

The Elks Magazine

AUGUST, 1924
20 CENTS A COPY



Features This Month: Achmed Abdullah, W. S. Dutton, Richard Le Gallienne, W. O. McGeehan, Arthur Somers Roche, and others



*M*ANY of the things we buy for our homes may safely be chosen by "the test of the eye."

Beauty of design and finish in Russwin Hardware indicates an equal perfection in the hidden working parts. Therefore, you may trust your eyes to guide you to a wise choice if you see the name Russwin —

A name used for over eighty years on beautiful hardware to guarantee you absolute protection and lifelong, trouble-free service.

RUSSELL & ERWIN MFG. CO.

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

New York

Chicago

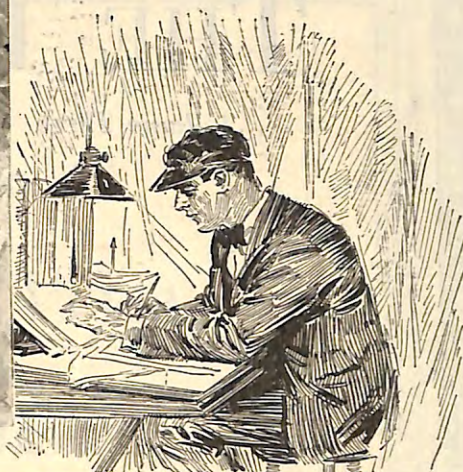
San Francisco

London

Since 1839

RUSSWIN
RUSSELL & ERWIN
DISTINCTIVE
HARDWARE

*"To Russwin-ize is to Economize —
The Economy of the Best"*



Making Successful Men by Home-Study Training

How can I make more money? How can I advance more rapidly in business? Literally millions of untrained men—yourself, perhaps, among them—are continually disturbed by those two questions.

"Be industrious; keep everlastingly at it"—that's the way the writers of *copy-book maxims* would tell you to go about it. But honestly—are you fooled by that sort of talk? Why, you yourself know dozens of fellows who work just as hard as beavers, yet draw barely enough to keep them alive!

Argue it any way you like, it takes something beside mere work to push men ahead—it takes *specialized* work.

And to suggest, for a second, that an untrained man—no matter how hard he works—is going to be promoted to a highly specialized position—such as that of Auditor, or Traffic Manager, or Sales Executive, or Expert Correspondent, or Production Manager, or Legal Counsellor—without first *equipping* himself for that position, is as absurd as to intimate that the boatman in the park who has been on the job for twenty years is likely to be chosen captain of a trans-Atlantic liner!

* * *

Recognizing these facts—and surely no one can dispute them—what is the wise thing to do to change one's situation for the better?

Many a happy-go-lucky chap will tell you that all you need do is to keep your eyes open and promotion will take care of itself.

It will. *But, oh, how slowly!*

While one man is advancing by this tedious route from \$25-a-week to \$30-a-week to \$35-a-week, another chap, not a bit smarter than he, is climbing from \$15-a-week to \$30-a-week to \$50-a-week to \$100-a-week.

If you doubt it, look about you! Talk with the men still in their twenties and early thirties who are swinging \$5,000 jobs!

No—there's more to advancement than merely "catching onto things." TIME is the all-important factor—and that is the big reason why thousands of earnest men have refused to wait, but have turned instead to LaSalle Extension University and have shortened by many years their journey to success.

That they—in so doing—have acted to their own advantage is borne out by the fact that during only three months' time as many as 1193 members reported definite advancement which they were frank to attribute to home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method. The total salary-increases so reported amounted to \$1,248,526, an average increase per man of eighty-nine per cent.

* * *

Your future is, of course, your own problem—and no one can solve it but yourself. If you are content to drift, you will find plenty of company though little profit.

If, on the other hand, you are really in earnest when you say that you want to get ahead in business, you will find both companionship and gain in home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method.

Below this text there's a coupon—very similar to the one which has set many, many thousands on the path to success.

A good way to gauge your strength of purpose is—by what you do with that coupon—NOW.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 8328-R

Chicago, Illinois

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Three

Number Three



Features for August, 1924

Speech of Acceptance of Grand Exalted Ruler Price.....	3	Grease Paint and Jade, Part III—a story of adventure in China by Achmed Abdullah.....	29
The Battle of Snow and Flowers, a Camera Study by John Kabel.....	7	Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldridge	
The Freedom of the Seas and Other Freedoms, an essay by Richard Le Gallienne	8	Mountain Motoring is Different, an article by Elon Jessup.....	33
Wood Blocks by Robert Robinson		Editorial.....	34
Right and Left, a story by Arthur Somers Roche.....	12	Decoration by Israel Doskow	
Illustrations by Donald Teague		Proceedings of the Grand Lodge Meeting at Boston.....	36
Why Not Become a Crack Shot? an article by William S. Dutton.....	16	New Home of Louisville, Ky., Lodge.....	43
Intimate Glimpses of Court Life, sketches by T. S. Tousey.....	18	Report of Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland.....	44
The Sporting Angle, comment by W. O. McGeehan.....	19	Facts from the Annual Reports of the Grand Secretary and the Board of Grand Trustees.....	46
Joe Speavey, a story by Edwin Dial Torgerson.....	20	Every Lodge a Civic Center—a summary of the Annual Report of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare.....	47
Illustrations by H. Weston Taylor		A Few Country Clubs and Camps Owned by Elks Lodges.....	48
All at Sea Among the Books, reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn.....	24	Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order.....	50
On the Screen.....	25	Real Estate Mortgage Bonds (continued), an article by Stephen Jessup.....	78
If Every One Who Wears Knickers Played Golf, drawn by George Shanks.....	28	Cover Design by Leslie Thrasher	

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

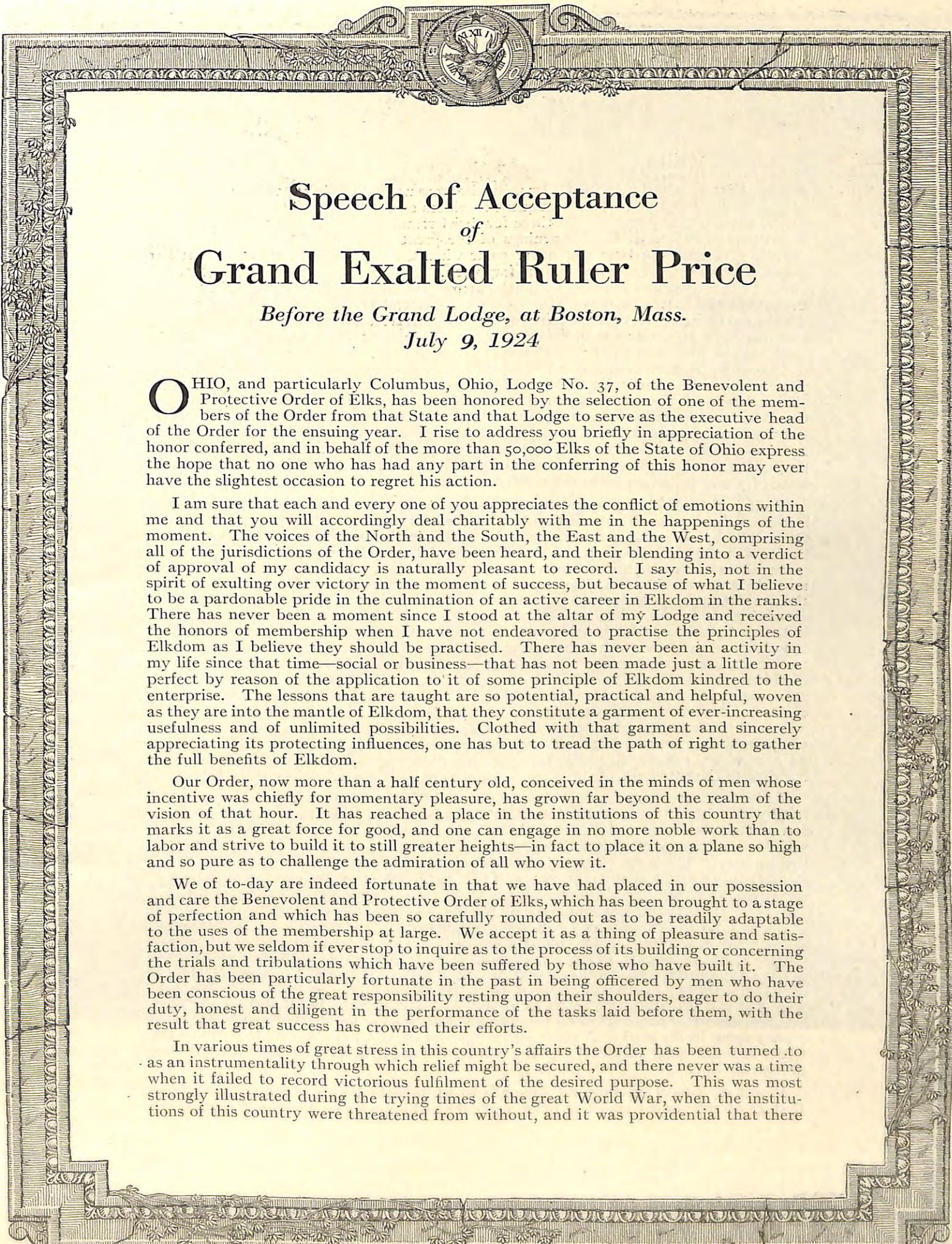
Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission: John K. Tener, Chairman; Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer; James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, William M. Abbott, Rush L. Holland, Frank L. Rain, William W. Mountain, J. Edgar Masters, John G. Price, Grand Exalted Ruler (ex-officio)

Joseph T. Fanning, *Executive Director*
Robert W. Brown, *Editor* Charles S. Hart, *Business Manager*
50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

The Elks Magazine is published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U.S.A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y.

Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please allow four weeks' time.

Copyright 1924, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America



Speech of Acceptance of Grand Exalted Ruler Price

Before the Grand Lodge, at Boston, Mass.

July 9, 1924

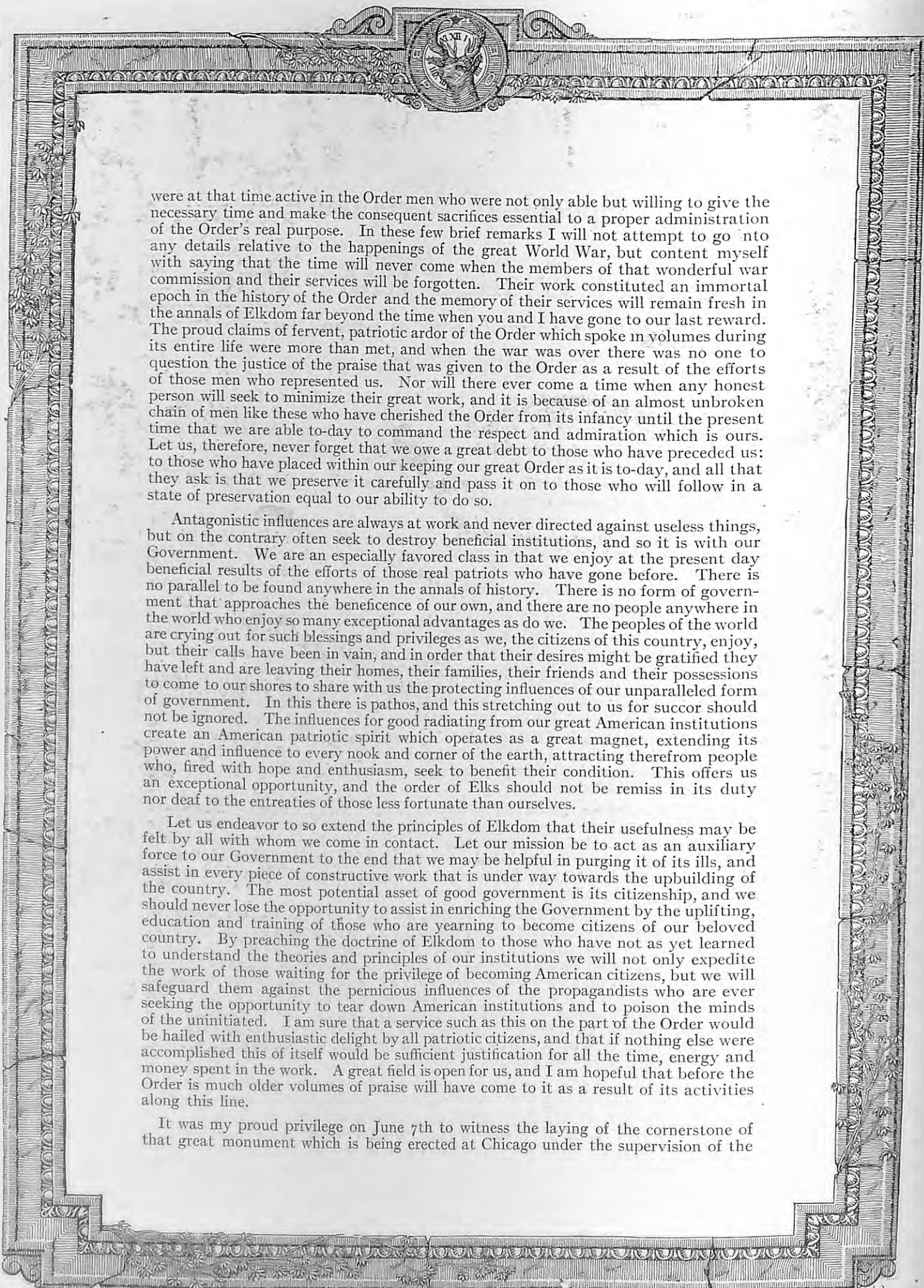
OHIO, and particularly Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, has been honored by the selection of one of the members of the Order from that State and that Lodge to serve as the executive head of the Order for the ensuing year. I rise to address you briefly in appreciation of the honor conferred, and in behalf of the more than 50,000 Elks of the State of Ohio express the hope that no one who has had any part in the conferring of this honor may ever have the slightest occasion to regret his action.

I am sure that each and every one of you appreciates the conflict of emotions within me and that you will accordingly deal charitably with me in the happenings of the moment. The voices of the North and the South, the East and the West, comprising all of the jurisdictions of the Order, have been heard, and their blending into a verdict of approval of my candidacy is naturally pleasant to record. I say this, not in the spirit of exulting over victory in the moment of success, but because of what I believe to be a pardonable pride in the culmination of an active career in Elkdom in the ranks. There has never been a moment since I stood at the altar of my Lodge and received the honors of membership when I have not endeavored to practise the principles of Elkdom as I believe they should be practised. There has never been an activity in my life since that time—social or business—that has not been made just a little more perfect by reason of the application to it of some principle of Elkdom kindred to the enterprise. The lessons that are taught are so potential, practical and helpful, woven as they are into the mantle of Elkdom, that they constitute a garment of ever-increasing usefulness and of unlimited possibilities. Clothed with that garment and sincerely appreciating its protecting influences, one has but to tread the path of right to gather the full benefits of Elkdom.

Our Order, now more than a half century old, conceived in the minds of men whose incentive was chiefly for momentary pleasure, has grown far beyond the realm of the vision of that hour. It has reached a place in the institutions of this country that marks it as a great force for good, and one can engage in no more noble work than to labor and strive to build it to still greater heights—in fact to place it on a plane so high and so pure as to challenge the admiration of all who view it.

We of to-day are indeed fortunate in that we have had placed in our possession and care the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, which has been brought to a stage of perfection and which has been so carefully rounded out as to be readily adaptable to the uses of the membership at large. We accept it as a thing of pleasure and satisfaction, but we seldom if ever stop to inquire as to the process of its building or concerning the trials and tribulations which have been suffered by those who have built it. The Order has been particularly fortunate in the past in being officered by men who have been conscious of the great responsibility resting upon their shoulders, eager to do their duty, honest and diligent in the performance of the tasks laid before them, with the result that great success has crowned their efforts.

In various times of great stress in this country's affairs the Order has been turned to as an instrumentality through which relief might be secured, and there never was a time when it failed to record victorious fulfilment of the desired purpose. This was most strongly illustrated during the trying times of the great World War, when the institutions of this country were threatened from without, and it was providential that there



were at that time active in the Order men who were not only able but willing to give the necessary time and make the consequent sacrifices essential to a proper administration of the Order's real purpose. In these few brief remarks I will not attempt to go into any details relative to the happenings of the great World War, but content myself with saying that the time will never come when the members of that wonderful war commission and their services will be forgotten. Their work constituted an immortal epoch in the history of the Order and the memory of their services will remain fresh in the annals of Elldom far beyond the time when you and I have gone to our last reward. The proud claims of fervent, patriotic ardor of the Order which spoke in volumes during its entire life were more than met, and when the war was over there was no one to question the justice of the praise that was given to the Order as a result of the efforts of those men who represented us. Nor will there ever come a time when any honest person will seek to minimize their great work, and it is because of an almost unbroken chain of men like these who have cherished the Order from its infancy until the present time that we are able to-day to command the respect and admiration which is ours. Let us, therefore, never forget that we owe a great debt to those who have preceded us: to those who have placed within our keeping our great Order as it is to-day, and all that they ask is that we preserve it carefully and pass it on to those who will follow in a state of preservation equal to our ability to do so.

Antagonistic influences are always at work and never directed against useless things, but on the contrary often seek to destroy beneficial institutions, and so it is with our Government. We are an especially favored class in that we enjoy at the present day beneficial results of the efforts of those real patriots who have gone before. There is no parallel to be found anywhere in the annals of history. There is no form of government that approaches the beneficence of our own, and there are no people anywhere in the world who enjoy so many exceptional advantages as do we. The peoples of the world are crying out for such blessings and privileges as we, the citizens of this country, enjoy, but their calls have been in vain, and in order that their desires might be gratified they have left and are leaving their homes, their families, their friends and their possessions to come to our shores to share with us the protecting influences of our unparalleled form of government. In this there is pathos, and this stretching out to us for succor should not be ignored. The influences for good radiating from our great American institutions create an American patriotic spirit which operates as a great magnet, extending its power and influence to every nook and corner of the earth, attracting therefrom people who, fired with hope and enthusiasm, seek to benefit their condition. This offers us an exceptional opportunity, and the order of Elks should not be remiss in its duty nor deaf to the entreaties of those less fortunate than ourselves.

Let us endeavor to so extend the principles of Elldom that their usefulness may be felt by all with whom we come in contact. Let our mission be to act as an auxiliary force to our Government to the end that we may be helpful in purging it of its ills, and assist in every piece of constructive work that is under way towards the upbuilding of the country. The most potential asset of good government is its citizenship, and we should never lose the opportunity to assist in enriching the Government by the uplifting, education and training of those who are yearning to become citizens of our beloved country. By preaching the doctrine of Elldom to those who have not as yet learned to understand the theories and principles of our institutions we will not only expedite the work of those waiting for the privilege of becoming American citizens, but we will safeguard them against the pernicious influences of the propagandists who are ever seeking the opportunity to tear down American institutions and to poison the minds of the uninitiated. I am sure that a service such as this on the part of the Order would be hailed with enthusiastic delight by all patriotic citizens, and that if nothing else were accomplished this of itself would be sufficient justification for all the time, energy and money spent in the work. A great field is open for us, and I am hopeful that before the Order is much older volumes of praise will have come to it as a result of its activities along this line.

It was my proud privilege on June 7th to witness the laying of the cornerstone of that great monument which is being erected at Chicago under the supervision of the



*John G. Price, of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37,
elected Grand Exalted Ruler at the Grand Lodge
Meeting in Boston, Massachusetts, July 8, 1924*



National Headquarters Commission to the memory of our brothers who have in the past answered the country's call for service. They were all prepared to go. Some of them came back and some are still resting on the sacred ground across the water with only a little mound of earth and a simple wooden cross to mark the fact that they made the supreme sacrifice. The promises we made when the bands were playing and the flags were passing by are just as binding now as then, and let us ever be watchful and vigilant to the end that there may be no lack of appreciation on our part of the great responsibility we have to continue by our efforts the struggles that were made by the boys who went out to save our institutions for humanity's sake. The Elks Memorial Building will ever be a shrine sacred to all Elks.

One of the greatest forces for good is publicity, and I am sure that no sphere of activity of the Order has ever contributed more to the dissemination of its charms than THE ELKS MAGAZINE, under the splendid management which has watched its progress from the beginning until the present time. It is a vehicle loaded with patriotism, consigned to the homes of the members of the Order for their enlightenment and entertainment. Let us guard this splendid enterprise against false propaganda to the end that its beneficial influences shall be extended day by day to the unlimited heights to which it is certain to rise.

Let us endeavor to tie the subordinate lodges closer and closer together, for they are the life blood of the Order, and if the Order is to continue along the march of progress every drop of its blood must be pure and there must be perfect circulation. This can be brought about in no better way than through the frequent exchange of fraternal visits. Let us carry home from this reunion a message of cheer and encouragement to the officers of the various subordinate lodges, and by our presence at the meetings and various lodge functions assure them of our deep appreciation of their labors in our behalf.

We have met for the purpose of exchanging views, and it is my fervent hope that when we have left this historic city which is doing so much to honor our Order we will go to our homes feeling that this reunion has marked another step forward in the achievements of the Order.

AND now just a personal word in closing. My heart is filled with joy in appreciation of the great honor that comes to my Lodge and to my State through my election as Grand Exalted Ruler. As I am the instrumentality selected to serve the Order as its chief executive during the ensuing year, I want you to know that I shall approach the duties and responsibilities of the office with a most sincere appreciation of their importance. Words fitting to properly express my feelings for each and every one of you do not come to me as I wish they might, but I assure you that the sacredness of this hour shall always stand before me as a beacon light to call forth every possible bit of energy, sincerity and devotion which I can muster in the fulfilment of the great purpose of the office of Grand Exalted Ruler which you have entrusted to my keeping for the coming year, and if I can in any slight measure approach the successful course followed by our present beloved Grand Exalted Ruler, then indeed will I have been fully compensated for every effort I am able to make. I appreciate the honor which places me in your debt forever, and on behalf of my State, my Lodge, and last but not least, my wife and children, who will of course be affected by this new departure in my life, I wish to thank all of my faithful friends for their efforts in my behalf, particularly that Grand Old Man from Ohio, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Garry Herrmann, and that stalwart figure of Elkdom in New England, who placed my name in nomination, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, and I am sure that no one will construe the mention of these two names as in any way minimizing my feeling of appreciation for all of the others. It is my great pleasure, honor and privilege to accept the office of Grand Exalted Ruler as a sacred trust, and I shall endeavor to pass it on to my successor in just as good condition as it is being turned over to me by our present Grand Exalted Ruler, Brother James G. McFarland.

"PROMOTE PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM"



Photographed on Mount Rainier, Washington, by John Kabel

*The Battle
of
Snow and Flowers*

*LIKE ancient gods the great trees stand,
Watching this war of snow and flowers.
Long have they seen this battle rage
In silence underneath their towers.*

*Year after year the cold hands reach;
The green spears from the earth are tossed:
Here is a battle that is always won,
A struggle that is always lost.*

—Charles Davies



What excitement can compare with listening to the gentle rippling about the keel; the broad dreaming spaces of sea and sky brightening every moment as the sun comes up from the pearly limits of the world

An Essay By
Richard Le Gallienne



Illustrations Engraved on
Wood Blocks by Robert Robinson

The Freedom of the Seas—and Other Freedoms

BY THE freedom of the Seas I do not mean the three or the twelve-mile limit, nor is my concern with the maritime laws of nations. I am thinking of a thirty or forty foot yawl, with or without power, of which oneself is Captain, crew, and owner, whose voyages need not be more extensive than the length and breadth of Long Island Sound, and the individual freedom to be found in the possession and enjoyment of such a craft. I know of nothing else so capable of providing so large a measure of personal liberty to those who desire a simplified existence, and who, of course, are fortunate enough to love the sea.

What more felicity can fall to creature,
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,

exclaims Edmund Spenser, and perhaps so much delight with so much liberty is not to be attained at so small a cost as by living on a boat, rent-free, and time-free; but, of course, it is only for him, as for him under Shakespeare's greenwood-tree:

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets.

Manifestly, it is not every one's freedom, and only those are capable of exercising it who have either been born free, or won free, from many needs and desires to which perhaps a majority of mankind are self-shackled. It entails a capacity for solitude, and an enjoyment of what are called simple pleasures, which is perhaps rare, but which the wide-spread response to modern gospels of the out-of-doors, the desire to flee the fevered and complicated life of cities, leads one to suppose is growing less uncommon. To those for whom the "jazz" of existence, in all or any of its forms, is a necessity, a forty-foot yawl would seem no less a prison than a forty-storied office building. When Hamlet declared that Denmark was to him a prison, he was quick to realize that it was none to the courtiers to whom he spoke. "Then is the world

one," remarked Rosencrantz, wise in his turn; and all conditions are prisons to those who are not first free of themselves. So long as we receive back from our complicated society satisfactions which seem to us worth while paying their cost we have nothing to complain of. Evidently, we are as free as we want to be, and those are unfortunately fortunate who are so constituted, for the freedom of the seas is not within everyone's reach, inexpensive as in one sense it is.

The same applies to that freedom which Thoreau achieved for himself when he borrowed an axe from a neighbor—that axe which, according to his boast, he returned sharper than he received it—and set up his log-cabin hermitage in Walden Woods. For one thing, Thoreau had no wife and family to think of. His, you may say, was a special case. Yet, for all that, the lesson of simplified living which he was the first to preach in his "Walden" has struck deep roots in our modern life, and, though we may not be able to apply it to the letter, we may, none the less, if we have a mind to, approximate it, and win a large measure of freedom to do the things we want rather than the things we don't want, and are weary of doing.

We are always complaining of the cost of existence, of the maximum of work we have to do to win a minimum of play. But we too seldom pause to think that one reason for this is the costly nature of our pleasures. "If we only knew," the present writer once observed, "our heavens are cheap enough—it is our hells that are so expensive." If we were less sophisticated, less artificial, in our pleasures, we would not need to work so hard. And we are always complicating, instead of simplifying, our enjoyments. Take the recent case of radio. Doubtless, radio is a wonderful thing. To hear in Chicago a piano being played in Liverpool is, of course, a triumph for science—but then who wants to hear it? or—why want to hear it?—except once as a "curiosity," one more fairy tale of science. In so far as radio quickens our sense of wonder,

deepens our realization of the marvel of the universe, it is immensely valuable, but indulged in idly and thoughtlessly, it is but one more frivolity added to all those other diversions of modern life, which dissipate our energies and corrupt our powers of enjoyment.

HOW different is the mood of the man who hoists his sail in the stillness of early morning, his deck all dripping with dew, and steals out of some quiet cove into the wide glimmer of the Sound, while the birds are yet singing in the misty woods, and the smell of coffee mounts from the galley, and the smoke from his contented pipe rises like incense in the dawn. What "excitement" can compare with the thrilling serenity of sitting there with his hand on the tiller, and watching the play of the light breeze with his swelling sails, listening to the gentle rippling about his keel, the air clean and gay as a mountain spring, and veil after veil of sun-touched vapours unfolding mysteriously across the heaving levels of opalescent water, the broad dreaming spaces of sea and sky brightening every moment into delicate gladness, as the wind freshens, and the sun comes up at last with sudden effulgence from the pearly limits of the world.

As an old fisherman once called out to me as I glided by him, one such morning, rowing out to his lobster-pots, "Ah! that is the way to catch stars!" When you can hear the morning stars singing over Long Island Sound, why should you care about hearing a piano played in Liverpool, or rag-time oratory from cheap politicians, or sensational clergymen? I never saw that old fisherman again and, often as I have recalled that beautiful phrase of his, I have wondered if he were not a fairy-tale fisherman, though I know he was real enough. Certainly, I have never had any such phrase called out to me on Broadway, nor have I ever heard anything so deeply poetical fall from the lips of a professional poet. I do not, indeed, imply that all Sound fishermen talk that way, though I have "chewed the rag"

with many another similar "character" out there on the lonely water, and been astonished at their racy wisdom and native philosophy, for there seems to be something in the life of the sea, with its deep lapping silences and spacious horizons, conducive to "long, long thoughts," and to live on a yawl is far from meaning a hermit-like deprivation of society, for I ask no better companionship than I have enjoyed with such fishermen, young as well as old. The wisdom of the sea seems somehow to get into all of them, and there is no deeper or more attractive wisdom.

The man who hearkens all day long
To the sea's cosmic-thoughted song
Comes with purged ears to lesser speech,
And something of the skyey reach
Greatens the gaze that feeds on space.

YES! for a man who has not given too many hostages to Fortune, and for whom bridge whist, moving pictures, and cabaret shows, are not a necessity of his being, a yawl is one of the most satisfactory and least expensive solutions of the problem of house-keeping on a planet which becomes every day more "prohibitive" in more ways than one for all but the rich or those who properly resent the necessity of using up all their energies, all the precious breath in their bodies, for little more return than the means to continue their vital functions. There is a very sensible revolt against spending all our lives in the effort to live. The gospel of the goodness of work for its own sake is only true in so far as the work is good in itself, and brings us some spiritual as well as material return. When our work is dull and deadening, the less we can contrive to do of it the better, and to pretend otherwise is mere hypocrisy. That does not mean that we should "scamp" what comes our way to do. I am far from counselling "sabotage." No mortal cake can be all "frosting," but to be willing to take our share in the dreary work of the world in a brave and manly spirit, with such gaiety as we can achieve, is one thing. To acclaim drudgery as a divine institution is another, and the revolt against that drudgery is but a healthy affirmation of the spirit in man which lives not by bread—or limousines—alone. Unless our work wins us the freedom to be something more than a worker, a drudging unit in the great social machine, there is something wrong with it, and we are not getting a fair share of the returns of it. How to get those returns for its units is one of the gravest problems of society, a problem that can perhaps only be solved by our becoming simpler and saner in our pleasures, in our ideals of what constitutes true happiness. Everyone must solve this problem in his own way and as best he can. My yawl is, of course, only one way. But it is a good one for those to whom it appeals, and for those who can achieve it. You have, first of all, of course, to get your yawl. And be sure to get one not too old, however much of a bargain it may seem. Otherwise you may spend your days, and your modest financial surplus in caulking her, and someday she may sink on your hands, and all your household goods—including the small but choice library, without which for companionship, you would not, of course, put to sea—will be suddenly afloat around you; as, indeed, once happened to the present writer. A sound boat,

however, costs little for its upkeep, and the work on it you can easily do yourself, and find the joy of real natural work in the doing. As for your personal expenses, food and clothing and the like—again I would remind you of Shakespeare's woodland singer,

Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets.

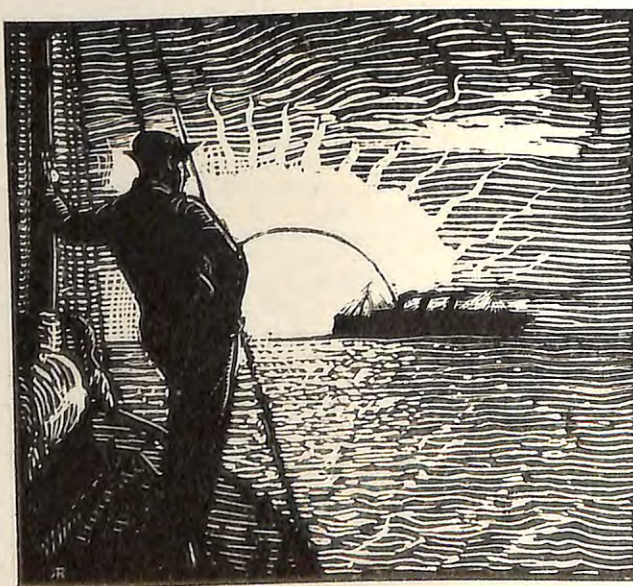
There is a variety of good fish in the sea, and "the contemplative man's recreation" seems to appeal to a large percentage of mankind, if we are to judge by the popularity of angling clubs, and the number of bait shops in cities near the sea, or within reach of mountain streams. And you can keep your purse sufficiently filled by peddling the produce of a few lobster pots, and the healthy exercise of clam digging, though I would not seem to suggest that clam-digging is as light an occupation as it looks, for the clam is far from being so foolish an animal as the proverb about it implies; on the contrary, it is an exceedingly clever and alert creature, well-endowed by nature to elude a merely desultory pursuit. Clam-digging is work, but it is work done with the sea and the sky for company, and belongs, therefore, to the category of the labor we delight in, which not only physics pain, but brings returns of healthy, natural pleasure. I am thinking all the time of what we call "the average man," of simple tastes, and few incumbrances, foot-free and care-free; but, for the man with any artistic gifts, with a handicraft in his fingers, say, wood-carving, or even poetry or painting, the thing is easy. A sonnet or a sketch, or a carved chest, or chair, turned out once in a while, should keep him in luxury. And for society, as I said, he has the sea, a few fishermen-cronies, his books and his pipes, and when these turn lonely on his hands, there are always ports where he can put in, and refresh his immortal soul at the "movies," or even "The Follies." For the best of living on a boat is that you can enjoy the best of both the worlds of sea and shore, at the least possible expense of money or spirit, and the best surrender of individual freedom. And one important item I must not forget: you have not to spend a fortune in paying rent for a bath-tub. The sea is your shimmering bath-tub, ever a-brim with glittering singing freshness, where you can bathe morn, noon, and night in the company of sun and stars, and there is no exercise for body and soul like a good swim.

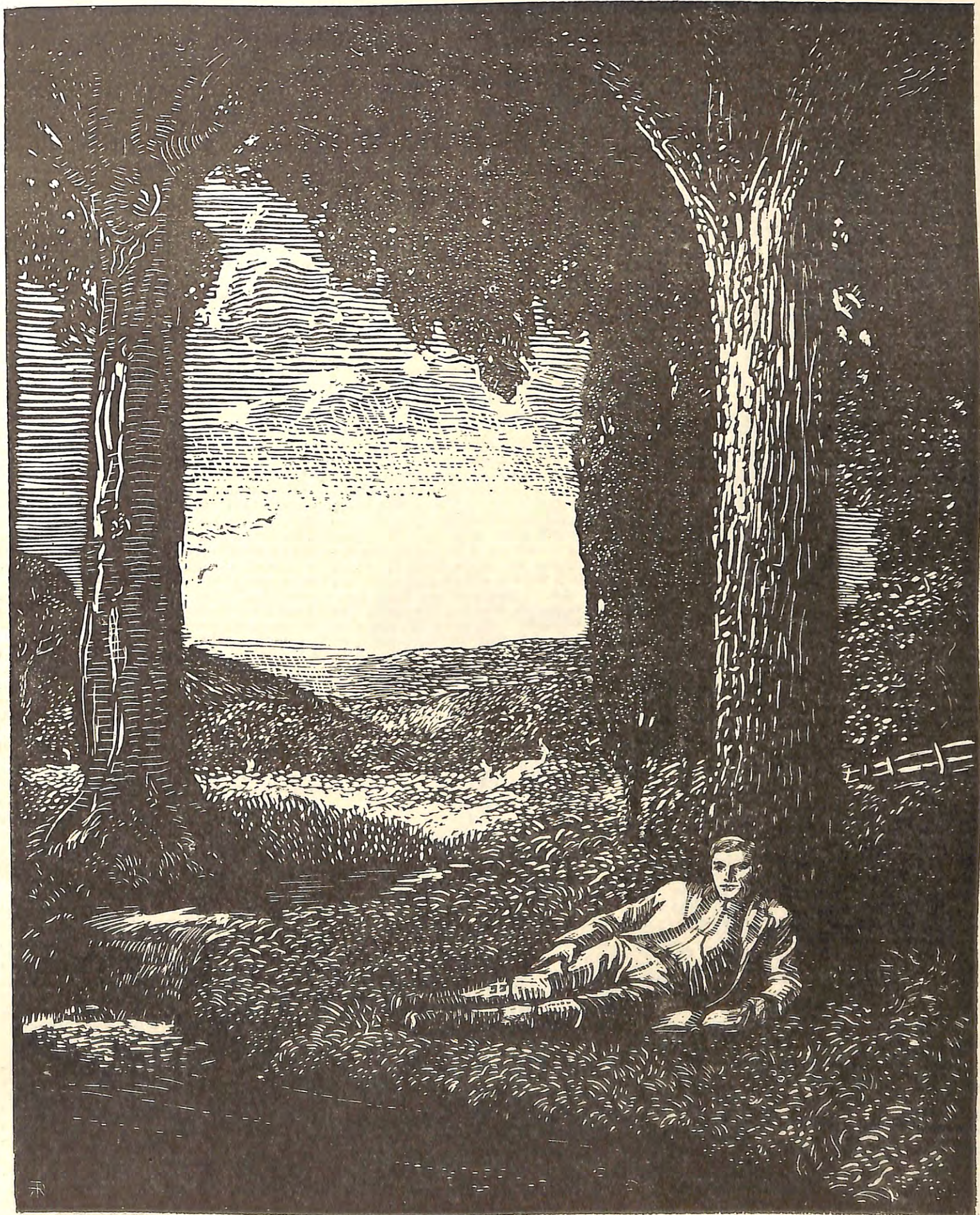
The mental interest of such a life for those who love "nature," and are curious

about natural phenomena, scarcely needs emphasis, for nothing like living on the sea brings us such first-hand acquaintance with elemental things. A knowledge of tides and winds and at least some smattering of astronomy, becomes an inspiring part of one's day's work, and what more fascinating study than that of the myriad lives of the fantastic creatures of the sea? There is always something to watch and marvel at, from fish-hawks to jelly-fish, always something beautiful or strange going about its mysterious business of living, pursued and pursuing, darting, dreaming, mailed or shelled, monstrous as nightmares, or fairy-like as flowers, always some miracle to keep us young with the boyishness of wonder. No need indeed on a boat for phonograph or radio to divert our jaded minds, or take us out of ourselves. For there we become our own "radio," direct receivers of the thrilling messages of the deep heart of the universe. We are made "free" by immersion in the shining sources of being and ourselves become a conscious part of the elemental whole. That is what I mean by the freedom of the sea, and a like spiritual and economic freedom is to be found by those who care to seek it on the land. It is to be found in the mountains, with their woods and streams. There again for a minimum of work we may find a maximum of play, as Thoreau found it by Walden pond, and as the wise in our hard-driven civilization are finding it more every day in camps and trails, and in little farmsteads tilled by their own hands. Americans are particularly fortunate in the opportunities for escape into such freedom, for near most American cities there is some form of wilderness, into which one may plunge and refresh oneself at the elemental founts, if only for some brief portion of each year, and so draw into us from the great spaces spiritual and physical energy to help us through the rest. To climb ledges and fight through thickets in the tracks of bears and foxes, to commune with porcupines and woodchucks, to fish a slippery bouldered stream from dawn to dusk, to follow a beeline through the woods till you find a hidden treasure of wild honey in some hollow tree, to watch a water-snake "negotiating" a large and lively frog through a summer afternoon, to muse upon the commonwealth of an ant-hill, to find all such things out for oneself, instead of merely reading about them in books, is to learn of that wisdom of the earth, which, like nothing else, can make us free.

One of the most fascinating ways of finding freedom is to take up the study of natural science. The trouble with most of our businesses is that they have so little contact with the out-door realities of life. They are "office" tasks, immuring not merely our bodies but our minds also. This can not well be helped and there is no use in complaining of it. We can not all be farmers, or fishermen, or civil engineers, or men whose livelihood in one way or another brings them into healthy relationship with the forces of nature. All such work has in it an element of play. It exhilarates the mind by rousing our creative faculties. To build a bridge or a great building is a "natural" task. It pits our brains and even our physical energies against natural laws, which we are called upon to master and employ. It keeps us from growing stale and bored, and takes

(Continued on page 60)





With a hickory stick and a briar pipe for companions a man has but to walk out into some nearby solitude to leave all his cares behind him, and find his youth again at every turn of the road

Malbron, the Arch-criminal, Emerges from the Underworld to Seek Revenge and Plays a Losing Game

Right and Left

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Donald Teague

THERE are certain general rules of conduct from which, occasionally, one does well to deviate. Anonymous letters are unworthy of consideration; the proper action, on receipt of such a communication, is to throw the unfathered thing into the waste basket. And had Holland been engaged in the practice of another profession, he would doubtless have adhered to the ordinary rule.

But the Holland Detective Agency never destroyed any communication, however trivial or even insane, until "finis" was written at the end of a case. And inasmuch as this letter had to do with a case which had by no means reached its end, Holland treated it with extreme respect. For clues come to the detective from the most unexpected sources.

"If you want to locate Malbron do exactly as told. Attend St. Andrew's morning service next Sunday. Take an end seat in the last row on the right aisle. Arrive early in order that you may be certain of finding the seat vacant. A Friend."

Certainly the letter was written by no feeble-minded person whose brain had become heated by newspaper reading of the exploits of Malbron and the efforts of Holland to apprehend the criminal. One whose reason was not quite normal would not have confined himself to so few words. A wandering mind expresses itself ramblingly. Nor was it written by a practical joker. A practical joker would have been more emphatic in his instructions. Fearful lest the precious point of his merry jest be dulled, he would have been insistent, would have made promises. This writer was not the one nor did he make the other.

Sent forth in sanity, then, and in grim earnest, what was its purpose? It was to answer this question that Holland set himself. A ridge of flesh appeared between his keen gray eyes, and spread itself fanwise, in innumerable tiny wrinkles across his well-shaped forehead. Concentrating, his nose seemed to take on a sharper edge, and his high cheek bones to become bonier, while the thin-lipped wide mouth became a hard slit. Some people purse their lips when thinking; Holland narrowed his.

Was the purpose of the anonymous writer, who described himself by the banal title of "Friend," amicable or inimical? The letter itself gave no clue to the answer. It might have been composed by friend or enemy or by one completely indifferent to Holland. Only, this last alternative must be ruled out. An indifferent person would hardly take the trouble to interject himself into the battle between Malbron and Holland. Nor would a thoroughly indifferent person have taken the pains, to hide his authorship, that the writer had taken. Holland, the smoke from his after-breakfast cigarette curling around one hand, with the other held first the envelope and then the letter to the light. The envelope was the ordinary stamped affair purchasable at any post office. It was post-marked at the Grand Cen-

tral Station at one-thirty P. M. on yesterday. It had arrived last evening, but Holland, out for dinner and the theater, had not bothered to open his mail until this Sunday morning. Rarely were business communications addressed to his home, and so he was casual in his attention to such mail.

The letter itself was a small sheet of cheap typewriter paper. It had been trimmed down by scissors, and in the trimming the water mark had been cut away. The typing itself had been done by a competent operator; the evenness of each letter was proof enough of that. And the machine seemed to have left no distinguishing marks. All the letters were in alignment. There were no idiosyncrasies of spacing which would help in disclosing the identity of the machine.

Of course, no two typewriters, even though new and from the same factory, make exactly the same kind of print. An expert could easily determine, if he had other samples wherewith to guide himself, which machine had written a certain letter. An expert could even take this anonymous communication and quite possibly trace the author. But that would necessitate a visit to various sales rooms, to factories, and even then might end in failure. And to-day was Sunday. Joe Hansen, the Holland operative who was most expert in matters having to do with typewriting, was at this moment winding up his vacation in a Wisconsin town where he had been born.

Finding out any of the physical facts that

lay behind the letter was out of the question to-day. And re-examination seemed to furnish no spiritual facts beyond those regarding which he was already convinced: that sanity and earnestness had inspired the note.

Now, inasmuch as he could not decide off-hand the purpose of the writer, he set himself to solving the possible results of obedience to the author's request. The first thought that came to him was the possibility of danger. He had courage enough; the fact that he had succeeded in his chosen profession argued against any cowardice in his make-up. But he possessed his fair share of caution. And keeping a rendezvous with an anonymous correspondent is not the part of caution, when one happens to be a detective for whose life one like Malbron is eager.

BUT Malbron would hardly plan Holland's assassination in so public a place as St. Andrew's Church. Of course, the very fact that Holland would argue against Malbron's attempting so public a crime might have entered into the calculations of the criminal. Malbron was capable of the unexpected.

Holland glanced at the clock over the fireplace. He came to one of those sudden decisions characteristic of him. He would go to keep the appointment made by his anonymous friend. And as he glanced once more through the letter, the absence of something in its contents struck him forcibly. The letter contained no injunction ordering him to visit the church unattended. Apparently, the writer didn't care how many detectives Holland brought with him. Which would indicate that neither the presence nor the absence of Holland's employees would make any difference to the writer.

So Holland decided to go alone. Had he been told to go alone, prudence would have compelled that he be watchfully escorted. But the carelessness of the writer with regard to this vital matter convinced Holland that back of the letter lay genuineness of intent. Lacking opportunity to find out physical facts, he had logically deduced spiritual facts. Sanity and earnestness were obvious in the phraseology of the note; genuineness of purpose was indicated by the writer's failure to take those precautions which inevitably accompany each malign invitation to a secret meeting.

He was not a regular church-goer, yet he possessed, of course, the formal apparel required for attendance at a fashionable church. And if St. Andrew's was anything, it was fashionable. And then, even as he was brushing his high hat, he changed his mind.

He was not conceited; he knew that he was as prone to error as anyone else. Although those unwritten things in the letter seemed to point to a certain sincerity



The papers were very interesting . . .
Torrance Calvert had been murdered

on the part of the writer, there was always the possibility that Malbron might be its author. In which case, the less conspicuous Holland was, the more certain his safety. Instead of the formal clothing dictated by custom, he wore a blue sack suit and a plain gray hat. If Malbron intended evil, Holland would not be quite such a shining mark for a bullet.

Nevertheless, as he strolled down Fifth Avenue, he smiled at his own precautions. If Malbron intended to emerge, on murder bent, from that haven in the underworld into which he had fled some weeks ago, he would not do so on a shining Sunday morning on Fifth Avenue. Night, and some baser part of the city, would be the hour and scene of Malbron's reappearance. However, though he found cause for mirth in his own fears, he respected those fears, exactly as he would have respected the fears of another man whom he knew not to be overtimorous. He was as alert as he entered the church as he would have been at entering a known haunt of the arch criminal.

It was that Indian summer season when fashion, which has taken up its winter abode in the city, flies to the country for one last week-end of golf. St. Andrew's held less than half of its winter congregation this morning. So that Holland had no difficulty at all in getting the seat mentioned in the letter. A famous preacher officiated at this church and all those present had chosen seats as far down front as possible. The last few rows were vacant. Holland slipped into the last pew on the right-hand aisle. He sat down in the end seat.

Tense, he awaited a sign of some sort. None came. An hour later, somewhat chagrined, he made his way out from the gloom of the church into the glare of Fifth Avenue. He almost expected a group of practical jokers—his club contained members who might not be averse to having a bit of fun at his expense—to greet him with jeers.

BUT nothing untoward met him. As he stood on the steps members of the congregation passed him, chatting cheerily or stalking gloomily, depending on how religion affected them. He did not belong to this church, and while his acquaintance was wide, he recognized no one this morning. Nor, though he lingered on the steps until the last worshipper had departed, did anyone seek to attract his attention.

Well, despite all his logic it has been a joke. Not a very elaborate joke, either. Whoever had planned it had evidently been content to chuckle quietly. He had not cared to force his merriment upon Holland's notice.

Holland looked at his watch. He had planned a day's golf. There would not be many more Sundays like this; fall would soon merge into winter. Well, he could catch a train, first snatching a luncheon at the station, and get in eighteen holes. Tomorrow he would let someone in the office study the anonymous letter. And next week Hansen might be able to do something with it. In the meantime, he'd forget it.

But next morning, when he awoke, he found that the letter still occupied his thoughts. Unless all his logic was at fault, it had been written by no practical joker. Some one had wanted him to attend St. Andrew's for a weighty reason. That the "some one" had failed to come forward, had failed to communicate in any way with Holland, did not necessarily disprove the detective's logic. Holland was like the rest of us; he hated to admit, even to himself, that he reasoned incorrectly. And then,

with the advent of the morning paper, he forgot, for the moment, the mysterious letter.

For the paper was extremely interesting this Monday morning. Signor Mussolini, castor oil's great proponent, had suffered his usual Sabbath Day delusion of grandeur, and his outbreak made interesting reading. A governor was being impeached in a Western state; Germany had had its week-end threat at revolution, and M. Poincare had hurled defiance indiscriminately across the Rhine and the Channel. Also, Torrance Calvert had been murdered on Madison Avenue.

Calvert was a youth of no particular achievement; but he happened to be the son and heir of one of the wealthiest bankers in New York. His death would have been a news story; his murder was a matter that called for screaming headlines. Entirely aside from his professional interest in all crime, Holland felt a



"What is it to-day?" asked Lieutenant Blair after the first greeting. "The Calvert case," replied Holland. The lieutenant of detectives pursed his thick lips

personal interest in this murder. For he had played golf once with the young man; he had handled, with success, a case for the elder Calvert. The Calverts were not intimates of his; Holland did not affect society; but they were more than mere acquaintances. Eagerly he read the voluminous accounts of the murder, which, boiled down, amounted to this:

Calvert had attended St. Andrew's yesterday morning. He had left the church in company with Oran B. Morphew, the traction magnate. They had walked together north on Fifth Avenue as far as Fifty-sixth Street. Here they had turned east. Morphew's residence was just a few doors from Madison Avenue. The two men parted at the stoop. Morphew ascended the steps and Calvert continued toward Madison Avenue. As the traction man rang his door-bell he heard a shot from the direction of Madison Avenue. As he ex-

plained to reporters, it might have been the back-fire of a motor car, or a tire blowing out. But cries of alarm convinced him that it was the report of a revolver. He ran down the stoop and in a few strides had reached Madison Avenue. There, upon the sidewalk, just around the corner, lay young Calvert. He was bleeding from a wound in the head, and a glance told Morphew that the young man was dead. The traction man called for help; a policeman arrived, and in twenty minutes the whole detective force of the city was engaged in the search for the murderer. But up to the time that the morning paper had gone to press, the police efforts had availed nothing.

This was not to be wondered at; the police had no clues. Although half a dozen people had been within fifty feet of the young man when he was shot, not one of them could give any exact description of his murderer. Summed up, the testimony of the various eye witnesses amounted to this: a taxicab had rounded the corner from Fifty-sixth Street; it was driven by a man in a suit that according to one witness was brown and to another was blue. His headgear was

debatable. One said that it was a chauffeur's leather-visored cap, another that it was a black fedora and still a third that it was a cloth cap. Through the window of the machine a hand had been thrust; a revolver in the hand had exploded, and young Calvert had fallen. Only one witness claimed to have seen the shot fired. The others at first thought, as Morpheu had done, that the machine had back-fired.

BUT the man who saw the hand emerge from the rear of the taxicab had screamed, and the rest of the people had guessed that a crime had been committed. One man had even run out into the street and tried to leap upon the running-board of the taxi, but had been thrown heavily to the ground. The taxi had sped up Madison Avenue and vanished. No one knew its number.

There were statements issued by members of Calvert's household to the effect that, so far as his family knew, the young man had had no enemies. Yet Morpheu stated that he remembered that a taxi had followed himself and the murdered man up Fifth Avenue and across Fifty-sixth Street. He had noted its slow progress only sub-consciously; not until after the crime had been committed did the trailing taxi mean anything to Morpheu. But the very fact that the murderer had followed the young man, awaiting an opportunity to kill, seemed to prove that the crime was not an act of sudden insanity but a carefully planned affair.

But why?

This was the question that Ridgely Calvert put to Holland that afternoon. The detective had hardly reached his office when the elder Calvert's attorneys had got in touch with him, and the result of their conversation was his present appointment with the banker.

A man whose gray hair was coarse and thick, whose features were large and aggressive, Ridgely Calvert bore his sixty years lightly. This afternoon, though shocked and grieved beyond measure, he nevertheless was in complete control of all his faculties, and the same icy determination that had marked his business career was visible in his manner now.

"I want you to get the man or men who did this, Holland," he said. "I don't care how long it takes or how much it costs. I want you to get them."

"You know that I'll do my best," said Holland. "I liked Torrance."

"So did every one that ever met him," said the father. "As decent a lad as ever lived. I was his father, but if I'd been his brother I'd not have known him any better. A clean boy. No dirty intrigues, no double life, nothing like that. No saint, and I wouldn't have wanted him to be. But the kind of a boy that any man would have been glad to see his daughter marry. Now, why did a cheap gangster trail him in a car?"

"That is the last question I'll be able to answer," replied Holland. "Before we reach that question, we'll have to ask and answer many others."

"Oh, I know you'll be thorough. And I'll help you all I can. Don't be afraid to ask me anything."

"I won't," said Holland. "Now, you said there was no scandal in the life of Torrance. You're certain of that?"

"Absolutely. Mind, no man knows everything about the life of another, but I'd stake my immortal soul on it."

Holland nodded. "We'll assume that you're right. Now then, what do you know about his movements yesterday morning?"

"No more than the papers have printed," replied Calvert. "We had breakfast together. He asked me if I were going to church. I told him that I had some work to do. He said that he guessed he'd go. And that's all that I know."

"Then I won't harass you with any more questions now," said Holland.

As a matter of fact, he could think of no other questions to ask the bereaved parent. He left the house of grief and visited Morpheu. But the financier could add little to what had appeared in the morning papers.

Nor could the witnesses of the murder shed any additional light upon the tragedy. The police, always friendly to Holland, were willing to share their information with him, but they had nothing to share.

THIS much he had managed to ascertain by nightfall, however. The senior Calvert had not been deceived as to the mode of life of his dead son. Holland talked with several intimates of the young man, and assured himself that no scandal lay behind the tragedy.

And then, that night, in his own apartment, he bethought him of the anonymous letter which he had received Saturday evening. Could there be any connection between his receipt of that letter and the murder of Torrance Calvert?

There was no reason in the world why any one should murder Torrance Calvert. At least, no reason that Holland could imagine. And he was convinced that prolonged investigation would fail to discover a reason.

But if things happen without reason, they occur because of accident. This opened up a train of thought. What was the nature of the accident that caused Calvert's death?

The bullet that killed him had not been aimed at some one else. This theory of accident must be dismissed at once. It was untenable, for Morpheu testified that the taxi, in which the murderer rode, had followed himself and Calvert for several blocks. The murderer, then, had aimed at Calvert.

This very deliberation, this sinister bidding of his time, proved that the crime was not the passionate act of a moment's thought, but a planned deed. Only, there was no reason for any one to plan Calvert's murder. A murder *was* planned, but was it Calvert's? If Calvert's death were accident, this was





Burton went for his gun and Pinelli shot him, but just at that moment Malbron came through the door. He got Holland twice. The bullet that hit his cheek just grazed him, but the other ones splintered a rib. Holland went down and then Pinelli broke Malbron's wrist

the only kind of accident it could be: a mistake in identity.

It was a planned murder. But it had been planned for another victim. At any rate, upon this theory Holland could see possibilities of action on his part. If he assumed that Calvert had been murdered by someone who knew that Calvert was Calvert, he could see no day-light in the case. But this suddenly arrived at theory gave him premises upon which he could work.

Now, there was one person in New York whose murder was intended; there might be hundreds, but one he knew about. That one was himself. And he had been requested to attend yesterday's services at St. Andrew's. Suppose that someone had mistaken him for Calvert?

He and Calvert did not resemble each other at all, save in the fact that they were both slim, dark and medium height. But one who knew neither might readily, given a general description, mistake one for the other.

At any rate, tenuous though the theory might be, it was worth acting upon. Moreover, it was the only theory that presented itself. And so, next morning, he had a conversation with the sexton of St. Andrew's.

Yes, the sexton had seen young Calvert enter the church. He had come late. Probably because he did not wish to disturb the worshippers, the young man had not taken a place in the Calvert pew down front. Instead, he had slipped into a seat at the rear of the church.

"Show me the seat," demanded Holland.

The sexton pointed it out. It was the end seat in the last row on the left hand aisle.

Lest his memory play him a trick, Hol-

land consulted the anonymous letter. But his remembrance was correct. He had been ordered to take a seat on the right aisle.

Now, suppose that the murderer was one who had never seen

Holland, but who had been told what seat the detective would occupy, and had been given a general description of Holland? But would a man on murder bent make such a vital mistake as the failure to differentiate between his left and his right hand?

"Why wouldn't they send a man who knew you?" demanded Pinelli, the Italo-American who had become Holland's right hand man.

"A man who knew me wouldn't have to be told, in order to identify me, what pew I sat in," said Holland.

"That doesn't answer my question," objected Pinelli.

"ALL right, I'll try to answer it. Let us suppose that Malbron planned my murder, and sent me, or caused to be sent me, this anonymous letter. He would know that there was an even chance that you or other operatives would follow me to the church. You know the Malbron gang by sight. Grant that he has recently acquired new members for his gang. They would be men of a type to attract your attention. Malbron is no longer ruffling it in the best society, able to attract to his banner adventurous youth from the upper classes. He can only get gunmen, professional crooks. You would recognize such a type at once, and so would I. So, it was

necessary for him to engage a man of a type that we would not suspect."

"But you just said he couldn't get young bloods like he used to get," protested Pinelli.

"And I mean what I said. But there is still another type. A type that neither you nor I would recognize as a hired murderer; a man whom we would not have seen before and so suspect."

"And what type is that?" demanded Pinelli.

Holland picked up the anonymous letter; he read it over. Then he smiled at his lieutenant.

"Pinelli, the man we want, the man who killed Calvert, is a former actor and possibly an ex-stenographer or secretary. Perhaps he was not an actor, but he had to do with the theatre."

"You're kidding," declared Pinelli.

"I was never more serious in my life," asserted Holland.

"But why do you make such a statement?" asked Pinelli.

Holland laughed. "I'm serious, but I may be badly mistaken. If I am, I don't want you laughing at my reasoning. Call up police headquarters, find out if Lieutenant Blair is there, and if he can give us half an hour of his valuable time."

