

The Elks

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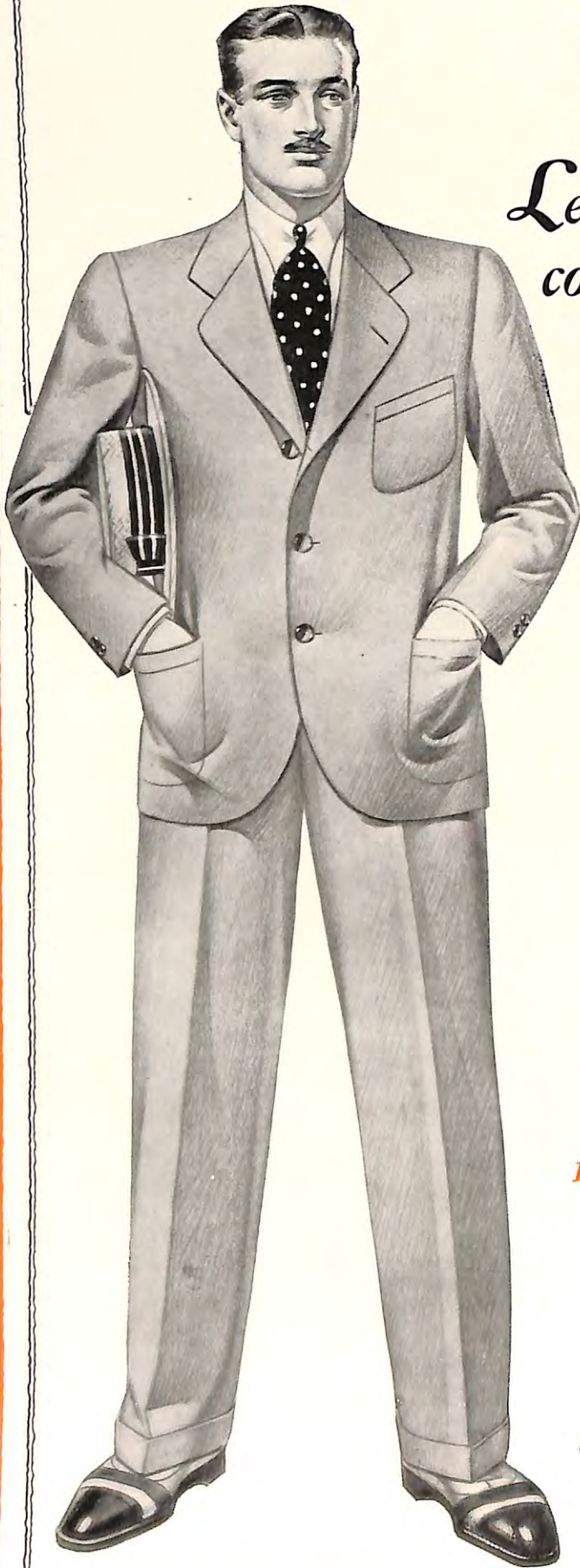
Magazine

MAY, 1927



Beginning—

R. B. Buller.
The True Story of William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) by Courtney Ryley Cooper



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HOW THE OUTSTANDING BOOK IS CHOSEN EACH MONTH

THE Book-of-the-Month Club is a service which prevents busy or procrastinating people from missing the outstanding new books that they want to read. It has engaged a group of five critics to select the most readable and important book each month—Henry Seidel Canby, chairman, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield and William Allen White. The book selected each month is sent to all subscribers, unless they specify that some other book be sent instead. They pay the same price that the publisher himself charges. This unique service has been very widely praised, and over 40,000 discriminating readers have now subscribed to it. It has, however, met with an interesting criticism in some quarters. This is: "I don't want any one to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books." What ground is there for this objection?

HAVE you ever given thought to the considerations that *now* move you in deciding to read any book? You hear it praised by a friend. Or you see an advertisement of it in a newspaper. Or you read a review of it by some critic, whose account of it excites your interest. You decide you *must* read that book. Note, however, what has happened: it is always recommendation *from some source*, that determines you to read it. True, your choice is completely free, but you exercise your choice among *recommended* books.

Observe what follows, after you are thus influenced, quite legitimately, to read a certain book. Sometimes—but sometimes only—you go right out, buy it and read it. More often, however, if you are the average person your fine intention goes to seed. For one reason or another, you neglect to get it. You hear other intelligent people discussing it; you get annoyed with yourself; you say: "I must not continue to forget to get that book!" But in the end—all too frequently—you miss reading it altogether; you confess sadly to someone that you "never got around to it."

How the "Book-of-the-Month" is chosen

Now, what would be the difference, were you a Book-of-the-Month Club subscriber? Strange to say, upon analysis, you will find that in practice *you would be enabled to exercise a far greater liberty of choice*, and above all you would actually *get* the books—without fail—that you decide to read. How?

