 Cumberland, Md., No. 63—John J. Stump, Exalted Ruler; Perry A. Nicklin, Secretary.  
 Cynthia, Ky., No. 438—John F. McDaniel, Exalted Ruler; R. H. Conway, Secretary.

## D

Dalhousie, Texas, No. 1150—C. C. Woods, Exalted Ruler; Clovis G. Baker, Secretary.  
 Dallas, Texas, No. 71—W. R. Dudley, Jr., Exalted Ruler; W. H. Mulvory, Secretary.  
 Danbury, Conn., No. 120—William E. McDonough, Exalted Ruler; Leon L. Thompson, Secretary.  
 Danville, Ill., No. 332—Elmer O. Furrow, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Prince, Secretary.  
 Danville, Ky., No. 670—J. H. Bean, Exalted Ruler; John B. Stone, Secretary.  
 Danville, Pa., No. 754—Earle L. Renn, Exalted Ruler; Edward Purpur, Secretary.  
 Danville, Va., No. 227—John W. Gibson, Exalted Ruler; Samuel W. Collie, Secretary.  
 Davenport, Iowa, No. 298—John A. Cosgrove, Exalted Ruler; Sam W. Hirsch, Secretary.  
 Dayton, Ohio, No. 58—William L. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Charles P. Althoff, Secretary.  
 Daytona, Fla., No. 1141—B. B. Hart, Exalted Ruler; Geo. F. Crouch, Secretary.  
 Deadwood, S. D., No. 508—E. O. Lampenin, Exalted Ruler; Geo. A. Schulte, Secretary.  
 Decatur, Ill., No. 401—E. L. Davis, Exalted Ruler; Roy J. Moore, Secretary.  
 Decatur, Ind., No. 993—Fred T. Schurger, Exalted Ruler; L. T. Conter, Secretary.  
 Decorah, Iowa, No. 443—G. B. Hislop, Exalted Ruler; F. M. Hughes, Secretary.  
 Defiance, Ohio, No. 147—Fred L. Hay, Exalted Ruler; Louis E. Daoust, Secretary.  
 De Kalb, Ill., No. 765—G. W. Leutbecker, Exalted Ruler; John N. Kilian, Secretary.  
 DeLand, Fla., No. 1463—F. P. Whitehair, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Waters, Secretary.  
 Delaware, Ohio, No. 76—H. M. Bing, Exalted Ruler; Frank E. Hutchisson, Secretary.  
 Del Rio, Texas, No. 837—L. Julian La Crosse, Exalted Ruler; B. F. Pearce, Secretary.  
 Delta, Colo., No. 1235—John W. Maxwell, Exalted Ruler; Percival E. Coombe, Secretary.  
 Demopolis, Ala., No. 681—B. J. Levy, Exalted Ruler; Julian Hart, Secretary.  
 Denison, Texas, No. 238—Farley Reasonover, Exalted Ruler; R. Geisenhoner, Secretary.  
 Denver, Colo., No. 17—George P. Steele, Exalted Ruler; William H. Wadon, Secretary.  
 Derby, Conn., No. 571—H. Milo Chaffee, Exalted Ruler; Sidney J. Williams, Secretary.  
 De Ridder, La., No. 1333—G. L. Talbot, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Mielche, Secretary.  
 Des Moines, Iowa, No. 98—Roy W. Caldwell, Exalted Ruler; Walter S. McKee, Secretary.  
 DeSoto, Mo., No. 680—Ernest E. Ellis, Exalted Ruler; H. W. Harris, Secretary.  
 Detroit, Mich., No. 34—James Bonar, Exalted Ruler; John J. Collins, Secretary.  
 Devils Lake, N. D., No. 1216—J. Edward Dunn, Exalted Ruler; C. W. Greene, Secretary.  
 Dickinson, N. D., No. 1137—E. G. Peterson, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Turner, Secretary.  
 Dixon, Ill., No. 770—John L. Davies, Exalted Ruler; William Nixon, Secretary.  
 Dodge City, Kan., No. 1406—Richard W. Evans, Exalted Ruler; Karl Miller, Secretary.  
 Donaldsonville, La., No. 1153—Charest Thibaut, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Bouchereau, Secretary.  
 Donora, Pa., No. 1265—George D. Schwarm, Exalted Ruler; Clyde T. Lewis, Secretary.  
 Dothan, Ala., No. 1304—H. J. Tippet, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Palmer, Secretary.  
 Douglas, Ariz., No. 955—E. A. Poe, Exalted Ruler; I. B. Ward, Secretary.  
 Douglas, Mo., No. 1286—J. M. Dent, Exalted Ruler; Foster F. Preston, Secretary.  
 Dover, Ohio, No. 975—Dawson W. Smith, Exalted Ruler; W. V. Krantz, Secretary.  
 Dover, N. H., No. 184—Charles G. Waldron, Exalted Ruler; Edwin Dean Nelson, Secretary.  
 Dover, N. J., No. 782—Hulet Seybolt, Exalted Ruler; John J. Donohue, Secretary.  
 Dowagiac, Mich., No. 880—W. S. Michael, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Mosher, Secretary.  
 Dublin, Ga., No. 1473—R. H. Hightower, Exalted Ruler; T. A. Curry, Secretary.  
 Du Bois, Pa., No. 340—W. D. Schriver, Exalted Ruler; F. H. Bell, Secretary.  
 Dubuque, Iowa, No. 207—Martin D. Cooney, Exalted Ruler; Frank B. Hoffmann, Secretary.  
 Duluth, Minn., No. 133—George M. Peterson, Exalted Ruler; Edward W. Stevens, Secretary.  
 Duncan, Okla., No. 1446—J. G. Clift, Exalted Ruler; B. G. Thompson, Secretary.  
 Dunellen, N. J., No. 1488—Rene P. F. Von Minden, Exalted Ruler; Robert Wright, Secretary.  
 Duquik, N. Y., No. 022—Fred B. Barnes, Exalted Ruler; William H. Maloney, Secretary.  
 Duquesne, Pa., No. 751—Egon C. Kasten, Exalted Ruler; George A. Nau, Secretary.  
 DuQuoin, Ill., No. 884—Lyle D. Flavell, Exalted Ruler; Loren S. Beem, Secretary.



*Durango, Colo., No. 507*—Garry J. Thompson, Exalted Ruler; S. D. Monberg, Secretary.  
*Durant, Okla., No. 702*—Joe Price, Exalted Ruler; Hade Gibson, Secretary.  
*Durham, N. C., No. 568*—S. C. Brawley, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Hopper, Secretary.

## E

*East Chicago, Ind., No. 981*—Joseph G. Kraft, Exalted Ruler; Earl W. Ryder, Secretary.  
*Eastland, Texas, No. 1372*—G. L. Gillespie, Exalted Ruler; Oscar Wilson, Secretary.  
*East Liverpool, Ohio, No. 258*—Elmer Allison, Exalted Ruler; Albert W. Hohmann, Secretary.  
*Easton, Pa., No. 121*—C. Leonard O'Brien, Exalted Ruler; John J. Koepfer, Secretary.  
*East Orange, N. J., No. 630*—Harry C. Griffith, Exalted Ruler; Harry T. Robinson, Secretary.  
*Eastport, Maine, No. 880*—David C. MacNichol, Exalted Ruler; Emery A. Dow, Secretary.  
*East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664*—Fred Lehman, Exalted Ruler; Thos. J. Healy, Secretary.  
*East Stroudsburg, Pa., No. 319*—Ernest Younkin, Exalted Ruler; A. Y. Hoffman, Secretary.  
*Eau Claire, Wis., No. 402*—Walter G. Ressler, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Seibach, Secretary.  
*Effingham, Ill., No. 1016*—Thos. N. Capps, Exalted Ruler; John W. Gravenhorst, Secretary.  
*Elberton, Ga., No. 1100*—E. G. Nock, Exalted Ruler; Jas. N. Rice, Secretary.  
*El Centro, Cal., No. 1325*—Charles Leon Murphy, Exalted Ruler; Richard L. Karbach, Secretary.  
*El Dorado, Ark., No. 1120*—Tom Marlin, Exalted Ruler; Harry W. Cawthon, Secretary.  
*El Dorado, Kans., No. 1407*—Seth F. Greeley, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Downie, Secretary.  
*Eldorado, Ill., No. 1366*—W. T. Turner, Exalted Ruler; John M. Burnett, Secretary.  
*Elgin, Ill., No. 737*—Harry C. Gillard, Exalted Ruler; Walter J. Fay, Secretary.  
*Elizabeth, N. J., No. 289*—Wm. C. Golding, Exalted Ruler; Emil J. Hirtzel, Secretary.  
*Elizabeth City, N. C., No. 856*—D. Guy Brockett, Exalted Ruler; C. B. Wood, Secretary.  
*Elk City, Okla., No. 1144*—R. A. King, Exalted Ruler; T. H. McLemore, Secretary.  
*Elkhart, Ind., No. 425*—Wm. L. Hunt, Exalted Ruler; Wm. C. Brumig, Secretary.  
*Elkins, W. Va., No. 1135*—R. H. Allen, Exalted Ruler; P. L. Dye, Secretary.  
*Elko, Nev., No. 1472*—Harold P. Hale, Exalted Ruler; Tony J. Monks, Secretary.  
*Ellensburg, Wash., No. 1102*—Chelsie Speyers, Exalted Ruler; Thomas Cunningham, Secretary.  
*Ellwood City, Pa., No. 1356*—E. R. Slevin, Exalted Ruler; Hiram J. Myers, Secretary.  
*Elmira, N. Y., No. 92*—Linnaeus W. Losie, Exalted Ruler; Julius S. Denton, Secretary.  
*El Paso, Texas, No. 187*—F. Barry Hagedon, Exalted Ruler; Bert McCabe, Secretary.  
*El Reno, Okla., No. 743*—Hayden J. Davis, Exalted Ruler; Oscar R. Howard, Secretary.  
*Elwood, Ind., No. 368*—M. C. Cavan, Exalted Ruler; C. D. Sizelove, Secretary.  
*Ely, Nev., No. 1469*—L. H. Murdock, Exalted Ruler; Alfred Tamblin, Secretary.  
*Elvira, Ohio, Lodge No. 405*—Jim Armitage, Exalted Ruler; F. L. Ellenberger, Secretary.  
*Emporia, Kans., No. 633*—Rudolph Reebie, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Kopke, Secretary.  
*Englewood, N. J., No. 1157*—Alan B. Conor, Exalted Ruler; Thomas C. Birtwhistle, Secretary.  
*Enid, Okla., No. 870*—Fred Bundren, Exalted Ruler; A. V. Smith, Secretary.  
*Ennis, Texas, No. 261*—W. L. Maroney, Exalted Ruler; W. T. Hartley, Secretary.  
*Ensley, Ala., No. 987*—Geo. P. Bell, Exalted Ruler; Edw. A. Warnick, Secretary.  
*Erie, Pa., No. 67*—John F. Roehl, Exalted Ruler; George M. Lyle, Secretary.  
*Escanaba, Mich., No. 354*—Arthur Peterson, Exalted Ruler; J. J. Bartella, Secretary.  
*Eshterville, Iowa, No. 528*—L. R. Buckingham, Exalted Ruler; John G. Smith, Secretary.  
*Etna, Pa., No. 932*—John D. McIntyre, Exalted Ruler; J. M. Jones, Secretary.  
*Eufaula, Ala., No. 912*—Chauncey Sparks, Exalted Ruler; Floyd P. Love, Secretary.  
*Eugene, Ore., No. 357*—Geo. H. McMorran, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Wood, Secretary.  
*Eureka, Cal., No. 652*—Fred A. Petersen, Exalted Ruler; Donald Lambert, Secretary.  
*Eureka Springs, Ark., No. 1042*—M. C. Smith, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Forrest, Secretary.  
*Eureka, "Tintic," Utah, No. 711*—John J. Hanley, Exalted Ruler; Elijah Bowen, Secretary.  
*Evansport, Ill., No. 1316*—Harry P. Tuscher, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Catlow, Secretary.  
*Evansville, Ind., No. 116*—E. C. Henning, Exalted Ruler; Roy R. White, Secretary.  
*Eveleth, Minn., No. 1161*—Oscar Anderson, Exalted Ruler; G. S. Drew, Secretary.  
*Everett, Mass., No. 642*—Joseph F. Kelly, Exalted Ruler; Robert I. Connell, Secretary.  
*Everett, Wash., No. 470*—T. L. Moore, Exalted Ruler; Sam C. Bothwell, Secretary.  
*Excelsior Springs, Mo., No. 1001*—N. D. Williams, Exalted Ruler; Frank A. Benson, Secretary.

## F

*Fairbury, Neb., No. 1203*—L. J. Nutzman, Exalted Ruler; Geo. S. Brenn, Secretary.  
*Fairfield, Iowa, No. 1192*—Thomas Cathey, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Williams, Secretary.  
*Fairmont, W. Va., No. 204*—Chas. R. Maurer, Exalted Ruler; Chas. R. Hawkins, Secretary.  
*Fall River, Mass., No. 118*—John J. Fitzgerald, Exalted Ruler; John P. McMullen, Jr., Secretary.  
*Falls City, Neb., No. 963*—Oscar H. Schultz, Exalted Ruler; Blaine Yoder, Secretary.  
*Fargo, N. D., No. 260*—Sam Stern, Exalted Ruler; G. J. Stout, Secretary.  
*Faribault, Minn., No. 1166*—Eugene Shirk, Exalted Ruler; A. H. Cox, Secretary.  
*Fayetteville, Ark., No. 1104*—W. E. Graham, Exalted Ruler; W. F. Dunn, Secretary.  
*Fayetteville, N. C., No. 1081*—C. W. Crist, Exalted Ruler; E. E. Gorham, Secretary.

*Fergus Falls, Minn., No. 1003*—G. W. Harris, Exalted Ruler; R. V. Sheping, Secretary.  
*Fernandina, Fla., No. 795*—J. B. Stewart, Exalted Ruler; John T. Ferreira, Secretary.  
*Findlay, Ohio, No. 73*—Arthur J. Rogers, Exalted Ruler; Earl B. Kenton, Secretary.  
*Fitchburg, Mass., No. 847*—Paul J. Woodcome, Exalted Ruler; John J. Hannigan, Secretary.  
*Fitzgerald, Ga., No. 1036*—D. E. Griffin, Exalted Ruler; Y. M. Bowles, Secretary.  
*Flagstaff, Ariz., No. 490*—Henry L. Albers, Exalted Ruler; Tom L. Rees, Secretary.  
*Flint, Mich., No. 222*—William J. Campion, Exalted Ruler; Jay H. Brockway, Secretary.  
*Florence, Ala., No. 820*—C. E. O'Donnell, Exalted Ruler; Q. Blair, Secretary.  
*Florence, Colo., No. 611*—J. W. Milner, Exalted Ruler; J. D. Stewart, Secretary.  
*Fond du Lac, Wis., No. 57*—M. K. Raudy, Exalted Ruler; Paul Theil, Secretary.  
*Forrest City, Ark., No. 1219*—Edw. Roleson, Exalted Ruler; S. P. Bailey, Secretary.  
*Fort Collins, Colo., No. 804*—J. L. Nightengale, Exalted Ruler; R. W. Lampton, Secretary.  
*Fort Dodge, Iowa, No. 306*—H. R. Bersford, Exalted Ruler; J. J. Barton, Secretary.  
*Fort Madison, Iowa, No. 374*—H. A. Park, Exalted Ruler; B. F. Shreeves, Secretary.  
*Fort Morgan, Colo., No. 1143*—Ralph B. Graham, Exalted Ruler; Ellis L. McDill, Secretary.  
*Fort Myers, Fla., No. 1288*—Carl C. McClure, Exalted Ruler; Albert G. Colcord, Secretary.  
*Fort Scott, Kans., No. 579*—G. N. Wood, Exalted Ruler; Fred Dygard, Secretary.  
*Fort Smith, Ark., No. 341*—Allan Kennedy, Exalted Ruler; Clayton Euper, Secretary.  
*Fort Wayne, Ind., No. 155*—Carl H. Penningroth, Exalted Ruler; E. J. Ehrman, Secretary.  
*Fort Worth, Texas, No. 124*—A. G. Iseng, Exalted Ruler; Jas. Liston, Secretary.  
*Fostoria, Ohio, No. 935*—Robert J. Myers, Exalted Ruler; Chalmers D. Fry, Secretary.  
*Framingham, Mass., No. 1264*—Ralph O. Davis, Exalted Ruler; Jeremiah J. Hourin, Secretary.  
*Frankford, Ind., No. 560*—Ralph W. McCarty, Exalted Ruler; Wm. A. Lavelle, Secretary.  
*Frankfort, Ky., No. 530*—Neville G. Triplett, Exalted Ruler; Jos. J. Kernen, Secretary.  
*Franklin, La., No. 1387*—A. J. Delahoussaye, Exalted Ruler; L. M. Folse, Secretary.  
*Franklin, N. H., No. 1280*—Perin E. Hersey, Exalted Ruler; Garrett A. Cushing, Secretary.  
*Franklin, Pa., No. 110*—Elmer E. French, Exalted Ruler; F. L. Bensinger, Secretary.  
*Frederick, Md., No. 684*—Alfred W. Gaver, Exalted Ruler; Walter E. Sinn, Secretary.  
*Fredericksburg, Va., No. 875*—Julian C. Clarke, Exalted Ruler; A. Stuart Jones, Secretary.  
*Freeland, Pa., No. 1145*—John A. Sosnowski, Exalted Ruler; T. L. Edmunds, Secretary.  
*Freehold, N. J., No. 1454*—Harold M. Stillwell, Exalted Ruler; D. S. Reich, Secretary.  
*Freeport, Ill., No. 617*—N. A. Arganbright, Exalted Ruler; M. W. Graham, Secretary.  
*Freeport, N. Y., No. 1253*—Miles E. Browne, Exalted Ruler; Sylvester P. Shea, Secretary.  
*Fremont, Neb., No. 514*—L. R. Hammond, Exalted Ruler; W. S. Balduff, Secretary.  
*Fremont, Ohio, No. 169*—L. H. Wismer, Exalted Ruler; T. Ticknor Miller, Secretary.  
*Fresno, Cal., No. 439*—Ben. F. Lewis, Exalted Ruler; Glen V. Slater, Secretary.  
*Frostburg, Md., No. 470*—J. Max Mathias, Exalted Ruler; Wm. P. Sullivan, Secretary.  
*Fulton, Ky., No. 1142*—J. E. Hannepin, Exalted Ruler; M. K. Chowning, Secretary.  
*Fulton, Mo., No. 1231*—Charles A. Dunkelberg, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Maughs, Secretary.  
*Fulton, N. Y., No. 830*—Clinton H. Huelt, Exalted Ruler; Thomas F. McCollum, Secretary.

## G

*Gainesville, Fla., No. 990*—J. Maxey Dell, Exalted Ruler; D. B. Morris, Secretary.  
*Gainesville, Texas, No. 525*—Clarence P. Sebastian, Exalted Ruler; Jess B. Cunningham, Secretary.  
*Galena, Ill., No. 882*—Frank Wagner, Exalted Ruler; John P. Wickler, Secretary.  
*Galena, Kans., No. 677*—Claude Kennedy, Exalted Ruler; Isadore Weiler, Secretary.  
*Galesburg, Ill., No. 894*—Frank Y. Greene, Exalted Ruler; J. Willis Peterson, Secretary.  
*Galion, Ohio, No. 1191*—L. A. Casey, Exalted Ruler; H. D. Smet, Secretary.  
*Gallipolis, Ohio, No. 107*—J. V. Lee, Exalted Ruler; H. U. Carnes, Secretary.  
*Gallup, N. M., No. 1440*—John J. Kirk, Exalted Ruler; S. E. Brentari, Secretary.  
*Galveston, Texas, No. 126*—A. L. Perkins, Exalted Ruler; Maurice Meyer, Secretary.  
*Garden City, Kans., No. 1404*—Hubert O. Judd, Exalted Ruler; A. G. Gardner, Secretary.  
*Gardiner, Me., No. 1203*—John W. Kelley, Exalted Ruler; Edwin S. Lincoln, Secretary.  
*Gardner, Mass., No. 1426*—John A. Lindgren, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Frank J. Stickney, Secretary.  
*Garrett, Ind., No. 1447*—Jas. H. B. Casebeer, Exalted Ruler; P. A. Genger, Secretary.  
*Gary, Ind., No. 1152*—Weyman Alger, Exalted Ruler; Floyd D. Saxton, Secretary.  
*Geneva, N. Y., No. 1054*—W. S. McGuavy, Exalted Ruler; F. B. Nichols, Secretary.  
*Georgetown, Ky., No. 526*—R. A. Fennell, Exalted Ruler; E. P. Moore, Secretary.  
*Georgetown, S. C., No. 900*—B. S. Livingston, Exalted Ruler; Harry C. Taylor, Secretary.  
*Gettysburg, Pa., No. 1045*—Clarence L. Heilman, Exalted Ruler; C. Tyson Tipton, Secretary.  
*Glen Cove, N. Y., No. 1458*—Max Rosenwald, Exalted Ruler; Daniel J. Fogarty, Secretary.  
*Glendale, Cal., No. 1289*—Earl S. Patterson, Exalted Ruler; Walter W. Jones, Secretary.  
*Glendive, Mont., No. 1324*—F. J. O'Malley, Exalted Ruler; G. B. Drowley, Secretary.  
*Glens Falls, N. Y., No. 81*—Earle H. Stickney, Exalted Ruler; D. V. Brown, Secretary.  
*Globe, Ariz., No. 480*—P. P. Greer, Exalted Ruler; J. F. Mayer, Secretary.

*Gloucester, Mass., No. 892*—P. P. Moore, Exalted Ruler; Edward Carpenter, Secretary.  
*Gloversville, N. Y., No. 226*—George W. Denton, Exalted Ruler; Louis A. Hardy, Secretary.  
*Goldfield, Nev., No. 1072*—Gordon M. Bettles, Exalted Ruler; A. Ferguson, Secretary.  
*Goldsboro, N. C., No. 539*—E. R. Warren, Exalted Ruler; J. S. Crawford, Secretary.  
*Goshen, Ind., No. 708*—Bernard W. Swartz, Exalted Ruler; Charles R. Parker, Secretary.  
*Grafton, W. Va., No. 308*—Ona C. Jefferys, Exalted Ruler; Harry Friedman, Secretary.  
*Grand Forks, N. D., No. 255*—Philip R. Bangs, Exalted Ruler; F. A. Brown, Secretary.  
*Grand Haven, Mich., No. 1200*—Hugh E. Lillie, Exalted Ruler; William Wilds, Secretary.  
*Grand Island, Neb., No. 604*—John R. Reid, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Davis, Secretary.  
*Grand Junction, Colo., No. 575*—Joseph Quinn, Exalted Ruler; Eugene M. Welch, Secretary.  
*Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48*—Ned Bomers, Exalted Ruler; Geo. D. Bostock, Secretary.  
*Granite City, Ill., No. 1063*—Bryan L. Compton, Exalted Ruler; P. G. Lauff, Secretary.  
*Grass Valley, Cal., No. 538*—J. A. Curnow, Exalted Ruler; M. Henry Argall, Secretary.  
*Great Bend, Kan., No. 1127*—W. A. Amend, Exalted Ruler; Clyde E. Sterling, Secretary.  
*Great Falls, Mont., No. 214*—Robb R. Williams, Exalted Ruler; Chas. Wegner, Secretary.  
*Greeley, Colo., No. 809*—Edwin J. Haefeli, Exalted Ruler; Frank C. Benson, Secretary.  
*Green Bay, Wis., No. 259*—A. J. Geniesse, Exalted Ruler; Ed Engels, Secretary.  
*Greencastle, Ind., No. 1077*—L. W. Crump, Exalted Ruler; E. E. Caldwell, Secretary.  
*Greenfield, Mass., No. 1206*—Arthur Rist, Exalted Ruler; Charles T. Ward, Secretary.  
*Greenfield, Ohio, No. 717*—W. F. Arnott, Exalted Ruler; E. M. Connor, Secretary.  
*Greensboro, N. C., No. 602*—J. M. Evins, Exalted Ruler; L. V. Pembroke, Secretary.  
*Greensburg, Ind., No. 475*—Walter Ehrhardt, Exalted Ruler; Charles H. Ewing, Secretary.  
*Greensburg, Pa., No. 511*—Robt. W. Schreck, Exalted Ruler; J. Clarke Bell, Secretary.  
*Greenville, Miss., No. 148*—S. L. Moyse, Exalted Ruler; A. G. Yerger, Secretary.  
*Greenville, Ohio, No. 1139*—T. A. Billingsley, Exalted Ruler; C. R. Faulkner, Secretary.  
*Greenville, Pa., No. 145*—C. A. Patton, Exalted Ruler; John D. Cutler, Secretary.  
*Greenville, S. C., No. 858*—E. M. Wharton, Exalted Ruler; Wyatt Aiken, Secretary.  
*Greenville, Texas, No. 703*—Jess F. Boykin, Exalted Ruler; Albert F. Mason, Secretary.  
*Greenwich, Conn., No. 1150*—Silas S. Sutherland, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Arthur F. O'Neil, Secretary.  
*Greenwood, Miss., No. 854*—J. H. Pettey, Exalted Ruler; T. A. Turner, Secretary.  
*Greybull, Wyo., No. 1431*—W. F. Griffin, Exalted Ruler; Burton R. Jones, Secretary.  
*Griffin, Ga., No. 1207*—Roy S. Wood, Exalted Ruler; L. S. Patterson, Secretary.  
*Grinnell, Iowa, No. 1266*—C. L. Dickerson, Exalted Ruler; H. B. Westlake, Secretary.  
*Gulfport, Miss., No. 978*—R. L. Aubert, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Miles, Secretary.  
*Guthrie, Okla., No. 426*—A. G. Dibbins, Exalted Ruler; Karl Powers, Secretary.

## H

*Heckensack, N. J., No. 658*—Jack L. Fox, Exalted Ruler; Hugh V. Keenan, Secretary.  
*Hagerstown, Md., No. 378*—William H. Bovey, Exalted Ruler; Ross F. Kountz, Secretary.  
*Hamilton, Ohio, No. 93*—Elmer Byerline, Exalted Ruler; Emil A. Olinger, Secretary.  
*Hammond, Ind., No. 485*—Arthur S. Brophy, Exalted Ruler; Richard C. Slater, Secretary.  
*Hampton, Va., No. 366*—M. A. Morris, Exalted Ruler; Thos. L. Slater, Secretary.  
*Hancock, Mich., No. 381*—Taylor M. Peterson, Exalted Ruler; John L. West, Secretary.  
*Hanford, Cal., No. 1259*—Arthur E. Horlock, Exalted Ruler; Harry Kimball, Secretary.  
*Hannibal, Mo., No. 1198*—Jas. F. DeNio, Exalted Ruler; Geo. A. Brown, Secretary.  
*Hanover, Pa., No. 763*—Harry C. Brinton, Exalted Ruler; A. S. Ruth, Secretary.  
*Harrisburg, Ill., No. 1058*—Wm. B. Welch, Exalted Ruler; Jacob W. Meyers, Secretary.  
*Harrisburg, Pa., No. 12*—C. C. Merrill, Exalted Ruler; Jonas M. Rudy, Secretary.  
*Harrisonburg, Va., No. 450*—Olin A. Dovel, Exalted Ruler; J. Robert Switzer, Secretary.  
*Hartford, Conn., No. 19*—Matthew M. Hogan, Exalted Ruler; Thomas A. Shannon, Secretary.  
*Hartford City, Ind., No. 625*—William H. Gardiner, Exalted Ruler; William B. Rosenbaum, Sr., Secretary.  
*Harvey, Ill., No. 1242*—George P. Fisher, Exalted Ruler; Raymond J. Steuart, Secretary.  
*Haskell, Texas, No. 1158*—Eugene Tonn, Exalted Ruler; Theron G. Cahill, Secretary.  
*Hastings, Neb., No. 159*—Lloyd Hansen, Exalted Ruler; S. R. Alexander, Secretary.  
*Hattiesburg, Miss., No. 599*—James S. Swayne, Exalted Ruler; R. A. Fowler, Secretary.  
*Haverhill, Mass., No. 165*—Victor G. Gallison, Exalted Ruler; Robert H. Quimby, Secretary.  
*Haverstraw, N. Y., No. 877*—Howard L. Jersey, Exalted Ruler; Charles D. Engle, Secretary.  
*Haute, Mont., No. 1201*—Joseph F. Murphy, Exalted Ruler; William B. Pyper, Secretary.  
*Hasleton, Pa., No. 200*—Harold J. Arnold, Exalted Ruler; L. R. Riley, Secretary.  
*Helena, Ark., No. 659*—E. M. Pipkin, Jr., Exalted Ruler; J. B. Connolly, Secretary.  
*Helena, Mont., No. 193*—Garnett L. Bryant, Exalted Ruler; R. A. Gibbons, Secretary.  
*Hempstead, N. Y., No. 1485*—Gustav H. Papenmeyer, Exalted Ruler; Chas. H. Beatty, Secretary.  
*Henderson, Ky., No. 206*—Ben C. Rash, Exalted Ruler; A. H. Soaper, Secretary.  
*Henryetta, Okla., No. 1330*—G. Morris Alder, Exalted Ruler; E. K. Messick, Secretary.  
*Heppner, Ore., No. 358*—C. L. Sweek, Exalted Ruler; J. O. Rasmus, Secretary.