Pinelli did as told. Lieutenant Blair was in and would be glad to see Holland. He was, too, rising from his swivel chair as, ten minutes later, Holland entered his office.

"What's it to-day?" he asked, after the first greeting.

"The Calvert case," replied Holland.

The Lieutenant of detectives pursed his thick lips. He ran a stubby hand over a round chin.

(Continued on page 68)

Why Not Become a Crack Shot?

*The Government Helps to Teach Responsible Citizens
the Use of Rifle and Pistol*

By William S. Dutton

BANDITS were doing about as they pleased with the banks and bankers of Iowa in 1918. That year recorded the greatest number of holdups and the highest loss from banditry in the history of banking in the State. It was getting so that bank tellers suspected every strange customer of packing a lethal weapon; and plain Iowa folk were beginning to have more faith in the old family stocking as a banking place for their money than in polished marble interiors and steel vaults.

Then some one of the harassed banking fraternity discovered it is about the easiest thing in the world for an American citizen to become a rifleman. Pronto the bankers wrote to Washington, and with open arms the War Department received their plaint and passed it on to the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice. Guns, pistols, ammunition and targets were started West from Government arsenals. In every Iowa county the bankers organized, and with them organized the business men whose places of business are in the near vicinity of banks.

The bankers' object was to stop banditry as it was in the act of manifesting itself most spectacularly—right in the strong rooms of their banks. In the past, in line

men neighbors, the plan being to surround every bank in the State with trained riflemen who would cut off all ways of bandit escape. In nearby armories, on federal rifle ranges, and on private ranges equipped for rifle and pistol practice by the Government, soldier instructors taught these civilians the difference between an adding machine and a working Springfield .30. The best shots were picked and made deputy sheriffs, who in turn formed Vigilance Committees and joined the National Rifle Association.

Last October under Government auspices the Iowa bankers held their first annual State shooting competition at Fort Des Moines and their high man made 98 bulls-eyes out of a possible 100, at 200 yards range, rapid fire. The lowest man made 40.

And during the year of 1923 only two bank holdups occurred in all Iowa, the robbers netting a paltry \$16,000!

There was a time, back in the days of Custer and Wild Bill Hickok, when America boasted the finest rifle and revolver shots in the world. Then we slipped back. The Indian-fighting pioneer and prospector of the Old West vanished and in their place came the white-collared ranch owner and the oil king. Just after the Spanish-

American War rifle shooting, as a sport and a science commanding the respect and affection of red-blooded Americans, was virtually dead. Even in the National Guard, rifles were considered more as ornaments for drill than as weapons. Military schools provided their cadets with "dummies." The Swiss, the British and the French claimed shooting supremacy.

BUT gradually there came an American revival. A few hardy souls resurrected the almost defunct National Rifle Association, founded in 1870, and by strenuous effort pumped back into it some vestige of life. Quietly the movement gained strength, unheralded and unsung, without any hulla-balloo in the newspapers. By 1910 we were winning in International matches. We kept on winning, and Europe's crack shots ceased to smile at the "inferiority" of American guns and gunnery. To-day American marksmen once more top the world. A Massachusetts doctor is the world's pistol champion. American teams and individuals have broken a dozen world's records.

Civilian rifle shooting, in this year of Grace, is coming into its own in the United States. The incident of the Iowa bankers is but an outcropping of a movement which embraces every State in the Union. Tired of being robbed, Kansas bankers are following the example of their Iowa brothers. In Wyoming, wool growers have taken up training in the rifle to rid their State of animals which prey on sheep. Entirely apart from the citizens' military training camp movement, more than 1,600 civilian rifle and pistol clubs are in existence, actively affiliated with War Department agencies, utilizing Government equipment and receiving expert instruction. Big industries are organizing rifle clubs and building ranges, largely for the self-control and discipline rifle training inculcates in



2,700 Riflemen entered in the National competition at Camp Perry, Oregon, in 1923. The firing line shown above is composed almost entirely of civilians of whom there were 1,000 in camp. Below a group of the Portland police receiving pistol instruction

with a practice unanimously approved by the Bank Robbers' Local, the bandits had gone about their little jobs almost unmolested. After the loot had been lifted a hue and cry would be raised; rewards would be offered; the newspapers would shriek in traditional headlines and the police bump their heads in traditional blind alleys. All was annoyingly routine and effective—for the bandits, who usually got away.

Under Government tutelage, the bankers laid aside their golf sticks and took up shooting irons for a change of program. From experience they knew that five masked men, armed, nervy, and quick on their triggers, could "stick up" even an alert bank force in the average Iowa town where police facilities were limited. With this in mind they enlisted their business





PHOTOGRAPH BY
H. F. VAN WINKLE



An expert markswoman (upper left) developing her poise and self-reliance on the Santa Paula, Calif., range. In the oval, a street of tents at Camp Perry as it looks during the annual matches held there in the fall. The third picture is a view of the Serena Rifle Range at Santa Barbara, California, a State that leads in the interest of its civilians in rifle shooting

men. Lodges are taking it up—and railroads. It is being taught in public schools to both boys and girls. Teams from eleven major colleges participated in a recent indoor shooting match in New York; and before the end of the year, Washington predicts, at least 125 colleges will have teams enrolled in the National Rifle Association and receiving guns and ammunition and training through that body's official colleague, the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice.

There are a variety of reasons for this growing popularity of the rifle and, singularly, none of them centers in any hysterical belief of impending war. On the contrary the nation is sick of war—the dose of from '14 to '18 was sour enough to last it for some time. The incentive back of the Iowa bankers was a determination to stop banditry before which the police were impotent; but when that object was attained rifle shooting did not die out in Iowa. Instead, the lure of the target range had got into the bankers' blood—and it fired them to the call of a new sport.

THAT'S one of the biggest reasons why the country is taking so widely to shooting. It's a sport. The whole family from Johnny in knee breeches up to Grandma in knickers may join in it. An entire community may join, from Mayor to street cleaner. Age is no barrier, nor are numbers. It matters not a plugged sou whether the would-be marksman is lean or fat, tall or stubby, bow-legged or knock-kneed, as bald as the eagle on the dollar or flat in both feet. Nor is the individual as such lost in mass participation; his performance on the range is strictly a personal affair between himself, his weapon and the target. And if he desires privacy he may shoot alone.

Also shooting gets folks into the outdoors. It demands endurance, steadiness, a clear

eye, and consequently is a body builder. And there is a song dear to most American ears in the zip of a speeding bullet and a thrill unique in a lead-riddled bulls-eye. A half dozen colleges have put rifles into the hands of girl students; the girls' contention is that it develops poise, individual self-reliance and a spirit of sportsmanship which thus far is free from any taint of professionalism. The business man devotee—and he numbers thousands—points to his better physique, his clearer brain, the discipline and a habit of self-analysis engendered.

The sport has its scientific side. Almost unlimited possibilities for the development of new sighting equipment, improved breech action, better stocks, and so on, carry a strong appeal to the man mechanically inclined. City skyscrapers are filled with clerks, bookkeepers and men of the professions who like to tinker about a workbench and "make things with their hands." Radio has demonstrated this mechanical streak in Americans, and rifle shooting is one sport which allows it full play. The engineer finds a hobby in the hundred and one ramifications to be made in interior and exterior ballistics; the chemist steps onto the range and at once becomes involved in a discussion of cleaning solutions, rust preventives, improved primers and propellants.

The initial impulse of the shooting tyro, of course, is to blaze away at something. The boy in him is uppermost. He has a sneaking suspicion that he is another Bill Tell of the rifle, undiscovered. After this stage of his enthusiasm passes and he finds he is not hitting anything smaller than the side of a hill, the tyro gets down to serious work. He is willing to listen to instruction in the trigger squeeze, the mechanism of his piece, the fine points of sighting and aiming, body positions and coordination of brain

and muscles. Two or three months of this and he is beginning to put shots close to where he wants them. The science of the game "gets" him and he's off, a confirmed rifle "bug."

For some reason which the psychologists will have to explain, physicians take instinctively to the pistol and are wont to excel in that arm. Lawyers prefer the rifle. Shooting clubs in industries usually are headed by engineers. California of late has taken lead in the sport among the States, pressed hard by Arizona and New York. Contrary to general belief all of the best shooting is not done in the "great open spaces"; Broadway boasts some of the best civilian shots in the country.

ANY citizen of repute who so desires may become a good marksman. All he needs do is to inform Washington or any army range officer of his desire, by mail or in person, and thereafter follow instructions. The National Rifle Association will take him in hand. The National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice through its Director of Civilian Marksmanship will see that he gets a range to shoot upon, capable instructors, a Springfield rifle and plenty of Frankford arsenal ammunition—all at no cost whatsoever to him.

Any ten citizens upon application to Washington may be formed into an officially recognized rifle club and, upon furnishing a small bond, will be supplied with range equipment and a specified number of rifles and rounds of ammunition, at no cost other than the express charges. In this way club ranges are being established in all parts of the country, especially in districts not easily accessible to regulation ranges.

Such clubs may compete for representation in all official matches, here and abroad. National and international competitions are held annually at Camp Perry, Ohio. The camp is open to any club, team, or individual citizen. Tents and bedding are provided, new rifles and ammunition, and a school of instruction conducted for all

(Continued on page 80)

Intimate Glimpses of Court Life

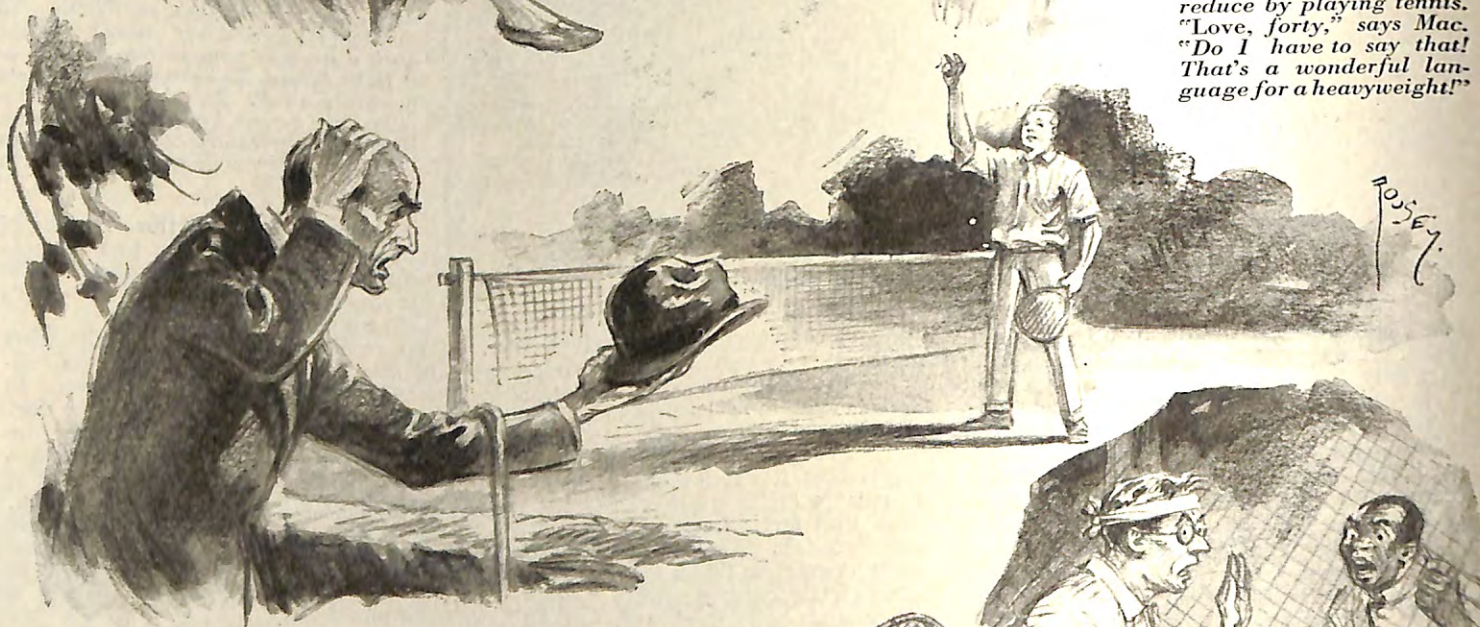
By T. S. Tousey



"I find golf much more interesting," explains Mr. Hickereell, whose wife beat him three love sets last season just before he gave up the game



Mr. McClosky has been advised by his doctor to reduce by playing tennis. "Love, forty," says Mac. "Do I have to say that! That's a wonderful language for a heavyweight!"



"Thank you"! Whaddye mean 'Thank you'? Would ye like me to 'Thank you' if I cracked ye on the head with a baseball?" exclaims old man Crabtree as he refuses to toss back the offending tennis ball



"Return 'em to his back hand!" hisses Jimmie Sherman to his partner, Mr. Dubber. Mr. Dubber considers the day well spent when he gets one out of three over the top of the net without any placement



"The missus wants ye on th' phone," says the club steward to Joe Musser. "Tell her I left for home an hour ago," says Joe. "I can't quit in the middle of a set, dinner or no dinner"

Elsie Drucklehouse saw Mlle. Lenglen play acrobatic tennis (on a movie news reel) and she's perfectly certain that, with her new handkerchief and short skirt, her own game will improve 80%. "The trouble with Miss Lenglen," explains Elsie, "is that she loses her temper, and I never, never do that"

The Sporting Angle

Olympic Tryouts, the Triumph of Brawn Over Brain, and Other Matters

By W. O. McGeehan

IN THE Olympic tryouts Pat McDonald, the veteran weight thrower and the hero of other Olympic Games, failed to qualify and made the trip to Paris as a trainer. Younger giants, more impressive of frame and with more spring to their muscles, outstripped him.

"Oh well," said Patrick, just a little sadly. "What can you expect with the young men coming up all the time? They come so fast, too, when one begins to feel just a bit old."

That is the answer to those who raise the question as to when the record-breaking on track and field will end. The shortest answer seems to be, "Never." At least this will be the answer while the human race keeps its interest in track and field athletics.

Even in the hundred-yard dash, where the limit was supposed to have been reached in the day of Bernie Wefers, they will clip the record by tenths of a second. This, of course, is always providing that the interest does not die. The time will come when the super-sprinter may do that distance in nine seconds flat. There are those who will hold that this is a physical impossibility, but consider how records have fallen since the revival of the Olympic games.

The man to clip the fractions of seconds from the existing records may be something of a freak. His stride will have to be longer than the strides of any of the sprinters known by this and past generations. He will have to have a super-motive force in heart and muscles to move his long legs to the pace required. But that marvelous machine with its perfect gearing will be discovered. Maybe there is such a sprinter even now in the jungles of Africa or out in the deserts among the Navajos.

Remember that the material which has the potentialities for the making of the greatest of athletes does not always reach the cinder paths and the athletic fields.

* * *

Within the athletic career of Pat McDonald the marks that he made in attempting to qualify for the American Olympic team would have stood as world's records. Compare the marks for weight throwing of say fifteen years ago with those of to-day. The difference is startling.

Certainly it might stand as a refutation of the notion that the more or less human race, the civilized section of it, is deteriorating physically. The marks would indicate that we are breeding better and bigger men and that the end is not yet. This always is a source of innocent merriment to me, to be able to show that the race is not quite headed on its way to the bow wows, and that the modern methods of living are not conducive to the breeding of weaklings. It rather knocks this back-to-nature theory.

Pat McDonald is not one of the back-to-nature men and the young giants who have eliminated him as the weight thrower of the American team are highly civilized young men. Also Patrick is a city dweller and a traffic policeman at one of the most con-

gested crossings of New York City when he is not training for weight-throwing.

The American Olympic team was gathered from all sections of the country. The men from the great wide open spaces are not in the majority. There is a plentiful sprinkling of city boys. One of the men in the hundred-



Mrs. Walter P. Andrews of Atlanta, Ga., who, though she took up trap shooting only a year and a half ago, recently won the women's single championship for the South and is entered to compete in the National championship this month

meter dash started to sprint through traffic on the crowded sidewalks of New York. I am dwelling on this merely to illustrate that potential athletic champions can be developed in any environment in the United States.

In the days of the old Olympic games they did not have split second watches and their methods of measurement were somewhat erratic. One can not compare the records of the Olympics of 1924 with those made in the days when Spartan met Athenian.

One merely can speculate on these matters. Boxing persons often like to ask themselves the hypothetical question, "What would happen if John L. Sullivan in his prime could be matched with Jack Dempsey?"

This is one of the questions one may answer as he pleases. My own hypothetical question at the current writing is, "What would happen if the present American Olympic team could be made to compete with the Spartan team of Sometime B.C.?" Let the shades of the old Greek athletes clamor in the Elysian Fields if they will. My conviction

is that the American athletes would win every event. This conviction is based on the athletic axiom that no record can last forever.

* * *

Remember, too, that all of our athletic resources were not mustered for the Olympics. The fact that only amateurs may compete in the modern Olympic Games prevented us from sending all of our pugilistic champions and our wrestling champions to Paris. In the old days the matter of professionalism was not one of the athletic problems.

Of course, it is recorded that the only prize given the victors in the old games was the classic wreath of laurels. But it might have been that Athens or Sparta gave their heroes more substantial rewards afterward and that this fact, the prospect of something in the way of a bonus, might have spurred on some of the competitors. Human nature in the days when Greece was Greece could not have been so vastly different.

Mr. Jack Dempsey is barred from competition in the Olympic boxing. Even if he were not prohibited from entering because he is a professional, it is doubtful that Mr. Dempsey could be persuaded to spare the time from his various activities to take the Olympic trip for a mere set of laurel wreaths. Mr. Dempsey financially is able to buy groves of laurels if he felt disposed to go in for reforestation.

Mr. Strangler Lewis, or whoever happens to be the present wrestling champion (this title changes with such rapidity that nobody can keep track of it), also is barred as a professional. Also like Mr. Dempsey the current wrestling champion could not spare the time to compete for a mere twig. Professional boxers and wrestlers are practical men who care not a fig for the glory that was Greece or the grandeur that was Rome, or whatever it is that makes the amateur strain his heart and muscles for a place on the Olympic team.

But given the cestus to reinforce his already durable fists Mr. Dempsey probably would be able to dispose of the champion of old Sparta in a fraction of a round and dispose of him so effectively that the case would go to the coroner's jury. Also Mr. Strangler Lewis with his headlock would be able to throttle the most durable of the old Greek wrestlers in a reasonably brief period.

* * *

ACCORDING to the *Dearborn Independent*, a famous educator declares that college sports are becoming more and more commercialized. This journal says, "He said the cause was the sport pages of the daily newspapers. These papers, he explained, devote their columns almost exclusively to professional sports. The athletes read the columns."

"The discovery that a certain major league club signs a player for a salary well up in five figures; that another major league team buys a player for a salary in the six figures; that baseball made millions of dollars in the previous year; that the world's

(Continued on page 58)



A husky who looked like an understudy for Luis Firpo boiled into the editorial rooms. "Who wrote this?" he bellowed. "I'll lick the whole shop, three of you at a time, if you don't tell me!"

How the Most Obliging Scapegoat That Ever Swallowed Type In a Newspaper Office, Suddenly Came to Life

Joe Speavey

By Edwin Dial Torgerson

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

JOE SPEAVEY was very much like John J. Nobody, the fellow in the Morality Play. Whenever, in the course of that merry drama, a dirty trick was pulled on Miss Alice Truth, or Mrs. Henriette Justice, some one croaked, "Nobody did it." And if one of the characters wanted to borrow money, the wise man of the cast sang out, "Sure, Nobody will lend it to you."

Joe was a sort of first cousin to Nobody, but for obvious reasons he had a more convincing name. He was the last word in modern conveniences around a newspaper office. I speak from the heart, trippingly, for many were the times when the shadowy rascal helped me out.

Joe Speavey was invisible, ubiquitous, omnipresent, and had a lot of other qualities that would have made him invaluable to Conan Doyle. He was a good-natured spirit. He had lurked around *The Advertiser* for thirty years. Even old Nick Houston, who was a telegraph operator long before the typewriter was invented, remembered Joe from the days when he used stylus and flimsy, and copied news off the wire in long-hand.

Never had Joe Speavey done anything right. He was responsible for all the errors of commission, omission and remission in the editorial history of *The Advertiser*. He was the guardian angel of reporters. He was the fellow who wrote all the stories to which anybody raised an objection.

Klein, the dramatic editor, referred to him repeatedly. I remember one occasion when a husky who looked like an understudy for Luis Firpo boiled into the editorial rooms with a folded newspaper in one hand and manslaughter in both eyes.

"Who wrote this?" he bellowed. "I'll lick the whole shop, three of you at a time, if you don't tell me!"

Since the article in point was a dramatic criticism, the matter was referred to Klein without recommendation. In this review of "Bound and Gagged," Klein had said the man who played the part of the boilermaker was "sweet and ladylike." Well, here she was.

"Mr. Speavey, my assistant, wrote that,"

murmured Klein, thoughtfully. "I have warned him repeatedly against fancy writing, at the expense of other people's feelings. I shall take it up with him."

"Well, where is he?" demanded the extra-heavyweight. "I shall cram it down his throat."

Klein looked around the office ostentatiously, and made numerous inquiries.

"He's stepped out, sir. No doubt it would be well to telephone him, and make an appointment. He's in and out."

"He'll be out of luck, if ever I lay hands on him," growled the actor. "You'll hear from me again!"

Saunders, the managing editor, didn't approve of Joe Speavey. In fact, a series of determined efforts had been made to exterminate him, but he bobbed up serenely in a pinch. If you ever worked on a newspaper, you may know what a useful citizen he was. Saunders had told half a dozen people that he had fired Joe Speavey, when a constant stream of complaints had reached him—appeals from the reportorial bench to the highest tribunal.

"I'll fire the first man who lays any more dirt on Joe Speavey," was the Chief's dictum.

But Joe was too jolly a fellow to be spurned thus lightly, and he continued to function. It was the reporters' idea of a good joke to send an irate complainant to the furthestmost outskirts of Montmorency with a false address, the supposed residence of Joe Speavey. Originally, some wag had started the Speavey racket as a prank for one emergency only, but through long usage he had become an established tradition, and just now he was at the height of his usefulness.

A printer with an over-developed sense of humor brought things to a climax one day when he slipped in a "by-line" at the head of a spicy article—"By Joe Speavey." That added verisimilitude to the myth, and brought on instant complications, because the story thus accredited happened to be the story about the Blanton will case.

Saunders tore his hair. The printer was fired, but that failed to avert a renewed bombardment from objectors whom Saunders had already told that "Speavey" was fired.

One of them was Judge Martin Lanier, the senior member of the biggest law firm in town, Lanier & Fowlkes, and a firm, moreover, through whose influence *The Advertiser* secured the bulk of its legal advertising. A series of "bulls," emanating from the court house, had aroused the lawyer's ire, previous to this. In a particularly biting mood, he telephoned Saunders.

"I see your Mr. Speavey is still on the job," he snapped. "He wrote that scurrilous article about my client, Miss Blanton, eh?"

"Miss Blanton?"

The story was fresh in his mind, but Saunders sparred for time.

"You know what I'm talking about, the Blanton will," fussed Lanier. "The provisions of that will were absolutely nobody's business except Miss Blanton's. You have done no good by printing that supposedly funny story, and you have made Miss Blanton the butt of ridicule. If the poor girl does marry, now, everybody will say that her husband is an adventurer marrying her for her money."

"OH, YES, I remember," admitted Saunders, thoughtfully. "I didn't recall just who did write that story. Wasn't it correct?"

"Correct!" fumed the lawyer. "What if it was correct? Hasn't a newspaper a conscience? Is it right to ruin a woman's happiness just because you want to print a worthless little news item that is 'correct'? I'll tell you this, Saunders—I've been a good friend of *The Advertiser's*, but if you don't get rid of that impudent scandal-monger, Joe Speavey, I'm through."

"Just hold connection a minute."

Saunders was tempted. He had threatened to discharge the next man who used Joe Speavey as a means out of a scrape, but after all, it was an easy way to appease Lanier. The man who wrote that article deserved no censure, for it was a good feature

story, judged by newspaper standards, and correct in every detail.

Hazel Blanton was a dilettante artist from the ranks of society, all set for a career and avowedly wedded to that idea. Her uncle, Egbert Blanton, had possessed, prior to his death, a fortune and certain ideas of his own about the domestic sphere being woman's proper place. So he had left a will stipulating that his niece was to inherit one-half of his estate, six months from the date of his death, on the sole condition that within that time she must marry and establish a home. The other half of the old man's property was to go to her children, if any—twenty thousand dollars to be placed in trust upon the birth of each child. In the event Hazel Blanton failed to marry within the specified time, the entire estate was to go to charity, the girl, however, being empowered to select the causes to which the endowment was to be devoted. This was April, and Egbert Blanton had been dead a month. His niece must make up her mind by the first of September.

A whiz-bang of a story! And Hazel Blanton one of the prettiest girls in Montmorency.

The managing editor picked up the receiver.

"Yes, Joe Speavey wrote it," he lied. "I thought the city editor had canned him. He's a trouble-maker, and he'll have to go."

"He ought to go," sputtered the lawyer. "But before he goes, I want you to promise one thing. Miss Blanton says she is going to *The Advertiser* office herself to tell him what she thinks of him. Make him take a tongue-lashing, will you?"

The managing editor said yes, hung up

the receiver, and groaned. Would this Joe Speavey farce never end?

Neither did it add to his peace of mind when he read, in the rival afternoon paper, *The Chronicle*, one of the dirtiest digs that was ever poured through a linotype machine. The low-lived bums! Jealous of *The Advertiser's* supremacy, and this was their way of fighting.

The article was just four or five lines in length. It was rumored, it said, in substance, that Joseph Speavey, a well-known local newspaper man, was to succeed Mort Saunders as managing editor of *The Advertiser*.

THOSE who kept out of speaking distance of Mort Saunders that day were to be congratulated. He all but fired the star reporter for splitting an infinitive.

And next day came the deluge. No, it was more like a shock; it was more as though the managing editor had sat, unsuspectingly, upon a live wire conveying twenty thousand angry volts.

Winstead, the city editor, ventured into the inner temple of trembles, Saunders's office, accompanied by a demure, handsome young man with brown eyes, and, as the office boy described him, Rhubarb Vaselino hair.

"I want you to be prepared for this, Mr. Saunders," said Winstead, a shade of terror in his voice.

"What's that?" Saunders glanced up from his proofs with momentary interest in his jaded eyes.

Winstead's words crashed on each other's heels, in such haste was he to deliver the fatal message.

"I want you to meet Mr. Speavey," he half shouted, "Mr. Joe Speavey! Mr. Saunders—Mr. Speavey."

Winstead threw up his arm protectingly as Saunders's hand reached toward the five-pound pig of metal he used for a paper weight. Saunders's lips moved, but nothing articulate issued therefrom—like a deaf and dumb man exhorting a mob.

He jumped to his feet and kicked his chair over backwards before he could find words, which were:

"GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!"

"But—but Mr. Saunders, you don't understand. This is really Mr.—"

"Do you want a double murder story for your front page?" thundered the managing editor. "Hasn't this damnable cheap comedy gone far enough, without my city editor joining the practical jokers?"

"But Mr. Saunders, this is really Mr. Speavey—Mr. Joe Speavey—Mr. Joseph Choate Speavey. He has a letter of introduction from Mr. Starrett."

STARRETT! There was a name to conjure with—a name to evoke soft footfalls and glances of apprehension around *The Advertiser* office. When Saunders heard it he relapsed, calm but speechless, into his chair. For Starrett was the owner of *The Advertiser*, the owner of every cubic inch of it, from the rumbling press, in the basement, to the whining stereotype saws on the sixth floor. Mr. Starrett spent half of his time in Paris cabling home five hundred-word editorials, and, some years, about two-twelfths of his time in Montmorency.

Saunders took the letter and managed to read it without visible emotion.



A sob choked off the rest of her denunciation. There was a commotion . . . an overturned chair . . . and Joe Speavey called loudly: "Help! Get some water! She has fainted!"

"Oh! So you met Mr. Starrett while you were working in New York?" he inquired, again mastering his natural tone. "I guess we'll have to explain that this isn't a mad-house, but your name links up with a peculiar local expression. An astounding coincidence."

"Yes, Mr. Winstead explained it all to me," smiled Speavey. "It's a great joke—principally on me, I guess."

"And you still want a job on *The Advertiser*, knowing the circumstances?"

"Oh, yes, I won't mind. I'll have a lot to live down—thirty years of calumny, so Mr. Winstead says. But I like my name, especially my last one. My parents wanted me to be a diplomat, so they named me after Joseph Choate. How much better it would have been had they chosen 'Horace Greeley.'"

"Well," summed up Saunders, "Mr. Starrett knows a good feature writer when he sees one, and he liked your New York stuff, so I think you're good enough to make a place for. Mr. Winstead will handle the details with you, Mr. Speavey."

And Joe Speavey—a living, breathing Joe Speavey—began pounding a typewriter in the editorial rooms of *The Advertiser*. It was more than the staff could comprehend. They wanted to get close to this Speavey person, and pinch him inquiringly. Was there anything, after all, in this Oliver Lodge-Conan Doyle stuff? Where did the name Joe Speavey originally come from? Nick Houston could remember thirty years back, but all he could suggest, gruntingly, was that maybe it came from the Latin, "Joe Spivus."

Winstead mercifully got out a bunch of clippings he had been saving—the main stories for which the mythical Joe Speavey had been blamed—and gave them to the new staff man so he could read them and be prepared for the worst.

The worst was not long in coming.

It was ushered in by the red-headed office-boy, who bore a calling-card engraved: "Miss Hazel Fairdale Blanton."

"LADY to see Mr. Joe Speavey," barked the office-boy, grinning profusely.

Joe Speavey took the card and looked at it admiringly.

"What a pretty name," he murmured. "Where is she, Walter?"

"In the reception-room, sir. Pretty lady, too!"

Oh, yes, *The Advertiser* had a reception-room, but nobody ever used it. It was just the outer vestibule, walled off by an oak partition, which, in collaboration with the office-boy, was supposed to stop unwelcome persons. The partition was only an eight-foot barrier, and the expectant staff could hear everything that was said. Every typewriter stopped clicking, and even Nick Houston and his assistant asked for time out on their telegraph wires. There was a resounding silence, as of five thousand noisy crickets suddenly chloroformed.

"Is this Mr. Speavey?"

Hazel Blanton's voice was musical, but there are cold, hard chords in music, and this sounded like a theme from an Eskimo opera.

"Yes. May I be of service to you?"

Joe Speavey talked like he had stepped out of a book. He had taken thirty years in arriving for an appearance in person, but when he did show up, as anybody around *The Advertiser* will tell you, he was the article A with the kind of accent you read about. He was the sort of man that men envy, and like, and women—

Well, of all the cultured bawls out that

have ever aroused one's sense of the dramatic, poor Joe Speavey got the culturedest.

She told him he was low, unprincipled, and vulgar; that he, and all newspaper men, would stoop to any disgraceful, shameful means to accomplish their object; that they were cruel and heartless and immoral, in that they cared not a whit who was hurt by what they wrote, or whose career might be blasted by some inconsequential, frivolous item of "news" that was nobody's business.

IN VAIN did Joe Speavey expostulate. He took the drubbing like a good sport, but he protested that he only had done his duty in writing the article he was accused of writing—that the other papers would have published it if *The Advertiser* had not. This she denied, declaring that *The Advertiser*, at first, had published it exclusively, and that the other papers had been compelled to follow suit.

"I loathe and despise you and your miserable profession—I want you to know that! I—I—"

A sob choked off the rest of her denunciation. There was a commotion—an overturned chair—and Joe Speavey called loudly: "Help! Get some water! She has fainted!"

The entire editorial staff tried to crowd into the tiny reception-room, but Speavey imperiously ordered them back, while he administered ice-water to the patient's wrists and forehead.

The girl came out of her swoon to find herself more or less in Joe Speavey's arms. "Don't touch me!" she cried. "How dare you?"

"It must have been the heat," apologized Joe. "I am very sorry, Miss Blanton. Shall I call a car?"

Scornfully but weakly, she refused further aid, but most of the editorial staff saw her safely to the curb and into her own car.

Joe Speavey shook his head mournfully. "That's one story I do regret writing," he muttered. "She said the other papers were hounding her. Has anybody seen *The Chronicle's* story to-day?"

The Chronicle, yellowest of our contemporaries, carried a front-page spread of the Blanton will case. There was a big central picture of Hazel Blanton at her prettiest, surrounded by smaller likenesses of half a dozen men who were known to be her friends.

"A husband and a fortune, or art and nothing—which?" That was the gist of it. "Near-heiress must choose mate within five months, or Blanton riches go to charity. 'Who will be the lucky man?' Society speculates."

"It's that kind of stuff, and not our story, that has made her angry," said Saunders, trying to soothe Joe Speavey's hurt pride. "It's true we played it as a beat, when they thought they had it suppressed at the court house, but somebody else would have unearthed it, if we hadn't. What worries me now, is how to square myself with Lanier."

"Lanier, who's he?" asked Speavey.

"Lanier the lawyer. I promised him faithfully to fire Joe Speavey, once and for all, to mollify the wrath of the gods—and here you are, after all. I want you to go to see Lanier. Explain the whole mess, if you think he will believe you, but try to make him change his mind about wanting you fired. We'll use molasses for our fly-catching, instead of vinegar."

Saunders carefully explained *The Advertiser's* relations with Judge Lanier.

That was just one of a long series of delicate assignments that Joe Speavey was to

get, as butt of all criticism and policy man extraordinary.

"I'll try to sell him," he promised. "Now I've got the chance to be a diplomat, after all."

He went to Judge Lanier, and told him the whole truth, simply and earnestly. Lanier heard him out, with professional calm, and remarked:

"Do you know what I think of you, Joe Speavey? I think you're gifted. I think you're the most artistic liar in newspaperdom. I don't wonder *The Advertiser* hates to fire you, in spite of your reputation for inaccuracy and general unreliability. But if Saunders sent you to me to plead your cause, he sent you to the wrong person. Go to see Miss Blanton, if you've got the nerve, and convince her. Then I'll be satisfied. Otherwise I'm through. I wash my hands of *The Advertiser*."

THE loss of thousands of dollars in legal advertising, annually, is no mean item to a newspaper, however "independent" it might pretend to be, editorially. If it came to a show-down, Saunders, as managing editor, believed he would be backed up in his policy of printing the news, no matter whom it might hurt. But Mr. Starrett was a publisher who hated petty details, who said he paid capable men to use their own judgment, and, if they bothered him with minutiae, they were not capable. And how much weight would the "Joe Speavey" myth have with Mr. Starrett, a thousand miles away and manifestly unfamiliar with the details of operation of his own newspaper?

It was up to Joe Speavey to calm the ire of Hazel Blanton, and win her sweetly to his side, and *The Advertiser's*.

So our "man-of-all-dirt," as he was nicknamed by the staff, put his pride in his pocket and went to the girl's home to plead for mercy. Thanks to her lawyer's advice, she consented to an interview; with the distinct and sacred understanding that it was not to be for publication.

"I suppose you will violate your word," she observed, scornfully, when Joe was ushered into her presence. "I presume you will go back and print a half-page of lies about what I am supposed to have told you. That is your method, is it not?"

"Lies, Miss Blanton? No newspaper man willfully writes a lie. Sometimes we print only part of the truth, because others, who are afraid of the truth, have suppressed part of it. Are you afraid of the truth?"

"I am not," she replied, defiantly, "but I think there are certain intimate details of a person's private life which even a venomous, prying newspaper might regard as sacred!"

"You are right, Miss Blanton. I agree with you, wholly. I would alter the policy of the press, if I might. I think it has degenerated, largely, into a daily song and dance for the amusement of the vulgar. But if a newspaper suppressed every item that might hurt somebody's feelings there would be no news left to print. Can't you see that?"

She could see nothing but malicious stupidity in the policy of all newspapers, and she said so.

"But I, Miss Blanton, am a victim of the system," pleaded Joe Speavey. "I am to lose my means of making a livelihood, because *The Advertiser* printed something that offended you. If you insist, I shall go—I shall be discharged. I never have been discharged from any position in my life. I leave it to your sense of justice."

"My sense of justice?" echoed the girl, scornfully. "What have I to do with your miserable job?"



"Miserable is good," said Speavey, with a wry smile. "It seems that Judge Lanier has demanded my head as the price of your discomfiture, that's all. He controls a lot of legal advertising, you see. That is, the powers that be are required by law to publish hundreds of legal notices, regularly, in some paper—any paper—and *The Advertiser* has always been selected because of Lanier's influence. So, if I am not dismissed, we shall expect the implied threat to be carried out. Perfectly ethical procedure, of course," he

She could see nothing but malicious stupidity in the policy of all newspapers, and she said so. "But I, Miss Blanton, am a victim of the system," pleaded Joe Speavey

added, bitterly. "People wonder why newspapers are 'controlled,' and here's the answer."

That was an angle of the proposition that never had occurred to Hazel. She had an inquiring mind, and she wanted to know a lot more about the newspaper business. Having

broken the ice thus effectively, Joe Speavey launched into a long and eloquent discussion.

He told her of the ups and downs of the "game," particularly of the downs, which, he explained, were the rule rather than the exception. He told her of men who spent their lives in the business, unswervingly loyal to their newspapers—men of intellect who worked for a lowly wage, with small hope of eventual advancement, because they loved the game; men who, in their declining years,

(Continued on page 56)

All At Sea Among the Books

Some Salt Water Reading for August

By Claire Wallace Flynn

"God bless all brave seamen
From quicksands and rocks,
From loss of their blood,
And from enemies' knocks,
From lightning and thunder,
And tempests so strong,
From shipwreck and drowning,
And all other wrong,
And they that to these words
Will not say amen,

'Tis pity they should
Ever speak word agen."

—Anonymous. From "A Sailor's Garland."

THERE it was in the window—a little full-rigged schooner corked up securely within an old green-glass bottle.

Behind the window and its muddle of odds and ends the antique dealer smiled, so, of course, there was nothing to do but go into the funny shop on Lexington Avenue and make friends with the man and get a closer view of the schooner.

Here was the work, heaven alone knows how patiently accomplished, of some sailor vanished long since, for the shopkeeper swore that the bottle was a rum-holding model in vogue in the early '50's.

How do people know so much?

But whatever its date, the tiny ship in its airtight harbor was the most vivid thing in the shop. Light, the same sunlight that has shone on the ocean since the first wave began to roll, fell on its whisps of white sails. Its infinitesimal voice was the voice of all seas and tides and winds. Its fashioning was by the fingers of all sailormen since the days of Ulysses, and, altogether, you can see without another word that the trinket was one of those little things that start the mind off on a far journey.

Mr. Antique Dealer offered me the bottle at a price possible even for a book reviewer, so I brought my treasure home and sent out a cheery call for sea books, salt-water yarns and other nautical publications.

So that is how it happened this month.

"Great Sea Stories"

Edited by Joseph Lewis French

THE more or less ephemeral but none the less delightful books of the current season which bring with them a tang of good salt air are by way of being the light-headed youngsters of a steady and virile line of marvelous forebears.

Sea books do not "just happen." They are part of an established group, scions of a royal family founded hundreds of years ago and numbering within its fold such names as "Robinson Crusoe," "Roderick Random," "Westward Ho!" "Peter Simple," "The Red Rover," "Moby Dick," and dozens of others.

To bring these classics to mind Mr. French has compiled a book of rare tales and rich enjoyment. Of course, he had masterpieces to draw from, but the happy thing about the volume is that those of us who missed these old books in our days of carefree reading may gather up the cream of the stories now in our more crowded hours through these admirably chosen chapters and incidents.

Within these two covers we meet Charles Kingsley's "dogs of Devon" fighting for God and Good Queen Bess in the Spanish Seas; and Pierre Loti's appealing Iceland fishermen in their lonely waters. Here, too, are our own early merchantmen embodied in a yarn by Fenimore Cooper; as well as graphic, gorgeous moments on heaving decks from the books of Jack London, Morgan Robertson and John Masefield.

Books Mentioned This Month

Great Sea Stories, edited by Joseph L. French. (Brentano's, New York)

Pirate Princes and Yankee Jacks, by Daniel Henderson. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

A Fisherman's Breeze, by A. Graham Miles. (Brentano's, New York)

Pandora Lifts the Lid, by Christopher Morley and Don Marquis. (George H. Doran Company, New York)

The Beloved Pawn, by Harold Titus. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York)

Lights Along the Ledges, by Elizabeth Stancy Payne. (The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia)

The Comely Lass, by Thomas Moul. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York)

Four Bells, by Ralph D. Paine. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston)

A Sailor's Garland, edited by John Masefield. (The Macmillan Company, New York)

Practical Sailing and Motor-Boating, by Edwin W. Kendrick. (McBride, Nast & Company, New York)

The great names of Joseph Conrad and his "Rover" and of Rudyard Kipling and his "Captains Courageous" are missing—but you can't have everything. Some of the stories that Mr. French has included in his collection are the very foundation of our "sea literature." To know even these excerpts is to be possessed of a rich treasure-chest of romance.

"Pirate Princes and Yankee Jacks"

By Daniel Henderson

ONCE before we briefly mentioned this excellent book for young readers. Indeed, it could hardly fail to hold the attention and enthusiasm of an American of any age, but Mr. Henderson has a particularly felicitous way with him when he wishes to adorn history with a new coat of glory for the greater inspiration of youth.

At this writing, the better motion-picture houses throughout the country are showing a thrilling screen adventure entitled "The Sea Hawk," taken from a novel of the same name by Rafael Sabatini (also reviewed in these columns some months ago). With this picture Mr. Henderson's book has a timely little connection, for here is the record, seen through an heroic lad's eyes, of America's part in making the African shores of the Mediterranean safe for honest ships.

"A Fisherman's Breeze"

By A. Graham Miles

A LITTLE book without the slightest claim to literary merit, yet there is something very simple and invigorating about this diary of a young Wall Street book-keeper who shipped on a fishing schooner out of New York and spent two weeks at sea doing some very "dirty work" and learning loads about ships and storms and fish and men.

The record's virtue lies, mainly, in the bright idea it may give to some other office-going American who is longing for an honest-to-God vacation. A downright little chronicle with some good things in it.

"Pandora Lifts the Lid"

By Christopher Morley and Don Marquis

WHEN two such diverting writers as Morley and Marquis rub pens, so to speak, and sit down to indite a gay-hearted story together, we have a right to expect a good deal. In fact, it is due these gentlemen to expect a good deal. But I am very much afraid that the promising names on this book's cover have raised our hopes too high.

It is quite true that this little extravaganza boasts some jolly satire, and its cracks at socialism and modern education and prohibition are clever and laugh-provoking and relaxing and all that, but—oh, well, Mr. Morley and Mr. Marquis ought to be made to go and stand in the corner for a while and be ashamed of themselves. Especially Mr. Morley.

I suppose they would tell us that it is the summer season and that they had to be foolish, but just fancy their thinking that this sort of foolishness is good enough:

Melville Kennedy, bachelor, back from South Africa, goes to see his ward, Pandora, aged eighteen, at the Van Velsor school on Long Island.

Good heavens! Pandora has vanished!

With six other girls of varying flapper sizes.

And with the young socialistic teacher of literature—Mr. Gloucester Evans!

A search (by airplane, motor, yacht) discloses the petrifying fact that the aged Mr. Crockett, "richest man in the world," has also disappeared. Kidnaped by Pandora!

There you are. The wild young woman wants the ancient capitalist to be converted to communism by the fascinating Evans. The rescue begins. Yachts are stolen, bootleggers crowd thick and fast upon the scene. Beards grow. The beautiful girls are marooned on an island in the Sound. Ideas, theories, love—all thrive in strange ways. The world-known Crockett disgraces himself with some bottles of "buried treasure" and, altogether, if some one—we nominate Irving Berlin—will only write a rollicking score we think the thing would go with a bang as a comic opera.

This is a dazzling suggestion. It opens up visions of fascinating choruses, school-girls in knickers, of merry bootlegger marching songs, of the wheezy millionaire as the usual odious funny old man, and the beautiful Pandora (perhaps played by Peggy

(Continued on page 70)



The Sea Hawk

THE abundant color and action in Rafael Sabatini's novel make this screen play quite as interesting as the book of the same name and even more exciting. Spacious manor houses in Elizabethan England, beautiful ladies in distress, bravely decked galleons with arrogant corsairs strutting on the decks while sweating galley-slaves toil at the oars—all the crude and brutal contrasts of those stirring days form the background for the checkered romance of Sir Oliver Tresillian, hero, ably acted by Milton Sills with Enid Bennett playing opposite as Rosamund, his fiancée





EDWIN BOWER HESSE

Colleen Moore's (above) fascination is epitomized in the title of her latest play "The Perfect Flapper." Her next offering, however, will mark a radical departure in type. In "Temperament" she will appear as a sophisticated New York actress, with Conway Tearle heading her support

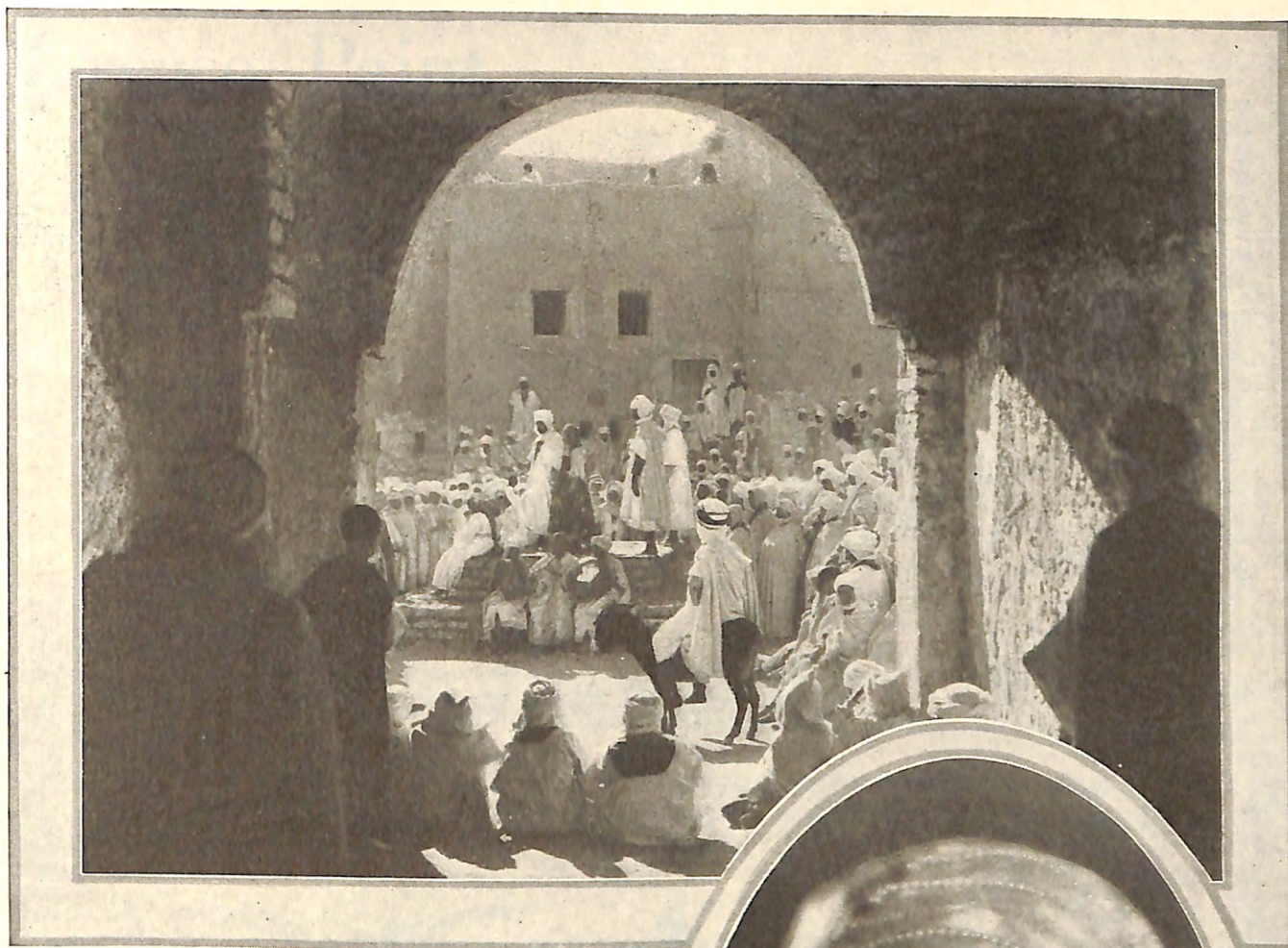


HENRY WAXMAN

There seems to be a tacit agreement among producers to bring out improved versions of tried favorites at intervals of about five to seven years. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the dramatization of Thomas Hardy's tragic novel, falls within this category of plays. In the autumn Blanche Sweet (oval) will offer her interpretation of the trials of the unfortunate and longsuffering Tess



Twenty-five years ago Charles Major's story "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" was a best seller but it has lain forgotten until Mary Pickford (left) rescued it from oblivion and gave it a new lease of popularity. At the present writing Miss Pickford, returning from a vacation abroad, has not definitely decided on her next play, but it will be modern in setting and the chances are in favor of a comedy



A mob scene from "The Son of the Sahara" suggesting the atmosphere of oriental alarms and excursions and exotic appeal in which the lovely Claire Windsor (oval) weaves her web of intrigue and enchantment. Not resting on her laurels, this indefatigable young actress has two more plays practically ready to make their bow to the public. They will be entitled "For Sale" and "Born Rich"



EDWIN BOWER
HESSER



HENRY WAXMAN

As soon as Mae Murray (left) has put the finishing touches to "Circe" for an early release she will tackle the job of making "The Merry Widow" as great a favorite on the screen as it always has been on the stage

Shanks



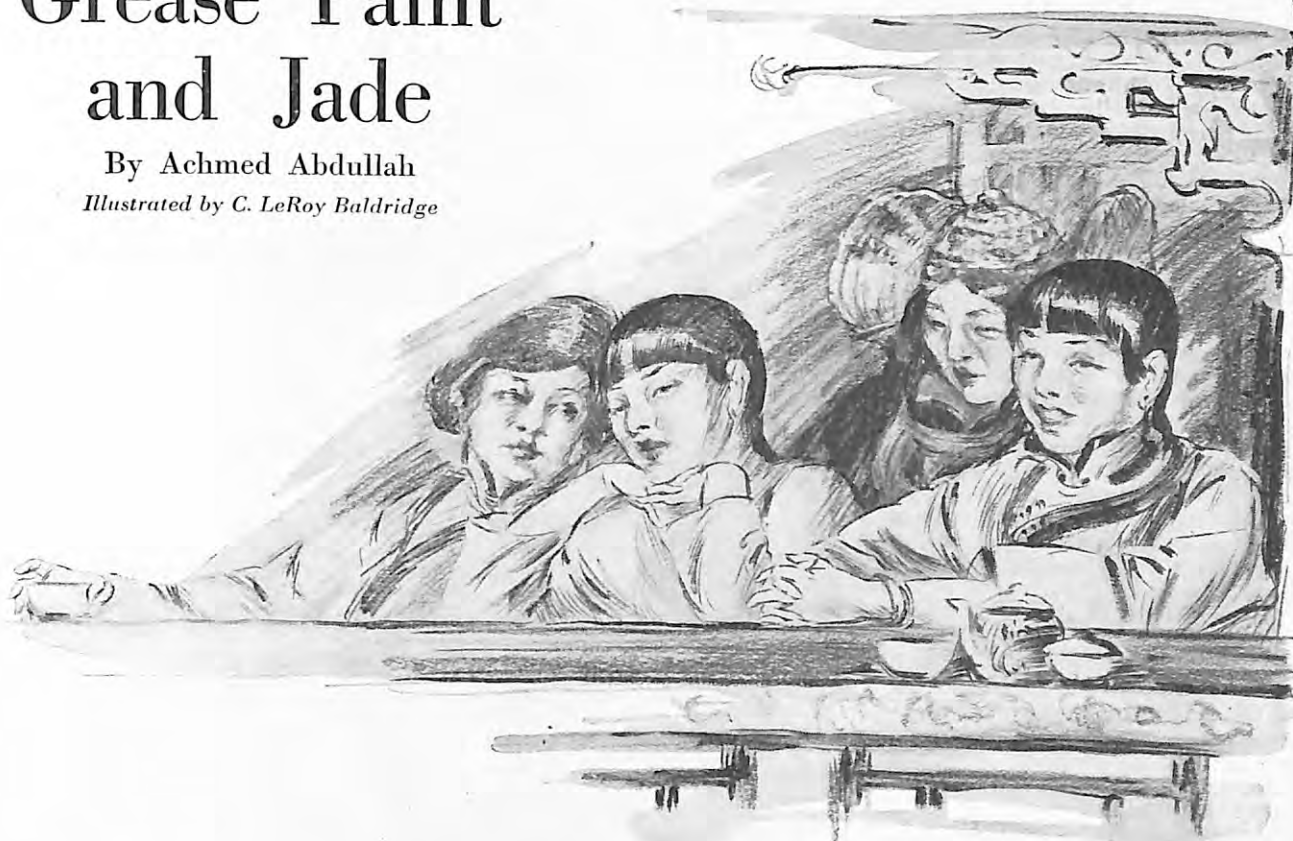
Drawn by George Shanks

If Every One Who Wears Knickers Played Golf

Grease Paint and Jade

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by C. LeRoy Baldridge



Part III

CAME days across Mongolia which wove on like a loomed fabric of dreams; hours when the pitiless trek led across matted wastes of *tang*-grass and low, thorny bush and stretches of billowy plains where the wind, boomed back by the glowing hills, was like the blast of a lime-kiln and the sun, poised like a great balloon, seemed to melt all colors into a swimming milky-white; again hours of pelting, steaming rain followed by gigantic rainbows of tawny orange blending through gold and sea-green and lilac into the dull sapphire of the sky; other hours, of narrow trails through thick forests where, in the leaf-filtered sun rays, the trees were like columns of pallid light and the underbrush like indigo waves spotted with crimson.

Days when even the Mongol drivers occasionally dropped with exhaustion; when heat and thirst silenced the cackling, shrilling Cantonese women and the actors' mouthing reminiscences.

Then quite suddenly—for through Mongolia and Siberia and Central Asia season jerks abruptly into season, in the space of a week or less—the weather grew cooler, the land richer.

Cattle grazed everywhere. *Yourts*, the nomads' felt houses, studded the plains. Little rivers ran where, among the pollarded willow bushes that fringed the banks, birds were blithely flitting and pairing. There was a distant, heliotrope circling of foot-hills, sweeping toward Urga, and an edge of soft birch forest motley with blue iris lilies and gay clumps of saxifrage and pink dwarf primulas.



It reacted quickly on the sanguine, light-hearted, easily susceptible players.

Jests and quips and boasts were tossed from cart to cart, from saddle to saddle; and Maguire—popular here as he had ever been on Orpheum or Pantages circuit—received and returned his share of good-natured banter.

Occasionally they made short stops in towns where they hired a hall, put up their portable stage, and took in good money—copper cash from the poor; silver coins from the rich Chinese merchants, the Mongol princes, and the ubiquitous Lamaist priests with their garnet-colored robes, their huge-tam-o'-shanters, and their wooden prayer-wheels.

There would be an orchestra at the back of the stage, keeping up through most of the performance a maddening tumult of gongs and cymbals and drums. The show would vary jugglers and acrobats, Tartar girls who sang and danced, and fakirs; and, too, classic Chinese tragedies that began with the *Tiao Tien Chang*, the "Dancing Celestial Generals" capering about the stage in gorgeous robes and burning fire crackers and incense, and that, after much strutting and shouting, wound up with the *Pao Hsien Ho Shou*, the "Salutation to the Eight Immortals."

The whole medley was to Maguire very much like an American vaudeville, the main difference being in the fact that here the orchestra seats were cheapest, whereas in the upper galleries

the wealthy smoked their pipes, sipped their jasmine-flavored tea, and surveyed, like olympians, both spectacle and spectators.

Maguire was a success; chiefly in his dances.

For, as he put it to Loo:

"Those Tartar show girls of yours may be a riot in their Annette Kellermans. But I'm a panic in my B.V.D.'s!"

He was indeed—though the "B.V.D.'s" were a stretching of the truth and consisted in reality of one of "Coney Island" Loo's best Pekinese costumes; and the adulation of the yellow crowds was perfume in his nostrils.

If only Ann were here to see him, he thought. Wouldn't she be proud of him . . . the way he put it across the footlights with these Chinks . . . knocking them cold every time . . . and that new song of his he'd made up:

"When it's midnight in Mongolia,
It's Thursday in New York . . ."

Oh boy! It was a wow! Wait till he got back to America—he'd give those hams at the Green Room Club an earful!

AGAIN he thought of Ann. Spoke of her to Loo since he had to tell somebody.

"This girl of mine—" he said—"regular English girl. Not so darn fresh as some of the Janes I used to trail round with back home. I know a whole lot about fluffs, Loo. I've held their hands in America and amongst the parley-voos—and I'm an expert jaywalker in front of a Victrola with the music all soft and slushy. And I tell you Ann's the old-fashioned sort! The kind who wears skirts—and not those new-fangled, boy-scout trick pants!"

So he day-dreamed.

He had no way of knowing that, just about at the same time, back in Tai-Ho,

"old-fashioned" Ann, startlingly attired in a mannish riding suit including tight breeches, was mounting a two-humped dromedary behind the majestic figure of Countess von Pahlen, and was trying her best to convey to the Mongol cameleer whom she had hired that he should "shake a leg, you blighter! My word! If I saw you drowning I'd turn the hose on you!"

But more of Limehouse Ann anon.

Back to her deluded lover, crossing the plains of Mongolia!