All the new books each month are submitted for consideration by the publishers. Necessarily there is at first some elimination; certain books are obviously designed for special classes of readers. Usually, each month, the choice narrows among from twenty

to thirty books. A copy of each one of these books is sent to each member of the Selecting Committee. There is no discussion. Each one reads the books independently, and gives them a rating in the order *in which he himself prefers them*. The book which emerges with the highest total rating becomes the "book-of-the-month".

What is the effect of this method of independent voting? When a majority of five critics (of such good judgment and such varying taste) award a book first place among twenty or thirty considered, clearly it is *likely* to be a book you would not care to miss. Certainly, it will have as strong recommendation behind it as behind the books you are influenced to read through other sources.

Nevertheless, tastes differ. This combined vote of the judges is not infallible, and they would be the last ones to consider it so. Their

choice simply represents a sensible method of arriving at one outstanding book each month—and it works! The books they choose *are* outstanding; but nobody compels you to like them, nor even to read them. Your own taste is considered, for you, quite as sacred as theirs.

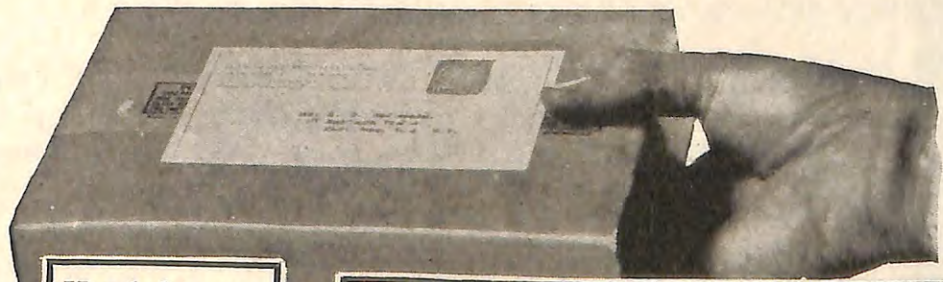
Satisfaction guaranteed

Accordingly, you are not compelled, willy-nilly, to accept the choice of our Committee. Before the "book-of-the-month" comes to you, you receive a carefully written report describing the sort of book it is. If you don't want it, you specify that some other book be sent instead. You make your choice from a list of other important new books, which are recommended by the Committee, *and carefully described in order to guide you in your choice*. If, however, you decide to let the "book-of-the-month" come and then find you are disappointed, *you can still exchange it at that time for any other book you prefer*.

The ultimate result, therefore, is that you really choose your own books—but with *more discrimination than heretofore*—and moreover you are given a guarantee of satisfaction with every book you obtain upon the recommendation of our Committee.

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Five
Number Twelve

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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

Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 604, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Robert A. Scott, Chairman and Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 866, Linton, Indiana.

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A few prominent Elks Clubs that accommodate traveling Elks. Other clubs will be shown in subsequent issues.

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



Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
of the United States of America*

Memory Month

*Philadelphia, Pa.
April 6, 1927*

To All Elks—Greeting:

Open up God's gift to man—Memory.

Let us recall the one who understood us best of all, always forgiving, ever patient, to whom no sacrifice was too great. The one whose sweet influence even to-day makes itself felt in every action and every decision. Surely to the memory of the one who gave of her years, we can give a day, the second Sunday in May, to recall—Mother.

And as we recall this great blessing, we must needs remember the bravery of those men who in their day laid the foundation of Memorial Day. With hearts filled with gratitude for the memories that are ours to enjoy, let us cherish the heritage of manhood which those who fought and died in the several conflicts have given us. Let us honor them for what they did for humanity's betterment. Bring into your Order your contribution toward the increase in Elkdom's ranks, that those who appreciate these things may constantly augment their numbers.

I have just returned to Philadelphia, having visited every State in the Union, and if I read the signs aright, Elkdom will record this year a great advance. Your assistance is essential to this result. Our Order's progress means greater happiness, better citizenry, and the satisfaction that comes from a good deed well done. America is constantly advancing. Elkdom must keep pace with our country's progress or we fall short of the work that is ours to do.

Here's to our Country and our Order and to their continued high positions in the world. Knowing your Order better is the best way to help bring about Elkdom's success.

Appreciatively Yours,

Chas. H. Kelov.
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Office of the Chairman

Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare

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

Elks Scholarships

632 Commercial Place,
New Orleans, La.
May 1, 1927

*To all Exalted Rulers, Officers and Members of all Subordinate Lodges of the
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:*

MY BROTHERS:

At the last Grand Lodge session the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare was specifically directed, by a unanimously adopted resolution of the Judiciary Committee headed by Brother John F. Malley, to . . .

. . . "investigate the progress which has been made by the Subordinate Lodges in establishing Elks' Scholarships, and the plans and methods which have been used, and the degree of success which has been attained, and to make a special report incorporating therein, if it is deemed advisable, a model plan of Elk Scholarship Foundation by Subordinate Lodges, at the next annual session of the Grand Lodge."

Inasmuch as the regular annual questionnaire of our Committee will be issued within the next fortnight or so, it has been our thought that the best thing to do would be to include questions relative to this matter in a special section of that circular, instead of sending out a separate questionnaire for scholarship matter only.