Herington, Kan., No. 1433—A. N. Varner, Exalted Ruler; T. W. Storer, Secretary.  
 Herkimer, N. Y., No. 1430—Elwood R. Maguire, Exalted Ruler; Charles W. Maylender, Secretary.  
 Herrin, Ill., No. 1146—D. L. Bradshaw, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Grizzell, Secretary.  
 Hibbing, Minn., No. 1022—E. J. Hawley, Exalted Ruler; James T. Clune, Secretary.  
 Hickman, Ky., No. 1204—C. W. Curlin, Exalted Ruler; Wade B. Mobley, Secretary.  
 Highland Park, Ill., No. 1362—John E. Conrad, Exalted Ruler; Edward M. Conrad, Secretary.  
 High Point, N. C., No. 1155—W. M. Tucker, Exalted Ruler; G. Dewey Garrett, Secretary.  
 Hillsboro, Ohio, No. 361—Burch E. Parshall, Exalted Ruler; Sigel W. Mullenix, Secretary.  
 Hillsboro, Tex., No. 903—Fred O. Grimes, Exalted Ruler; E. O. Hughes, Secretary.  
 Hilo, Hawaii, No. 750—C. J. Huckestein, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Stone, Secretary.  
 Hinton, W. Va., No. 827—R. E. Womack, Exalted Ruler; R. E. Parker, Secretary.  
 Hobart, Okla., No. 881—Ed. Merkle, Exalted Ruler; Clarence E. Mayo, Secretary.  
 Hoboken, N. J., No. 74—Henry J. Camby, Exalted Ruler; David M. Mullins, Secretary.  
 Holland, Mich., No. 1315—E. W. Dick, Exalted Ruler; John E. Kiekintveld, Secretary.  
 Hollister, Cal., No. 1436—E. A. Weller, Exalted Ruler; Walter Keene, Secretary.  
 Holly Springs, Miss., No. 1099—James O. Tyson, Exalted Ruler; John M. Mickle, Secretary.  
 Holyoke, Mass., No. 902—Julius A. Scheibel, Exalted Ruler; James J. Murray, Secretary.  
 Homestead, Pa., No. 650—P. L. Tierney, Exalted Ruler; S. E. Graham, Secretary.  
 Honolulu, Hawaii, No. 616—William L. Lederer, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Hanna, Secretary.  
 Hoosick Falls, N. Y., No. 178—Guy H. Ely, Exalted Ruler; A. C. Brownell, Secretary.  
 Hope, Ark., No. 1109—E. Y. Cloud, Exalted Ruler; N. A. Chisholm, Secretary.  
 Hopkinsville, Ky., No. 545—S. E. Yancey, Exalted Ruler; T. C. Underwood, Secretary.  
 Hoquiam, Wash., No. 1082—Clayton Rychard, Exalted Ruler; Dean S. Palmer, Secretary.  
 Hornell, N. Y., No. 364—Harry L. Tolan, Exalted Ruler; John E. Cullinan, Secretary.  
 Hot Springs, Ark., No. 380—Al. A. Reynolds, Exalted Ruler; Harry P. Christian, Secretary.  
 Houlton, Maine, No. 835—P. L. B. Ebbett, Exalted Ruler; Albert K. Stetson, Secretary.  
 Houma, La., No. 1103—William J. Cenac, Exalted Ruler; H. J. Thibodaux, Secretary.  
 Houston, Texas, No. 151—E. A. Moody, Exalted Ruler; Courtney Hutchison, Secretary.  
 Hudson, Mass., No. 959—William L. Persons, Exalted Ruler; Peter M. Courtemanche, Secretary.  
 Hudson, N. Y., No. 787—Harry R. Deacon, Exalted Ruler; James H. Pultz, Secretary.  
 Hudson, Wis., No. 640—Melvin Peterson, Exalted Ruler; Elliott L. Jones, Secretary.  
 Hugo, Okla., No. 1179—J. H. Crain, Exalted Ruler; C. A. Thompson, Secretary.  
 Humboldt, Tenn., No. 1098—J. L. M. Wade, Exalted Ruler; C. M. Hassell, Secretary.  
 Huntingdon, Pa., No. 976—James B. Sleeman, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Sullebarger, Secretary.  
 Huntington, Indiana, No. 805—Cameron N. Griffith, Exalted Ruler; H. E. Emery, Secretary.  
 Huntington, W. Va., No. 313—L. N. Frantz, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Ramsey, Secretary.  
 Huntington Park, Cal., No. 1415—J. V. Scofield, Exalted Ruler; H. P. Bartlett, Secretary.  
 Huron, S. D., No. 444—E. E. Robinson, Exalted Ruler; A. P. Stowell, Secretary.  
 Hulchinson, Kans., No. 453—B. O. Briant, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Clark, Secretary.

## I

Idaho Falls, Idaho, No. 1087—Joseph Gesas, Exalted Ruler; P. W. Williams, Secretary.  
 Idaho Springs, Colo., No. 607—W. J. Woodward, Exalted Ruler; George Oxley, Secretary.  
 Iion, N. Y., No. 1444—E. B. Manion, Exalted Ruler; Ellery M. Post, Secretary.  
 Independence, Kan., No. 780—Harry C. Black, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Harrison, Secretary.  
 Indiana, Pa., No. 931—Edwin E. Harkless, Exalted Ruler; Harry W. Fee, Secretary.  
 Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13—J. H. Tudball, Exalted Ruler; W. G. Taylor, Secretary.  
 Iola, Kan., No. 569—R. A. McDonald, Exalted Ruler; Melvin Fronk, Secretary.  
 Ionia, Mich., No. 548—Marten McNamara, Exalted Ruler; A. H. Tuttle, Secretary.  
 Iowa City, Iowa, No. 590—Rufus McKnight, Exalted Ruler; F. B. Volkringer, Secretary.  
 Iron Mountain, Mich., No. 700—Frank O. Morett, Exalted Ruler; Daniel P. Alessandri, Secretary.  
 Ironton, Ohio, No. 177—James B. Lambert, Exalted Ruler; David Morgan, Secretary.  
 Iromwood, Mich., No. 1278—Angus J. McDonald, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Moore, Secretary.  
 Irvington, N. J., No. 1245—Joseph J. Brown, Exalted Ruler; Percy A. Miller, Secretary.  
 Ishpeming, Mich., No. 447—Gust W. Swanson, Exalted Ruler; C. G. Ziegler, Secretary.  
 Ithaca, N. Y., No. 636—Herbert L. Cobb, Exalted Ruler; C. S. Ziegler, Secretary.

## J

Jackson, Mich., No. 113—Harry G. Chapman, Exalted Ruler; J. F. Harrison, Secretary.  
 Jackson, Miss., No. 416—A. J. McLaurin, Exalted Ruler; E. C. Smith, Secretary.  
 Jackson, Ohio, No. 446—John E. Roderick, Exalted Ruler; Sam C. Crossland, Secretary.  
 Jackson, Tenn., No. 192—A. L. Garrett, Exalted Ruler; W. T. Harris, Secretary.  
 Jacksonville, Fla., No. 221—Foster B. Vary, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Munde, Secretary.  
 Jacksonville, Ill., No. 682—Harlan Williamson, Exalted Ruler; Louis Piepenbring, Secretary.  
 Jamestown, N. D., No. 995—J. J. Nygaard, Exalted Ruler; Geo. T. Richmond, Secretary.  
 Jamestown, N. Y., No. 263—William M. Bemus, Jr., Exalted Ruler; G. R. Broadberry, Secretary.

Janesville, Wis., No. 254—R. G. Cunningham, Exalted Ruler; Robert Conway, Secretary.  
 Jeannette, Pa., No. 486—Carl E. Sunder, Exalted Ruler; Robert W. Blaze, Secretary.  
 Jefferson City, Mo., No. 513—Geo. H. Young, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Buchanan, Secretary.  
 Jeffersonville, Ind., No. 362—E. P. Buckley, Exalted Ruler; Paul A. Northam, Secretary.  
 Jennings, La., No. 1085—L. L. Richard, Exalted Ruler; H. L. Boudreaux, Secretary.  
 Jerome, Ariz., No. 1361—Walter C. Miller, Exalted Ruler; R. H. Cunningham, Secretary.  
 Jersey City, N. J., No. 211—Francis P. Boland, Exalted Ruler; William J. Culver, Secretary.  
 Jersey Shore, Pa., No. 1057—Geo. W. Stroh, Exalted Ruler; K. H. Royer, Secretary.  
 Jerseyville, Ill., No. 954—Edward L. Bray, Exalted Ruler; Geo. M. Seago, Secretary.  
 Johnsonburg, Pa., No. 612—Lawrence E. Trambly, Exalted Ruler; Eugene P. McCarthy, Secretary.  
 Johnson City, Tenn., No. 825—Virgil B. Slaughter, Exalted Ruler; A. B. DeVault, Secretary.  
 Johnston, Pa., No. 175—F. W. Buchanan, Exalted Ruler; A. G. Hornick, Secretary.  
 Joliet, Ill., No. 206—Edward G. Purkiser, Exalted Ruler; Howard F. Hewlett, Secretary.  
 Jonesboro, Ark., No. 408—Buel F. Warden, Exalted Ruler; William R. Weaver, Secretary.  
 Joplin, Mo., No. 501—Karl Goodrich, Exalted Ruler; Frank L. Yale, Secretary.  
 Junction City, Kans., No. 1037—Fred A. Durand, Exalted Ruler; Thos. W. Dorn, Secretary.  
 Juneau, Alaska, No. 420—J. Latimer Gray, Exalted Ruler; John A. Davis, Secretary.

## K

Kalamazoo, Mich., No. 50—Roland R. Ware, Exalted Ruler; A. E. Green, Secretary.  
 Kalispell, Mont., No. 725—C. M. Orser, Exalted Ruler; I. D. Roglieni, Secretary.  
 Kane, Pa., No. 329—Arthur Smedley, Exalted Ruler; Arthur G. Folke, Secretary.  
 Kankakee, Ill., No. 627—Earl E. Phillips, Exalted Ruler; Roy E. Layton, Secretary.  
 Kansas City, Mo., No. 26—Dan G. Stewart, Exalted Ruler; E. L. Biersmith, Secretary.  
 Kansas City, "Wyandotte," Kans., No. 440—Frank S. Merstetter, Exalted Ruler; Geo. A. Rively, Secretary.  
 Kaukauna, Wis., No. 062—Richard H. McCarty, Exalted Ruler; Nicholas M. Haupt, Secretary.  
 Kearney, Neb., No. 984—R. V. Clark, Exalted Ruler; Hans Nelson, Secretary.  
 Kearney, N. J., No. 1050—John Blirer, Exalted Ruler; George A. Senior, Secretary.  
 Keene, N. H., No. 927—Wells R. Sargent, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Ryan, Secretary.  
 Kelso, Wash., No. 1482—W. B. Keene, Exalted Ruler; Frank Lyons, Secretary.  
 Kendallville, Ind., No. 1104—Earl D. Pray, Exalted Ruler; Charles R. Wert, Secretary.  
 Kenosha, Wis., No. 750—S. M. Jones, Exalted Ruler; J. N. Fonk, Secretary.  
 Kent, Ohio, No. 1377—W. R. Mitchell, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Van Horn, Secretary.  
 Kenton, Ohio, No. 157—Claud Osburn, Exalted Ruler; Samuel J. Pence, Secretary.  
 Keokuk, Iowa, No. 106—C. R. Logan, Exalted Ruler; L. J. Wolf, Secretary.  
 Kewanee, Ill., No. 724—Thomas J. Welch, Exalted Ruler; A. M. Jacobson, Secretary.  
 Ketchikan, Alaska, No. 1420—L. H. Kubley, Exalted Ruler; G. S. Talbot, Secretary.  
 Key West, Fla., No. 551—Arthur H. Sheppard, Exalted Ruler; Clifton G. Bailey, Secretary.  
 Kingman, Ariz., No. 468—John W. Pettes, Exalted Ruler; Walter P. Jones, Secretary.  
 Kingsport, Tenn., No. 1385—W. R. Jennings, Exalted Ruler; H. C. McDannel, Secretary.  
 Kingston, N. Y., No. 550—Walter J. Miller, Exalted Ruler; Charles J. Mullen, Secretary.  
 Kirksville, Mo., No. 464—Ray C. Waddill, Exalted Ruler; O. D. McKasson, Secretary.  
 Kittanning, Pa., No. 203—James M. Henry, Exalted Ruler; Chas. H. Rhodes, Secretary.  
 Klamath Falls, Ore., No. 1247—Leslie Rogers, Exalted Ruler; Thos. Delzell, Secretary.  
 Knoxville, Pa., No. 1166—Fred C. Kohler, Exalted Ruler; G. S. Larimer, Secretary.  
 Knoxville, Tenn., No. 160—Ed. M. Tate, Exalted Ruler; D. Al. White, Secretary.  
 Kokomo, Ind., No. 199—Clyde Simmonds, Exalted Ruler; Walter B. Goff, Secretary.

## L

Laconia, N. H., No. 876—Thomas C. Hill, Exalted Ruler; Ray W. Firth, Secretary.  
 LaCrosse, Wis., No. 300—Arthur J. Bruha, Exalted Ruler; Joseph F. Bartl, Secretary.  
 LaFayette, Ind., No. 143—George Bergman, Exalted Ruler; Floyd A. Shaffer, Secretary.  
 LaFayette, Cal., No. 1095—F. E. Girard, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Colomb, Secretary.  
 La Grande, Ore., No. 433—Lester H. Bramwell, Exalted Ruler; Mood Eckley, Secretary.  
 LaGrange, Ga., No. 1084—Howard P. Park, Exalted Ruler; W. S. Young, Secretary.  
 La Grange, Ill., No. 1423—O. B. Humma, Exalted Ruler; Stanley Williams, Secretary.  
 La Junta, Colo., No. 701—Chas. E. Sabin, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Sporleder, Secretary.  
 Lake Charles, La., No. 435—William C. Braden, Exalted Ruler; John H. Martin, Secretary.  
 Lake City, Fla., No. 893—Geo. L. Colburn, Secretary.  
 Lakeland, Fla., No. 1201—W. F. Reid, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Steitz, Secretary.  
 Lakewood, N. J., No. 1432—Harold L. Brinley, Exalted Ruler; W. Durwood McCloskey, Secretary.  
 Lakewood, Ohio, No. 1350—Geo. W. Reuss, Exalted Ruler; Scott H. Cook, Secretary.  
 Lamar, Colo., No. 1316—Chas. A. Owen, Exalted Ruler; Ralph F. Fivonka, Secretary.  
 Lamberlille, N. J., No. 1070—Thomas Kilroy, Exalted Ruler; I. L. Smith, Secretary.  
 Lancaster, N. Y., No. 1478—Geo. J. Wednel, Exalted Ruler; Charles A. Merkle, Secretary.  
 Lancaster, Ohio, No. 570—Charles Hade, Exalted Ruler; Charles M. Timberlake, Secretary.  
 Lancaster, Pa., No. 134—James B. Stauffer, Exalted Ruler; C. Herbert Obretter, Secretary.

Lansford, Pa., No. 1337—Benjamin H. Gluck, Exalted Ruler; Harry H. Kneis, Secretary.  
 Lansing, Mich., No. 196—A. D. Vandervoort, Exalted Ruler; E. E. Nolan, Secretary.  
 La Porte, Ind., No. 396—Leonard R. Hensch, Exalted Ruler; J. T. Bachman, Secretary.  
 Laramie, Wyo., No. 582—Dick Williams, Exalted Ruler; B. Featherstone, Secretary.  
 Laredo, Texas, No. 1078—Alden B. Muller, Exalted Ruler; F. Randall Nye, Secretary.  
 La Salle, Ill., No. 584—Frank Waggett, Exalted Ruler; Geo. W. Hasselman, Secretary.  
 Las Vegas, Nev., No. 1468—A. W. Ham, Exalted Ruler; E. F. Dupray, Secretary.  
 Las Vegas, N. M., No. 408—E. E. Huyck, Exalted Ruler; C. T. Farley, Secretary.  
 Latrobe, Pa., No. 907—Joseph A. Donnelly, Jr., Exalted Ruler; George D. Albert, Secretary.  
 Laurel, Miss., No. 1000—Geo. H. Snyder, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Landrum, Secretary.  
 Lawrence, Kans., No. 505—J. B. Henry, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Cleland, Secretary.  
 Lawrence, Mass., No. 65—John J. Burns, Exalted Ruler; Daniel P. Desmond, Secretary.  
 Lawrenceville, Ill., No. 1208—Wayne S. Leighty, Exalted Ruler; Joe McCullough, Secretary.  
 Lead, S. D., No. 747—John A. Hull, Exalted Ruler; George P. Holvey, Secretary.  
 Leadville, Colo., No. 236—Allen F. Melville, Exalted Ruler; W. G. Harrington, Secretary.  
 Leavenworth, Kans., No. 661—James B. Kelsey, Exalted Ruler; Charles P. Olund, Secretary.  
 Lebanon, Ind., No. 635—Briant Edwards, Exalted Ruler; Stanley E. Jones, Secretary.  
 Lebanon, Ohio, No. 422—Howard Fulkerth, Exalted Ruler; R. B. Smith, Secretary.  
 Lebanon, Pa., No. 631—Clarke M. Seltzer, Exalted Ruler; Charles R. Gates, Secretary.  
 Leeburg, Pa., No. 377—Fred Heer, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Cowan, Secretary.  
 Leighton, Pa., No. 1284—John A. Xander, Exalted Ruler; Granville F. Rehrig, Secretary.  
 Le Mars, Iowa, No. 428—F. A. Berner, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Woodke, Secretary.  
 Leonminster, Mass., No. 1237—Isidore W. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Andrew E. Harper, Secretary.  
 Lewiston, Idaho, No. 806—Jesse M. Gilmore, Exalted Ruler; C. D. Livingstone, Secretary.  
 Lewiston, Me., No. 371—Frank I. Hall, Exalted Ruler; Chas. V. Allen, Secretary.  
 Lewistown, Mont., No. 456—E. L. Thielke, Exalted Ruler; Alvin Martin, Secretary.  
 Lewistown, Pa., No. 663—Alexander Patterson, Exalted Ruler; John Lawler, Secretary.  
 Lexington, Ky., No. 89—Frank A. Berkley, Exalted Ruler; Spencer L. Fennell, Secretary.  
 Lexington, Mo., No. 749—Warner J. Bishop, Exalted Ruler; J. A. McDanel, Secretary.  
 Lexington, N. C., No. 1255—James A. Leonard, Exalted Ruler; John L. Trice, Secretary.  
 Ligonier, Ind., No. 451—George E. Green, Exalted Ruler; S. P. Carney, Secretary.  
 Lima, Ohio, No. 54—E. G. Christen, Exalted Ruler; Glen Rohm, Secretary.  
 Lincoln, Ill., No. 914—W. P. Kuhl, Exalted Ruler; John Wendell, Secretary.  
 Lincoln, Neb., No. 80—Arthur J. Kurz, Exalted Ruler; Frank E. Green, Secretary.  
 Linton, Ind., No. 866—Floyd M. McCullough, Exalted Ruler; Clyde V. Davis, Secretary.  
 Litchfield, Ill., No. 654—J. Carl Dodds, Exalted Ruler; Edw. R. Butler, Secretary.  
 Little Falls, Minn., No. 770—Ed. A. Berg, Exalted Ruler; V. E. Joslin, Secretary.  
 Little Falls, N. Y., No. 42—W. Howard Coffey, Exalted Ruler; Grover J. Murphy, Secretary.  
 Little Rock, Ark., No. 20—Robt. D. Fenton, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Frank J. Ginschis, Secretary.  
 Livingston, Mont., No. 246—P. W. Nelson, Exalted Ruler; Joseph Brooks, Secretary.  
 Lock Haven, Pa., No. 182—Samuel W. Claster, Exalted Ruler; Lester W. Rathgeber, Secretary.  
 Lockport, N. Y., No. 41—George R. O'Brien, Exalted Ruler; W. L. Beck, Secretary.  
 Logan, Ohio, No. 452—George W. Smith, Exalted Ruler; R. L. James, Secretary.  
 Logan, Utah, No. 1453—Myrt D. Robison, Exalted Ruler; Alfred G. Picot, Secretary.  
 Logan, W. Va., No. 1301—Wirt Murphy, Exalted Ruler; J. French Cook, Secretary.  
 Logansport, Ind., No. 66—Lowell Neff, Exalted Ruler; H. G. Stalmaker, Secretary.  
 Long Beach, Cal., No. 88—Clovis W. Cadieux, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Strachan, Secretary.  
 Long Branch, N. J., No. 742—Andrew Lustbaum, Exalted Ruler; Harold Dennett, Secretary.  
 Longmont, Colo., No. 1055—V. S. Allen, Exalted Ruler; C. D. Rue, Secretary.  
 Longview, Texas, No. 1128—E. Q. Whitney, Exalted Ruler; Sam B. Brown, Secretary.  
 Lorain, Ohio, No. 1301—E. Lynn Bowman, Exalted Ruler; W. G. Campbell, Secretary.  
 Los Angeles, Cal., No. 90—George M. Breslin, Exalted Ruler; Francis Edgar White, Secretary.  
 Louisiana, Mo., No. 791—W. C. Jansen, Exalted Ruler; Mark A. Medaris, Secretary.  
 Louisville, Ky., No. 8—Wm. S. Heidenburg, Exalted Ruler; Chris J. Franz, Secretary.  
 Loveland, Colo., No. 1051—Wendell P. Martin, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Stevens, Secretary.  
 Lowell, Mass., No. 87—James E. Donnelly, Exalted Ruler; John J. Lee, Secretary.  
 Lubbock, Texas, No. 1348—W. A. Myrick, Jr., Exalted Ruler; E. B. Porter, Secretary.  
 Ludington, Mich., No. 736—George Pomeroy, Exalted Ruler; R. E. Richardson, Secretary.  
 Lufkin, Texas, No. 1027—J. E. Wilson, Exalted Ruler; R. S. Philen, Secretary.  
 Lynchburg, Va., No. 321—E. P. Cromwell, Exalted Ruler; W. O. Bell, Secretary.  
 Lyons, N. Y., No. 869—John E. Forgham, Exalted Ruler; Burton Allee, Secretary.  
 Lynn, Mass., No. 117—John J. Curtin, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Donovan, Secretary.

## Mc

McAlester, Oklahoma, No. 533—H. I. Aston, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Fisher, Secretary.



McAllen, Texas, No. 1402—J. R. Melliff, Exalted Ruler; H. G. Rupener, Secretary.  
 McComb City, Miss., No. 268—J. C. Rooney, Exalted Ruler; T. C. Herrington, Secretary.  
 McCook, Neb., No. 1434—Ed. F. Peterson, Exalted Ruler; N. J. Campbell, Secretary.  
 McKeesport, Pa., No. 136—J. C. Wiley, Exalted Ruler; Geo. J. Falkenstein, Secretary.  
 McKees Rocks, Pa., No. 1263—Daniel J. Buckley, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Blatz, Secretary.  
 McKinney, Texas, No. 828—Orlie J. Moss, Exalted Ruler; Roy Largent, Secretary.  
 McMinnville, Ore., No. 1283—Homer Ross, Exalted Ruler; Dan W. Feely, Secretary.  
 McPherson, Kans., No. 502—J. Leonard Clawson, Exalted Ruler; D. L. Brouhard, Secretary.

## M

Macomb, Ill., No. 1009—T. Mac Downing, Exalted Ruler; Ralph B. Purdum, Secretary.  
 Macon, Ga., No. 230—Jesse Harris, Exalted Ruler; N. R. Winship, Secretary.  
 Macon, Mo., No. 999—Harley E. Nichols, Exalted Ruler; Edward F. Maffry, Secretary.  
 Madison, Ind., No. 524—Bayard Hughes, Exalted Ruler; M. F. Herbst, Secretary.  
 Madison, N. J., No. 1465—H. M. Barnard, Exalted Ruler; F. H. Buck, Secretary.  
 Madison, S. D., No. 1442—C. H. Nelles, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Mulvey, Secretary.  
 Madison, Wis., No. 410—Harry Krehl, Exalted Ruler; John P. Pecher, Secretary.  
 Madisonville, Ky., No. 738—James Dupin, Exalted Ruler; J. D. McPherson, Jr., Secretary.  
 Mahanoy City, Pa., No. 605—James H. O'Connor, Exalted Ruler; Geo. J. Post, Secretary.  
 Malden, Mass., No. 965—Charles McKeever, Exalted Ruler; Frank C. Doucette, Secretary.  
 Malone, N. Y., No. 1303—William B. Donovan, Exalted Ruler; Edwin H. Blanchard, Secretary.  
 Mamaroneck, N. Y., No. 1457—John H. Shane, Exalted Ruler; Edmond J. Mullaly, Secretary.  
 Manchester, N. H., No. 146—William E. Potter, Exalted Ruler; Thomas J. O'Neil, Secretary.  
 Manchester, Va., No. 843—John L. Morris, Exalted Ruler; R. D. Peeples, Secretary.  
 Mandan, N. D., No. 1256—Nels H. Romer, Exalted Ruler; A. R. Weinhandl, Secretary.  
 Mangum, Okla., No. 1169—Ralph E. Helper, Exalted Ruler; B. E. Davis, Secretary.  
 Manhattan, Kans., No. 1185—F. A. Smutz, Exalted Ruler; Paul Remmele, Secretary.  
 Manila, P. I., No. 761—W. A. Heppell, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Mitchell, Secretary.  
 Manistee, Mich., No. 250—C. P. Emunson, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Pfeiffer, Secretary.  
 Manistique, Mich., No. 632—Carl J. Merkel, Exalted Ruler; Walter Drevdahl, Secretary.  
 Manitowoc, Wis., No. 687—Edward W. Mackey, Exalted Ruler; Thorvald C. Torrison, Secretary.  
 Mankato, Minn., No. 225—M. F. Sullivan, Exalted Ruler; F. W. Bates, Secretary.  
 Manning, W. Va., No. 388—Geo. A. Cochran, Exalted Ruler; F. W. Shaw, Secretary.  
 Mansfield, Ohio, No. 56—Earl A. Hecht, Exalted Ruler; E. S. Hiestand, Secretary.  
 Marianna, Ark., No. 1178—W. E. McClintock, Exalted Ruler; R. B. McCulloch, Secretary.  
 Marietta, Ohio, No. 477—A. L. Anders, Exalted Ruler; H. L. Theis, Secretary.  
 Marinette, Wis., No. 1313—James D. Cook, Exalted Ruler; John A. Faller, Secretary.  
 Marion, Ill., No. 800—Fred R. Martin, Exalted Ruler; Geo. C. Campbell, Secretary.  
 Marion, Ind., No. 191—George Steffins, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Scheerer, Secretary.  
 Marion, Ohio, No. 32—Berchard Kritchfield, Exalted Ruler; J. M. Bigel, Secretary.  
 Marlborough, Mass., No. 1230—Laurence G. Bordeleau, Exalted Ruler; George J. Moran, Secretary.  
 Marquette, Mich., No. 405—Martin Voetsch, Exalted Ruler; Thomas P. Carey, Secretary.  
 Marshall, Mo., No. 1006—Arthur Downs, Exalted Ruler; Hugh A. West, Secretary.  
 Marshall, Texas, No. 583—R. R. Huffman, Exalted Ruler; Ray Clark, Secretary.  
 Marshalltown, Iowa, No. 312—T. Geo. Hockridge, Exalted Ruler; F. W. Ritter, Secretary.  
 Marshallfield, Ore., No. 1166—Ben S. Fisher, Exalted Ruler; Herbert A. Buserud, Secretary.  
 Marshallfield, Wis., No. 665—E. E. Finney, Exalted Ruler; A. O. Neimas, Secretary.  
 Martinsburg, W. Va., No. 778—S. M. Langford, Exalted Ruler; Geo. L. Weaver, Secretary.  
 Martins Ferry, Ohio, No. 895—Owen Zimmerman, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Pallen, Secretary.  
 Martinsville, Ind., No. 1340—Frank Finney, Exalted Ruler; Claud E. Cohee, Secretary.  
 Marysville, Cal., No. 783—Edw. C. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Langdon, Secretary.  
 Marysville, Ohio, No. 1130—Fred Crothers, Exalted Ruler; Chester Rosette, Secretary.  
 Marysville, Mo., No. 760—Eldon Irvin, Exalted Ruler; Roland T. Curnutt, Secretary.  
 Mason City, Iowa, No. 375—Ray V. Harris, Exalted Ruler; Edward Thompson, Secretary.  
 Massillon, Ohio, No. 441—Karl W. Atwater, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Brown, Secretary.  
 Mattoon, Ill., No. 405—R. G. Real, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Douglas, Secretary.  
 Mayfield, Ky., No. 565—A. L. Lindsey, Exalted Ruler; F. G. Horton, Secretary.  
 Maysville, Ky., No. 704—William R. Smith, Exalted Ruler; William F. Sproemberg, Secretary.  
 Meadville, Pa., No. 219—Edgar J. Kress, Exalted Ruler; William R. Beatty, Secretary.  
 Mechanicville, N. Y., No. 1403—Harry Austin, Exalted Ruler; Joseph Lazott, Secretary.  
 Medford, Mass., No. 915—Alwyne E. Ritchie, Exalted Ruler; John J. Ward, Secretary.  
 Medford, Ore., No. 1168—V. H. Vawter, Exalted Ruler; Lee L. Jacobs, Secretary.  
 Medina, N. Y., No. 898—David A. White, Exalted Ruler; Thomas J. Martin, Secretary.  
 Melrose, Mass., No. 1031—Paul Sterling, Exalted Ruler; Frank E. Corbett, Secretary.  
 Memphis, Tenn., No. 27—Clarence Devoy, Exalted Ruler; George Haszinger, Secretary.