HERE and there, as they continued their journey to Urga, they came across the trail of recent strife. But there was no doubt that the republicans had got the upper hand everywhere and were gradually evolving order from chaos.

Maguire, speaking to occasional Manchus and Tartars by the wayside, found them, not exactly humbled, but submitting to Fate with that sudden surrender which is both the strength and the weakness of the typical Asian.

They had battled bravely. They had lost. Now what?

Fight the inevitable?

And what price was there in that, what pride, what logic? Was there price and pride and logic in one's own bleeding, mutilated corpse?

Why—out there, on the banks of the river, the köil-birds were singing their throaty song of life and love; the little green toads were sounding their jolly basso notes; the very trees, the very air humming with insects was alive, and the sky was blue and endless. . . . Life all around them!

Why then choose death?

Not they!

There were some others who still wanted to continue the fight. But who was going to rally them and lead them? For in Asia it is never a nation in turmoil, a nation in ferment. In Asia it is always One Man—an Attila, a Genghiz Khan, a Tamerlane, a Nadir Shah . . .

"Ah—" sighed an old Tartar country gentleman who was tilling his acres here in the heart of Mongolia—a grant, years ago, from a grateful Dowager Empress for heroic service under prince Tuan Hua during the Boxer War—"only one man can help us. . . ."

"Who?"

The other lowered his voice to a flat purr: "The *Chien Ko!*"

For the Chinese, although the victors, still felt a subconscious undercurrent of dread where this mysterious unknown was concerned; and it was a queer, unreasonable gesture of fear which had caused them to forbid the mentioning of his name under penalty of death as, a century ago, during the old unhappy years, England had outlawed the singing of: "*The Wearing of the Green*," and as the Tsars had prescribed Russia's Hymn to Freedom:

"*Slazamy zalit meer bezbrejny,
Vsya nasha jizn—tyajoly troid . . .*"

"The pitiful world is drowned in tears,
Our life is naught but bloody strife . . ."

"The *Chien Ko!*" repeated the Tartar. "But where is he? Does anybody know? He has forgotten his people. Perhaps he is dead. Perhaps he is alive; but, tired with the warring of men, all his concern is now with a woman's jeweled ear rings . . . *ahool!*" he sighed.

"He may come yet," smiled Maguire,



while the tip of his tongue touched the hollow tooth that hid prince Seng-ko-lin-chin's letter.

For by this time, putting together scraps of information he had more than a shrewd notion that there was considerable connection between "*Monsieur George*" and the *Chien Ko*.

He was rather in a quandary about it. For he liked prince Seng-ko-lin-chin; liked the individual Tartars and Manchus whom he had met; liked them, in fact, better than he did the Chinese. Yet his political sympathy was with the latter, and he found himself in the anomalous situation of a man whose duty—since the prince had befriended him and paid him well—forced him to help a cause of which he disapproved.

THE Chinese, after all, were trying to establish a democratic form of government, and he was an American, who believed whole-heartedly in what his country stood for in freedom, equality, and a chance for everybody; who was proud of his land which, somehow, straight through all its blunders and errors and occasional back-slidings, was endeavoring valiantly and good-humorously to live up to its ideals.

He spoke of it to Loo; and his words, slangy, flippant, expressed perhaps a better national creed than many a florid Fourth of July oration:

"Sure! Aaron Burr was one romantic guy—all to the Rudolf Valentino. But give me Abe Lincoln—whiskers and rail-splitting and square-toed shoes and all the rest. The crusading gents and the swell Norman country club set who came over to England with William the Conqueror? I've read about them. You bet. But I've also read about the covered wagons, the prairie schooners—and I'm for them—see?—though those pioneers didn't insist that even their hot dogs should be pedigreed!"

The same with China. China, too, crudely, at times inefficiently, was passing through its hard travail of democracy-in-the-making; and one evening when the theatrical troupe was stopping and playing in a little town not far from Urga, he had an indication that the Chinese were following America's lead in other things also.

For after the performance a servant told him that a gentleman wished to speak to him.

"Who?"

"An important Chinese official. He came with a number of retainers."

Faster and faster she whirled—and Maguire's Celtic imagination was inflamed. He was no longer the actor, trained in the art of illusion . . . This was not a dance! This was life itself, passion, nature, an immense pulsing and vibrating



Maguire laughed; turned to Loo: "Either colonel P'u Yi found out about the gold brick we sold him and sent for me—or the lad who wants to speak to me is a Chink stage-door Johnny—mistook me for the third girl from the left . . . the Tartar fluff with the dizzy eyes and the woozy smile. . . ."

BUT he recognized the stranger at once and shook hands with him enthusiastically:

"Why—old Theodore Roosevelt Cheng!" It was indeed the ex-doughboy who had tried to assassinate prince Seng-ko-lin-chin. "And what are you doing here in the sticks?"

"That question goes both ways," smiled the other. "What are *you* doing here?"

"Doing a song and dance and a couple of trick flops—and stopping the show every night. Say—" as he surveyed Cheng's embroidered robes and the *ch'ao chu*, the jade mandarin rosary, around his neck—"you're all rigged out regardless. How come?"

"I am the new governor of Mongolia." Cheng endeavored to speak casually, to mantle his pride, and failed, "I am on my way to Uрга to take up my duties. I traveled by quick stages—left Tai-Ho several days after you did."

"Governor—are you?" laughed Maguire. "Sainted Tammany! You people are learning fast. Just like back home. First you

try and slug a bozo because you don't like his political complexion—and then the grateful party boss hands you a fat political job. Same old pork barrel—east, west!"

In the course of the conversation Cheng mentioned that, quite recently, the Bolshevik ambassador had given an ultimatum that the Chinese must find and deliver up to them the *Chien Ko*—dead or alive.

"Why?" asked Maguire, very much interested when he recalled prince Seng-ko-lin-chin's telling him how "*Monsieur George*" was hated by the Bolsheviks and drawing the parallel. "I thought that bird was one of China's enemies. How do the Russians butt into the deal?" And his interest grew when he heard that the *Chien Ko* was reputed to have vast, dangerous ideas dealing with conquest, China to-day, Russia to-morrow; playing the old game of the Tartar Khans of many centuries ago, who ruled from Peking to Moscow and beyond. "Like old Bill von Hohenzollern, eh?" he commented. "Oh well—ideas break no bones. The *Chien Ko* hasn't been heard from recently. His teeth seem to be drawn."

"So we told the Russian ambassador. But he is not satisfied. 'We want him—dead or alive!' is his ultimatum."

"I remember hearing back in Tai-Ho you didn't know exactly who he is. I guess the Russians told you now?"

"They refuse to."

"Why?"

"They say that if it became known who the man is, things might happen which would throw half the world into war. . . ."

"Then how do they expect you to catch him?"

"By honeycombing the border hills and arresting all suspect persons. They say that once he is captured or—better—dead, it will matter no longer if the world learns his identity. And if we cannot find him they will send an armed expedition across the frontier and capture him themselves."

"What are you going to do?"

"What *can* we do? Of course we follow every trail. Our secret service shadows everybody whom we think might try to communicate with the *Chien Ko*. Only the other day colonel P'u Yi kept the wires busy until they had located a certain American—an actor. . . ."

Maguire looked up startled. Then, at the other's next words, he told himself that evidently P'u Yi had not broadcasted his name—either because he had not considered it worthwhile, or because he was afraid of being blamed for having permitted him to escape.

"At first," said Cheng, "I had an idea they were looking for you. But it was somebody else—chap called Dempsey Schloss."

"They got him?"

"Indeed. But he denies all knowledge."

"He would!"

"Oh—you know him?"

"Only too well! Are you keeping him in jail?"

"Yes. We hope that sooner or later he may confess what he knows."

"**Y**OU'LL have to be stern with him," said Maguire. "Tell you what!" hiding a reminiscent grin—"Classy eats—and lots of it—that's what Schloss likes. Got his fingers all calloused from handling knife and fork. You put him on short rations—and watch the result!"

"I shall wire the colonel and tell him. Thanks!"

"The pleasure's all mine. And—what else did you do about locating the *Chien Ko*?"

"We approached prince Seng-ko-lin-chin. We were morally certain that he is familiar with the man's identity and whereabouts."

"And . . . ?"

"He refused to answer. So, finally, one night, we surprised his little Tartar garrison, invaded his palace, put him in jail and . . ."

His words changed to a cry of pain as, suddenly, Maguire gripped his shoulder. Cheng tore himself free.

"What's the matter with you?" he cried angrily.

He receded, frightened, before Maguire's stony eyes, the convulsive opening and shutting of the strong, hairy hands.

"Ann!" came Maguire's choked sob. "Ann—what—what happened to her . . . ?" He was almost hysterical with rage and fear. "I tell you—if anything happened to her—I—"

"Oh . . . you mean the foreign girl . . . ? Please, please!" implored Cheng, receding another step. "She's all right. I myself saw to it that . . ."

"What did you do . . . ? Speak up man, or . . ."

"But—I'm trying to tell you! Just give me a chance!" And when Maguire grew a little less excited, the other went on: "We could not send her to the coast. The road is unsafe—bandits, disbanded Manchu soldiers, have made their appearance—and we could not spare troops right then for an escort. So both she and the German woman—Countess von Pahlen—are now the

honored guests of Mandarin Po, the commander-in-chief at Tai-Ho."

"Is that the truth?"

"Would I lie to you? Why—you saved my life. I am your friend. . . ."

Maguire drew a breath of relief.

"Phew!" he sighed. "I wish all the same I had never come on this fool trip."

"Then why not go back?" suggested the other quickly. "Why not return to Tai-Ho—to the girl—since evidently you seem to care for her—?"

"Clever, aren't you? Don't want me around, eh?"

"Take my advice. Return to Tai-Ho. I shall send an escort with you. There is danger in the air—intrigue. You are my friend—and I am governor of Mongolia.

True. But I may not always be able to protect you. . . ."

"Why—what do you imagine I'm going to try and do?"

"That's just what I want to know. Tell me."

"I will," replied Maguire. "'Actors' Equity'—that's my middle name. I'm going to stick to my manager as long as he sticks to me. We're going to Urga to give the rubes a treat—they're going to pull a grand religious Chautauqua there. Give me a hand when you see my turn, will you?"

The other shook his head.

"I wonder if you are speaking the truth."

"Every time. Me and George Washington!"

"At all events I shall keep an eye on you in Urga—in case you should get into—ah—political trouble. . . ."

Trouble came; though not political. Trouble due to Maguire's congenital weakness where the fair sex was concerned and which, later on, he explained by telling Limehouse Ann, when she demanded a bill of particulars, that "honest—it wasn't my fault. I liked her—nothing else! You see—I divide chickens into two classes: those that lay and those that lie. And that little Tartar wretch belonged to the second variety."

"You kissed her!"

"She kissed me!"

"My word—sounds trouty!"

"But it's the truth!"

And—strangely—it was.

All this is rather previous; telling the story backwards. But backwards we must go once more and mention what we mentioned before: namely, that Maguire could dance, that his was the incommunicable gift of setting his own, gay soul a-dancing in his feet, of putting the devil into the souls of the onlookers.

And Miss Si-Si—a Tartar girl belonging to a troupe of dancers in Li Shan's caravan—looked on one evening when, during halt at a wayside inn, Maguire practised a new step with the help of half a dozen Chinese musicians whom, with a mixture of patience and profanity, he had taught to play something resembling American jazz.

When he stopped she walked up to him.

Small she was and young and dainty; with her bare, perfectly formed legs and feet; her short, wide skirt of saffron-yellow silk; the huge, rose-colored scarf, about her slim shoulders; the smooth, raven-black hair framing an impudent, waxen, pretty little face.

"*Ki lao yeh hsieh ti to lo*—the honorable Sir has my sincere thanks," she said.

"For what?"

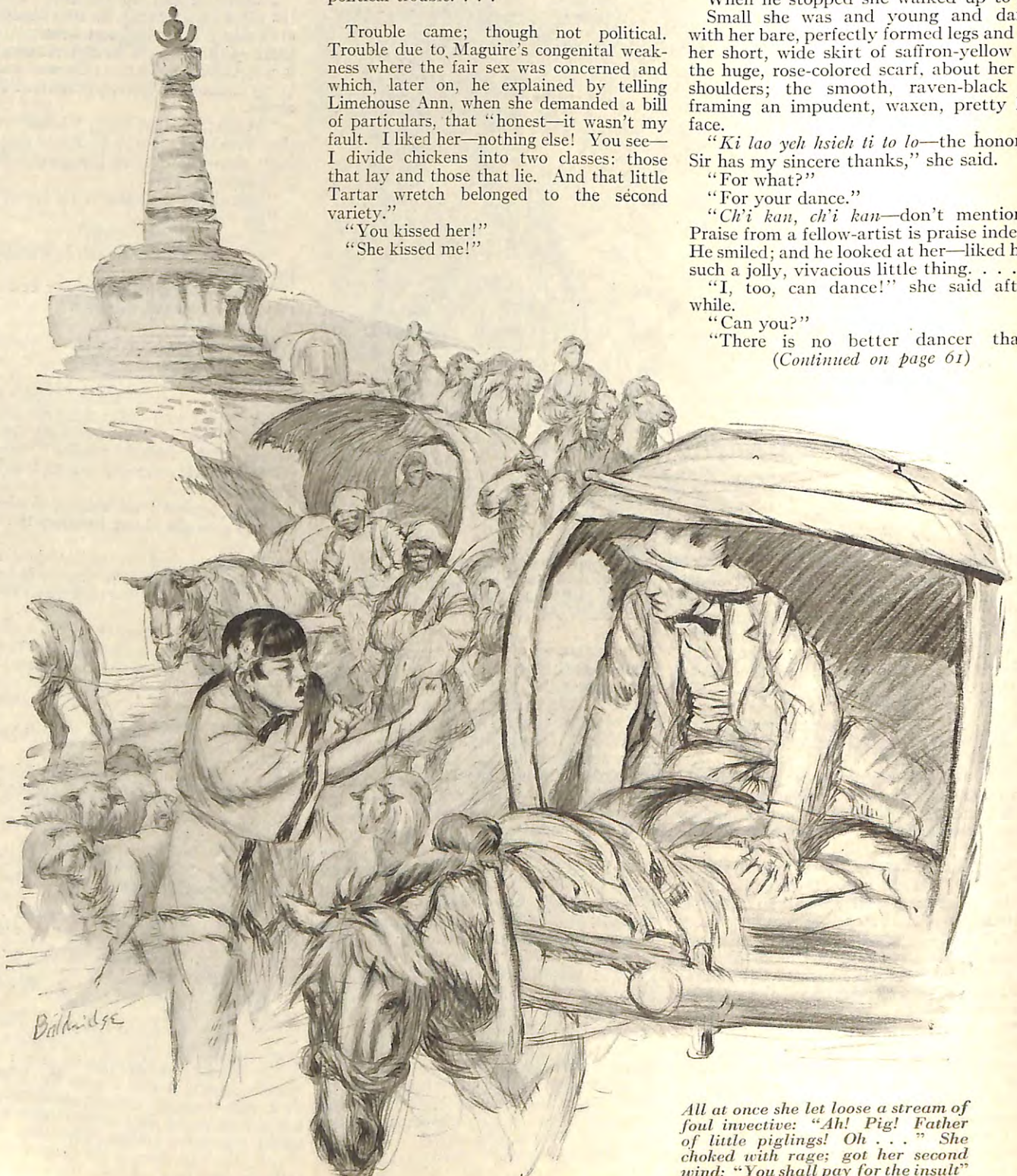
"For your dance."

"*Ch'i kan, ch'i kan*—don't mention it! Praise from a fellow-artist is praise indeed!" He smiled; and he looked at her—liked her—such a jolly, vivacious little thing. . . .

"I, too, can dance!" she said after a while.

"Can you?"

"There is no better dancer than I
(Continued on page 61)



All at once she let loose a stream of foul invective: "Ah! Pig! Father of little piglings! Oh . . ." She choked with rage; got her second wind: "You shall pay for the insult!"

Mountain Motoring Is Different

But There Are General Rules that Act as Safeguards

By Elon Jessup

THE motorist who drives a car over the razor-back highways of a mountainous country has much in common with the alpine climber who deftly feels his way along an inch wide ledge or the navigator who steers cautiously through a rock-hedged channel. He is up against new problems.

I once asked a mountain driver of long and varied experience to name the particulars in which this special phase of motoring differed from ordinary city and country driving.

"It certainly is a whole lot different," he replied, "but I don't know that I can say just why. A man has to *learn* mountain driving, that's sure, and it can be learned only by experience. You get in the way of handling a car different than usual and you're always prepared for a tight pinch.

"The car usually acts mighty whimsical when it strikes steep grades and high altitudes. The engine overheats, the carburetor gets sick, the brake bands may burn out—a lot of things may happen that don't ordinarily happen in a level country."

The foregoing sentiments coincide very closely with my own experience as they doubtless do with that of any motorist who has driven in the Rockies, White Mountains, Adirondacks or other great mountain ranges that straggle up and down this continent. Mountain driving is different; of that there can be no question. Yet, in what essentials does it differ?

Motor cars vary in construction; highways vary in smoothness, width, grade and altitude. For these reasons, certain qualifications must sometimes be attached to so-called iron-clad rules of mountain driving. For example, there are many mountain roads which can be descended with perfect safety by a Ford running in high gear and on compression whereas with another type of car, ordinary safety might demand that you use either intermediate or low gear and compression. You have to fit the method to the condition. There is where individual judgment comes in.

And so it is as regards highways. Mountain roads range from gleaming wide boulevards to narrow-rutted cattle trails. The average mountain highway is something half way between. But in case you tour to any great extent you are certain to meet both extremes. Sometimes the grades are long, smooth and gradual, sometimes long, rutted, rock strewn and steep, sometimes short, very steep and very rough. Each presents an individual problem. Yet, upon averaging the varied conditions of mountain driving we find certain universal essentials, points which are more or less constantly present in this particular phase of motoring. The first and foremost of these is: slow and cautious driving.

Well, perhaps you call this reminder an old story. And so it is. But when you get into the Rocky Mountains and peer into a looming abyss a thousand feet deep, the edge of which is a scant two feet from the wheels of your car, this old story is likely to assume vital significance.

You hear a good deal about "safe" and "dangerous" roads when touring in the mountains. I have come to believe that

in the majority of cases, safety is a matter more concerned with the man behind the wheel than it is with the condition of the road. There are without doubt a good many dangerous roads in the Rocky Mountains; as there are in all mountains. But they are dangerous mainly because an occasional driver fails to understand, use, or prepare for an unusual situation or else because he fails to keep a level head in a tight pinch.

Caution in mountain driving has a good many ramifications. Only to a limited degree is it concerned with reckless driving in the usual acceptance of this term. In the first place, caution means driving a car to which one has become so thoroughly accustomed that every necessary movement in driving operations has become automatic, a thing of second nature.

TO START into the mountains driving a new car having, we will say, a different type of gear shift from that of a car which you have been driving for years is very unwise. To some extent it might be called reckless driving. Habit of long standing is a difficult matter to overcome, especially so when it has become second nature. One unthinkingly may press the wrong lever. In level country, probably this mistake does not matter. But on a tight place on a narrow mountain road it may matter a very great deal.

In the Rockies I passed the scene of a tragedy that convinced me of this fact. It had occurred the day before. The car had tumbled down the side of a mountain and its three occupants were killed. I carefully inquired into the cause. At a critical moment the driver had operated the wrong lever, I was told. He was driving up-grade and automatically started to throw the car into low gear. Instead of doing so, he unthinkingly threw on the reverse gear. The car backed, toppled and dropped.

The instinct for watching the road, seeing where you are going is of course one of the prime essentials of caution whether you drive in lowlands or on towering heights. You may think there is slight amount of difference between mountain and level country driving in this respect; that carefulness of the city is identical with that of the mountains. As a matter of fact there is a good deal of difference between the two. The watchfulness of ordinary driving must be adapted to new conditions.

Quite a few mountain accidents are the result of inattention, lack of concentration upon the part of drivers. This term "concentration" is really the crux of the matter. When we drive over level roads in the lowlands we think we concentrate and so we do to some extent. But it is a variety of concentration having a wide focus, an all-seeing eye that takes in a great deal in general but no one object in vivid detail. Not infrequently we take a good deal for granted. For example, on a smooth, flat highway perhaps we take for granted the exact condition of the road a few inches in front of the wheels. As a result, even the best of drivers manages to locate an occasional thank-you-marm.

This general, wide focus variety of

watching the road becomes driving instinct. It is quite essential to city driving. We are pretty sure to get into trouble in case we do not possess it. I suppose every motorist sooner or later has run past a traffic cop after the cop has signaled to stop; the reason being that one's eyes have been so intently concentrated upon the road directly ahead that the cop standing at one side has been out of the picture. The driving instinct of city streets has momentarily failed one.

Now, this momentary failure in the lowlands, this intent concentration upon the middle of the road and nothing else becomes, when transplanted to the mountains, perhaps the most valuable asset that a driver can possess. In mountain driving the focus of attention necessarily becomes narrowed; more so on some roads than on others, to be sure, but in all cases to a notable extent.

Scenery in a great many stretches must be obliterated entirely from the driver's eyes. The time to have one's fill of scenery is when the car is standing stock still, safely parked in one of the turn-outs of the winding tortuous road. As a general rule, one's attention when traveling, like that of a spot-light, must be focused wholly, unremittently upon the road ahead.

There are exceptions to this, of course, as there are to every rule. Here again is where individual judgment comes in. Unfortunately, a motorist having an eye for superb sweeping panoramas of country is tempted to be guided by the exceptions rather than the rule. Which is one of the times when something suddenly goes wrong and an accident follows. I will cite a minor incident showing how such an accident might easily happen.

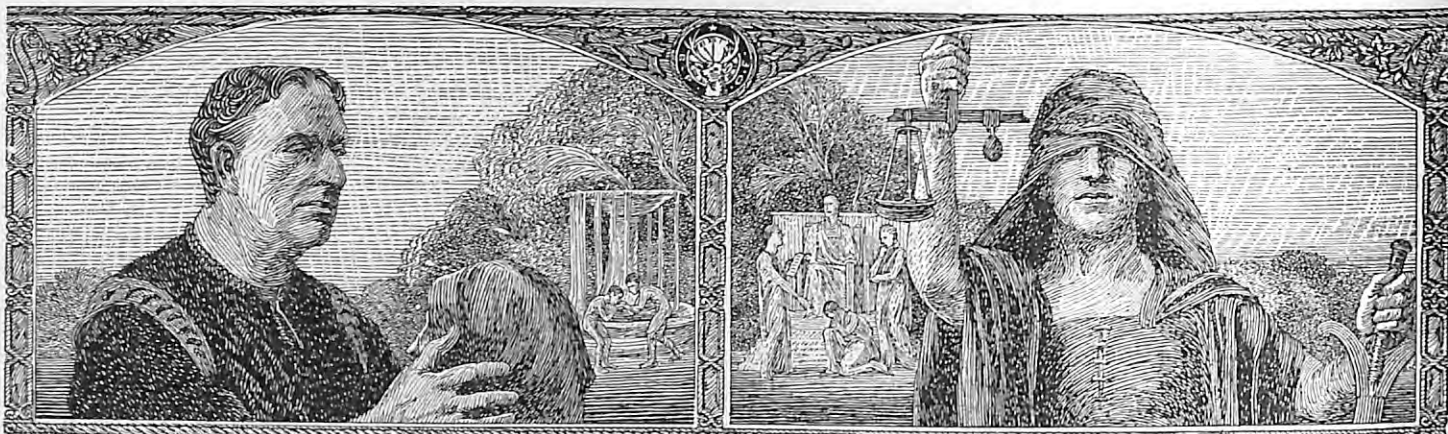
I was climbing over the Teton Range in Wyoming out of the Jackson Hole country, a seven mile winding pull in low gear on a road barely wide enough to hold one car although there were occasional turn-outs for passing. Below us was a drop of two thousand feet. Less than two feet from the right front wheel was the brink. Beyond that lay the view, tremendous, superb.

MY ATTENTION wandered from the center of the road. During this slight distraction one of the front tires caromed and slightly skidded off a small rock and both wheels headed for the edge. Nothing happened. Nothing usually does in mountain driving for you develop an instinct for thinking with extraordinary speed. Yet, cars have been known to plunge down the sides of mountains from such small matters as these.

You must constantly expect the unexpected in mountain driving and be prepared to meet it. This may mean a rock or chuck hole in the road, a car coming around the blind turn ahead, the end of a ten mile pull upward or the beginning of a ten mile run down.

It would be nothing short of suicidal to coast down a mountain in the manner which one may be accustomed to coast in a low hilly country with full view of the road ahead. On the down trip, one of the gears must constantly be engaged, the engine

(Continued on page 67)



Decoration by Israel Dostkow

EDITORIAL

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

IN THE olden days of France when the nobility constituted a distinct class, created or sanctioned by law, with proud titles and special privileges and powers that were transmitted from father to son, generation after generation, there was coined a phrase that embodied and epitomized the true spirit of that class at its noblest and best—*Noblesse Oblige*.

It is difficult to translate the French into English without the loss of something of its real meaning; but its general import is well understood. It means the obligation of nobility; the duty of proper conduct that rests with peculiar force upon those who are specially privileged and unusually endowed.

The phrase, with all its significance, is called to mind by the recent circular letter of Grand Esquire Grakelow, in which he refers to the Order of Elks as "This American Gentleman's Order." His expression is apt and suggestive. It is an American Order, fundamentally and essentially. Equally as fundamentally and essentially, it is a gentleman's order; for no man may be a true Elk unless he be a true gentleman in the proper acceptance of that term. It follows that there is imposed upon every member the duty of such conduct as will at all times comport with the high privilege of membership in such an Order.

Indeed, to be created an Elk is to receive a title of true nobility. It is not acquired by inheritance; nor can it be transmitted to one's children. It is not conferred in recognition of scholarly attainments nor as a reward for noteworthy achievement. It can not be purchased with money. It is not designed as a badge of social distinction. Nor is it an evidence of mere personal popularity. But it is bestowed by the suffrages of worthy men, dedicated to a high and noble service, upon those who have proved themselves worthy of fraternal association in that service.

It implies nobility of character, a clean heart, a benevolent purpose, a love of humanity, a high intelligence and a loyal patriotism. And those thus endowed with a peculiar capacity for service to Country and to humanity stand charged, by the assumption of the title that presupposes it, with the duty of performing that service with

fidelity. The limit of the capacity is the measure of the obligation.

It is but human, perhaps, that we should think more frequently of the privileges and advantages of our membership than of its duties and obligations. And even when we do consider those obligations we are apt to limit them in our thoughts to the more obvious ones of which we are most often reminded, the payment of dues, the attendance upon meetings, the observance of ceremonials, the contributions to fraternal charities. We are prone to forget the broader significance of our fraternal title.

A true Elk is an American gentleman, pledged to the noble service of exemplifying in his daily life the cardinal virtues of the Order. He should be ever mindful of that fact and so deport himself, in all his associations, that neither his Americanism nor his gentility can ever be questioned to the reproach of the Order he represents.

An Elk is a member of a true nobility—*Noblesse Oblige*.

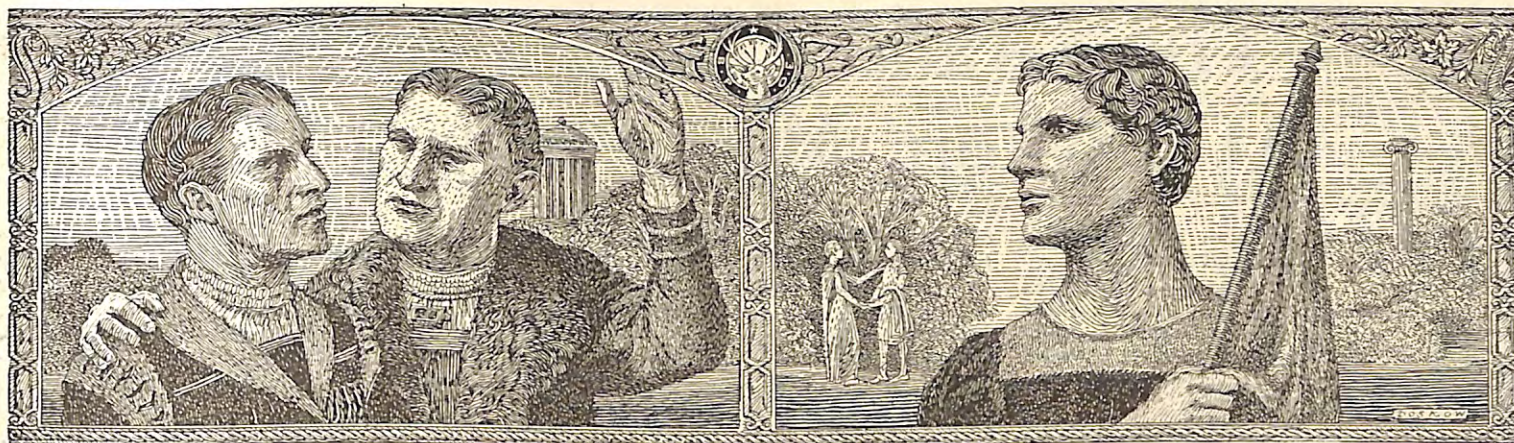
CRITICISM

CRITICISM should be constructive, else it is destructive. It should be intelligently based or it becomes mere useless fault-finding. These are truths that are so obvious as to be classed among the "high-sounding platitudes" of our current speech. And yet we sometimes forget or disregard even the most obvious rules that we readily admit should order our daily walk and talk.

Americans are rather given to frank criticism of persons and things which happen not to suit them. The trait is, perhaps, fostered, if not born, of our constitutional guaranty of free speech and our national predisposition to exercise the privilege thus secured. And Elks are typically American in their possession of this characteristic trait.

It is not without its value in aid of the registry of that public opinion which sooner or later becomes fixed law. But it is not without its danger if it becomes a habit too thoughtlessly followed.

The Elk who merely expresses his disapproval of any given activity of his Lodge, or the Grand Lodge, or of any particular condition that may exist, or of any special officer or committee, is



making little, if any, contribution to the improvement and betterment of the situation. If he be moved to utter a criticism, he should not only be able to justify it in his own mind, but he should state his reasons for it and his suggestions for improvements. The Order, the Lodge, or the official, is entitled to this. Lacking it the criticism is merely obstructive if not destructive.

The gist of the suggestion lies in this fact: Every Elk has a measure of responsibility for every officer of his Lodge, every officer of the Grand Lodge and every fraternal activity of the Order and of its Subordinate units. If he be merely a fault finder he is not properly sustaining that responsibility. Only if he be intelligently and suggestively critical, and earnest in his efforts to improve the condition of which he disapproves, is he entitled to respectful hearing and consideration.

WELL DONE

ANOTHER Grand Lodge year has passed. A new administration has been commissioned. Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland and his official associates have resumed their places in the ranks from which they were called to high service in the Order.

It is appropriate that these columns should record an expression of sincere appreciation of the splendid service that has been rendered by the retiring officers and committeemen. And it is gratifying to feel a confident assurance that such an expression is but the voiced sentiment of the Order's entire membership.

Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland proved himself not only a capable executive, but a brilliant leader who worthily sustained the best traditions of that high office. With a zeal and devotion that never flagged, with a heart deeply imbued with the principles of the Order, and with an inspiring eloquence that aroused thousands of Elks to renewed enthusiasm, he has planted the banner of our Order upon new heights.

The manifold and exacting duties required of him have been performed with unusual ability and discretion and with an unfailing courtesy and consideration that has won the admiration and fraternal esteem of all with whom he has come in contact.

He has established a new record of official visitations, having visited a larger number of Subordinate Lodges than any of his predecessors. This has naturally involved a sacrifice of his

personal interests that bespeaks his devotion to the Order and its high purpose, and commends him to the grateful regard of every member of the Fraternity.

The Officers and Committee members who served with him have displayed such loyalty, enthusiasm and efficiency as to merit the appreciation and approval of the whole Order. The Order is to be congratulated that it is able to draft such men to its service.

* * *

To the new Grand Lodge Officers who have been elected, THE ELKS MAGAZINE tenders hearty congratulations. They have been signally honored by a great Fraternity. And they will undoubtedly receive, as they have the right to expect, the loyal cooperation of every faithful Elk. The Magazine will continue its earnest efforts to assist the administration of the affairs of the Order in every appropriate way and in full confidence that another prosperous and successful year lies ahead.

A PATRIOTIC SERVICE

THE reports that have been received from the Subordinate Lodges all over the Country, describing the Flag Day Celebrations held on June 14th, in accordance with Grand Lodge Statute, are proof that the Order of Elks is performing a valuable patriotic service by the observance of this annual ceremonial. In nearly every instance the occasion has been open to the public, and the program has been of a character to insure its being an important event of real patriotic significance.

It is gratifying to note the many cases in which essay contests were conducted among the school children of the respective communities. The interest in the history of the flag, and in its meaning to all true Americans, which has been thus aroused in the minds and hearts of our future citizens, is of itself a splendid public service in which the Order may feel a just pride.

So long as the Subordinate Lodges shall continue to observe this fraternal and patriotic ceremonial in a manner to attract public interest, and shall maintain their true purpose and intent—to instruct all our people in the history of our national banner and to inspire them to greater loyalty and devotion to it and to all it represents—the Order will be able to justify its proud claim that it is the greatest patriotic fraternity.

The Grand Lodge Meeting At Boston, Mass., July, 1924

THE sixtieth Session of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, held in Boston, Mass., the week of July 7, 1924, was from every point of view an unqualified success. It was the biggest convention, in point of attendance, both of delegates and visitors, ever held by the Order. The general registration amounted to approximately 40,000.

The officers and members of the Grand Lodge numbered more than 2,500. The City of Boston, its neighboring communities and, in fact, all New England, joined in doing everything possible to ensure the comfort and pleasure of the invading host of Elks and their families which poured in from all over the country, by train, steamer and motor car. Unfailing courtesy and helpfulness were the rule. Citizens and officials lost no opportunity to display their hospitality and friendliness. The police were splendid, as were the newspapers, which devoted quantities of space to the occasion. All in all, the spirit pervading Boston was a remarkable tribute to the Order. And the arrangements made for the accommodation and entertainment of the visitors spoke eloquently of the efficiency and devotion of the Boston Elks National 1924 Convention Association.

The Public Opening Session

The Convention was formally opened on Monday evening, July 7th, with a public session, which was held in Mechanics Hall, before an audience of 10,000 under the general direction of Past Exalted Ruler George H. Johnson, of Boston Lodge. This meeting, which was presided over by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, President of the Boston Convention Association mentioned above, was featured by a musical program given by the Boston Festival Orchestra, the Boston Festival Chorus of four hundred voices, the Elks Glee Club of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37 and solos by Walter Vaughan of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge No. 494, and Miss Agnes Josephine Burke.

The meeting was opened with an address by Timothy E. McCarthy, Past Exalted Ruler of Boston Lodge, No. 10, and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Boston Convention Association. The invocation was by Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholson, in the name of the 113 Lodges and the 75,000 Elks of New England, welcomed the delegates and visitors to Boston. He was followed by Exalted Ruler Daniel J. Kane of Boston Lodge No. 10, who also made an address of welcome. On behalf of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Gov. Channing H. Cox, a member of No. 10, welcomed the convention. "In all communities where lodges of Elks have been established in Massachusetts," said Governor Cox, "thousands on thousands would rise to bless the unseen hand of generosity which has stretched out to aid them in their hour of need, their charity which has been so well extended, unheralded and unsung. Their flag day! On every day of our holidays which we celebrate, this Order sounds our citizenship to a new sense of its obligations and its duty to our country and the emblem which is the chief decoration

of every altar of this Order, wherever it is to be found. Massachusetts delights to welcome the representatives of Grand Lodge of this Order, whose cornerstone is love of and devotion to country."

Following the Governor, came Mayor James M. Curley, who welcomed the Order in the name of the City of Boston. Mayor Curley expressed the sympathy of all Elks for President Coolidge in the illness of his son. He also presented to Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland an inscribed gavel, made from the wood of one of the posts of Faneuil Hall. Mayor Curley spoke of Boston as "the mother city of liberty. In coming to this old city, every citizen of America imbued with the principles of American liberty is returning to the spiritual home of the nation."

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, in his response to the addresses of welcome, spoke, in part, as follows:

"Such a warmth of welcome cannot be surpassed. The gracious words of the Exalted Ruler, the Senator, your Excellency and your Honor, the Mayor, most beautifully phrase the genuine spirit so generously exemplified by those you represent, and make your guests feel very happy in the anticipation of a pleasant and profitable visit with you. . . .

"The almost unbelievable development of this land of ours, and the progress of our Order presages a wonderful future from continued activity. Of our past achievements we do not boast, but the memory of them incites us to greater vigor and effort for a cleaner, more wholesome National Life and ideals which blossom into a beautiful and practical fidelity to Country and to our Order from the practice of our principles. Elks are practical, but as optimists we, too, have visions.

"I look into the dreamland of the future and see vast concourses of people with faces aglow, as they learn our beautiful lessons at altars set on great commons and in parks and open spaces where all may hear and see and be imbued with the desire to have a part in the great humanitarian work of this gentlemen's fraternity already grown to be numbered in the millions. I have a vision of our Charity quietly eliminating all of suffering and want throughout the Nation, and the broader charity, enforcing in living truth the liberty of conscience and the right to worship God as each man pleases, the unalterable respect for the rights of the other fellow. I see a Justice practised not alone in temples of the State but in the daily intercourse of all our people. I look upon a Brotherly Love that has brought the Golden Rule into every life and begot the love of man for man. And the soul of the picture is the greatest Nation on the Earth supported by the active intimate interest of unselfish citizens, each giving of his time and substance with a fidelity to country that leaves no place for isms or intolerance or selfishness, but which reflects the sacrifice of those patriots of old. A picture, vision, dream? Yes, but if we practise the beatitudes of our faith, it will become a reality. If from this reunion in this glorious atmosphere we can gather new inspiration for further service to our beloved Order, to our great Country, and to our fellow-men, and put these ideals into every day practice, then will the mission of Elksdom be fulfilled.

"Each man has his part to play in the great drama of Life. Each citizen must give of his strength in support of the right and of our Flag, and each Elk must build within himself for the future power and glory of our Order."

The Grand Exalted Ruler closed with the recitation of the poem, dedicated to him by Jamie Herron, which is printed on another page of this magazine.

Following Mr. McFarland's address, Mayor Curley delivered the following beautiful and impressive Eleven O'Clock Toast, written especially for this occasion.

"In every meeting place of Elksdom, 11 o'clock is the solemn hour, the hour of hush, the hour of silence and recollection when under the subdued light of the Order's emblem, the star of hope, the brethren of our fraternity stand and wait the tolling of the bell that tolls the hour and recalls the memory of them who come no more forever and who now sleep in peace under the grass and stars, indifferent to the envy, greed and hatred that mar the human heart and conscious in the eternal life only of the beauty, of the kindness, charity and fellowship that glorify the soul.

"In the stillness of that silent hour, when the music of the tolling bell has ceased and passed like a breath of fragrance, the memory of our dead is with us, green and vital; the forms and faces of our vanished friends come trooping out of a dead past; and the remembrance of their mirth and laughter, their comradeship and worth, appeal to us to bear gently with the frailties of our fellows who survive; to look with charity on the weaknesses of them who are still here; and to seek out only the good that is in men, leaving to a higher tribunal the judgment of their error and misdeed.

"Custom has sanctified, and tradition has endeared this solemn, silent hour to all our brotherhood; it calls in voiceless entreaty for remembrance and forgetfulness; remembrance for the good, forgetfulness for the evil that men have done; it urges us in the sanctuary of our souls where only heaven and heaven's pity should enter in, to write into our lives the principles of a brotherhood that will outlast the storm and stress on earth and pass, as we must pass, into a nobler world to bloom forever in fields eternal.

"Eleven o'clock is an hour sacred to brotherhood, when the souls of the living and the dead meet in spiritual reunion, when the bonds of living friends are drawn closer, and the memory of the absent and the dead is pledged in love and friendship to our absent brothers."

The First Business Session

The first business session of the Grand Lodge was held at 10 o'clock on Tuesday, July 8, at Tremont Temple. There were present 17 Past Grand Exalted Rulers, 14 Grand Lodge officers, 35 Grand Lodge Committeemen, 103 District Deputies, 919 Representatives, 185 Alternates and 1,260 Members, a total attendance of 2,533.

After the invocation, by Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart, a resolution was adopted directing the Grand Exalted Ruler to convey by telegram the sympathy of the Grand Lodge and of the Order to President Coolidge on the loss of his son, Calvin, Jr.

Before the election of officers the printed Annual Reports of the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Secretary, Grand Treasurer, Board of Grand Trustees, the Opinions of the Grand Forum, the reports of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, and the Committee on Auditing, which had already been distributed to the members, were submitted to the Grand Lodge and a time was set for their further consideration and for the submission of other reports from the various standing and special committees.

Then came the election. For the first time in many years there was a contest for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. Hon. John G. Price, of Columbus Lodge No. 37, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, was opposed by Charles F. J. McCue, of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge No. 839, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. Mr. Price was nominated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson and the nomination was seconded by Judge William H. Atwell, of Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71. Mr. McCue was nominated by Congressman Frederick W. Dallinger, of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge No. 839, and seconded by William H. McSweeney, of Salem, Mass., Lodge No. 799.

Interest in the election ran high. The total number of ballots cast exceeded those of any previous Grand Lodge election. Mr. Price won decisively by a vote of 1,500 to 829.

Other Grand Lodge Officers elected for the year 1924 to 1925 were: Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, John B. Knapp, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge No. 109; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, John D. O'Brien, of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge No. 59; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, George W. Edgington, of Idaho Falls, Idaho, Lodge No. 1087; Grand Tiler, F. B. Wilkinson, of Jackson, Tenn., Lodge No. 192; Grand Inner Guard, J. E. Breaux, of Biloxi, Miss., Lodge No. 606; Grand Trustee, Edward W. Cotter, of Hartford, Conn., Lodge No. 19. Fred C. Robinson, of Dubuque, Iowa, Lodge No. 297, was reelected Grand Secretary. John K. Burch, of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge No. 48, was reelected Grand Treasurer.

Hon. Walter P. Andrews, Past Exalted Ruler of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge No. 78, was appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, a member of the Grand Forum for a five-year term, to take the place of Past Exalted Ruler Howard A. Swallow of Danville, Ill., Lodge No. 332, who had been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation, last winter, of Hon. John G. Price. The appointment of Mr. Andrews was confirmed.

By a resolution unanimously adopted, Portland, Oregon, was selected as the meeting place for the 61st Grand Lodge Reunion which will convene on July 13, 1925.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was authorized and directed by the Grand Lodge to expend \$5,000 in such manner as his judgment may dictate, in aid of the sufferers of Lorain, Ohio, and environs, devastated, early in July, by a tornado.

A resolution adopted by the Massachusetts Department of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, expressing gratitude and affection on the part of that organization for the work done by the Order of Elks in the World War, was read to the Grand Lodge by Lieut. E. P. Carver.

The first business session came to an end at one o'clock on Tuesday and adjourned until 10 o'clock Wednesday morning.

The Second Business Session

At the beginning of the second business session, held on Wednesday morning, after the invocation by the Grand Chaplain, Charles F. J. McCue, defeated candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, moved that the election of Hon. John G. Price be made unanimous. The motion was carried without a dissenting vote. Following this, the Grand Exalted Ruler elect delivered his speech of acceptance, which is published on pages 3 to 6 of this magazine.

Acting on the recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, in his report, the Grand Lodge by unanimous action re-

stored to Scottsdale, Pa., Lodge No. 777, its charter which had been indefinitely suspended.

Messages of greeting were read from Past Grand Exalted Rulers Astley Apperly and Robert W. Brown, both of Louisville, Ky., and both of whom were prevented by illness from attending the Boston Reunion. The Grand Lodge, in response, directed that they be sent telegrams expressing regret for their indisposition and the hope of a speedy recovery.

Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland yielded the gavel to Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, who conducted the Memorial Services held every year by the Grand Lodge in honor of those of its members who have passed on during the year. Assisting Mr. Masters were Grand Chaplain Dysart and Walter Vaughan, of Charleroi, Lodge No. 494, who sang "Crossing the Bar." Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, of New Orleans Lodge No. 30, delivered a eulogy of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil M. Allen, of Birmingham, Ala., and William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1, spoke feelingly of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach.

Following the Memorial Services, the session was adjourned until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At this time Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener read the report of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, of which he is Chairman, covering the progress made in connection with the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building and THE ELKS MAGAZINE. This report follows herewith:

Report of Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

"It is with a very great deal of pride and satisfaction that your National Memorial Headquarters Commission, to whom were entrusted the erection of our beautiful monumental building in Chicago and the establishment and publication of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, make this report of their year's activities, together with a financial report of all moneys received and disbursed.

"Last July, at the Grand Lodge Meeting in Atlanta, your Commission had the honor to report, among other things, that plans for the National Memorial Headquarters Building had been approved, and that a contract was about to be made for the translation of those plans into permanent steel and stone. At that time your Commission stated that the actual work on the structure would be immediately begun and that substantial progress on the building would be made. The contract for the building was entered into August 7th, last year.

"Less than twelve months later, on June 7th of this year to be exact, progress had been so very substantial indeed that almost all the outer stone-work of the main floor was in place when the corner-stone was laid, on that day, by Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland. All of you who have received your copies of THE ELKS MAGAZINE for July can see for yourselves, from the published photograph of the Corner Stone Laying Ceremonies, that our National Memorial Headquarters Building has grown apace. Already it is apparent to all who pass that the Order of Elks is erecting one of the most imposing and enduring memorial edifices in America. And your Commission ventures to assert that when the building is completed not only our membership, but the entire nation, will agree that in location, in design, and in construction, it ranks without a peer among the monumental buildings of the land. Standing as it does, almost on the shore of Lake Michigan—on a site which, incidentally, has more than doubled in value since we purchased it—it will take a place with the world-famed Lincoln Memorial in Washington and the Amphitheater at Arlington, in the forefront of beautiful tributes to an everlasting ideal.

"When the Grand Lodge created your Commission at its Annual Meeting in Los Angeles in 1921, it appropriated by a resolution unanimously adopted, the sum of \$2,500,000, to be paid by assessments on the entire Subordinate Lodge membership, for the purchase of a site and the erection of a National Memorial Headquarters Building. The Commission was authorized to make assessments of not more than \$1.00 per capita in any one calendar year. Up to this time there have been levied two assessments, aggregating \$1.65 per capita, the assessments made averaging less than \$.50 per capita in any one calendar year. There has been no assessment for the calendar year 1924, nor will there be any new assessment payable prior to April 1, 1925.

"Such splendid progress has been made to date in the erection of the building as to justify the Commission in expressing confidence in the ability of the General Contracting Company to complete its work by August 7, 1925, as provided by the contract.

The Elks Magazine

"The founding of THE ELKS MAGAZINE in 1921 by unanimous vote of the Grand Lodge has proved to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, forward step taken by our Order in its entire history. During the two years of its existence, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has won its way into the hearts of nearly nine hundred thousand Elk families. It is eagerly awaited every month, and eagerly read. It has reversed the attitude of thousands of women toward their husbands' membership in the Order. It has made the Order better understood and therefore more highly respected by the people at large. It is acknowledged by every one to stand alone in the field of fraternal publications. In appearance, in general reader interest, in fraternal service, you cannot find its equal anywhere.

"In the beginning, the Grand Lodge defined exactly what type of publication the magazine should be. It was to be 'not a mere bulletin or calendar of events, but a vigorous, high-class, literary and fraternal journal, of which the contents would render it worthy of a place upon any library table. It was to contain matters of interest and information to all the members of an Elk household. It was designed to be entertaining as well as instructive; but primarily, its purpose was to place in the hands of every Elk a monthly volume of fraternal information that would insure recognition of the Order's beneficent power, a keen appreciation of its uplifting mission, a deeper pride of membership, and a constant inspiration to a renewal of fraternal obligation and an incentive to greater fraternal activity.'

"THE ELKS MAGAZINE was born with a high purpose. It has succeeded because it is fulfilling that purpose. No magazine was ever established on a sounder policy. Every number published bears eloquent witness to a scrupulous adherence to that policy. In the case of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the necessity for building on the highest possible plane has been greater, perhaps, than in any other undertaking of our fraternity. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, as our official mouthpiece, represents the Order publicly in the eyes of the world. From the very beginning we have made it clear—and the Magazine has shown—that we wanted to give our readers *none but the best*. In every respect and in every department that has been and is our aim. It would have been very easy to buy inferior paper, slipshod printing, third-rate editorial material and to throw the Magazine together haphazard, regardless of those niceties of detail which distinguish a genuine product from a shoddy imitation. But how long would the Magazine have lasted had such methods been employed? What would the people have thought of it and said of it? How would you have liked it yourself?

"We believe we may say, with all due modesty, that you could present any copy of THE ELKS MAGAZINE to any non-Elk with pride, feeling confident that his—or her—impression of our Order would be broadened and heightened by perusal of it.

"Here is a magazine that brings to every member every month not only the vital news

of his fraternity, but helpful articles, sound editorials and enjoyable stories of the highest class.

"And each copy, containing all these things, costs him the very small sum of about eight cents—half the price of a rather mediocre cigar; less than the price of one shoe-shine. There are only two or three magazines in the world that offer such outstanding value at the subscription rate of one dollar a year. And the only thing that makes it possible to give such value for so low a price is the added revenue from the sale of advertising. The subscription dollar alone is not big enough to cover all the costs of publishing. Advertising revenue is essential.

"Because THE ELKS MAGAZINE is thoroughly read and believed in by a vast majority of its readers, advertising in its pages pays the advertiser. Because this advertising pays, our revenue therefrom has grown steadily from the start. Little by little THE ELKS MAGAZINE, by reason of its quality, is overcoming the prejudice that existed and still exists against fraternal publications as mediums for advertising.

"Without the added revenue from advertising it would be absolutely out of the question to give you the type of magazine you have received and have come to expect. And mark this point: any lowering of the Magazine's quality, any hint of cheapening it, any suggestion of deviating from the policy on which it was founded, would lead immediately to a loss of that advertising revenue upon which it is so largely dependent.

"To decrease the already low subscription price, which would entail cheapening the publication, would destroy the confidence of reader and advertiser alike. To eliminate the yearly subscription would automatically cause the degeneration of the Magazine into a mere bulletin and make a hollow mockery of the purpose for which the Grand Lodge established it.

"Three years ago our Commission predicted that with the one dollar yearly subscription, plus the revenue from advertising, the time would come when THE ELKS MAGAZINE would earn a surplus—a surplus that could be used to help defray the expenses of the Grand Lodge, including the maintenance of the Elks National Home. To be quite frank, we did not expect this surplus to materialize inside of four or five years. The experience of other publishers, borne out by the history of other publications, shows that a magazine seldom shows a surplus within the first five years. But evidently we have wrought better than we knew. The sound purpose of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, its close adherence to that purpose and the hearty appreciation of the Magazine by an overwhelming majority of our membership, have made it possible to attain our goal sooner than anticipated. THE ELKS MAGAZINE has a surplus now as shown by the financial report.

"In definite evidence of this, we are herewith handing to the Grand Secretary, out of the Magazine's earnings, a draft for \$200,000, to be used in such manner as the Grand Lodge may direct."

The foregoing, together with a detailed financial statement, duly audited and certified, was contained in a printed booklet, copies of which were placed in the hands of every delegate to the meeting prior to the convening of the sessions. After reading it, Chairman Tener then read the following:

Supplementary Report on The Elks Magazine

"Since the filing and printing of the annual report of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, certain communications from a few Lodges of the Order, relative to placing THE ELKS MAGAZINE upon a voluntary subscription basis, have been referred to the Commission by the Committee on Distribution for investigation and report and the Commission therefore files the following supplementary report to the report heretofore filed, printed and presented to this Grand Lodge.

"To place THE ELKS MAGAZINE on a voluntary subscription basis now, after starting it and conducting it for two years on the basis of subscription by assessment, would mean not only to wreck the property and to throw away all that has so far been spent on its upbuilding, but it would render void the purpose for which the Grand Lodge established the publication. THE ELKS MAGAZINE was conceived and founded as the Official Publication of the entire Order. It was designed to bring to every Elk the news of the Order and the official communications and messages which previously had reached only the relative few who regularly attended Lodge meetings. It could be made to reach every member only by making every member a subscriber. There was no other and is no other way.

"The basic idea behind THE ELKS MAGAZINE was that it should reach every Elk. To publish an official organ that did not reach every Elk would be futile. It would be more sensible to have no publication at all.

"To place THE ELKS MAGAZINE on a voluntary subscription basis would bring the following immediate results:

1. The Magazine would suffer an immediate loss of circulation. That would lead to
2. An immediate unfavorable reaction on the part of advertisers, whose confidence would be shaken and whose patronage would be withdrawn.

"With reduced advertising revenue and decreased circulation, it would be necessary at once to raise the annual subscription price to at least \$2.00 and probably \$3.00. Otherwise it would be a physical impossibility to produce a periodical equal in quality to the present ELKS MAGAZINE.

"Any intelligent man can understand what would happen to the advertising patronage of THE ELKS MAGAZINE if its circulation of 850,000 should slump as a result of the voluntary subscription method. Advertisers never buy on a falling market. The history of the magazine business is replete with proofs of this. Ten years ago one of the leading periodicals of the country had an advertising revenue of some \$75,000 a month. Its circulation took a decline, with the result that its last issue contained less than \$900 worth of advertising.

"The advertising rate of a magazine, the price at which its space is sold, is calculated and based on the quantity of its circulation. It is plain, therefore, that any reduction in the circulation of THE ELKS MAGAZINE would be accompanied not only by a loss of advertising patronage, but in a corresponding reduction of revenue from such advertising as could be sold. If our circulation were cut we should have to cut our advertising rate. So that if we were able to sell half as much space as we do now—which is improbable—we should receive for it only one quarter of our present advertising income.

"For nearly three years the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission—appointed by the Grand Lodge—has represented to manufacturers and business men that the Elks were publishing as fine a periodical as could be found in this country and that the Order would continue this publishing policy in the future. As a result, and based on accomplishment, these manufacturers and business men are spending nearly \$400,000 in THE ELKS MAGAZINE this year, with assurance of increased patronage in the years to come.

"It is this advertising revenue which, together with the subscription revenue of \$1.00 a year per member, makes it possible to publish a magazine on the high plane of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Both sources of income are essential. Neither can carry the burden alone.

"Suppose the subscription price of THE ELKS MAGAZINE were raised to \$2.00 and the magazine put on a voluntary basis. The publication would not actually receive \$2.00 for each subscription. The subscriptions would have to be sold through agents and canvassers. The commissions, bonuses, etc., demanded by such agents amount to 50 per cent. of the subscription price. This means that each subscription of \$2.00 would bring the magazine only \$1.00 net, a return that

would be further reduced by the additional expense of handling a large canvassing force. Publishers of \$3.00 magazines are lucky if they receive \$1.00 or even 75 cents net from each subscription.

"It has been said that the Grand Lodge law requiring every member to subscribe to THE ELKS MAGAZINE is un-American, because certain members feel that they do not want the publication. According to that reasoning every law passed by the representatives of the people ought to be repealed if a small minority of the people were opposed to its enforcement. In other words, the argument implies that the good of the vast majority must give way to the whimsical desires of a small minority.

"In the case of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the good of the Order is involved. The Grand Lodge, which is certainly representative of the Order of Elks, wishes every member to receive its publication. Persons who say they don't want the Magazine are simply putting themselves on record as not wanting to know what their Order is doing, as not caring enough about their Order to be willing to help in making one of its most important undertakings a permanent success. Though they show such little interest in the affairs of the Fraternity that they do not deign to read its official publication, they feel entitled to impugn the integrity and the Americanism of the Grand Lodge which established it.

"It is a fundamental principle of Americanism that the majority shall rule and that the wishes of the majority shall be respected. No one desires to force the Magazine on an unwilling majority of our Order. But if the opposition to it is the sentiment of only a small minority, then that minority should, to be truly American, bow to the majority's wishes.

"If there is not a majority of our members willing to pay \$1.00 a year for THE ELKS MAGAZINE; if there is not a majority who believe that the Order is big enough to require a medium of communication between the Grand Lodge and the Subordinate Lodges; if there are not enough of our members who like to read high-class magazines such as our own—then let us dispose of THE ELKS MAGAZINE at once as an institution. But let us not cripple it and make a farce of it and of ourselves by putting it on a voluntary circulation basis which would immediately strangle it to death—a death which would not reflect credit on the Order or on the Grand Lodge membership which so unanimously instigated its birth three years ago.

"Some years ago one of the leading fraternal organizations of the country, having a membership of approximately 600,000, authorized the publication of a magazine to promote the interest of that Order. Its circulation is approximately 75,000. In other words, it reaches only 12½% of the members of that Order, and it only reached that number after years of effort and the expenditure of large sums of money in premiums and otherwise to secure that circulation. The subscription price of that magazine is \$3.00 a year, and it is in no way comparable in quality, in usefulness, in value, or as an advertising medium with THE ELKS MAGAZINE, which is priced to the members at \$1.00 per year and a considerable surplus turned over to the Grand Lodge for its purposes as indicated by our original report.

"For two years the Order has published a magazine of high quality, combining not only news of interest to the Order, but also furnishing to the members articles and fiction of a high literary value. The development of the magazine and of its advertising has been a marvel of the publishing world. This is indicated by the brochure containing facsimile copies of letters from the leading publishers and editors of magazines throughout the country, which brochure has been distributed to the members of this Grand Lodge at the time of their registration with the Committee on Credentials, and also was mailed to every Lodge of the Order. Reference has been made in our original report to these facts, and we only can call attention to them at this time in view of the new question that has been raised by a few of the Lodges and

which has occasioned this supplementary report. We respectfully submit, with our knowledge and study of the situation after having received the advice of many men prominent and successful in the publishing world, that the placing of THE ELKS MAGAZINE on a voluntary subscription basis will result in the discontinuance of the Magazine. Therefore, the issue raised is not a question of whether or not the Magazine shall be placed on a voluntary subscription basis; the real issue is whether or not the Order intends to carry on the work which it has begun or whether it intends to continue or discontinue this most successful achievement.