This letter, therefore, is in the nature of a notice to the effect that the educational section of our questionnaire will be of special importance, since it will seek not only the customary information from which statistics of the national expenditure by the Subordinate Lodges in this line of endeavor are to be compiled, but also the data which your Social and Community Welfare Committee needs for making a special report to the Grand Lodge.

In this connection I want to stress particularly that neither this Committee nor any other agency has been authorized by the Grand Lodge to commit the Order of Elks to any form of scholarship program. The only authority that has been granted in the premises has been that directing this Committee to make an investigation and a special report.

I want to suggest with all earnestness, therefore, that the proper officials of your Lodge immediately get together all available information relative to the scholarship activities of your jurisdiction, so that it will be ready the moment our questionnaire reaches you.

Sincerely and fraternally,



John P. Sullivan
Chairman, Grand Lodge Committee
on Social and Community Welfare.

Personalities and Appreciations

Who, What, When, Which—?

AS WE go to press, the country is being swept by a wave of question-asking which seems to be even more impelling and powerful than the wave of cross-word-puzzling that inundated it a year or two ago. Everywhere one goes he is confronted with the phrase "Ask Me Another." The publishers of the books of questions and answers are laying the cornerstones of fortunes—which will later be dissipated through the publication of great American novels—and are ordering edition after edition in a desperate effort to supply the demand while it lasts. Advertisers have been quick to join the parade, and magazine editors also are jostling one another for seats on the band-wagon. In this, even we are not exempt. Our book review page this month is given up to a series of quizzes containing, in all, a hundred questions dealing with literary items of knowledge. See if your family and friends can answer them.

Miss Claire Flynn, our book reviewer, when she first suggested compiling this questionnaire, thought it would be nice to offer substantial prizes to those who could score 100 per cent. or thereabouts in the tests. But when we pointed out that we might perhaps receive anywhere from 50,000 to 850,000 answer sheets, all of which would have to be corrected, and that it would take one person—herself—at least three months of eight-hour days to correct a mere 50,000, Miss Flynn conceded that that would be not so nice. It also occurred to us that we might possibly have to award first prizes to several hundred persons, in which case the total prize money involved might have wiped away our entire capital and surplus. And so we decided to be content with mere publication of the questions—and the answers, leaving the competitive phase of the fun to the discretion of individual heads of families among our readers.

It seems to us that the questionnaire idea might be put to good use in Subordinate Lodges, as a means of stimulating attendance and of spreading knowledge of the Order. By reference to the volumes of Grand Lodge Proceedings (of which every Lodge has copies), it would be a simple matter to compile a list of questions based on information relating to the Order that every Elk ought to know. And by injecting a competitive element into the quiz, considerable interest could be aroused among the membership. Here, by way of illustration, are a few sample questions: In what year was the Order of Elks founded? Who was responsible for the adoption of the name "Elks"? Where is the Elks National Home? When was it established? What is the purpose of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building? When did the Order abandon the use of a password? . . .

If any Lodge thinks well of this suggestion, and adopts it, we shall be glad to have a report on its effectiveness.

The Order on the Screen

THERE is a motion picture, now being released throughout the country, entitled "Moulders of Men," in which the underlying theme is the welfare activity of the Order of Elks, as symbolized in the work of a Subordinate Lodge which runs a clinic for crippled children. This motion picture, though its story was written by the Managing Editor of this publication, is not an ELKS MAGAZINE undertaking, but an independent production being distributed to exhibitors through the usual channels, and depending for its success on its dramatic value and appeal. It is in no way an "official" film, though Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelov

has expressed the opinion, after seeing it, that it should do no little good wherever it is shown.



A Memorial to Colonel Cody

BEGINNING in this issue is the real story of the life of Buffalo Bill, written by Courtney Ryley Cooper, who was closely associated with that glamorous figure during his later years. It is a fascinating chronicle of both a man and an epoch. And in connection with the story it seems fitting here to make this announcement:

Away out west in Wyoming, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, is the little town of Cody, founded thirty years ago by the man whose name it bears. He induced the railroad to build into it and hoped that some day it would be a large and prosperous city. His dream has been realized to the extent that the town has become world-known through the fact that he founded it, and through being the eastern entrance to Yellowstone Park. Now there is being built there a memorial to the founder.

A museum is being constructed in his memory, made of logs and in design a replica of his famous TE Ranch house, where he used to entertain his friends on hunting trips in the fall at the close of the show season. It is fireproofed on the inside to protect the valuable collections of books, Indian curios, and mementoes of the Colonel, which have been promised as loans and gifts, together with others purchased, as soon as the building is ready to receive them. The official opening will be held on July 4th, this year, and a notable program has been prepared for the occasion. Colonel Cody was a member of Omaha Lodge, No. 39, and it is intended to make especially welcome all Elks who knew him and revere his memory.