Menasha, Wis., No. 676—Charles J. Oberweiser, Exalted Ruler; Earl B. Bailkey, Secretary.  
 Mena, Ark., No. 781—Warner St. John, Exalted Ruler; Robert M. Berry, Secretary.  
 Mendota, Ill., No. 1212—O. J. Ellingen, Exalted Ruler; Carl Weidner, Secretary.  
 Merced, Cal., No. 1240—H. W. Gallison, Exalted Ruler; J. A. Keck, Secretary.  
 Mercedes, Texas, No. 1467—L. T. Hoyt, Exalted Ruler; H. E. Hager, Secretary.  
 Meriden, Conn., No. 35—John D. McGrath, Exalted Ruler; William M. Scully, Secretary.  
 Meridian, Miss., No. 515—John H. Crooks, Exalted Ruler; Dan P. O'Flinn, Secretary.  
 Merrill, Wis., No. 696—W. B. Chilsen, Exalted Ruler; J. Lloyd Hartz, Secretary.  
 Metropolis, Ill., No. 1428—W. H. Karr, Exalted Ruler; Walter H. Moreland, Jr., Secretary.  
 Mexia, Texas, No. 1449—Frank C. Bolton, Exalted Ruler; Chas. L. Clover, Secretary.  
 Mexico, Mo., No. 919—J. Frank Jolley, Exalted Ruler; Sam D. Byrns, Secretary.  
 Miami, Ariz., No. 1410—W. C. McKenzie, Exalted Ruler; Mortie A. Graham, Secretary.  
 Miami, Fla., No. 948—D. J. Heffernan, Exalted Ruler; L. F. McCready, Secretary.  
 Miami, Okla., No. 1320—Felix W. Church, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Kieff, Secretary.  
 Michigan City, Ind., No. 432—Henry Miller, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Sawyer, Secretary.  
 Middlesboro, Ky., No. 119—M. H. Zaubner, Exalted Ruler; Ernest Warren, Secretary.  
 Middleboro, Mass., No. 1274—Otto P. Becker, Jr., Exalted Ruler; George B. Purdon, Secretary.  
 Middletown, Conn., No. 771—P. Stephen O'Brien, Exalted Ruler; John F. Gilshenan, Secretary.  
 Middletown, N. J., No. 1087—Clarence E. Shoemaker, Exalted Ruler; Frank P. Cox, Secretary.  
 Middletown, Ohio, No. 257—Herbert S. Boren, Exalted Ruler; John D. Crist, Secretary.  
 Middletown, Pa., No. 1092—Leo S. Ulrich, Exalted Ruler; Geo. H. Schadt, Secretary.  
 Miles City, Mont., No. 537—J. H. Bohling, Exalted Ruler; E. S. McCarthy, Secretary.  
 Milford, Ga., No. 774—John W. Hutchinson, Exalted Ruler; J. A. Horne, Secretary.  
 Milford, Mass., No. 628—Charles A. Forster, Exalted Ruler; Charles F. Cahill, Secretary.  
 Millville, N. J., No. 580—Jesse DuBois, Exalted Ruler; Philip P. Robbins, Secretary.  
 Milton, Pa., No. 913—Geo. E. Rothermel, Exalted Ruler; T. H. Paul, Secretary.  
 Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46—Chauncey Yockey, Exalted Ruler; J. J. Kelly, Secretary.  
 Minneapolis, Minn., No. 44—S. E. S. Amesbury, Exalted Ruler; Loyal T. Bintliff, Secretary.  
 Minot, N. D., No. 1080—C. N. Cox, Exalted Ruler; W. O'Rourke, Secretary.  
 Missoula, "Hellgate," Mont., No. 383—T. M. Skinner, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Johnson, Secretary.  
 Mitchell, S. D., No. 1059—Herbert S. Reese, Exalted Ruler; Joy F. Wethe, Secretary.  
 Moberly, Mo., No. 936—G. H. Headbrink, Exalted Ruler; Marvin Tritch, Secretary.  
 Mobile, Ala., No. 108—Edward J. Grove, Exalted Ruler; Thomas J. O'Connor, Secretary.  
 Modesto, Cal., No. 1282—Geo. L. Bare, Exalted Ruler; H. S. French, Secretary.  
 Moline, Ill., No. 556—Chas. Meyer, Exalted Ruler; Verne V. Link, Secretary.  
 Monessen, Pa., No. 773—John C. Lermann, Exalted Ruler; J. Maurice Dalton, Secretary.  
 Monette, Mo., No. 1132—W. D. Steele, Exalted Ruler; Carl J. Saxe, Secretary.  
 Monmouth, Ill., No. 307—Robert E. Tresham, Exalted Ruler; Victor H. Webb, Secretary.  
 Monongahela, Pa., No. 455—William H. Miller, Exalted Ruler; Fred F. Cooper, Secretary.  
 Monroe, La., No. 454—Isadore Liebreich, Exalted Ruler; F. B. Surguine, Secretary.  
 Monrovia, Cal., No. 1427—W. W. Crandall, Exalted Ruler; Irving E. Bigelow, Jr., Secretary.  
 Montclair, N. J., No. 891—Augustus E. Etzel, Exalted Ruler; Thomas F. Meskill, Secretary.  
 Monterey, Cal., No. 1285—George M. Dorwart, Exalted Ruler; E. M. Hibbing, Secretary.  
 Montgomery, Ala., No. 506—Samuel Duning, Exalted Ruler; B. Goode, Secretary.  
 Montpelier, Vt., No. 924—James B. Estee, Exalted Ruler; Geo. F. Smith, Secretary.  
 Montrose, Colo., No. 1053—Charles H. Sanders, Exalted Ruler; Herbert D. Reeves, Secretary.  
 Morgan City, La., No. 1121—Morris Greenwald, Exalted Ruler; Jos. L. Fisher, Secretary.  
 Morgantown, W. Va., No. 411—C. C. Cashman, Exalted Ruler; Arch F. Dawson, Secretary.  
 Morristown, N. J., No. 815—A. V. R. Wulff, Exalted Ruler; Fred C. Reeves, Secretary.  
 Moscow, Idaho, No. 249—H. L. Hathaway, Exalted Ruler; Clyde Marsh, Secretary.  
 Moundsville, W. Va., No. 282—Howard F. Voitle, Exalted Ruler; Dale R. Chadlock, Secretary.  
 Mt. Carmel, Ill., No. 715—Will Gullett, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Babrick, Secretary.  
 Mt. Carmel, Pa., No. 356—Michael F. Judge, Exalted Ruler; H. H. Tobias, Secretary.  
 Mount Holly, N. J., No. 848—Robert Peacock, Exalted Ruler; Harry L. Walters, Secretary.  
 Mount Pleasant, Mich., No. 1164—Frank Brownson, Exalted Ruler; Luman Burch, Secretary.  
 Mt. Pleasant, Pa., No. 868—M. H. Steele, Exalted Ruler; C. A. Sherrick, Secretary.  
 Mt. Sterling, Ky., No. 723—A. A. Hazelrigg, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Senff, Secretary.  
 Mt. Vernon, Ill., No. 819—J. Earle Davidson, Exalted Ruler; Marion D. Rentchler, Secretary.  
 Mt. Vernon, Ind., No. 277—Orvan R. Hall, Exalted Ruler; George S. Green, Secretary.  
 Mount Vernon, N. Y., No. 842—Louis A. Fisher, Exalted Ruler; Courter Dick, Secretary.  
 Mount Vernon, Ohio, No. 140—D. M. Snow, Exalted Ruler; W. P. Creeden, Secretary.  
 Muncie, Ind., No. 245—Charles H. Houck, Exalted Ruler; J. Frank Mann, Secretary.  
 Murfreesboro, Tenn., No. 1029—John G. Hancock, Exalted Ruler; W. B. Carnahan, Secretary.  
 Murphysboro, Ill., No. 572—William B. Inman, Exalted Ruler; Geo. H. Horsfield, Secretary.

Muscatine, Iowa, No. 304—G. O. Thompson, Exalted Ruler; Clarence A. Hahn, Secretary.  
 Muskegon, Mich., No. 274—C. Lester Nelson, Exalted Ruler; Guy H. Sibley, Secretary.  
 Muskogee, Okla., No. 517—Kelly Brown, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Edmondson, Secretary.

## N

Nacogdoches, Texas, No. 1017—Robt. Monk, Exalted Ruler; C. Gramling, Secretary.  
 Nampa, Idaho, No. 1389—Ralph R. Breshars, Exalted Ruler; W. G. Adams, Secretary.  
 Napa, Cal., No. 832—Percy King, Jr., Exalted Ruler; S. H. Woods, Secretary.  
 Napoleon, Ohio, No. 929—William Bauman, Exalted Ruler; Arnold Suhr, Secretary.  
 Nashville, Tenn., No. 72—Thos. W. Schlater, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Hugo L. Meadows, Secretary.  
 Nashua, N. H., No. 720—George Theriault, Exalted Ruler; J. D. Hallisey, Secretary.  
 Natchez, Miss., No. 553—M. P. Pheland, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Wilson, Secretary.  
 Natchitoches, La., No. 1363—A. H. O'Quinn, Exalted Ruler; S. M. Hart, Secretary.  
 Natick, Mass., No. 1425—Lyman A. Brown, Exalted Ruler; John M. McCarthy, Secretary.  
 Naugatuck, Conn., No. 967—Alfred Ashmore, Exalted Ruler; Lawrence E. Breen, Secretary.  
 Nebraska City, Neb., No. 1040—W. H. Achenbach, Exalted Ruler; A. P. Stafford, Secretary.  
 Negaunee, Mich., No. 1116—W. R. Davey, Exalted Ruler; Christ Hansen, Secretary.  
 Nelsonville, Ohio, No. 543—Edward E. Rosser, Exalted Ruler; L. R. Kelch, Secretary.  
 Neosho, Mo., No. 1330—Hugh S. Price, Exalted Ruler; A. R. McNabb, Secretary.  
 Nevada City, Cal., No. 518—Frank M. Nilon, Exalted Ruler; Lee A. Garthe, Secretary.  
 Nevada, Mo., No. 564—J. Floyd Campbell, Exalted Ruler; H. E. Ozece, Secretary.  
 New Albany, Ind., No. 270—Sherman Minton, Exalted Ruler; S. L. Wright, Sr., Secretary.  
 Newark, N. J., No. 21—Pearce R. Franklin, Exalted Ruler; Richard P. Rooney, Secretary.  
 Newark, N. Y., No. 1240—Rhea E. Chittenden, Exalted Ruler; C. T. Garlock, Secretary.  
 Newark, Ohio, No. 301—Howard L. Keller, Exalted Ruler; James R. Cooper, Secretary.  
 New Bedford, Mass., No. 73—Morton G. Sartoris, Exalted Ruler; John E. McBride, Secretary.  
 New Berne, N. C., No. 764—D. P. Henry, Exalted Ruler; Tom C. Daniels, Secretary.  
 New Britain, Conn., No. 957—Thomas F. Jackson, Exalted Ruler; Arthur E. McEvoy, Secretary.  
 New Brunswick, N. J., No. 324—Raymond J. Stafford, Exalted Ruler; Edward Burt, Secretary.  
 Newburgh, N. Y., No. 247—James W. Sussex, Exalted Ruler; David W. Jagger, Secretary.  
 Newburyport, Mass., No. 900—Edward Bass, Exalted Ruler; James E. Mannix, Secretary.  
 New Castle, Ind., No. 484—Harry P. Turgi, Exalted Ruler; Edward L. Brennen, Secretary.  
 New Castle, Pa., No. 69—W. Fulton Jackson, Exalted Ruler; Wm. P. Mitchell, Secretary.  
 New Haven, Conn., No. 25—Lawrence E. Reif, Exalted Ruler; G. Henry Brethauer, Secretary.  
 New Iberia, La., No. 554—D. R. Burke, Exalted Ruler; D. Bonin, Secretary.  
 New Kensington, Pa., No. 512—Elmer A. Reese, Exalted Ruler; Frank S. Moran, Secretary.  
 New Lexington, Ohio, No. 509—Chester M. Sycks, Exalted Ruler; Paul Tague, Secretary.  
 New London, Conn., No. 360—Alfred L. Rudd, Exalted Ruler; James J. Drudy, Secretary.  
 New Orleans, La., No. 30—Parham Werlein, Exalted Ruler; Phineas Moses, Secretary.  
 New Philadelphia, Ohio, No. 510—F. L. Kimmel, Exalted Ruler; R. E. Zimmerman, Secretary.  
 Newport, Ark., No. 968—M. J. Avera, Exalted Ruler; J. Q. Blackwood, Secretary.  
 Newport, Ky., No. 273—Arthur Roth, Exalted Ruler; Paul C. Graham, Secretary.  
 Newport, R. I., No. 104—Edward J. Hayes, Exalted Ruler; Allen C. Griffith, Secretary.  
 Newport News, Va., No. 315—James E. Lamphier, Exalted Ruler; H. H. Vandegriff, Secretary.  
 New Rochelle, N. Y., No. 756—M. J. Gilday, Exalted Ruler; E. T. Broderick, Secretary.  
 Newton, Iowa, No. 1270—Neal P. Hammer, Exalted Ruler; Hugo C. Schulz, Secretary.  
 Newton, Kans., No. 706—Fred M. Brown, Exalted Ruler; L. F. Goerman, Secretary.  
 Newton, Mass., No. 1327—Willard L. Sampson, Exalted Ruler; J. Edward Callanan, Secretary.  
 New York, N. Y., No. 1—Sol. Tekulsky, Exalted Ruler; William T. Phillips, Secretary.  
 Niagara Falls, N. Y., No. 346—Geo. F. Kehoe, Exalted Ruler; J. D. Hanson, Secretary.  
 Niles, Mich., No. 1322—Claude J. Huff, Exalted Ruler; P. B. Williams, Secretary.  
 Niles, Ohio, No. 1411—D. P. O'Connell, Exalted Ruler; Robert McCarty, Secretary.  
 Noblesville, Ind., No. 576—E. E. Cloe, Exalted Ruler; Donn Allman, Secretary.  
 Nogales, Ariz., No. 1397—W. J. Cryderman, Exalted Ruler; Robt. E. Lec, Secretary.  
 Norfolk, Neb., No. 653—George B. Gordon, Exalted Ruler; George H. Burton, Secretary.  
 Norfolk, Va., No. 38—John A. Curtis, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Walsh, Secretary.  
 Norristown, Pa., No. 714—Frank Underkoffler, Exalted Ruler; Albert K. Kneule, Secretary.  
 North Adams, Mass., No. 487—William Johnson, Exalted Ruler; James J. Meehan, Secretary.  
 Northampton, Mass., No. 997—Edwin H. LaMontagne, Exalted Ruler; Edward L. O'Brien, Secretary.  
 North Attleboro, Mass., No. 1011—John G. Hedges, Exalted Ruler; David R. McKay, Secretary.  
 North Platte, Neb., No. 985—Butler Miltonberger, Exalted Ruler; A. B. Hoagland, Secretary.  
 North Tonawanda, N. Y., No. 860—Carl F. Drewes, Exalted Ruler; Thos. B. Gray, Secretary.  
 Norwalk, Conn., No. 709—Fred H. Madden, Exalted Ruler; John W. Sculley, Secretary.  
 Norwalk, Ohio, No. 730—H. C. Schwarz, Exalted Ruler; Theodore Williams, Secretary.  
 Norwich, Conn., No. 430—John E. Fitzgerald, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Balcom, Secretary.



Norwich, N. Y., No. 1222—Linn H. Babcock, Exalted Ruler; Scott R. Donaldson, Secretary.  
 Norwood, Mass., No. 1124—Robert E. Costello, Exalted Ruler; J. Irving Reid, Secretary.  
 Nowata, Okla., No. 1151—D. N. Barnes, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Crenshaw, Secretary.  
 Nutley, N. J., No. 1290—William P. Hurley, Exalted Ruler; Nicholas J. Hickey, Secretary.

## O

Oakland, Cal., No. 171—Frank A. Fletcher, Exalted Ruler; M. A. Whidden, Secretary.  
 Oak Park, Ill., No. 1205—John Wymond, Exalted Ruler; J. F. M. O'Neill, Secretary.  
 Ocala, Fla., No. 286—George T. Maughs, Exalted Ruler; John P. Galloway, Secretary.  
 Oconto, Wis., No. 887—Carl Riggins, Exalted Ruler; Frank J. Horak, Secretary.  
 Oelwein, Iowa, No. 741—J. J. Gallagher, Exalted Ruler; Harve A. Ritchie, Secretary.  
 Ogden, Utah, No. 719—Charles P. Carlson, Exalted Ruler; E. T. Spencer, Secretary.  
 Ogdensburg, N. Y., No. 772—Charles S. Hubbard, Exalted Ruler; Lawrence C. Sawyer, Secretary.  
 Oil City, Pa., No. 344—Thos. M. Savage, Exalted Ruler; B. L. Cole, Secretary.  
 Oklahoma, Okla., No. 417—E. F. Rand, Exalted Ruler; S. H. Norman, Secretary.  
 Okmulgee, Okla., No. 1136—Ray C. Vincent, Exalted Ruler; Frank E. Lemcke, Secretary.  
 Old Town, Maine, No. 1287—Howard C. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Alexander J. Latno, Secretary.  
 Olean, N. Y., No. 491—Michael Zoghbe, Exalted Ruler; Albert E. Turner, Secretary.  
 Olney, Ill., No. 026—Zean C. Gassmann, Exalted Ruler; Donovan D. McCarty, Secretary.  
 Olympia, Wash., No. 186—S. E. Mowell, Exalted Ruler; Felix H. Donges, Secretary.  
 Omaha, Neb., No. 39—Herbert W. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; Otto Nielson, Secretary.  
 Oneida, N. Y., No. 767—Thomas J. McCoulliff, Exalted Ruler; Henry Schocke, Secretary.  
 Oneonta, N. Y., No. 1312—Francis H. Marx, Exalted Ruler; Paul E. Baldwin, Secretary.  
 Ontario, Cal., No. 1410—C. B. Thrall, Exalted Ruler; J. H. Gordon, Secretary.  
 Opelika, Ala., No. 910—Walter A. Page, Exalted Ruler; W. S. Harris, Secretary.  
 Opelousas, La., No. 1048—Leon S. Hass, Exalted Ruler; Jos. D. Chachere, Secretary.  
 Orange, Cal., No. 1475—A. L. Tomblin, Exalted Ruler; T. H. Elijah, Secretary.  
 Orange, N. J., No. 135—John J. Cowen, Exalted Ruler; M. J. McKiernan, Secretary.  
 Orange, Texas, No. 284—H. H. Watson, Exalted Ruler; Thos. C. Ford, Secretary.  
 Orangeburg, S. C., No. 807—H. C. Wannamaker, Jr., Exalted Ruler; T. A. Jeffords, Secretary.  
 Oregon City, Ore., No. 1180—Albert E. Estes, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Swafford, Secretary.  
 Orlando, Fla., No. 1070—C. G. Magruder, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Asher, Secretary.  
 Oroville, Cal., No. 1484—W. T. Baldwin, Exalted Ruler; W. M. Richards, Secretary.  
 Osawatimie, Kans., No. 921—Chas. S. Bixby, Exalted Ruler; S. S. White, Secretary.  
 Oshkosh, Wis., No. 202—H. W. Nankervis, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Dunham, Acting Secretary.  
 Oskaloosa, Iowa, No. 340—Clarence R. Hull, Exalted Ruler; Homer R. Kendig, Secretary.  
 Ossining, N. Y., No. 1486—  
 Oswego City, N. Y., No. 271—James Patrick Cullinan, Exalted Ruler; Robert Seeley Kelsey, Secretary.  
 Ottawa, Ill., No. 588—Vernon K. Bellrose, Exalted Ruler; Andrew Leix, Secretary.  
 Ottawa, Kans., No. 803—James W. Cookus, Exalted Ruler; Leo G. Fufness, Secretary.  
 Ottumwa, Iowa, No. 347—Henry E. Cook, Exalted Ruler; F. H. Carter, Secretary.  
 Ouray, Colo., No. 402—Frances Heit, Exalted Ruler; Elza C. Mowry, Secretary.  
 Ovatonna, Minn., No. 1395—Eugene Toher, Exalted Ruler; Carl A. Hoffman, Secretary.  
 Owego, N. Y., No. 1030—Harold A. Gottlieb, Exalted Ruler; George B. Millrea, Secretary.  
 Owensboro, Ky., No. 144—Richard H. Slack, Exalted Ruler; W. M. O'Bryan, Secretary.  
 Owosso, Mich., No. 753—Walter J. Hasse, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Stanard, Secretary.  
 Oxnard, Cal., No. 1443—Thos. W. Donlon, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Weaver, Secretary.

## P

Paducah, Ky., No. 217—H. T. Rivers, Exalted Ruler; Guy McChesney, Secretary.  
 Painesville, Ohio, No. 540—John J. Cawley, Exalted Ruler; Chester C. Little, Secretary.  
 Palatka, Fla., No. 1232—Herbert A. Miller, Exalted Ruler; H. F. Lecks, Secretary.  
 Palestine, Texas, No. 873—J. W. Kimbrough, Exalted Ruler; G. E. Parker, Secretary.  
 Palo Alto, Cal., No. 1471—Chester F. Noble, Exalted Ruler; Frank G. Hoge, Secretary.  
 Pava, Ill., No. 1261—L. G. Forbes, Exalted Ruler; L. E. Jordan, Secretary.  
 Paragould, Ark., No. 1080—A. W. Porter, Exalted Ruler; R. L. Gardner, Secretary.  
 Paris, Ill., No. 812—James A. Shepherd, Jr., Exalted Ruler; J. H. Coady, Secretary.  
 Paris, Texas, No. 716—J. W. Bell, Exalted Ruler; Lon Ford, Secretary.  
 Park City, Utah, No. 734—Jim Don, Exalted Ruler; Ernest G. Olund, Secretary.  
 Parkersburg, W. Va., No. 108—Thomas C. Ashton, Exalted Ruler; Max McKinley, Secretary.  
 Parsons, Kans., No. 527—E. J. Blackwell, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Rockhold, Secretary.  
 Pasadena, Cal., No. 672—John L. Breiner, Exalted Ruler; Eugene F. Kohler, Secretary.  
 Pascagoula, Miss., No. 1120—W. C. Dorgan, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Walker, Secretary.  
 Passaic, N. J., No. 387—Paul W. Muller, Exalted Ruler; John Kennell, Secretary.  
 Patchogue, N. Y., No. 1323—Earle L. Holmes, Exalted Ruler; Francis L. Brophy, Secretary.  
 Paterson, N. J., No. 60—Roy Richards, Exalted Ruler; Robert Worsley, Jr., Secretary.  
 Pauls Valley, Okla., No. 1252—O. V. McWharther, Secretary.