"We therefore recommend to this Grand Lodge that the proposals made by these Lodges to put the Magazine upon a voluntary subscription basis be not approved.

"Grand Exalted Ruler, I therefore move that the original and supplementary report of The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission; and each of the same, be received, filed, approved, adopted and confirmed."

After a general discussion of these reports and the recommendation of the Commission, the motion offered by Chairman Tener was carried by an overwhelming majority.

Report of the Committee on Judiciary

Then came the report of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, read by Chairman John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61. Mr. Malley moved "that unless there is objection to the report of the Committee on Judiciary as read, the recommendations of the Committee be considered as adopted by the Grand Lodge." This motion was carried. We publish herewith, therefore, those portions of the report involving actual changes in the Grand Lodge Statutes, just as they appeared in the report.

Section 49:

Your Committee on Judiciary, to which was referred the recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler relative to the amending of Section 49 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, does report that the Committee has carefully considered the proposition, and recommends that Section 49 of the Grand Lodge Statutes be amended so that Subdivision 1 of said Section will read as follows:

(The revenue of the Grand Lodge shall be derived from the following sources.)

"(1) Annual dues to be paid by each Elk on the roll of membership of each Subordinate Lodge, the amount of which shall be fixed by resolution of the Grand Lodge each year, and which shall be collected by each Subordinate Lodge from each member required to pay Subordinate Lodge dues as part thereof, and also from each life member, and for the transmission of which from its own funds the respective Subordinate Lodges shall be responsible to the Grand Lodge."

This amendment as adopted carried into effect the recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland which was as follows:

(The revenue of the Grand Lodge shall be derived from the following sources:)

"(1) Annual dues to be paid by each Elk on the roll of membership of each Subordinate Lodge, the amount of which shall be fixed by Resolution of the Grand Lodge each year, and which shall be collected by each Subordinate Lodge as a part of its own Lodge dues and for the transmission of which from its own funds the respective Subordinate Lodges shall be responsible to the Grand Lodge."

Section 179: (Amended)

"Section 179. A member owing one year's dues to the Lodge including the annual dues that may be fixed by the Grand Lodge may be dropped from the rolls by a Lodge upon a majority vote after thirty days notice by registered mail, addressed to such member by the Secretary at his last known address."

Section 43: (Amended)

"Section 43. The Committee on Auditing

Accounts shall carefully examine and audit the books, accounts and papers of the Grand Secretary, the Grand Treasurer, and all other officers, committees and commissions receiving or expending any funds of the Order, and upon demand said officers, committees and commissions shall deliver to said Committee all books and papers in their possession containing such accounts.

"It shall, by and with the consent of the Board of Grand Trustees, have authority to employ an expert accountant to examine the books, records and accounts of any officer, committee or commission."

Section 99: (Amended)

"Said application, together with two typewritten copies of said application and signatures shall be submitted to the Grand Exalted Ruler" (and so on as it now stands).

Section 80: (Amended)

"During the months of April and October of each year, the Secretary and Board of Trustees shall prepare and deposit in the Subordinate Forum box slips of paper of uniform size and color, each having plainly written thereon the name of a member in good standing in the Lodge, officers and members of the House Committee and of the Statutory committees excepted."

Section 154: (Amended)

"Section 154: Each and every ballot box used when balloting upon applicants must contain either white balls and black balls, or white balls and black cubes, substantially equal in number, and it is made the special duty of the Exalted Ruler and Esquire to see that this provision is complied with."

Section 192: (Amended)

"It shall be the duty of the Secretary of a Lodge to which an applicant may submit his transfer dimit for its action to notify by registered letter the applicant and the Secretary of the Lodge which granted such dimit, of the applicant's election or rejection."

Section 200: (Amended)

"Section 200. 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 his widow, and to the mother, sister, daughter or minor children of a deceased member, a visiting card or identification card" (etc. etc. same as now—the word mother being added by the Committee.)

Section 149: (Amended)

"Section 149. No application, except by one holding a transfer dimit shall be considered by a Lodge," (etc. etc.) same as at present.)

Section 170: (Amended)

Your Committee on Judiciary, to which was referred the recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler relative to the amending of Section 170 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, does report that the Committee has carefully considered the proposition, and recommends that Section 170 of the Grand Lodge Statutes be amended by adding at the end of paragraph 6 the following:

"Provided, however, that an incorporated Lodge may make provision for a Board which shall be designated in accordance with the requirements of the corporation laws of the State or Territory in which such Lodge is situated and which shall be composed of all the elective officers of the Lodge, including the Trustees, and which shall be vested with the powers conferred upon the Board of Trustees by the laws of the Order."

(In connection with the above)

Your Committee on Judiciary, to which was referred the recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler relative to the amending of Section 128 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, does report that the Committee has carefully considered the proposition, and recommends that Section 128 of the Grand Lodge Statutes be amended by changing the first sentence to read as follows:

"Section 128:

The Board of Trustees, or the Board established

in accordance with the provisions of paragraph 6 of Section 170, of which the Trustees are members, after each annual election shall meet and organize by the election of a Chairman and Secretary."

Section 148: (Amended)

Your Committee on Judiciary, to which was referred the recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler relative to the amending of Section 148 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, does report that the Committee has carefully considered the proposition, and recommends that Section 148 of the Grand Lodge Statutes be amended by inserting after the word "result" in the eleventh line, the following:

"The applicant must state that he is willing to assume an obligation that will not conflict with his duties to himself or family or his religious or political opinions, and which binds him to uphold the Constitution and Laws of the United States of America, and not by any act, or attempt, to abridge or deny the rights of any person or persons under said Constitution and Laws, on account of race, religion or nationality of such person or persons."

Section 122: (Amended)

"Section 122. Whenever any elective office shall become vacant for any cause whatever, or whenever any new or additional elective office shall have been duly created by law, the Exalted Ruler shall forthwith order an election to fill such office, which election shall take place at the next regular session of the Lodge, and nominations for such offices shall be made either at the session when the Exalted Ruler orders an election, or, at the session when the election is held; provided, however, that the vacancy caused by the election of another elective officer to fill such vacancy may be filled at the same session. All elections to fill vacancies shall be conducted in the same manner in which elections of officers at the annual election are conducted."

Section 116a: (Amended)

"Section 116a. All questions arising out of alleged irregularities in the nomination or election of officers of Subordinate Lodges may be submitted to the Grand Exalted Ruler, who is hereby empowered to ascertain the facts, and after consideration, to render judgment thereon, which shall be final. Provided that, if requested by a majority vote of the Lodge concerned, the Grand Exalted Ruler, before rendering such judgment, shall, either in person or by his representative designated by him for that purpose, give to all interested members of such Lodge an opportunity to be heard at a time and place within the district in which said Lodge is located, and for this purpose ten days' written notice of the time and place of such hearing shall be mailed by registered mail to the Secretary of said Lodge by the Grand Exalted Ruler or his said representative."

Section 104a: (New section)

"Section 104a. Whenever a Lodge is granted a dispensation or a charter in the city or town in which a Lodge formerly existed, the Grand Exalted Ruler, at the time of granting of said dispensation or of said charter, or at any time subsequent thereto, may substitute for the serial number by which said Lodge otherwise would be or is designated the number of the Lodge which formerly existed in the said city or town."

Section 180: (Amended)

Your Committee on Judiciary begs leave to recommend that Section 180 of the Grand Lodge Statutes be amended to read as follows:

"Section 180. Upon application for reinstatement, a member whose name has been stricken from the roll for non-payment of dues, shall have his name restored to the roll of membership of said Lodge, upon a majority vote, provided a year shall not have intervened between the date of his application and the time when his name was stricken from the roll, and that such applicant pays to said Lodge all his indebtedness for dues as it existed at the time his name was stricken from the roll and the regular dues up to the time of such application, but in no case shall such payment exceed the amount of two years' dues. If a year has intervened between such striking from the roll and the date of application for

reinstatement, the applicant shall pay his indebtedness for dues as it existed at the time his name was stricken from the roll, which payment shall in no case exceed the amount of two years' dues, and in addition thereto, the fee for reinstatement specified by the By-Laws of the Lodge, or the amount by which the initiation fee of the Lodge at the time of his application for reinstatement exceeds the initiation fee at the time his name was stricken from the roll, whichever is the greater; a secret ballot shall be taken upon such application and if six black balls shall be cast, reinstatement shall thereby be refused, without prejudice to a future application after the lapse of six months. Whenever a member whose name has been stricken from the roll for non-payment of dues has removed from the jurisdiction of such Lodge, and has been a bona fide resident for three years within the jurisdiction of another Lodge, he may make application for membership to the Lodge in the jurisdiction of which he resides; said application shall be received and acted upon by such Lodge in the same manner as original applications for membership, provided such applicant has paid to the Lodge from the roll of which his name was stricken the amount of his indebtedness to such Lodge for dues as it existed at the time his name was stricken from the roll, but in no case more than two years' dues, and, in addition thereto, the fee for affiliation specified by the By-Laws of the Lodge to which he has applied for membership or the amount by which the initiation fee of such Lodge exceeds the initiation fee of the Lodge of which he was formerly a member, whichever is the greater. A copy of such application for membership shall be forwarded by the Secretary by registered mail to the Lodge of which he was formerly a member and the Lodge to which such application is referred shall appoint an investigating committee the findings of which shall be immediately communicated to the Lodge submitting said application; no vote shall be taken upon such application until the expiration of thirty days after the copy of such application has been forwarded to such Lodge.

Section 193: (Amended in connection with above)

Your Committee on Judiciary begs leave to recommend that Section 193 of the Grand Lodge Statutes be amended so that the second paragraph shall read as follows:

"Provided further, that in case an Elk has taken an Absolute Dimit and seeks readmission in the Lodge which granted such Dimit, he shall be required to pay an affiliation fee which shall be at least the amount by which the initiation fee of such Lodge at the date of said application for affiliation exceeds the initiation fee at the date on which the Absolute Dimit was granted."

Section 190: (Amended)

"Sec. 190. A dimit shall be granted at a regular session, without fee, by a Lodge, whether existing under dispensation or charter, to any member who may apply therefor in writing, provided that he is not in any manner indebted to his Lodge, and that charges of misconduct are not pending against him; provided, further, that any member applying for a transfer dimit must pay all of his dues in full for the period ending March 31st, next succeeding the date of such application, but no absolute dimit shall be granted unless the membership card of the applicant has been surrendered."

Section 48: (Amended)

"Sec. 48. A District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler shall be appointed in each of the districts set off in accordance with the provisions of Section 40a as the representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler therein, and shall be recognized as such by the Subordinate Lodges."

Chairman Malley moved that all of the proposed Statutes and amendments to Statutes, that had been recommended by the Committee on Judiciary, and approved by the Grand Lodge, be enacted into law. The motion was seconded and carried unanimously.

Report of Committee on Social and Community Welfare

Following the adoption of the report of the Committee on Judiciary, came the presentation, by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, of New Orleans Lodge No. 30, of the report of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare of which he is Chairman. With Col. Sullivan on the platform were the members of his committee: Judge William H. Atwell, of Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71, Lloyd R. Maxwell, of Chicago (Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge No. 312), and Robert E. Evans, of Tacoma, Washington, Lodge No. 174. Hon. Murray Hulbert, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, who was in Europe at the time as a member of the American Olympic Committee, was represented by W. C. Robertson, of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44, a former member of the Social and Community Welfare Committee.

Colonel Sullivan spoke briefly, emphasizing the fact that the growth of the Order's activities in social and community welfare work had been so great during the year that his Committee's report to this Grand Lodge took the form of a 370-page book. It was manifestly impossible for the report to be read in its entirety. And in the space at our disposal in this account of the proceedings we can merely give an indication of the gist of the speeches made by the Committee's Chairman and his co-members. On another page of this issue you will find a summary of the Committee's report which shows, in figures, how great has been the increased interest of the Order at large in charitable and welfare work.

Judge Atwell, in a ringing speech, advocated a wider adoption of Americanization campaigns by Subordinate Lodges. He laid stress on the importance of Flag Day essay contests in the schools and suggested that educational trips be given as prizes, rather than money. He suggested also that the Order should put Flag Day "out in the open"; that Lodges ought to hold public services and celebrations, instead of, as in some cases, confining Flag Day ceremonies to the Lodge Room.

Robert E. Evans, of the Committee, voiced the approval of the Committee of Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland's suggestion, in his report, that the Grand Lodge should adopt a national welfare program. A resolution was subsequently adopted by the Grand Lodge, unanimously, that this question of a national program for the Order at large be referred to the Committee on Social and Community Welfare, for investigation and report at the 1925 Grand Lodge Session in Portland.

Lloyd Maxwell spoke on the charitable activities of the Order, which, as the summary on page 47 shows, reached, last year, the sum of approximately \$3,000,000. He outlined what could be accomplished if every member of the Grand Lodge would "sell" the idea of Charity to the members of their Subordinate Lodges, and pointed out that activity in charitable work has been a tremendous factor in stimulating the growth of the Order.

W. C. Robertson, reporting for Hon. Murray Hulbert, emphasized the necessity for and the good to be obtained from fostering athletics and providing playgrounds, athletic fields, and equipment wherever practicable for the young people of every community. Investigation has shown that there are 400 cities and towns having no playgrounds and that there are 8,000,000 illiterate voters in this country. These are both conditions, said Mr. Hulbert's report, which the Order could well try to remedy.

The introduction to the voluminous report of the Committee—a report, by the way, that every Elk should read from cover to cover, says in part:

"Our Order throughout the nation, during the last summer and winter has again written a proud record of accomplishment through its activities in Social and Community Welfare work. Greater in number have been its activities; greater in number has been its scope of useful effort; more splendid, more energetic and more enthusiastic has been the wonderful spirit that has moved this vast army of Elksdom's 900,000 members, to bring comfort and cheer and pleasure into the hearts and homes of those least able financially to enjoy the pleasures and comforts of life.

"In its educational work Elksdom has gone far and has done much this last year. Part-time employment has been secured for boys, who desired to finish their education; scholarships in high schools and universities and business colleges have been established; text-books, clothing, and shoes have been provided for the children of the poor, so that they might have an equal opportunity with the children of the more fortunate, in securing a public-school education; night schools have been established for the foreign-born; school nurses have been employed to guard the health of the children; lunches for poor school-children have been provided; dental care for boys and girls of school age has been given through the generosity of Elksdom.

"Unfortunately crippled children have had their deformities cured or helped through free surgical clinics, and the employment of expert surgeons; rooms in hospitals for the care of the sick have been endowed; community nurses have been financed; playgrounds, swimming-pools, recreation centers and parks have been established; scores of Boy Scout and Girl Scout troops have been organized and provided with meeting places, and summer camps; cooperation with Federal authorities in Americanization has been given by Elksdom through classes in Americanization.

"Hundreds of thousands of school-children throughout this country have been furnished the incentive to study the history of our Flag and our form of government through the prize essay contests conducted by subordinate lodges, in conjunction with their Flag Day observance.

"All of these activities and many other noble causes have been successfully undertaken during the last year by our subordinate lodges. And even these do not suffice or satisfy our members. Scores of reports are on file with this committee in which the statement is made that our Brothers are constantly seeking new channels in which humanity can be served; new ways in which suffering can be minimized, new ways in which pain and misery can be alleviated."

In that portion of its report dealing with membership, the Committee gave out as the total membership on June 1, 1924, 874,950. This figure represents a very satisfactory net growth over the membership of a year ago and is particularly interesting because 70 per cent. of the increase represents the natural growth of the Order without the stimulation of special membership campaigns.

The following were the recommendations of the Committee:

"Your committee believes this work should be continued with all the energy and enthusiasm that can be mustered into this service to humanity and to that end recommends the continuance of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, for which adequate appropriation should be made to permit it to carry on its work efficiently and effectively.

"Your committee recommends that subordinate lodge committees on Social and Community Welfare be made large in membership and that the general committee be divided into subcommittees, each subcommittee being assigned to some particular branch of Social and Community Welfare Work. By this arrangement your committee believes

better organized results can be accomplished by the Subordinate Lodges.

"Your committee recommends that representatives of Subordinate Lodges in attendance at this convention make it their duty to report to their Lodges the activities of this committee, and especially to call to the attention of the Subordinate Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, that section of the report which contains a digest of the work done by the Lodges reporting their activities to this committee.*

"Your committee recommends that the Social and Community Welfare Committee have a membership of five, one of whom shall be Chairman, which Chairman shall be appointed by the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler before the adjournment of the Boston Grand Lodge Session of 1924, so that the work of the committee may be carried on uninterruptedly, pending the appointment of the full committee, and the said Chairman is hereby authorized to that end.

"Your committee further recommends that from the Grand Lodge funds there be appropriated for the work of the Social and Community Welfare Committee for the year July 15, 1924, to July 15, 1925, the sum of twenty thousand dollars (\$20,000).

"Your committee further recommends that at the adjournment of this convention, the Grand Treasurer be authorized to issue a check for twenty-five hundred dollars (\$2,500) for contingent expenses, so that the committee can continue to function, without loss of time."

Resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Grand Lodge carrying out the last four recommendations embodied in the report as published above, with one exception, marked *, which was somewhat elaborated. The resolution regarding it read as follows:

"Be it resolved that the representatives of Subordinate Lodges in attendance at this Convention are hereby directed to report to their respective Lodges the activities of this committee and to call to the attention of the Subordinate Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare that section of the report which contains the digest of the work done by the Subordinate Lodges reporting their activities to this Committee, and that the said Grand Lodge representative file with the Exalted Ruler of his Lodge a copy of this report with the request that the Exalted Ruler meet with the Subordinate Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee and the Grand Lodge representative for the purpose of examining the activities of all Subordinate Lodges of the Order for 1923-1924."

Among other resolutions and suggestions from various sources, and making divers proposals, were the two following, which were referred to the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare for investigation and further report at Portland:

That a film version of Thanatopsis be made for use with the ritual by Subordinate Lodges; that a ritual be created and adopted for use at the dedication of public buildings.

A resolution submitted by Kalispell, Montana, Lodge No. 725 was adopted. This resolution set forth that the Elk and Bison on the National Bison Reserve in Sanders, Lake and Missoula counties, Montana, are in too congested a section and that the Federal Government contemplates slaughtering thousands of them. It pointed out that in Lincoln and Flathead counties there would be plenty of room for them and plenty of pasturage. To move the animals by rail would be, according to the resolution, both practical and inexpensive.

The resolution requested that the Grand Lodge present to the Subordinate Lodges the question of removing the animals, so

that the Subordinate Lodges would arouse their Congressional representatives to the unnecessary feature of the wanton butchery now contemplated.

Memorials to Past Grand Exalted Rulers

At the same session, Wednesday afternoon, Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge No. 1, reported on behalf of the Sanderson Memorial Committee that a simple shaft of Vermont granite had been purchased and erected in the cemetery at Plainfield, N. J., in memory of Henry S. Sanderson, Grand Exalted Ruler in 1884.

A resolution submitted by Mr. Phillips relative to the appointment of a Committee to provide a suitable memorial to the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach, was unanimously adopted.

A memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen of Birmingham, Alabama, was also authorized by the adoption of a resolution submitted by B. B. Barefoot, Past Exalted Ruler of Chickasha, Okla., Lodge No. 755.

The Galvin Memorial Committee, Past Exalted Ruler August Herrmann, Chairman, reported that a beautiful bronze tablet has been erected in the new Home of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5 in memory of John Galvin, Past Grand Exalted Ruler. This tablet, with the exception of two standards, is complete, the Committee reported, and services will be held in the Home after the installation of these standards. The Committee asked that its work be considered completed.

The Final Business Session

On Thursday morning the last business session of the 1924 Grand Lodge Convention took place. It was marked by many interesting and important events, beginning with the reading of the report of the State Association Committee by Chairman James C. Murtagh, of Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge No. 290, which report showed that the welfare activities of State Elks Associations are becoming more and more wide-spread.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved that the sum of \$200,000, which was turned over to the Grand Lodge by the National Memorial Headquarters Commission representing a surplus from the publication of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, be and is hereby appropriated for the use of the Board of Grand Trustees in defraying the general expenses of the Grand Lodge."

William E. Drislane, of Albany, New York, No. 40, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, submitted the budget of Grand Lodge expenses for 1924-25, including the maintenance of the Elks National Home. The budget was approved by the Grand Lodge. The following resolution was then submitted by Mr. Drislane, and was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved that, in accordance with Section 15, Article 3 of the Constitution and Section 49 of the Grand Lodge Statutes there are hereby fixed and assessed upon each member of the Order as of April 1, 1925, annual dues in the amount of \$1.15; that of the amount so fixed and assessed, one dollar for each Elk on its roll of membership as of said April 1st shall be paid by each Subordinate Lodge on or before May 1, 1925, for the expense of publishing and distributing the National Journal known as THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose; and of the amount so fixed and assessed, 15 cents for each Elk on its roll of membership as of said April 1st,

shall be paid by each Subordinate Lodge on or before May 1, 1925, to meet the expenses of the Grand Lodge, including the maintenance of the Elks National Home, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose."

Following the adoption of this assessment resolution, Mr. Drislane submitted a list of new lodges for which dispensations had been granted with the recommendation of the Board of Grand Trustees that the Lodges be regularly chartered. The list follows:

No.	Location
1471	Palo Alto, Cal.
1472	Elko, Nevada
1473	Dublin, Ga.
1474	Pittsburg, Cal.
1475	Orange, Cal.
1476	Plymouth, Mass.
1477	Bergenfield, N. J.
1478	Lancaster, N. Y.
1479	Concord, Mass.
1480	Breckenridge, Texas
1481	Westfield, Mass.
1482	Kelso, Wash.
1483	Cordova, Alaska
1484	Oroville, Cal.
1485	Hempstead, N. Y.
1486	Ossining, N. Y.
1487	Susanville, Cal.
1488	Dunellen, N. J.
1489	Burkburnett, Texas
1490	Brookings, S. D.
1491	Whitehall, N. Y.
1492	Inglewood, Cal.
1494	Ticonderoga, N. Y.
1495	Wellsville, N. Y.

Robert A. Scott, of Linton, Ind., Lodge No. 866, Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, submitted a resolution requesting that the Grand Lodge appropriate \$10,000 to be devoted to future improvements at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. The resolution was adopted.

In resolutions unanimously adopted the Grand Lodge expressed its hearty appreciation of the splendid accomplishments of James G. McFarland during his term as Grand Exalted Ruler, and of William E. Drislane, whose six-year service as member of the Board of Grand Trustees expired this year. Testimonials are to be presented to each of them.

The representative of Berkeley, Cal., Lodge No. 1002, in behalf of his Lodge and city and the other California Lodges expressed thanks to the Grand Lodge for the aid extended at the time of the Berkeley fire.

Hon. William E. English, of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13, Grand Exalted Ruler in 1886, briefly addressed the convention.

Prior to the installation of the newly elected officers, Hon. Walter P. Andrews, of Atlanta, introduced a resolution thanking sincerely all the people and the officials of the city of Boston and of the New England States, Governor Cox, Mayor Curley and the indefatigable members of the Boston Elks National Convention Association, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, and also the newspapers for their courtesy, generosity and hospitality. The motion to adopt this resolution was seconded, appropriately, by Past Exalted Ruler Barnett Goldstein of Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142, and was carried unanimously by a rising vote.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson conducted the installation ceremonies, which were prefaced with songs by the Glee Club of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37. The first official act of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was the re-appointment of Col. John P. Sullivan of New Orleans as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

The Grand Lodge then adjourned, to meet in Portland, Ore., Monday, July 13, 1925.

Social Features of the Convention

Prize Winners in Drill and Band Contests and the Parade

BOSTON had indeed made excellent arrangements for welcoming the great throng of visitors which poured into the city from all corners of the United States. Too much credit can not be given to the Executive Committee of the Boston Elks National Convention Association for its foresight, its lavish generosity and its efficient functioning. This committee working with various sub-committees was composed of the following distinguished members of the Order: Hon. Channing H. Cox, Governor; Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor; James R. Nicholson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61, President; Past Exalted Rulers of Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10: Timothy E. McCarthy, Chairman; Joseph M. Sullivan, Secretary; Gen. John H. Dunn; Michael F. Culliney; Edward C. Carr; Dr. Joseph Santosuosso; George H. Johnson; and Daniel J. Kane, Exalted Ruler of Boston Lodge; Officers of Boston Lodge: Patrick F. McCarron, Secretary; James R. Flanagan, Esteemed Leading Knight; Thomas F. Lockney, Esteemed Loyal Knight; Michael W. O'Brien, Trustee; Samuel Kalesky, Esteemed Lecturing Knight; Dr. Francis X. Mahoney, Trustee; Bernard A. McMahon, Treasurer. Also Logan L. McLean; Hon. Thomas C. O'Brien; Nathan Sidd; John J. O'Connor, Assistant Secretary. Among the other Committee Chairmen, deserving of special mention, was Mr. Charles E. Osgood, who headed the Committee on Ways and Means and was largely responsible for successfully raising the \$100,000 New England Convention fund.

As early as Saturday July 5 the Reception Committee, of which Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor of the city, was chairman, began its arduous work of meeting the arrivals at all trains. The uniformed escort and band of Boston Lodge greeted all visitors and escorted them to their hotels. By Sunday afternoon July 6 the gaily decorated streets of the city were crowded with delegates and their families. In the evening the Boston churches of all denominations extended a cordial invitation to the visitors. At Trinity Church Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain of the Order, conducted services for the visitors.

On Monday July 6 Boston awoke to find the city literally captured by the Elks. Every hotel lobby resounded to the sound of bands and friendly shouts of greeting. Everywhere the visitors were welcomed cordially. Everything was done to make the members feel that Boston was out to establish an unbeatable record for hospitality and generosity. Before settling down to the business sessions of the Convention the Grand Lodge delegates were given an outing. A special steamship of the Nantasket fleet left Rowe's Wharf for a sail about the harbor, which included a review of the naval demonstration at the Boston Navy Yard. The East Boston airport was also inspected.

Coincident with the start of the business sessions on the following day the visitors were fully launched on a program of enjoyment and thrills. One of the biggest events of the day was the drill team contest held at Braves' Field before a crowd of approximately 10,000. Twelve teams competed, and all were given great credit by the three lieutenant-colonels and two majors of the Regular Army who acted as judges.

For the fifth consecutive time the Withington Zouaves, of Jackson, Mich., Lodge No. 113, under the command of Captain Sparks, won the national championship with a practically perfect score. Second prize went to the "Purple Devils" from Atlanta, Ga., Lodge No. 79. Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge No. 23

AN ELK

*Dedicated to Grand Exalted Ruler
James G. McFarland*

*WHEN a man can see in his brother man
More good and less of ill;
When he can meet with fame, and keep
His head upon his shoulders still;
When he can work for the sake of working
And care not for the gain;
When he can thank God for adversity—
For strength to start again;
When he can see his business as a
Chance to serve his fellow man
And apply the Golden Rule, and make it
His daily working plan;*

*WHEN he can look across the muddy wallow
And see the fragrant flower;
When he can slay his axe and stand beside
The tree, and feel its power;
When he can stalk wild game without a gun
And learn of Nature's plan
And know that life is life and it is one,
And God is in every man.
When he can sing the songs of boyhood days
And romp upon the green;
When he can share his wealth with charity
Nor let his act be seen.*

*WHEN he can pause a moment of each day,
And do it without fail,
To live again in memory with the boys
Who've passed on down the trail;
When he can see his flag,—the Stars and Stripes,
And love it as he should,
To die for it! But, better far, to live for it
And to be understood;
When he can bare his soul and tell the world
He lives with no regrets—
Then he's an Elk, American,
A Gentleman who ne'er forgets.*

—JAMIE HERRON.

with an army style exhibition captured the third honors. The prizes were beautiful cups valued at \$500, \$200 and \$100.

Although they failed to get in the prize money, teams from Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge No. 109, and Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123 made a big hit with the large crowd, executing many spectacular and striking movements. Twelve teams competed in the drill, and all were given great credit by the judges. Others were the "Cherry Pickers" from Toledo, O., Lodge No. 53, teams from Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24; Flint, Mich., Lodge No. 222; White Plains, N. Y., Lodge No. 535; Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105, another popular troop, and the saber team from Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15. The result of the exhibition might be termed a double victory for Captain Sparks of the Withington Zouaves, for he was the organizer of the "Purple Devils" which is headed by Captain Cook. Captain Sparks formed the Atlanta team when he was South with his troop to capture the national championship in 1923. This team has done wonders in a year of drilling, competing against teams organized for years.

In the evening the drill teams and musical

units of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2 gave a remarkable demonstration on Boston Common before a gathering of nearly 20,000. The mounted guard, the brass band, the string band, the loyal legion of overseas men, the drill corps and the automobile corps took part in the exhibition. The automobile maneuvers, in which more than a score of machines took part, showed rare skill.

Wednesday, July 9, was Nantasket Day. Boats left for this famous seashore resort carrying thousands to its refreshing beaches—the finest on the Eastern coast. The membership with their wives and families from all parts of the United States, enjoyed the elaborate program of clambakes, free entertainments, shore dinners, seashore drives and illumination and fireworks.

At the same time as many thousands were enjoying the entertainments of Nantasket, the South Boston Yacht Club played host to many more and gave a program that made yachting one of the features of convention week. An open regatta was held shortly after four o'clock, with thirty-one yachts competing for the special Elk prizes. Then an impressive power and sailboat parade was held at City Point with thousands watching beautifully decorated boats passing in review. In the evening, open house and dancing were enjoyed at all the yacht clubs, and Elks from all parts of the country were entertained.

The festivities and entertainments of Wednesday were enlivened further by the Band Contests held on the Common in the afternoon. This annual "Battle of Music," one of the most important competitions of the Convention was keenly followed by the visitors. A committee of musical experts had been selected for the task of picking the winner, but so well did the many contestants play that the decisions were close. The band of Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34, won the competition and the first prize of \$600 for its appearance and deportment, its expression and tempo. To the band of Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4, went second honors, carrying a prize of \$400. The band of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge No. 23, was awarded the third prize of \$200.

Another interesting event of this crowded day was the initiation that evening of a class of nearly 200 into Boston Lodge. The ceremonies were held at Tremont Temple and close to 2,000 members of the Order from various parts of the country witnessed the impressive work done by the famous Philadelphia Lodge Degree Team, headed by Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow.

Thursday afternoon the greatest parade in the history of the Order and the best ever seen by the people of Boston took place. It was more than a procession of 30,000 Elks, it was a pageant in which all Boston joined from the time that the first mounted police trotted slowly down Commonwealth Avenue at 3:30 P. M. until after 7:30 when the last ranks dispersed on Dartmouth Street. No element for a gala day was missing except perfect weather. But there was sunshine at the beginning and at the end of the fete, and the indomitable spirit of the paraders and the spectators could not be daunted even by the veritable cloudburst that came in between. There was color, there was music from many bands,

there was enthusiasm and most potent of all, there was the contagious spirit of good fellowship. There were elaborate, vari-colored floats, bizarre costumes which looked like miniature rainbows, as well as solid lines of white and gold uniforms which gave a curiously serious touch to their particular part of the procession. It was a rare and beautiful sight, a high tribute to the genius of Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow, who, working with Past Exalted Ruler Gen. John H. Dunn, of Boston Lodge, Chairman of the Parade Committee, perfected the plans for the whole elaborate spectacle. It would take considerably more space than is at our disposal to enumerate and to describe the marvelous marching units, the bands, the floats and the picturesque costumes that passed in review before the 500,000 people who lined the streets and filled the miles of grand stands. Nothing like it was ever seen in Boston. It set a record for size, magnificence and efficient organization.

Prizes totaling \$5,600 were awarded to various participants in the parade. Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2, was awarded first prize, \$350, for the best appearance among all lodges outside of Boston; first prize,

\$500, for the best and most novel display by lodges outside of Boston; and first prize, \$350, for having the greatest number in line among the lodges outside New England.

Other prize winners were: For the greatest number of aggregate mileage, based on the number of lodge members registering and appearing in line, first prize, \$350, Chicago, Ill., No. 4; second prize, \$250, Rochester, N. Y., No. 24; third prize, \$150, Sayre, Pa., No. 1148. For the lodges west of the Mississippi having the greatest number of mileage based on the number registering and appearing in line, first prize, \$350, Dallas, Tex., No. 71; second, \$250, Balboa, Canal Zone, No. 1414. Best appearance in line among lodges outside Boston, second prize, \$250, Camden, N. J., No. 293; third, \$150, Detroit, Mich., No. 34. For the best and most novel display by lodges outside Boston, second prize, \$350, Plymouth, Mass., No. 1476; third, \$200, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., No. 109. Greatest number in line of lodges outside Boston, second, \$250, Detroit Lodge; third, \$150, Chicago Lodge.

For the largest membership in line for lodges in New England, excepting Boston, first prize, \$250, went to Cambridge,

Mass., No. 839; second, \$150, Providence, R. I., No. 14; third, \$100, Lowell, Mass., No. 87. For the most attractive float, excluding Boston lodge, first prize, \$400, Quincy, Mass., No. 943; second, \$300, Gloucester, Mass., No. 892; third, \$150, Holyoke, Mass., No. 902.

Philadelphia Lodge, according to its custom, turned over its \$1,200 prize money to various Boston charities.

Additional prizes were awarded as follows: the Copley-Plaza Hotel, a silver cup valued at \$300 as first prize for the best decorated building; second and third prizes, silver cups valued at \$200 and \$100, to the City Club and Edison Electric Light Company. The Paine Furniture Company won the \$300 cup, first prize, for the best window display, and Page & Shaw and Bailey's, second and third in this class.

With the end of the parade the Sixtieth Grand Lodge Convention was officially brought to a close. From every point of view it was the biggest, the best and the most successful Convention ever held by the Order—a memorable gathering that will never be forgotten by the many thousands who were present.

New Home of Louisville, Ky., Lodge

Beautiful Building Formally Opened

ACCLAIMED as one of the finest structures of its kind in the entire United States, the new Home of Louisville Lodge No. 8 was recently opened with a series of functions which were the outstanding features of the season.

The affair was a distinct triumph for the Lodge, its officers and its members, for notables from all over Kentucky came to pay tribute to the organization which had gone forth, and successfully carried through a campaign against tremendous odds for the magnificent building which now houses the Lodge. It represents an investment of approximately \$1,600,000 and with the opening it instantly took its place as the real civic center of Louisville.

Eloquent tribute to the initiative, energy, resourcefulness and civic enterprise of Louisville Lodge was paid by Lieut.-Gov. William A. Perry; Mayor Huston Quin, who spoke for the citizens of Louisville; Judge Thomas R. Gordon, of the Louisville judiciary, and others.

The formal opening dinner was the premier social event of the summer season for Louisville and provided an auspicious introduction for the new Home. It was open to members and their ladies only. Following the dinner a ball was given with two orchestras providing the music.

The new Home is at Third and Chestnut streets, in the very heart of the retail business district of the city, and is eight stories high, the four upper floors being devoted to living quarters for members and their guests, with a total of 192 rooms, all handsomely furnished and most of them with

private bath. The Servidor system is employed; all rooms have telephone and all are outside rooms.

The Lodge room is on the fourth floor and is magnificently furnished. The lighting is particularly effective, the indirect system through stained glass being employed.



*New Home of Louisville Lodge
Erected at a cost of \$1,600,000*

The room is finished in pure white and in one end a great pipe organ will be installed. On the same floor and opposite the lodge room is the billiard room, with twelve tables, and surrounding it on three sides will be the grill service. Adjoining is the grill kitchen, which has every modern appliance.

Opening from this floor also is the gallery and running track of the gymnasium, which has been equipped with every kind of gymnasium apparatus imaginable. Locker rooms and shower baths for both men and women are nearby, while rooms for Russian and Turkish baths also are provided. There are four handball courts and an indoor golf course.

One of the handsomest features of the new Home is the swimming tank, which is done in beautiful tile. It has a length of sixty feet and an extreme depth of eight feet. There is a spectators' gallery at one end. On the same floor in the basement are the five bowling alleys and the barber shop.

The main dining-room is on the second floor and is handsomely finished in American walnut. The auditorium, on this floor, is the largest in Louisville and has a seating capacity of 1,400 persons. It is beautifully decorated and at one end is a full-size stage with every possible theater device, the lighting effects being particularly complete.

The building is of brick and concrete and occupies a lot 160 by 180 feet. In recognition of the enterprise of the Lodge, the Louisville

Board of Trade gave a testimonial luncheon in the new building which was attended by several hundred of the most prominent business men of the city.

Louisville Lodge extends a most cordial invitation to all visiting Elks not only to inspect the new building whenever they reach the city, but to make it their headquarters, as no more desirable accommodations are to be found than are provided there at most reasonable rates.

Annual Report to the Grand Lodge Of the Grand Exalted Ruler

James G. McFarland

WATERTOWN, S. D.
July 1, 1924.

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:

MY BROTHERS:

The wisdom of the requirement for this annual report to the Grand Lodge is apparent, when it is considered that unusual opportunity for observation of conditions in all sections of the nation is presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

It is with deep gratification that I acknowledge the wonderful privilege given to me this year of gaining a broad and valuable view-point by means of an increased number of personal visitations to Subordinate Lodges and acquisition of data and ideas from a most efficient body of earnest co-workers.

The suggestions and recommendations herein are submitted for your consideration without any pride of opinion on my part, but the facts are in every instance correct statements and are made from positive information directly obtained, conscientiously analyzed and condensed. From these findings, you are the ones to draw conclusions and judgment for action.

To travel nearly 40,000 miles on official visitations with the consequent time and personal inconvenience involved and still strive to attend to the multiple details of work in the office to which are directed the reports, complaints and suggestions from some 1,470 Lodges may appear to be a burden indeed; but direct contact with delegations from 993 Subordinate Lodges and attendance at regular meetings of 11 different State Associations have been sources of great pleasure and greater profit, for which I am indebted to the host of members, whose friendship will be an everlasting and priceless treasure.

The advice and whole-hearted cooperation of the Grand Lodge officers and committeemen have been invaluable, and I most sincerely record my deep sense of obligation for this assistance. Much credit is due to the strict business methods pursued, and the absolute harmony prevailing in every branch of the business department of the Grand Lodge. The remarkable executive ability of our Grand Secretary and the efficiency of his office force have long been a source of pride to the Order; but I venture the assertion that never before have the Grand Trustees, Grand Treasurer and Grand Secretary been in more accord or carried out their various duties more effectively than during this year.

District Deputies

No finer body of men ever convened than the group of District Deputies in Chicago on September 30, 1923, and their intense interest and unabated attention during the session of over five hours presaged the remarkable activities displayed during the ensuing months. Almost without exception these contact officers fulfilled every duty imposed upon them, and the growth of the Order in power and effectiveness during the past nine months is due largely to the District Deputies.

District meetings continued to be of real

benefit and inspiration to the officers of the Subordinate Lodges, and in many instances similar meetings which were called immediately after the installation of the new officers this past spring, created a decided advantage in commencing the work of the Lodge year with the benefit of the advice and information so obtained.

Growth of the Order

More than 87,700 new members have joined during this past year, and a net gain of over 11,631 appears as of April 1, 1924; and further reports to the Social and Community Welfare Committee show net gain to June first of 48,588, and the total membership of 874,950; 26 new Lodges have been granted dispensations as hereinafter indicated, and all of this without stressing the matter of numerical membership. This is a very gratifying record when all economic conditions in various parts of the country are considered, and it spells real achievement on the part of a strictly fraternal movement. No other organization having a directly representative national body, and without insurance or mutual benefit features, can boast of such a host.

Elks National Home

The management of the Elks National Home has not only increased in efficiency but has been marked with a decided promotion of a better spirit toward and among the residents. The Board of Grand Trustees and the Home Member are to be commended for the promptness and courtesy with which they have dealt with every problem in detail involved.

I have discussed at some length and pondered for many hours the question of a change in the general program at the National Home. Heretofore the residents have had absolutely nothing to occupy their time except as they make opportunity. It is considered "bad form" for any one of their number to voluntarily assist in any work upon the grounds or farm. The 188 brothers resident at our beautiful Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia, come from all parts of the country and from all vocations, and have most generally been accustomed to feel the satisfaction attendant on some form of toil. The well considered system of maintenance has been greatly increased in beneficence, and has been reduced in cost per capita through the efforts of the Board and the Home Member during this year. Everything necessary for the body comfort of the guests is furnished, but no form of daily profitable activity on the part of the individuals has ever been either required or encouraged. Other fraternal organizations maintaining similar Homes provide and even require some work to be done. This is arranged without burdening any individual and gives a sense of pride in accomplishment to every one thus employed, and materially benefits the members by adding interest to each day. The present attitude in our Home is well characterized by the fact that a Home resident who volunteers to cut a bit of lawn or do some simple chore to help pass the daylight hours at once becomes the target of pointed and unpleasant criticism from his fellow-residents.

Some of the brothers of the Home find surcease from the unending sameness of idleness by making souvenirs of various kinds, and I am quite sure all of them would welcome some comparatively short period when easy tasks would be performed daily. I submit for the consideration of the Board of Grand Trustees the suggestion that a plan be formulated and put into practice for a daily period or periods of work to be assigned to resident members at the National Home, to the end that the present atmosphere may be bettered and changed to that of a real gentlemen's mutual endeavor and happiness Home.

The Elks Magazine

THE ELKS MAGAZINE is the greatest single accomplishment of the Grand Lodge for many years past. Not only has it served to establish direct contact with and further interest on the part of the individual members in Grand Lodge matters and the affairs of the Order, but the influence of this high-class publication with the Elk families and public generally has been great and uplifting. The vast majority of the members of the Order, and all but a very limited few of the Subordinate Lodges, are unanimous in approval of this great undertaking so successfully accomplished. It is my very earnest and honest opinion that the number of those individuals who have objected to the payment of the so-called "subscription" price is limited to members who have either been misinformed or whose view-point is narrow to the confines of a local club; and possibly a few Lodges have some individual members who still fail to measure the national worth of the magazine and are actuated either by temporary local economic vicissitudes or by purely personal and "political" reasons. THE ELKS MAGAZINE has earned an enviable place in the magazine world, and we can commend it with pride for the real service it has done for the Order. Reference to the report of the Commission and the certified public accountants who have audited the books of the Commission will show a very handsome surplus on hand, \$200,000 of which was turned over to the Grand Lodge this year. This amount can be taken into account by the Board of Grand Trustees in making up the annual budget and Grand Lodge dues to be assessed for the coming year, if you so dispose. This report and surplus shows splendid business management, and it is safe to assert that no other magazine, either among the several more or less local publications in our own Order, or among those of any other fraternal organization, or for that matter, no other magazine of similar high standard can be obtained for the present subscription price charged against the members of our Order for THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Based on the experience of secretaries of Subordinate Lodges, it is a fact that Lodges paying the entire amount of Grand Lodge dues from funds collected from members as Subordinate Lodge dues only and without adding any amount for Grand Lodge dues have no complaints whatever from the members. On the other hand, some Lodges collect only the \$1.00 per year "for main-

tenance of the magazine" in addition to Subordinate Lodge dues, while others include also the so-called "per capita tax" for other Grand Lodge purposes in the extra amount collected from the members, while still others have charged "assessment for Grand Lodge dues" on April 1, 1924, against the members as high as \$2.50 to each individual, of which amount only \$1.85 was remitted to the Grand Lodge. Every consideration for uniformity, efficiency and harmony demands a change in the method of collection of Grand Lodge dues authorized by the Constitution. I therefore recommend that Subdivision 1 of Section 49 Grand Lodge Statutes, be amended to read as follows:

(The revenue of the Grand Lodge shall be derived from the following sources):

"(1) Annual dues to be paid by each Elk on the roll of membership of each Subordinate Lodge, the amount of which shall be fixed by Resolution of the Grand Lodge each year, and which shall be collected by each Subordinate Lodge as a part of its own Lodge dues and for the transmission of which from its own funds the respective Subordinate Lodges shall be responsible to the Grand Lodge."

This of course does not affect the collection of any balance necessary for the completion of the National Memorial Headquarters Building which has been left optional with Subordinate Lodges to pass on to the members by appropriate action and resolution. Any variation in regular Grand Lodge dues can be met, where advisable, by an amendment to the By-Laws of a Subordinate Lodge prior to any April 1st date.

Further Statutory Amendments

I further recommend that Section 99 be amended to require the filing of two typewritten copies in addition to the original Petition for Dispensation of a new Lodge. This will permit of prompt action in forwarding such copies to the governing board of the State Association or to the District Deputy and also to the nearest Subordinate Lodge, and more intelligent action can be taken by these bodies from reference to typed lists of properly spelled and legible names of the Petitioners.

Acting on the pertinent suggestion of the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, whose splendid work I especially commend, and despite a natural antipathy toward over-legislation, I recommend that Section 80 be amended so that the second sentence will read as follows:

"During the months of April and October of each year, the Secretary and Board of Trustees shall prepare and deposit in the Subordinate Forum box, slips of paper of uniform size and color, each having plainly written thereon the name of a member in good standing in the Lodge, officers and members of the House Committee and of the statutory committees excepted."

Also the following amendment:

"Section 154: Each and every ballot box used when balloting upon applicants must contain either white balls and black balls or white balls and black cubes substantially equal in number, and it is made the special duty of the Exalted Ruler and Esquire to see that this provision is complied with."

Also amend Section 192, by striking out the first sentence of the second paragraph and substituting the following:

"It shall be the duty of the Secretary of a Lodge to which an applicant may submit his transfer dimit for its action, to notify by registered letter the applicant and the Secretary of the Lodge which granted such dimit, of the applicant's election or rejection."

Also amend Section 200 to provide for the

issuing of a lady's identification card to the mother of a deceased Elk.

Also amend Section 179 as follows:

"Section 179: A member owing one year's dues to the Lodge including the annual dues that may be fixed by the Grand Lodge may be dropped from the rolls by a Lodge upon a majority vote after thirty days' notice by registered mail, addressed to such member by the Secretary at his last known address."

Also amend the first paragraph of Section 149 before the provisos to read as follows:

"No application, except by one holding a transfer dimit, shall be considered by a Subordinate Lodge from any person who is not and has not been a bona fide resident within the jurisdiction of said Lodge for a period of six months immediately preceding the time of filing said application; . . ."

Also amend Section 170 at the end of Paragraph 6 as follows:

"Provided, however, that an incorporated Lodge may make provision for a Board which shall be designated in accordance with the requirements of the corporation laws of the State and which shall be composed of all the elective officers of the Lodge including the Trustees and which shall be vested with the powers conferred upon the Board of Trustees by the laws of the Order."

And in connection with the foregoing, amend Section 128 by changing the first sentence to read as follows:

"The Board of Trustees or the Board established in accordance with the provisions of Paragraph 6 of Section 170, of which the Trustees are members, after each annual election shall meet and organize by the election of a Chairman and Secretary."

An examination of the original Statutes and comparison of these suggested amendments will at once give the reason for the recommendations, the last two being based upon the fact that in certain instances when a Subordinate Lodge incorporates, there is created a Board of Directors and managers composed of all the elective officers of the Lodge and the result is that the Board of Trustees as such does not function.

The Secretary of a Subordinate Lodge has suggested that to properly emphasize to each applicant the importance we attach to strict observance of law, and adherence to the principles of the National Constitution, and the duty we feel toward all citizens, and the broadness of the qualifications for membership in our great democratic Order, that Section 148, Grand Lodge Statutes, should require the form of application to include and contain a statement by the applicant substantially as follows:

"The applicant must state that he is willing to assume an obligation that will not conflict with his duties to himself or family or his religious or political opinions, and which binds him to uphold the Constitution and laws of the United States of America, and not by any act to abridge or attempt to deny the rights of any person or persons under said Constitutions and Laws, on account of race, religion or nationality of such person or persons."

I concur in this suggestion and recommendation.

Budget System for Subordinate Lodges

The financial affairs of a Subordinate Lodge can very properly be run on a budget system in line with the action of the United States Government, the governments of many of the States, and of the Grand Lodge of our Order. This is not an original suggestion, but a large percentage of the Subordinate Lodges have failed to take advantage of this proper business method either by ac-

tion of the Board of Trustees or more properly by a requirement in the By-Laws. The approximate income of the Lodge from dues and initiations and other items may be ascertained, and such income be apportioned to the various activities of the Lodge and Club. The preparation of a proper chart will show at a glance what has been paid each year for the various items of expense, salaries, entertainments, taxes, insurance, amortization of debt, charity and welfare work, and a budget can easily be arranged, taking care of all necessary expenses for the ensuing year without in the least hampering the scope of the various Lodge activities. In fact, it will be quite probable that the charity and welfare work activities can be considerably increased by an accurate knowledge of the amount of money on hand. I seriously recommend for the consideration of each Subordinate Lodge that has not adopted a budget system that some definite action along this line be taken, and details are easily obtained from the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler or from By-laws filed in the office of the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

Suspension of Charters and Violations of Statutes

Attention was called to the proud position of our Order as a law-abiding and law-enforcing fraternity in the first and third official circulars, all of which are appended hereto. It was necessary, with the consent of the Board of Grand Trustees, to suspend the charter of Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301, for dereliction in this respect, but the fair, frank and exceedingly penitent attitude of the officers and members and a consideration of all surrounding circumstances, impelled me to limit that suspension to 90 days, ending June 30 last, and this charter was restored on the latter date.

The case of Scottdale, Pennsylvania, Lodge No. 777, was radically different. A plain violation of the Federal Prohibition Law, with admitted knowledge of some of the officers and members of the obnoxious conditions made my duty plain. At a hearing held by a Past Grand Exalted Ruler, the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and myself, the attitude of the Lodge representatives was first defiant and then one of chagrin that your Grand Lodge officials would "play into the hands of a gang of reformers," as the regularly constituted law-enforcement officers were designated. Under these conditions, and with the unanimous consent of the Grand Trustees, the charter of the Lodge was indefinitely suspended, and so stands to-day, awaiting the action and recommendation of this Grand Lodge. The Lodge has otherwise had a good record. Many of its members are only guilty of a neglect to keep in touch with what was going on, and I am assured by the District Deputy and others that the members are all now properly regretful of the transgression and have a disposition to literally obey the spirit and letter of the law. I ask your prompt recommendation, in order that definite action may be taken accordingly before the end of this Session, and so that the representatives of all Lodges shall pass upon this infraction of law, with Charity, Justice and Brotherly Love.

Four of the Subordinate Lodges committed a very clear breach of Section 183 of the Grand Lodge Statutes in adopting and circulating resolutions without first submitting such circular to the Grand Exalted Ruler for his approval. The first and admittedly the most flagrant transgression was that of Albert Lea, Minnesota, Lodge No. 813, which was in the form of a resolution

(Continued on page 73)

Facts from Annual Reports

Submitted to the Grand Lodge

From the Report of the Board of Grand Trustees

THE Elks National Home, situated at Bedford, Virginia, and undoubtedly the most wonderful institution of its kind in the world, has just passed through the most successful and satisfactory year in its history, both from a financial standpoint and that of real good accomplished for the Brothers who are residents there.

At the end of the last fiscal year there were 168 residents in the Home, while at this time there are 188 residents. This means that there has been an average of at least ten more residents this year than last. The average cost for maintenance was \$459.12.

The Home owns about 93 acres of land; 25 acres of this is occupied by buildings, lawns, groves and driveways, leaving for cultivation, pastures and orchard, 68 acres.

At the beginning of the year the farm had 13 milch cows; it now has 18 cows that have produced 13,756 gallons of milk during the year, an average of about 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ gallons per day, all of which is used in the Home.

New farm machinery has been bought, five extra cows have been added to the herd, the barns and sheds as well as fences have been repainted and all labor used in rebuilding a road leading to the railway switch was furnished by the farm.

The soil has also been very much improved, pastures are better, which should decrease the cost of milk production in the coming year.

Much work has been done during the year, particularly in repairing of plaster and painting, and as a consequence the entire group of buildings are in good repair, both inside and out, with the exception of the walls of the shower baths in each of the dormitories. These will be repaired in a permanent manner during the next year.

Practically all new machinery has been purchased and is now in place in the laundry. This was necessary because the old machinery, which had been in constant use for the past twelve years, was in bad condition and no longer able to take care of the increasing demands on it. With the new machinery present work can be taken care of much easier and with less expense, and the additional work which will come with the increase of residents can be satisfactorily handled.

At the Grand Lodge Session, in Atlanta, Ga., in 1923, an appropriation of \$10,000.00 was made to be known as the "Improvement Fund." This was to be particularly used for the purchase of the new laundry equipment. It was found that the needed machinery could be purchased for \$5,895.00 and, as there were several other items needed for the improvement of the Home, these were also purchased out of that fund.

Some annoyance has been caused the Board of Grand Trustees during the year by Lodges sending applicants for residence to the Home who were clearly not within the law which governs applications and which says in Section 63: "The Home shall be maintained for aged and indigent Elks and shall not be converted into an infirmary or hospital except as the temporary illness of residents may require."

On several occasions men were presented

who were clearly hospital cases, two of them being in such bad health that it was necessary that they be received in the hospital at once, where both died within a few weeks. Again the Board has found that men were being sent to the Home who were in perfect health and should be able to earn a livelihood. The Board wished to call attention of Subordinate Lodges to cases of this kind and to warn the membership unless greater care is exercised the burden of keeping up the National Home will be too great for the Grand Lodge to carry.

The Board also wished to call attention of Subordinate Lodges to the fact that while residents are supplied with everything they need in the way of food, clothing, tobacco, etc., they can not be supplied with cash to buy the little things they may see in the village and want, so when a member is sent to the Home, some arrangement should be made to supply him with a small amount of cash each month in order that he may be on an equality with other residents who are receiving an allowance. The Board also suggested that he be kept on the mailing list and his Lodge card sent him regularly, because Subordinate Lodges have neglected to do these things.

Entertainments for the residents during the year have been numerous, but we wish to specially mention the visit on July 6th last, of the South West Pennsylvania Elks Association and the Lodges of New England on their way to the Grand Lodge meeting in Atlanta, also the visit of members of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2 on their return trip from Atlanta on July 14th. Piloted by their Exalted Ruler, Charles H. Grakelow, who is also Grand Esquire, the entire delegation who visited the Grand Lodge Convention and took part in the parade, came to the National Home on special train and spent the greater part of the day entertaining the residents with music by their bands and vocalists and drills by the drill corps.

During July of last year, Roanoke, Va., Lodge No. 197 came to the Home and gave an all day picnic. The residents also enjoyed the Christmas entertainment given them by Roanoke Lodge. Many Lodges throughout the Order have contributed films for the motion picture machine now installed in the Home.

At the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlanta, Ga., in 1923, a Resolution was presented and adopted establishing a Fund to be known as the "Home Reserve Fund," to be used for future improvements at the National Home, and \$10,000.00 was appropriated for the purpose.

As it will be only a matter of a very few years until more room will be necessary to accommodate the fast increasing number of residents at the Home, the Board of Grand Trustees recommended that an additional amount of \$10,000.00 be added to that Fund.

From the Report of the Grand Secretary

During the year, Lodges received in membership by initiation and affiliation, 87,717; suspended or expelled, 229; stricken from the rolls for non-payment of dues, 52,355; dimitted, 14,720; deceased, 8,782.

Twenty-six new Lodges, the last num-

bered 1,494, have been added with a net increase of 11,631 in membership, giving a total membership of 839,429.

This year's report shows that there are altogether 167 Lodges with a membership of over 1,000. The largest Lodge in the Order is Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22, with a membership of 14,833.

Eight Lodges range between five and ten thousand, namely: Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2—8,430; Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34—6,061; Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4—6,016; New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1—5,929; Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10—5,905; Jersey City, N. J., Lodge No. 211—5,365; Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46—5,262; New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30—5,043.

There are six with memberships between four and five thousand: Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92—4,761; Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142—4,670; Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39—4,541; Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21—4,355; Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99—4,036; Atlanta, Ga., Lodge No. 78—4,031.

There are ten Lodges with memberships between three and four thousand: Spokane, Wash., Lodge No. 228—3,949; Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge No. 5—3,865; Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24—3,817; Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878—3,333; Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8—3,280; Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123—3,215; Tacoma, Wash., Lodge No. 174—3,161; Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44—3,145; Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85—3,105; Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge No. 23—3,077.

There are nineteen Lodges having a membership between two and three thousand.

The total Income for year ended May 31, 1924, amounts to \$423,626.97; expenses amount to \$348,328.27, showing a net gain for year of \$75,298.70.

Current assets, \$427,796.21; amount invested in bonds, \$68,811.71; with deferred and unavailable assets of \$678,697.54; makes the total assets of the Grand Lodge, \$1,175,305.46.

The total amount received by Subordinate Lodges from all sources was \$25,511,023.49; amount expended, \$24,747,429.98; with cash on hand at beginning of year leaving a net cash balance on hand of \$4,814,769.30. The assets of the Subordinate Lodges amount to \$75,649,618.42. Amount expended for charity, \$2,432,641.50.

THE following tables are given for the reason that many requests are made for statistics showing the amount of practical charity expended by our Order. No record kept before the year 1880. In the years 1880 to 1885—\$41,563.00; from 1886 to 1890—\$58,374.12; from 1891 to 1895—\$158,558.61; from 1896 to 1900—\$263,483.33; from 1901 to 1905—\$1,039,634.05; from 1906 to 1910—\$1,771,271.53; from 1911 to 1915—\$2,800,283.85; from 1916 to 1920—\$5,541,145.74. In 1921—\$2,044,218.97. In 1922—\$2,017,561.11. In 1923—\$2,432,641.50. The sum total expended over this period from 1880 through 1923 is \$18,180,635.81.