A Good Use for Books

RESIDENTS of the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Virginia, are fond of reading, and, though the library there is well-stocked, it can never contain too many good books. Of late it has been found, so much are they used, that many volumes have become too tattered for further circulation. It is hoped that Subordinate Lodges and individual members will bear in mind the fact that books of all kinds are always welcomed at the National Home. And it is asked that when they send books down for the library there they will send, not ragged volumes which will not stand usage, but books in condition to be enjoyed by many readers.



A Great New Serial

WHEN "Shadow River," the exciting elephant-hunt serial now running, is finished it will be followed by one of the most thrilling mystery novels we have ever read. The new serial introduces again our old friend Prosper Fair, Duke of Devizes, and plunges him into a tangle of murder and madness that will make delightful chills of horror course up and down the spine of the most blasé reader. In "The Mystery of the Axes," Bertram Atkey has woven an intricate plot which, together with his usual sharp characterizations, gives you a feeling that the fate of the persons in the story is somehow firmly bound up with your own. There is action in every chapter, action and surprise. The illustrations will be drawn by that sterling artist, C. Le Roy Baldrige, who made the pictures for our earlier Atkey stories.



Bonds of the Air

By Raymond Emery Lawrence

Illustrated by Paul Branson

THE condor sailed from the upper fields of air on a long, effortless slant. The snow-glistening summit of a great mountain strove skyward beneath him. Had the huge bird been gifted with human knowledge he would have known that this projection of the earth's crust was Chimborazo; that though it rose more than 20,000 feet into the cold heavens, its jagged apex failed by half a mile to reach the level from which he was coasting.

He would have known, too, that the pinions supporting him measured nearly twelve feet from tip to tip; that by some he was regarded as the largest living bird of flight. In addition he would have known that the shepherds of the Andean plateaus three miles down looked upon him with duplex views. Also he would have known that these shepherds were full of cunning devices for the furtherance of their views.

Outside of hunger, the condor was concerned chiefly with but one fact. This was, there was an inhabitant of the air far larger than he, a gigantic, roaring bird whose wings were bigger than the wings of a dozen condors. He hated this gigantic, noisy creature.

Once, when his journeys for food brought him to where blue water broke whitely

against cliffs below—a region he rarely visited—he had seen one of the enormous creatures take wing from some floating object and rise into the air. Circling, it had gradually attained his own altitude. Then it had rushed toward him with such terrific speed that for all his efforts he had seemed to stand still. He had escaped its onslaught only at the last moment. Another time one of the things had pursued him for miles across a forest beyond the high ledge of his aerie.

It was only at the times when he was compelled by hunger to desert the altitude of the aerie and come down into the lower lands that these things happened. His present journey brought back thought of them. But flesh was scarce where the snow lines lapped the treeless slopes; it was necessary for him to descend where animals were more plentiful.

He had suffered from food shortage for a long while. Nature had endowed him with tenacity of life above that of most birds, and with a digestive system that enabled him to eat hugely when a windfall came his way. But the period that had elapsed, during which an occasional small rodent had been his only meal, was a lengthy one even for him, and now as if drawn by a powerful

magnet he sought the areas where nature was more bountiful.