Pawhuska, Okla., No. 1177—L. M. Colville, Exalted Ruler; W. T. Crozier, Secretary.  
 Pawtucket, R. I., No. 920—James E. Buchanan, Exalted Ruler; P. J. Devlin, Secretary.  
 Peabody, Mass., No. 1409—Henry I. Yale, Exalted Ruler; Frank J. Gilmore, Secretary.  
 Peckskill, N. Y., No. 744—Charles H. Pierce, Exalted Ruler; Albert E. Cruger, Secretary.  
 Pekin, Ill., No. 1271—L. A. Birkenbusch, Exalted Ruler; Albert Christian Heisel, Secretary.  
 Pendleton, Ore., No. 288—J. E. Pinson, Exalted Ruler; F. J. McMonies, Secretary.  
 Penns Grove, N. J., No. 1358—Samuel D. Rosenbluth, Exalted Ruler; Walter Edgar, Secretary.  
 Pensacola, Fla., No. 497—Alex O. Zelius, Jr., Exalted Ruler; B. M. Bonifay, Secretary.  
 Peoria, Ill., No. 20—John Eichenlaub, Exalted Ruler; G. R. Casseday, Secretary.  
 Perry, Iowa, No. 407—Leo Roberts, Exalted Ruler; G. H. Gardner, Secretary.  
 Perth Amboy, N. J., No. 784—J. Alfred Compton, Exalted Ruler; Wm. R. Cornelison, Secretary.  
 Peru, Ind., No. 365—William Hart, Exalted Ruler; Lloyd Sellman, Secretary.  
 Petaluma, Cal., No. 901—F. P. Denham, Exalted Ruler; R. A. Lynne, Secretary.  
 Petersburg, Va., No. 237—Frank Smith, Exalted Ruler; LeRoy Roper, Secretary.  
 Petoskey, Mich., No. 620—Ellery A. McDonald, Exalted Ruler; Converse C. Eddy, Secretary.  
 Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2—Charles H. Grakelow, Exalted Ruler; F. Ralph Yocom, Secretary.  
 Phillipsburg, N. J., No. 305—William Moyer, Exalted Ruler; Jess H. Rubert, Secretary.  
 Phillipsburg, Pa., No. 1173—James Hoffman, Exalted Ruler; Calvin Jones, Secretary.  
 Phoenix, Ariz., No. 335—A. H. McLellan, Exalted Ruler; A. John Frey, Secretary.  
 Pine Bluff, Ark., No. 140—E. M. Ross, Exalted Ruler; Mack Hunter, Secretary.  
 Piqua, Ohio, No. 523—Harry E. Croner, Exalted Ruler; Chas. L. Suesman, Secretary.  
 Pittsburg, Cal., No. 1474—Joseph B. Blackshaw, Exalted Ruler; H. H. Haynes, Secretary.  
 Pittsburg, Kans., No. 412—Con V. Bender, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Mellette, Secretary.  
 Pittsburg, Pa., No. 11—Harold Obernauer, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Liebler, Secretary.  
 Pittsfield, Mass., No. 272—Arthur A. Elliott, Exalted Ruler; John H. Lehmann, Secretary.  
 Pittston, Pa., No. 382—Chas. Berry, Exalted Ruler; R. S. Duffy, Secretary.  
 Plainfield, N. J., No. 885—E. Herbert Dobbs, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Causbrook, Secretary.  
 Plainville, Texas, No. 1175—Wallace E. Settoon, Exalted Ruler; Paul Pearson, Secretary.  
 Plaquemine, La., No. 1308—Daniel Kahn, Exalted Ruler; J. Ferdinand Hebert, Secretary.  
 Plattville, Wis., No. 1460—Charles H. Meyer, Exalted Ruler; Edw. J. Sawbridge, Secretary.  
 Plattsburg, N. Y., No. 621—J. Edgar Downs, Exalted Ruler; Ralph L. Signor, Secretary.  
 Plattsburgh, Neb., No. 730—W. G. Kieck, Exalted Ruler; Emil J. Hild, Secretary.  
 Plymouth, Mass., No. 1476—Thos. F. Ryan, Exalted Ruler; Edward W. Bradford, Secretary.  
 Pocatello, Idaho, No. 674—J. E. Edgerton, Exalted Ruler; A. E. Zener, Secretary.  
 Pomona, Cal., No. 780—E. K. McComb, Exalted Ruler; C. C. McKay, Secretary.  
 Pontiac, Ill., No. 1010—P. Ray Sesler, Exalted Ruler; John S. Marshall, Secretary.  
 Pontiac, Mich., No. 810—Byron J. Kelly, Exalted Ruler; Chas. E. Herrich, Secretary.  
 Poplar Bluff, Mo., No. 580—John A. Gloriod, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Baumann, Secretary.  
 Portage, Wis., No. 675—L. C. Brandt, Exalted Ruler; Fred F. Goss, Secretary.  
 Port Angeles, "Naval," Wash., No. 353—John S. Parr, Exalted Ruler; Ray L. Haynes, Secretary.  
 Port Arthur, Texas, No. 1069—H. C. Sterling, Exalted Ruler; L. B. Fisher, Secretary.  
 Port Chester, N. Y., No. 863—Walter E. Lounsbury, Exalted Ruler; Samuel W. Kelley, Jr., Secretary.  
 Porterville, Cal., No. 1342—Waldo E. Burford, Exalted Ruler; Edw. F. Halbert, Secretary.  
 Port Huron, Mich., No. 343—John S. Mann, Exalted Ruler; John E. Connellan, Secretary.  
 Port Jervis, N. Y., No. 645—James M. Kinney, Exalted Ruler; John W. Bierlein, Secretary.  
 Portland, Ind., No. 768—Tod Whipple, Exalted Ruler; Austin H. Williamson, Secretary.  
 Portland, Me., No. 188—William H. Ohler, Exalted Ruler; Howard D. Ferris, Secretary.  
 Portland, Ore., No. 142—Joseph F. Riesch, Exalted Ruler; M. R. Spaulding, Secretary.  
 Portsmouth, N. H., No. 97—John W. Toner, Exalted Ruler; Charles H. Amhoff, Secretary.  
 Portsmouth, Ohio, No. 154—Howard L. Gehres, Exalted Ruler; O. B. Maier, Secretary.  
 Portsmouth, Va., No. 82—John T. Keville, Exalted Ruler; J. Grover Mayo, Secretary.  
 Port Townsend, Wash., No. 317—N. W. Raynor, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Christian, Secretary.  
 Pottstown, Pa., No. 814—Ira S. Focht, Exalted Ruler; Harry A. Holloway, Secretary.  
 Pottsville, Pa., No. 207—Jay S. Herbein, Exalted Ruler; Wm. G. Dimmerling, Secretary.  
 Poughkeepsie, N. Y., No. 275—John T. Ehleider, Exalted Ruler; Glen D. Cook, Secretary.  
 Pratt, Kans., No. 1451—D. J. Cordes, Exalted Ruler; Forest Link, Secretary.  
 Prescott, Ariz., No. 330—Mark Bradley, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Herndon, Secretary.  
 Princeton, Ill., No. 1461—Perry D. Trimble, Exalted Ruler; H. G. Seely, Secretary.  
 Princeton, Ind., No. 634—Ben Watt, Exalted Ruler; Rollin Maxam, Secretary.  
 Princeton, Ky., No. 1115—J. D. Lester, Exalted Ruler; T. H. King, Secretary.  
 Princeton, W. Va., No. 1450—Charles D. Mahood, Exalted Ruler; W. B. McNutt, Secretary.  
 Providence, R. I., No. 14—Joseph H. Coen, Exalted Ruler; Harry W. Callender, Secretary.  
 Provo, Utah, No. 840—Thos. W. Ashton, Exalted Ruler; Paul D. Vincent, Secretary.  
 Pueblo, Colo., No. 90—Joseph E. Thomas, Exalted Ruler; Thomas Andrew, Secretary.

Pulaski, Va., No. 1067—J. S. Tipton, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Cave, Secretary.  
 Punxsulawney, Pa., No. 301—M. W. Boering, Exalted Ruler; H. F. Weiss, Secretary.  
 Pucall, Okla., No. 1200—W. G. Blanchard, Exalted Ruler; W. S. Trudgeon, Secretary.  
 Putnam, Conn., No. 574—A. Graydon Sharpe, Exalted Ruler; Thomas J. Howarth, Secretary.  
 Puyallup, Wash., No. 1450—A. R. McColey, Exalted Ruler; E. D. Moyles, Secretary.

## Q

Quannah, Texas, No. 1202—G. R. Cyrus, Exalted Ruler; L. J. Wall, Secretary.  
 Queens Borough, N. Y., No. 878—Eugene E. Navin, Exalted Ruler; James D. Moran, Secretary.  
 Quincy, Fla., No. 1111—W. W. Allen, Exalted Ruler; W. L. Trenchard, Secretary.  
 Quincy, Ill., No. 100—Thomas B. Knox, Exalted Ruler; S. F. Bonney, Secretary.  
 Quincy, Mass., No. 043—Paul T. MacAuliffe, Exalted Ruler; John J. O'Hara, Secretary.

## R

Racine, Wis., No. 252—Frank H. Miller, Exalted Ruler; W. S. Dresbach, Secretary.  
 Rahway, N. J., No. 1075—William F. Weber, Exalted Ruler; George L. Kirchgasser, Secretary.  
 Raleigh, N. C., No. 735—E. B. Yearby, Exalted Ruler; E. G. Warlick, Secretary.  
 Ranger, Texas, No. 1373—Harry A. Logsdon, Exalted Ruler; L. L. Neal, Secretary.  
 Rapid City, S. D., No. 1187—Charles B. Hunt, Exalted Ruler; C. I. Leedy, Secretary.  
 Raton, N. M., No. 865—B. H. Czarlinsky, Exalted Ruler; Ross A. White, Secretary.  
 Ravenna, Ohio, No. 1076—Robert Yeend, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Ikerman, Secretary.  
 Rawlins, Wyo., No. 609—H. E. Dunlap, Exalted Ruler; P. H. Leimbach, Secretary.  
 Raymond, Wash., No. 1202—C. E. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Claude House, Secretary.  
 Reading, Pa., No. 115—H. Claude Bell, Exalted Ruler; Charles E. Speidel, Secretary.  
 Red Bank, N. J., No. 233—John P. Mulvihill, Exalted Ruler; Andrew R. Coleman, Secretary.  
 Red Bluff, Cal., No. 1250—W. C. Douglas, Exalted Ruler; P. O. Thomas, Secretary.  
 Redding, Cal., No. 1073—Earl Lee Kelly, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Lutton, Secretary.  
 Redlands, Cal., No. 583—W. L. Thornquest, Exalted Ruler; Lee Dague, Secretary.  
 Red Lodge, "Beartooth," Mont., No. 534—Chas. H. Draper, Exalted Ruler; O. J. Simmons, Secretary.  
 Red Oak, Iowa, No. 1304—S. H. Longstreet, Exalted Ruler; Russell W. Gibson, Secretary.  
 Redondo Beach, Cal., No. 1378—Frank S. Daugherty, Exalted Ruler; Frank E. Hulbert, Secretary.  
 Red Wing, Minn., No. 845—Walter E. Koehler, Exalted Ruler; Jesse McIntire, Secretary.  
 Reno, Nev., No. 507—Martin P. Geraghty, Exalted Ruler; Joseph H. McCormack, Secretary.  
 Renovo, Pa., No. 334—L. M. Griffey, Exalted Ruler; M. C. Coleman, Secretary.  
 Revere, Mass., No. 1171—John J. MacAulay, Exalted Ruler; Ernest B. Porter, Secretary.  
 Reynoldsville, Pa., No. 519—Frank Strouse, Exalted Ruler; E. C. Reed, Secretary.  
 Rhineland, Wis., No. 508—H. F. Steele, Exalted Ruler; R. R. Schuelke, Secretary.  
 Rice Lake, Wis., No. 1441—J. H. Wallis, Exalted Ruler; B. F. Prince, Secretary.  
 Rich Hill, Mo., No. 1026—Daniel Crabb, Exalted Ruler; F. E. Ralston, Secretary.  
 Richmond, Cal., No. 1251—Arthur A. Alstrom, Exalted Ruler; Edgar W. Dale, Secretary.  
 Richmond, Ind., No. 640—Frank Druitt, Exalted Ruler; Frank McCurdy, Secretary.  
 Richmond, Ky., No. 581—Alex H. Turpin, Exalted Ruler; T. C. O'Neil, Secretary.  
 Richmond, Mo., No. 834—Ira V. Pulse, Exalted Ruler; Ralph B. Hughes, Secretary.  
 Richmond, Va., No. 45—Benjamin Dennis, Jr., Exalted Ruler; W. R. Harwood, Secretary.  
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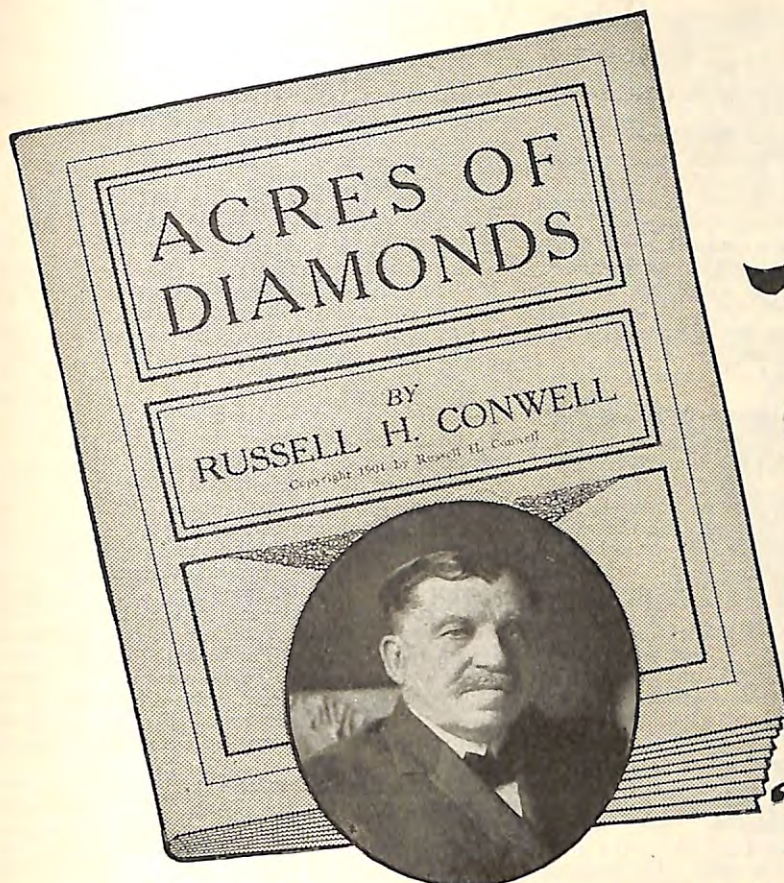
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(Continued on page 72)





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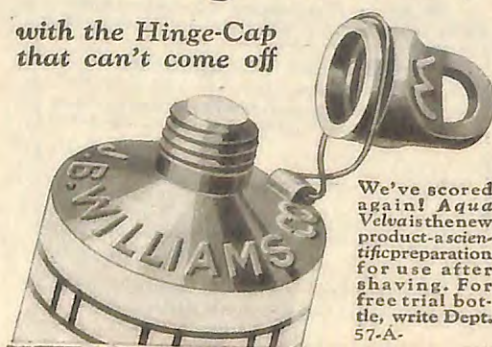
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## The Vamp

(Continued from page 22)

paused for breath, old Felix McNab continued, unruffled:

"She's all ye say she is. And then some. But she's putting the kibosh on Buck's fighting-work, as much as if she wore slinky clothes and clock-weight earrings and tied herself in knots around him. She's made his heart wake up. Ye know as well as I do that no man can be a fighter unless he takes his heart and his sense of mercy out into the backyard and buries 'em, before he goes into the ring. Well, Buck Purdee can't do that, any more. By reason of the Little Girl. It's curtains for him, unless—"

"You talk like a fool!" snarled Harker, disgusted.

"I'm suiting my talk to my comp'ny," admitted Felix, sulkily; and the rest of the homeward trip was made in glum silence.

THREE months later, at the Cestus Athletic Club, Buck fought Toronto Gill, the welter-weight champion of Canada. It was scheduled to be a fifteen-round battle. Buck had trained honestly and hard. Never had he been in better condition.

But, as in his bout with Ricker, something was missing—a very grave Something; and in this fight a very costly Something. In other words he boxed; while his Canuck antagonist fought. As I have said, there is a universe of difference between the two forms of endeavor.

In the fourteenth round, a lucky punch to the jaw dropped Purdee to the resined canvas for the full count of ten. And Agnes Lee, in a ring-side seat, wept, unashamed.

The bookmakers were hard hit by the result. Buck had been a 3 to 1 favorite. The Canadian had no prestige, compared to Purdee's; and the Fancy had looked for Buck to score an early and easy victory. A dozen times in the course of the bout, Purdee's old-time tiger-cat method of attack and his cold dearth of mercy would have battered the Canuck into a condition where victory would have been Buck's for the taking. But, throughout, he had boxed; not fought. And he and his championship lay in the dust.

"They—they always seemed so fond of Buck, up till now,—the crowd did," confided Agnes to Felix as she went home that night under the old man's escort. "Yet, this evening, toward the end, they kept howling to that Canadian ruffian to 'put him out.' I'll never feel proud of a crowd's cheering Buck again. For now I know what their cheers are worth. I—"

"Ye'll never have cause to feel proud or unproud of a crowd's cheering him again," said the old fellow, bluntly. "They're never going to cheer him, any more. He's done. And," he went on, deaf to her indignant protest, "wiser men than meself have said that no woman has any use for a loser. And that's another bit of truth that Buck is due to stub his toe on, I'm thinking. It's hard to keep on looking up to a man as a tin god, when ye've seen him laying limp and out, in the ring, with a better man standing over him. Small wonder ye cried! He—"

He got no further. Agnes Lee's gentle tongue and Agnes Lee's sweet temper turned bitter, together, and went into violent action. Felix enjoyed that homeward ride little more than he had enjoyed his similar journey, three months earlier, with Harker.

The sporting writers were unanimous in saying that Buck Purdee was a back number. All of them claimed credit for noting it, first, in his bout with Ricker. And his thrashing at the hands of Toronto Gill proved it, past doubt. One more pugilist had gone the way of all fighting flesh. And, as ever, there were few to mourn.

From out the West, Kid Farrol issued a belated challenge to the winner. Gill, remembering that Buck had put Farrol to sleep in eleven rounds, willingly accepted. Farrol stopped the Canadian in twelve rounds; thereby winning back his own lost championship and winning the Canuck's, as well. The fight made clear to all that the Canadian was a second-rater; and that Purdee had lost to him only by reason of having "gone back" irremediably far.

While Farrol was still in the first flush of his elation and looking for a few easy "set-up" fights to swell his new prestige and his bankroll, Harker challenged him, in Purdee's name, to a

return match. Farrol accepted, as willingly as Gill had accepted Farrol's own challenge.

Now Jim Harker was a thrifty soul. He had no sentiment in his nature. Indeed, his nature was far too small for such excess luggage. Loyalty to a fighter who had made thousands of dollars for him, was a form of idiocy to which Harker would never have stooped.

He placed no credence whatever in Felix McNab's drivings about Vampires or about psychic changes in the human heart.

But he had seen many a promising fighter go suddenly to pieces, from one cause or another or for no apparent cause at all. And Buck Purdee had followed the example of that ignoble army of pugs. How and why it had happened, he did not know nor care. Enough for Harker to visualize that his most valuable asset had all at once turned into a liability. Remained only to get rid of the lump of human deadwood as quickly and as painlessly as might be.

Then, while still he pondered, came Farrol's sensational victory over the Canadian. And Harker saw light. He knew that Buck still had a horde of adherents among fight fans. There were enough of these to insure a good gate in a return fight between Farrol and Purdee; especially if Harker could spread a rumor that Buck had been suffering from acute rheumatism in his bouts with Ricker and Gill, and was now completely and permanently cured and as good as ever he had been.

Accordingly, in Purdee's name, he issued the challenge to Farrol. Then, after his well-planted rumors of Buck's recovery had brought the betting to even money, he placed in secret wagers the sum of \$5,000, even, on Kid Farrol—old Felix McNab, as usual, acting as his betting commissioner.

When Farrol should have won the bout, Harker would have not only his own share of the loser's end of the purse, but an extra \$5,000. Thereafter, it would be time to sever his business connections with the Has-been. Until then, he superintended Buck's training, as before, and gave out press statements of Purdee's wondrous "comeback."

Buck was keenly and increasingly unhappy, during this period of training. Gradually, Agnes Lee was growing colder toward him. True, in a perfunctory way, she treated him kindly. But in her words and manner there was no more of the former hero-worship that had meant so much to him. No longer she followed with rapt eagerness his talk about the ranch which was to be their home, when fighting days should be past.

Once he even caught her in a yawn, as he was showing her an advertisement of a truly beautiful ranch bungalow which could be built for \$6,000. And no longer did she bother to come out to the barn gym in all weathers, to sit, starry-eyed, watching him box or swat the bag. Indeed, she was away from the house much oftener than of yore; hurrying back barely in time for supper and with a worriedly guilty look on her face.

Buck could not understand. He was as profoundly and bewilderedly miserable as an ill-treated child. At last, he cast aside self-consciousness so far as to ask old Felix McNab if he had noticed anything unusual in Agnes's behavior during the past few weeks. With no hesitation at all, the old fellow replied:

"Why, of course I have, man! Who hasn't? D'ye mean to say it's just breaking on ye? I saw it, first, in the big eyes of her; when she watched ye laying sprawled out on the floor with Toronto Gill standing over ye. Man, when ye get to be my age, ye'll know a woman has no use for a loser. Women are precious little different from what they was when the huskiest caveman carried 'em away from all comers. Now, as then, they want a man that's a winner; not a Dead One. And, if I'm not far wrong, it's a winner she's got her eye on."

Buck had sat slumped low in his chair, his eyes shut, during McNab's awful harangue—every word beating agonizingly on his naked heart. And so he continued to sit while the clock ticked perhaps forty times.

"It's the same with the Vamps in the movies," prattled on McNab, presently. "After the man's down and out, they shake him for a Live One. They—"



"What did you mean, just now," broke in Purdee, "when you said you thought she has her eye on a winner? D'you mean she'll care for me again if I win out against Kid Farrol? If that's all her love is worth, I don't want—"

"Whisht!" snorted Felix, in derision. "Ye're barking, grand. But ye're barking up the wrong tree, entirely. The winner she has in mind isn't you, man. I'm no gossip, mind ye. But throw that thick memory of yours back to the day when Kid Farrol's training quarters were set up in town here, and ye'll maybe find the answer."

Dully, Buck stared at his tormentor.

"I don't get you," he muttered.

"Ye don't get her, either," replied Felix, blandly. "But a better man is likely to. And it's a bit my own fault. Her and I was at the drug-store, down on Lucerne Street, the day Farrol hit town. He blew into the store; and like a numbskull, I introduced him to Aggie. We had a long while to wait, till our prescription was put up. I went back, to chin with the clerk. And by the time I came out into the front store again, they was chatting away as chummy as if they'd knowed each other forever. And he was saying how he always liked to go for a walk, late afternoons, after his training work for the day was done; and wouldn't she maybe walk with him, now and then, and show him the town? He didn't say it fresh, but real civil and 'umble. . . Ye'll have noticed how late she comes home to supper, afternoons, maybe—if ye've the wit to notice anything at all."

"It's—it's a lie!" raged Buck, finding his voice and his feet at the same time.

"Is it, then?" asked Felix, unperturbed, as the fighter loomed furiously above him. "Is it? Maybe it is. Let it go at that."

Nor could fury nor pleading induce him to say more.

But, next morning, after Buck had gone listlessly through the first stages of the day's training, McNab took him aside.

"I compliment ye!" chuckled the old man. "Keep on training the way ye're training this morning, and then fight next week the way ye fought Gill and Ricker—and it'll be like making Farrol a wedding present of her. It's a fine generous young man ye are, to make it all so easy for 'em both."

For answer, Bud Purdee called for the first of his morning's sparring partners. Two minutes after they had donned the six-ounce gloves, the partner lay huddled and senseless in one corner of the impromptu ring. And the next glove-worker shared the same fate in little longer time. There was something icily murderous about the recently softened fighter—something that made it no longer a sinecure to spar with him in training.

ON THE night of the return match between Buck and Farrol, it was Purdee who first entered the ring. Involuntarily, he glanced at the ringside box where Agnes and McNab were to sit. The two seats were empty. In another moment he caught sight of the couple worming their way toward the box.

There, Agnes seated herself. Purdee could see she was flushed and strangely excited. Felix did not sit down beside her, but made his way to the corner of the ring where sat Buck.

"Listen, son," he whispered up to Purdee, from the floor below the ring, "in case ye hear any gabbing about it, I was with her. So it was all respectable. Few finer chap'rones are there than F. McNab, if I do say it. So if ye should hear any gossip—"

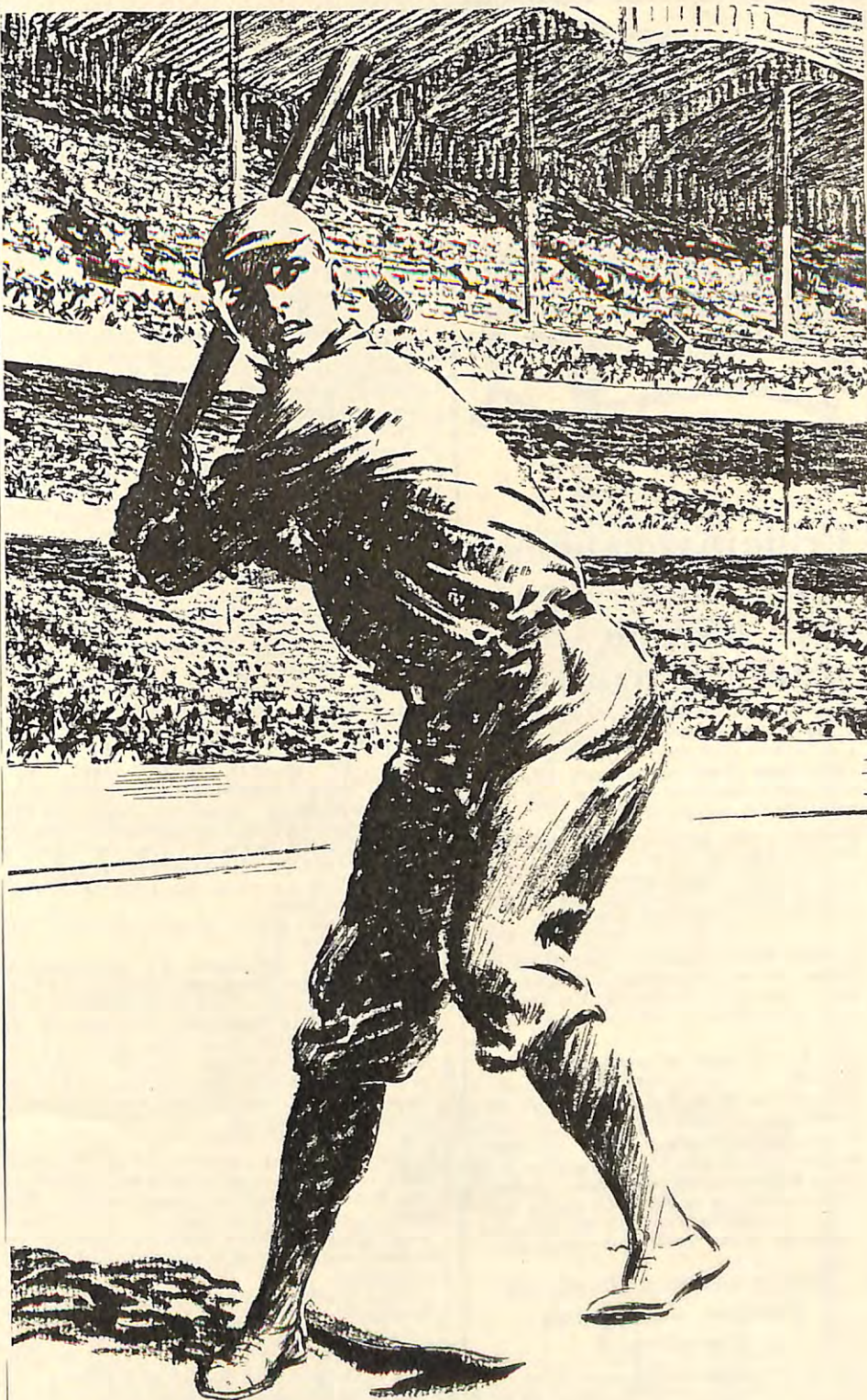
"About what?" asked Buck, annoyed at the old chap's roguish leer.

"About her going to Farrol's dressing-room, just now, to wish him good luck," returned Felix. "He'd asked her to; and she hadn't the heart to refuse, with so much at stake for him. So I went along, and played propriety and gooseberry. I wanted ye to know I was right there with her."

He pattered back to his ringside seat. Buck Purdee did not look after him, nor so much as move. Then came a louder ripple of applause than had greeted his advent into the arena. And Kid Farrol and his handlers made their way from dressing-room to ring.

In a daze, Buck slouched to the center, with his opponent, to hear the referee's final

(Continued on page 56)



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## The Vamp

(Continued from page 55)

instructions. In silent misery he sat, until the clang of the gong opened the battle.

Then he was on his feet and advancing warily, if instinctively, toward the man to whom his fickle sweetheart had just wished good luck.

"She wants a winner, does she?" his mind began to mutter to him. "A winner, hey? Has no use for a loser? Well, she'll see a winner, all right, all right. But she won't have him for hers. I don't get played twice for a sucker."

And into his boiling brain leaped a glorious plan. With it, into his brain leaped a swirl of red fury. Not that the mad rage let him abate one jot of his wonted skill or watchfulness. But it banished the new and kindlier man in him, and restored to power the Buck Purdee of old—the terrible fighter, the ring general without mercy. To his old self was added such homicidal rancor as never before had he known—a rancor which seemed to give him the strength and deadliness of a madman.

To the ring's center danced Kid Farrol; jauntily certain of an early and easy conquest against this once-redoubtable has-been.

In mid-ring he was met by an unchained devil.

From the first, Buck forced the fighting. He tore in. He took heavy punches that he might land heavier punches. He was everywhere and nowhere. He was a perfect battling machine; imbued with the craving to kill. Back he drove his dumfounded antagonist, before his whirlwind rushes. Through Farrol's deft guard crashed his fists, to every vulnerable spot north of the belt line.