Last year 79 Lodges gave \$5,000 or over to charity. There were many others that gave more than these in proportion to the size of their memberships, but the list would be too long to publish here.

Every Lodge a Civic Center

Annual Report of Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare Shows Growth of Benevolent Activities

THE extent and scope of the Social and Community Welfare work, being done by the Order of Elks, throughout the United States, by its subordinate Lodges, was set forth in the voluminous report made to the Grand Lodge, in session in Boston, the week of July 7, by the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. The report showed that the Order of Elks has entered every social and community activity and that more and more the subordinate Lodges are becoming the civic centers of their communities.

The chief activities engaged in by the local Lodges, according to the report are: Americanization, education, Flag Day observance in conjunction with prize essay contests in public schools; support and encouragement of the Boy Scout, Girl Scout and Big Brother Movements; war veterans relief; Thanksgiving and Christmas charities; hospital work, medical aid to poor, summer recreation camps, parks, playgrounds and swimming pools, outings for poor mothers and children, and athletics. Approximately \$3,000,000.00 was spent in the last year by the Elks in charitable work alone.

The report stressed the need of a widespread campaign in Americanization and devoted special sections to education and the conservation of mother life and baby life.

The committee making the report was composed of five members: Col. John P. Sullivan, Chairman, New Orleans, La., Hon. Murray Hulbert, New York, N. Y., Judge William H. Atwell, Dallas, Tex., Lloyd R. Maxwell, Chicago, Ill., Robert E. Evans, Tacoma, Wash.

"There is no problem at this moment," said the report, "to which our Order can address itself with more serious consideration, with graver concern than this question of Americanization. It offers us a fertile field for useful labor along the lines of constructive citizenship and nation building."

The report added that "the time is here to arouse the American people to the need of an organized and well directed campaign of Americanism against the forces that are constantly plotting to undermine the foundations of our Government; against organized forces that defy constituted authority." The report called upon the national Order of Elks to make an "intensive, constant and militant campaign on Americanism to awaken the people to the real dangers that confront the country."

The report then took up the 14 outstanding activities of community welfare with particular reference to charitable work. Valley City, N. D., Lodge No. 1110 and Jerome, Ariz., Lodge No. 1361, with 14 activities, lead all lodges in this country in the scope of social and community welfare work. Hoboken, N. J., Lodge No. 74 and Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge No. 593 are next on the honor roll with 13 different activities. The following eight Lodges are each credited with having carried on 12 activities: Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21, Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49, Orange, N. J., Lodge No. 135, Bradford, Pa., Lodge No. 234, Juneau, Alaska, Lodge No. 420, Negaunee, Mich., Lodge No. 1116, Altus,

Okla., Lodge No. 1226 and Mechanicville, N. Y., Lodge No. 1403.

In summarizing the work of the subordinate Lodges, the report showed that a greater number of Lodges were engaged in the last year, in a greater number of activities than ever before reported in the history of the Order. In 1924, 1088 Lodges reported one or more activities, an increase of 202 Lodges over 1923; 1042 Lodges were engaged in two or more activities, an increase of 224 Lodges over 1923; 980 Lodges were engaged in three or more activities, an increase of 349 Lodges over 1923; 902 Lodges were engaged in four or more activities, an increase of 496 Lodges over 1923; 790 Lodges were engaged in five or more activities, an increase of 548 Lodges over 1923; 637 Lodges were engaged in six or more activities, an increase of 529 Lodges over 1923; 467 Lodges were engaged in seven or more activities, an increase of 415 Lodges over 1923; 296 Lodges were engaged in eight or more activities, an increase of 282 over 1923; 138 Lodges were engaged in nine or more activities, an increase of 135 Lodges over 1923; 64 Lodges were engaged in ten or more activities, an increase of 62 Lodges over 1923; 30 Lodges were engaged in eleven or more activities, an increase of 29 Lodges over 1923; 12 Lodges were engaged in twelve or more activities; four in thirteen or more activities and two in fourteen or more activities. Eleven activities were the greatest number reached by any Lodge in 1923.

Figures were quoted, from the reports of subordinate Lodges, showing that during the last year the Elks spent approximately \$3,000,000 in charitable work alone. Charitable relief work, says the report, claims the attention of more Elk Lodges than any other activity. Figures compiled from 1,088 Lodges show the total amount expended for various charities was \$1,973,716.08. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge No. 275, with a per capita expenditure of \$28.32, has the distinction of having spent the largest amount per capita for charity of all Lodges reporting to the committee.

Of the total \$1,973,716.08 spent by the 1,088 Lodges for charitable work, \$751,720.90 was spent on Christmas charities and \$68,441.84 for Thanksgiving charities. In connection with Thanksgiving Day activities 9,396 families were aided and 12,116 baskets of food distributed. On Christmas, 113,498 families were furnished food, fuel and clothing, and 389,061 children were given a real Christmas. The report commended the subordinate Lodges for their increased activities in the summer months, for which a total of \$81,805.28 was spent during the last Lodge year, for the support of summer camps, playgrounds, and swimming pools.

A strong position was taken by the committee with respect to the conservation of mother life and baby life. The order was urged to continue its work of supporting community nurses, furnishing pure milk and free ice for undernourished babies. Federal statistics were quoted showing that 20,000 mothers die needlessly every year in the United States for lack of prenatal care or through carelessness or incompetence. And that 200,000 babies die every year in this

country before they reach one year of age, through parental ignorance and neglect. A visiting nurse's association, sponsored in each community by the Elks Lodge, and the establishing of welfare stations, from which pure milk can be provided for babies, would be the means of saving thousands of the best lives of the nation, said the report.

The report stressed the activities of the subordinate Lodges in the educational field, "in the way of aiding pupils to surmount the handicaps of economic conditions in their homes, by furnishing free text-books, shoes and clothing to poor children; in encouraging grade pupils to complete high school courses, and in aiding high school pupils through college, through high school and college scholarships, established by the subordinate Lodges. Clinics are established and conducted under Lodge sponsorship, where pupils have their eyes tested and fitted with glasses and other physical defects are treated. School nurses are employed by the Lodges, and part time employment secured for boys desiring to complete their schooling.

"Night schools are being established by the Lodges to give the foreign born an opportunity to educate themselves in our language and customs. Worthy students also are being sent through Commercial Colleges, thus helped to become self-sustaining and productive citizens.

"The subordinate Lodges," added the report, "are making of young America good Americans, thus carrying on the work of Americanization, which is so closely linked with the problem of education."

In discussing the subject of Americanization the committee's report recommended that the Order of Elks conduct a nation-wide prize essay contest, in the public schools, on the "Origin and History of the Flag of the United States" or some other patriotic subject.

DISCUSSING the nation-wide Prize Essay contest the report said:

"The suggestion has been made to your committee that the scope of the Prize Essay contests be extended to a nation-wide contest. The contest, in fact would be a series of contests, the first conducted in the cities and towns having an Elks Lodge. The prize winners of the local contests would then compete in a State wide contest. Then the prize winners in the State contests would compete in a national contest, the prizes for which to be offered by THE ELKS MAGAZINE and the prize winners to be determined by THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

"Permit your committee to trace the contest step by step. The subordinate Lodges in each State conduct a Prize Essay contest in their respective communities. The prize winners of each Lodge then compete in a State wide contest, held under the auspices and jurisdiction of the State Elk Association. In those States, where there are no State associations, the contest could be conducted by a committee of Grand Lodge members, to be appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler. When the winners of the State contests are determined then the national contest is held under the auspices of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

(Continued on page 77)

A Few Country Clubs and Camps Owned by Elks Lodges

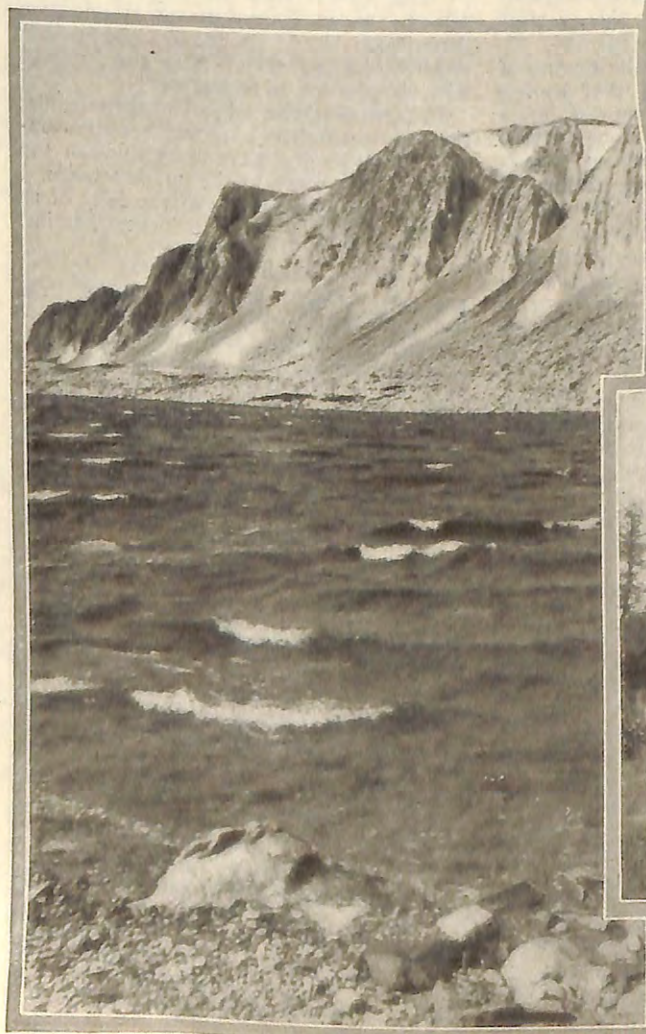


Hole No. 14, taken from the tee. This is a view of the Golf Course of Columbus Lodge—one of the finest in the country

Below is the main building of the Country Club owned and maintained by Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37. The building is fully equipped with lockers, showers, dining rooms and every convenience. This picture was taken at the opening of the Club's Golf Course on June 16, 1923



© NICE



© GRACE H. HEARD



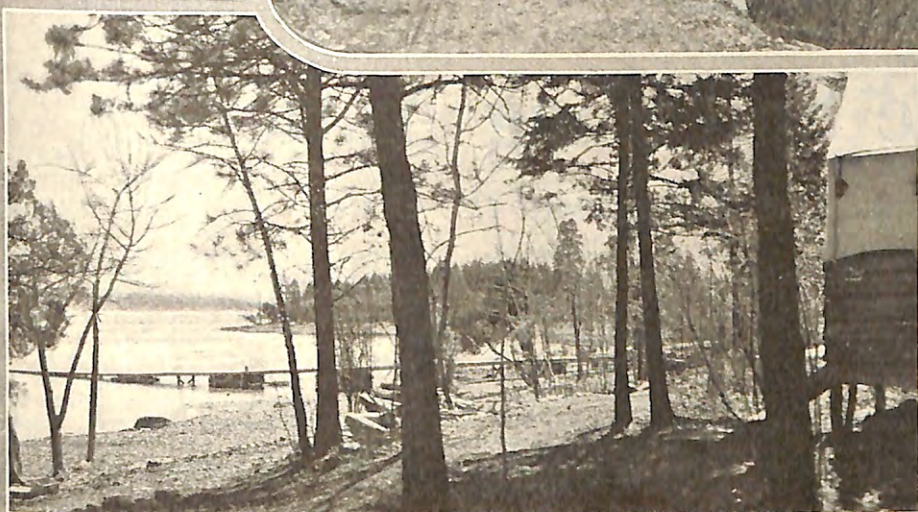
Members of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge No. 173 have this view of the Susquehanna from the porch of their Country Home. To the left, a mountain lake in the Medicine Bow Range where Laramie, Wyo., Lodge No. 582 has its summer lodges



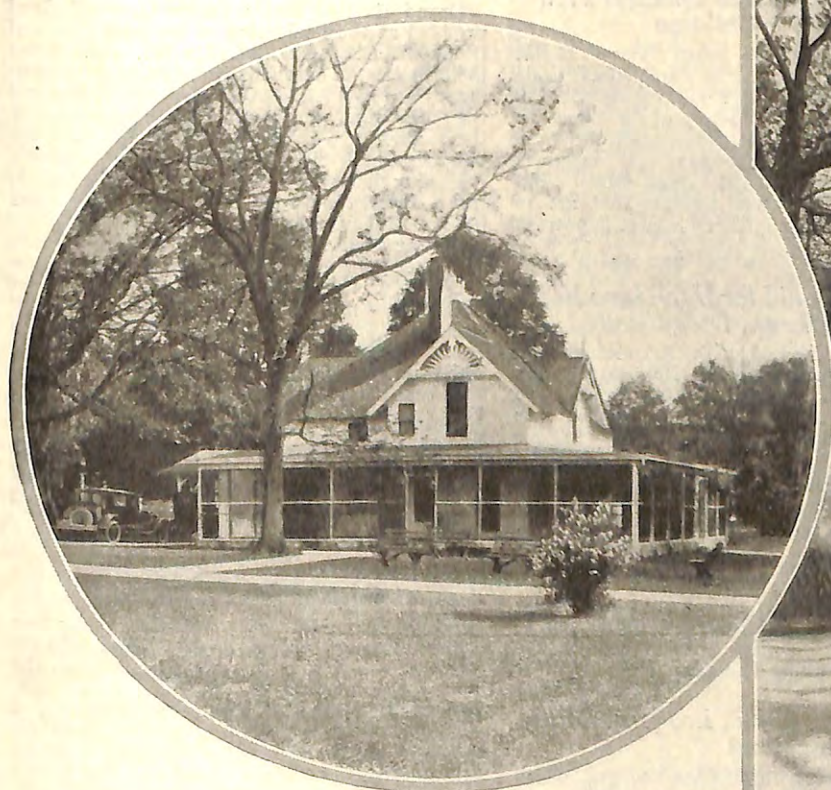
© WHITE STUDIO

The Montana State Elks Association owns a great camp at Flathead Lake on the western slope of the Rockies. Nearly two dozen cottages are available to members of the Association and visiting Elks. Above is the driveway into the camp. To left is another view of the beautiful Lake

Below is the swimming pool, a feature of the elaborate summer home of Ft. Wayne, Ind., Lodge No. 155



© WHITE STUDIO



The club house, where members of Fort Wayne Lodge and their families gather to enjoy the pleasures of their country home





Under the Spreading Antlers

News of the Lodges Throughout the Order

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Lodge No. 2 is again operating its Summer Camp for Poor Boys, at Parkland, on the beautiful Neshaminy Creek. The camp was opened July 1 and will continue for eight or nine weeks during which period the Lodge expects to entertain from 900 to 1,000 boys. This unique Camp, with every facility for the health and pleasure of the youngsters, is maintained by voluntary subscriptions from the members of No. 2. The camp is again under the direction of Mr. George W. Casey of Philadelphia Lodge who conducted it so successfully last year.

Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge Generous Host to City's Boys

All boys of the city and vicinity between seven and fourteen years were recently guests of Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge No. 1082 at a big picnic. The event was held at Gray's Harbor City, the youngsters being brought there by auto. All sorts of field sports and water sports were on the program, to say nothing of sandwiches, soda, ice cream and cake which were supplied in generous portions. One of the features of the day was the song contest. Many valuable prizes were awarded in all events. The picnic was one of the most successful ever conducted by the Lodge.

Roanoke, Va., Lodge Building Large Addition to Home

Roanoke, Va., Lodge No. 197 recently let the contract for a three-story addition to its present Home at an estimated expenditure of about \$75,000. The addition, to be constructed of brick harmonizing with the present building, will include a ladies' dining room on the second floor and a parlor and reception room on the third floor. The improvements to be made will double the capacity of the building. The auditorium will be enlarged to seat over 500. A new heating system will be installed and general alterations will be made in the club rooms. A modern refrigerating plant will also be installed. This is the fourth time that the Home of Roanoke Lodge has been enlarged since it was erected in 1902.

Paterson, N. J., Lodge Gives Outing To Blind and Crippled

Not only the orphans of the vicinity but also the crippled and blind children were guests of Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60 at the annual

outing which was held at Kevitt's farm on the Hamburg turnpike. Special arrangements were made to take care of the youngsters who were made in age from three months to sixteen ranged in age from three months to sixteen years, doctors and nurses being provided. A number of special acts from the Majestic Theatre were given, and talks and music were other features of the day. In addition to this, the Lodge provided wearing apparel and other necessities required throughout the year by the children. The youngsters were taken to and from the outing place by autos furnished by the members.

Fresno, Calif., Lodge Operates Free Dental Clinic for Children

For more than two years Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439 has operated a free dental clinic for children. The Lodge has appropriated a fund of \$1,800 for the up-keep of the clinic, the purchase of supplies, instruments and other expenses. The reports reaching the members from the principals of the various schools, and the Board of Education, indicate that Fresno Lodge clinic is accomplishing a most important and necessary work.

Cornerstone Laid for Handsome Home Of Wichita, Kans., Lodge

Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427 recently laid the cornerstone of its new Home on North Market Street. The event was attended by visiting members from Lodges throughout the State and Northern Oklahoma. Excellent music was given at the exercises by the American Legion Band and the band of El Dorado Lodge No. 1407. Following the banquet in the evening a large class of candidates was initiated. At the "Surprise Session" conducted by Past Exalted Ruler S. B. Amidon, over \$20,000 worth of building bonds were sold. Wichita Lodge expects to occupy its new Home in September when a week of special entertainments will be given. Indications point to a class initiation of 1,000 or more during dedication week.

Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge Building Has Excellent Band

Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge No. 875, which numbers among its members some of the most distinguished residents of the city, is a leader in all the civic and charitable activities of the community. The Lodge has shown a fine healthy growth and is now building a \$25,000 addition

to its present Home. One of the best social assets of the Lodge is its band. This musical unit, famous throughout the region, was organized last Fall by the late Professor A. B. Bowering, a member of the Lodge and a Civil War veteran. It was Mr. Bowering who had the distinction of composing the funeral dirge that was played at the funeral of General "Stonewall" Jackson during the Civil War. The band now numbers twenty-five pieces and takes an active part in all functions of the Lodge.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates Home of Oklahoma City Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland presided at the dedication of the new Home of Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge No. 417. After the exercises an excellent program of entertainment was provided the distinguished visitor and the many other guests who came to the city for the occasion. A large banquet was given at the Skirvin Hotel to more than three hundred. Following this, commencing at nine o'clock, there was a dance, the grand march of which was led by Mr. McFarland.

The new building, which will cost over \$500,000 when completed, is located in the business section of the city directly opposite the United States Post Office and the Federal Reserve Bank Building. In every respect it will be one of the finest structures of its kind in the Southwest. One of its novel features will be a large airy room that is to be fully equipped as a day nursery. This room will be in charge of a trained nurse and the wives and daughters of the members can leave their children there free of charge during the day. Another feature of the building will be the large auditorium with a seating capacity of over 1,200.

Balboa, Canal Zone, Lodge Holds Annual Banquet and Dance

One of the most brilliant social events ever held on the Isthmus of Panama, was held recently at the Union Club in Panama when the members of Balboa, Canal Zone, Lodge No. 1414 and their families gathered for their second annual banquet and dance. Covers were set for over 300 people in the spacious banquet hall of the Union Club, which was beautifully and elaborately decorated especially for this occasion. Entertainment consisting of instrumental and vocal music was furnished throughout the evening. At eleven o'clock when the sounding chimes broke the tension of the festi-



ties, Esteemed Leading Knight Grover F. Bohan rendered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge Gives Testimonial Dinner to James A. Farley

James A. Farley, recently elected President of the New York State Elks Association was given a testimonial dinner recently by his Home Lodge, Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge No. 877 at the St. George Hotel in Nyack. Besides being active in his Lodge and in the affairs of the Order throughout the State, Mr. Farley is a member of the State Athletic Commission. A very distinguished gathering made up of the members of Haverstraw Lodge and representatives of other Lodges in the State, attended the banquet.

Tribute Paid to Drill Team of Jackson, Mich., Lodge

Acclaimed by Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland as "the best drill team in the world," members of the champion team of Jackson, Mich. Lodge No. 113 with their leader, Captain William Sparks, were recently honored at a testimonial dinner given them by the Chamber of Commerce at the Jackson City Club. Among those who also spoke complimenting the marvelous organization were Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart, and Lieutenant Ashley Beck. Lieutenant Beck presented Captain Sparks with an honorary life membership in the Caldwell-Clark Post No. 823, Veterans of Foreign Wars. President Lourim, on behalf of the Chamber of Commerce, presented Captain Sparks and each member of the team with a handsome leather billfold. Following the City Club dinner, Mr. McFarland addressed a meeting at the Home of Jackson Lodge.

Summer Welfare Activities of New York Lodge No. 1

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York Lodge No. 1 is executing an extensive program of summer activities this year. It will include entertainments at Bellevue and other city hospitals and the taking of children from various institutions to ball games. The first Monday in August will be "Crippled Children's Day" and 500 crippled youngsters will be given a good time at Coney Island.

Tennessee State Elks Association Meets at Memphis

Elks from nearly all the Lodges in the State gathered recently in Memphis where the Tennessee State Elks Association held its second annual convention. Memphis Lodge No. 27 was lavish in the many delightful courtesies planned for the various delegations and other visitors. Practically all the Lodges in the State are now affiliated with the Association and the annual meetings have come to be pleasantly

anticipated as occasions of interest and benefit to all. J. F. Menefee of Chattanooga Lodge No. 91 was elected President of the Association for the ensuing year. W. W. Smith was elected Treasurer and George Haszinger of Memphis Lodge, Secretary. The next meeting will be held at Bristol June 8, 1925.

Rockville, Conn., Lodge to Purchase New Home

Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359 is growing so rapidly that its present Home is no longer adequate. The Lodge is accordingly negotiating for the purchase of one of the city's most beautiful residences which, with very little alteration, can be made to meet all the requirements of the members. Rockville Lodge is in excellent financial condition and has a membership of over 400.

Duluth Lodge Makes Ready for Minnesota State Elks Association

Duluth, Minn., Lodge No. 133 will be host to the Minnesota State Elks Association convention to be held August 14-16. Indications are that the parade will be the largest ever held in Duluth, with many bands, drum corps and drill teams participating. During the convention a band contest will be held in Lincoln Park for large prizes. Two bands are expected from St. Cloud Lodge No. 516, one of them composed of 225 boys in uniform. A tree will be planted in one of the city's parks, and a tablet erected in honor of Elks who lost their lives in the World War. A lake trip to Port Arthur lasting from Sunday to Tuesday is also planned. More than 10,000 visitors from the Lodges of the State are expected to take part in the convention.

Allentown, Pa., Lodge Will Help Crippled Children of City

The members of Allentown, Pa., Lodge No. 130 recently subscribed a considerable sum of money to be used for the treatment of the city's crippled children. A committee has engaged one of the foremost orthopedic surgeons of the country to come to Allentown and to operate on cases in the local hospitals. A survey of the cases in Allentown and the selection of the most urgent ones for early treatment has been made by the committee in cooperation with the Lehigh Valley County Medical Society. The whole project is being worked out carefully, sanely and economically and the Lodge is confident of achieving success in its highly commendable work.

Old Timers of Honolulu Lodge Have "Reunion Night"

The "Old Timers" of Honolulu, T. H., Lodge No. 616 have been holding a series of most enjoyable "reunion nights." At one of these,

over 150 members were present, including six Past Exalted Rulers and a number of charter members. Short talks on very interesting incidents of the days gone by were given, and the entertainment and the supper were exceptionally excellent.

Iowa State Elks Association Holds Convention in Clinton

Clinton, Iowa, Lodge No. 199 was host to the Nineteenth Annual Convention of the Iowa State Elks Association. It was a most interesting and successful meeting, Clinton Lodge providing an excellent program for the entertainment of the many visitors. The Hon. R. N. Howes Sr., Mayor of Clinton and a member of the Lodge, welcomed the delegates. There was a Grand Ball, band concerts, a monster parade, a picnic with out-of-door sports and many other interesting events during the Convention. James G. Clark of Waterloo Lodge No. 290 was elected President of the Association for the ensuing year. James E. O'Brien of Des Moines Lodge No. 98 was elected Secretary and F. A. Erb of Burlington Lodge No. 84, Treasurer. Burlington was selected as the meeting place for the 1925 convention.

Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge Buys Site for New Home

Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge No. 1429 has taken its first step toward securing a Home of its own. The Lodge recently purchased the Diaz lot situated on Main Street just above the Koel Building. This lot, 50 x 100 feet, is the best available site for the purpose left in the town. It is generally agreed that the price paid for the property was very reasonable. Now that Ketchikan Lodge has the property, it is taking active steps toward increasing the membership so that a definite program of building may be decided upon in the near future.

Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

The following purchases of property and building plans have been approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees: Lebanon, Ind., Lodge No. 635. Erection of a new Home at a cost of \$35,000 and the purchase of a building site for \$12,500.

Longmont, Colo., Lodge No. 1055. Purchase of a building site at a cost of \$8,000, with a proposed building to cost \$66,000 and furnishings valued at \$5,000.

Lockport, N. Y., Lodge No. 41. Erection of a building to cost \$75,000 with furnishings at \$5,000. Lockport Lodge already owns its building site in the heart of the city.

Canonsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 846. Purchase of property at \$28,000, and the erection of a two story and basement addition at a cost of \$20,000, with furnishings at \$2,000.

Camden, N. J., Lodge No. 293. Erection of a new Home at a cost of \$400,000 with furnishings to cost \$50,000. This is to be a four-story building with stores on the first floor, club rooms on the second floor, Lodge room and auditorium on the third floor and living rooms on the fourth floor.

Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge No. 896. Erection of a new Home at a cost of \$51,000 with furnishings at \$10,000. This Lodge already owns its building site valued at \$30,000.

Argenta, Ark., Lodge No. 1004. Erection of a new Home to cost approximately \$45,000, on a site which is now owned by the Lodge valued at \$15,000. The building will be two stories and of brick construction.

Everett, Wash., Lodge No. 479. Purchase of property for \$10,500 and the erection of a new building to cost \$65,000 with furnishings valued at \$25,000.

Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge No. 500. Purchase of property at a cost of \$15,000 and erection of a Home at an estimated cost of \$161,730.85 with furnishings of \$25,000. The building is to be three stories of reinforced concrete brick and stone.

Stuttgart, Ark., Lodge No. 1238. Erection of a new Home at a cost of \$15,000 with furnishings of \$1,500. They already own building site valued at \$10,000.

New Mexico Lodges Form State Elks Association

Representatives of six of the nine Lodges in New Mexico met recently at Albuquerque at the call of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. Rollie and formed a New Mexico State Elks Association, the action being subject to the approval of the various Lodges. The fostering of the Boy Scout movement and the establishment of a tuberculosis sanitarium in the State for Elks were among the projects considered. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, D. Rollie of Gallup Lodge No. 1440; Treasurer, Frank H. Strong of Albuquerque Lodge No. 461; Secretary, Ellsworth E. Huyck of Las Vegas Lodge No. 408.

Stage Set for Great Convention of Pennsylvania State Elks Association

The stage is all set for the convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association which will be held at Williamsport August 25-28. Williamsport Lodge No. 173 has made unusual provision for the entertainment of the delegates and the large number of representatives and their families that are expected. Lodges of the State have been perfecting their plans for attendance during the Spring and Summer so that one of the largest gatherings in the history of the Association is assured.

Charity Fund of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Enriched by More Than \$6,000

The Charity Fund of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216 was enriched by more than \$6,000 as a result of a series of "Frolics" presented by the members. One of the most pleasing features in connection with the enterprise is the fact that the "Frolics" were conducted without a cent of expense to the Lodge. All the money was clear profit. Four "Frolics" were given and these were well attended by the general public, in addition to members and their families. The money raised will be expended in carrying on the Lodge's comprehensive charitable program.

Superior, Wis., Lodge to Establish New Municipal Cemetery

Superior, Wis., Lodge No. 403 is working out plans for the establishment of a new Municipal Cemetery. A large site of 200 acres, under consideration, will be equipped with a utility building and mortuary with vault space sufficient for the needs of a city the size of Superior. The new cemetery will be for the use of all the people of the city and will be strictly non-sectarian. The need of the new necropolis is great and its establishment by Superior Lodge is in line with the community welfare work being done throughout the Order.

Pasadena, Calif., to Start Building—Helps Salvation Army Fund

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge No. 672 expects to start work on its new \$90,000 building shortly.

The Lodge continues to play an active part in the life of the community. Recently it sponsored the raising of a fund of \$20,000 for the building of an Industrial Home for the Salvation Army. Headquarters for the drive were located at the Home of Pasadena Lodge and every member helped make the campaign a success.

Monessen, Pa., Lodge Remembers Children of the Community

"Kiddies' Day" was recently held by Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 773. More than 4000 children of the community were guests of the Lodge at the circus on this occasion and were otherwise entertained through the generosity of the members. Monessen Lodge has taken a special interest in the young people of the city and numbers among its activities in this field, the establishment of a troop of Boy Scouts.

Plans of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Association

The Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association is now composed of one hundred per cent. of the Lodges of the jurisdiction, Towson, Md., Lodge No. 469 having made application for membership therein. The affiliation of Towson Lodge with the State Association will no doubt result in increased prestige and will greatly help the Order's growth in the jurisdiction. Increased interest in the State Association has been manifested to a marked degree and it is confidently predicted that the Maryland State Association will in time take rank among the most influential of such associations.

During the past year the officers of the Association have held regular monthly meetings in various cities of the jurisdiction. Recently they visited Ocean City, Md., for conference with the local authorities, the Board of Trade and the Hotel Association for the purpose of making definite and final arrangements for the September reunion. These arrangements will include room plans and guaranteed rates, entertainment plans and railroad rates and all other details necessary to insure a successful reunion. The membership Lodges will be advised when all plans are completed.

Newark, Ohio, Lodge Buys Site For New Home

Newark, Ohio, Lodge No. 391, is perfecting plans for building a new Home on the property which it recently acquired. This site, known as the Swisher property, is located on Hudson Avenue and is large enough to allow the erection of an adequate building and to provide sufficient grounds for landscaping or additional construction. Newark Lodge is in excellent financial condition and plans to go forward immediately with its building project.

Cordova, Alaska, Lodge Begins Its Career

Cordova, Alaska, Lodge No. 1483, which was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. E. Chovin of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge No. 1351, started its career with about 100 members, over half of whom are charter members and the others dimitted from their home Lodges. J. V. Lydick was elected Exalted Ruler and M. E. S. Brunelle, Secretary.

South Carolina State Elks Association Meets at Anderson

The South Carolina State Elks Association held a most profitable meeting at Anderson. A large parade was held in which more than 1,000 members participated, the Boy Scouts of Anderson acting as guard of honor. The attendance prize being awarded Greenville Lodge No. 858, which was represented by its band and a large drum corps. Charleston Lodge No. 242 sent the second largest delegation to the con-

vention. On the closing evening of the convention there was a brilliant ball. The following officers were elected for 1924-25: President, W. W. Beacham of Greenville Lodge; Secretary and Treasurer, Raymond E. Cochran of Anderson Lodge No. 1206. Greenville was chosen as the next convention city.

Bisbee, Ariz., Lodge Holds Picnic in Mexico

Members of Bisbee, Ariz., Lodge No. 671, residing in Mexico at Cananea and Sonora, recently gave the other members of the Lodge and their families a basket picnic. The event was held at the headwaters of the Sonora River at Ojo De Agua about fifty miles from the border. The hosts provided a barbecue, candy and soda for the children, and dance music was furnished by an old fashioned Mexican string band. The affair was highly enjoyed by all who took part.

"Joe Latham, Substitute Officer" The Story of an Unusual Record

Upon the roster of Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92 appears the following name and office: "Brother Joe Latham, Substitute Officer." Without explanation, this record does not mean much; with explanation, it brings to light an instance of a most faithful application to fraternal service.

Mr. Latham was initiated into the Order in the year 1900. He was immediately assigned to committee duty, and for twenty-four years, save one, he has served on some committee for the Lodge. He has served as an appointive officer, but never as an elective. A careful investigation discloses that he has never had a ritual in his hands, except for one day. Yet he can give a correct rendition of the entire ritual. Through close attention, he has been able to memorize it all. Due to this fact the successive Exalted Rulers of the Lodge have generally selected him to fill an existing vacancy. In this manner he has filled every station in the Lodge except those of Secretary and Exalted Ruler, though he is qualified to fill these. During the past fifteen years he has missed but two meetings of his Lodge, and his absence upon those occasions was due to deaths in his immediate family.

It was in recognition of this unparalleled record of service and faithfulness that Theo. A. Johnson, Exalted Ruler of Seattle Lodge, has appointed him as "substitute officer" and in the event of the absence of the regular officer, the place is filled by him. Should not this instance prove a spur to those who occupy official positions in our several Lodges?

Salinas, Calif., Lodge Establishes National Guard Tank Unit

Salinas, Calif., Lodge No. 614, which has always held an enviable reputation for its National Guard activities, has sponsored a movement to establish a unit known as the No. 40 Light Tank Co. The National Guard unit will have a full outfit of tanks, truck, side carts, machine guns, light field pieces, etc. A committee of the Lodge has already done excellent work toward the success of the project. It has secured satisfactory quarters, the appointment of an almost complete staff of officers and the enlistment of thirty men, medically examined and signed up. A minimum of sixty-five enlisted men is necessary before the unit can be sworn into service and receive the equipment. Doubtless Salinas Lodge will have met all requirements by the time this number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is issued.

Massachusetts State Elks Association Meets at Pittsfield

The tenth annual convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association held recently at Pittsfield was the largest in the history of the organization. Nearly 400 delegates from all parts of the State, representatives from New England Lodges, and thousands of visitors were present. Mayor James M. Curley of the city of Boston, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson and many other distinguished members of the Order took part in the meeting. Pittsfield Lodge No. 272 had made elaborate

plans for the entertainment of the gathering and its excellent program was carried through successfully. A feature of the convention was the parade held on the closing day in which many Lodges entered their bands and drum corps. A huge crowd lined the streets and many persons came from neighboring towns in the country to witness the event. The convention ball was held that evening in the Boat Club auditorium.

At the business sessions of the Association, resolutions were adopted endorsing THE ELKS MAGAZINE and thanking the people of Pittsfield for their hospitality. The Association also approved the extension of its work of entertaining wounded soldiers in the government hospitals. At present between 600 and 700 are being aided, and this year hospitals in Worcester and Northampton will be included.

The following officers were elected for 1924-25: President, Dr. William D. McFee, a member of Haverhill Lodge No. 165 and Mayor of the city; Treasurer, Bernard E. Carbin of Lynn Lodge No. 117; Secretary, Jeremiah J. Hourin of Framingham Lodge No. 1264. The Association voted to hold its next annual meeting at Lynn.

Mexico, Mo., Lodge Plays Host to Missouri State Elks Association

At the close of a very successful meeting of the Missouri State Elks Association held recently at Mexico, L. M. Henson of Poplar Bluff Lodge No. 589 was elected President. Sam D. Byrns of Mexico Lodge No. 919 was reelected Secretary. Practically every Lodge in the State was represented by an enthusiastic delegation and all were cordially entertained by Mexico Lodge.

One of the features of the meeting was the election of Miss Willie Morris, Daughter of Fred A. Morris of Mexico Lodge, as an honorary member of the Association in recognition of the musical program rendered by her at one of the sessions. Miss Morris was also presented with a handsome clasp by John W. Wagner of Kansas City Lodge No. 26, formerly President of the Association.

Sailors Show Appreciation of San Diego, Calif., Lodge

Appreciation for the work that San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168 has done among the service men of the local Naval Training Station was recently manifested when seventy-five members of the Station band provided the music for the "Frolic" of San Diego Lodge. The most interesting number on the program was "The Elks Parade" composed by Bandmaster William Brown and dedicated to the Lodge. It was heard for the first time on this occasion.

Enid, Okla., Lodge to Welcome Oklahoma State Elks Association

The Oklahoma State Elks Association will hold its annual convention this year at Enid on September 1-2. Enid Lodge No. 870 is making plans to accommodate a large number of visitors and has arranged a lively program for their entertainment. Its Home, costing over \$275,000, is one of the finest in the State, so that Oklahoma Elks can be assured that facilities are at hand for taking care of the greatest convention ever held by the Association.

Eighth Birthday and Freedom of Debt Celebrated by Lansford, Pa., Lodge

Members of Lansford, Pa., Lodge No. 1337 recently gathered to celebrate the eighth anniversary of the Lodge and to burn the mortgage on their Home. Following the burning of the mortgage a large dinner was served in the banquet hall which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. A special program of music and vaudeville acts was provided, a quartet from Hazleton, Pa., Lodge No. 200 and the "Live Wire Sextette" from Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123 presenting some very excellent numbers.

Lansford Lodge, instituted on June 21, 1916, with a membership of 76, now has nearly 300 names on its roster. Its present Home, which may give way to a larger one in the near future, was purchased on January 8, 1918.

Kankakee, Ill., Lodge Winner of Charles A. White Trophy

The Lodges of Illinois held ritualistic contests during the past year in the five districts of the State, and individual cups were awarded the various winners. These district winners competed in the final contest at the convention of the Illinois State Elks Association held recently in Chicago. Kankakee Lodge No. 627 took first honors in the final event and was the winner of the new Charles A. White trophy. Former Grand Treasurer White personally presented the winning team with the trophy.

Douglas, Ariz., Lodge Awards First Annual Scholarships

Douglas, Ariz., Lodge No. 955 recently awarded the first of its annual scholarships under a plan recently developed by the special committee having this work in charge. The scholarship, offered to one male graduate of the local High School each year, consists of the following financial gifts: for the first year at college, \$200; for the second and third years, \$150; and for the fourth year \$200. The scholarship is awarded on the basis of standing in studies, initiative, manliness and general character.

Mount Pleasant, Pa., Lodge Unveils Monument to Capt. James E. Zundell

The annual Memorial Day exercises in the cemetery at Mount Pleasant, Pa., this year were most impressively featured by the unveiling of a monument erected by Mount Pleasant Lodge No. 868 in memory of its Past Exalted Ruler, Captain James E. Zundell, commander of Company E, One Hundred and Tenth Infantry, who was killed in action on the French front by a German shell, July 28, 1918. The presentation of the handsome gift was made by Past Exalted Ruler Nevin A. Cort after the veil had been drawn from the monument by the dead soldier's little orphan daughter, Betty Zundell. General Edward Martin of Washington, Pa., a major in the same regiment during the World War, closed the ceremony with a fine tribute to Captain Zundell's marked ability as a company commander both on the firing line and in camp as evidenced by the intense loyalty of his men.

Galion, Ohio, Lodge Celebrates Freedom From All Debt

Galion, Ohio, Lodge No. 1191 recently celebrated the burning of the mortgage on its Home. Galion Lodge, instituted on March 31, 1910, with fifty-two charter members, has grown and prospered steadily until to-day it has a large active membership, owns its own Home, and is completely free from debt. The members are still in a progressive spirit and are looking for a site for a new and larger Home.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Forms Elks Gun Club

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3 has organized a Gun Club. This is probably the first club of its kind in the Order and has already caused a great deal of interest throughout the membership. The first trap shoot was recently held at Fort Winfield Scott, Presidio, and the event showed that the Lodge possesses a number of excellent shots. The committee in charge of the organization plans to form one or two crack five-men teams and to enter these in competition with other Elk teams of the State at the Convention of the California State Elks Association to be held in Long Beach this September.

Grand Exalted Ruler Guest Of Lawrence, Kans., Lodge

Lawrence, Kans., Lodge No. 595 was recently visited by Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland. As this was the first time in the history of the Lodge that it was so honored by a Grand Exalted Ruler, the occasion was marked by unusual festivities. A large luncheon was given in honor of the distinguished visitors at which representatives from other Lodges in the neighborhood were present. During the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler the Lodge initiated

him into the "Knot Hole Gang," a local organization of over 400 boys under fifteen years, which is sponsored by the Lodge.

Lawrence Lodge has been very active recently in all fields of endeavor. Nearly \$1,000 raised by its Minstrel show was turned over to its Charity Fund for further welfare work in the community.

Dallas, Texas, Lodge Finds Positions For City's Unemployed

Though the plan of finding positions for unemployed women and girls has only been put into operation by Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71 a short time, it is producing very successful results. Those wishing the help of the Lodge in this respect come to the Welfare Department of the Home and make formal application. The application is taken by a stenographer in charge, who records the name, former occupation, work desired and general information concerning the applicant. This information is turned over to the members of the Welfare Committee who are designated to look after the placing of these women seeking employment.

Nelsonville, Ohio, Lodge Creates Self-Supporting Home

Nelsonville, Ohio, Lodge No. 543 has an energetic and progressive membership which is very active in the life of the community. The Lodge owns its own Home which is practically self-supporting due to the fact that recently the entire ground floor of the building was leased to the Government for Post Office quarters.

West Chester, Pa., Lodge Establishes Memorial to T. Lin Lewis

As a fitting testimonial to its Past Exalted Ruler, the late T. Lin Lewis, West Chester, Pa., Lodge No. 853 has voted to establish a T. L. Lewis memorial in the form of an auto to be presented to the West Chester Social Service Center for use by the community nurse. Mr. Lewis was a Past Exalted Ruler of West Chester Lodge and his passing creates the first vacancy in the ranks of Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. He was a trustee of the Lodge, and since his initiation had always been one of its most active members in all its works of charity. In establishing such a memorial the members feel that the Lodge can best carry on the work that was ever nearest to his heart—helping the suffering and distressed. The auto will be a coupé, similar to the one now in use which it will replace.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge Maintains Shower for City's Children

So successful was the idea last summer that Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge No. 109 is again furnishing and maintaining a huge sprinkler shower for the benefit of the city's children. This shower is mounted on a truck and goes from street to street so that the youngsters can find relief during the hot weather. Last year, though started late, more than 12,000 children were served. This year it is expected that fully 50,000 kids will splash under it.

Past Exalted Rulers of Connecticut Lodges Meet

The annual summer meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers of the State of Connecticut was held this year at New London, Conn., at Wordell's Pavilion, Ocean Beach. It was a most enjoyable gathering. After the business meeting there was a large shore dinner which was attended by the families of the various Past Exalted Rulers.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Holds Big Orphans' Day

Each year Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878 takes to an amusement park every available orphan within its jurisdiction regardless of race, creed or color. This year "Orphans' Day" was again held at Dexter Park, Woodhaven, L. I., and the Lodge had as its guests some 1,500 youngsters confined in the asylums of the county. Various bands furnished music during the afternoon, and there were games, a vaudeville show,

a baseball game between two of the Homes, and many prizes, including the medals awarded to the little tots. They were also given sandwiches, cake, ice cream and soda, and presented with beautiful sweaters in memory of the occasion.

Sunbury, Pa., Lodge Enlarging Its Present Home

Sunbury, Pa., Lodge No. 267 is now remodeling and enlarging its Home. The plans call for a three-story structure with a sixty-foot frontage. In the basement will be a billiard room, bowling alleys, and shower baths. On the first floor will be located the grill room, reading room, dining room and kitchen. On the second floor will be a spacious dance hall, with the necessary cloak rooms, etc. The third floor will be given over to the Lodge room.

Paterson, N. J., Lodge Raising Fund To Provide Radios for Hospitals

Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60 which is ever at the forefront in any humanitarian cause is cooperating with Manager Rothapel of the Capitol Theatre, New York City, in a nationwide movement to aid crippled and disabled World War veterans. Mr. Rothapel, familiarly known to radio fans the country over as "Roxy," is appealing for funds to provide radios for every hospital where the veterans are confined. In addition to receiving sets, enough head phones will be supplied to permit every veteran confined to a private room to enjoy entertainment from the air. Paterson Lodge is raising \$15,000 for the general fund. Recently "Roxy" accompanied by forty artists from the Capitol Theatre gave a grand concert under the auspices of Paterson Lodge at the local theatre, which aroused great enthusiasm for the work being done by the Lodge.

Stockton, Calif., Lodge Backs Plans For City Improvement

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Stockton, Calif., Lodge No. 218 has taken an active part in furthering various civic enterprises. The Lodge has endorsed the building of the Calaveras Dam which will insure the city against flood; a new fire alarm system; the improvement of the city's streets, and the construction of a subway.

Twenty-fifth Birthday Celebrated By Georgetown, Ky., Lodge

Georgetown, Ky., Lodge No. 526 recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary and the opening of its new Home in the Ashurst Building. Refreshments were served and a lively program of entertainment was provided. Georgetown Lodge has gone to considerable expense in fitting out its new quarters and now has a place of which all the members can be proud.

Progress Being Made on New Home of Camden, N. J., Lodge

Work will begin at once on the beautiful new Home of Camden, N. J., Lodge No. 293. Complete drawings were submitted by the architect some time ago, and the financial arrangements have been worked out by the special committee appointed for this purpose. It was decided to issue bonds to the value of \$375,000 as this method necessitates no public or bank funds and saves thousands of dollars otherwise needed to create a mortgage. The new building will be erected on property recently acquired by the Lodge at Seventh and Cooper Streets.

Children Enjoy Hospitality of Bradford, Pa., Lodge

More than 2,000 children were recently given an outing by Bradford, Pa., Lodge No. 234. The youngsters were taken by autos to the grounds and were later driven to the Grand Theatre where they witnessed movies starring Bill Hart and Buster Keaton. After the show the children were served with ice cream and cake on the Public Square by the Girl Scouts.

Michigan State Elks Association Meets in Grand Rapids

Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain, Grand Treasurer John K. Burch, Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart and many other distinguished members of the Order attended the convention of the Michigan State Elks Association recently held at Grand Rapids. Mayor of the City, Evin Swarthout welcomed the visitors on behalf of the citizens of Grand Rapids and voiced appreciation of the great work being done by the Order throughout the country. The whole city was especially decorated for the occasion. Hundreds of banners were hung over the streets and the shops were draped with purple, and red, white and blue bunting. The business sessions of the convention were productive of many ideas. A committee was appointed to report on the proposal of establishing a Michigan Elks Home for orphans between 16 and 21. The sum of \$1,000 was voted as the nucleus of a fund to be known as the Michigan Elks University of Michigan Scholarship Fund.

The following officers were elected for 1924-25: Deland A. Davis of Battle Creek Lodge No. 131, President; Thomas G. Carroll of Detroit Lodge No. 34, and George D. Bostock of Grand Rapids Lodge No. 48 were re-elected Treasurer and Secretary respectively. The 1925 convention will be held in Detroit.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge Active In Many Fields of Endeavor

Perhaps at no time in its history has Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge No. 91 been as active in community and welfare work as at the present time. Within the past few months it has undertaken and successfully completed the organization of a band of forty-five pieces, a degree team and an Elk's junior band of eighty-eight pieces. It has, through its band, provided six concerts for inmates of public institutions and has six to twelve more such concerts scheduled for the summer months. It has set an even hundred as the goal for membership in its Elk's junior band. It is organizing a drill team to consist of thirty-five members. It has added a flag-bearer and a standard bearer to its band, these to accompany the band on all its public appearances. It is arranging for a "Kiddies Day"

Patronize Magazine Advertisers

"WERE a clearer understanding possible among the membership of our Order on the needs of a popular magazine, the Elks' official publication would soon pass all other monthlies in circulation and advertising. The day of the advertiser who bought space just to be a good fellow and donated a few dollars has long passed from existence. The man who uses up white space now is placing his money where it will pay dividends; this means that the advertiser in 'The Elks Magazine' is not displaying his wares in order to be charitable and prevent the Order from carrying a white elephant; it is a business proposition and should the magazine not pay profits, he will soon withdraw his copy. The brothers of Irvington Lodge can assist the directors of the Elks' monthly by reading every advertisement, sending for catalogues and other literature and always mentioning the 'Elks Magazine' when writing to the advertiser. Patronize whenever practical the man who is patronizing you."

—Official Bulletin of Irvington (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1245.

during the hot weather, and it is, of course, constantly doing its usual charity work. It has increased its membership over one hundred within four months and has a steady inflow of applications. This fall and winter it will promulgate a series of weekly dances, two or more bazars and at least two minstrel performances.

Terre Haute Lodge Prepares for Indiana State Elks Association

Lodges throughout Indiana are all in readiness for the convention of the Indiana State Elks Association to be held at Terre Haute, August 26-27. Terre Haute Lodge No. 86 is making unusual preparations to welcome a record-breaking crowd and has arranged a lively program of entertainments for the visitors.

News of the Order From Far and Near

At the convention of the New Jersey State Elks Association held recently in Jersey City, thirty-two States were represented, and visiting members from Alaska, Porto Rico and the Canal Zone were present.

The annual outing and picnic of the Southwest Pennsylvania Association will be held at Kennywood Park, August 6.

Moscow, Idaho, Lodge has contributed a sum of money for the improvement of the local cemetery grounds.

The Lodges of New Jersey expended during the last Lodge year \$110,000 in aiding the crippled children of the State.

The members of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge recently gave their first Annual Big Brothers' Picnic for the children of the city and vicinity.

A great gathering of Past Exalted Rulers, many of the older members, benefactors and workers of Norwalk, Conn., Lodge, was present in the Lodge rooms when the mortgage on the Home was burned.

The item headed "Patronize Magazine Advertisers" in the June issue of the Magazine, reprinted from the official bulletin of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, appeared originally in the official bulletin of Irvington, N. J., Lodge.

Recently Fresno, Calif., Lodge gave a banquet to nearly 200 disabled War Veterans. Ladies of the American Legion assisted the members by serving the guests.

Rahway, N. J., Lodge is making preparations for its annual clambake. This event, held in September, after Labor Day, will be one of the biggest outings conducted by the Lodge.

Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge took an active part in the campaign for old clothes to be sent to the devastated areas of the Near East.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge with its officers, band and drill team, visited Long Beach, Calif., Lodge where they initiated a large class of candidates. A special entertainment was provided the guests.

Close to 50,000 took part in the great Boys' Picnic given by Seattle, Wash., Lodge at Woodland Park. All the Lodges in Northwestern Washington were invited to bring the youngsters of their respective communities. The amusements, sports and refreshments were provided for the huge crowd by Seattle Lodge.

A big circus, athletic events, and a baseball game were some of the features of "Kiddies Day" conducted by Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge at "Ebbets Field."

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge held its Crippled Children's outing at Coney Island.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge recently initiated a class of nearly 300.

Hattiesburg, Miss., Lodge gave its first open-air barbecue at Kemper Park. The members and several hundred of their friends enjoyed the feast.

Kalispell, Mont., Lodge has organized a Glee Club. It is hoped to increase the membership in the unit to forty in the near future.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge is giving a series of weekly dances every Thursday at a nearby park which will continue throughout the summer.

The picnic of Portland, Ore., Lodge held at Crystal Lake Park was one of the biggest events of its kind ever held on the Coast.

Homestead, Pa., Lodge is renovating its Home. The members are also considering a plan to build a swimming pool, shower baths, barber shop and bowling alleys on the vacant lot adjoining the Home.

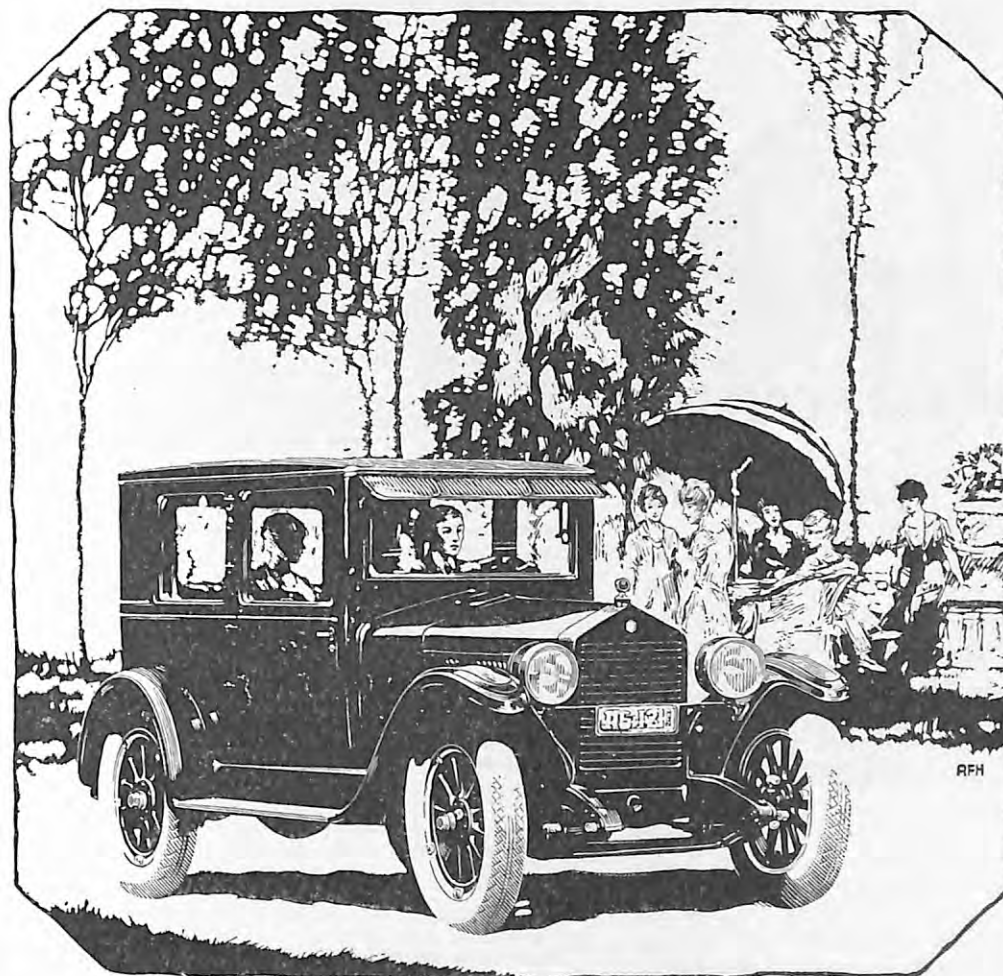
(Continued on page 72)

Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost

ESSEX
SIX
COACH
\$1000

HUDSON
SUPER-SIX
COACH
\$1500

Freight and Tax Extra



with **BALLOON TIRES** *Standard Equipment*

The buying choice of the year is "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost." There is no rival to this issue. Hudson and Essex alone have the Coach. And because these advantages are exclusive, the Coach is the largest selling six-cylinder closed car in the world.

***Greatest Closed Car Value
Enhanced by Balloon Tires***

The Coach holds strictly to things that count in real car value. Now it adds the proven superiority of balloon tires—greater riding ease, finer appearance, improved road steadiness and braking efficiency. It marks another margin of advantage in a leadership

of value that all acknowledge.

In the Coach you pay no more for all closed car utility, comfort and distinction. Nearly three years of service and more than 135,000 owners have established its staunchness and enduring reliability. It is the quality closed car in reach of all.

The Car for Everyone

Both Hudson and Essex are creations of the same engineers. They are built under the same patents. There is no difference in quality of material or workmanship. Your choice between them will rest solely on the price you want to pay.

Why Buy An Open Car?

You see the Coach everywhere in increasing numbers. Its popularity is but a forerunner of what the future holds. For all admit the closed car will soon be the only acceptable type. Buyers today must consider how that affects resale values, when choosing between open and closed cars. The Coach as the wanted type maintains highest resale value against the waning desirability of the open car.

**Only Hudson and Essex Have the Coach
And Both Are of One Quality**

Williams Shaving Cream



*Even the cap was
designed for speed*

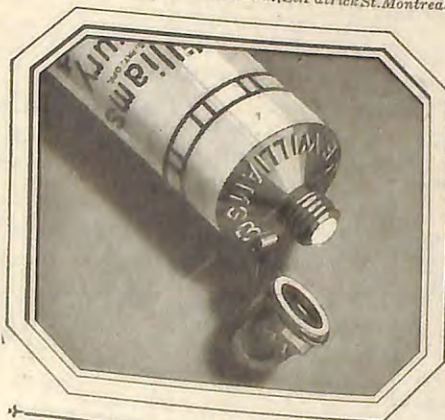
If you're the kind of a shaver who likes to make race track speed in the morning, Williams Hinge-Cap will appeal to you. Slippery fingers can't drop it. Carelessness can't lose it. For the cap's hinged on. It simply can't come off. And the tube hangs up.

As for the shaving cream, it was designed especially for the hardest men in the world to please—the men with wiry beards and tender skins. Williams works up into a rich, creamy lather almost instantly. And as the razor glides across your face you experience a new sensation of comfort. Each stroke is lubricated. Razor friction is entirely removed. And when the shave is over, your face feels clean, cool and delightfully refreshed.

Try it tomorrow morning and you'll become a Williams convert for the rest of your life. Large size, 35 cents. Double size, 50 cents, containing almost twice as much cream.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.

The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick St. Montreal



WE'VE scored again! Aqua Velva is the new product—a scientific preparation for use after shaving. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 58.

Joe Speavey

(Continued from page 23)

were cast aside as useless because they no longer were fast enough to keep the pace.

"They are like incandescent globes, as some one has said," he told her. "They are the media through which the great power house of progress enlightens the world. And when they are burnt out—they are burnt out!"

"Then why do you—why do they stay in the business?"

"Why does a teacher teach—or a preacher preach?" he demanded. "For money? There are bigger satisfactions, Miss Blanton. And yet these men who spend their lives in a public cause—these men you say are lying, malicious, prying reprobates!"

There was a suspicion of tears in Hazel Blanton's eyes.

"I am sorry, Mr. Speavey," she said, impulsively. "It is I who owe you an apology. I am sorry for all I said."

Somewhat awkwardly, he assured her there were no hard feelings, and changed the subject. They talked of other things—her art, her outlook on life, and charity.