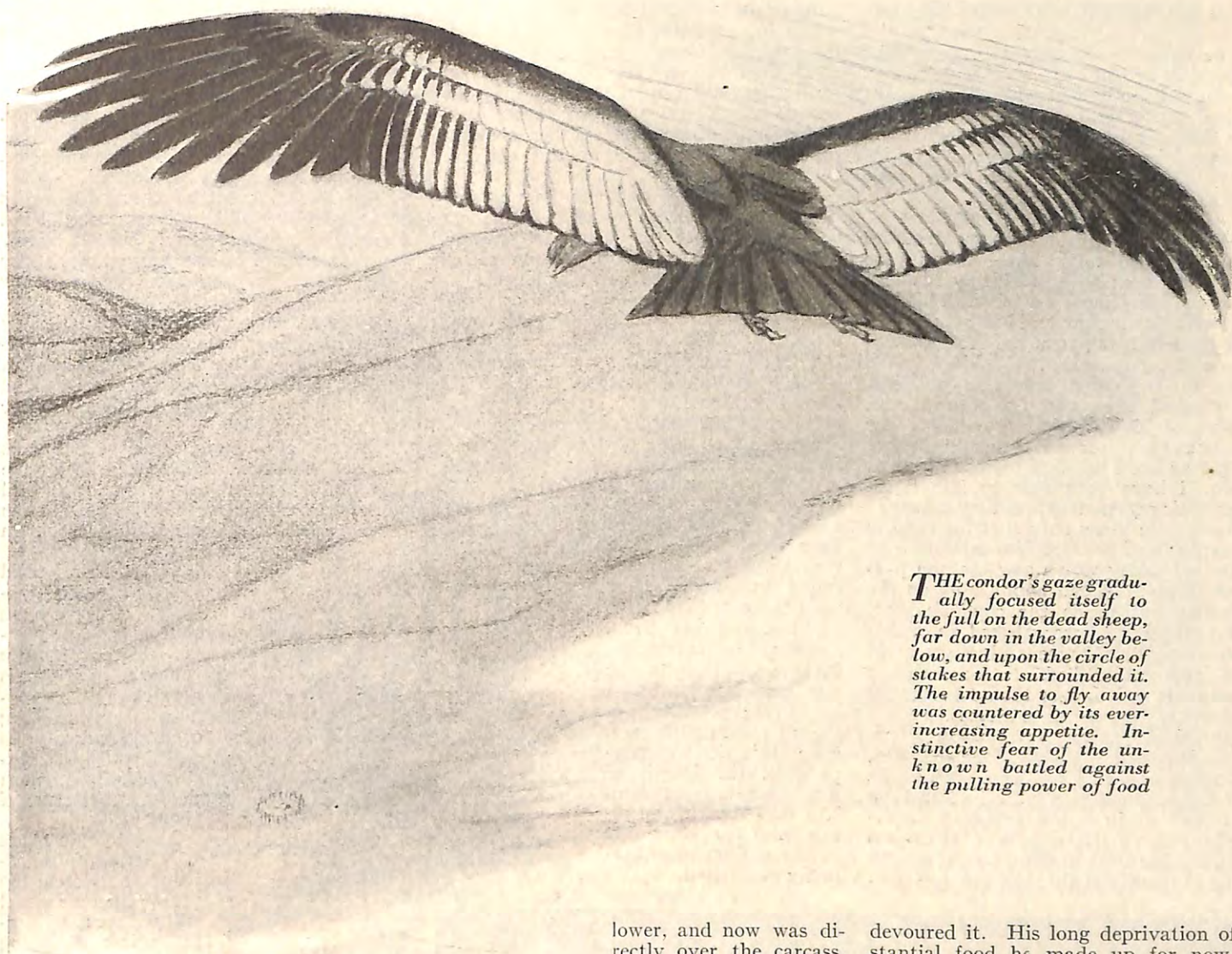
His course followed the contour of Chimborazo, leading him towards a certain plateau where herders' huts were, and where already his sharp eyes detected small moving specks that were sheep, on which, if dogs left him alone, he might soon gorge himself.

He did not like the air of the lower elevations, so different was it from the rarified substance surrounding his lofty haunts; but he liked the dogs less. When he was about to choose a sheep, they would look up at him and make great noises. There was something peculiar in the sounds they made that awoke within him fear impulses against which he was powerless.

The atmosphere grew thicker and thicker, giving him unpleasant sensations. The specks grew larger, turning into woolly objects, the sight of which made his hunger increase. Men and dogs he saw also; while far ahead and below he distinguished something that looked like another bird.

It was the monster enemy creature that twice had terrified. It was still near the ground, in the low region where the air was heavy and unbreathable, and was swinging in big curves for height. Perhaps it, too, was after sheep!

As it was yet remote the big bird paid it no further attention. The dogs and the men provided interest enough. It was



THE condor's gaze gradually focused itself to the full on the dead sheep, far down in the valley below, and upon the circle of stakes that surrounded it. The impulse to fly away was countered by its ever-increasing appetite. Instinctive fear of the unknown battled against the pulling power of food

necessary to kill at a distance from the dogs and the men; necessary to find some animal that had strayed out of their range of watchfulness.

The condor checked his descent, flattening out in a long, graceful curve. Though the plain on which the sheep were grazing was yet far beneath, to his keen vision they and other things were extremely visible. The woolly creatures were in close bunches, looking like large gray patches overlaid on the yellowish-green grass. There were few stragglers, and these were always herded back with little delay by alert dogs.

For a considerable time the condor circled above, his hunger growing, and with it impulses to swoop down, brave the dogs and attempt making off with a portion of the living food. He was about to do this, had in fact started to dip for the descent, when suddenly he espied something that deterred him.

IT WAS neither dogs nor men, but something one of the men carried.

The burden was the carcass of a sheep, and it was being borne away from the flock.

In the clutch of instinct, the condor leveled off and drifted in the direction taken by the man with the meat. He saw it conveyed some distance and deposited in a sort of enclosure made of stakes that stood up from the ground. The man returned to the flock and was approached by two other men and their dogs.

The condor all this while had settled

lower, and now was directly over the carcass. Hunger grew more intense. A dog barked, but for some reason a man restrained the animal from further noise.

Following this unexpected but reassuring occurrence, the men and the dogs moved yet farther away from the meat. The condor's gaze gradually left his receding enemies and focused itself to the full upon the dead sheep and upon the stakes that surrounded it. A vague uneasiness came into the mind of the bird as it looked at the palisade; something bade it fly off. The impulse was countered by its ever-increasing appetite. Instinctive fear of the unknown battled against the pulling power of the fleshy food.

The food began winning. The condor circled lower still. He inspected the enclosure minutely, found nothing about the circle of vertical stakes to alarm, and ended by alighting beside the meat.