Nor did this initial burst of speed abate. Madly, Buck continued on the aggressive; slugging, hammering, smashing; impervious to counter-punishment. Only once did he open his set white line of a mouth. That was when he floored Farrol, for the second time in the same round. Then, between his teeth he snarled savagely at him:

"She'll see a winner, all right, all right! But she'll never get him!"

From almost the outset of the first round, the house went wild. Screaming, stamping, roaring, they applauded the whirlwind battler. Not once did Buck see or hear them. Not once did he glance toward Agnes Lee. He was there for the sole purpose of carrying out the gaudily dramatic scheme which had flashed into his mind as he began the bout. And with every atom of energy he worked to that end.

PERHAPS some welterweight on earth could have withstood such a storm of battering. But Kid Farrol was not that welterweight. The volleys of seemingly random punches had been cunningly placed, every one of them; and every one of them tended to wear down and break its recipient.

Midway of the seventh round, came the end. Dragging himself dizzily to his feet, from another knockdown, Farrol stood swaying and helpless. Now was the psychic moment for the knockout. But Buck Purdee did not deliver it—then.

Instead, with a series of light blows, he shoved the tottering man backward, at a certain angle, until he was close to the ring's edge. Then, all at once, with tiger swiftness, Buck set himself and struck. With his whole strength and fury he smote; and he delivered his blow as carefully as might a batsman who seeks to place the ball in one particularly inaccessible spot of the field.

Under that frightful impact, Kid Farrol's limp body shot through the air—and through the adjoining ropes, as well. Clean out of the ring he was knocked.

And he fell, spread-eagle and senseless, across the front bar of the ringside box wherein sat Agnes Lee.

"There's your 'winner'! How do you like him now?"

That was what Buck Purdee had planned to bellow down at the girl. But, to his own astonishment, he could not do it. He could not even meet her eye.

In the sharp reaction of nerve and body, after the battle, it no longer seemed to him a fine and vengeful thing he had done. His sore heart could not hold malice against the girl who had betrayed him. He loved her. And, just now, he had shamed her and made her unhappy.

He was sick with remorse. He felt as if he had slapped a child or had broken its best-loved toy.

She was so dainty, so pretty, so dear! Was it her fault she had not been able to keep on loving a big roughneck like himself? Buck wanted to kneel down in front of her and ask her forgiveness and tell her not to be made unhappy by what he had done.

In a daze he received the frenzied congratulations of the mob that swarmed about him in the ring. Head hanging, he made his way to his dressing-room as soon as he could get through the stifling press of enthusiasts. Beside him plodded Harker, trying to look pleased and remembering only that he himself had lost five thousand dollars in wagers by this night's reversal of form.

When at last the slow progress to the dressing-room was achieved, two people were already there, awaiting the victor. One was Agnes Lee. One was Felix McNab.

Felix shoed Harker and the handlers back from the door; shutting it on Buck and the girl, and mounting determined guard outside.

"Let be!" he commanded Harker and the rest. "Let be! Ye'll pass in there over me biting and scratching and gouging body. Give 'em three minutes together, now, in yonder. They need it, bad. And she's sure earned it."

Inside the dressing-room, Buck Purdee, swathed in his shabby bathrobe, eyed stupidly the flushed and excited girl. For a space, neither of them spoke. Then Purdee broke the tense silence. Stammeringly, yet blurting out his words like a frightened boy, he said:

"If you've come back here to say you still want me to marry you—because I'm not a loser any more—why—why, it goes. See? It's all right. I'd rather have you feel that way about me than have every other girl in town love me the—the way I used to think you did. It's all right, Aggie. You don't have to say anything. I—"

"I do!" she burst forth, a catch in her breath. "Oh, boy of mine, I've got to say everything! You'll never understand if I don't. And—"

"I don't have to understand," he disclaimed, stoutly. "All I want is for you to be kind of—happy. Don't look like you was going to cry, Kid! Please don't! It's all right. And I'm sorry I knocked him over into the box where you was sitting. It was a rotten thing to do; with you so fond of him and all. He—"

"Fond of him!" she echoed, in genuine wonder. "Why, I never spoke to the man in my life! I never set eyes on him, except tonight and that other time you fought him. Why should I be 'fond of him'?"

Buck blinked at her, uncomprehendingly. She hurried on:

"Oh, it's all been so hard to do! And it's been hardest of all to see you looking so like a grieving little boy, every time I behaved so to you! If I hadn't known how wise Cousin Felix is, I'd never have been able to go on with it. He told me, that night, after the man from Canada fought you—"

"Told you what?" babbled Purdee, all at sea as to her meaning. "I don't get you at all. What's old Felix got to do with it?"

"He had everything to do with it!" declared Agnes. "He told me I was spoiling you for fighting. He said I had made you all soft and—and 'mushy-hearted,' he called it. And he told me how I could make you win a fight again! But, oh, Buck, it's got to be the last fight, dear. I told Cousin Felix that. I couldn't keep it up any longer. With what you'll get for this fight, and what you've got laid by, and what I've got, we can buy the ranch. Let's. Let's buy it, right away, and move out there. Can't we—please?"

But the man was staring stupidly at her. She hurried on:

"He told me the only way to make you a fighter again was to be stiff and horrid to you for a while; and to come in late to supper, sometimes. I don't see what that had to do with it—especially the coming home late to supper. But he said it had a lot to do with it. He said he'd attend to the rest. And he must have."

Long and slack-jawed, Buck Purdee looked at her. Then, a light breaking by degrees over his puzzled face, he said:



"The God-blessed old crook! I—I want to kiss you. Can I?"

"There's something else," she said, a minute later, faltering, as she spoke. "Cousin Felix knows a man—he wouldn't tell me who it is—who wanted to bet an even \$5,000 against you. I drew \$5,000 out of the savings banks—out of the \$7,000 that mother left me—and gave it to him to cover the bet. He promised the man shouldn't ever know who put up the money. So—"

"You bet on—on me?" gasped Buck. "Risked pretty near all you had in the world to bet on a—a dead one? Lord!"

"I promised myself it would be my last bet," she defended herself. "Just as it was my first. It wasn't really any risk at all. I knew you couldn't help winning. Cousin Felix said you couldn't help winning if I'd do my part. And I did it."

"Why, Kid, if—"

"So now we can have that \$6,000 ranch bungalow, can't we?" she finished, triumphantly. "And my other \$4,000 to put in the ranch fund? I'm so sorry for that poor man who bet \$5,000 against you, dear! But, honestly, he ought to have known better."

## Winner Takes All

(Continued from page 13)

Sundown, the freight division point fifty miles west.

"Now, during the time that Dr. Gaffney had been picking up a lead over him in Barlow, poor Rafferty had received the Casey World Consolidated Moral Shows at the terminus of the P. D., and begun personally conducting them along the line after the manner of a passenger agent who makes a big haul.

"Take them and welcome," the official of the connecting line had said on the night the twenty-five-car circus train was transferred in the yard. "And I hope ye will never come back to blockade us again," he told Casey, who was not more stout or red-faced or husky than other showmen, with a big dirty diamond in his red shirt and a little derby hat. But Casey did not answer, and divil a bit Rafferty cared about the record the circus train had made with hot boxes and broken wheels.

"Ye are only a transportation official," he answered the connecting line man with contempt, "and have no thought for the traffic department who must solicit and secure the business which pays you your salary."

"Ye are no doubt a great ornament to a railroad," replied the transportation man, with a violent signal to the yard engineer, who gave the circus train a last kick down the P. D. Wye. "But where is the revenue in charging five thousand to haul a circus train, and paying out ten thousand to rebuild it so ye can get it off your line?"

"A loud roar in protest against the rough handling came through the car beside them. 'It is Cain, the Untamable,' said Casey, hopefully, 'maybe ye have injured him,' and the transportation man jumped on his switch engine and fled. 'Cain is hungry; feed the passenger agent to him,' he called back with spite.

"Feed me to Cain, the Untamable!" repeated Rafferty, the kind thought of the transportation man bringing to mind the boast of Gaffney before Katy O'Hanan. "Arrah," he muttered, grinding his teeth, "if the dude fourflusher only had to make good—" and with the bloodcurdling roar still in his ears drew again on his imagination for the picture of the surgeon and the lion in the hospital with Cair conducting the operation.

"Perhaps Cain will need surgical attention," he told Casey, and freely offered him the courtesy of their hospital service, as they climbed in the car to make an examination. But the lion snarled and paced up and down rubbing his nose as if half awake and for different reasons the two climbed out again, disappointed.

"After Casey had made out and filed a claim for damage to equipment against the connecting line as he did against every railroad he rode on, they started out on the P. D. The first stop was only fifty miles away, and in fact all the bookings were within short distances of one

(Continued on page 58)

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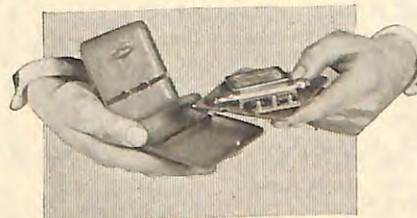
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# Winner Takes All

(Continued from page 57)

another, so as to allow for at least ten hot boxes and one breakdown in the schedule.

"I may as well furnish Casey with blanks to be making out his claim against the P. D.," thought Rafferty, and did so, having promised every courtesy. As the train progressed with its old cars dropping out bolts and losing drawheads, he heard much from his own transportation men who could never understand that the traffic department must show a revenue, even if the claim department had to pay it out again.

"Such railroading I never saw," he complained to a yardmaster, from the top of the train; "leave that drawhead out of the elephant car, it has already pulled out three times, and chain the car to the engine."

"We have already used all the chains on the division," snarled the yardmaster; "faith, this is no longer a railroad train but a tow and ought to travel by canal with a tug boat. Another word and I will knock the flannel out of your mouth."

"Do you let him talk to ye like that!" Rafferty asked Casey in surprise.

"I thought he was talking to you," said Casey.

"Never! I know better because no man would dare address me in such language, or shake his fists and dance on his coat and hat, at meself as that yardmaster is doing," explained Rafferty.

"What does his opinion matter after all," said Casey with a sigh; "he only makes it unanimous."

"Twas not the first time that Rafferty had noticed that Casey, who was a man of spirit, was in a sinking state, brooding much of his time in the car along of the big cats.

"He is taking to whiskey, too," reflected Rafferty, and noticed that from a bottle ration in every town the showman had increased his ration to a demijohn and for this last jump to Sundown had bought a cask. "A quart a day keeps the doctor away," reflected Rafferty, "but a demijohn a day is too much, and a cask is not human, at all! Such is the result of drinking with wild animals. I have even thought that Cain is in his cups from the very association of Casey, who smells like a barrel house." And 'twas a fact that Cain carried himself in a frowsy, disorderly manner and had a red glazed eye and a hiccupping roar which scattered the crowds and awed the two old elephants so they tried to hide behind each other in the tent.

"The very voice of him would paralyze that braggart doctor with fright," thought Rafferty.

"NOW, there were only ten cages of animals in the Casey World Consolidated Moral Shows, and Cain was the gem of the collection. So it was a terrible loss to the program, when an axle breaking as the circus was loading out of Sundown, his cage overturned and threw the monster through the rotten old roof. At once he walked out of the car into the dark and disappeared.

"He was worth ten thousand dollars to me," said Casey, when the loss was discovered, and at last Rafferty trembled with apprehension of the hue and cry which would be started after him at headquarters when the claim department felt the blow.

"We must run him down," he gasped, but Casey answered firmly.

"Corner Cain, the Untameable, in the dark! I have not lived long enough to risk that. No—I will leave a trainer to beat the country to-morrow and the show will go on to keep its date with the public at Barlow. Sorrow the day I lost my topline," groaned Casey, striking his breast. "Still, I will take my loss like a man," and he walked away steadily to hunt up a trainer, whom he told what to do.

"I send you on this dangerous duty, knowing that Cain will never be taken alive. Do you get me, Steve?"

"I get you," answered the trainer.

"After all, it is fitting he should die as he has lived, the King of Killers; I would wish him a noble death, rather than the humiliation he will suffer if brought back like a house cat."

"Sure, I had better give the alarm and warn the rubes to go armed," said the trainer.

"Tis a wise precaution," agreed Casey. Then the character of the man coming out, he did not try to forget his loss in drink, but threw the

demijohn out of his car and the cask after it with a sign of disgust.

"Then, with a brooding, fearful Rafferty aboard, the circus train crept out for Barlow."

"Now, since the first Irishman lived in Eden, there has never been a man who did not prick up his ears at the roar of a lion. But in all that time there was never a man more annoyed by it than Dr. Gaffney, when he walked out of the Sundown Hotel where he had gone after coming in on the freight the night before, and heard the voice of Cain as he was hauled to the circus ground."

"Here is the dommed circus playing this town, and Rafferty will be with it," he thought, going back into the hotel. "There is no telling what dirty trick Rafferty would play me with Cain at hand." So he laid low till dusk and went down to the freight yard to catch a caboose still further away from Barlow. "The place will be alive with my enemies to-morrow," he thought; "Rafferty and the untameable lion and Boxfoot who has had the dollar dues deducted from his pay check to-day."

"As there was no train made up he went into the freight house where the agent was working late on his monthly reports, and, after getting acquainted, decided he would make himself comfortable till the passenger came along at midnight. He laid down on a table, with a coat under his head and had been several hours asleep, when the agent shook him by the shoulder.

"It is two o'clock," complained Gaffney, and the agent explained that the passenger was reported two hours late by the despatcher up at the passenger depot.

"I have not called you to catch a train, but to save your life," whispered the agent. "The despatcher told me over the phone that the wild lion broke loose and the circus has gone on without him."

"Perhaps the lion is in the right," replied Gaffney, "we should not try to seize him and bring him in without knowing more of his reasons for breaking loose."

"He has just gone into the tool shed and if ye will look through the door from where you sit, you can see him watching us," said the agent, "and now I am going to call it a day's work and start home along the tops of the box cars."

"But Gaffney held on to him, the hair bristling along the back of his neck as he stared through the door into the two green lights blinking at him from the back of the little tool shed. And as he looked, the lion poked out his head a moment with a yawn, and then stretched on the floor of the shed as if turning in for the night.

"He thinks it is his cage," said Gaffney, "and 'twould be inhospitable to let some flathead walk into the shed and may be cry out and disturb him." With bulging eyes, the agent watched the doctor catfoot through the door, and, approaching from one side, quietly close and bolt the door of the shed.

"I will phone the despatcher we have caught him," said the agent with chattering jaws.

"Hold," commanded Gaffney; "I would not consider such a desperate character as that lion captured till I have him bound hand and foot. Do you find some ropes for the purpose," he said, "and I will return in a half hour and do the job."

"A few minutes later he roused the night clerk above the drugstore next the hotel, and, explaining that the shipment of chloroform for the hospital at Barlow had gone astray, bought two quarts to take back with him. He also bought a big syringe and, returning to the tool shed, squirted chloroform through a crack till the lion was under the influence; then he bound his legs together with ropes.

"Now, we will load him into that empty car at the platform," said the doctor, "and you can bill him to Barlow as a horse with a man in charge and notify the despatcher to have the first freight pick us up. First we will put locks on the car doors so the crew will not look in, and if it should be necessary for me to get out, I can use that high up little door at the end."

"While the agent attended to his part of the plan, Gaffney gave Cain some chloroform to smell whenever he became restless. "Now," said Gaffney, "ye may go home, and remember that the means we have employed to capture the lion must remain forever secret. For the chloroform may take the wildness out of him



entirely, and we would be in for heavy damages to the circus people. Perhaps,' he added, 'on second thought, you had better not involve yourself in this capture at all. I will take the responsibility; 'tis no more than right. And here is a twenty-dollar bill for your assistance and I will not forget to speak highly of your intelligence at headquarters.'

"So they parted and Gaffney, returning to the car, found that the man he would recommend for intelligence had snapped the padlocks on the doors and forgotten to give him the key. 'Bad scan to him,' said Gaffney, 'now I will have to crawl in through the end door,' and he swung himself up, as a man who had been watching him in the dim light with disbelief in his own eyes, started after him with a bellow that curdled his blood.

"YE WILL take the dollar out of my check, will ye,' said Boxfoot, who had come in on his run during the day; 'and think to hide from me in box cars'; in a moment he had thrust his head and shoulders through the door and gazed down at his enemy by the light of the lantern swung to a cross rod. In another moment he dropped down inside with a stumble and the lion, now recovering from the chloroform, reared in the corner behind him even with his feet tied and fell forward again, his forepaws nearly knocking the head off Boxfoot.

"Now make good, ye fourflushing lion-tamer,' Gaffney told himself bitterly, and, saturating the towel he had been using, tossed the wad fair into the open jaws of the beast, who rolled over and over with muffled roars that soon died out.

"Now I will attend the other patient,' said Gaffney, fishing the towel from the sagging jaws and putting it over the head of Boxfoot, who was trying to sit up with his eyes still closed, and groaning out curses. When the man was quiet, he tied him hand and foot, finding him uninjured except for a bruised head. Then he used all the rope he had left in trussing up Cain with a hundred knots.

"I must keep the patients quiet till the car is set in the train,' he said, and did so by administering a whiff from the bottle now and then. And when they were well on their way and Boxfoot had recovered the wandering wits of him, Gaffney instructed: 'Do you lie quiet against this end of the car, or I will cut the ropes on the lion I have bound at the far corner there, and what he will do to you will be nothing to the little box on the ear I gave you when you dropped in through the end door to attack me.' And from that time on he sat by the lion with the bottle between his knees, giving him a whiff now and then, undetected by Boxfoot in the dusk.

"'Tis all very well and the bluff stands,' thought Gaffney, 'but devil another one will I ever make.'

"At daylight in Barlow, he dropped out of the end door, and getting a key unlocked the car. 'Now, you may go,' he told Boxfoot; 'but beware,' he said, ready to run for his life.

"'Tis a waste of words,' answered Boxfoot, and Casey and Rafferty and O'Hanan walked up the yard, with Katy, who had come to see the circus unload.

"Here is Cain, the Untameable,' said Gaffney, sitting in the car door: 'take him, and do not make a trusty of him again. Faith, I am a surgeon and not a lion tamer and have no time to keep running him down and tying him up.'

"They listened with fear to the muttered roars increasing with each one; and Casey, after a look, had a cage brought up.

"How brave he is—and modest,' said Katy; 'how did you ever catch and bind him—'

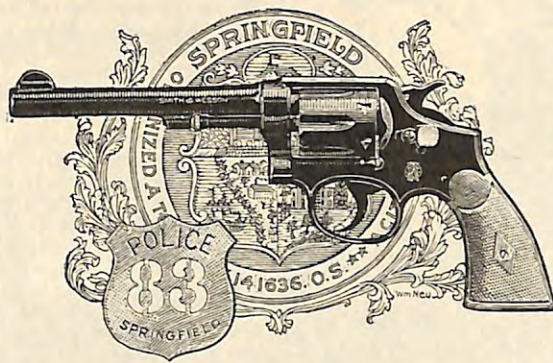
"How does anybody catch and bind a lion?' asked Gaffney with impatience.

"I do not know,' Superintendent O'Hanan was thinking, 'how he gets away with it; but if I had only had him to advise with in Mrs. O'Hanan's day. Wirra, wirra!' he said, 'do not nag the doctor for the little details, Katy; men who do such deeds do them as a matter of course.'

"I knew he could do them,' said Katy proudly. And Rafferty started with indignation. "There is trickery here,' he began, and felt a touch on the arm; it was Boxfoot, who led him aside.

"Beware,' he said, 'how you stir that man up. I did it; I went into that car after him to

(Continued on page 60)



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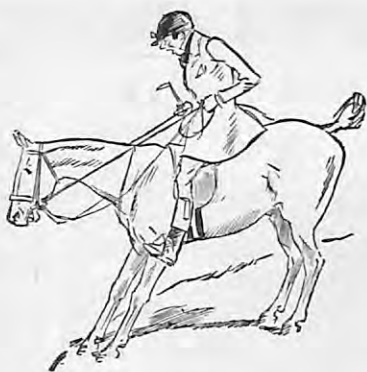
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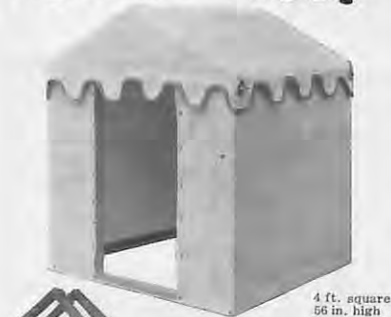
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## Winner Takes All

(Continued from page 59)

force a fight, but the fight was there waiting. He hit me once; the car was at the depot platform at the time. When I came to, it was in a train and halfway to Barlow. 'Twas the greatest knockout in history.'

"Rafferty, observing with interest that Boxfoot's head and face were blue and black on the side he had turned toward Gaffney at the moment of the encounter, nodded in secret gratitude; 'I am inclined to be lenient with Gaffney,' he said, 'for saving the company the damage claim. I will explain to him that the trickery I referred to was on the part of the lion, who put a disgrace on a passenger agent by escaping during a personally conducted tour.'

"The conversation was interrupted by Cain, who bucked about his cage as Gaffney went by and roared at him all the curses of the jungle.

"'Twas the same at the performance that afternoon, which they all attended. Cain was lying quietly in a corner, but whether he got a whiff of chloroform when Gaffney came up, or recognized him, he tried to get out and murder him.

"'Pooh,' said Gaffney, snapping his fingers, and even Rafferty could not restrain his admiration.

"'I will say this, doctor, who have no reason to like you, that I would not have laid hands on that lion even to save the company a ten-thousand dollar claim and my job to boot.'

"Even Gaffney began to believe himself the hero he was acclaimed, until the show was over and Casey drew him into conference. 'I have let ye get away with the fourflush,' he said; 'and win the young lady. But as man to man, we both know that Cain can be tied up hand and foot and purr during the operation.'

"'But in Sundown you could hear him all over the town, roaring on the circus lot,' said Gaffney with indignation.

"'Twas whiskey and gunpowder,' said Casey, and explained bitterly that Cain had laid down

in his part after he had bought him as untamable. 'He would purr and roll over when I went in the cage,' he said, 'so I had to keep him drunk on whiskey and gunpowder. But I run a moral show and feel the humiliation,' he said, 'of exhibiting a drunkard. And sooner or later the public would smell the whiskey on his roar. Now ye have brought him back and cost me ten thousand dollars. But I will let your bluff stand as capturing an untamable lion, if ye will explain what puts him in the temper of a murderer when he sees you.'

"'It is the memory of chloroform,' explained Gaffney weakly, 'and the headache he had from it.'

"'Glory be—we will keep his memory alive,' said Casey, and, sending out for a bottle of the drug, sprinkled some in the cage whilst Cain raved and clawed the bars.

"But Gaffney had had a lesson. 'Sure, there is no bluff so strong or successful that it can't be called,' he reflected. 'Exposure will always be hanging over me. I will be honest with Katy before it is too late.'

So immediately he hastened to her and made a clean breast of the matter. 'I thought the chloroform made it a sure thing,' he said, 'but it turns out that Cain could have been led in with a halter. I am no hero, any way you put it.'

"'That is a secret which should not be known outside of a man's family,' said Katy, and thus placed under the obligation of becoming one of his family, she did.

"In the meantime, Boxfoot had called to have his head treated. 'On the word of a Grogan, Doc,' he said, 'with such fists as yours flying around, I'll never say another word against a hospital.' And it was said, though I am not vouching for it, y'understand, that Grogan, fearing he might in an absent moment give the doctor a cross word, paid his dues a year in advance."

## Here You Are! Fresh July Books

(Continued from page 23)

fly to the Crusoe idea like moths to a flame. So, is it any wonder that Mr. Stringer took this little plot to his heart and has written "Empty Hands." The author has asked a question and has answered it in his story. Have modern men and women been unfitted for a primeval struggle with nature by the complicated civilizing processes they have passed through?

Armed with nothing but a charming arrogance, a lithe boyish figure and a knowledge of such outdoor sports as Long Island society expects of its youth, Claire Endicott is sent into a camp in the North Woods by her father in his effort to save her from the petty life in which her "crowd" moves so vainly. Enter the hero—Shomer Grimshaw, Endicott's field engineer in his copper mines in Northern Canada. Here is the man and here is the woman who ultimately get lost in the wilderness. Cut off by whirlpools, rivers, canyons and mountain barriers from the rest of mankind, these two are forced to save and live their own lives in an absolutely primeval world. Naked, empty handed and abandoned to the four winds of Heaven, they begin to rebuild an existence as though they were the first man and woman in a lonely universe. Mr. Stringer has, despite the dime novel atmosphere that hovers over his volume, attempted to show through Grimshaw and the Endicott girl, the rise of mankind from savage to civilized being. In that, the book holds its greatest reason for being.

The love story is so obvious that one need hardly mention it. The situations are handled with a certain charm and restraint though the heroine herself seems to groan when Mr. Stringer insists on his hero being "the complete gentleman" in a home-made suit of moosehide. And, of course, they are finally rescued, and a nice young minister comes along in an airplane (the only means of getting over the mountain barrier) and there is a delightful al fresco wedding, with the heroine looking like a delectable primitive flapper and the hero like a young leading man in a motion picture company. A book to read

when you are completely "sunk" with the unbearable realities of this world—but only then.

### "Johndover"

By Margaret Cameron

ALL those who like a well written romantic novel placed against a soft and sunny background and setting forth the story of an adorable young widow and a manly young hero, will find almost everything they crave in "Johndover" by Margaret Cameron. If it may be said that this tale has a thesis, it is the idea of compensation.

Old John Dover, one of the early settlers of Santa Barbara, "Forty-Niner," hermit and friend of all abused people, maintains that—"Self-preservation's a fundamental instinct, but 'nature's first great law' is really compensation. Otherwise the fight for self-preservation would be a farce." And John Dover should know what he is talking about, for a great mystery and a great sorrow brood over him even in his sturdy old age in California, to which place he came from New England during the early gold rush. That old New England tragedy is a vital part of the book, although to Judith Kent, lovely and feminine and deeply wounded by an unfortunate early marriage, it is an unknown chapter. To her, John Dover is merely the strange, gentle recluse who alone, of all the world, understands and really loves her.

The intruder, the man who bears in one hand knowledge and the means of vengeance and, in the other, humility and adoration, comes riding into Santa Barbara and first encounters the lovely Judy as she stands in the corridor of a little hotel, a basket of flowers on her arm and dressed in the long riding habit of the period. The greater part of the story takes place in the early 'eighties, an era when Santa Barbara must have been at its most picturesque age.

Margaret Cameron has given us, in a measure, an old-fashioned novel and yet Judy is as

(Continued on page 62)



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## The Surest Way to Be Popular and Have a Good Time

Do you sit "on the sidelines" at a party? Are you out of it because you can't play? Many, many people are! It's the *musician* who claims attention. If you play, you

are *always in demand*. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Never before have you had such a chance as this to become a musician—a really good player on your chosen instrument—without the deadly drudging and expense that were such drawbacks before. At last, you can start right in and get *somewhere* quickly, cheaply, thoroughly.

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Read some of the letters on this page and see for yourself. They don't guarantee that *every one* can become a good player in three or four months; but they are written by people who didn't know any more about playing when they started the U. S. course than you do now. (Note that if you *do* know something about music now, the U. S. School of Music grades you and instructs you accordingly.)

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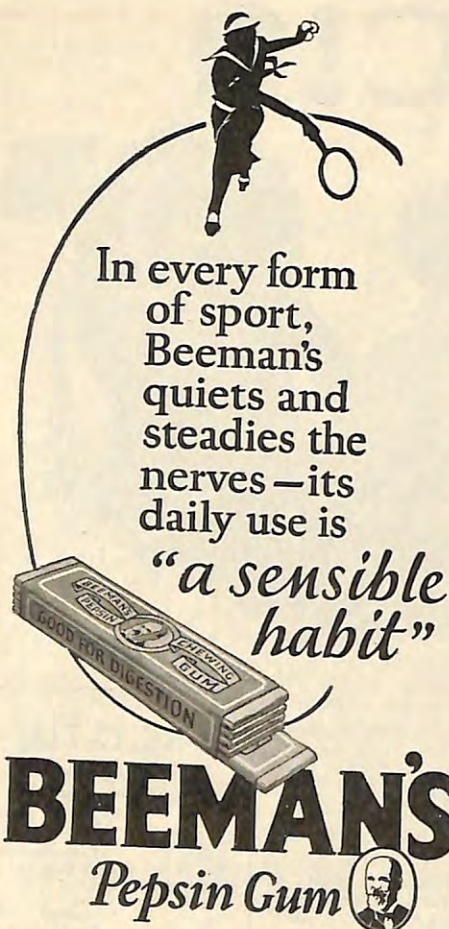
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THE FRY-FYTER CO., 38 Fry-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O.