He tried to avoid it, but she brought up the subject of her uncle's will, voluntarily.

"Art is long," he observed, "and charity begins at home. It must be a difficult choice that you have to make."

"Poor, silly old Uncle Egbert," she sighed. "How bitterly he hated what he called the 'modern woman.' He opposed me at every step, when I went to New York to study art. He said I would degenerate into a short-haired, Greenwich Village tea-room idler, if I didn't marry and settle down, and stay in my proper place—the home! Aren't old men funny?"

"It is an old-fashioned idea," agreed Joe. "The provisions of that will certainly are unjust."

"Oh, well!" She paused, and enthusiasm lighted her face. "Charity needs the money more than I—and I'll have a lot to give away, after September first, won't I? Let's see—that's right, isn't it?—April, May, June, July, August. And you, being a newspaper man, can help me investigate and find the really worthy charities, can't you?"

"Gladly!"

"The Junior Guild is forever giving little entertainments, and bazaars," she went on. "Won't it be queer to have so much money for charity that you don't have to sell candy, and have tag days, and such things? Not that the Junior Guild will stop raising money for charity, of course, but think what a difference Uncle Egbert's money will make."

"I shall help you all I can," promised Speavey. "And now I've got to say good-bye, and thank you—for an evening that I thought might be disastrous, rather than pleasant."

Joe went away with her promise to call Judge Lanier in the morning, and tell him that she had made peace with *The Advertiser* and the whole newspaper profession.

The managing editor took his hat off to Joe for that victory.

"I thought we were in a terrible mess, son," he commented, heaving a sigh of relief. "But—one magic gesture of your hand, and all difficulties vanish. You're the most gifted complaint editor I ever hope to see, and I congratulate you."

The Chief's friendliness for the new reporter was a handicap to him, however, rather than an asset. In the matter of internal politics, a D. A. R. convention has nothing on a newspaper office. There was no denying that some of the boys grew jealous of Joe Speavey. Anybody who got a job through "pull" with the publisher was not regarded as worth his weight in copy paper—which was three cents a pound. And Joe Speavey got entirely too many choice assignments. He was a good writer, but how many of that calling, alas, will sincerely admit that another writer is good?

The result was pretty rough sledding for Joe, the next two months. Not only the accumulated bulls of the past were laid at his door, but divers conspirators contrived to make fresh trouble for him. He couldn't hold his temper forever, and it was more than annoying to be blamed constantly for petty things which were not his fault. Saunders raved, but he was more helpless now than he had been before the advent of the real

Joe Speavey. He could not promise to fire the malefactor now. There was only one thing he could do—take Joe Speavey off the "street," and give him a desk job, but Joe wouldn't listen to that.

"No, Sir. I'd rather be a one-legged reporter walking to San Francisco, than a copy-reader in an airplane," he declared. "Leave me on the street, Chief, whatever they say about me. I can stand it if the paper can."

Joe had become so valuable as a policy man, in fact, that it would have been a distinct loss to the paper to take him off the reportorial staff. He cheerfully shouldered blame for anything, and it seemed there was nothing that he could not explain away to the entire satisfaction of all who complained.

One person who seemed to require a lot of supplementary explanations was Hazel Blanton, for Joe made it no secret that he was improving his acquaintance with her.

"Fresh bird!" sneered the office gossips. "He's got nerve enough to try to marry the girl for her money, all right. Think he can cop the Egbert Blanton matrimonial prize."

TO THOSE who joshed him about it openly, Speavey urbanely made answer that he was assisting Miss Blanton in connection with her charitable work.

Whatever Joe was doing, he seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, and appearances didn't indicate that Hazel Blanton was suffering, either. She was frank about her growing friendship for Speavey, even to the point of rolling up to *The Advertiser* building in her car, at three-thirty of an afternoon, the news room's "knocking off" time, and honking twice so Joe would know she was ready to take him riding. Evidently the charitable business in hand required long and earnest motoring.

For weeks, Joe Speavey's life was free of care, for he was accused of nothing reprehensible. No complaints of any character reached Saunderson's ear, and he began to think that he at last had a fool-proof staff arrangement. Then up jumped the devil, in the most unexpected of places.

The business manager and the advertising manager burst excitedly into the office of the managing editor, one waving the last edition of *The Advertiser* and one brandishing two full-page proofs.

"Now, what the heck?" fumed Saunders. "Who's this Joe Speavey?" blurted the advertising manager, all out of breath.

"One of my staff men. Why?"

"Well, look what he's done!" boomed the business office duo.

The business manager thrust the newspaper on Saunders' desk, and the latter scrutinized it curiously.

"It's a page ad. of Steacey's department store. What has Joe Speavey to do with that?"

"Well, they said he did it. Read it!"

"It says there's a special sale of shirts for men, to-morrow morning at ten o'clock—three for two dollars, while they last. Cheap shirts, I'll say, but what the deuce are you driving at?"

"Now look at the original ad.," fretted the advertising manager. "There's a slight difference between '\$3 Shirt for \$2,' and '3 Shirts for \$2,' isn't there?"

"Hm! So that's it! Left off the dollar mark, eh? What does the proof desk say about it?"

"They read the proof and marked the error—here it is. But somebody was in such an all-fired rush to get to press with the last edition, that he railroaded the page before corrections were made. A pretty sum it'll cost us!"

"Well, wait a minute, gentlemen," admonished Saunders. "Whoever told you Joe Speavey did that, was kidding you. I railroaded the page uncorrected, to make the last edition on time, and I am responsible."

"Well, it played merry Hades with us," groaned the advertising manager. "Steacey's hadn't given us a line of advertising in eight months, and we had just got them back in the paper, particularly to prove what we could do for them on this special shirt sale. We're the only paper they're using for the sale, and now they're mad as hornets. They're going ahead with that sale. They say they're going to sell three hun-

dred shirts to-morrow, *three for two dollars*, as this ad. specifies, and sue us for damages if we don't pay the difference. There'll be a mob there to buy the shirts, and Steacey's won't disappoint them. Instead of getting six hundred dollars for the lot, they'll get two hundred, and we've got to pay the four hundred dollars difference."

"Well, I guess it won't break us," said Saunders.

"No, but it ruins us with one of the best advertisers in town."

Saunders chewed his cigar thoughtfully.

"It was a rotten bull," he admitted. "And what you say about Joe Speavey being blamed for this, gives me an idea. He's the greatest little fixer this side of the Atlantic. I believe he can smooth this thing over with Steacey's."

"He can't mess things up worse," sneered the advertising manager. "Let him go tell 'em the editorial staff did this, not our department. I'd as soon pull a lion's tooth as call on Steacey's."

"Leave it to us," Saunders assured him. "We've got a man who could explain relativity to a Hottentot."

Joe Speavey answered the summons to the managing editor's office, and heard the story of the misguided shirts.

"Well, that's a good one," he chuckled. "They've accused me of everything but typographical errors. Now I'm a proofreader, I suppose?"

"Speavey, if you'll help us out of this, I take oath never to impose on you again," Saunders promised.

"Sure—there ought to be a way to *capitalize* this sort of thing. Let me think it over, Chief."

"All right, but you'd better call on Steacey's to-day. The sale's to-morrow morning at ten. Use your judgment."

"Good, the official goat will now enter the advertising arena."

An hour later the managing editor saw the official goat out motoring with Hazel Blanton.

"Original methods, that boy has!" muttered Saunders. "This doesn't look like placating angry advertisers."

But Joe Speavey delivered the goods, next morning.

THE goods consisted of three hundred multi-colored shirts, delivered to the editorial rooms of *The Advertiser* via truck from Steacey's.

"Great, howling gefillte-fish!" screamed the managing editor. "What's all this about?"

"Mr. Joe Speavey done it," grinned the office-boy. "He's downstairs now, helping 'em unload."

Strontian yellow, malachite green, flaming crimson, lapis lazuli—the colors of the rainbow distorted into weird, unbelievable hues. A more sensational group of loud shirts never had been assembled, in the history of haberdashery.

"When I saw 'em, I bought 'em," explained Joe Speavey. "If others could have these beautiful creations at three for two dollars, I didn't see any reason why *The Advertiser* shouldn't have 'em. Had to argue a little, though. They wanted to sell only two to a customer, but I talked the advertising manager around to my viewpoint. I'm going to show him the 'pulling power' of *The Advertiser*."

"What in the name of Judas are we going to do with them?" demanded Saunders, for the first time losing patience with Joe Speavey. "We had to lose four hundred dollars on the deal, but why make it six hundred?"

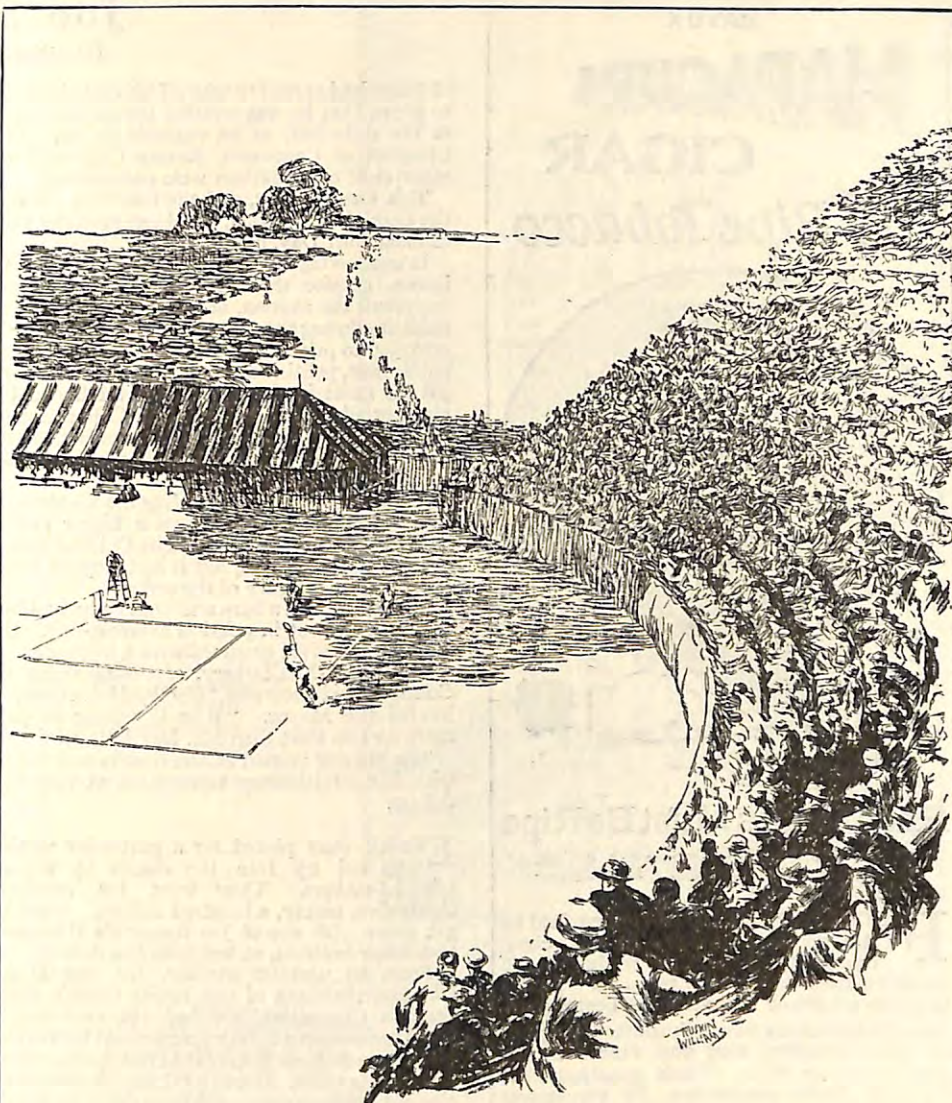
"We won't lose a cent, Chief," Joe Speavey assured him. "We're going to sell 'em—for charity—with the help of the Junior Guild. I'll bat out a story for you in a couple of minutes. Got a cut of the Mayor?"

Speavey's story was a classic, and well worth the streamer it got, on the first page of all editions.

Through the courtesy of *The Advertiser*, and of Steacey's progressive department store, the Junior Guild had arranged a unique event for charity, the article set forth.

There was to be a public auction of shirts—resplendent, memorable shirts—in front of *The Advertiser* building, at high noon. His Honor, the Mayor, himself, had consented to be the auctioneer. And the Junior Guild took this method of announcing that every able-bodied man in town who was known to have the price of a shirt, was warned to bid at that sale, on pain of excommunication from society. The Chief

(Continued on page 58)



Such popularity must be deserved

Whether it's tennis or cigarettes or anything else, popularity is no stroke of luck.

No champion ever held his laurels except by making good. No cigarette ever held popular favor except by deserving it.

The popularity of Chesterfields is an outstanding example. For months now they have been drawing over 1000 smokers a day away from other cigarettes.

Surely this is proof of their quality and good taste.

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

They Satisfy—millions!

BAYUK

MAPACUBA CIGAR

It's Ripe Tobacco



Raspberries Must Be Ripe

Green Raspberries—unpleasant eating.
Over-ripe—not inviting. But ripe—
They're luscious!

FROM Nature's lap of waving field to the good Mapacuba in the cigar case, Bayuk guards every leaf—that smokers may have ripe tobacco. That's because we know it makes the best cigars. Every Mapacuba has an imported wrapper of ripe Sumatra, and fine, ripe Havana and domestic filler. Their constant uniformity finds expression in unvarying smoothness, mildness and satisfying flavor.

MAPACUBA CIGAR

It's Ripe Tobacco

See Your Dealer

If he hasn't Mapacuba send a \$1 bill to Bayuk for a package of ten, prepaid.



2 for 25^c
15c Straight
Also 10c Sizes

Bayuk Cigars, Inc.
Originators of
Bayuk Inimitable Blend and
Bayuk Incomparable Brands
Philadelphia, Pa.

Joe Speavey

(Continued from page 57)

of Police had agreed to take off his coat, in order to prove that he was wearing the pinkest shirt in the collection, as an example to all. The Chamber of Commerce, Rotary Club and all other civic organizations were cooperating.

This was Tuesday, and the following Friday, the date of the auction, had been officially proclaimed Shirt Day, by order of the Mayor.

It was too big an event for the other papers to ignore, despite the fact that *The Advertiser* sponsored the auction, and there were reams of publicity during the next two days. Joe Speavey managed to print the name of every more or less public man, politician or otherwise, who ever had got his name in the papers, or ever hoped to. He persuaded the City Beautiful Committee of the Council of Women's Clubs to prescribe the proper shade of shirt decoration recommended for each individual named.

A swarm of human flies scaling the Woolworth Building couldn't have drawn a bigger crowd than did the Shirt Auction. The Chief of Police ordered traffic stopped, but it had stopped itself effectively in advance of the order.

The Mayor was a born auctioneer who had improved his talent in political campaigning. He picked out a vivid green shirt for a beginning.

"President McGlathery, of the Chamber of Commerce, will now sing, 'My Wild Irish Oats,'" bawled the Mayor. "Who is willing to pay more for this shirt than Mr. McGlathery?"

The bidding started at five dollars and ended with Mr. McGlathery triumphant at fifty-five dollars.

EVERY shirt picked for a particular victim was bid up into the clouds by expert mischief-makers. They went for seventy, eighty-five, ninety, a hundred dollars. Nobody got away with one of Joe Speavey's three-for-two-dollar beauties, at less than five dollars.

From an upstairs window, Joe and Hazel Blanton, chairman of the Junior Guild's Shirt Auction Committee, watched the excitement. They had sought a quiet vantage point within the plush-carpeted precincts of the Publisher's unused but private office. It was a retreat where no one else but Joe Speavey would have dared to tread, but, then, Joe was with an angel.

The managing editor, who vainly was trying to drum up a corporal's guard of reporters and editors to help finish getting out the paper, came upon them unexpectedly.

Hand-in-hand they were, and not so far apart, and the picture of ecstasy.

"Whish!" sneezed the managing editor, just a moment too late, for Joe had kissed her.

Saunders tried to escape, but they dragged him into the room laughing.

"It's all right, children," said the Chief. "My mistake. I guess you can have a day off, Speavey. Looks like you're going into a partnership—the charity business, eh?"

They blushed, both of them.

"We were just discussing that," confided Hazel. "We almost had a quarrel."

"Yes, I noticed that—as I came in," gibed Saunders.

"Well, he wants to make it the fifteenth of September," she went on, "and I want it to be the thirty-first day of August. It's all on account of that silly old will!"

"Oh, yes. The first of September is the deadline, isn't it?" said Saunders.

"He says he won't be a horrid adventurer,

marrying people for money," pouted Hazel, "and I—I say it would be shameful to—to"

"Oh, well, what's the difference?" philosophized the managing editor. "Your Uncle Egbert would have his way, no matter when you were married. For, after all, it is genuine charity to marry a newspaper man, eh, Joe?"

But Joe was obdurate, and so was Hazel.

"Then I'll suggest a compromise," laughed Saunders. "Make it the thirty-first day of August, and devote half of the Egbert Blanton estate to charity. The other half—"

"That's just what I said," interrupted Hazel, excitedly. "That twenty thousand dollars apiece for the—"

She hid her face.

"Done!" cried Joe Speavey.

"The auction's over," said Saunders, irrelevantly, peering out of the window. "Now I guess we can get out a paper. All right, children, we'll fix up that engagement announcement for to-day."

"Oh!" cried Hazel. "Don't do that before—"

She looked at Joe Speavey questioningly—"before you get his—"

A sheepish look mantled Joe Speavey's brow.

"There ought to be a letter for you to-day, Mr. Saunders—from Mr. Starrett," he said.

"Can I see you in your office for a couple of minutes?"

A couple of minutes was all the managing editor had to spare, at that time of day, but he sacrificed half an hour. He came out of his office with a mischievous glint in his eye.

"Staff meeting, to-day at three-thirty, men!" he called out. "That means everybody."

In the prevailing excitement, the story of the Shirt Auction almost missed the Home Edition.

"Where's Joe Speavey?" yelled the city editor. "Who the devil's writing that shirt story?"

"Aw, leave him alone," said the managing editor, gruffly. "I'll write the darned story, myself. What was the total—thirty-four hundred dollars?"

Rumors flew, thicker than a plague of locusts.

Joe Speavey had resigned! No, Hazel Blanton had eloped. No, *The Advertiser* had been sold. And so, in infinite variation.

Three-thirty found the staff on tip-toe for the meeting Saunders had called.

The managing editor was a direct man, and he came to the point without a prologue.

"I want to talk to you about Joe Speavey," he said, and expectancy gripped his hearers.

"There is going to be a little story about him in *The Advertiser* to-morrow, but it won't mention his name, so I've got something to explain to you."

"Mr. Starrett, as you will agree, is a publisher with a sense of humor. You boys don't see much of him around here, but perhaps he knows more about what's going on than most of us do."

"Well, he has a life-long friend in New York named Cornelius Sumter, and Mr. Sumter wanted to buy an interest in *The Advertiser* so his son could get an opening. Mr. Starrett wouldn't sell, but he said he'd give Cornelius Sumter, Junior, a job, on one condition—that he tackle the hardest job on the editorial staff on *The Advertiser*. And the hardest job, said Mr. Starrett, would be to live down the reputation of the much-maligned Joe Speavey."

"Mr. Sumter, Junior, wants to keep his nom de plume, and he wants to say a few words in defence of it."

And "Joe Speavey" rose to speak.

The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 19)

series had greater gate receipts than in any previous October; that a hockey player receives several hundred dollars for each game; that a man playing professional football gets as much; that a pugilist demands a million dollars for his end of the purse to fight for the world's championship; that another pugilist refuses to fight for a paltry \$250,000; that tennis stars are to receive money for playing; that golf professionals are making from \$10,000 to \$30,000 a year; that fabulous sums are paid to the pros for a single match; that ski jumpers get \$200 a week; that basketball players get as high as \$250 a game.

"Day after day in each issue of his favorite newspaper the young athlete reads these facts. Always when he reads of a sporting event the event is linked with the dollar mark. In his mind sport and money become inseparable companions; he can not think of one without thinking of the other. He naturally concludes that sport can not be conducted without remuneration. The tone of the newspaper, then, according to the educator, is the reason for the spread of commercialism in our colleges and universities."

Some of the facts enumerated in the above arraignment have been mentioned in these

columns from time to time. The educator admits that they are facts. Would he have the newspapers suppress facts?

* * *

SOME time ago one of the editors of one of the greatest newspapers in the United States decided that professional baseball and professional sports of all sorts were given too much space and too much emphasis in the sporting pages. He ordered the accounts of professional baseball games cut and more space given to amateur sports. This campaign ended in a very brief space of time because the competing newspapers continued to allot sporting space as the popular interest demanded.

To the man in the street, to the newspaper-reading public in general, you can not say arbitrarily that the Yale-Harvard baseball game or the Oshkosh-Wesleyan game should be of more interest than a crucial game between the Giants and the Cubs. Nor can you make them feel that the Wisconsin-Princeton boat-race is as interesting and dramatic as the Dempsey-Firpo bout. News is news whether it is pleasing to the intellectuals or not.

I doubt that it is particularly beneficial to keep the cloistered student in ignorance of the fact that the income of Mr. Jack Dempsey, who learned much about the world while riding brake beams, may get a million dollars for a one-round bout or that Babe Ruth, educated in a semi-charitable institution, is one of our most esteemed citizens with an income bigger than that of the President of the United States. Sooner or later the student is going to learn these things himself.

I do not maintain that it reflects very highly upon our civilization that Jack Dempsey's income is higher than the aggregate income of a dozen or more of our most learned college professors and that Babe Ruth, with no degree whatsoever, spends more in a year than the staff of a fair-sized college is paid. In many colleges the football coach is paid more than the president. This is not in accordance with the fitness of things but it is a fact.

Newspapers allot so much space to professional baseball because their readers want it. Also remember that baseball writing developed Charles Dryden, Ring Lardner and Irvin Cobb, not to mention a score of others who are contributing considerably to current literature and the gayety of the nation.

It hardly seems much of a tribute to the influence of the colleges when a noted educator will admit that the simple reporting of the fact that professional athletes are highly paid will sway the students from the high ideals held up to them by their mentors.

THERE are certain types of college men who feel that a college man who becomes a professional athlete has in a way lowered himself if he has not reached the limit of degradation. I traveled south this spring with the Giant recruits. With them was a young college graduate who had pitched for his team.

"I have some relatives near the camp," he told me. "But I can not even go to call on them. My uncle heard that I was starting out to become a professional baseball player. He warned me that if I did and attempted to visit him he would turn the dogs on me."

He was an intelligent boy who had weighed his chances for a career rather sensibly, I thought. If he could play big league baseball, he would play it as long as he lasted. After that he would have something to start with in the business he had selected.

He reminded me in a way of Christy Mathewson. If Mathewson had been so inclined upon his graduation from Bucknell he might have started as an instructor at that college. By this time he might have become a rather obscure professor with a limited income and a limited sphere of influence. As it is Mathewson is comfortably situated financially despite his many vicissitudes.

But most of all his sphere of influence has been wide and his influence has been for good. By hundreds of thousands of boys Matty is looked up to as a shining example of all that is manly and sportsmanlike. Mathewson has lived the sort of life that has fostered this. By entering baseball he became what any fair man would

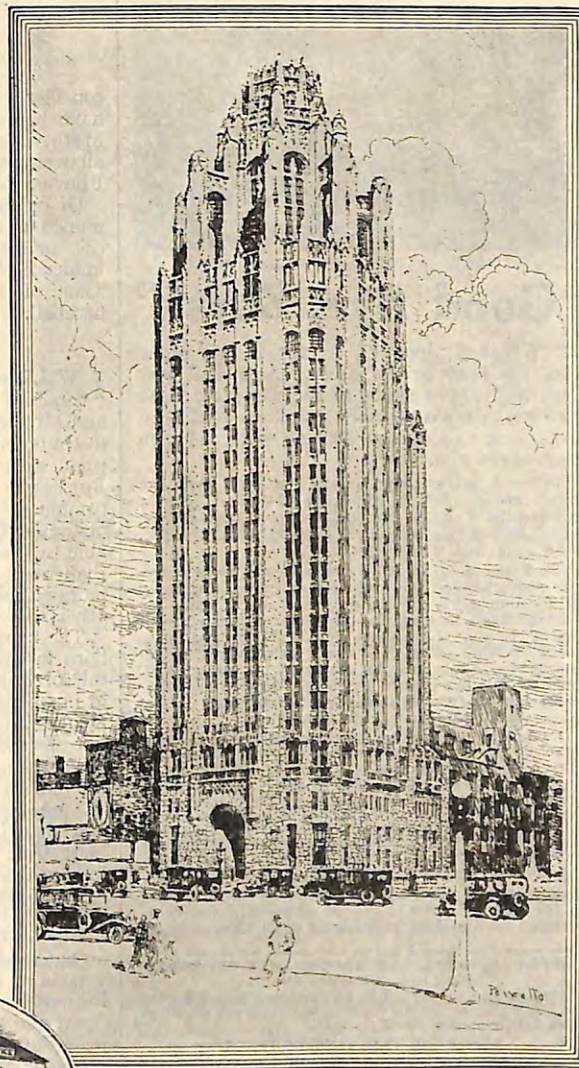
(Continued on page 60)



The Pyramids remain today as permanent evidence that limestone is the world's most enduring building material



Tribune Tower, Chicago
John Mead Howells & Raymond M. Hood,
Associate Architects, New York City



\$50,000 Prize Design for Tribune Tower to be Created in Indiana Limestone

ON its seventy-fifth birthday anniversary in June, 1922, The Chicago Tribune resolved to provide a new and beautiful home worthy of this great newspaper, which had advanced from a room over a grocery to a gigantic publishing plant.

It announced the greatest architectural contest of history. One hundred thousand dollars in prizes were offered to architects. The competition was open to the world. The architectural ideas of twenty-three countries were drawn into the contest and two hundred sixty designs were received.

The design submitted by John Mead Howells and Raymond M. Hood, Associate Architects, New York City, was given first prize of \$50,000 by the Jury of Award.

Dr. Emerson Swift, University of Chicago, stated: "The Tribune Tower is an epoch making building. It represents the highest development of the office building type in the world. It is the building of the decade and perhaps of the century."

The owners' high resolve "to adorn with a monument of enduring beauty this city in which the Tribune has prospered so amazingly" is evidenced in their selection of Indiana Limestone for its construction.

Our handsomely illustrated booklets on Indiana Limestone will be sent free upon request.

INDIANA LIMESTONE QUARRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION
Box 759, Bedford, Indiana
Service Bureaus in New York and Chicago





"Good Bye, Boys!"

"To-day I dropped in for a last word with the boys at the office. And as I saw Tom and Dave there at the same old desk it came to me suddenly that they had been there just so the day I came with the firm four years ago.

"When I started here I was put at a desk and given certain routine things to do. But after a few months I began to realize that I was nothing but a human machine and that I couldn't expect to advance that way.

"So I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a spare-time study course that would give me special training for our work. Why, do you know, it gave me a whole new interest in our business? In a few months I was given more responsibility and more money. Since then I've had three increases, six months ago I was put in charge of my department, and now my big chance has come—I'm to be manager of our Western branch at \$5000 a year! It just shows what spare-time training will do."

If you want to make more money, show your employer you're trying to be worth more money. If you want a bigger job, show him you're willing to prepare for it.

There's a simple, easy way to do it. For 32 years the International Correspondence Schools have been training men and women right in their own homes whenever they had a little time to spare. Thousands of men and women have stepped up in just this way. More than 180,000 are studying now. Ten thousand are starting every month.

Can you afford to let another priceless hour pass without finding out what the I. C. S. can do for you? Here is all we ask—without cost, without obligation, mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2104, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

- | BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blue Prints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy <input type="checkbox"/> Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

Name.....
Street.....
Address..... 3-6-24
City..... State.....

Occupation.....
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the
International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited,
Montreal, Canada

I Averaged
\$2077 profit
PER DAY L.D. Payne
for 217 Days
says L. D. Payne, Frank DePries made over \$325 profit in one day. Slidell and Viles sold over \$25,000 in 2 years. G. Howard earned \$100 in one day. F. E. Mendenhall worked half time and made \$100 a week. W. E. Findlay ran up to over \$500 per month from \$100 Auto Owner, Store and Factory a Live Prospect—Keeton, Howard, and others, never sold Fire Extinguishers before. Our special training course starts you on road to success first day. If now employed, we can show you how to make big money during spare time. No Experience Necessary. Get our new Sales Plan—find out how to make real money—write today!
THE FYR-FYTER CO., 87 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O.

PATENTS
Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer
644 G Street Washington, D. C.

The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 59)

consider a success. In any other line he might have become an utter failure or a nonentity. Mathewson always has said, "If I had it to do all over again, I would not do anything but what I have done."

Of course Mathewson is one of the not too numerous sporting idols whose feet are not of clay or some other spongy material. But the influence of one Mathewson certainly is worth some of the space devoted to professional baseball.

* * *

I WILL admit that the triumph of brawn over brain as demonstrated by Mr. Jack Dempsey and Mr. Babe Ruth is disconcerting—not to say discouraging to those who are attempting to impress with the value of the higher education. But how is a newspaper or all of the newspapers combined to go about it to convince the youth of the land that it is not highly desirable to be able to knock more home-runs and longer ones than one's fellows or to knock opponents into more complete unconsciousness than any of the others?

The capacity for the adoration of brawn is born in the male human being. You can not talk or write it out of the race in one generation or in several. Of course there might be a movement of extremists to abolish baseball and boxing but this ultimately would cause the extinction of the species. It would be committing suicide by the tedious process of boring itself to death.

There are times when the reiteration of the fact that Jack Dempsey scorns a million as a mere trifle or that Babe Ruth draws a bigger income than the head of a railroad or the President of the United States makes one say, "What is the use?"

But again there are other times when Ruth at bat looms up a glorified figure, the modern version of Hercules with the club or Thor with his hammer. And Mr. Jack Dempsey with his scowl and the gleam of the kill in the eyes that peer through narrow slits seems like the lusty red god, Mars, in the flesh. The Greeks had their culture but also they had their demi-Gods and when one is in the mood to make a kindly comparison the demi-Gods of the current generation are not so much unlike them.

Of course the thing to do is to take the demi-gods in a moderation of admiration. There is a humorous side even to a demi-god. One should learn to laugh at him as well as to admire him.

* * *

A Correction: In discussing America's Olympic chances in the June issue, Mr. McGeehan accredited Hartranft, the shot putter, to the University of California whereas he is a loyal son of Stanford University.

The Freedom of the Seas—and Other Freedoms

(Continued from page 10)

us out of our daily round of petty material interests. It broadens us with large horizons, and freshens us with the sweep and breath of the infinite and eternal elements. Happy is the man whose work thus belongs, so to say, to the operations of nature. Yet none of us, however narrow and confined our tasks, need to be cut off from these larger activities, if only we have the will to escape. There is always some door of escape open, if we care to take it. For, as I have said, all American cities are fortunately near to some wilderness. America is still a great, shaggy, murderous continent. Mountains and forests and rivers are still at the doors of our office buildings, or within a short trolley-ride at furthest. We have but to make up our minds to study some natural science at first hand, and the materials are within the reach of all of us. And there are few of us that have not week-ends free for the pursuit of some such study. If instead of going "gunning" after birds and squirrels, we go out to study them rather than to destroy, what a rejuvenating interest will be at once added to our lives. As Emerson says:

"Have you numbered all the birds of the wood,
Without a gun?
Have you loved the wood-rose,
And left in on its stalk?"

No one keeps so young and fresh as a "naturalist," whether his study be of birds, or animals, or trees and flowers, or even if he merely collects butterflies. There is no book of fairy-

tales so fascinating as the book of nature thus read for ourselves. To find out a natural fact for ourselves is incomparably exciting and refreshing compared with merely reading about it in an encyclopedia. To follow for ourselves but one branch of such sciences as, say, geology is to have enough interest for a lifetime. And there is one condition of such studies in itself immediately beneficial, for they necessitate much walking amid natural scenery. There is no exercise more inspiring for soul and body than walking. The rhythm of it stirs the blood, and the mind grows active with the activity of our legs. With a hickory stick and a briar pipe for companions a man has but to walk out into some nearby solitude to leave all his cares behind him, and find his youth again at every turn of the road. And there are a thousand natural things all the way along to stimulate his curiosity and stir his imagination. To learn all the trees in one's neighborhood is in itself "a liberal education," and to come back to the city from a summer holiday so spent is to have accumulated a stock of health and mental "ozone" which will last us through many work-a-day weeks, and give us a reserve fund of interior "freedom" which will, so to speak, set our drudgery to music. But first we need the will to be free. So long as we prefer to be bond-slaves to pitiful social ambitions and the "jazz" excitements of the artificial life of cities, there is no use talking. For the wiser sort, however, there is always the freedom of the sea, and the freedom in "the heart of the ancient wood."

Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 32)

throughout Tartary!" she asserted calmly. "My feet—see—" she stretched out a diminutive foot—"have blighted the hearts of many men. Yes—" arrogantly—"when I dance, great mandarins throw a noose around the far stars to put at my feet as a present!"

"Cute kid!" came Maguire's silent comment; and, aloud: "Let me see you do it."

"I will," she replied; added, with a side-long glance, "I like your eyes."

"Oh—" he laughed—"thank you!"

"Your hair, too, I like. Much. It is red. You dye it?"

"Don't have to. I was born that way."

"Very pretty!" She touched his hair with the tips of her narrow fingers. "Soft. Yes. I like it. Now I shall dance for you."

SHE called to her musicians. They came; squatted in a corner; and, presently, broke into a flood of strange, haunting, minor harmonies.

Suddenly, as the music swelled and wailed desperately, she jerked into a whirl, with arms straight out, the palm of her left hand turned up, that of her right turned down, with half-closed eyes, a dreamy smile on her lips. Then, as the music became yet more ecstatic, the whirling increased in speed; her short, wide skirt swept around and around like a great wheel; her little bare, sweat-drenched heels made a hissing sound as they tapped the floor; her scarf, skilfully tossed from left to right, up and down, then forward with a sweeping motion of her whole body, assumed fantastic, ever-changing forms, soaring up in a foamy cloud of purple-shaded rose, again standing straight out like a flame.

The music droned. Her anklets and armlets jingled with every movement. She came closer to Maguire—a perfume, sweet, pungent, mysterious, so faint as to be little more than a suggestion, hovered about her like a butterfly—again she receded. It was the dance of all the East, with its cruelty and its grace, with its strength and its sudden, cloying sweetness—and, straight through, its fixed, eternal purpose. Faster and faster she whirled—and Maguire's Celtic imagination was inflamed. He was no longer the actor, trained in the art of illusion, thus able to see through the illusions of a fellow artist. He was completely carried away. Dance? This was not a dance! This was life itself, passion, nature, an immense, cosmic pulsing and vibrating . . . faster and faster she whirled, her yellow eyes flashing momentarily through the folds of her scarf and piercing into his brain with a strange, slightly mocking meaning . . . and it was to him as if all Asia were gyrating before him in mad circles.

She was now dancing slowly, majestically, moving backward step by step, her arms rigidly outstretched in front of her, her scarf hanging in limp folds like a tired, wilted thing, supreme abandon in the curve of her body. Salome might have captured the heart of Herod with such another dance.

Suddenly she gave a throaty, high-pitched yell:

"Hail!"

At once, with disconcerting abruptness, the music stopped; and she ran up to Maguire, salaamed, touching the floor with the tips of her henna-stained fingers.

"You like my dance—no?" she asked quite demurely, hardly out of breath.

And it was the Celt in him who replied, his blue eyes shining:

"Like it? Girl—I love it!"

"Good!" smiled Si-Si. "I shall dance for you again."

She did. Often, during noon rests and night halts at wayside caravansaries, she danced for him; and the artist in him admired her superb art, while the man in him liked her impudent, vivid little personality.

By this time the caravan had left the high grazing lands and was entering the desert wedge that marked the last stage toward Urga. Here all was sere and brittle—a massing of sands spawning their yellow eternities to the south. The heat was brassy, jagged, enormous; and Si-Si—whose party was on horseback—became

(Continued on page 62)



"Keep your eyes open under water. You can see perfectly,"
— good advice from a good swimmer.

Refresh yourself—with Beech-Nut

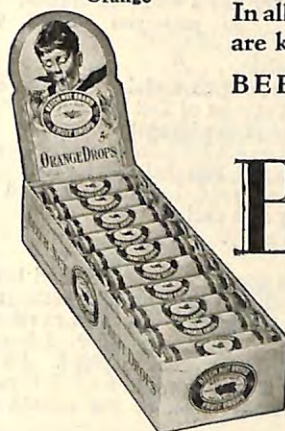
NO sport increases confidence and self-reliance more than swimming. A man learns to "keep cool" not only physically but mentally. And after the dip he can continue these habits with Beech-Nut Confections. There is no doubt they have a refreshing effect on mind and body.

BEECH-NUT
Confections

Beech-Nut
Chewing Gum

Beech-Nut Mints
Wintergreen
Clove
Spearmint
Cinnamon
Peppermint

Beech-Nut
Fruit Drops
Lime
Lemon
Orange



If Beech-Nut Confections and Chewing Gum are not displayed in your club, they really should be. Beech-Nut Chewing Gum is the gum of pure chicle, and all the Beech-Nut Confections are of the highest quality and purity. So delicious that they make you pleased with yourself and very much pleased with Beech-Nut.

Beech-Nut Mints, Fruit Drops and Chewing Gum are made up in the beautiful Mohawk Valley—in white rooms flooded with sunlight and decorated with cool green ferns. Pure, wholesome Beech-Nut. In all the popular flavors. Sold wherever fine candies are known.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut
ConfectionsTo Every
Elk Merchant

EVERY merchant is occasionally requested to name his favorite advertising mediums by the manufacturers of the products which he distributes.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has over 850,000 circulation going to the best families in the country. You Elk Merchants who read this, will confer a great favor upon your representatives, to whom you have given the responsibility of making this publication a success, by advocating its use as an advertising medium where and whenever you can conscientiously do so.

ADVERTISING in your Magazine is going to assist sales in your territory where the Elks comprise an appreciable percentage of your customers. ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.



He Climbed . . . from \$60 a month to \$10,000 a year

Ten thousand a year! That is what a North Carolina man is averaging—even in dull years—as partner in an independent firm of Certified Public Accountants. Yet six years ago, when he started the study of Higher Accountancy under the LaSalle Problem Method, he was earning only \$60 a month, was married and had also a little daughter to provide for.

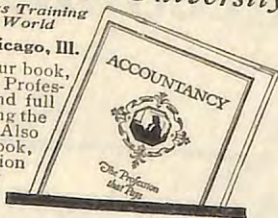
Lots of men would have thought they were hopelessly up against it. But this man was made of different stuff—there was nothing of the quitter about him! He accepted LaSalle's offer of easy terms, and started to study Higher Accountancy at home in his spare time. Today, he has the great satisfaction of knowing that he has made good. He is able to live the way he wants to live—to give his family the comforts and luxuries he has always longed to provide for them. He has proved his right and title to success.

His Chance Is Yours

The experience of this man (name furnished on request) is not an isolated example. Hundreds of men have won rapid advancement thru LaSalle Higher Accountancy training. They got their start by signing just such a little coupon as appears directly below this text. Mark that coupon, sign and mail it today—and get the facts. We will promptly send you complete information regarding the opportunities for men trained in Higher Accountancy, also a copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." "Get this book," said a prominent Chicago executive, "even if you have to pay five dollars for it." We will send it free. Remember, the cost of LaSalle training is small and can be covered in easy monthly payments if you so desire. The decision that you make this moment is important. Mail the coupon now.

— — — INQUIRY COUPON — — —
LaSalle Extension University
The Largest Business Training
Institution in the World
Dept. 8328-HR Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and full information regarding the course and service. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.



Higher Accountancy

Training for position as Comptroller, Auditor, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

Other LaSalle Training Courses

LaSalle is the largest business training institution in the world. It offers training for every important business need. If more interested in any of these courses, check here:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> and Production Methods |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Employment Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law—Degree of LL.B. | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Efficiency | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence and Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching |

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 61)

a frequent, self-invited guest in the cart shared by Maguire and "Coney Island" Loo.

The latter objected to it in his amazing American slang:

"Don't monkey with the buzz-saw, Mister! Never make nothin' but trouble—women don't. I'm off the frails for life."

"Sour grapes!" mocked Maguire.

It was not that he—Irish in many things, Irish, too, in his extraordinary chastity in spite of the way in which Fate had manhandled him since early youth—was disloyal to Limehouse Ann; not even in his thoughts. But he liked Si-Si. Liked her in a queer, rather impersonal manner. There was about her a subtle charm, a delicate glamor as of immensely old romance, lost romance of long ago and far away. And so one day he managed the tremendous, linguistic feat of conveying to her in Chinese something approaching the sentiment that, if Romeo had met her, he would have torn up Juliet's address.

Her reply gave him a shock:

"I love you. I shall marry you when we get to Urga."

"Wh-What . . . ?" He was utterly taken aback.

"Yes. I love very nicely. You will like it." He blinked. Was she serious? Yes. He looked into her eyes. There was no doubt of it. How could he explain to her—tell her without hurting her feelings? "I—" he stammered—"I—can't. . . ."

"Oh—you are already married?"

He grasped at the excuse; embroidered it:

"Yes—I have three wives—three jealous wives. . . ."

"Divorce them!"

"It is against the laws of my country."

"Then I shall be your number four wife." She threw her arms around him and kissed him.

"If your other wives are nice to me, I shall be nice to them. If they are not nice to me, I shall poison them. . . . Hsian-ah—can do!"

Then, because he could not help himself, he told her the truth:

"I—I do not love you, Si-Si."

She gave a cry like a wounded animal. Her eyes blazed. "So you—you played with me. . . .?"

"Let me explain. . . ."

"There is nothing to explain!" All at once she let loose a stream of foul invective: "Ah! Pig! Father of little piglings! Oh. . . ." She choked with rage; got her second wind: "Grandson of a bad smell! You shall pay for the insult! Your head—your red-haired head—I shall sell it as a butcher sells unclean tripe!"

And she ran away.

Maguire felt sorry for her. He liked her so much. He would not have hurt her feelings for the world. Yet, as he said to Loo when relating the experience: "What can I do? I hurried after her. Tried to reason, to plead. All she did was to spit like a wildcat—and here—" showing his hand—"look at the scratch she gave me."

"Look out!" warned the other. "Them Tartar skirts is dangerous."

"Don't be silly. What can she do?"

"I dunno. But keep yer eyes peeled!"

CHAPTER VI

A FEW days later the caravan drew within sight of Urga—"Ta Ku-re—the Great Monastery," as the Mongols called it. And monastery it was more than city, with its labyrinth of temples and shrines and all sorts of religious buildings overlaying the town like a spider's web; crushing it with its weight of ancient bigotry; stretching its tentacles, like an octopus, throughout all Buddhist Central Asia—from Kamchatka to the burned steppes of the Buriat Cossacks, from Peking to the borders of sneering, yellow Tibet, from the arctic Siberian tundras almost to the gates of Moscow. For this was the home of the *Rut'uk'tu*, the "Living Buddha," whose soul is said to migrate into the soul of each successive Urga highpriest; second, he, only to the Dalai Lama of Tibet in holiness—in graft, too—and unsavory, political intrigues. Here he lived and ruled; surrounded and

helped by many thousands of fakirs, red-cap and yellow-cap Lamaist priests, sorcerers, and monks—all of divine origin—all honored by the Mongols as living gods.

Sacred structures everywhere. The yellow walls of convents. The peacock-blues of tiled pagoda roofs. The crass reds of Buddhist shrines. Yet beautiful, opening like a flower of stone petals; and, topping the whole, sitting in its center like a fat spider, the immense temple, the Holiest of Holies, where dwelled the *Hut'uk'tu*. It was a city in itself; rising, terrace-like, behind towering walls; stretching, it seemed for miles, without a break; surmounted here and there by the fabulous outlines of twisted spires and bulbous domes.

THIS last day the road to Urga was packed. It seemed as if all Mongolia was going to the great religious festival, the *Ts'am Ha-ren* or "Sacred Dance."

Foot passengers, cameleers, horsemen, men and women in all kinds of queer vehicles. Not only Mongols. Too, Russian Buriats in long, red, pleated coats, crowned by huge, shaggy furcaps; Tartars in black coats and black, gold-embroidered skull caps; dark-skinned Tibetans with ludicrous mutton-pie caps, twirling their prayer-wheels; shy, furtive-eyed Uirankhais from the Siberian forest wilderness; flat-nosed Toji tribesmen from the Upper Yenisei basin; duffel-clad drovers from the Pamirs; Chinese from all the provinces—a dozen unclassified races—an interweaving, ever-changing, incredible pattern of Asia's human tapestry.

The rich seemed as eager as the poor to take part in the gaiety of the festival; and to Maguire—as Li Shan's troupe pitched its tents on the main square—it was like an old-fashioned American country fair. Questions of language and dress apart, there were here the same shouts, the same spiels, the same lollipop and lemonade stalls and, as Loo pointed out, the same confidencemen and thimble-riggers waiting for the same long-suffering "rubes" and showing that, at least in this respect, East is surprisingly like West.

Li Shan's company wasted no time in erecting stage and sideshows and taking in their share of the golden harvest. For these Mongols were out to be amused; paid for it generously; and it was early afternoon before Maguire finished his turn and accompanied Loo to watch the Sacred Dance.

Acting on Loo's advice—for he had taken him more and more into his confidence—he had decided to wait until the morning before, taking French leave from his fellow-actors, he plunged south on the second lap of his journey. Besides, there were horses and supplies to be bought, a guide, if possible, to be hired. To-day Urga was too festive to think of business. To-morrow it would be different.

The festival was violently picaresque: with the long files of Lamaist abbots in yellow and red robes and mitred head-dresses, preceding the *Hut'uk'tu* who, fat, pallid, ponderous, dressed in lemon brocade, waddled toward the temple, supported by priests on either side; with Mongol princes, gorgeously attired, holding aloft costly tributes passing from the blaze of sunshine into the dim shadows of the temple, and poor, ragged pilgrims carrying poor, ragged gifts, and droning their: "Om ma-ni pad-me! Hong!—Hail! Jewel in the Lotus!" with priests, literally thousands of them, and immense throngs of worshippers watching the passing of their "gods," fervid adoration in their almond eyes.

Then a blaring of trumpets. A savage thumping of Tibetan devil-drums.

And the dance itself—the *Ts'am Ha-ren*. . . .

Group after group of priest-actors came from the temple, their faces and shoulders concealed by enormous, grotesque masks that represented gods and demons and mythological animals. It was less a dance than a pageant; a spirited pantomime of all Buddhism's fabulous myths and legends, and lapsing over into India's extravagant pantheon; from the *Chhadanta Jataka*, the birth-story of the Six-tusked Elephant to the ancient tale of *Kalya Damana*, which relates how the Creator overcame the Snake of Evil; from color-blazing posturings showing the

Arhats, the early Buddhist saints, to a picturing of Bhagiratha imploring Shiva to permit the Ganges to fall to the earth from his matted locks.

The epic of a nation's life, a nation's civilization and faith—yes! and crimes and virtues and superstitions and sufferings. And, strangely, it made Maguire feel like an intruder; and, almost instinctively, he turned his eyes away, let them wander over the onlookers.

Finally his glance rested on a group of Tartar women, a lovely, colorful sight in their holiday costumes, and charming, waxen faces topping the silk motley, narrow, hands waving demure fans.

Amongst them he recognized Si-Si.

She looked like a tiny Chinese porcelain idol in her long Pekinese robe that blended from a glowing pansy-violet to a lilac subtle as a spirit-flame. Never had she seemed prettier; all enveloped she seemed with the haunting, penetrating mystery of Oriental romance; and Maguire—it was a trait of his, for better or for worse—obeyed a sudden impulse.

He liked her. Felt sorry that there had been misunderstanding between them. To-morrow he was off to the south. He would never see her again. He would talk to her; make her comprehend. They would part as friends.

"Be right back," he said to Loo; and he crossed over to the group of Tartar women.

"Si-Si!" he called.

She looked up; saw him. She hesitated—she could almost read the struggle in her yellow eyes—then walked up to him.

She put her little hand in his outstretched hand.

"You—oh—you have forgiven me?" he asked, clumsily.

"There was nothing to forgive, my lord."

"Never mind the 'my lord.' Let's be friends again!"

"You want to?" she smiled.

"Very much, Si-Si!"

"So do I!"

"I am glad!"

"Very, very glad!" she echoed. She slipped her arm beneath his. "Come. Let us go for a walk."

Laughing, chattering, friends once more, they turned away from the *Ts'am Ha-ren*.

IT WAS getting late. The deep blues and vivid golds of the afternoon sky had swooned to palest pastel shades. The outlines of the gardens blurred and broke. The houses and temples draped in trailing shadows. The passion of the hot day had spent itself; the Sacred Dance was over; but the luring passions of night awoke, ardent, quivering in a rising hum of sounds, like the slow, insistent pounding of distant surf, as the festive Mongols hurried through the streets, eager for amusement, with shouts and laughter and, dominating all, like a primeval, savage call, the throbbing pulse of the muffled *tom-tom*.

"Better go back to Li Shan's encampment," suggested Maguire. "There will be an evening performance."

"Never mind Li Shan."

She pointed at a little, shadow-blotched garden near the main gate of the *Hut'ukt'u's* immense temple. They entered. It was very still here; just a dark mass of verdure, with clinging odors of rose and tuberose. He sat down on a grassy knoll. She cuddled at his feet, her head against his knees. Both were silent.

Then, suddenly, softly, her voice quivered up with the old song of the Afghan gypsies—the song whose haunting cadences you can hear from Kabul clear to Peking:

"*Baragan beli naukar ban,
Kadahan chhama naukar ban,
Valva'n jigha naukar ban,
Savzen rakh-en naukar ban,
Senagh-gula naukar ban,
Banzubandan naukar ban,
Chitti dandan naukar ban—*"

("I am the slave of my fair girl,
I am the slave of her deep-set eyes,
I am the slave of her wavy bodice,
I am the slave of her crimson lips,
I am the slave of the rose of her breast,
I am the slave of the jewels on her arms,
I am the slave of her white teeth—")

He listened. Through the purple, creeping night, the magic of far suns seemed to sweep into his soul; the pageantry of far skies seemed to flash brilliantly.

(Continued on page 64)



Hamilton Watches may be had in a variety of cases and dials, \$46 to \$250

This is the watch to give at presentations—known everywhere for thirty years as the watch of railroad accuracy—a conservatively beautiful style that will endure.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.
Send for copy of our new "Timekeeper"


Hamilton Watch

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy


These Coupons mean Money for you

MANY advertisements have coupons—like bonds. There is profit in clipping these coupons. Do you clip them and send them in? Do you take this profit?

Watch the advertisements in this magazine—YOUR magazine. Every one of them has passed the high standard of Elks advertising censorship as worthy of the support of Elks everywhere.



Physically fit
means calm
and steady
of nerve—
athletes find
the use of
Beeman's
"a sensible
habit"



BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.



**Good-Bye
"WOLF TONES"!**

Good-bye "forcing," "favoring," "faking." Gone the days when even the finest musicians played in constant dread of the imperfections of their instruments! The century's most revolutionary improvement—a continuous conical bore—makes brass instrument playing simple and easy. In 30 days you may be playing in a band!

**Continuous Conical Bore
Couturier
Band Instruments**

alone follow Nature's law that "a sound wave expands diametrically as it travels." The result—easy to blow—tones true to pitch in every key and interval—full, round, velvety tones right from the beginning!

Write today for FREE Catalog describing these easy-to-learn instruments. Convenient payments can be arranged. Pay as you play, from your earnings, as thousands have done. (Mention whether you want Band Instruments or Saxophones and if you now have an instrument). Write Today!

LYON & HEALY
Inc. 66-88 Jackson Blvd.
CHICAGO

DEALERS—Some choice territory still available

I Made \$100,000

in less than five years as a real estate specialist. Started during my spare time, with no experience, and less than \$5 capital. If you want to learn the secret of my success and follow money-making method, send your name and address at once to American Business Builders, Dept. A-338, 1133 Broadway, New York. They send full information free, telling you how you can build up an independent, profitable business of your own by using my amazingly successful system.

Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 63)

"Banzubandan naukar ban . . ." came her soft, falsetto quiver.

A moonbeam cut through the clouds, the trees, falling upon her upturned face. He was conscious of an overpowering sense of temptation. He rose. Shook himself.

"Come—" he said, raucously—"we must go . . ."

"You—" she asked—"you do not love me—really?"

"We were going to be friends, just friends, weren't we?" he hid a little embarrassed smile; for, an honest man, he felt foolish as well as proud at having resisted temptation. Again obeying an impulse, he added: "Don't make it hard for me, child. You see—to-morrow morning I am going away."

"Away—" Her voice splintered. "Where?"

"Oh—" vaguely—"south!"

"And I will never, never see you again?"

"Who knows?"

She was silent; seemed to think. Then she spoke:

"Come to the temple with me. I shall ask the gods to bless you." She pointed at the *Hut-ukl's* temple beyond the garden, closing the vista like a seal of destiny. "I shall pray for you to the Thousand and Three Most Excellent Ones!"

"I don't know as I—being a foreigner . . ."

"The temple is empty at this hour. I shall pray for you—because I love you . . . Come!"

A minute later, they entered the outer temple hall. Empty it was, as Si-Si had said, with neither priests about nor worshipers, enormous in height and extent, lit by a thousand red-glowing lamps. But the smoke which swirled up from the golden incense-burners darkened the air with a solid shadow, and everything seemed shapeless, veiled.

GRADUALLY, as his eyes became used to the half-darkness, Maguire saw; did not like what he saw. For the place was a veritable temple of horrors.

There were statues all along the walls: life-sized, life-like bronze and wood figures undergoing the gruesome tortures inflicted in the ten kingdoms of Buddhistic hell. They were being bored through the middle; sawn between boards; boiled in oil. Others were shown in the process of being changed into animals. One was being ground, as if he were rice, by a hammer worked through a coolie's treading feet. A dog waited to lick up the blood; and—supreme refinement of Mongol cruelty—there was a mirror in which the culprit saw the deeds for which he was being punished.

But what shocked Maguire most was the statue at the farther wall: a gigantic, four-armed basalt idol, painted and dressed with barbarous splendor. Around its body was a girdle of human skulls. One of its hands held a sword, the second a man's blood-dripping head, while the other two hands were empty and raised to bless the worshipers. The lips, thick, sensuous, painted red, were curled in a cruel leer. Before its feet lay the utensils of worship—dishes for the offerings, lamps, jugs, copper cups, conches, gongs; and as Maguire walked up to it, drawn there as if hypnotically, he had the faint but distinct sensation that all the altar vessels smelled of blood.

An emblem it was; an emblem of obscenity and lust and destruction; an unspeakable representation of the mysteries and cruelties of life which the Lamaists are pleased to call religion.

"Religion!" echoed Maguire's thoughts.

Not that he had ever been very religious. But deep in the hidden soul stratum of every man is the shadow of the zealot; and Maguire was conscious of it now. He felt it as he beheld the ghastly idol; felt with it a residue of ancient, racial prejudices; felt, finally, a sensation of terror, dread. Not physical dread. Dread, rather, of the soul. Then, looking at Si-Si, he imagined that she, too, was afraid; heard the confession from her lips:

"The gods—I fear them . . ."

Typically, it was the girl's evident fright which brought back the man's immediate balance.

"Don't be silly!" he laughed. "They are not gods. They are only pieces of bronze and wood."

"They are cruel—all-powerful!"

"As all-powerful as my foot!"

"Look! that one—over there—it moved . . ."

"Imagination!"

"To you—yes—because you are brave!" She cuddled up to him. "But I—I am afraid . . ."

He put an arm about her.

"Still afraid?" he asked.

"Yes—" She gave a little shriek—"please—

I don't want to be afraid . . ."

"Well—what can I do to—?"

"Show me that you are right!" she interrupted. "Show me that you do not fear the gods—that they are powerless!"

"All right! Wait!"

He took out a cigarette, lit it, and a few seconds later reached up and ground the glowing end into the four-armed idol's grinning mouth.

"Here you are, Jack Johnson!" he said in English. "Have a smoke on me . . ."

And, even as he spoke, at the very last, he caught a glimmer of the truth in Si-Si's yellow eyes; realized the trap into which he had fallen; heard his words drowned by her loud yell:

"Blasphemy! A foreigner—a Christian—has defiled the gods!"

HE DASHED for the door. It was too late.

In another moment—they seemed to swarm from everywhere, like wasps out of a disturbed hive—priests and monks rushed in. He fired once. The revolver was knocked from his hand. He fought bravely, his fists going like flails. He dodged and grappled and danced. His breath came in short, staccato bursts.

He saw the flicker of a dagger; heard a voice speaking high above the tumult:

"Do not kill him! Capture him alive! A sacrifice, brothers, a sacrifice! To-morrow we shall sacrifice him to the goddess whom he has defiled! May his blood smell sweetly in the nostrils of the great Mother!"

They took up the shout like a mad refrain, an echoing chorus, in high-pitched, quivering voices, swelling and decreasing in turn, dying away in thin, quavery tremolos, again bursting forth in thick, palpable, obscene fervor:

"A sacrifice! A sacrifice!"

Once more they advanced upon him, careful now not to kill or maim. From the street more people rushed in and joined in the attack; and, suddenly, amongst them Maguire recognized "Coney Island" Loo.

Straight through his overwhelming fear and despair, he was conscious of a warm glow of happiness at the other's loyalty. He was about to yell to him that it was useless, hopeless, that he should not throw away his life too, when all at once a revulsion of feeling took place in him as he heard the man's shriek:

"Ah—the foreign dog—who defiled the blessed gods . . . let me at him, brothers!"