Definitely on the ground there was still nothing untoward about the surroundings. Although a shred of instinct yet persisted in warning that all was not quite right with the situation, the bird's keen eyes could detect nothing that might cause trouble. The dogs and the men were remaining away, and should they approach it was necessary only to rise once more in the air.

But the condor spent no appreciable time in taking stock of things. Impressions of his circumstances impacted against his brain even while physically he was otherwise engaged. The ending of his flight and the beginning of his repast were simultaneous.

With sharp talons and sharper beak he tore at the soft, juicy flesh of the sheep and

devoured it. His long deprivation of substantial food he made up for now with gusto. Minutes passed, and with the edge of his appetite dulled he gave occasional further glances toward the points of danger. And all of these glances were as reassuring as before. His enemies remained aloof.

THE sun, in the east when he alighted in the enclosure, rose gradually until it cast its rays from nearly overhead. And while the orb climbed to its zenith a change stole insidiously over the condor. Having gorged himself with the meat he felt sleepy; besides, it was his habit to sleep during the mid-hours of the day, the air being hazy then and hunting difficult.

Less alert, forgetful of enemies in his semi-stupor, he picked with surfeited laziness at the remaining chunks of flesh that clung to the bones and hide of the sheep. And then rudely he was aroused. Catastrophe was upon him.

Men and dogs were quite close to the enclosure. It was time for him to leave. He attempted to rise into the air, and failed.

A condor, like that man-made bird, the aeroplane, has to run in order to "take off"; his wings cannot lift him from the ground direct. A condor with an empty stomach has to run but a short distance. The enclosure afforded the necessary distance at the time the bird entered it, otherwise doubtless instinct would have kept him out; but with a good portion of the sheep added to his weight a longer run was necessary—too long a run for the limitations set by the vertical stakes.

There was but one point in the palisade where escape might be made; a place where the stakes were rather low. Perhaps his

instinct had taken account of this low place and it had helped annul his fears at the time he entered. At any rate he sought this possible exit now.

It was only to be met with shouts, barking and the brandishings of clubs. With wings flapping uselessly he made for the low place again, this time to receive an incredible number of blows upon head, neck and body.

THEN men were inside the pen, and more blows rained upon him—blows that partly paralyzed; while suddenly his legs grew entangled. Shortly afterward, his legs bound with strong cord, and half stunned, he found himself being removed from the enclosure and carried away.

What the purpose of it was he could not have guessed even had he been in full possession of his faculties. He had never before been the prisoner of men, and condors that had suffered this fate neither returned nor would have been able to impart an idea of their experiences had they managed to return. He knew only that his captors were excited and guarded him carefully.

After a journey which saw the sun pass the zenith and descend appreciably on the other side, but which the condor's swift wings could have accomplished in a few moments, a stone house and a group of outbuildings was reached. Into a small hut he found himself thrust; then an opening was closed and he was in darkness.

In this darkness he lay for a long time. The drowsiness caused by the food returned, resulting in a period of sleep. When he awoke the darkness was more intense than it had been at first, but presently it decreased slightly, and later he heard the voices of men, the barking of dogs, and saw light flooding in upon him through the aperture.

Again he was laid hold of; again there was a journey, this time with many more men than previously—men even more excited than before. But the journey was shorter. Not far from the buildings, and on the edge of the plain where the sheep had grazed, there was another enclosure of upright stakes; and at this enclosure the journey ended.

His legs were untied and he was flung into the enclosure through a little gate which was immediately afterward shut and fastened. He stood up, the movement causing pain to race down his legs, along his sides and back. He felt awkward, stiff. Giddiness made it difficult to remain erect.

Through the giddiness a clear current of instinct, prompting escape, rushed. He moved jerkily forward, raised his wings amid countless more pains, and staggered against the opposite part of the enclosure fence. Here he remained for a few moments, while his wings were allowed slowly to flatten against his body again. There was no escape; the stakes were much higher than were those that had surrounded the meat. They were twice as high as he could crane his neck, and the place was smaller in extent. Despite the fact that he was again light and could rise from the other pen with ease, from this it was impossible, the length of run necessary to send him into the air and allow him to clear the higher palings was absolutely prohibited.

With his distance-judging faculty telling him this, he turned and wobbled to the center of the enclosure, where he stood still and regarded his immediate surroundings. There was that about the place that sent an unpleasant tremor through his body. There were feathers on the ground that were not his own, but of his own species. There was blood upon the feathers.

The mental effect of these discoveries was wholly one of uneasiness. He did not know why he was uneasy. He felt merely a great desire to be once more in the upper skies, as far away from these men and their strange doings as possible.

His attention was taken of a sudden by something else. Additional men were approaching the enclosure; he could see them through the interstices of the stakes. And these men were carrying with them another bird of his own kind.

The feet of this other bird were tied as his own had been. And as had been done with him a moment before, this other bird was freed from its bonds at the gate to the enclosure, then flung inside. Again the gate was shut.

The condor looked at the newcomer curiously. It was a male and as large as himself. It was a little younger, its feathers not yet the deep uniform black denoting complete maturity; its quills still held suggestions of the brown that was the color of young birds.