## Here You Are! Fresh July Books

(Continued from page 60)

splendid and untrammelled a young woman as one might find in a book concerning this very morning's latest heroine. And, for all that she gives us a rather ruthless picture of rigid, early New England conscience and conduct, the story is drenched in kindness and romance. The old Spanish atmosphere still pervaded Santa Barbara very strongly in the early Eighties and Mrs. Cameron has captured the picture of those days and put it faithfully into her book.

Confession is good for the soul, they say, so I might as well own up to having started the reading of this story coldly. It seemed to me that it was going to be a well written, painstaking, one-of-a-thousand books—any of which you might choose blindfolded and read with equal amount of tepid pleasure. Then, suddenly, the book began to get hold of me and nothing could have induced me to put it down until I found Judy safely headed for happiness, John Dover free of his horrible nemesis, and Frederick Barclay (imagine any author giving a hero so flat a name and getting away with it!) with a releasing fire quickly melting the fortress of ice within which his forefathers had imprisoned his heart.

You must hunt about among all your friends until you find some one, unspoiled, appreciative and charming enough to send a copy of "John-dover" to without any loss of time.

### "The Gay Ones"

By Charles Hanson Towne

JUST as we are going to press with this book page, along comes a copy of a new novel by Charles Hanson Towne, former editor of *McClure's Magazine*, and we feel that we can not let the book go unnoticed while waiting for more space in which to mention it at greater length.

This is another novel of the Long Island smart set. One would think that by this time every man, woman and child living on that obviously irresistible tongue of land would have been put into fiction—one way or another. Still, Mr. Towne seems to have found there some interesting personalities to capture and put between the covers of his book. If you think you are only getting one of those gay, interior decorated and villa-esque comedies of Long Island high life, you will be much mistaken. The Great War shatters the light drifts of laughter that float over Mr. Towne's story and changes the thoughtless tenor of many of the lives of those gay ones who make up his list of players. There have been those who think that Mr. Towne has not made as really serious a novel out of his material as he might have, but if they will only glance at his title, they might surmise that heavy seriousness was not his purpose.

It is because he has followed a lighter method, an amused, understanding tolerance, that we receive through this novel so admirable a picture of a group of pleasure seekers who are very human, very real and not so very gay at heart after all.

### Travel Stuff

#### "Camera Trails in Africa"

By Martin Johnson

THIS is more than travel. It is really travel adventure. Mr. Johnson and his wife went into British East Africa after wild animals with their camera and guns and their inexhaustible supply of courage and patience. The journey for them must have meant many thrilling days and breathless nights; for the rest of the world, the expedition has resulted in reels of absorbing motion pictures. And now comes the book into which has been put the graphic narrative of the unusual experiences met by the Johnsons as they fought their way across African plains and through African jungles.

If one is not scientifically interested in giraffes or lions or gerunaks, the book must still prove enthrallingly entertaining. The glimpses it gives of African life and the magnificent feeling of limitless country that one receives as one follows Mr. Johnson's progress are only part of its attraction.

There is something in human psychology that makes men adore having their hair raised—that is, vicariously. Here is a volume that performs

this delicate operation on almost every other page. Sometimes we had a distinct feeling that Mr. Johnson should have left his wife at home, but as the lady herself never seems to have evinced any such cowardly impulse, all we can do is to bow before this intrepid Diana of the camera. We like particularly the frankness with which Mr. Johnson told us of how he had sometimes to hold his Diana well in hand, such as, for instance, when, on the way to Kiu, Mrs. Johnson was possessed to show two lions that one small woman could outwit them. It is these casual intimate touches in the book that make it so different from the ordinary run of travel literature. Add to this the fact that in almost every town of good size, Mr. Johnson's extraordinary motion pictures have been shown on the screen, one can easily see why his book "Camera Trails in Africa" is being received with so much cordiality throughout the country. The photographic illustrations are most unusual.

### "Rome in Seven Days"

By Arthur Milton

THIS is the time when almost everybody either is going himself or knows some lucky person who is starting off for a holiday in Europe. It is also the time when one looks around frantically for some little gift to give those departing friends. Mr. Arthur Milton, who has written brief but most comprehensive guides for London and Paris, now adds this sane and enlightening plan for seven days in Rome to his little library of books for travelers "in a hurry." Perhaps the best way to tell you of this book is to say that we sat down to read it in our best book reviewer manner, intent on coldly finding out how we should describe it to those readers of THE ELKS MAGAZINE who might be hungering for just such a volume. At the end of about fifteen minutes, we quite forgot the businesslike reason that propelled us to peruse this book. We were in Rome—we were leaning on the parapet of the roof of the "Castello Sant' Angelo," taking a deep look over the Eternal City and thinking, by some perverted impulse, not of the things that Mr. Milton was telling us about the history of this great building—the cells of Benvenuto Cellini and Beatrice Cenci and the old store-rooms for grain and oil—but, of all things! of Pauline Frederick in *La Tosca* and wondering how in the world they got the motion picture scene of the grim fortress to look so like the description in this book.

Mr. Milton does not try to tell you too much, but gives you just enough to make the Roman streets, the Roman churches, the Roman palaces, the Roman restaurants, the Forum and the Colosseum so real that it is with a little shock that the last page of this neat and compact travel book is suddenly reached.

I can imagine no better volume to be put in the satchel of a traveler headed for Italy than this. I have never read his other books—"London in Seven Days" and "Paris in Seven Days," both published by the McBride Company—but without even a glimpse into them, if they follow the model of this easy Roman guide book, they must be exactly what we all want when we go abroad.

### Books That Really Help

#### "The American Mind in Action"

By Harvey O'Higgins and Dr. E. H. Reede

ARE you an American? And have you a mind? Well, then, obviously you have, in short, an American mind and you had better find out a bit about this remarkable possession.

Those traits and mental qualities that have become accepted as characteristically American, have not been given to us just out of the air. They are the consequence of the development of the whole country, since the days of the Cape Cod Colony. "The American mind," says Mr. Harvey O'Higgins, "is at bottom a Puritan mind. To the Puritan, industry was a cardinal virtue, and Heaven was known to have blessed their work when they achieved a worldly well-being." And so, tracing this standard of thought down to to-day, this book tells us that in "facing the realities of business and industry with a masculine pragmatism, the typical American has



been an enviable success. . . . It is in his conduct of human relations and the solution of the problem of his own happiness that he seems most to have failed."

To show by vivid illustrations the cause and effect of the American mind in action, this highly engrossing volume gives us thrilling and illuminating pictures of the mental life of some of our great men: Mark Twain, Abraham Lincoln, Walt Whitman and Mark Hanna, Anthony Comstock (great in his egotism), Andrew Carnegie, and also some of our most interesting women.

Here are new lights on what we imagined had all been told and shown us many times before. Here is a new psychology clearing up old queries and inevitably leading to a better understanding of ourselves and of our great problem—our own highest development.

### "Mobilizing the Mid Brain"

By Frederick Pierce

READ in conjunction with "The American Mind in Action," this splendid work by the author of "Our Unconscious Mind" (reviewed in these pages some time ago) will give us a strong impetus to study those inner forces which, if understood and rightly directed, lead to a richer life.

Auto-suggestion is not a new word to any of us these days. Mr. Pierce, in this volume, shows us the immense value of a knowledge of this latent faculty, and how it may be applied.

"Power is the expression of energy"—and it is to aid us in controlling and saving that energy that this helpful treatise has been written. In fact, it opens up a new world; in a way, a world of shining possibilities for greater health and productivity and happiness, and, furthermore, it tells us most constructively how to make our greatest desires become true.

The human machine is mind as well as matter, and Mr. Pierce does much to bring home to us the need of consciously directing our thoughts and our emotions.

### A Bag of Jolly Stories

#### "A Laugh a Day Keeps the Doctor Away"

By Irvin S. Cobb

MR. COBB needs no introduction as a teller of humorous tales. He says himself that he has a passion for short funny stories. He prefers them to be new, but he would rather have an old one well told than a stupid new one. And so in this splendid collection of very brief yarns we find both old and new, and all of them excruciatingly funny.

Just take, for instance, the one called "History in the Un-Making," where the Kentuckian is holding forth on a certain battle of the Civil War, becoming pompous and arrogant with his own special line of heroic oratory:

"From the audience spoke up a grey bearded listener. 'Say, looky here, Kurnel,' he said. 'I was in that there fight myself and what really happened wuz that them pledged Yanks gave us a fust rate lickin' and run us ten miles across country.'

"With a magnificent gesture of surrender the Colonel rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he said. 'Another instance of a good story spoiled by a damn eyewitness!'

Or this, happily entitled, "No Detail Overlooked."

"Ah, my friends," he (the Evangelist) exclaimed, 'on that last dread day there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!'

"In a rear pew stood up an elderly woman. 'Elder,' she said tremulously, 'I ain't got no teeth!'

"Madam," he shouted back, 'teeth will be provided.'

Here indeed, although we are no confirmed reader of funny stories, is a book to pick up in lonely moments. For any volume that will make the reader laugh aloud when he is by himself is a good book to have in the house. Also, we would suggest that as one dresses for a dinner party, this book should lie open near at hand so that every few minutes one's eyes could fly to it and enrich the gentleman climbing into a dinner jacket with a nice little piece of humor to be retold at the table. Those authors who are

(Continued on page 64)

# Try these cigars FREE

## A new introductory offer to every reader of the Elks Magazine

IF you enjoy a mild, full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigar, the chances are you'll like these. But to make sure, I'd like you to try them first at my expense. I mean that.

My selling policy is very simple. We make the best cigars we know how, put a box in a customer's hands, ask him to try them. If he likes them, he pays for them. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at our expense. The trial costs him nothing. That's all there is to it.

### Save jobber's and dealer's profit

We've been making cigars here in Philadelphia for twenty-three years, and selling them direct to smokers on this try-before-you-pay basis. The customer pays nothing if the cigars don't satisfy.

We sell our cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. Based on what customers say, you save upwards of 7c on each cigar. We sell them at less than 8c each by the box. Smokers say the cigar equals any 15c smoke.

Our El Nelsor, the cigar illustrated, is a 4 1/4-inch cigar. The long Havana and Porto Rico filler gives richness and full flavor. The genuine Sumatra leaf wrapper assures even burning and long white ash. Hand-made by skilled adults in clean, airy surroundings.

### Why I lose money on the first box

We don't make a penny on the first box of cigars we sell to a new cus-

tomers. In fact, we lose money—and we are willing to.

Suppose for instance, you and 399 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 400 into \$1,360 (the cost of this advertisement) gives \$3.40. In other words it costs me \$3.40 to sell you a \$1.98 box of cigars. You see, we must offer an extraordinary cigar, it must be better than you expect. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities must delight you. Otherwise you would not order again. And we would lose more and more money on every advertisement.

### Here's my new introductory offer

In order that more Elks may become acquainted with us, we are offering a special Introductory Box of 25 cigars for only \$1.98. We have heretofore offered only boxes of 50. Somehow I feel that a man is more willing to order a box of 25 than a box of 50—especially if he has been buying cigars by two's and three's over the counter. That's the reason for my new Introductory Offer of 25.

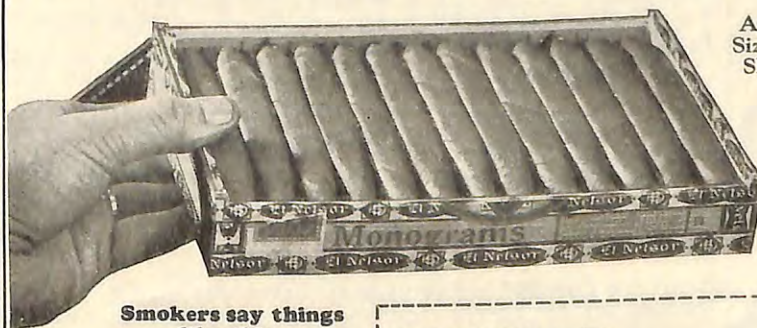
### Don't send me a penny

If you'll sign and mail the coupon now, I'll see that you get a box of 25 freshly-made, full-flavored El Nelsors, size and shape as in the illustration, postage prepaid. If after you smoke five, the box doesn't seem worth \$1.98, return the twenty unsmoked cigars within five days—no obligation whatever.

In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop us a postcard and you can pay the postman \$1.98 when the cigars are delivered. We pay the postage.

As I said before, you take no risk. The cigars cost you nothing if they don't please you. Thousands of other business men have tried these cigars and are delighted with them. Why hesitate? Order now.

NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.



### Smokers say things like this

"Bought my first cigars from you when I was in Harvard College in 1905, and have been buying them ever since." R. R. A., Cleveland, Ohio.

"Have been smoking your cigars for the past three years. Are as good, if not better, than they were three years ago." F. H. B., Bristol, Va.

"Equal to any I get here at 2 for 25c." A. D. S., Buford, Col.

"Never smoked any cigars that compare with yours in price and quality." L. B., Seattle, Wash.

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Please send me a box of 25 El Nelsor cigars. If, after smoking 5, I decide the box is worth \$1.98, I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount, I agree to return the 20 unsmoked cigars within five days with no obligation.

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## Here You Are! Fresh July Books

(Continued from page 63)

scribbling pathetic books on how to make yourself popular and welcomed with shouts on the doorsteps of the world should put a ban on Mr. Cobb's book. It appears to our unprejudiced eye as a mighty rival.

### "Razzberry!"

By Edward Anthony

"I have the pretzels, you the beer,  
So let us get together.  
Oh, I'll go there or you come here!  
I have the pretzels, you the beer;  
Combine 'em and we needn't fear  
The coming torrid weather.  
I have the pretzels, you the beer,  
So let us get together!"

Behold a sample of the classic fabric of which this good-natured book is made. We are not hinting that Mr. Anthony produces real reading or that his book even faintly breathes with satire of fine wit, but we do know that summer is coming on and the voice of the umpire is heard in the land and that there are those who will find Mr. Anthony's "low-brow" book on sports just what they want in this most serious of worlds. Mr. Anthony knows a great deal about baseball and the people who go to the games and, as men and women and small boys are as interesting in one place as another, why should we scorn

these amusing pictures of them as they sit sizzling in the bleachers.

It is not the kind of a book that you can quote very much from. Its broad spirit of contagious laughter and its inconsequent little snapshots of life are not very detachable, but here is one tiny scrap from the story of a "big game" that we think may tell you more about the book than anything we can say:

"A fat gentleman, puffing considerably, tries to squeeze into a seat a few rows away from me. He is 48 inches wide and the space he is trying to wedge himself into is 10 inches in width at most. 'Move over!' he cries. Nobody moves. He offers a boy a dollar for his seat. The boy agrees and the bargain is made. After the purchaser of the place sits down the same fans that refused to make room for him move over and make room for the kid, who pockets his dollar and seats himself, with a grin beside the corpulent gent. The crowd laughs. The kid buys what looks like a dollar's worth of peanuts, soda, frankfurters, candy, etc. The crowd laughs again. The fat man looks foolish."

For those who enjoy their Sunday Supplements and who want something to read on the trains and ferries and at very, very odd moments during the day and night, perhaps "Razzberry" will be exactly what they are seeking. Who can tell?

## The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 17)

magnates deplore such gestures of disapproval as the hurling of the petulant pop-bottle and the addressing of players as "big bums," yet they are not going to take any too drastic steps to enforce discipline among the customers. The customer who takes his baseball vociferously is much more numerous than the fan who takes it in a quietly critical manner—if there is any such animal—and he pays the same price for a ticket.

If it were not for that blood-hunger that comes to the surface through the slight veneer of civilization there would not be many spectators at a heavyweight championship fight. This is the almost human race expressing itself. And there are times when the race is in the mood of the small boy who said, "If I hadn't hollered I would bust."

But it would be well for all of the nations to issue the same proclamation through the World Court, or any other medium, "We cannot and will not be responsible for the actions of our non-combatants in sport or in war."

### To Baseballize Europe

It is quite likely that two of the big league baseball teams will tour part of Europe at the close of the current season. John J. McGraw, after a talk with Charles Comiskey, arranged to take the Giants and the White Sox abroad after the world's series, if Judge Landis would consent.

McGraw and Comiskey made the first attempt to introduce baseball to Europe some years ago, but they still play cricket on the other side of the Atlantic. However, the Americans and the Canadians made some progress in the matter of spreading baseball propaganda during the World War, and the second baseball expeditionary forces may make a more permanent impression than the first one did. One expedition to the Orient popularized the game in Japan and the Philippines.

Who knows but what this trip of the Giants and the White Sox may start something that will wind up in the establishment of a world league with the annual climax a real world's series at last?

In time they will have established aerial transportation across the Atlantic so that it will not take the Giants any longer to make the jump to London or to Paris than it does now for them to make the hop to St. Louis. Of course, this will take some time. Cricket players can not be made into baseball players in a year, nor can cricket fans become baseball fans in any brief space of time. But it is not impossible. On the contrary it is quite probable that this will be brought about.

It would pain the various Chambers of Commerce in Florida, however, if the Giants and the Yankees should decide to do their spring training somewhere along the Riviera or in Northern Africa, playing exhibition games in the various capitals of Europe on the way back to their home grounds. Also it would distress many Southern cities if Ty Cobb should elect to play a series of spring exhibition games through Europe with say the Petrograd Giants.

The only resource left to the Florida and Texas training-camp cities would be to offer inducement for the London, Paris and Madrid teams to do their spring training in the United States.

### May Have to Amend the Game

It may be that baseball will have to be amended slightly when it is made an international instead of an exclusively American game. Certain concessions will have to be made for the fixed habits of some of the nations who will take it up.

In England there will have to be an intermission for tea. It could come after the seventh inning. At all well-regulated games there is a pause at this point anyhow. The customers get off the hard planks or seats and stretch themselves. All that is necessary is to prolong this pause for about half an hour.

The necessity for this was illustrated during the visit of the pioneer baseball players to England. At one of the games an English caterer offered the business manager of the expedition, the late Harry Sparrow, a thousand pounds for the tea and mutton-pie privileges. Mr. Sparrow accepted.

On the day of the game the English caterer seeing the crowds of the curious was pleased at his investment. But as the game continued, he became a bit worried. Finally he approached Mr. Sparrow and asked, "I say, old top, when is the blooming intermission? I want to have my waiters ready."

"Sorry, old top," replied Sparrow, "but there isn't any blooming intermission."

The caterer gave vent to a moan of anguish. Visions of several thousand mutton pies going to waste with hundreds of gallons of tea almost caused him to expire on the spot. When baseball goes to England there must be an intermission for tea. In Madrid there must be an intermission for the siesta. In Petrograd there must be an intermission for bomb-throwing or for whatever the Russian people use their intermissions for. In Berlin the intermission may be pleasantly and profitably used as the half hour for Pilsner.



### Standardize Olympic Games Events

Between now and the holding of the next Olympic Games there is plenty of time for thought and discussion on the subject of standardizing the events and the elimination of such events, as are not universal. Let the revived Olympic Games be more like the old games after which they are supposed to be patterned. Let them be more of a test of the real athletic ability of the nations contending.

For instance, what chance have the Cubans at any of the winter sports which roll up points for some of the nations in the Olympic Games? This is not saying that ice hockey is not one of the most thrilling of sports or that ski-jumping does not furnish some excitement. But there are certain nations which must automatically be barred from competition in such events. If the modern Olympics are for all the nations the events should be the sort in which all of the nations would have something like an even chance.

The inconsequential events, such as archery, tobogganing, etc., should be pruned from the program. It was the sense of the revival of the games that nations should meet as the old Greek cities met; on terms where each would have at least a sporting chance.

I do not mean that any of the sports now included in the Olympic Games program should be abandoned. I am for the preservation and perpetuation of archery even, but I maintain that it has no place in the Olympic games of this period. Let there be an international archery tournament, if you please, and international winter sports, but keep them out of the Olympic Games.

There ought to be an international sport congress to regulate these things and to arrange a sane and fair program for the succeeding Olympic Games.

### Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 27)

They came to terms; and not long afterwards Maguire and his belongings were stowed in the carriage, while Dorbung, sitting sideways on the left shaft in Mongol fashion, was off with a loud crack of his whip. The splendid carriage turned out to be an ordinary Pekin cart, with solid axles upon which the wheels revolved directly, and covered with a blue linen cover pierced on both sides by windows across which black gauze was stretched; the springs turned out to be non-existent, a glorious fruit of Oriental imagination; and the horses "which had once graced the stable of the Dowager Empress," a brace of squealing, lawless, thirteen-hand Tartar ponies. But the man could drive.

So they were away through the western gate, down the ancient highway into the heart of Asia, the main artery of the overland trade that has been trodden into deep canyons through centuries of incessant traffic.

THREE days of shaking and squeaking, of aching bones and eyes smarting with dust. Three nights of "rest" in fetid inns.

But Maguire enjoyed it all. There was the zest and thrill of adventure; the golden clanking of romance; the ever-shifting kaleidoscope of race and view; and the driver was jolly and friendly and honest.

It was on the fourth evening at a wayside inn and Dorbung was oiling his harness, when a Mongol galloped up to him, whispered sibilantly, and rode away again.

"What is the matter?" asked Maguire when he saw the troubled expression in Dorbung's eyes.

"The man who spoke to me—" came the halting reply—"is a friend of mine."

"Well?"

"He is also—ah—connected with the *Hung-lu-tzes*—the Red-Beards . . ."

"Who are they?"

"A gang of Mongol and Siberian bandits. He warned me that they are about to raid the overland road. And—as to our continuing on our way to Uрга . . ."

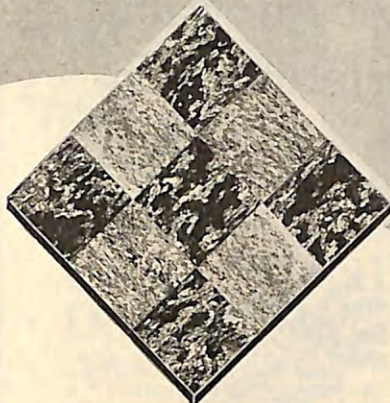
"I am going there—Red-Beards or no Red-Beards!"

"Yes, yes, master! But we must leave the road and go the other way . . ."

(Continued on page 66)

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Although we regret that the ruling of the Band Instrument Manufacturers' Association prevents our awarding the usual Conn prizes, nevertheless the Association will award a certificate to the prize winning band which may be applied on instruments from any member of the Association.

We shall be more than pleased to greet all our old friends and make the acquaintance of new ones during the convention. Our *Band Service Department* is at the disposal of every Elk lodge, to help in the organization,



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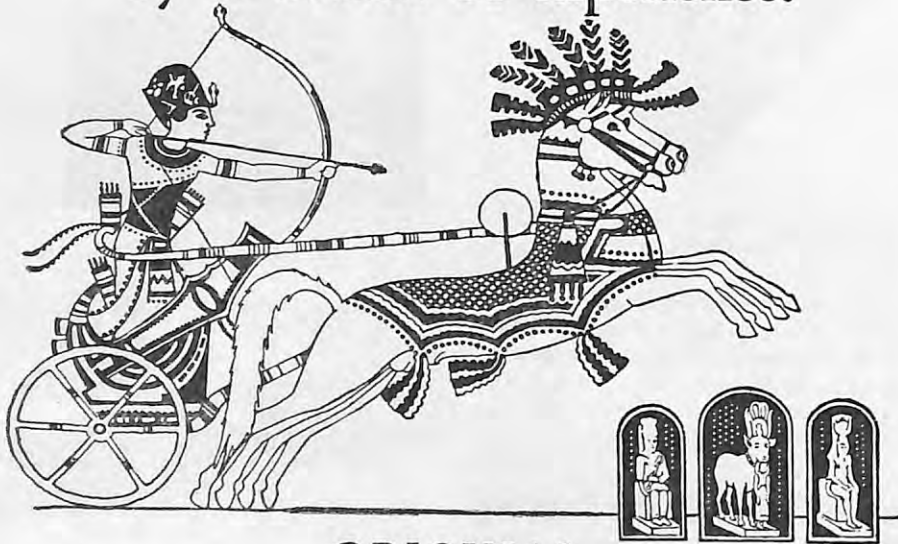
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**Grease Paint and Jade**

(Continued from page 65)

"What other way?"

"By striking northwest for Kizil-Nor. It is only a short detour . . ."

"All right—if that's all that is worrying you!"

So, early the next morning, they left the overland road and turned northwest.

LATE in the afternoon Kizil-Nor jumped into the focus like a smudge of purple and copper; and it was nearly eight o'clock when the ponies' feet clanked on the cobble-stoned pavement of the quaint old Mongol-Chinese backwater settlement.

A fascinating town it was. A narrow tangle of shadowy, crowded alleys. Bazaars lined by booths where the artisans of China were busy at their old-world crafts. A glimpse of a Lamaist temple, clawing at the sky with the hornlike peak of its roof. Vague pennants floating above a mandarin's palace. A dark square where the sudden sideways flicker of a torch showed strange, brutal medleys; a very old man smoking a peaceful pipe among stacked-up coffins; a woman suckling a sick child; a leper whining for alms; a dwarfish idol behind iron bars, grinning squat and sinister between seven crimson tapers; a dreamy-eyed youth twanging a one-stringed guitar; three black pigs wallowing in a mud puddle; an orange-robed Lamaist priest twirling his wooden prayer-wheel and chanting his prayer to the Living Buddha: "Om ma-ni pad-me! Hong!—Hail! Jewel in the lotus!"

But Maguire hardly looked. He was tired. So, evidently, was the driver who, unlike his usual jolly self, had hardly opened his mouth these last six hours.

"Stop at the first inn," said the American. "All my bones ache."

"Yes, master!"

A few minutes later he pulled up before a large, imposing structure, different from the ordinary Chinese inn. Maguire dismounted, entered, and found himself in a huge room where a number of men, many in neat, blue, brass-buttoned uniforms on the German model, were standing about or lounging on benches along the grey walls. There were several flat American desks where clerks busied themselves over ledgers and, on a platform at the farther end, a spectacled mandarin behind a wide table. The windows were barred.

Maguire was surprised. "Why," he exclaimed aloud and, involuntarily, in English. "Looks like a police station!"

"Is a police station!" another voice echoed; and Maguire turned to see the merchant who, a few days earlier in Tai-Ho, had directed him to the caravansera.

CHAPTER FOUR

FOR a moment Maguire considered the advisability of making a dash through the door. But then he noticed that half a dozen stalwart Chinese had unostentatiously dropped to his rear. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well—" he asked his late guide—"what am I pinched for?"

The other bowed courteously. "Ni kam man ho la—how are you feeling to-night?"

"Bully! But let's speak English since you can."

"Gladly." He led the way to a bench where they both sat down. "You will not attempt anything rash or foolish—no?"

"Not with all those lemon-colored highbinders watching me. But—" as a thought struck him—"before we go any farther, I guess I'd like to see the American consul."

"Why—" the other seemed thoroughly amused—"it is just because there is no American consul, nor a single interfering white man here or anywhere near, that we let you come this far. In Urga we do not want you since not all the Mongols there are friendly to us. Tai-Ho is too near Pekin and the treaty ports. Here—well—you are helpless."

"Oh—that's why my driver . . . ?"

"You must not blame him. He had to obey—" with a significant motion of his hand, like a sword chopping off heads.

"I get you. And now—again—what am I pinched for?"