Using feet and fists ruthlessly, Loo pushed his way through the crowd and pounced upon Maguire. The latter's fear of death disappeared in his bitter hurt at the other's disloyalty, when he heard Loo's sibilant whisper:

"Suspected—followed—came too late—what can I . . . ?"

Maguire twisted; fell to the ground deliberately, pulling the other down on top of him.

"Cheng—" he breathed into Loo's ear, while the tumult all around increased a thousand-fold—"governor Cheng—tell him . . ."

"All right—" Loo's muffled reply—"Sorry—gotta do this—" and his fist crashed between Maguire's eyes, knocking him unconscious.

He did not know if it was hours or minutes before he awakened. He felt weak and dazed. As from a very great distance, he heard the Tibetan devil-drums thumping without pause; heard trumpets and reed-pipes wailing and shrieking and whimpering.

His thoughts were chaotic. He tried to lift his hands; felt that they were manacled. Then he remembered the scene in the temple—the gigantic basalt idol—the soul-freezing shouts:

"A sacrifice! A sacrifice!"

Despair, rushed over him like a wave. Here he was—in this place of cruelty and lust—helpless—and they would kill him—would doubtless torture him first. . . .

He trembled. Nor was it exactly fear. It

(Cont'd on page 66)



30 Days Ago They Laughed at Me

I never would have believed that anyone could become popular overnight. And yet—here's what happened.

ONE evening, about a month ago, I went to a dance. Just a jolly, informal sort of dance where everyone knew almost everyone else. I wouldn't have gone to a really big or important dance, because I—well, I wasn't sure of myself.

There was a young woman at this dance I had long wanted to meet. Someone introduced us, and before I knew it I was dancing with her. That is, I was *trying* to dance with her. She was an exquisite dancer, graceful, poised, at ease. Her steps were in perfect harmony with the music.

But I, clumsy boor that I was, found myself following her instead of leading. And I couldn't follow! That was the sad part of it. I stumbled through the steps. I trod on her toes. I tried desperately to keep in time with the music. You cannot imagine how uncomfortable I was, how conspicuous I felt.

Suddenly I realized that we were practically the only couple on the floor. The boys had gathered in a little group and were laughing. I knew, in an instant, that they were laughing at me. I glanced at my partner, and saw that she, too, was smiling. She had entered into the fun. Fun! At my expense!

I felt myself blushing furiously, and I hated myself for it. Very well. Let them laugh. Someday I would show them. Someday I would laugh at them as they had laughed at me.

All the way home I told myself over and over again that I would become a perfect dancer, that I would amaze and astonish them. But how? I couldn't go to a dancing school because of the time and expense. I

certainly couldn't afford a dancing instructor. What could I do?

By morning I had forgotten my anger and humiliation—and with them the desire to become a perfect dancer. But three weeks later I received another invitation. It was from Jack. He wanted me to come to a small dance at his home, a dance to which, I knew, the same people would come. I wouldn't go, of course. I wouldn't give them the chance to laugh at me again.

But that night Jack called. "Coming to the dance?" he asked. "No!" I retorted.

He grinned, and I knew why. It infuriated me. A daring plan flashed through my mind. Yes, I *would* come. I would show them this time that they couldn't laugh at me.

"I've changed my mind," I said to Jack. "I'll be there." Jack grinned again—and was gone.

Popular Overnight!

I ran upstairs and found the magazine I had been reading the night before. One clip of the shears, a few words quickly written, a trip to the corner mail-box—and the first part of my plan was carried out. I had sent for Arthur Murray's free dancing lessons.

Somehow I didn't believe that dancing could be learned by mail. But there was nothing to risk—and think of the joy of being able to astound them all at the dance.

The free lessons arrived just the night before the dance. I was amazed at the ease with which I mastered a fascinating new fox-trot step. I learned how to lead, how to have ease and confidence while dancing, how to follow if my partner leads, how to dance in harmony with the music. It was fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions. I gained a wonderful new ease and poise. I could hardly wait for Jack's dance.

The following evening I asked the best dancer in the room to dance with me. She hesitated a mo-

ment, then rose—smiling. I knew why she smiled. I knew why Jack and the other boys gathered in a little group. Good! Here was my chance.

It was a fox-trot. I led my partner gracefully around the room, interpreting the dance like a professional, keeping perfect harmony with the music. I saw that she was astonished. I saw that we were the only couple on the floor and that everyone was watching us. I was at ease, thoroughly enjoying myself. When the music stopped there was applause.

It was a triumph. I could see how amazed everyone was. Jack and the boys actually envied me—and only 30 days ago they had laughed at me. No one will ever laugh at my dancing again. I became popular overnight!

You, too, can quickly learn dancing at home, without music and without a partner. More than 120,000 men and women have become accomplished dancers through Arthur Murray's remarkable new method.

Send today for the five free lessons. They will tell you more than anything we could possibly say. These five lessons which tell you the secret of leading, how to follow successfully, how to gain confidence, how to fox-trot and how to waltz—these complete five lessons are yours to keep, without obligation. Arthur Murray wants you to send for them at once, today—so that you can see for yourself how quickly and easily dancing can be mastered at home.

Clip and mail this coupon NOW. Please include 25c to cover the cost of handling, mailing and printing. Arthur Murray, Studio 246, 290 Broadway, New York.

Arthur Murray, Studio 246
290 Broadway, New York

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send me the FIVE FREE lessons by Arthur Murray. I enclose 25c to pay for the postage, printing, etc. This does not oblige me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Buy ELK EMBLEMS

Direct by Mail from
JASON WEILER & SONS, Boston, Mass.
and Save One-Third

For over 48 years we have sold direct to customers all over the world. As manufacturing wholesale and retail jewelers, diamond importers and America's leading emblem makers we are able to save you one-third on regular prices. Money refunded on all purchases unless entirely satisfied.



34676B
Men's 14K Solid Gold
Ring, raised platinum
Elk head, richly
chased.
Special \$12.00

34698B
Diamond Mounted
Solid Gold Ring.
The full cut blue-
white diamond is of
exceptionally fine
brilliance. Hands-
specially raised
emblem, background
enameled in colors. \$22.50

34692B
Solid Gold Ring, plat-
inum front, Elk head
raised on blue en-
amel clock, with
full cut blue-
white diamond. \$37.50
Same style ring with-
out diamond \$18.00



34725B
Elk's Member-
ship Card Case
Actual size 2
inches long. Can
be attached to
Waldemar chain.
In Gold-filled or
Sterling Silver \$4.00



34759B
Solid White
Gold Charm
Green gold head,
ruby eyes, ena-
meled clock. \$5.00



35873B
Solid
Green
Gold
finely em-
bossed. \$1.65
Our Free
Catalog
Shows
Many
Other
Styles \$5.00

34600B
Solid
Green
Gold
Lapel
Button
with small
full cut
blue-white
diamond. \$5.00

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.
one of America's leading diamond importing concerns
for over 48 years selling direct by mail to customers
and dealers alike all over the world at savings of from
25 to 40%.



1 carat, \$145.00

This full cut one carat diamond
is of excellent brilliancy. Mounted
in Tiffany style 14K solid
gold setting. Order this dia-
mond, take it to any jeweler and
if he says it can be duplicated
for less than \$200.00 send it back
and your money will be returned
at once without a quibble. Our
price direct to you. \$145.00



Ladies' White Gold
Diamond Ring \$75.00

Fine full cut blue-white
diamond of exceptional
brilliance with four smaller
full cut, blue-white
diamonds on the sides.
The mounting is 18K
solid white gold, beauti-
fully pierced and carved.



Ladies' All Platinum
Diamond Ring \$200.00

Full cut blue-white
diamond of fine bril-
liance. Set in all plat-
inum. Mounting richly
pierced and carved.
Money refunded if this ring
can be duplicated elsewhere
for less than \$200.00.
Our price, only \$200.00

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:	
1-4 carat	\$31.00
3-8 carat	\$60.00
1-2 carat	\$73.00
1-2 carats	\$217.00
2 carats	\$290.00
3 carats	\$435.00

If desired, rings will be sent
to any bank you may name or
any Express Co. with privilege
of examination.

Write for FREE DIAMOND CATALOG

This book is beautifully illus-
trated. Tells how to judge
select and buy diamonds.
Tells how they mine, cut and
market diamonds. Shows
weights, sizes, prices and
qualities. \$20 to \$200,000, and
is considered an authority.

Also write for Elk Em-
blem and Jewelry and
Watch Catalogs



---CLIP COUPON---FILL IN AND MAIL NOW---

JASON WEILER & SONS

Mfg. Wholesale and Retail Jeweler Since 1870
376-B Washington Street (Elks Dept.)
Boston, Mass.

Please send FREE Catalogs checked x below:
☐ Jewelry, Watch, Silver and ☐ Diamond
Elks Emblem Catalogs ☐ Catalog

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 64)

was only the realization of the inevitable, filter-
ing, like sand, through the cracks and fissures of
his soul.

He controlled his quivering nerves; opened his
eyes.

He was lying in a small, windowless room.
Straining his eyes through the half-darkness, he
saw in the far corner, beneath a flickering oil
lamp, the figure of a man who squatted there
near a barred door. The man, dressed in a
Lamaist priest's yellow robe, was huge, im-
mensely obese, with vast, bloated, copper-red
cheeks running into apoplectic neck, neck blend-
ing indistinguishably with enormous chest, and
chest with paunchy stomach; a very cataract of
fluid tallow, monstrous, ludicrous, created to
cause cruel, mocking mirth. But there was no
mirth in the businesslike rifle across his knees.

HIS head was bent. He seemed in deep
thought. And then Maguire, becoming more
used to the half-light, saw that the other was
reading a tiny book in his hand, squinting at it
through horn-rimmed glasses. Somehow the
extravagant combination—the wobbly fat, the
slim, blue rifle, the little book, the spectacles—
struck him as funny straight through his despair,
and involuntarily, irrepressibly, half-hysteri-
cally, laughter bubbled to his lips.

The priest looked up; and Maguire saw that
the face was not unkindly.

Nor were the words unkindly:
"You must not laugh. Soon you will die a
terrible and lingering death. Laughter at such
a moment is not decent."

Soft, tranquil words. Death and tortures
mentioned not brutally, but simply as a state-
ment of fact.

A short pause—and he went on:
"Pray to your gods. See—flesh is dirt—to be
purified. There is worth only in the soul—white
as alabaster—clear as jade. I am sorry for you.
You are young—and youth is rash and foolish.
Perhaps indeed—" he sighed—"the punishment
to be meted out to you is too harsh. . . ."

"Then why don't you help me?" cut in
Maguire quickly.

"I could not if I would. I am like a feather
dropped from the top of a pagoda. I am a ser-
vant of the *Hut'ukt'u*. My personal feelings
matter not. I am an instrument—nothing
else. . . ."

He pointed at his book.
"Listen, little brother!" he continued. "Lis-
ten to the Buddha's consolation!"

And he read aloud, in a droning chant:
"Existence is illusion. So is pain illusion—
and the sun and moon—and the many stars—and
flowers and trees. Illusions all—formless and
multiform. Only the spirit exists. . . ."

His voice throbbed on. But Maguire did not
listen. He did not think. Could not. Despair
was too great.

He was conscious—half-conscious—of a sen-
sation of indetermined space—of walls that seemed
to expand one moment to gigantic distances, the
next to contract to a narrow, stifling box.

Then there were shadows, painted black on
deeper black, streaming past ceaselessly, coiling
in the corners like hunchbacked hobgoblins of
derision and pain, jeering at him with: "Might-
Have-Been! Might-Have-Been!"

Hooded and cloaked in a sable mantle seemed
the place; pregnant with a terrible, unswerving
purpose.

Then, suddenly, ludicrously, one word rose to
his lips:
"Gee!"

Just the one word, slangy, clipped; and per-
haps because it was slangy and clipped, because
it was so essentially American, so utterly out of
keeping with his surroundings and his fate, it
gave back to him his sanity; gave back to him
a measure of humor—a sort of grim, creaking
gallows-humor.

The priest was still droning his pious text:
"There is no strength in bonds of rope, nor in
shackles of wood, nor yet in. . . ."

"Cut out the psalm-singing, you pious old
Mongol fraud!" Maguire shouted in English.
The other, startled, dropped the book. He
did not understand the foreign words. Torn out

of his own paradise of bland Buddhistic beati-
tudes, he was utterly taken aback and, in his
astonishment, opened his mouth to cavernous
widths, causing his fat cheeks to quiver and
wobble like jelly. Again Maguire laughed.
But this time it was a brave laugh, a reckless
Irish laugh—and he was still laughing when the
door opened and Cheng came in, gorgeous in his
official robes, carrying a carved jade sceptre with
three yellow tassels.

The priest rose; kowtowed; yet at the same
time tried to prevent the governor from crossing
the threshold.

"Ten thousand years, Your Excellency!
But there are orders that. . . ."

"I have the *Hut'ukt'u*'s permission to inter-
view the prisoner," interrupted Cheng, taking a
yellow silk scroll covered with mandarin hiero-
glyphics from his loose sleeve.

The other read, kowtowed again, and stepped
aside while Cheng walked up to Maguire.

"We haven't over five minutes," he whispered
rapidly in English. He explained that the
Hut'ukt'u had allowed this visit when he had
told him that the foreigner was also a political
suspect whom he would like to cross-examine;
explained, too, that he could not order his
release as the government was not yet firmly
enough in the saddle to interfere in Mongolia's
religious affairs. "Still—" he added—"I have
a plan. . . ."

"Thank God!"

"Don't thank Him yet! The chance is faint.
What is this priest like?"

"Nice, kindly old bird—feels sorry for me. . . ."

"One point gained! I'll have a word with
him!"

Cheng crossed over to the priest, talking in a
hurried undertone; the other seeming to argue,
finally shrugging his shoulders and saying:

"Very well. . . ."

"As to the reward. . . ."

"Not because of reward, Excellency!" The
priest kowtowed. "But because of the pity in
my soul!"

"Your soul is a thousand genuflections before
the Blessed Buddha! And I myself shall see
that no harm comes to your body."

"A fat, useless old body," sighed the other.

"But still a precious vessel for a great and
generous heart!"—and this time it was the
governor who kowtowed.

He turned to Maguire and rapidly told him his
plan.

IT CONSISTED of staging a faked assault on
the priest as if, suddenly, he had jumped
from his cot and, before the latter could fire, had
knocked him senseless with his heavy iron man-
acles. Then—and even as Cheng explained, they
executed the plan—he was supposed to have
taken the handcuff keys from the unconscious
man's waist shawl, to have released himself,
to have tied and gagged the other—"gently,
brothers, gently!" begged the priest as they
forced a great, torn corner of his duffel robe be-
tween his teeth—and to have made his escape.

"Here!" said Cheng, when all was done,
giving revolver, extra ammunition, dagger, and
a purse to the American, and cautiously opening
the door.

"Now where?" asked Maguire.

"That's where the rub comes in!"

For the cell gave on a long corridor from which,
besides the cell door itself, opened two other
doors, one left, one right. The right led, through
another long corridor, into the *Hut'ukt'u*'s
private apartments. Cheng had come this way
—which was, of course, barred to Maguire.

"I've no idea where the left door leads,"
said Cheng, "but—"

"It's my only chance?"

"Yes. And hurry! I must go straight back
to the *Hut'ukt'u* and tell him I found the priest
tied and gagged and you escaped. Otherwise the
whole thing looks fishy."

"Right—and God Bless you!" replied Ma-
guire, shook his friend's hand, and ran to the
left.

He touched the door rather gingerly.

"Wonder what's behind it—?"

He turned the handle; peered inside.

"Gosh! Dark in there. . . ."

He crossed the threshold; found that the door

had an ingenious Chinese catch on the inside; snapped it shut.

Silence, complete, swathing. Inky blackness. He felt warily with his feet. "Stairs . . ." he whispered, his heart beating like a trip-hammer.

Slowly, carefully, he went down, straight down, perhaps a couple of dozen steps, moist, slippery.

Presently, by groping tentatively, he discovered that he had debouched on a narrow landing which forked right and left.

Which way should he go? he wondered.

He had to turn somewhere, and he chose the left, for no particular reason.

But often afterwards he speculated what would have happened to him had he gone the other way.

(To be continued)

Mountain Motoring Is Different

(Continued from page 33)

acting as a brake. Going either up or down, one must approach the numerous blind turns almost at the pace of a snail—and blow the horn.

Once asked a ranger in Yellowstone Park how motorists from the East and prairie States managed the tremendous heights of the Rockies.

"Pretty well," he replied, "yes, surprisingly well. For the most part they are very careful. I suppose it's because the dangers are so obvious that nobody but an utter fool would take fool chances. But there's one way in which most people who don't live in the mountains are careless. They don't blow their horns. They don't seem to understand the great need for it. Of course, back East many of the turns are open and you can see around them. That's especially true of the prairies. But here the turns are a different proposition—well, you know what they are."

Most of the turns on Rocky Mountain roads are stone blind. You have no inkling of the presence of the fellow around the corner. Even on the wide, well paved roads this in itself is sufficient reason for both to sound warning blasts. It happens, however, that the average mountain road is not wide. Strictly speaking, it is only a one way road although it is used by traffic traveling in both directions. Occasional turn-outs that have been dug into the side of the bank is the manner in which passing is managed.

Sometimes these turn-outs are few and far between, sometimes they are on a turn but quite as frequently not. Hence the additional need for a liberal amount of tooting and extremely low speed. The other fellow around the turn hears your horn and in case there is a turn-out at hand he draws up at one side and waits for you to pass. To meet head-on is far from pleasant. Up-bound traffic has the right of way—that is the rule in the Rockies—one reason being that it is safer to back a car uphill than down. But sometimes this rule is suspended when the man going up has only a slight amount of backing to do while the other fellow might have to go back a half mile.

Similarly, all rules of the road are likely to be suspended when you meet a fool driver. This dangerous pest is not present in great numbers in the mountains. He wouldn't last long. But he is there all the same and you have to take him into account. I have met him twice in the Rockies and on each occasion I have given him the whole road without a shade of argument, climbed half-way up the bank to get out of his way. A mountain highway is no place upon which either to show or tell a fool driver the error of his ways. You give him all he asks, swallow your pride and thank your stars that you still have a whole skin.

Keeping the car in the best possible running condition is a most important factor in mountain driving. In this respect you labor under an inevitable natural handicap, owing to the low air pressure of high altitudes. One result is a notable reduction in power on the part of the engine. Automotive engineers declare that the reduction in power of an engine between sea level and an altitude of seven thousand feet is as much as twenty-five per cent. This loss of

(Continued on page 68)

A-B Ginger Ale

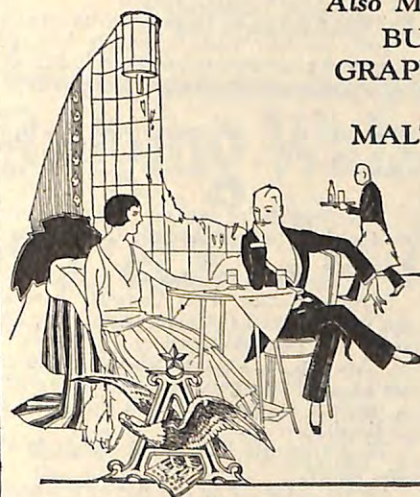


A good mixer at clubs, hotels, restaurants, on picnics, outings and in the home.

A quality product from the House of ANHEUSER-BUSCH

St. Louis

Also Manufacturers of
BUDWEISER
GRAPE BOUQUET
BEVO
MALT-NUTRINE



Buy by the case from your dealer

OUR GUARANTEE

ALL merchandise advertised in THE ELKS MAGAZINE is absolutely guaranteed. Your money will be promptly refunded by the manufacturer or by us if proof is shown that the merchandise advertised in our columns is not as represented.

It is obviously impossible for any publisher to guarantee financial offer-

ings, but we do guarantee to our readers that we will make every effort to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable banking houses.

The only condition of this guaranty is that the reader shall always state that the advertisement was seen in THE ELKS MAGAZINE.



Your feet— keep them fit this way!

If on your feet more or less all day—apply Absorbine, Jr. You almost see that hot, tired aching feeling disappear as the muscles relax their tension. A soothing, cooling sensation comes quickly—and affords lasting relief.

Or, shake a few drops in the foot bath. It provides a delightfully invigorating sense of comfort and prepares you for an evening of dancing or other pleasure.

Absorbine, Jr. occupies that never-empty place in thousands of medicine cabinets as both toilet requisite and first aid in emergencies.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
410 Lyman St.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Other timely uses:
Cuts Strains Bruises
Sunburn Insect bites
Pimples

**200 Sheets
100 Envelopes**

\$1.00 Printed with your
Name and Address



High grade, clear, white bond paper—unusually smooth writing surface. Size 6 x 7 inches with envelopes to match. We give you much superior quality stationery at this low price as we sell this item only.

Your Name and Address Printed FREE
(Note—our low price does not allow any variation in printing. Top designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift. Just send your name and address (write or print clearly) with \$1.00 (west of Denver and outside of the U. S. \$1.10) and this postage prepaid. Money refunded if you are not more than satisfied. Order today.)

National Stationery Co. 346 Lincoln Highway
Batavia, Illinois

BECOME A FOOT CORRECTIONIST A new profession, not medical. All the trade you can attend to; many are making \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address
Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.



HAY FEVER LOGIC If pollen sets fire why not keep pollen out? Tiny Nasal filter—easy breathing—comfortable—hardly noticeable—it's being done.
Postpaid \$1.00
NASALFILTER CO., Dept. G, Saint Paul, Minn.

Mountain Motoring Is Different

(Continued from page 67)

power becomes correspondingly greater the higher you go.

Which gives you some idea of the size of the handicap you are under when climbing Berthoud Pass in Colorado, an altitude of 11,306 feet. There are several motoring roads in Colorado which mount to even greater heights. You need every possible ounce of power you can muster, need it as never before. The inevitable loss due to atmospheric conditions cannot be wholly helped. But if you watch the engine closely you may find an additional loss that can be helped. Hence the necessity of having the car in perfect condition before it enters upon a plugging ten mile up grade and the need for keeping it on the safe side of the danger mark of overheating, all the way up.

This means taking things easy, making more or less frequent stops, allowing the engine to cool, filling the radiator with cool water, perhaps flushing it out entirely, feeding the motor an unusually generous supply of oil and probably, from time to time, adjusting the carburetor. A carburetor that runs perfectly for a whole year in the lowlands without having hand laid to it will, as soon as it reaches rarefied mountain air, develop a very bad case of colic. Usually it demands both more air and more gasoline. And adjustment must be made accordingly. And upon reaching still higher altitudes you will probably have to make another adjustment. The carburetor is very temperamental; mountain air seems to go to its head.

That the brakes of a car should always be in perfect working order is one of the prime essentials of safety in mountain driving. Let this much be clearly understood; when the brakes fail to hold, you are flirting with death. Yet at the same time one of the first lessons that a mountain driver must learn is to lose confidence in the holding power of brakes.

Thus, when he comes to a stop on an up-grade he only partially trusts the brakes, for the hill is long and probably steeper than it looks. One

cannot afford to run the chances of being carried backward by gravity. Therefore, some one else in the car steps out and blocks one of the rear wheels with a rock. In much the same way in descending a mountain, one cannot afford to be carried forward to a dangerous degree by gravity; you rely upon the engine for braking effect, yet were the ordinary brakes to fail you, the result might prove fatal. Intelligent operation of brakes means their conservation as well as use. To burn out one's brake linings half-way down a mountain is a pretty risky matter.

During my first experience with mountain driving I managed to burn out two sets of brake linings in three days. That was in the White Mountains several years ago. After the first set was demolished I thought it wholly the fault of the linings. With the destruction of the second set, I wasn't quite so sure of this.

And now I have come to believe that maybe the driving had something to do with it. Especially so in view of the fact that last summer I descended the Continental Divide three times and toured continuously in the Rocky Mountains for two months using the same set of brake bands with which I had started from the Atlantic Coast. All of which probably indicates the value of a little experience.

Mountain motoring has become something of a popular bugaboo. In case you accept literally some of the yarns you hear when touring you will think yourself entering a veritable death-trap upon setting wheel to a mountain road. Yet you also hear:

"Well, if the other fellow got through I guess I can, too."

And you do get through—in the great majority of cases with perfect safety. Relatively speaking, the number of mountain accidents is surprisingly small. One soon comes to realize the peculiarities of this particular type of driving and any man in his sane senses cannot help but feel constantly the compulsion of eternal vigilance.

Right and Left

(Continued from page 15)

"Every available man on the force is working on that," he said. "And old Calvert has hired you, too."

"He has," said Holland.

"Well, what can I do for you? Lord knows we want to land the man who did it, and we don't care who gets the glory."

"Are you as familiar with the Rialto as you used to be in the good old days when you were a sergeant in the Tenderloin Station?" asked Holland.

Blair grinned. "I still get tickets to all the first nights."

"I'm looking for an ex-actor or manager who is also a stenographer," said Holland.

"Up in Westchester there's a lot of hay stacks," grunted Blair. "Let's you and me wander up there and look for needles."

"It may not be so hard," suggested Holland.

"Maybe you don't think so. But until a guy lands in the acting game, he's liable to hit his ups and downs pretty regular. Half the men on the stage have been in business at some time or another."

"Well, maybe I can narrow the field down a little," said Holland. "Suppose you give me the *dossiers* of all the actors, or men connected with the theatre, who have been convicted of—or charged with—crimes of violence, in, let us say, the last ten years. How long would it take to do that?"

"Maybe a couple of hours," replied Blair. "Photographs, too?"

Holland nodded. "Something else. You keep a pretty close watch on suspicious characters. Let me know, if possible, where to locate these men."

"I think you're crazy," chuckled Blair. "But I'll do all I can."

He kept his word. Less than three hours after Holland had left his office, a messenger arrived at the Holland Agency with a huge bundle of photographs and transcripts of the records of the men whose pictures were inside.

Holland set his whole staff to work, sorting the pictures and *dossiers*. At the end of an hour he had eliminated all save four men. Each one of the four had been convicted of a crime of violence. Each one of them had used a deadly weapon with intent to injure, if not to kill. Three of them had played small parts upon the stage; the fourth had been road manager of a repertory company.

He went over to police headquarters again and consulted Lieutenant Blair.

"I want the present whereabouts of these four men," he said.

Blair looked at the photographs. "Keeler," he said, tossing one picture aside, "died two years ago. Ormsby is doing time in Joliet. Predegast is in Australia."

"That leaves Burton, the ex-manager," said Holland.

Blair laughed. "And that baby ain't hard to find. He's manager of the Clever Club. Ever hear of it? A lot of actors of the cheaper sort have rooms on West Forty-eighth Street. Burton formed the club. It's really a sort of restaurant and lodging house. I guess you can find Burton there."

"Well, I'll look him up," said Holland.

"Want him pinched? I can do it easy as not. We have a few things on him."

"Let him alone," said Holland.

Blair laughed. "Just as you say. Say, what's the big idea?"

"If I were sure it was a big one I'd tell you," said Holland. "Maybe in a little while—certainly much obliged, Lieutenant."

He did not return to his office. Instead, he went to his apartment, where, for a long time, he studied the record of Burton. The man had been convicted in nineteen hundred and sixteen of a ferocious attack upon a stage hand. He had knifed the man, and been given seven years in Auburn. Good conduct had reduced his sentence to slightly over four years. Upon his release he had found it impossible to obtain

employment in the theatre. He had become secretary to a stock-selling corporation with offices in Times Square. He had become an expert stenographer. But he had quarreled violently with a fellow employee and been discharged. For a year or two he had held various stenographic jobs. He had given these up upon founding the Clever Club.

This information digested, Holland called upon the sexton of St. Andrew's. He showed Burton's photograph.

"Recognize him?" he asked.

The sexton studied the harsh features of the ex-manager. He nodded slowly.

"He was in this church last Sunday. I know because I offered him—I was acting as usher—a seat well down front. But he wouldn't go more than half way. I particularly noticed him because, although he was quietly dressed, he wasn't exactly the type that we see often in St. Andrew's. He looked more like Sixth Avenue than Fifth, if you know what I mean."

"I think I do," said Holland.

THAT evening a young vaudeville performer, just in from playing the Orpheum time, asked for lodgings at the Clever Club. The young gentleman had been extremely well coached by a former actor who was now a Holland operative. Also he had read half a dozen copies of the *Bill-board* and the *Clipper*. A taciturn sort of youth, he nevertheless answered questions put to him, and answered them correctly and in the jargon of the variety theatre.

He had a very bad cold and was confined, most of the time, to his room. But he had managed to secure a front room, and whenever Burton went out, the young man could see him from his window, and shortly thereafter would saunter down-stairs and out into the street. There men whom he passed would make him swift signs, and it happened that he never was very far from the manager of the Clever Club.

And on the third night of his stay, Burton, having walked a few blocks, stepped suddenly into a taxicab. He had no idea that he was followed, but the keenest eyes of the Holland Agency were within a few yards of him. He drove circuitously to a house on a narrow street near Sheridan Square. He dismissed the taxi and entered the house, opening the door with a latch key. Exactly ten minutes later the house was surrounded; men were in the adjoining buildings and on the roof. And Holland himself led the attack that battered down the front door.

Revolver in hand the detective stepped over the splintered panels of the door and into a modestly furnished hall. There, staring at him in bewilderment, was Burton. Beside him stood two other men.

"What's the big idea?" demanded Burton. His harsh features had taken on an expression of pained bewilderment. "Why, you're Carey," he said, addressing Holland by the name which he had assumed together with his character as a monologist.

"I'm also Holland," said the detective. "If you move, Burton, you'll get yours."

"What's it all about?" demanded Burton. His innocence was well assumed.

"I have samples of your typewriting," said Holland. "It matches a note you mailed to me last Saturday. Burton, you're under arrest for the murder of Torrance Calvert."

From a door leading off the hall came a slight sound. Holland turned in time to see the huge form of Malbron. The criminal's shock of red hair seemed an aureole of fire. He could actually see smoke coming from the man's head. The flames which formed his hair leaped and began eating into the door frame. It was quite the queerest sensation of Holland's life. Never before had he believed that a man could have living flames for hair. The thing was absurdly incredible; yet here it was visible before his eyes. Then the flames leaped toward him. One of them seared his cheek, another burned into his side. And that was as clear an account as Holland could give afterwards of the capture of Malbron.

It was not until four days later that he was able to hear from Pinelli's lips exactly what had happened. Then, lying in bed, with a bandage over one cheek and other wrappings around his side, Holland listened to Pinelli.

"Burton went for his gun; I let him have his,

(Continued on page 70)

Refresh Yourself

When you get a good thirst treat it right!

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing 5¢

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Bulging Waistline Reduced - Easily!

New Self-Massaging Belt Makes You Look Many Pounds Lighter and Inches Thinner the Moment You Put It On—While Actual Fat Disappears as Quickly and Surely as Though Under the Hands of an Expert Masseur. No Dieting—No Drugs—No Exercise.

A WONDERFUL new invention that not only gives you an instant appearance of slimness—but actually reduces your bulging waistline to normal in an amazingly short time—is now being used by thousands of men who were formerly overburdened with an excess of fat.

With this remarkable discovery it is no longer necessary to resort to heart-straining exercises or weakening diets—and few men can take the time or pay the fees charged by the professional masseur.

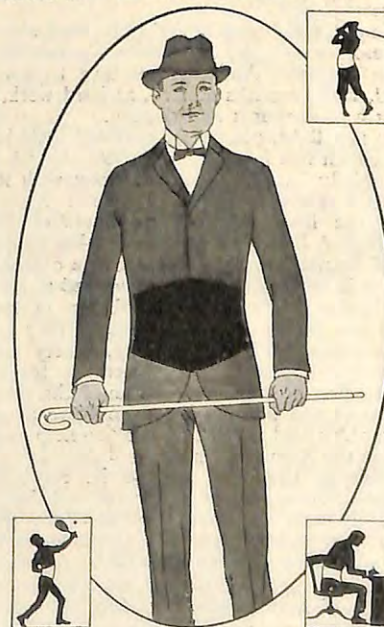
Gets Same Results as Expert Masseur

As every one knows, the masseur, by skillfully manipulating the loggy tissues right at the spot, sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to literally melt the surplus fat away.

The Weil Scientific Reducing Belt operates on exactly the same principle. Made of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber, it not only reduces your waistline as much as 4 to 6 inches, but is so constructed that every movement you make, every breath you take, imparts a constant, gentle massage to every inch of your abdomen. It massages away the abdominal fat quickly and easily. In a few weeks inches and inches of fat should actually disappear.

Endorsed by Physicians and Athletes

Thousands of men who were formerly burdened with bulky, disfiguring fat have not only vastly improved their appearance at once with the Weil Reducing Belt, but have quickly acquired a normal waistline in this easy, pleasant, inexpensive way. It is the choice of hundreds of athletes and jockeys. Physicians everywhere endorse it because it not only actually takes off fat, but corrects stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts the sagging internal organs back into place. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back without question.



As shown above, every move of your body walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working every second to remove your fat.

Mail the coupon at once for full description and special Reduced Price Offer. Address THE WEIL COMPANY, 138 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY,
138 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-Day Reduced Price Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Right and Left

(Continued from page 69)

but just at that moment Malbron came through the door. He got you twice. The bullet that hit your cheek just grazed you, but the other one splintered a rib. You went down and I broke Malbron's wrist with a bullet. But believe me, that bird put up a tougher fight with one hand than Firpo gave Dempsey with two. But we got him; he's in a cell now. But tell me, Boss, how did you know Malbron would be there?"

Holland smiled feebly. "I didn't know it, Pinelli. But I hoped it."

"But why did you hope it? How did you suspect Burton?"

Holland smiled again. "Calvert was killed. He had sat in the end seat in the last row on the left aisle at St. Andrew's. Now, if he had been killed by some one who thought that he was I, it would be because some one had mixed up the right aisle with the left aisle. But in matters as grave as murder, no one was going to forget which aisle I'd been told to sit in. So then,

I must look for a man—granting always that the murderer thought he was killing me—who would confuse right with left. An actor, or one connected with the theatre, would be guilty of that confusion."

"Why?" demanded Pinelli.

"An actor speaks of 'right' as meaning right to one looking at the audience. The ordinary person speaks of 'right' as meaning to the right as one looks at the stage. I took a seat on the right as one looks toward the pulpit. Burton killed a man who sat on the right side as one looks from the pulpit toward the congregation."

"So, you see, it had to be an actor. No one else would make that mistake. Now, men who are willing to kill other men whom they don't even know are liable to have violent pasts. We knew that none of Malbron's gang would risk recognition. So it must be a stranger to us, it must be an actor, it must be a man of violence. You saw how I looked for an actor with a record of criminal violence."

Pinelli whistled. "You're the seventh wonder of the world, Boss. But why a stenographer or secretary, as well as an actor?"

Holland shrugged slightly. "The typing was so evenly done. Only an expert could have done such beautiful work."

"And only another expert could have landed him so beautifully," ejaculated Pinelli. "But what made you hope that Malbron was in that house?"

"I KNEW that sooner or later Burton, if he were, as I suspected, the newest recruit to Malbron's gang, would call upon his chief. He took such pains to avoid being followed that I felt pretty certain that Malbron was in that house. Of course, I was lucky."

"Sure you were. So is Babe Ruth when he hits a home run. But the Babe has something, just the same. More than any one else in his game ever had. And the same, Boss, goes for you."

All At Sea Among the Books

(Continued from page 24)

Wood) as the shining star of the piece. Well, it wouldn't be so bad, believe me.

It is tremendously nice, I think, to have planned it all so smartly for Messrs. Morley and Marquis. These gentlemen should immediately step out before the imaginary curtain and, with hands on their hearts, say, "We thank you! We thank you!"

But "Pandora" as a book, minus music—No!

"Lights Along the Ledges"

By Elizabeth Stancy Payne

"WANTED: Handy man for small yacht," etc., etc.

How was the young woman who put that advertisement in the paper to know that the person who answered it and who got the berth was Tom MacLeod, son of the late owner of that very yacht?

Love of the old boat brought him back almost penniless to seek, by any means, a last little voyage on her. And another love kept him aboard, three months aboard, at hard work, in danger and darkness and dismay.

This is a light, pleasantly narrated little love story which has found its way into this "book talk" chiefly because it carries along with it a delightful knowledge of our north Atlantic shore—the little harbors and inlets of New England. A book such as this touches no deep well of human emotion, nor does its execution warrant it being criticized or reviewed as a real contribution to fiction. Indeed, few of these casual sea books do, but, together they constitute a group of fresh, happy, hearty tales, obviously designed for hot weather reading, and bringing to any one who loves the ocean, an echo of the familiar language heard aboard sailing ships and a "lick of salt" to help us get through the August days.

Decidedly they are not to be considered seriously. Autumn will soon come and then we will feel that we should contemplate more earnestly some important and enduring piece of work. But now—let's play awhile!

"The Comely Lass"

By Thomas Moulton

AN EXQUISITE story of the English moorland and the magnificent Yorkshire coast, and of fisher folk and little briny villages clinging, like gulls' nests, to the rocky sea margin.

This tale has a touch of true literature about it; a breath of that nameless thing that makes work live. Mr. Moulton, says the British press, writes more like George Eliot than like any author of to-day. I think that is true, for faint memories of Silas Marner assail you as you open the book and meet Margaret's farmer uncle on his way to the sheep fair.

Mr. Moulton's people are fruit of the land, they are part of every tree and lane, their language is

rich with the traditions of the soil and the sea. These are no haphazard characters gathered together to hang some incidents upon. Jacob and Margaret Golden belong to England, to the English country, and to English waters. They have been generations in the making. Little by little they have become so much a part of their land and their boats, so much a part of elemental conflicts with tempests and sea, that one without the other would be a thing without meaning.

A fine piece of writing, this story of a young wife and of her gallant Jacob and her wee Jacob who go out in "The Comely Lass" and nevermore sail back into "Tide's End." An appealing and haunting record of England's fisher people.

This book might well stand as a suggestion for some of our young writers. Its dignity brings dismaying comparisons with several of the other sea tales mentioned here. Surely Gloucester and Cape Cod have bred as heroic a line of sea harvesters as England ever did. True, there have been splendid romances written about them, but we want more. Courage is never fully told.

"The Beloved Pawn"

By Harold Titus

IF "PANDORA" cries aloud for music and a bright back drop, "The Beloved Pawn" shrieks for a movie director, a much-in-need-of-protection heroine and a "strong, silent young male creature" to do a variety of daring deeds in fishing smacks, along rocky shores, in light-houses and in wild trading stations. Mr. Titus's location is somewhere near Mackinac on that inland sea that is called Lake Michigan.

There is not an old reliable, five-reel thriller trick that Mr. Titus has missed, which is very clever when you set out to write a "plot" story such as this.

Mother love is there to dampen the eye. Cruel, northern, masculine relentlessness hovers over all to keep you guessing whether Eve, the "beloved pawn," will ever be happy. Eve herself (one of those frail flowers of a girl, you know) is the usual bedeviled sweet thing. We've met her hundreds of times, but after all that makes it more friendly in a way.

The man drifts into Eve's harbor in his storm-broken hooker. He is seen clinging exhausted to the wheel. Then we are in for it. Trouble creeps up over the edge of every page. Villains cut loose. Revenge lurks behind every sea rock and sits aloft on every spar. Love gets in the very Dickens of a mess. The strong young man and the lovely girl adroitly misunderstand each other's every action and word until the proper length of the story has been reached and a kind sun is brought forth to shine on the troubled sea.

However, there are virtues. The water in Mr. Titus's story is very wet. The wind really

blows. And his ships really sail. One forgets that this is a Lake story. It might be concerned with the Maine coast or with the lower reaches of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We who live on the shores of the Atlantic or of the Pacific feel, occasionally, that we have a monopoly of the sea stories. It is a good thing when a little book like "The Beloved Pawn" comes along to make us realize that in the very heart of our land, wild spray flies off clipper bows, that staunch canvas fills with driving wind and that brave fishermen and sailors know the mysterious ways of the deep.

"Four Bells"

By Ralph D. Paine

AND now we reach a novel which sails us down to romantic southern seas, across the blue Caribbean and into some storied harbors—Cartagena, Balboa, Panama. Then on to a treasure island (will we never have done with them?) called Cocos Island. And on the cruise a huge, fair-haired New Englander, mate on a fruit steamer, feels tugging at him the spirits of all his ancestors who centuries before had sailed those very waters, "men of Devon" under Drake.

Not only does Richard Cary know that at one time he was one of this gallant company, but fate, smiling upon so eager a player, throws across his path a wonderful Spanish girl, a secret treasure, a ship to captain, a crew to tame and a woman to love!

We like this mad little modern swashbuckling yarn. It is too bad that somebody thought of *Captain Applejack* before Mr. Paine thought of his Richard Cary. It seems to have kept him from being quite as swashbuckling as he otherwise might have been.

But, whether he is the complete buccaneer or not, Mr. Paine's hero makes a mighty fine ship's master.

"A Sailor's Garland"

Selected and Edited by John Masefield

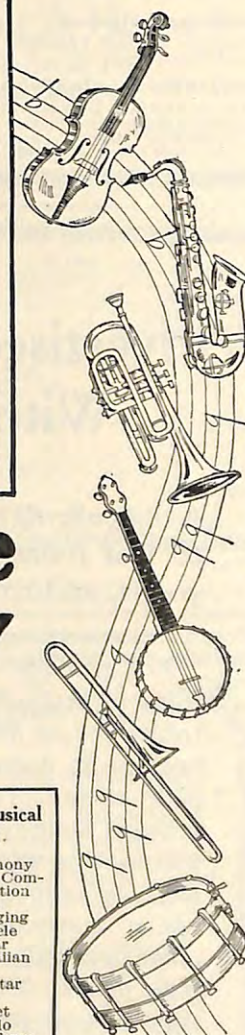
THE little verse at the beginning of this article is from an anonymous poem, "The Seaman's Compass," which is included in Masefield's little anthology of sea verse. A wonderful little volume for any one who loves songs of the sea or real sailor chants. A modest book to behold, but it holds the riches of centuries, "to tell us of the magical attraction of the sea, and to set before us, in ringing and strenuous verses, the nobility of those who have made the sea our heritage."

"Practical Sailing and Motor-Boating"

By Edwin W. Kendrick

THIS book should be invaluable to any one who owns from a catboat to a clipper ship, from a rowboat to a sea-going yacht.

Choose Your Favorite Musical Instrument



Learn to Play at Home This Quick Easy Way

Remarkable new short-cut method teaches you how to play any musical instrument. As easy as A, B, C! No tricks—no “stunts”—no monotonous exercises! Yet you learn from regular music!

ALL your life you've wanted to play a musical instrument. And now at last—you can realize your ambition! Just choose your favorite instrument—the piano, the violin, the saxophone, whatever it may be—and then let the U. S. School of Music prove that you can learn to play it in an amazingly short time—right in your own home—and without any private teacher. Mail the coupon Now—and you will instantly receive an interesting Free booklet that tells you all about this wonderful new system—which has already taught 350,000 students to play their favorite musical instruments in a few months.

Amazingly Simple Method

Even if you don't know one note from another—even if you have never touched a musical instrument in your life before—this remarkable *Print-and-Picture* method will enable you to master music with astonishing ease and rapidity. The whole course is as simple as A, B, C—and any child will tell you that studying music this new way is even easier than learning to read.

There are no tricks—no stunts—no long tedious exercises—no dull, monotonous finger practice. Everything is clearly explained and simplified so that you get all the essentials of a thorough musical education—in short-cut fashion. In less than three months you will be able to render popular selections with ease and expression.

Some of our most successful students say that this home course in music is real fun—more fascinating than the most enjoyable game! For you study when you

please—and as much as you please—in your spare time. You're not tied down to any specific practice hour either. You go fast or slow—it doesn't make a bit of difference because there isn't any expensive private teacher to pay. With this new form of instruction, the cost is the same in every case—a few cents a lesson.

How to be Popular

You'll be surprised to see how music will give you a greater joy and interest in life. It will enlarge your circle of friends—and will attract many new admirers. If you can play a musical instrument—you will never feel “alone in a crowd.” For as you dash off the latest song hit—or play some lovely melody from a well-known classic—you will be the very center of attraction. You will be in great demand. You will meet influential people—and success, both business and social, will come your way. And the sooner you start upon this secret path to popularity—the sooner will you find a brighter and happier life.

FREE BOOKLET EXPLAINS NEW METHOD—MAIL COUPON

Send for our interesting Free booklet—it will give you all the details of this remarkable course. Don't hesitate because you think you have no talent. Thousands of our most successful students never dreamed they possessed the slightest musical ability until it was revealed to them by our wonderful “Musical Ability Test.” Now many of them earn big incomes in bands,

Master Any Musical Instrument

Piano	Harmony
Organ	and Com-
Violin	position
Drums	Sight
and Taps	Singing
Banjo	Ukulele
Tenor	Guitar
Banjo	Hawaiian
Mandolin	Steel
Clarinet	Guitar
Flute	Harp
Saxophone	Cornet
Piccolo	Trombone
Cello	
Voice and Speech	
Culture	
Automatic Finger	
Control	

or orchestras, as music teachers, church organists, vaudeville artists, etc. Others use their music solely for personal pleasure and for the entertainment of their friends. But once you see how quickly and easily you can learn to play your favorite musical instrument through this startlingly easy way—you will not let another day slip by without sending for the course. So send for the Free book Now. Mail the coupon today. U. S. School of Music, 3628 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
3628 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free book, “Music Lessons in Your Own Home,” illustrated folder and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

(Name of Instrument or Course)

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

George W. Chadwick
Director

Year Opens
September 18, 1924

BOSTON, MASS.

Located in the Music Center of America

It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical education. Its complete organization, and splendid equipment, offer exceptional facilities for students.

Complete Curriculum

Courses in every branch of Music, applied and theoretical.

Owing to the Practical Training

In our Normal Department, graduates are much in demand as teachers.

The Free Privileges

Of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student.

A Complete Orchestra

Offers advanced pupils in piano-forte, voice, organ and violin experience in rehearsal and public appearance with orchestral accompaniment.

Dramatic Department

Practical training in acting.

Address RALPH L. FLANDERS, General Manager

Advertised Goods Reach You Without Lost Motion

A big part of the cost of living today may be charged to lost motion, to slow slipshod distribution of goods, and to old-style, wasteful selling methods.

For example, every year tons of fruits and vegetables rot on the ground, because it doesn't pay to pick them. Discouraged growers plant less the next season, and the supply of food is reduced. Meanwhile, consumers in the cities near by grumble over high prices. Demand and supply are not brought together.

Contrast this with the handling of oranges. \$1,000,000 a year is spent for advertising by the co-operative association of the California Fruit Growers. A large sum; yet it is only about one-fifth of a cent per dozen—one-sixtieth of a cent for each orange sold.

And this advertising has kept down the cost of oranges. To quote an official of the Exchange:

"The cost of selling oranges and lemons through the California Fruit Growers' Exchange is lower today than it was ten years ago.

"In the twelve years since the first campaign was launched the consumption of California oranges has doubled. The American consumer has been taught by co-operative advertising to eat nearly twice as many oranges as before.

"Had the orange industry remained on the old basis, there would have been no profit in growing oranges. New acreage would not have been planted. Old orchards would most surely have been uprooted and other crops planted."

Advertising, properly done, saves money for the consumer and makes money for the producer by driving out wasteful methods, increasing volume and cutting down the costs of selling and distribution.

[Published by The Elks Magazine in cooperation with
The American Association of Advertising Agencies]

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 54)

The Home of Montgomery, Ala., Lodge was recently damaged by fire. The loss was estimated at about \$4,000 and steps were immediately taken to repair the building.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge is growing by leaps and bounds. Recently a class of 125 was initiated into the Lodge. The event called forth representatives from many neighboring Lodges, and a fine program of entertainment was provided.

Open house was held at the new Home of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge during the 29th annual State convention of the Knights of Columbus. The delegates were entertained with vaudeville, singing and dancing.

A large number of members of Houston, Texas, Lodge are planning a three-day outing at Brownsville, Texas, and other interesting points in the vicinity. The trip is scheduled for August 29.

Richmond, Calif., Lodge recently presented the Junior High School with a beautiful silk flag. Appropriate ceremonies, in which many distinguished members of the Lodge took part, accompanied the presentation.

New Castle, Pa., Lodge conducted a circus for the benefit of the Margaret Henry Home.

San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge recently staged a Santa Maria night at which there were initiations, a banquet, music and dancing.

A successful meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge was recently held at the Home.

A big hit was scored by the Minstrels of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge. Their show at the State Theatre was very well supported by the public.

Excellent progress is being shown by the recently formed band of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge recently presented the city with a beautiful silk flag for the new municipal flag staff. Boy Scouts, city officials and the Elks Band took part in the presentation ceremonies.

The membership of Rockland, Me., Lodge is planning to stage a two-ring charity circus to run from August 4 to August 9.

Glendale, Calif., Lodge presented the opera "Il Trovatore." There were seventy artists in the cast accompanied by a symphony orchestra. The performance was given for the benefit of its Charity Fund.

Butler, Pa., Lodge is considering the advisability of purchasing additional property and the remodeling of its present Home.

Practically the entire membership of Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge were on hand to pay tribute to Henry A. Guenther, of Newark, N. J., Lodge, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, on the occasion of his visit to the Lodge.

Denver, Colo., Lodge has formed an athletic association which will give a number of entertainments during the fall and winter for the benefit of the Lodge's charity fund.

Grafton, W. Va., Lodge contributes to the fund to keep moving picture films supplied to the residents of the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va.

Northampton, Mass., Lodge will hold its annual clambake on August 27 and have a tug of war team to compete with teams from Greenfield, Holyoke and Springfield Lodges.

The new \$100,000 addition to the Home of Boise, Idaho, Lodge is finished and the beautiful new quarters will be occupied by the members shortly.

Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge recently conducted a benefit baseball game to raise funds for its charity work.

Hazleton, Pa., Lodge recently gave a large party in its new Home. Members of Danville, Bloomsburg and Berwick Lodges were invited to the entertainment.

Montgomery, Ala., Lodge held its annual barbecue at Passmore's. Many interesting events accompanied the feast.

Over \$7,000 was donated by New Orleans, La., Lodge to the Child Welfare Association of the

city as a result of the Easter Auto Show conducted by the Lodge.

Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge invited all Lodges of Westchester County to join it in a monster barbecue in Yonkers.

Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge has conducted a carnival on the grounds of its Home.

The "Mystic Hour Service" conducted at the Bellefontaine Cemetery by St. Louis, Mo., Lodge No. 9 on Memorial Day was largely attended by the public. This special service is original with No. 9.

The Welfare Committee of Reading, Pa., Lodge, assisted by the membership, is caring for the poor children of the city by furnishing them with food and clothing.

The Old Fashioned Social Session held by Worcester, Mass., Lodge was very successful.

Annual Report of Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 45)

unlawfully promulgated without any approval or submission for approval. This was followed by similar violations by New Castle, Pennsylvania, Lodge No. 69; Norwalk, Ohio, Lodge No. 730, and Hillsboro, Ohio, Lodge No. 361, the last two having been circulated only among the Lodges of the State of Ohio. Although the violation of the Statutes was very patent, and in every instance the resolution sent out contained misstatements and the excuse offered was the very unsatisfactory one of not knowing the law, it was deemed sufficient after the respective Lodges had voluntarily made all amends possible, to limit the discipline in these cases to this public reprimand. This matter is also called to the attention of this Grand Lodge and the Subordinate Lodges in order that no Lodge may hereafter dignify a plain law violation by the giving of any consideration whatever to circulars that do not bear the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Some of the attentive and informed Secretaries and Exalted Rulers took pains to note the unlawful character of the circulars and refused to recognize them in any way.

Charters Surrendered

The charter of Denton, Texas, Lodge No. 807, was voluntarily surrendered in due form, while that of Butler, Missouri, Lodge No. 957, was more informally abandoned, with the same effect.

Dispensations for New Lodges

Dispensations were granted for the institution of new Lodges, as follows:

No. 1471—Palo Alto, Calif. June 29, 1923.
No. 1472—Elko, Nevada. July 9, 1923.
(The foregoing granted by J. Edgar Masters)
No. 1473—Dublin, Ga. July 28, 1923.
No. 1474—Pittsburg, Calif. September 4, 1923.
No. 1475—Orange, Calif. October 23, 1923.
No. 1476—Plymouth, Mass. October 30, 1923.
No. 1477—Bergenfield, N. J. November 5, 1923.
No. 1478—Lancaster, N. Y. November 10, 1923.
No. 1479—Concord, Mass. January 7, 1924.
No. 1480—Breckenridge, Tex. January 28, 1924.
No. 1481—Westfield, Mass. February 7, 1924.
No. 1482—Kelso, Wash. March 10, 1924.
No. 1483—Cordova, Alaska. March 19, 1924.
No. 1484—Oroville, Calif. March 19, 1924.
No. 1485—Hempstead, N. Y. March 24, 1924.
No. 1486—Ossining, N. Y. March 28, 1924.
No. 1487—Susanville, Calif. April 8, 1924.
No. 1488—Dunellen, N. J. May 3, 1924.
No. 1489—Burkburnett, Tex. May 13, 1924.
No. 1490—Brookings, S. D. May 17, 1924.
No. 1491—Whitehall, N. Y. May 19, 1924.
No. 1492—Inglewood, Calif. May 23, 1924.
No. 1493—Beacon, N. Y. June 10, 1924.
No. 1494—Ticonderoga, N. Y. June 16, 1924.
No. 1495—Wellsville, N. Y. June 23, 1924.
No. 1496—Corbin, Ky. June 23, 1924.

Each of the foregoing is recommended to the Board of Grand Trustees and to this Grand Lodge for charter. Certain other petitions submitted to me for the same purpose were either denied or are pending action by my successor.

Plans for New Homes Approved

The following submitted plans for building or acquiring Homes during the year, and ap-

Lawrence, Kans., Lodge has expended a considerable sum in repairing and improving its Home.

Wednesday, August 20, has been the time appointed for the annual clam bake of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge. The bake will be held this year at Semler's Midland Park.

Easton, Pa., Lodge has celebrated its twentieth anniversary.

The crippled children of the vicinity were recently given an outing by Millville, N. J., Lodge. A motion picture show was one of the events of the day. The helpless cases were cared for by the committee during the show and were driven home in autos.

Having carried through its "Frolic" with great success, Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge is planning to hold a fair on its twenty-two-acre property August 16-23.

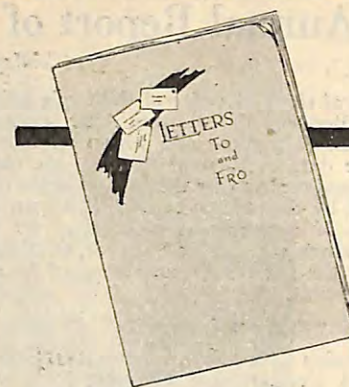
proval of the Grand Trustees and this office was given:

Connersville, Ind., Lodge No. 379.
White Plains, N. Y., Lodge No. 535.
Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34.
Huntington, Ind., Lodge No. 805.
Dodge City, Kans., Lodge No. 1406.
Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge No. 646.
Princeton, W. Va., Lodge No. 1459.
Princeton, Ill., Lodge No. 1461.
Decatur, Ill., Lodge No. 401.
Pekin, Ill., Lodge No. 1271.
Little Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 770.
Greenville, S. C., Lodge No. 858.
Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge No. 1477.
Woodlawn, Pa., Lodge No. 1221.
Kendallville, Ind., Lodge No. 1194.
Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge No. 877.
Riverside, Calif., Lodge No. 643.
Provo, Utah, Lodge No. 849.
Lima, Ohio, Lodge No. 54 (Refinancing)
Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge No. 1458.
Berlin, N. H., Lodge No. 618.
Pontiac, Ill., Lodge No. 1010.
Thief River Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 1308.
Irvington, N. J., Lodge No. 1245.
East Orange, N. J., Lodge No. 630.
Silver City, N. Mex., Lodge No. 413.
Niles, Ohio, Lodge No. 1411.
Beaumont, Tex., Lodge No. 311.
Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge No. 1378.
Denver, Colo., Lodge No. 17.
St. Maries, Idaho, Lodge No. 1418.
Joliet, Ill., Lodge No. 206.
Massillon, Ohio, Lodge No. 441.
Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427.
Bellefontaine, Ohio, Lodge No. 132.
Duquesne, Pa., Lodge No. 751.
Winslow, Ariz., Lodge No. 536.
Oelwein, Ia., Lodge No. 741.
Eveleth, Minn., Lodge No. 1161.
Ely, Nev., Lodge No. 1460.
Pomona, Calif., Lodge No. 789.
Weehawken, N. J., Lodge No. 1456.
St. Paul, Minn., Lodge No. 59.
Woodstock, Ill., Lodge No. 1043.
Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge No. 128.
Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge No. 875.
Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge No. 1323.
Charleston, Ill., Lodge No. 623.
Salem, Ore., Lodge No. 336.
Moline, Ill., Lodge No. 556.
Puyallup, Wash., Lodge No. 1450.
Camden, N. J., Lodge No. 293.
Everett, Wash., Lodge No. 479.
Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge No. 896.
Waterloo, Ia., Lodge No. 290.
Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge No. 500.
Canonsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 846.
Lockport, N. Y., Lodge No. 41.
Longmont, Colo., Lodge No. 1055.
Lebanon, Ind., Lodge No. 635.

The expenditures indicated for these projects total approximately \$8,000,000.

Emergency Charity

With the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees, the sum of one thousand dollars was appropriated for the relief of and for loans to
(Continued on page 74)



Building A Home? Then Send For This Booklet

IT'S ABOUT heating.
Not any one system, but facts you want to know about all of them, before deciding on any of them.