The newcomer made a fluttering, futile attempt to fly from the pen. Then he stood still and occupied himself with regarding his companion in captivity.

But this peaceful survey of each other was not allowed to continue long. The older condor saw the men without press closer to the palings, was conscious of many shouts and gestures; then felt a spasm of pain in the fleshy part of his side.

The thing that had caused the pain was a sharp stick that some one had thrust between the palings. He felt it again, dodged to the other side of the enclosure—to meet other sharp sticks. Sticks that jabbed furiously at him, and that sought out all the tender spots of his body.

He noted that the same thing was happening to his fellow captive, the younger bird frantically escaping the painful prods on one side only to receive them on the other. It all was accompanied with more or less noise.

At first the condor was conscious merely of fright. Then gradually another emotion began taking possession of him; he felt blind anger surge through him. This anger was primarily directed toward his persecutors. He took to alternating his attempts to elude the sticks with attempts to get at the persons who poked him with them.

The palings baffled his efforts. He grew enraged at the palings, tore at them with talons and beak. Sticks shoved him away.

Then something unexpected and further confusing happened. One of the shoves caused him to collide with the other captive. The eyes of the younger bird were gleaming feverishly as he staggered from the shock. Blood dripped from the folds of his feather-



Instinct for battle took possession of him . . . hissing, with talons and beak he rushed in



less neck-skin. Hisses came from deep in his throat.

Recovering himself, the younger bird made a quick, vicious head-movement. The older condor felt the hot, stinging impact of the other's curved beak. Simultaneously he heard increased noise well up from the circle of faces beyond the palings.

He returned the surprising attack. Instinct for battle took possession of him, made him forget the prodding sticks. Hissing like the younger bird, with talons and beak he rushed in to rend and kill.

And the younger bird, the first to attack, met the retaliatory assault with a new attack, an even more furious attack than he had before made. In a moment beaks and talons were dripping blood that had spouted from half a dozen different gashings. But the younger bird bore his share of these wounds.

Time passed—an indeterminate space of time as condors may judge it. The sun, which had come from low in the sky, rose perceptibly higher. And as its rays grew warmer a definite difference in the fighting ardor of the two birds occurred.

THE older condor's ardor for battle diminished. His first onslaught had been prompted by sheer madness inspired by the sticks and the sudden attack of the other. Anger had carried him on for a period. But now his emotion was being submerged by a stronger thing.

This thing was a weakness, a great weakness that made him clumsy, that threatened the collapse of his muscles, the obliteration of all his faculties.

Had he been capable of reasoning he would have known the cause of this weakness. He would have recognized it as due to the terrible clubbing received on the day before, an ordeal that had left in his body a tale of strained ligaments, bruised mus-

The plane no longer terrified the condor. He found himself able to view it with curiosity, seeing it come abreast of him and noting the hands of the men that it carried wave at him

cles, temporarily deranged internal organs.

But he did not reason; it was sufficient to know that he was failing of strength, that his attacks fell short, that well-designed attempts to strike the other in a certain spot failed surprisingly and ended time after time with fusillades of blood-draining clawings and pickings from the younger bird.

The latter showed no signs of weakness. Again had the older condor been endowed with reasoning ability he would have understood why this was. The younger bird evidently had received no injuries of consequence at the time he was taken.

Added to this, of course, was the fact of youth itself, with its faster recuperative powers, its superior stamina.

The younger, crazed by the mob, seemed indeed to pick up strength rather than lose it. His beak made flesh-opening drives with increasing swiftness. His talons dug with augmented energy. The blood-lust of the kill was on him; his sole thought, so far as instinct may be called thought, was to annihilate the life that moved the creature in the pen with him.

The older condor sensed his danger in a dim way. His weakness made it impossible for him to achieve and hold the intense rage that drove the other; he was left opportunity for consciousness of self. He felt his weakness grow. Instinct told him that soon the end must come, that soon he would be entirely at the mercy of his antagonist whose bill, adding to the hurts he already possessed, would tear what remained of him to pieces.

The noises from the circle of faces behind the palings rose and fell with rhythmic insistence. At one moment there was some-

thing about them that seemed to uphold him; at another they tended to batter him down, as heavy down-currents in the sky sometimes pushed him toward the ground. A mist like that from a rain-cloud fogged his eyes. He staggered, he stumbled. Then he was conscious that he had fallen; and next, that he had regained his feet.

He was conscious too that new wounds had been added to his body during this fall, wounds that wet his feathers but that no longer stung. The mists before his eyes thickened, the noise rose and fell in a softer manner. For a second time he went down.

HE FELT little interest in arising. But something deep within him urged him erect, urged him to renewed consciousness of the plucking, clawing bird that was now seemingly on all sides of him at once. The noises had become distorted, strange, far-away noises, proceeding from faces as distorted and remote. Yet the noises continued affecting him; they produced in his brain the sense of a rising and falling air-current that supported him capriciously and bore him into a cave of unknown blackness.