"General suspicions."  
 "How come?"  
 "You are a friend of Prince Seng-ko-lin-chin."  
 "The hell I am! After he swiped my girl—accused me of cheating—kicked me out?"  
 "My dear sir! The fight was exquisitely staged, I admit. But in spite of your bruises you did not mind when, so affectionately, I squeezed your arm. In spite of your sore shoulder you did not mind carrying your suitcases . . ."  
 "I got to hand it to you," cut in the American.  
 "Harmonious thanks!"  
 "What's the good of insulting a guy who doesn't know when you insult him! And now—what?"  
 "A few questions, my dear sir."  
 "Shoot!"  
 "Where are you going?"  
 "To Urga—first chance I get."  
 "To speak to whom?"  
 "Anybody who speaks to me. I'm a friendly son-of-a-gun."

"Ah—" suddenly the man's voice became harsh. "I insist on knowing! What did the prince tell you? Did he give you a message? To whom?" He fired question after question, rapidly, while at the same time a dozen hard-faced Chinese crowded about Maguire.

"No use!" laughed the latter. "You copied the West a whole lot—police stations, uniforms, all O. K. But when it comes to giving the third degree—say—you don't know the half of it, dearie!"

"How dare you?" the other spluttered. "I am Colonel P'u Yi, chief of the intelligence service!"

"Must have taken some pull to get you the job."

The other changed his tactics. He tried flattery, cajolery, bribes. But Maguire remained ironically adamant until at last P'u Yi lost his temper completely.

"I'll have you shot!" he exclaimed.

"Sounds like a ten-twenty-third melodrama! At sunrise?"

"At the very latest!" came the grim rejoinder. "In the meantime I shall have you searched."

THEY took him to an adjoining room where they searched him thoroughly. But they found nothing except his revolver and money, which they kept, and a carefully hoarded package of chewing-gum which they returned to him after he had explained its use.

"If at any time during the night you should change your mind—send for me," smiled the colonel—"and I shall pay you well—and permit you to go free. Otherwise—in the morning—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Gee!" said Maguire to himself, while P'u Yi was talking to the jail superintendent, a short, squat Cantonese—"I think that bloodthirsty heathen means it!" It was typical of him—call it loyalty or foolishness or obstinacy—that never for a moment did the thought of giving up the letter enter his head. He was listening with half an ear to the jail superintendent explaining to the colonel that the rooms reserved for political prisoners were crowded and that he would have to put the "foreign devil" in a cell with one of the ordinary Chinese criminals. "Makes no difference to me," interrupted Maguire, "as long as I can sleep somewhere—anywhere . . . I am dog-tired."

"To-morrow morning—" said the colonel—"unless you change your mind—you shall have a long, long sleep!"

"Gosh! I'd hate to have a disposition like yours!" were Maguire's parting words as a jailer led him away, down a long corridor, stopping in front of a massive iron door pierced at eyes' height by a narrow loophole.

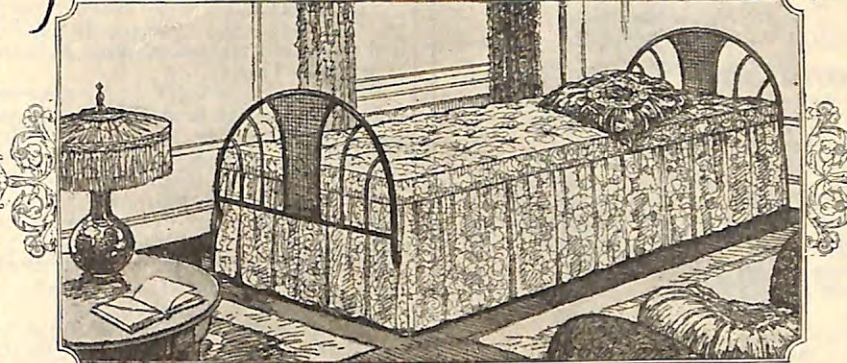
The jailer pushed him across the threshold. The door shut; and, at that very moment, for the first time since his arrest, something akin to despair rushed over Maguire's soul. But, almost at once, he pulled himself together.

"I'm in a pickle—" he thought—"All right—God loves the Irish—I'll get out of it somehow!"

He looked about the cell. It was small, with two narrow bunks, a smoky lamp swung from a high bracket, and a deal table covered with paper, Chinese ink, and writing brushes. On one of the bunks a rather good-looking Chinese was stretched. He looked up sleepily, and Maguire waved a friendly hand at him.

(Continued on page 68)

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## Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 67)

"Ho le yan mat, si kon la—what did they pinch you for?" he asked, democratically, in Chinese, and was utterly taken aback when he heard the man's clipped reply:

"G'wan, kid! Talk straight American—see?"  
Maguire shook his head. This was the second time within the week that he had come across Americanized Chinese: first the man who had tried to murder Prince Seng-ko-lin-chin, now this one. "Say!" he demanded. "Your name isn't Patrick O'Connor by any chance—or Ike Levinsky?"

"I'm Louie Wah—" came the imperturbable reply. "Coney Island? Loo, for short."

"Tell me more!" begged Maguire.  
The explanation was to the point; yet it contained in a way a modern Odyssey quite as romantic as that of Homer's conceited hero: "Canton! Frisco! N'Yawk! Coney Island! Then the great corn belt—beatin' it about the country with fairs and circuses and side-shows..."

"Sainted Billboard! Doing what?"  
"Doin' the rubes—in the eye!"  
"How?"  
"Three-card monte! Palm-readin'! Hoochee-kooch!"

"Hoochee-what?"  
"Kooch! Yet oughta see me with a close shave—Julian Eltinge—that's me!"  
Maguire laughed loud and long.  
"Shake, brother!" he said.

IT APPEARED that "Coney Island" Loo had recently returned to his native land, arriving at Chicago three jumps ahead of the New York police, increasing the distance to four jumps by the time he reached San Francisco where, head foremost, like a rat, he had bored into the stoke-hole of an outbound Japanese ship. Reason why? "Dope—opium!" he explained laconically. "They framed me!"

In Canton he had joined a company of strolling Pekinese actors and jugglers, and they had toured the country, making good money in spite of the civil strife.

"We get here last night," he continued. "I inhale a few shots of hooch, sass one of them Chink harness-bulls, and—here I am—drunk and disorderly—just like back home in N'Yawk! And how'm I gonna get out? Y'see, the police mandarin he wants a squeeze. D'ye know how much? Three thousand taels! The dirty, graftin' crook! Sez I to him: 'I ain't got it, Cap!' Sez he to me: 'Write to yer pals! Let's me have paper and ink—' he pointed at the table—"and I write. They're regular guys, them Pekinese players, willin' to chip in. But three thousand washers? Why—they haven't got it—can't raise it! And if I don't kick through with the dough, he'll keep me in jail for a month—sweet mamma!—and the comp'ny is off for Urga to-night!"

"Urga?" Maguire looked up, startled.  
"Yeah. The Mongols out there are gonna pull one of them religious affairs. And say—the easy pickin's! The gang's gotta leave to-night and hurry some if they wants to get there in time—and me here in jail! Gawd—it makes me sick!"

For several minutes Maguire did not speak. An idea was shaping in his head; an idea with two "ifs." The first "if" was: could he trust "Coney Island" Loo?; the second, suppose he could, was there a way of getting the latter and himself out of jail before the end of the night? Very suddenly he decided to give to the other a modicum of his confidence. The prince had warned him not to tell a soul where he was going and why. But the prince had not foreseen this happening. He would have to use his own discretion.

"Loo," he asked, "are you a republican or a monarchist?"

"Well—if I had a vote, which I haven't, bein' a Chink—I'd vote straight Tammany—and Tex Rickard for president..." and when Maguire interrupted that he was speaking of Chinese politics, he went on that he did not care about them either way, that he was a pretty good American—"even," he added grumblingly, "if them Fulton Street dicks did frame me."

"You've answered me!" laughed Maguire. Yet his laugh was more flippant than his

mood. After all, he was young, eager to live; and here he was in jail, in the heart of China, at the back of the beyond—and there was the firing-squad in the morning—unless...

He watched his hand. It was trembling. He controlled it with an effort; controlled, too, a shiver that was running down his back.

The lamp flickered; the wick flared up; a bright, elfin-green ray trembled, steadied, then spread, to end in a pallid pool on the paper and writing material heaped on the table.

It brought him back to his half-formed plan. "Listen," he said to the other. "I'm in jail because the authorities suspect that I've on my person—or in my brain—a message—oh—for somebody. I have. A written message..."

"Didn't they search yer, Mister?"  
"Yes. But they were unable to find it. I fooled them—never mind how. They gave me till morning to come across. Otherwise..."

"Otherwise—?"  
"A white wall and a firing squad!"  
"Why don't yer...?"  
"Would you squeal on a pal?"

"No."  
"Same here. I am going to deliver this message to the right party. My way lies through Urga." He spoke feverishly, as more and more he developed his plan. "Suppose I get us both out of jail in time—will you help me..."

"How?"  
"By putting in a word for me with the fellow in charge of your company. You see, once I get out of jail I'll have to beat it—in a hurry—and secretly. I'm a professional vaudevillian—and a damned good one, if I say it that shouldn't. I want to join your troupe—travel with them to Urga. Can you fix it?"

"Sure—if yer can get us outa here. But—how're yer gonna do it?"

"There's a chance. Can..." He interrupted himself as he heard footsteps in the corridor, continued in a barely audible whisper when the footsteps had passed into the memory of sound. "Can you write Chinese?"

"Like a duck!"  
"Bully! Sit down there at the table and write."

"Wot?"  
"Something that sounds sort of mysterious and important—and misleading. I want them to think it's written in code. I'm going to try and slip it to them in place of the real message."

"The old box trick, eh?" exclaimed the other, admiringly. "Switchin' packages on the rube?"

"Brother, we speak the same language!"  
Maguire, Irish to the core, thus elastic, quickly buoyant, felt a glow of optimism. Perhaps, he thought, he would be able to fool them after all. Wasn't he an actor, familiar with gag and gesture, able to "put it across" with both stalls and gallery? "They promised to let me go free and pay me handsomely if I come clean with this message. They're Chinese, and won't break their word. Besides, they'll return my money which they confiscated. Plenty to bail you out! Then we'll beat it together—join your troupe—" With every low word that rolled from his lips he was growing more sanguine—"and we'll be half-way to Urga before they'll be wise as to how we bilked them!"

"I get yer, Mister!" Loo went to the table. "Would yer mind leanin' against that door while I write—so none of them fly-cops can peep through the hole?"

MAGUIRE took up his stand against the door, listening and watching, while the other dipped brush into ink, and at the end of ten minutes had covered a page with mandarin hieroglyphics which, rather proud of his accomplishment and looking up occasionally for a word of applause, he translated as follows:

"Think, O learned abbot, of the day when returning from a feast given by the women and the little children to Kwangyin, the violet-faced goddess of mercy and motherhood, we stopped to pray at the monastery of Shao-lin in the province of Honan. Dost thou remember how together we looked at the second tablet; how we meditated on the Sakyamuni, the flaming aureole, and the sacred lotus flower? O, the dew on the lotus! To pray to it, thus acquiring merit! Meditate well, O abbot!"



"Why—" commented Maguire—"it's the cootie's monocle! Where did you get the high-brow stuff?"

"My old man was a schoolmaster. Taught me with a stick. That's why I ran away from home."

The American took the paper, waited till the ink was dry, then, deliberately, crumpled it into a small ball.

"So far, so good," he said. "Now—about your bail—if I get away with this . . . I better not pay it direct—would look suspicious . . ."

"This is a day and night court. There's always a bunch of shyster lawyers hangin' about outside, just like in N'Yawk. One of them'll fix yer up for a few tael."

"Good enough!" Maguire banged at the door until he had attracted the jailer's attention. "I want to speak to Colonel P'u Yi," he said.

A few minutes later he faced P'u Yi in his private office.

"You have reconsidered?" asked the latter, with a curl of red, sardonic lips.

"Yes."

"Delightful! You will now tell the truth?"

"Are you going to keep your word? Freedom—money . . . ?"

"There is no flaw in the white jade of my honor."

"All right. There was a message." Maguire put the crumpled paper on the desk. "Here it is."

"Ah!" P'u Yi picked it up eagerly, read, then shook his head, while Maguire watched him anxiously. "In code! Do you know what it means?"

"I can't read Chinese."

"WELL—I have experts who will be able to decode it. By the way—we searched you thoroughly—where did you hide it?"

Here was a question which Maguire had foreseen, and dreaded.

"I must have hidden it somewhere!" he replied. "Or I couldn't give it to you now!"

P'u Yi inclined his head.

"Quite right!" he agreed. "A dry finger can not pick up salt!" Again he took the paper, straightened it, petted it as if it were something very precious. "There is no address. To whom were you supposed to deliver it?"

This was another question which Maguire had foreseen. Here, he thought, was where he was going to get even with the man who was the original cause of all his troubles.

"Dempsey Schloss!" he said.

"And he is who—and where?"

"An American actor. He left Tai-Ho the day before I did to go to the coast—Canton . . ."

"But," interrupted the Colonel, "you are going the other way—to Urga—?"

"I guessed I would be shadowed. Think I'd be fool enough to lead you straight to my destination? I was going to double on my tracks and strike east."

"And this Dem— . . ."

"Dempsey Schloss!"

P'u Yi made a note of the name on a writing pad. "Where was he going after he received the message—and to whom?"

"I've no idea."

"Never mind. I shall keep the wires busy to-night. We will catch him before he reaches the coast. And then—" he smiled and Maguire smiled, too—"ah—we will use persuasive methods to make him confess. Kindly tell me what he looks like."

"With pleasure!" exclaimed Maguire enthusiastically; and he gave a realistic, and decidedly unflattering description of his former manager; added: "He travels about with a red-haired wench called Rose la Rose"; and, for good measure, described her also.

"You can't miss them, Colonel," he wound up.

"We won't. I am very much obliged to you. I would have regretted the necessity of having you shot." He opened the desk, returned to Maguire his revolver and his money, and added a liberal reward. "Good night. You are free to go where you please. But—ah—not too free, eh, my young friend? You will remember that, to avoid suspicion, you must not lace your shoes in a melon field nor adjust your hat under a plum tree."

Elated, he left the police station. But, instead of approaching at once one of the many shyster lawyers—they were unmistakable—who

(Continued on page 70)

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## Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 69)



*"In a 3-set match; try hard to win the first. In a 5-set match make sure of first and third", say the experts.*

## Play the game—with Beech-Nut

A CLEAR mind—well poised and controlled—knows just what to do next, not only in games, but in business and social life too. That's where these little Beech-Nut Confections come in. They "take you out of yourself", as the phrase is.

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Clove  
Spearmint  
Peppermint  
Cinnamon

Beech-Nut  
Fruit Drops  
Lime  
Lemon  
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# Beech-Nut Confections



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huddled about the gate, he turned to the right, at random, and stepped out into the purple night.

For he did not trust Pu' Yi altogether. He said to himself that his suspicions were confirmed when he heard footsteps following him. He wheeled swiftly beneath the pale light of a street lamp; saw that a black-turbaned Kansuh man was slinking close behind him; and, in a second, had his revolver pressed against the man's ribs.

"Look out," he whispered. "This revolver may go off. Talk just as if we were friends."

"Yes, Protector of the Pitiful!"

"Anybody else trailing me?"

"No! Really—by Buddha!"—as the revolver bored into his ribs—"I am speaking the truth!"

"Good. Come along. Be careful—or . . ."

Chatting and laughing as with a friend, he walked him away, down the street, until they came to a deserted, shadow-blotched park. "Sorry I have to be rough," he said; and, a few minutes later, had him on his back, gagged securely with his handkerchief and the leather gloves which he carried in his pocket; tore off the man's turban and waist shawl, and tied him hand and foot.

Leisurely he returned to the police station where he opened negotiations with one of the scribes.

"I understand," said the latter. "A woman sent the money, eh? *Ahee!*" He smiled lasciviously, as he imagined passion and revenge and intrigue. "Yes—I understand perfectly. I know woman. First she poisons her lover—then she commits suicide on his grave. First she sends him to prison, then . . . Thanks!"—at the tinkle of silver. "I, too, was once young . . ." He winked rakishly—"and the scent of narrow, fluttering hands was delightful in my nostrils!"

He entered the building; returned shortly afterwards with "Coney Island" Loo; watched the two be off at a good, round clip.

"We gotta hurry!" said Loo.

THEY plunged into a network of streets where not many lights stammered through fly-specked windows; through a greasy, packed wilderness of houses in alleys so narrow that at times the bird's-nest balconies and projecting cornices seemed to interlace.

At last they reached the outskirts of town. Here, in an open field, the strolling players were making ready to trek across the Mongolian plains—amidst the golden flicker of the torches, the squealing and rearing of pack ponies, the grunting of camels, the squeaking of carts, the cracking of rawhide Tartar whips.

Loo led the way to a small tent, bowed before the occupant, and introduced Maguire to him.

"Li Shan, our manager."

He related to the latter how his bail had been paid by the American who, an actor himself, had felt compassion for his fellow-artist and, besides, was anxious to join Li Shan's troupe.

The reason why the foreign gentleman was leaving in such a hurry, and why he begged Li Shan to hide him well for the next few days until they had passed into Mongolia and beyond the reach of the local police?

Here a picaresque lie:

"A mandarin's jealousy! A woman's black eyes melting with desire! You understand, do you not, Li Shan?"

Li Shan gave a little laugh.

"Who could understand better than I? Many women have put their small, small hearts beneath my feet. Many men have looked upon me with envy and hate."

He spoke in turgid Pekinese fustian. Tall, broad, well-fleshed, dressed in peacock-green brocade, he was the typical actor, histrionic in every word, emanating an atmosphere of false-face and grease-paint.

So the foreign gentleman could sing and dance? Buddha—so could he—himself! He waved his fingers with their long, rather dirty nails magnificently. Why, in former years the Imperial Gazette of Peking had spoken glowingly—alas! perhaps too flatteringly—of his performances, praising his artistry.

"First thing you know he'll produce his press



clippings," whispered Maguire to his friend, while Li Shan continued that the company would be honored to welcome the distinguished foreign actor to their midst, that they were in a hurry to start, and that in the meantime Loo would take care of him.

Maguire thanked him and accompanied Loo to his cart, a comfortable vehicle filled with pillows, blankets, and a medley of personal belongings, drawn by a brace of stout mules, with a hard-faced Kirgiz driver sitting sideways on the left shaft.

"I left all my belongings in the other cart when they pinched me," said the American.

"I gotta bunch of junk here," replied Loo. "Help yerself."

"Thanks, old man!"—and Maguire leaned back and watched the scene of departure.

Confusion. Bustle. Noise.

At last the carts and the dromedaries were laden. The caravan moved. Into Mongolia—strange, far land, to-day of so little account, so utterly unknown, yet which for centuries had profoundly influenced the history of mankind; whence swept in turn, to scourge the world, Mongols and Turks, Tartars and Huns and Manchus; the cradle of wild nomad tribes that founded dynasty after proud dynasty, in Russia, China, India, in Samarkand, Constantinople, and Bagdad—tribes that, time and again, spoke to shuddering Europe in the domineering accents of conquerors.

Maguire looked. He felt, somehow, awed. He did not know why.

He tried to reassure himself.

"Well—" he said to Loo—"we're off on the great Chink petroleum circuit. Call me when we hit the next water-tank."

He laughed. But the laugh was rather hollow, rather unreal.

(To be continued)

## What Is Americanization?

(Continued from page 10)

that kind of vote is more easily roped by the deceptions of the demagogues who fatten on it, at the expense of all the rest of us. The whole thing is a circle of singular simplicity. Let down the bars, and let in all the immigrants, fit or unfit, who want to come. Then "naturalize 'em" all, fit or unfit, in 5 years from the minute they step off the Ellis Island ferry boat. Then promise them everything in the campaign. Then collect and count the votes they cast in their ignorance, on the faith of the promises. Then, when you are elected by them, start a new circus of promises, while they forget the first. But be sure all the time, as some of the immigrants really learn and grow wiser, that you get in a new crop of immigrant ignorance to fill up the gaps in the old, and that you naturalize every man jack of them into voting "Americans" just as soon as that interim of five years has flashed by since they first knocked at the gates. I know of no surer recipe than this, for political success; and no surer recipe than this, for American failure.

One great step out of this vicious circle we have just taken. The quantity of immigration into America is now definitely limited by act of Congress to something less than 400,000 a year—even that is at the rate of over a thousand a day! The quality of the human stream is somewhat better safeguarded than heretofore. The whole handling of immigration has been taken into more careful American control than ever before—though there is much more to be done in that direction. But still we have seven millions of naturalized aliens in the United States, many of whom are not now and never will be fit to cast an intelligent American vote, even though they do vote and will vote every year as long as they live. In addition, we have still another seven millions of aliens, who are here and not yet naturalized, but who will be all too soon; and then they too will vote, every year, on the future of our American nation. Finally, we have 400,000 more coming in every year. And, as to all of them, here and to come, the cry is, "Naturalize them! Then they will be Americans!"

Ah, well! It took three hundred years to make America. And yet in five years any foreigner can become an "American." Is it too much to say that it shall take ten years, or twenty, instead of five? Is that asking too

(Continued on page 72)

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## What Is Americanization?

(Continued from page 71)

much? What do you think? It is your country. And it is your children whose lives will be happy or sad, according to the quality of the votes that guide their golden heritage—America—in the years to come.

Perhaps we can best come finally to grips with this vital matter of "Americanization" by considering first what it should not be, and then trying to decide what it should be. The latter half of the problem will be submitted, plain-spokenly, from the Ellis Island point of view in another article.

But, before we can build, we must clear away the underbrush for the foundation; and it is a few of the outstanding growths of that underbrush that I have tried to picture as we see them at Ellis Island. First of all, we know here at the island that the immigrant is a human being, with all the virtues and faults, in greater or less degree, that you and I possess ourselves. But he is miles and miles away from being an American. Can we consider for a moment that he can be changed by a patent, rule-of-thumb process? Is there any human being in the world who can be forced into a new mould by mere pressure, long before he fits it? Forced growth is false growth. And yet that is just what we exact from the immigrant. His clothes can be changed, his food, his home habits, his speech, his gestures, by community coercion, but does that change his heart and his traditions? Food and clothes are homely matters, but even they are a part of him.

So much the more is gross ignorance of our form of government a part of him. To our history he is a stranger, to our traditions he is blind. And yet we demand that he become,

first, the very thing that he can become only last; that is to say, a competent and discerning elector in the voting conclaves that settle the very fate of our self-governing nation. The whole process is speeded up from beginning to end, when it should be slowed down, watched and studied, as we study a child or a plant. A great many of the aliens who come through Ellis Island will never in their lives be fit for participation in American self-government. A great many of those already admitted to the United States will never be so qualified, even though they have already been naturalized. On the other hand, thousands and thousands of them have become just as capable and valuable Americans as the best of us—and under an infinitely greater handicap. All counted, fit and unfit, they form fourteen million actual members of our one-hundred-million American family. Now that the incoming stream has been happily decreased in volume, we have opportunity—if only we will take it—for the first time in our history, to turn around and look over those adopted millions and do something real for both them and ourselves. They are entitled to that; for it is they whom we have welcomed into our family. And we who were here before, we who built this nation, are certainly entitled to it, for the sake of our children and children's children.

But, first, it seems to me, we must give over this idea that they have all got to be Americans, full-fledged, from the drop of the hat. They are not lizards. They are just all sorts and conditions of human beings, who are here, and who are going to stay here, and who constitute one of the gravest problems that ever confronted the American people. They are that, and more.

## The Sun Parlor

(Continued from page 28)

Glow of the Sunsets and the Cool Breath of the Hill-Breezes. Listen:

### OFF TO THE MOVIES

Wednesday evening in Dunsonhurst! Seven o'clock but the sun still gleaming over the western hills. The faint call of a lark still lingers in the quiet air. A breeze that would be a gift from Heaven to the burning City, here blows freely through the rustling trees.

The dishes? "Stack them," says Mrs. Dunsonhurst. "You can do them to-morrow."

Early breakfast to-morrow? "Never mind about that. I'll make hubby's coffee in the morning. Go now, and have a good time."

### DUNSONHURST HOUSEHOLDERS ARE SYMPATHETIC

\* \* \*

He repeated that last line in a tone that would turn vinegar into maple syrup. "We'll use that same slogan for our campaign."

"Do you begin to get the idea?" It looked as if we did. You should have seen the boys crowding around, looking over each other's shoulders at the pictures and the headlines.

Slemmer went around pointing out the beauties of each one. "A COZY HOME IN A COUNTRY MANOR". . . Why, we'll have them begging for a chance to work for us. They'll have to put on special trains to take care of the traffic."

Old Mr. Japes had one last crack to make. "Where will you run these?" he wanted to know. Slemmer was ready for him.

"Booklets to be distributed in the employment bureaus. Wall posters for the same place. Two-column squares in the Help-Wanted columns. And they have their magazines, too, you know. The Chamber Maids' Broom, the Chauffeur's Spark Plug, the Gardener's Hoe, the Cooks and Butlers' Pantry. We'll take full pages in them all. We'll run 'em ragged. They'll be pleading for a chance. DUNSONHURST HOUSEHOLDERS ARE. . ."

"Never mind," said old man Japes. "Or I'll be asking for a job myself. All in favor say 'Aye'. The Ayes have it."

Dunsonhurst will advertise.

—Robert M. Coates.

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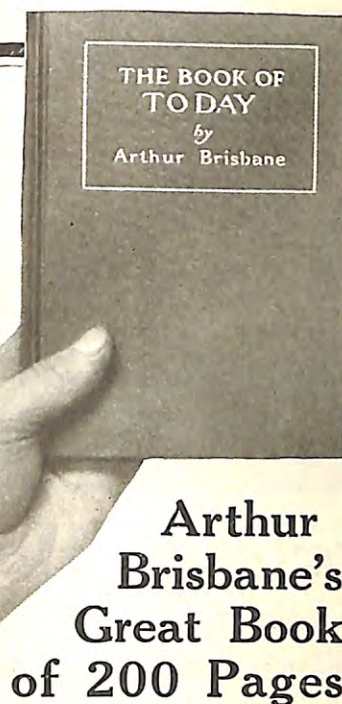
(Continued from page 52)

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# Real Estate Mortgage Bonds

By Stephen Jessup

IN CONNECTION with investing your money there are three outstanding factors to be considered: safety of the principal; assurance of interest yield, and marketability of the security chosen.

The first two are of prime importance. The third depends considerably on your individual circumstances and choice.

It should be borne in mind that a corporation makes payment to its investors in this order:

- First, Mortgage Bonds;
- Second, Subsequent Lien Obligations;
- Third, General Debts, Unsecured;
- Fourth, Preferred Stock, or Stocks;
- Fifth, Common Stock.

While the factor of marketability is usually provided in a security which is listed on the Stock Exchange or which enjoys a wide and active "unlisted" market, this has nothing to do necessarily with the safety of the principal and the assurance of the interest yield. A security that satisfies the latter requirements frequently has little or no market and, while thoroughly good, may not bring its real worth or anywhere near it at a quick or forced sale.

Many people, however, have no desire to see daily quotations for their securities. They are content to buy securities which will not mature for many years and to hold them to maturity. They prefer to be spared the shifting value, on paper, of the stock or bond that is actively traded in daily. They like to feel that, if an emergency arose, they could borrow money by using their securities as collateral or could sell them at a fair price commensurate with business conditions and the value of the money prevailing at the time; but in nine cases out of ten this feeling stops at being a mental process and is not translated into action.

These people form a certain proportion of the investing public as distinguished from the speculating public. Their chief desire is to make sure that they put their money into sound bonds or other securities, receiving their interest regularly and their principal promptly at maturity.

A prominent form of investment for such people is the Real Estate Mortgage Bond. Wisely chosen, it provides safety of principal, regular interest, and a degree of marketability. The words "wisely chosen" are significant, as this article will endeavor to show.

The first real estate mortgage probably was made by the Babylonians nearly four thousand years ago. For generations such a mortgage has represented the universal idea of a safe method of investing money. Real estate has been regarded as the fundamental form of security, something that could not fail, or be dissipated, or move away. As almost every one knows, the old-fashioned mortgage usually consisted of a loan by one person to another of a moderate sum of money, the second person pledging a piece of real estate with or without a building upon it as security for the repayment of the loan.

Until the last generation the mortgage remained practically what it was in ancient days. Civilization had progressed, but the mortgage

had not. It remained merely a mortgage, the safety of which depended mainly on the foreclosure value of the mortgaged property and the money for which was supplied by an individual or an institution. The earning power of the property was more or less disregarded, and participation in the loan by several or even many people had not been considered.