The facts are told in letters—real letters—that were written by six different people to a couple who were planning to build.

Intensely interesting. Sometimes amusing. Always help-filled. Printed in four colors. Attractively bound and beautifully printed. Send for it. Use the coupon.

Send me your booklet on heating, called "Letters To and Fro".

Name

Address

F. M.

Burnham Boiler Corporation

Irvington, New York
Representatives in all principal cities
Canadian Office: Harbor Commission Bldg., Toronto

Mild Mellow Aromatic

WE are sending free to cigar smokers an illustrated booklet "The Story of a Porto Rican Cigar," a piece of literature different from the usual pamphlets and catalogues which advertisers send out.

It is really a story, an interesting one. It is something which every man who smokes cigars should read.

It will tell him a few things about tobacco he doesn't know.

It is not intended for the cigar smoker to whom any cigar is a good smoke; it is for the man whose cigar is a boon companion, a solace in times of peace and stress—the kind of man who chooses his cigars as carefully as he does his cravats.

Let us send you it.

TOBACCO GUARANTEE AGENCY
(A Government of Porto Rico Bureau)
136 Water Street, N. Y.
J. F. Vazquez, Agent



Make \$100 a Day

Be a Jaffin Sales Specialist. Make the biggest money of your life. Others are doing it. So can you. No canvassing, peddling or ringing doorbells. You do business only with established retail merchants. No experience or capital required. We teach you the business and back you up with our co-operation. Send for free book containing positive proof of big money others are making and telling how you can double and triple your earnings. Jaffin Associates, Suite J-338, 1133 Broadway, New York.

Annual Report of Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 73)

students of the University of California following the Berkeley fire disaster. After serving a very splendid purpose and within six months from the date of this contribution, the entire amount was returned by the trustees of the fund as repaid by the students. With like approval, the sum of \$500.00 was contributed for the relief of storm sufferers in Shawnee, Oklahoma, but later the District Deputy returned \$200.00 of this amount.

Appointments

In addition to appointments heretofore noted in official circulars, the following have been made:

Stuart P. Carney of Ligonier, Indiana, Lodge No. 451, to succeed H. J. Holland of South Bend, Indiana Lodge No. 235, resigned, as District Deputy of Indiana North.

John J. Van Nostrand of San Francisco, California Lodge No. 3, to succeed Hubert N. Rowell of Berkeley, California, Lodge No. 1002, resigned, as District Deputy of California Bay.

Joseph H. Loo of Pueblo, Colorado, Lodge No. 90, to succeed Walter C. Sporleder of La Junta, Lodge No. 701, resigned, as District Deputy of Colorado South.

T. Carter Mills of Winsted, Conn., Lodge No. 844, to succeed Frank E. Coe of Torrington, Conn., Lodge No. 372, deceased, as District Deputy of Connecticut West.

C. B. Horn of Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge No. 309, to succeed C. B. Adams of Colorado Springs Lodge, resigned, as District Deputy of Colorado Central.

Ralph Hagan of Los Angeles, California, Lodge No. 99 to act on the Committee on Judiciary in place of Michael F. Shannon of the same Lodge, who is unable to attend this Grand Lodge Session on account of serious illness in his immediate family.

Assistants to the Grand Tiler, Grand Inner Guard and Grand Esquire will be appointed at the opening session of this Grand Lodge.

Necrology

The Nation's Chieftain, Warren G. Harding, was called to answer to that Higher Rollcall, and proper tribute was accorded our beloved brother by the Subordinate Lodges. Your Grand Exalted Ruler, the immediate Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Secretary attended the State Funeral at Washington and other special services of sorrow. Special representatives of the Ohio Lodges and the officers of that State Association joined us in paying tribute to the President at the Memorial Day Services held by his own home Lodge, Marion, Ohio No. 32 in December last. Many are the recent vacant chairs of worthy Past Exalted Rulers, whose loss we record with affectionate regret in these proceedings. The loss of our faithful District Deputy, Frank E. Coe, of Torrington, Conn., Lodge No. 372, was most keenly felt.

The death of two well-loved Past Grand Exalted Rulers filled the hearts of our members with grief, and we will greatly miss their service, enthusiasm and counsel. B. M. Allen, of Birmingham, Alabama, Lodge No. 79, and Edward Leach, of New York, Lodge No. 1 fail for the first time to answer when their names are read, but in the mystic roll call at the hour of eleven our hearts will answer for them.

"As these died before their task was finished,
Attempt new heights! Bring even their dreams to birth!
Give us that better world, oh, not diminished
By one true splendor that they planned on earth!
And that's not done by sword or tongue or pen,
There is but one way—God make us better men!"

Grand Lodge Members Deceased During the Grand Lodge Year 1923-1924

Edward Leach, New York, N. Y., No. 1.
John F. Wallis, Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2.
G. J. McGregor, San Francisco, Calif., No. 3.
Frank L. Gray, Sacramento, Calif., No. 6.
Charles Howard, Baltimore, Md., No. 7.
Wm. C. Steigers, St. Louis, Mo., No. 9.
Morris Eisenstadt, St. Louis, Mo., No. 9.
John M. Ford, Boston, Mass., No. 10.

Allen Lowe, Boston, Mass., No. 10.
Jos. E. Bell, Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13.
Bernard J. O'Connor, Providence, R. I., No. 14.
Robert M. McWade, Washington, D. C., No. 15.
Edwin Gaylord, Denver, Colo., No. 17.
Luke Goodheart, Denver, Colo., No. 17.
Bernard J. Ford, Denver, Colo., No. 17.
Percy G. Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y., No. 22.
Harry A. Greene, Brooklyn, N. Y., No. 22.
Mortimer S. Smith, Rochester, N. Y., No. 24.
A. M. McCreight, Memphis, Tenn., No. 27.
James A. Gray, Little Rock, Ark., No. 29.
James S. Gordon, Syracuse, N. Y., No. 31.
James Ross, Columbus, Ohio, No. 37.
O. M. Evans, Columbus, Ohio, No. 37.
H. W. Frillman, Columbus, Ohio, No. 37.
A. L. Thurman, Columbus, Ohio, No. 37.
W. H. Coffey, Little Falls, N. Y., No. 42.
M. F. Richter, Richmond, Va., No. 45.
Phil. G. Kelly, Richmond, Va., No. 45.
H. R. Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46.
James Stewart, Saginaw, Mich., No. 47.
G. H. DeGraaf, Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48.
James A. Burns, Albany, N. Y., No. 49.
Anthony A. Coudy, Albany, N. Y., No. 49.
A. R. Wolfe, Chillicothe, Ohio, No. 52.
Fred B. Kramer, Chillicothe, Ohio, No. 52.
Charles S. Fee, St. Paul, Minn., No. 59.
Charles A. Donahue, Springfield, Mass., No. 61.
Thomas Footer, Cumberland, Md., No. 63.
Geo. D. Landwehr, Cumberland, Md., No. 63.
Wm. M. Bruce, Cumberland, Md., No. 63.
Carl A. Ross, Rockford, Ill., No. 64.
Jos. T. White, Lawrence, Mass., No. 65.
J. C. Williams, Erie, Pa., No. 67.
A. W. Tuttle, Erie, Pa., No. 67.
L. L. Foster, Findlay, Ohio, No. 75.
C. Edwin Moeller, Circleville, Ohio, No. 77.
B. M. Allen, Birmingham, Ala., No. 79.
C. D. Hare, Upper Sandusky, Ohio, No. 83.
J. C. Leary, Salt Lake City, Utah, No. 85.
M. M. Warner, Salt Lake City, Utah, No. 85.
John R. Paddock, Terre Haute, Ind., No. 86.
D. T. Cutting, Bay City, Mich., No. 88.
H. L. Pittenger, Tiffin, Ohio, No. 94.
Herbert B. Dow, Portsmouth, N. H., No. 97.
Ralph G. Craig, Des Moines, Iowa, No. 98.
J. A. Neal, Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99.
J. W. Wall, Quincy, Ill., No. 100.
R. S. Henderson, Sharon, Pa., No. 103.
Chas. F. Phillips, Sharon, Pa., No. 103.
M. C. Johnson, Sioux City, Iowa, No. 112.
Edward S. Tray, Jackson, Mich., No. 113.
Frank M. Ford, Zanesville, Ohio, No. 114.
D. Jos. Monaghan, Lynn, Mass., No. 117.
Meyer Benson, Shreveport, La., No. 122.
V. A. Simrell, Scranton, Pa., No. 123.
Thos. F. O'Brien, Asbury Park, N. J., No. 128.
Chas. Pursell, Washington C. H., Ohio, No. 129.
Cook Ely, Duluth, Minn., No. 133.
N. B. Morrison, Duluth, Minn., No. 133.
Washington M. Nixdorf, Lancaster, Pa., No. 134.
R. A. McCabe, Orange, N. J., No. 135.
George H. Stewart, Orange, N. J., No. 135.
Robert Wright, Orange, N. J., No. 135.
Chas. W. Cornelius, Portland, Ore., No. 142.
Henry Wile, Owensboro, Ky., No. 144.
I. M. Klumph, Greenville, Pa., No. 145.
Harry W. Galligan, Taunton, Mass., No. 150.
N. C. Munger, Houston, Texas, No. 151.
E. K. S. Clinkenbeard, Portsmouth, Ohio, No. 154.
Moses H. Dow, Haverhill, Mass., No. 165.
Robert C. Jones, San Diego, Cal., No. 168.
Thos. M. Gray, Williamsport, Pa., No. 173.
Wm. C. Crawford, Williamsport, Pa., No. 173.
H. K. Moore, Tacoma, Wash., No. 174.
J. S. Simpson, Tacoma, Wash., No. 174.
James M. Neill, Tacoma, Wash., No. 174.
A. M. Collett, Ironton, Ohio, No. 177.
T. J. St. George, Hoosick Falls, N. Y., No. 178.
Fred S. Foster, Stillwater, Minn., No. 179.
C. T. Ungerman, Astoria, Ore., No. 180.
P. H. Murray, Trinidad, Colo., No. 181.
Frank Kinsloe, Lock Haven, Pa., No. 182.
Thos. W. Thornton, Dover, N. H., No. 184.
Thos. Sherry, Dover, N. H., No. 184.
Wm. O. Alden, Portland, Maine, No. 188.
W. M. Biggs, Helena, Mont., No. 193.
J. R. Beaver, Roanoke, Va., No. 197.
C. D. May, Clinton, Iowa, No. 199.
E. P. Wilmot, Austin, Minn., No. 201.
P. A. Haley, Charleston, W. Va., No. 202.
P. H. Fassett, Ashtabula, Ohio, No. 208.
John E. Moody, Jersey City, N. J., No. 211.

W. E. O'Connor, Stockton, Cal., No. 218.
Albert J. Mayer, Meadville, Pa., No. 219.
J. H. Fuelhart, Warren, Pa., No. 223.
H. W. Clark, Aspen, Colo., No. 224.
John C. Wise, Mankato, Minn., No. 225.
John P. Ross, Macon, Ga., No. 230.
James Cooper, Jr., Red Bank, N. J., No. 233.
Harry E. Gaffney, Bradford, Pa., No. 234.
E. A. Morrison, Petersburg, Va., No. 237.
T. W. Passailaigue, Charleston, S. C., No. 242.
Charles Emerson, Muncie, Ind., No. 245.
A. J. Green, Moscow, Idaho, No. 249.
Wm. Smeiding, Jr., Racine, Wis., No. 252.
Arthur Hughlin, Racine, Wis., No. 252.
W. V. Blake, East Liverpool, Ohio, No. 258.
B. L. Kimball, Fargo, N. D., No. 260.
Jos. A. Hogan, Newport, Ky., No. 273.
Alfred Gowling, Newport, Ky., No. 273.
George F. Wehr, Rochester, Pa., No. 283.
Collins E. Wilmer, Camden N. J., No. 293.
Edward Slack, Fairmont, W. Va., No. 294.
Clyde E. Kinnaman, Warren, Ohio, No. 295.
Wm. H. Kane, Davenport, Ia., No. 298.
Ed. M. Finch, Grafton, W. Va., No. 308.
A. G. Hopkins, Colorado Springs, Colo., No. 309.
Walter J. Crawford, Beaumont, Texas, No. 311.
James F. O'Dowd, Covington, Ky., No. 314.
M. P. Ward, Newport News, Va., No. 315.
L. O. Meigs, Yakima, Wash., No. 318.
R. W. Putnam, San Luis Obispo, Cal., No. 322.
Frank C. Connelly, Phoenix, Ariz., No. 335.
George L. Rose, Salem, Ore., No. 336.
Henry P. Staving, Allegheny, Pa., No. 339.
A. R. Conklin, Allegheny, Pa., No. 339.
A. T. Hoffman, Oil City, Pa., No. 344.
S. W. Spencer, Heppner, Ore., No. 358.
Wm. H. Davis, Albany, Ore., No. 359.
David Frankel, Hampton, Va., No. 366.
James Sinclair, Waycross, Ga., No. 369.
C. A. Lamberson, Coschocton, Ohio, No. 376.
John Mets, Tucson, Ariz., No. 385.
Phil B. Smythe, Newark, Ohio, No. 391.
H. A. Webber, Charlotte, N. C., No. 392.
Harry E. Stone, Phillipsburgh, N. J., No. 395.
W. A. Jones, La Porte, Ind., No. 396.
Chas. S. Todd, Texarkana, Ark., No. 399.
Geo. W. Robertson, Eau Claire, Wis., No. 402.
Joseph F. Neidhart, Marquette, Mich., No. 405.
W. W. Rickard, Blairsville, Pa., No. 406.
E. M. Grant, Morgantown, W. Va., No. 411.
H. H. Betts, Silver City, N. M., No. 413.
N. Schiffler, Bellaire, Ohio, No. 419.
H. B. Kinney, Bellaire, Ohio, No. 419.
H. V. C. Hart, Adrian, Mich., No. 429.
Fred L. Osgood, Norwich, Conn., No. 430.
Allen C. Matthews, Norwich, Conn., No. 430.
C. N. McIlvaine, Huron, S. D., No. 444.
F. G. Dunklee, Winston, N. C., No. 449.
Charles Beck, Logan, Ohio, No. 452.
E. P. Chandler, Lewiston, Mont., No. 456.
H. J. Jennings, Water Valley, Miss., No. 459.
Samuel G. Cartwright, Santa Fe, N. M., No. 460.
Frank Shoemaker, Santa Fe, N. M., No. 460.
E. B. Lammie, Bozeman, Mont., No. 463.
Benj. P. Butler, Towson, Md., No. 469.
Edward D. Parker, Auburn, N. Y., No. 474.
Frank Baxter, Yuma, Ariz., No. 476.
A. Cummings, Alexandria, Ind., No. 478.
Dan Kurtz, Alexandria, Ind., No. 478.
O. Quill Owens, Clarksburg, W. Va., No. 482.
Royal H. Gerard, Crawfordsville, Ind., No. 483.
Laurence Tulloch, Globe, Ariz., No. 489.
William C. Lumpkin, Mattoon, Ill., No. 495.
Hal L. Scott, Pensacola, Fla., No. 497.
A. F. Hood, Durango, Colo., No. 507.
J. P. Porth, Jefferson City, Mo., No. 513.
C. D. Marr, Fremont, Nebr., No. 514.
Ralph C. McComish, San Jose, Cal., No. 522.
M. F. Davison, Carthage, Mo., No. 529.
J. H. Bailey, Carthage, Mo., No. 529.
M. C. Johnson, Council Bluffs, Iowa, No. 531.
Edw. B. Long, White Plains, N. Y., No. 535.
A. B. Champion, Grass Valley, Cal., No. 538.
F. L. Pixley, St. Joseph, Mich., No. 541.
W. W. McCracken, St. Joseph, Mich., No. 541.
B. F. Crofoot, Painesville, Ohio, No. 549.
Peter C. Keliher, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., No. 552.
Robert Crispin, Central City, Colo., No. 557.
James E. Cody, Central City, Colo., No. 557.
C. E. Perry, Vallejo, Cal., No. 559.
Emery G. Ripley, Frankfort, Ind., No. 560.
Wm. H. Firstbrook, Boulder, Colo., No. 566.
L. B. Markham, Durham, N. C., No. 568.
L. L. Ponsler, Iola, Kans., No. 569.
L. L. Northrup, Iola, Kans., No. 569.
Dave Baer, Murphysboro, Ill., No. 572.
A. R. Sampliner, Grand Junction, Colo., No. 575.

(Continued on page 76)



What Do They See In Each Other?

H E HAD invited her to dinner. She had accepted. Now, sitting opposite each other at table, they begin to see things they never saw before. They begin to see each other for the first time as they really are.

What is revealed to them across the table? What do they see in each other?

She sees with a little pang of disappointment that he is not the cultivated man she thought him. Why do the waiters treat him with less deference than they do the men at tables nearby? What does he lack? Can he be just . . . ordinary? She does not want to believe it, but there are certain indications that are unmistakable.

And he is watching her curiously, realizing that this must be the first time she has dined in a fashionable hotel. Why does she fumble so awkwardly with her fork? Why does she seem so self-conscious, so ill at ease? Her evident embarrassment makes him feel uncomfortable, and suddenly he finds himself wishing he had never invited her.

Yet only yesterday they had been attracted to each other, interested in each other. Both had dreamed a little. To-day the dream has faded and they are disillusioned. Telltale blunders have revealed crudities they sought to conceal. And though they try halfheartedly to keep up the conversation, they know that they are disappointed in each other, that they will probably never see each other again.

Are You "Dressing Up" The Real You?

There is one thing that can not possibly be concealed—and that is embarrassment. And there is one thing that causes more embarrassment than anything else, and that is *the fear of blundering*, the fear of doing or saying what is conspicuously wrong.

The famous Book of Etiquette, recognized as the most complete and authoritative work of its kind in existence, has brought ease and comfort to people in hundreds of thousands of homes. It does not attempt to "dress up" the real person—does not concern itself with petty artificialities or trifling rules of society. It does, however, dress the true personality, gives a wonderful new ease and poise of manner to people who have long been self-conscious and ill at ease.

In other words, the Book of Etiquette does not attempt to *conceal* embarrassment—it removes the *cause* for embarrassment. It tells you precisely the things you want to know, clears away all doubts and uncertainty, smooths away crudities, makes you sure of yourself. Before you realize it, you will have acquired a new self-possession, a new confidence. You will be

able to mingle on an equal social footing with the most highly cultivated people everywhere—free from embarrassment, free from little unexpected humiliations, free from hesitancy and doubt.

The Famous Book of Etiquette Half a Million Sold at the Regular Publishing Price of \$3.50 Special, Only \$1.98

Do not "dress up" the real *you*, making it artificial, unnatural. Instead, make that real *you* so poised and impressive that people will instinctively admire you and respect you wherever you go.

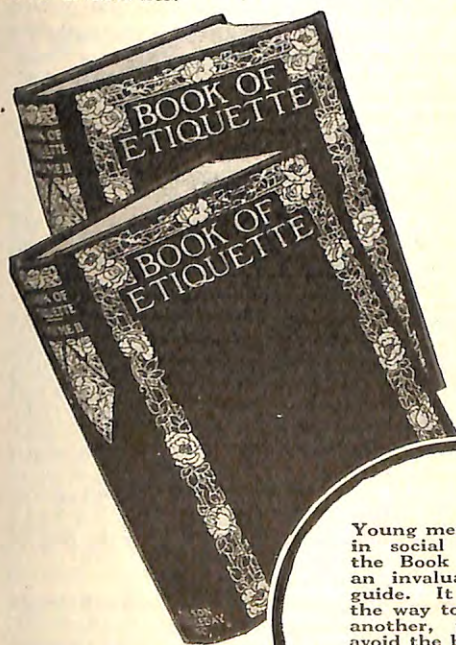
Wouldn't you like to be able to do and say the right thing without stopping to think about it? Wouldn't you like always to be perfectly comfortable and at ease, never embarrassed and constrained?

Perhaps you have been to a party recently, or a dinner, or a dance. Were you comfortable, at ease? Or did you feel "alone," out of place actually tongue-tied while others conversed easily and comfortably? Were you embarrassed at the table, or so sure of yourself that you had complete self-possession?

The Book of Etiquette will give you lifelong protection from embarrassment. It will keep you from making impulsive blunders at conspicuous moments. It will give you a marvelous new ease of manner, a new assurance, a new confidence in yourself. It will tell you everything you want to know about dinners, dances, parties, weddings, funerals, dress, speech. There is even information for the business woman, for the country hostess, for the debutante, for the child.

You want the Book of Etiquette—you have always wanted it. Here is a rare opportunity to secure the regular two-volume \$3.50 edition at the special low price of only \$1.98. This low price is made solely for the purpose of accommodating the thousands of men and women who have not yet purchased the Book of Etiquette—and we are able to make the offer only because of the vast number of sets already sold at the regular price of \$3.50.

Will you be among those to take advantage of this opportunity? Or will you let it slip by? No money is necessary. But clip and mail the coupon now for your set of the Book of Etiquette. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1224, Garden City, New York.



AGENTS WANTED

If you would like to become an agent of Nelson Doubleday, Inc., and sell the Book of Etiquette for us in your locality, write at once for the full details of our attractive agents' offer. Please ignore this notice if you wish to purchase the Book of Etiquette solely for your own use. Address Agents' Bureau, Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1224.

Young men and women in social contact find the Book of Etiquette an invaluable aid and guide. It shows them the way to impress one another, the way to avoid the blunders that cause disappointment and disillusion. It gives them ease, poise, confidence.

Nothing so quickly betrays breeding as table manners. Do you know how olives are taken, celery, asparagus? Do you know the cultured use of the knife and fork? Are you sure of yourself?

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1224 Garden City, New York

I accept your special low-price offer. You may send me the famous two-volume Book of Etiquette in plain carton, for which I will give the postman only \$1.98 (plus delivery charges) on arrival, instead of the regular price of \$3.50. I am to have the privilege of returning the books within 5 days and having my money refunded if I am not delighted with them.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$2.98 with same return privilege. (Orders from outside the U. S. payable \$2.44 cash with order. Leather binding, outside U. S., \$3.44 cash with order.)

Annual Report of Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 74)



Pride in your home, and Comfort, too, with Karpen Overstuffed Furniture

Is your home comfortably furnished? Does your lounge invite relaxation . . . are your chairs restful . . . is the upholstery deep, sumptuous, offering ease and relaxation? A home is just as comfortable as you make it.

You, too, may have a Karpen furnished home. One in which you will take pride. One which your guests will admire as much for its comfort as for its beauty.

* * *

Today a home is judged not so much on looks as on livableness. Today's generation places value on the usefulness of furniture, not merely its appearance.

The smart home is one which, while furnished in good taste, breathes an atmosphere of hospitality through its downright luxury—its comfort.

Karpen overstuffed pieces are the pride of countless American homes. Your Karpen dealer will gladly display these luxurious upholstered pieces for you. At prices you will think quite moderate when quality is considered.

Ready—a new book on interior decoration—free

Let us send you the new edition of our attractive book on interior decorating—"Better Homes." It is full of helpful ideas, and through black and white, and color charts and drawings, shows what the foremost decorators are doing. Plans for fourteen complete rooms—any of which can be easily adapted. Just write for it.



S. KARPEN & BROS.

Manufacturers of Karpen fine Upholstered Furniture, Handwoven Fibre and Enamelled Cane Furniture, and Windsor Chairs
801-811 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
37th and Broadway, New York

Please send me free and postpaid a copy of your book, "Better Homes," with hall, living room and sun room plans

Name

Address

City State

H. E. Churchill, Fort Scott, Kans., No. 570
Martin W. Lane, Millville, N. J., No. 580.
T. B. Murray, Redlands, Cal., No. 583.
Charles Caton, Concordia, Kans., No. 586.
Theo. L. Pickens, Ottawa, Ill., No. 588.
J. C. Pearce, Greensboro, N. C., No. 602.
Thos. W. McShane, Biloxi, Miss., No. 606.
C. E. Linzee, Santa Barbara, Cal., No. 613.
J. H. Andresen, Salinas, Cal., No. 614.
J. T. Sanborn, Brainerd, Minn., No. 615.
H. C. Bates, Berlin, N. H., No. 618.
James W. Conroy, Annapolis, Md., No. 622.
Wm. L. Hollidayoke, Annapolis, Md., No. 622.
G. L. Park, Stevens Point, Wis., No. 641.
F. H. Speich, Riverside, Cal., No. 643.
W. L. McConegly, Homestead, Pa., No. 650.
Charles Feuchter, Cairo, Ill., No. 651.
P. N. Foley, Danville, Ky., No. 670.
A. I. Klenert, Portage, Wis., No. 675.
Alfred H. Wieckert, Menasha, Wis., No. 676.
E. C. Bruce, Brunswick, Ga., No. 691.
Wm. C. Watkins, Maysville, Ky., No. 704.
Geo. H. Randall, Aurora, Ill., No. 705.
John H. Coyne, Yonkers, N. Y., No. 707.
H. P. French, Mt. Carmel, Ill., No. 715.
Geo. Randall Parrish, Kewanee, Ill., No. 724.
J. F. Cole, Oelwein, Iowa, No. 741.
A. B. Clark, Oelwein, Iowa, No. 741.
T. P. Bristol, Cortland, N. Y., No. 748.
C. H. Gonnermann, Kenosha, Wis., No. 750.
George W. Richards, Duquesne, Pa., No. 751.
Neil R. Walsh, Owosso, Mich., No. 753.
S. A. D. Whipple, Portland, Ind., No. 768.
W. E. Penfield, Little Falls, Minn., No. 770.
Gustav B. Carlson, Middletown, Conn., No. 771.
Clark S. Starry, Coffeyville, Kans., No. 775.
H. F. Ward, Washington, Pa., No. 776.
R. Glenn McDonough, Washington, Pa., No. 776.
Wm. R. Cassford, Perth Amboy, N. J., No. 784.
J. H. Turner, Santa Ana, Cal., No. 794.
J. F. Muarkey, Fernandina, Fla., No. 795.
O. W. Baumgardner, Bluffton, Ind., No. 796.
A. M. Edwards, Marion, Ill., No. 800.
Daniel J. March, Greeley, Colo., No. 809.
W. S. Page, Cleburne, Texas, No. 811.
Geo. T. Leach, Washington, N. C., No. 822.
Clay E. Peters, Santa Cruz, Cal., No. 824.
Chas. M. Cassin, Santa Cruz, Cal., No. 824.
A. J. McDonald, Bedford, Ind., No. 826.
L. A. Mitchell, Ballard, Wash., No. 827.
I. D. Newsome, McKinney, Texas, No. 828.
Lamar Smith, Del Rio, Texas, No. 837.
W. J. Elliott, Canonsburg, Pa., No. 846.
James O'Neil, Binghamton, N. Y., No. 852.
Wm. B. Biddlecom, No. Tonowanda, N. Y., No. 860.
Lewis E. Allen, No. Tonowanda, N. Y., No. 860.
Fred G. DeWitt, Queensborough, N. Y., No. 878.
Henry W. Sharkey, Queensborough, N. Y., No. 878.
Joseph Noonan, Plainfield, N. J., No. 885.
Everett Bowker, Brookline, Mass., No. 886.
Harry Voorhees, Dowagiac, Mich., No. 889.
Wm. O. R. Bradley, Galesburg, Ill., No. 894.
Edward F. Shanley, Medina, N. Y., No. 898.
H. S. Ivy, Hillsboro, Texas, No. 903.
Thomas Feron, Santa Monica, Cal., No. 906.
Wm. F. Bennett, Somerville, Mass., No. 917.
Philip Greene, Pawtucket, R. I., No. 920.
E. L. Otto, Amarillo, Texas, No. 923.
Frank Vice, Jr., Olney, Ill., No. 926.
A. E. Augustine, Napoleon, Ohio, No. 929.
C. Kemper Sutton, Indiana, Pa., No. 931.
C. E. Strouville, Tulsa, Okla., No. 946.
W. E. Tew, Willmar, Minn., No. 952.
Charles E. Roberts, Hudson, Mass., No. 959.
John J. Kilcoyne, Bristol, Pa., No. 970.
Wm. P. Nisbett, Big Rapids, Mich., No. 974.
E. J. Darling, Big Rapids, Mich., No. 974.
W. B. Perkins, Clarksdale, Miss., No. 977.
Geo. P. Kears, Gulfport, Miss., No. 978.
Charles O. Swan, Kearney, Nebr., No. 984.
Sylvester Woods, Seneca Falls, N. Y., No. 992.
D. F. Gardiner, Laurel, Miss., No. 1000.
J. I. Sedgley, Alameda, Cal., No. 1015.
J. P. W. Brouse, Somerset, Ky., No. 1021.
H. V. Geiger, Rich Hill, Mo., No. 1026.
J. B. Matthews, Murfreesboro, Tenn., No. 1029.
Charles J. Barton, Melrose, Mass., No. 1031.
John Bartlett, Brownsville, Texas, No. 1032.
Del S. Perkins, Brownsville, Texas, No. 1032.
Frank S. Hogan, Owego, N. Y., No. 1039.
A. H. Jester, Bemidji, Minn., No. 1052.
J. C. Barclay, Longmont, Colo., No. 1055.

J. W. C. Briant, Clifton Forge, Va., No. 1065.
John Stevens, Chicago Heights, Ill., No. 1066.
J. J. Lauer, Chicago Heights, Ill., No. 1066.
F. J. Laughon, Pulaski, Va., No. 1067.
Robert Anderson Montgomery, Lambertville, N. J., No. 1070.
J. C. Crisman, Berwick, Pa., No. 1138.
G. S. Morgan, Freeland, Pa., No. 1145.
Martin Menery, Mount Pleasant, Mich., No. 1164.
Harry W. Taylor, Wenatchee, Wash., No. 1186.
George W. Allen, Knoxville, Pa., No. 1196.
R. V. Crowder, Quanah, Texas, No. 1202.
F. S. Wyman, Quanah, Texas, No. 1202.
Jotham P. Alds, Norwich, N. Y., No. 1222.
R. H. Bartells, St. Petersburg, Fla., No. 1224.
Thomas Mullen, Franklin, N. H., No. 1280.
J. A. Rourke, Lamar, Colo., No. 1319.
Bailey Rosette, Alhambra, Cal., No. 1328.
A. F. Browns, Sterling, Colo., No. 1336.
Robert M. McGee, Blackwell, Okla., No. 1347.
Charles R. Russell, Penns Grove, N. J., No. 1358.

And I am sure you will concur in the recommendation that the hour of eleven o'clock on Wednesday evening of this Grand Lodge Session be set apart for a memorial service to these absent brothers.

General Assistance Fund

Under the regulation governing assistance of worthy members by the Grand Lodge, there is now being paid out each month approximately four hundred forty-six and 66-100 (\$446.66) dollars. The comparatively small separate amounts making up this total are each augmented by contributions from the representative lodges. I believe the use of this Grand Lodge fund should be extended wherever cases come within the purview of the Resolution creating the fund. I therefore recommend an appropriation of seventy-five hundred (\$7500) dollars for this purpose in the budget to be adopted at this session.

Appeals Taken

After careful investigation, I have taken an appeal to the Grand Forum from the judgment of the Subordinate Forum in each of the following cases:

Dover, N. J. Lodge No. 782 versus Lloyd Fleming, member of Morristown, N. J. Lodge No. 815.
Rutherford, N. J. Lodge No. 547 versus Milton D. Strauss, member of Atlantic City, N. J. Lodge No. 276.

Opinions and Decisions

In compliance with the direction and authority of the Grand Lodge at its last session, the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary has completed the compilation and digest of the Grand Lodge Decisions, Decisions of the Grand Forum, and pertinent opinions of the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and this compilation will be printed and in the hands of officers of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges very shortly. This arduous task so promptly and effectively performed at a comparatively small expense deserves our special commendation. It is the suggestion of the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary that this volume can be kept up to date with very little additional effort and with trifling expense if the succeeding Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary will keep a subject index digest of the current opinions and supplemental digest of new matters covered by decisions of the Grand Forum during each year. And it is recommended that this supplemental digest be printed in leaflet form of size and material similar to the 1924 edition of Opinions and Decisions, and distributed by the Grand Secretary. In this recommendation, I heartily concur.

Ritual

Emphatic reference must be continually made to the proper exemplification of ritualistic services. State Associations in addition to many other meritorious movements have aided materially in raising the standard of ritualistic work by inaugurating contests for Subordinate Lodge teams.

A considerable discussion has resulted from the elimination of the password at the last Grand Lodge Session. I believe the strong concurrence

of opinion favors the readoption of such a word, and I call this to your attention for action or further reference to committee.

Colored Imitators

Public and semi-public demonstrations of negro organizations using the word "Elk" as part of their Lodge name, and the wearing of elk heads or teeth (neither of which is the official emblem of our Order) by members of this colored body have given rise to some isolated demands for active attention. In this connection, your attention is called to the last action of the Grand Lodge in adopting the very complete and comprehensive report of the Committee on Good of the Order at the 1918 Session of the Grand Lodge, and to the expressive language of the distinguished southern gentleman who then reported as Grand Exalted Ruler:—

"In my opinion, the most dignified and effective course for our Order to pursue in the premises is to refrain from further litigation and to pay no further attention to the negro Elks, except to show them such consideration as may properly be due an organization which claims to be engaged in benevolent and charitable work among a race which both needs and deserves such service."

In addition it may be mentioned that a course of litigation is in process between another white fraternal society and negro imitators, which bids fair to end with a decision by the Supreme Court of the United States; and this action would probably settle the legal rights involved forever, without any particular controversy being opened by us at this time.

National Memorial Headquarters

It was a privilege and a distinct honor to lay the cornerstone of the beautiful Memorial to our World War heroes and the much-needed National Headquarters Building, at Chicago on June 7th last. The attendance and significance of the occasion added much to the dignity of our Order. I know the membership will eagerly await the nearing completion of this unique and distinctive memorial, and I earnestly urge every one who has opportunity to visit the effective site, and I am sure you will go away with a greater pride in this fine structure, so efficiently and splendidly handled by our able Commission.

Welfare Program

And now, my brothers, I come to a subject very dear to my heart, and on which I have a very decided opinion. In all of our many Grand Lodge activities of a permanent character, except during the recent war, we have done things for our own membership. Pending projects will soon be completed realities. It is time we were looking into the future. Haphazard action ill

befits a nation-wide movement of our great fraternity; and we have never been prone to act too hastily. I believe the time has arrived to seriously and carefully contemplate and definitely plan for a National Grand Lodge Welfare movement. Suggestions without number have been made during this current year. Whether it is to be a work of general or specific hospitalization, or some broad educational program, or a great and unique Americanization campaign, or the creation and maintenance of some other agency or institution for the welfare of the people of this and future generations, should only be determined after a thorough survey and report by such Committee or Commission as you may determine. Very seriously, I recommend the creation of such an agency at this session of the Grand Lodge to report at our next annual meeting, and to continue, if necessary, until a concrete program of national welfare work is established by the Grand Lodge. And this without in the least interfering with the wonderful work that is now being done and that must be continued by the Subordinate Lodges, according to the needs of the various communities and under the inspirational guidance of the Grand Lodge Committee. This is our true field of worthwhile endeavor. "Let's Do!"

Conclusion

A valedictory is not easy to write; a swan song breathes its note of pathos, but oh, my brothers, this has been such a wonderful year of service and joy! The most arduous and exacting of the duties of office have been worth-while, and the sacrifices have been trivial, compared with the beautiful memories and great lessons that I shall carry with me! Every one has been so kind and generous, and whatever of accomplishment has resulted has been the fruit of the labors of the membership of this Grand body and of the Order at large.

A real sense of obligation to all who have labored with me fills my heart, and impels me to make especial mention of my own loyal, ever thoughtful and thrice-faithful Secretary, the devoted and untiring zeal of the official office force, and that other lovable and valuable companion of many miles of travel—the efficient and capable Grand Secretary.

My benedictory prayer devoutly bespeaks your further kindly indulgence in making this Session a harmonious and effective ending for a year of privileged service to our beloved Order.

Fraternally submitted.

J. E. McFarland

Grand Exalted Ruler.

Every Lodge a Civic Center

(Continued from page 47)

"Your committee most heartily endorses this suggestion. What a wonderful thing it will mean to the school children of America and to our Order to hold annually a Prize Essay Contest on some patriotic subject. Hundreds of thousands of pupils of the public schools of this nation will be engaged in a competitive patriotic contest, held under the auspices of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. It will bring the Order and what it stands for to the attention of these hundreds of thousands of school children. It will lend a wonderful impetus to our activity in Americanization."

The report of the committee was compiled from replies to a questionnaire sent the subordinate Lodges. At the time the printed report went to press 1,096 Lodges had filed their reports. Of this number 1,088 Lodges, representing every State in the Union and every section of the country, including Alaska and Hawaii, reported activities.

In classifying the activities of these 1,088 Lodges the report shows that 417 were engaged in educational work; 82 were engaged in Americanization work; 272 Lodges conducted contests and awarded prizes in connection with the public observance of Flag Day; 802 Lodges held Flag

Day ceremonies; 464 were aiding and contributing to the Boy Scout movement; 17 were aiding Girl Scouts; 168 were engaged in Big Brother work and helping delinquent boys and girls; 49 were engaged in war veteran relief work; 959 were giving all the year round relief to the poor and needy; 325 made Thanksgiving day a cause for real thanksgiving in the homes of the poor; 951 brought Christmas cheer into the homes of the poor and made glad the hearts of thousands of little children, who otherwise would have had no Christmas; 790 were engaged in hospital work, such as supporting rooms in hospitals, substantial contributions to, or the building of, hospital additions; 601 were engaged in providing medical aid for those unable to employ physicians; 251 were engaged in summer activities, such as the support of playgrounds and wading and swimming pools, fresh air camps for mothers and children, outings for orphans and crippled children, picnics, etc.; 94 were engaged in athletics.

The report recommended that the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Grand Lodge be continued and that an adequate appropriation be made for its work.



For that Jolly Beach Party

Pack your week-end bag, say goodbye to the hot, noisy city and set out for a day or two of real fun and healthy sport at the lake or sea. And don't forget to take along your pocket orchestra so there'll be plenty of good music for those who want to dance. If you want to be the hit of the party, be ready with a Hohner Harmonica—

The World's Best

There's nothing like good music for happiness and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Hohner Harmonicas are true in tone, accurate in pitch and perfect in workmanship. Get a Hohner Harmonica today and play it tonight. 50¢ up at all dealers.

Ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 165 New York City.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

You too can make \$125⁰⁰ a week



"I had no experience in selling before going with GOODWEAR. Now I make \$125 a week regularly. I believe that any man who'll work can do the same and would advise every man who wants a fine paying job to write to GOODWEAR."

Peter Birdakis

GOODWEAR Chicago, Inc.

West Adams St. at Peoria Chicago

Please send me complete information about your Line and the opportunity you offer.

Name

Address

Town State

The Quigley Institute for Stammerers

Personal, individual instruction by the founder, who cured himself after thirty years of stammering. Equally effective for children and adults. Resident and day pupils. For particulars, address

Dept. E, 1727 Master St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Salesmen \$50 to \$100 a Week

Sell virgin wool tailor-made suits and overcoats direct to wearer. All one price, \$31.50. Wonderful values, way below store prices. Easy to sell. Protected territory. Commissions in advance. Write, J.B. SIMPSON, Inc. 843 W. Adams St., Dept. 875 Chicago



Florida's Oldest First Mortgage Bond House

You Can Get 7½% —Florida's Normal Rate

When you buy a first mortgage investment in New York City, you usually don't expect more than 6½%, the rate usually paid in New York.

But 7½% is the normal rate in Florida. It goes hand-in-hand with safety. Why not get that liberal return on your money?

Miller First Mortgage Bonds, secured by

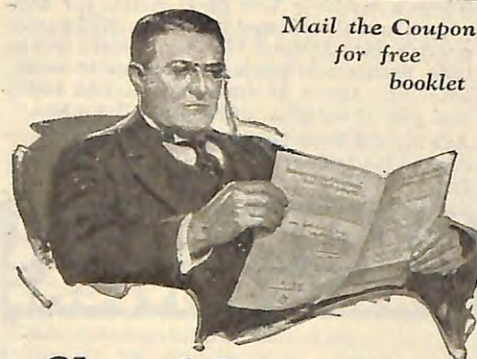
G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company
808 Miller Building, Miami, Florida
Please send me, without obligation, folder "Why Florida Investments Pay 7½%" with circular describing a Miller First Mortgage Bond issue.
Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

income-earning structures in Florida cities, have never caused any investor to lose a dollar. They are owned by people all over the United States, who have been getting the liberal Florida rate for years.

It's easy for you to investigate, with no obligation to invest. Just mail the coupon—today—for folder, "Why Florida Investments Pay 7½%."

G. L. Miller BOND & MORTGAGE Company

808 MILLER BUILDING, MIAMI, FLORIDA



Mail the Coupon
for free
booklet

Should any Man do less?

WHAT a glorious feeling for a man in the prime of life to know that through his own efforts he has built up a bulwark of wealth to protect those who are dependent upon him. Should any man do less?

You can become financially independent—you can provide for the future of your loved ones simply by living on a little less than you make and placing this surplus in safe interest bearing securities, such as 7% Adair Protected Bonds.

These first mortgage real estate bonds, issued by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House, are safeguarded by the knowledge gained from 58 years experience in making first mortgage investments without loss to a single investor.

Make up your mind today to be financially independent. Mail the coupon for full information.

Adair Protected Bonds may be purchased outright or by our Monthly Investment Plan, which enables you to save at 7% interest. Full details upon request.

Denominations \$1,000, \$500 and \$100

Adair Protected First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds

ADAI REALTY & TRUST CO. Est. 1865
Dept. H-4, Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen:—

Please send me without obligation your booklet "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds."

Name.....

Address.....



Profit by this message from Washington, D.C.

WASHINGTON — seat of the United States Government, internationally famed as a city of magnificent buildings—is a thriving metropolis, growing steadily with the growth of the Nation.

This constant growth gives strength and stability to the city's real estate values, and enables you to get 6½% or more, with exceptional safety, on safeguarded first mortgage investments.

Our \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000 First Mortgage Bonds are sold outright for cash or under our investment savings plan, which pays 6½% or more on every partial payment.

Mail coupon now for free booklet

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 51 YEARS

The F. H. SMITH CO. Founded 1873

Smith Building - Washington, D. C.

Please send me your free booklet "Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital."

Name.....

Address.....

42



Real Estate Mortgage Bonds

By Stephen Jessup

(Continued from July issue)

USUALLY the first group of bonds in an issue of "serial maturities" will mature in two years; the second group will mature in three years, and so on to the last maturity. These serial payments are made out of the earnings of the property. They reduce the bond issue constantly, and in doing so increase the equity protecting the remaining bonds and decrease the interest charge.

Sometimes the company making the bond issue is required to deposit with its banking house each month a sum which, at the end of the year, will be equivalent to both the interest for the year and the amount of serial bonds maturing that year. Such monthly payments automatically provide in advance for the prompt payment in full of both the interest and the principal as the principal matures. If the payments are not required monthly they may be required semi-annually in a proportionate amount.

In other words, not only the land, the building, equipment, etc., but also the earnings are mortgaged. This in a nutshell is the chief virtue of the real estate mortgage bond issues which are the means by which most of the large buildings to be seen in the important cities of the United States to-day are financed.

An additional factor of safety to the investor is contained in the guarantee that is given by some mortgage bond houses. These houses offer real estate bonds with the usual safeguards, and also put behind the bonds their own capital and surplus. Other houses, who do not give this specific guarantee, enjoy a record and a standing that form a high degree of assurance to the investor that the security offered him is sound and will yield him interest promptly and principal at maturity.

All the bonds of each issue participate equally in the mortgage according to their denomination. The purchaser of a \$100 bond receives the same protection as the investor or institution who buys a block of \$50,000 or \$100,000.

Real estate bonds surrounded with the safeguards above cited combine the safety and attractive interest rate of the old-fashioned mortgage with the convenience and availability of good railroad and industrial bonds.

The first two factors of safety of principal and assurance of interest return, have been touched upon. As to the third—marketability—it is perhaps true that real estate mortgage bonds are less readily salable than railroad and other listed or actively traded-in bonds. This does not mean that they enjoy no market. Many of the houses of issue maintain a market and are willing to repurchase the bonds they have put out, charging a fee for the service. They are also willing to make loans on their bond issues, just as banks lend money on listed bonds. The volume of such purchases and loans may be limited in times of tight money or of abnormally large offerings.

(Continued on page 80)

The New Profession of Fund-Raising

A Nation-wide Service for Fraternal Organizations

MOST veteran lodge members know what it is to go through a failure in a money-raising campaign.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the object has been the worthiest.

Always the enthusiasm is high — at the start.

Why did response dwindle?

Why did workers get disheartened?

Why did expenses eat up all the returns?

Was it the fault of the committee?

Or the membership?

Or the public?

Was the idea weak?

Or was it strong?

Was it well-planned?

Was it thoroughly carried out?

Did the workers shift the burden back on the leaders after the campaign was started?

Can failure be avoided?

Today the demand and necessity for the fund-raising *specialist* is greater than ever before. For two reasons:

[1] The public was over-solicited during and right after the war.

[2] Fraternal organizations have more at stake because their activities are broader and more expensive.

As philanthropic specialists with an organization of 150 trained experts, the B. C. McGuire Company has analyzed practically every method of fund-raising in America.

90% of these ideas and methods have been rejected by our Company as weak and extravagant.

Out of a ten-year study of fraternal organizations, the public and fund-raising plans, our Company has developed positive principles which constitute both an art and a science of making wide philanthropic appeals.

During these ten years our Company has raised for the Elks alone hundreds of thousands of dollars. [And we wish to state here, also, that the letters of appreciation of the Elk Lodges are among the most highly prized in our Company's files.]

A contract with the B. C. McGuire Company is a full and absolute protection to your organization. It takes responsibility from your shoulders and places it on our own. It secures for *your* organization the service of *our* organization—the most highly trained and experienced group of its kind in the world.

We are arranging interviews now in regard to Fall and Winter Campaigns. Kindly address your letter for the personal attention of Mr. Charles E. Rock, President.

REFERENCES:

Bank of the Manhattan Co.
New York City

Corn Exchange Bank
New York City

Chatham & Phenix
National Bank
New York City

Colonial Trust Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

Franklin Trust Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

Lowell Trust Company
Lowell, Mass.

And 600 fraternal orders all over the
United States

B. C. MCGUIRE COMPANY

245 West 55th Street, New York

"PHILANTHROPIC SPECIALISTS"

Assets over \$1,000,000



DID YOU KNOW YOU CAN BUY REAL ESTATE BONDS PAYING 7% With Guaranteed 7% Safety

With resources of more than one million dollars and a personnel of leading southern business men, our institution invites correspondence from large and small investors who are primarily interested in safety of both principal and interest.

Our **Guaranteed First Mortgage Bonds**, issued in denominations of \$100 to \$1,000 and maturing in 1 to 15 years, will meet the requirements of all discriminating investors.

Our booklet, mailed upon request, will fully inform you on the policy of our house, the character of our mortgages and the nature of our **Guarantee**.

Send for a copy today



First Mortgage and Bond Company
J. R. TATUM, President
104 East Flagler St., Miami, Florida

Sta-on Trouser Supporter

GOOD-BYE TIGHT BELTS and unsightly suspenders! Men, here's the modern way of supporting the trousers. Sta-on eliminates baggy trousers and creeping shirts, giving you a trim waistline. A health-promoter, perspiration killer, too. Clothing loose and suspended from shoulders.

Invisible — Easy to Adjust

FIG. 2. Sta-on attached to buttons.
FIG. 1. Shirt and undergarment drawn into loop, the trousers in place.

Does not bind or chafe. Rust-proof, slip-proof, harmless to sheerest silk. For real summer comfort order your pair today. Nickel-plated \$1.00 per pair; Gold-plated \$3.00.

The Linal Co., Dept. 6 St. Louis, Mo.

You Can't Beat Our Low Prices

Diamonds a Fraction of Market Prices

Free Bulletin lists diamonds as low as \$60 per carat, also Gems of Finest Quality at higher per carat charges but proportionately Low Bargain Prices. This \$2/100 carat correctly cut diamond a snappy blasing solitaire at \$88. This 75 year oldest largest Diamond Banking firm in all the world lends money on diamonds. Thousands of unpaid loans; and other bargains. Many from big cash deals direct with European Diamond Cutters. Must sell NOW.

Why Pay Full Prices

Costs Nothing to See
Any Diamond sent for absolutely free examination at our risk. No obligation. No cost to you. Latest Listings—Unpaid Loans. Sent Free. Describes Diamond Bargains in Detail, gives cash loan values guaranteed. Explains unlimited exchange privilege. Write today for your copy of Diamond Bargain List. Postal card will do.

Jos. De Roy & Sons, 7323 De Roy Building
Only Opposite Post Office Pittsburgh, Pa.

This Ring \$88
82/100 Carat correctly cut

SALESMEN WANTED

We manufacture a line of store equipment for the grocery, meat market and general store. Also sell to hotels, restaurants and institutions. Sales made on monthly payment plan if desired. Business long established and products well known. Have a few territorial openings for salesmen experienced in calling on the above lines of business. Careful training given new men before starting. Selling and leads furnished as result of liberal advertising policy. Write for particulars to

THE A. J. DEER COMPANY, Inc.,
33 West Street,
Hornell, N. Y.

To INVESTMENT BANKERS

WE have recently prepared a very interesting booklet dealing comprehensively with the subject of advertising, especially with magazine advertising. We believe you will find this very instructive, and if you are interested in expanding your business we should be glad to send you a copy on request. Address The Financial Department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE,—using your letter head.

Real Estate Mortgage Bonds

(Continued from page 78)

The compensation for the somewhat restricted market for real estate mortgage bonds lies in the fact that they give a somewhat higher yield than the listed bonds which enjoy a more active market.

Among the possible disadvantages of real estate mortgage bonds may be mentioned the following:

Sometimes they are not genuine *first* mortgages. The importance of this factor would seem to be self-evident, and yet there are on the market to-day a number of securities, many regarded as conservative, which are far from being real *first* mortgages and some of which depend upon the prosperity of the issuing corporation for their payment.

If a bond issue is secured by a building on leased ground instead of on ground owned in fee simple by the issuing company, the investor's position is not safe. The ground rent, capitalized at the current rate of interest, constitutes a heavy first mortgage ahead of his leasehold bonds. His "first mortgage real estate bonds" on a building erected on leased ground are in effect second mortgage bonds. In reality they are inferior even to them, since second mortgage bondholders may protect themselves by buying up the first mortgage, while leasehold bondholders have no right to purchase the land but must continue to pay the ground rent for a long term of years whether it is earned or not.

Too much emphasis, therefore, can hardly be placed upon the importance of making sure that your bonds are protected by an absolute, genuine *first* mortgage on the entire property represented as security for them.

Granting the absolute quality of the mortgage, the *equity* may be insufficient. In some instances first mortgages are issued running up to 80%, 90% or even 100% of the cost and actual value of the property. If rentals and values always continued to increase, such mortgages, by instalment reductions of the principal, might ultimately become a sound investment, but this contemplation does not take economic factors into account. At recurrent intervals come business panics, crises, depressions, failures of business houses, unemployment, severe drops in rents and scaling down of real estate values. It is during such periods that holders of excessive real estate mortgage bond issues run the risk of loss.

Again, the important element of *earnings* may be subject to reduction. There has been an almost steadily rising cost of building and scale of rents during the past ten years. Economic history and the law of supply and demand teach us that there is a saturation point in everything. Since 1920 the volume of building in this country has been far above normal. This was the natural result of the small amount of building during the war years. The shortage which existed has been made up rapidly. Some authorities consider that it may be only a question of time—and a short time—when there will be an oversupply of space. If and when this becomes

general, both the market value of real estate and *rents* will fall. Such a condition would impair both the principal and interest of an insecure real estate bond investment.

Aside from these general observations, local conditions must be studied with care. While most real estate mortgage bonds are originally issued against modern buildings in prominent locations, and are theoretically attractive, the buildings sometimes depreciate rapidly and the locations sometimes cease to be prominent, due to the changing trend of traffic. An instance of this condition is the marked tendency of the department store business in New York to move northward from Eighteenth Street to Forty-second Street, which has occurred on an extensive scale in quite recent years.

The average investor, therefore, is unable to judge the real and permanent value of the buildings securing real estate bond issues, and he must rely upon expert information and advice, which itself is not always infallible.

The question of *saleability* has been discussed. It becomes important to most people only in times of trouble and urgent need of money. Should the country suffer a period of prolonged depression, a volume of offerings of real estate bonds might easily flood the market, resulting in sacrifice or panic prices or even in no available purchase prices at all.

Investment Literature

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., 803 Miller Building, Miami, Florida, have issued a booklet "The Ideal Investment," which will be sent free on request.

"Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital"—a new 32-page booklet, profusely illustrated with views of Washington, D. C., telling about 6½ per cent. and 7 per cent. First Mortgage Investments in the Nation's Capital. For the free copies write to The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, 815 Fifteenth St., Washington, D. C.

Adair Realty & Trust Co., 800 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga., have issued a booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," which will be sent free on request.

The First Mortgage and Bond Company, 104 East Flagler St., Miami, Florida, will be pleased to send you on request a copy of their booklet dealing with their **Guaranteed First Mortgage Bonds**.

Please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE when writing.

Why Not Become a Crack Shot?

(Continued from page 17)

newcomers. The only costs are a reduced railroad fare and meals in the camp cafeteria. The citizen may come and go when he pleases. At the close of the encampment he may purchase his rifle at second-hand prices and take it home with him.

"All the Government asks of the citizen and of the rifle clubs," stated one of the officials in charge of this work, "is a reasonable degree of cooperation in its effort to make Americans into good shots. The tradition still exists that this is a 'nation of riflemen.' We want to make that tradition a fact. We want to get guns into the right hands and out of the hands of the lawless. A man who knows how to handle firearms seldom has accidents with them—we want to cut down the number of such accidents. And don't forget, after everything is said, a citizenry that can shoot straight is an independent citizenry, one that doesn't have to worry greatly over the size of its standing army."

Then there is that little matter of banditry,

just now giving the country some concern. Iowa stopped it by introducing straight shooting; and so did the police of Wilmington, Delaware.

In 1916, when Wilmington with its war activities was a center for floaters of the world, the town was shot up regularly and a number of fearless but untrained policemen paid with their lives. A director of the N. R. A. got in there, set up a range and taught the police how to use their guns. Since then only one shooting affray has occurred in Wilmington in which a policeman was killed, and that was shortly after the range was opened. Even in that instance the mortally wounded policeman got his man. In the four other cases of gun play in the city it was the criminal in each instance who was foolish enough to reach for his gun and who "went West."

A half dozen cities to-day are training their police to shoot straight along N. R. A. instruction lines.

LOVE



*Posed by
Rudolph Valentino
and Doris Kenyon*

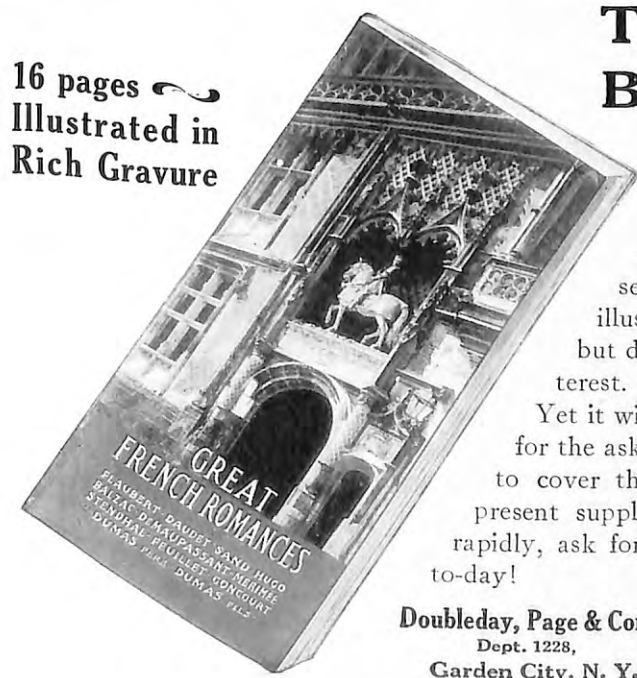
FROM FRANCE

YOU know that Paris—to-day—is a symbol of utter gaiety, culture, abandon. It is nothing else than the immortal flame of French temperament lighted from the torch of French yesterdays.

Such colorful romantic life is the setting for the greatest love stories ever written. The most alluring and stirring pages in literature have

been created by the novelists Balzac, Dumas, Maupassant, Feuillet, Flaubert, Hugo, George Sand, and their contemporaries.

A great variety of enlightening information about the masters of French literature, and the most astounding of their love stories—in fact the whole panorama of this wonderful field of writing is revealed in a new copyrighted booklet.



**16 pages ~
Illustrated in
Rich Gravure**

This Booklet *Free!*

This booklet is worthy of its amazing subject. Art galleries, rare engravings, moving picture studios, have been searched to secure the most striking illustrations. The text is sensational, but dominated by accuracy and interest. No expense was spared. Yet it will be sent to you merely for the asking and two stamps to cover the postage. The present supply is vanishing rapidly, ask for your copy to-day!

This Triangle Will Bring It Quickly

Yes—I am interested in knowing more about these immortal love stories. Enclosed is 4 cents in stamps for postage on the beautiful 16-page gravure booklet containing scenes and descriptions of the most dramatic moments in French literature and the masters who created them. This request does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

**Doubleday,
Page & Co.
Dept. 1228
Garden City, New York**

**Doubleday, Page & Company
Dept. 1228,
Garden City, N. Y.**



45 minutes' toasting develops
its aristocratic flavor — the
enormous production makes
possible its democratic price

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"



J.C.E.