The old-fashioned lender limited himself to 50% or 60% of the value of the property and believed that his safety lay in the borrower's fear of foreclosure forcing the sacrifice of other holdings if necessary to pay the interest, or in actual foreclosure and sale of the property to satisfy the mortgage. The method was safe enough, but often the investor had to wait for his interest or his principal or both; and sometimes, rather than foreclose, he was compelled to renew the loan against his wishes.

Moreover, the supply of capital for building purposes was restricted to insurance companies, banks, trust companies and wealthy individual investors. In those days of smaller buildings the builder could borrow the amount needed from a financial institution or from an individual.

## The Modern Real Estate Mortgage Bond

THE modern invention of the split mortgage, surrounded with many improvements over the old system, accomplished several things at once. It cured the defects of the time-honored mortgage. It brought a new investment medium within the reach of hundreds of thousands of investors; some large, some small—people with as little as \$100 to invest. It assisted building and enabled the erection of more and larger structures. Coincident with the development of the modern method came the great buildings of the present day; the large apartment houses; the skyscraper office buildings; the hotels, and so on, often requiring millions of dollars for construction. In the days of smaller buildings the builder could borrow the amount needed from an individual or a financial institution. Today construction enterprises require vast sums of money. The split mortgage, or building bond, has been developed so that thousands of people make the loan collectively.

In other words, the real estate mortgage bond of today is the time-honored mortgage known the world over, but, on a bigger scale and split into units such as \$100, \$500, \$1,000, made available to all who have such amounts of money to invest. As negotiated by a high-grade bond house it usually is secured by improved, income-bearing city property valued at approximately 50% or 60% more than the total amount of the mortgage, or bond issue as it is now called.

Like other kinds of security, such a bond has both advantages and disadvantages. Let us consider first the advantages. Among them may be cited: value of property, exceeding the mortgage; earning power; serial maturities; reputation or guarantee of house of issue.

It is obvious that there should always be a margin of safety between the value of mort-



gaged property and the amount of the mortgage against it. This was almost invariably true of the simple old-fashioned mortgage.

But it is not enough nowadays. The large financial houses who make a business of underwriting real estate mortgage bond issues today lay down certain other requirements which the borrowing corporation must satisfy.

A common mistake of mortgage investors was to regard their loan as safe if the security appeared ample, without regard to the *income*. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the income or earning power of a property is as important as the value of the property itself. While, given an ample margin of safety, formerly a loan could always be redeemed by foreclosure, nowadays foreclosure is regarded as the *last* protection of the investor, rather than the first.

The first protection lies in the earning power of the property. Ample earnings are the greatest safeguard of the bondholder and the greatest preventive against the need or possibility of foreclosure. Given earnings sufficient not only to pay the interest regularly but also to reduce the principal gradually, there can be no danger of or recourse to foreclosure.

**N**EXT to the original excess value of the property, therefore, the chief requirement is that the earnings be ample each year to meet the interest and also to pay off, or "amortize" as it is called, the principal proportionately. To illustrate:

\$1,000,000 bond issue to mature in 20 years is secured by property worth considerably more than that sum. The earnings from the property are \$110,000 per year—\$60,000 to meet the annual 6% interest charge and \$50,000 to meet the annual 1/20 payment to reduce the principal so that it will be retired at the 20th year.

Here is where the modern practice shows superiority over the old-fashioned mortgage, which was made with due regard to property value but little or no regard to earning power.

A twenty-year \$1,000,000 bond issue against a property worth \$3,000,000 but earning \$80,000 per year would not be as safe or as desirable as a \$1,000,000 bond issue against a property worth \$1,500,000 but earning \$160,000 per year. The former could not retire its debt out of earnings; the latter could.

The mere evidence of sufficient earnings is not enough in itself, however. A further requirement to-day is comprized in the word "serial" that you frequently see as part of the description of real estate mortgage bonds. This means that, the mortgage remaining undisturbed, a portion of the bond issue is actually *paid off* each year because some of the bonds mature much earlier than others. These are called "serial maturities."

(To be continued)

### Investment Literature

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# The First Olympic Victory

(Continued from page 31)

were set lengthwise of the gravelled court. At each end of the court was a commodious refreshment room, wherein the weary athlete might refresh himself with food and drink. A batch of Continental athletes were having a flagon of wine for themselves as we walked by. We decided to try out those refreshment booths when we had more time.

There was not much rubbing down for me or Garrett John Graham, the Boston A. A. trainer (the only trainer with the team) had Burke and Curtis to look after, and so no time for us others. It did not matter particularly. A man who has been having his bathing and toweling regularly and is not stiff from over-exercise does not need a tedious massaging. We fingered our arms and leg muscles, hauled a crash towel across our shoulders, back and stomach, and let it go at that. For my part, the heaviest exercise I had taken in nearly three weeks was to run up and down a ship's ladder and in and out of Italian gardens and art galleries, on and off the train when it stopped at some station where we could grab a bite to eat—what reason in the world had my muscles to be stiff or sore? And they were not. They were loose as ashes.

There was a band of 200 pieces out in the middle of the Stadium field. We had noticed it coming in. Now we could hear it crashing into the Olympic Victor's March, composed especially for the games. I wanted to run down and hear it closer to—it sounded like a noble bit of music, but by the time I was into my track gear the band had finished with the hymn.

A herald in a blue and white uniform with a long, slim gold-mounted bugle entered the court and sounded the call for the trial heats of the 100 meters sprint. Tom Burke, and Curtis of Boston, and Jameson of Princeton, were entered for that event. We gave them all a pat on the back and I followed to see how they made out. From within the tunnel entrance I saw them come through in their trials.

We were off to a good start. I stayed in the tunnel entrance to witness what else might be going on. I saw the herald in a blue and white uniform with a gold-mounted bugle take his stand in the middle of the Stadium and sound another sweet call. This time it was for the triple leap as they called it, the hop, step and jump as we called it. This was my pet event, what I had come to Greece to win if I could.

I HAD walked across the field to a place near the jumping-box. There were men from all over the world in my event. My name was the last to be called, so before trying myself I had a chance to study the others, as one after the other they took their tries. They had strength and determination all, but very few had what we would call a good style in the United States.

I took particular note of the fact that some were using two strides and a jump. I inquired of an official about that and was told that either of the three ways was allowable in the triple leap; but that the Greek conception of the proper triple leap was two hops and a jump. It was so, according to their authorities that the great Phaylos performed. Now here was something. There was a great jumper in South Boston when I was a boy who had always maintained that two hops and a jump was also the classic method. I used to admire him tremendously and copy his style. As a boy I practiced the two hops and a jump because he so jumped it; but dropped it as I grew older because in the amateur athletic games near my home, the hop, step and jump was considered the proper form of the triple leap. I used a hop, step and jump when I won my American Amateur Championship.

I had not jumped the two hops since I was twelve years old; but now I made up my mind that I would try the two hops and a jump even as the Greeks were doing. It demanded more strength and natural spring than the hop, step or two steps and a jump, but also had its advantages. A man out of strict training could go through better on the two hops than a hop, step. Lack of speed and perfection of technique would count for less, and natural spring would count for more; also the twelve pounds which I had gained since leaving home through eating too much and exercising too little would not work against me. The extra weight might even be

made to help me in a jumping ground as slow as this evidently was.

I had a good look around as I walked out on the field. The Stadium was a most beautiful creation. It was longer and narrower, more gracefully proportioned than any Stadium we have built in this country since. Also it was built of all white marble. I could not see a single seat, the spectators were packed in so closely, but the seats were there; halfway up and reaching all the way around was a marble promenade twelve feet wide. A white marble wall, waist high, encircled the seats. Leaning over that wall, on their stomachs mostly, was a solid row of people. They were the people too poor to buy tickets, who had been there since the evening before. The site for the Stadium had been cut right out of the hills and on the slopes of the hills just outside the walls. It had been placed there so that it might be on the site of the Stadium on the banks of the old Illyous (now dried up) in which the games had been last held 1,500 years back. A hundred and fifty thousand people, according to the newspapers, were there to view the first day's events.

IT HAD turned into a rather cloudy day with here and there a patch of blue sky. As I looked up and around I saw clear above all others, standing on the very apex of the high hill, like a figure standing on a ship's truck somewhat, a lone man. He was wearing a red fez. Against a little lonesome patch of blue sky, his shoulders, head and that red fez stood out. I waved my hand at him as I walked to the end of the jumping-path.

It had been a great strain waiting my turn; but once out all nervousness fled off on the wind.

I had been half-scared, wondering how I would jump after my long lay-off; but without letting my wonder worry me. Worrying puts no spring in a man's legs; also I knew from experience that a jumper does not have to practice like a mile runner or an acrobat to keep in trim.

I paced my run, and was about to lay the sleeve of my sweater on the edge of the path to mark my intermediate mark when Prince George, who was chief judge of field events, ran up to tell me that it was forbidden under the rules to measure one's run. Bill Hoyt, the pole vaulter, came running down from the front seats violently protesting against the ruling. The Prince smiled and said to Hoyt—he spoke good English—"It is the rule, but I shall hold my foot for your friend Connolly—so."

He did hold his foot for me, but not at the right place. I did not correct him. He was too good-natured to deceive, and also if the others were not allowed it I did not want it. Actually I doubted if it mattered. The measured run was a refinement introduced by jumpers with more speed than spring. I had to win my American Championship without it.

I was holding my hands before my face, breathing into them—an old habit of mine. I dampened my hands so and then rubbed them dry. It gave me a better grip. A man needs a taut forearm to jump well. The audience began to murmur. I wondered why. The why was in the next morning's papers. They thought I was saying a prayer when I held my hands up and breathed into them so, and they were saying: "Ah, he prays before he leaps. He will leap well, that Kennelly."

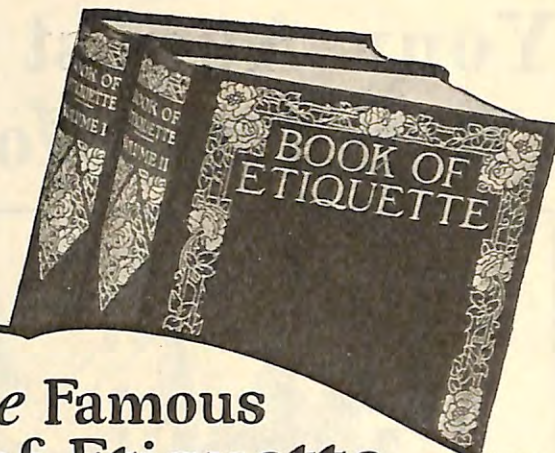
I breathed into my palms and waited, taking time to measure the path with my eye while doing so; but more than everything else, I was waiting for that wave of high energy which will come to the man who is gathering himself for a big try, if he will but wait for it. It comes over a man like a warm enkindling wave. I have had the same feeling roll up over me when I have no physical task before him. Let your imagination be deeply stirred and it will come.

Standing so, if a man be highly vitalized, there comes to him the moment when he feels that he can run as fast, jump as far as he wishes. On ordinary occasions it is mere exultation, a rejoicing in one's powers. Let the occasion be great enough, the outcome meaning something more than a personal triumph, and a man's physical faculties will then seem equal to anything his spirit summons to do. Spirit as a matter

(Continued on page 78)



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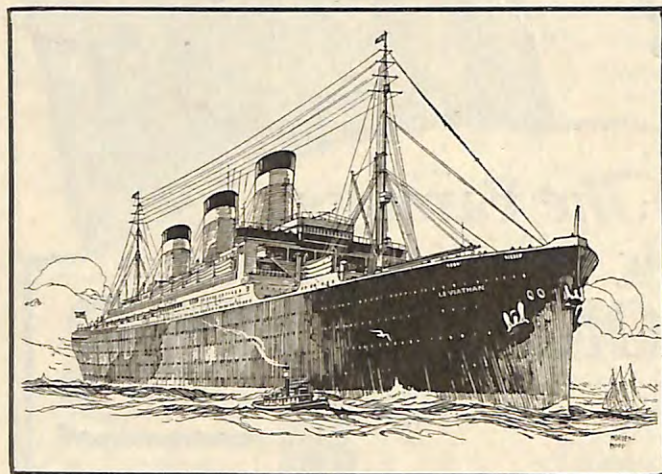
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## The First Olympic Victory

(Continued from page 76)

of fact always means more than physique in athletics.

I ran down the path to jump. I had not taken four strides when I knew that I was as slow as an ice wagon; I lacked springing speed, besides which the path was of cinders, newly-laid and soft, crumbling under foot. No matter that—I would make it up in spring; such was my feeling about it. Buoyant youth is a great thing; there is no discouraging youth.

I hit the take-off perfectly. The old eye at least hadn't lost its edge. I could feel my heel going deep into the soft earth in my first hop. It went into the top of my shoe-counter, three inches; but I had the strength—that twelve pounds was in my favor after all. The added weight was helping to drive me through the soft going.

As I landed in the jumping-box I could hear a great noise from the seats. The English trainer, Perry, who had laid the track, was standing beside the jumping-box.

"What's the matter?" I asked Perry. "What's all the racket?"

"You are a yard ahead of the next best man," whispered Perry.

"That so? What did I do?" I bent over to see the measurement but was told that it was not allowed. No contender was to be told how far he had jumped until the event was over.

There were the usual three preliminary trials, and then three more for the first three men. I skipped my third preliminary trial because even without a tape I could see that I was well in the lead and it is foolish for a man to be jumping his guts out before he is pushed. I also waved away the first of my final tries, and was waving away the second of them when Prince George came to me: "Oh, Mr. Connolly, you must not go away without once more jumping. They are demanding that you give an exhibition." He pronounced it exhibeeshee-own. "You must try for a rec-oawrd."

He was a good scout; so I said all right and went back to cut loose. I took off, felt myself going good, drove on, and was two feet ahead of my previous tries on my second hop, when I fetched the spikes of my left shoe into my right ankle as I was swinging the left foot up for the jump.

There was no great pain, but there being no real need to go through I pulled up, landing easily in the pit at just about where I had landed in my other two tries. I could hear the people applauding and shouting. Prince George came up smiling to say: "It is very generous for you not to wish to beat your competitors more than is necessary, Mr. Connolly."

I EXPLAINED that it was not any generosity.

If he wished I would try again to see how far I could jump but some one would have to get me a light bandage of some kind for my torn ankle. He then saw the blood and said: "Oh, no! No, no! Unless some one equals your record and it becomes necessary—no, no!"

I won over the second man by three feet three inches. It was no great jump to read about, 45 feet. Later that year in New York I jumped better than 49 feet, which incidentally remained the American record for 13 years; and yet under the conditions—soft footing, chilly day and quite a little breeze blowing against us—that jump in Athens was hardly behind the record in New York. I would like to have had that setting and the incentive of that Olympic Stadium with the warmer and firmer footing of the record jump in New York—that would have drawn a man out! I ought to say here, perhaps, that Dan Ahern afterwards broke my record by more than a foot; and I helped to measure it. Ahern could beat me the best day I ever saw.

The officials conferred when the jumping was done and then up in a rack went a board with my name on it. There were loud shouts from the seats. Presently I noticed a group of Greek sailor bluejackets hoisting a flag. I did not know what flag. I did not suspect what flag, until it rose well into the air and the breeze had a chance to straighten out the folds of it. I saw that it was an American flag. Up went the flag, I watching it indifferently while pulling on my sweater. It fluttered out from the truck of the high staff and then that band I spoke of before



—200 pieces—broke into the Star Spangled Banner.

Everybody hushed. The Americans in the Stadium stood to attention. There was a group of blue-clad American bluejackets on liberty from the cruiser *San Francisco*. They had been most vociferous during the jumping; now they were standing, a solid blue section, in the middle of the great crowd.

We had been told nothing of the ceremonies that were to mark the occasion. We had not guessed that our flag was to be raised and our national hymn played if one of us won. For a few seconds I, standing there stiff to attention like every American present, did not appreciate the significance of it. Then it busted in on me.

That flag was going up, and our national hymn was being played because I had won. And I was the first winner of all. I was the first winner of an Olympic championship after 1500 years! And because I had won, the flag of my country had been hoisted high above the Stadium and the big band was now playing the Star Spangled Banner. It came over me with a rush. The thrill was like one warm wave of blood after another mounting within me. Sheer emotion; for a minute or two my brain stopped working. I just stood there inarticulate.

The band stopped playing. Everybody relaxed and began to shout again. At first it was solid noise—a roar like a waterfall. Then I heard my name being shouted. "Zito! Connolly! Nike! Nike! Nike! Connolly!" Zito meaning Hurrah, and Nike meaning Victor. Officials crowded around me, my husky friend, Prince George, being the first. Teammates rushed down from the side lines, grabbed my hand and pounded me on the back.

I STARTED for the dressing-room. I did not walk—I floated across that Stadium. The King and Queen of Greece with other royalties were seated in the front row of the bend in the horseshoe. The King waved to me. It seemed right and appropriate that he should wave. I waved back but did not stop. A King or two meant nothing in my young life just then. Somebody—Arthur Blake, the distance runner, I think—kept pounding my back all the way across the field.

I continued to float over to the tunnel entrance. Here half a dozen Greeks grabbed me and brought me down to earth. They kissed me one after the other on both cheeks. They all wore beards and I remember that their beards were oily, but I did not get mad. They meant all right. I escaped from them only to run into a bunch of photographers and sketch artists.

There were six artists. After the photographers were through they posed me in the tunnel entrance, making pictures of me from all angles. I saw some of the pictures in next morning's papers. Two of them were most flattering. I should have saved them.

I passed through the tunnel and on to the open path which led up to the dressing-room. A fence hedged in this path. Down to the fence came men and women from the hill slopes shouting—"Nike! Nike! Zito! Connolly! Connolly!" and trying to grab me as I passed.

There was a spacious bathroom with silver-mounted plumbing arrangements in the dressing-quarters. There was also an aged attendant who reverently handed me soft Turkish towels twelve feet long wherewith to dry my Olympic body after my bath. It was the life!

I dressed leisurely, strolled out to one of the refreshment booths in the gravelled courtyard and allowed myself to be nourished with three or four mutton sandwiches and several cups of hot chocolate. By then I was framing a cable message to the folks home. They would be pleased. The fellows in my little old club would also be tickled.

I sneaked down to where I could sort of hide myself near the tunnel entrance to see how Bob Garrett was making out in the discus-throwing. He was making out very well. He finally won the second victory.

After the games Garrett and I walked back to the hotel together. It was dusk and we were slipping along unobserved. We saw a crowd in front of two highly illuminated windows. We peeked over the rear of the crowd and were edified by the sight of our pictures done in charcoal, his in one window and mine in the other, the same surrounded by red, white and blue electric lights.

(Continued on page 80)

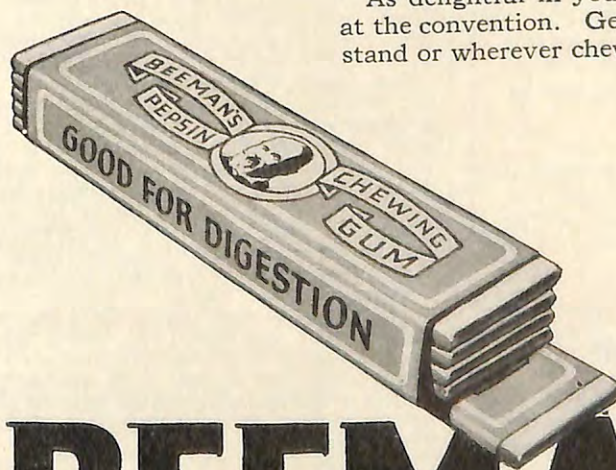


# Watch for the Girl in the Orange Tam

Remember her at Atlanta last year? Well, she'll be in Boston in July to give you another free sample of Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

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## The First Olympic Victory

(Continued from page 79)

Some one identified us, and we had to hop a cab to get away. They chased the cab to the hotel.

There were five days of games. I won second and third place in the other jumps, the high and broad; but seconds and thirds did not count with the Greeks. As in the ancient days, only first place, according to their notion of it, should count; and I think they have the right idea of it. Also I discovered that they did not care much about the high and broad jump. The triple leap was the real jumping-event. It was in the triple leap that the great Phaylos, greatest of all the ancient Greek champions, holder also of the record in the discus-throwing, was expert. They told me about Phaylos. He had leaped 30 cubits. A cubit is 18 inches or 22 inches according to what authority you accept. If it is 18 inches, then he jumped 45 feet—not much. If 22 inches then Phaylos jumped 57½ feet—some jump. He must have been good at that; he also held the ancient record for the discus.

ONE team of ten men won nine of the eleven first places in the standard track events. Tom Burke, the runner, was the class of our athletes, I should say. He won his two first places impressively. We won because our technique was better and because we knew more about training than the Continentals did. We were more intensive in our methods than they were; we sacrificed more to keep in condition. I came to know some of the Continental athletes pretty well. Gouskous, the Greek weight thrower, would step into a wine shop on his way home and refresh himself with a couple of steins of red wine after his labors in the Stadium. He had always had his red wine, why should he not have it now? It was good, this wine, if taken in moderation. Two half-litres of wine after hard exercise—why not? Since those days the Continentals have learned something from us. We are not having so much of our way these days.

There was a week of celebrating after the games beginning with a luncheon at the Palace by the King. We were the only athletes there who were not in evening dress. There were functions by ambassadors and ministers, by important people in private life. There were picnics and balls; there were indoor parties and outdoor excursions. We could not dodge them; we did not want to. We would leave the hotel after breakfast in the morning, and get back any where between two or three o'clock in the morning. Then it was a shave, a bath, breakfast and start out again. We were all young and healthy and it did not hurt us. When we left Athens for home the station and the square outside were packed with people to see us off. They chased the train down the track, clinging to our hands through the compartment windows.

The Boston members of the team were given a tremendous reception on their return. The whole thing—the trip to Greece and the team's success in the games had captured the public frenzy. The gates of Park Square station were stormed by the mob when the team's train rolled in. There was a public reception in old historic Faneuil Hall, where the team had to stand in line and shake hands with about a million people, more or less.

The City of Boston gave an official banquet. A gold watch most flatteringly inscribed was brought to that dinner to be presented to me. I was not there to receive it, but a brother of mine was present. He took it and made a speech, a better speech than I could have made; so that was all right.

I was not there because I had stopped over in Paris to see an American family I had known while working in the South. Life moved pleasantly in Paris until the balance of what I had saved for my two years in college was gone.

I left Paris with my ticket home and three dollars in change. I arrived at the Park Square station, but there was no mob busting down the station gates. Nobody but myself knew I was there. I had two nickels and two coppers left, one of the coppers being a white one. It was a hot day in May. I bought a soda with one nickel and boarded a trolley with the other. With the coppers I bought a paper, which made a clean-up of my pile.

I got off the car in South Boston, the conductor helping me off with my bundles. I had two suit-

cases, a light spring coat and a heavy winter one, an Olympic diploma in a three-foot cylindrical cardboard box, a silver and gold cup given me on the side by the Crown Prince in another box, a bust of some celebrated Greek done by another celebrated Greek in a paper package, a wreath of wild olive from the groves of old Olympia, three souvenir canes tied together with a string, and twenty yards of silk in another bundle, the makings of a dress for my mother which I had bought in Paris before I went broke. My Olympic medal I had tucked away in my hip pants' pocket.

My folks lived in Thomas Park on what they call Dorchester Heights, the same heights from which George Washington viewed the departure of the British fleet from Boston Harbor. It was a famous hill, the only trouble with it being that it is a high one to be climbing on a hot day, and this was the hottest day of the year. It had never been half so hot in Greece. I started up the hill, my bundles hanging from me before and behind and sidewise. I had come from the South only the fall before and had been living over at the college all winter, so I met nobody along the way who knew me. I plugged up the hill to my own door-steps and sat down.

Home at last! I looked at my cases and my bundles and had to laugh. I was thinking what a hero I had been in Greece and what a tramp I looked like here.

My father and mother saw me from the window. She ran down to let me in. Being the mother of nine boys she was a psychologist. She made me a cup—three cups—of tea and brought out an apple pie—my favorite pie. She had been making apple pies every day for two weeks against my coming. I cleaned up the tea and the pie and then, cheered and refreshed, I delivered to them a two hours' travelogue on the glories of Greece, the perils of 12,000 miles of land and water going, the ways and customs of five nations I had met with enroute. By that time my brother and sister came in, and I had to say it all over again. Later, the neighborhood and reporters arrived. I started all over again.

AFTER what the city had done I thought the celebrations were all over for Olympic athletes in Boston; but no. Loyal South Boston citizens deemed it only meet and fitting that their own representative should have a special party. So they staged a procession up Broadway one night with many carriages and a double line of policemen too, from curb to curb, to clear the way. In the line I spotted a copper who had chased me many times for playing ball in the street, the same being a grave crime in his code. Through streets, across lots, down alleys and over back fences he used to run me. He had never caught me but I heard him many a time, shouting after me, that he would get me.

I kept my eye on his back as up Broadway we went, with red and blue and green lights and sky-rockets flaring up from in front of drug stores, clothing stores, private homes and barrooms and the band all the while playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" my noble self, of course, being the conquering hero. The procession halted and we filed up to a hall. As I popped my head through the hall door the band busted into "Hail to the Chief," Ta-ra di da, da da da ra da da dsh— There was a double line of policemen leading to the stage. My policeman was in line. As I marched past him I winked and bending over I whispered: "Chase me now!"

I got a great kick out of the look he gave when he recognized me.

There never will be another set of Olympic Games to equal those first ones in Athens. There may be many more athletes, they may run for five weeks instead of five days, but they will never be the same again. The time and place will never come together again. After 1500 years it was! Never again will people bring to an athletic meet the same reverence and fervor which those Greek peasants brought to that first revival.

For myself, my two years at college went by the board. I did not regret that then; I do not regret it now. For a few minutes at least after I saw that flag go aloft in the Stadium I felt that my spirit was having play, and that is life—to give the spirit play.



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# COLGATE'S

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He could hiss defiantly through those matted tendrils, if hissing seemed to be in order; but when soulful sentiment stirred him, his sibilant speech took on the characteristics of the soft south wind sighing among stately pines.

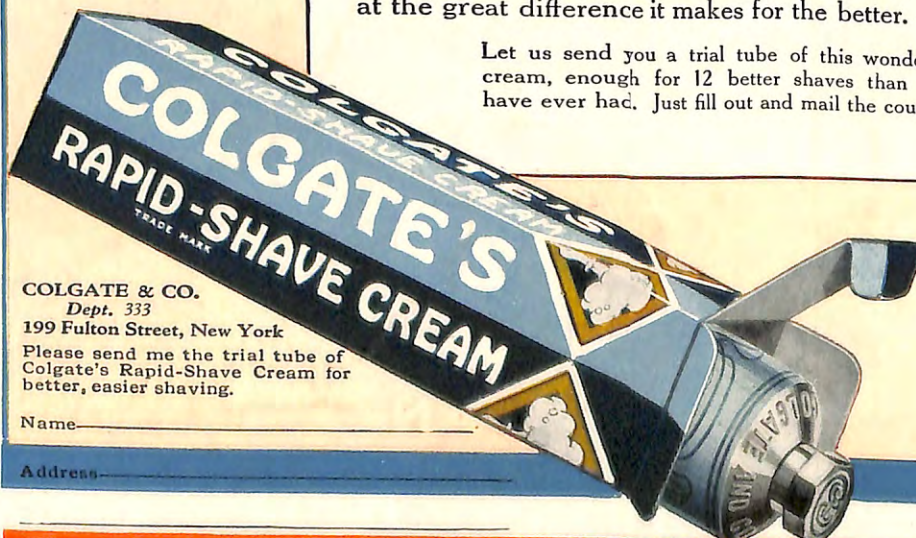
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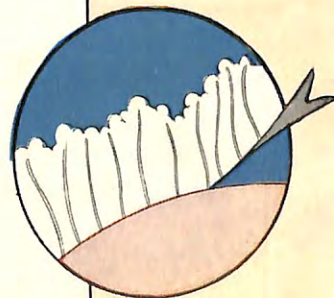
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