Then suddenly everything was still.

But another noise was filling the silence. A terrific, roaring sound. The condor remembered the sound. It was from the thing that he hated, and that thing, he saw with fading vision, was in the sky.

It was low in the sky. And it was rushing toward the enclosure. It was roaring forward on its great wings that were huger than any other flying creature's wings.

Terror, a panic-striking terror beside which that produced by the men, the sharp sticks, the approaching death in the pen was nothing, surged through his body.

He saw the gigantic thing alight on the ground and continue toward the palisade, and his fright increased.

(Continued on page 61)



BROWN BROS.

Buffalo Bill enjoying the press reports of his famous organization

IT SOMETIMES happens that the more a man is known, the less he is known; his deeds become preeminent; the underlying causes of those actions often are lost in the spectacularity of a personality which displays but one side to the public—that of the performer, the showman. Thus it is that the story of Buffalo Bill has been written many times, but strangely enough, little attention has been paid to the much greater story of the man who was just "Bill Cody."

Therein lies a different narrative than the mere recital of how a man won a reputation by killing Indians or aiding to annihilate the buffalo.

The story of Bill Cody is something far greater; the narrative of a man who built himself into a high-minded, lovable, good-principled being from a background of cursing, drunken, often disreputable companions, who lived to see the day when he could meet royalty upon an equal basis, yet could remember the day when as a boy he had worked for the murderer, Alf Slade, and had seen him, at the end of a week's spree, kill a man for the mere lust of ending life. Who often was quoted in every

American newspaper upon European questions because he had been the confidante of practically every crowned head of the Continent, who numbered among his close friends, generals, ambassadors, kings of finance, social leaders, Presidents of the United States, yet who had never known more than two and a half months of continuous schooling in all his life, who had performed more deeds of valor than perhaps any other man on the American plains, yet who remained unspoiled. Whose life began with tragedy, rose to the highest pinnacle of affluence, then sank to tragedy again, finding him always the same, affected by neither one nor the other. Who had all the weaknesses, all the frailties, yet not a fault, and withal the strength of character, of courage and of personality that is steadily, year by year, entrenching him more strongly among the greatest figures of American history; others made the East, the North and the South; it was the lot of Bill Cody to make the West.

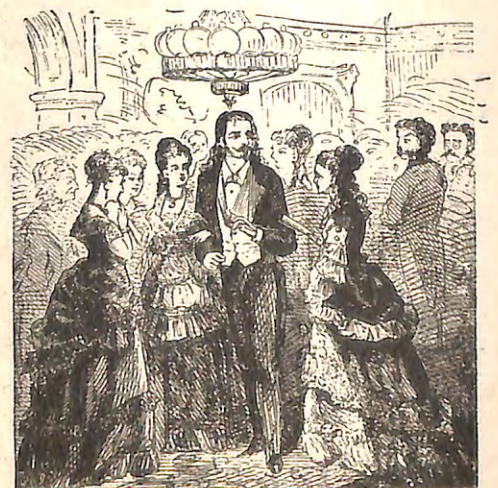
The story of Bill Cody's life and of his achievements is not an easy thing to write. It is a tangled affair regarding dates and places in many instances; his sister, Helen

The Story of William Frederick Cody

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Cody Wetmore, gives the date of his, William Frederick Cody's, birth as the 26th day of February, 1846, and the place a sunny, pleasant farmhouse upon a tract of land near the little town of Le Clair, Iowa, about fifteen miles above Davenport. Cody himself gives the date of his birth as February 26th, 1845, a year earlier, in a little log cabin in the back woods of Scott County, Iowa, the same locality. However, he mentions the move to Le Clair as not being until five years afterward, after his father had been afflicted with the California Gold Fever, and almost as quickly cured. Suffice that he was born to Isaac and Mary Ann Cody, pioneers of an honest, rugged strain, for Iowa, in those days, was not the place of bumper crops which it is to-day, and the Codys were the owners of about the ordinary run of possessions which seemed the lot of pioneers; plenty of children and few dollars.

THEY called him Willie then; bare feet protruding from ragged-edged long trousers, one suspender slanted over a shoulder, and a grinning, mischievous face showing beneath the inevitable "hick'ry hat." By his seventh year, he had become a champion forager of orchards and watermelon patches, and a genius at playing hoopkey. School and Willie Cody did not seem to mix. In quite docile a fashion, he accompanied his beaming mother to meet the teacher on the first day of school, saying "Yessum" to everything. Quite docilely he learned the alphabet. After that, there were many things which commanded more strongly; the lure of the Mississippi, and a leaky skiff careening in its swirling currents, a cave in the side of a hill, the temptation of making "Figger Four" traps for the catching of birds and rabbits, rather than the figures of an arithmetical problem—these were the



William Cody scouting among the civilians

An intimate history of one of America's most unusual characters—the man known to the world as "Buffalo Bill"

really important concerns right then to the fourth child of a family of eight by which Isaac and Mary Cody swelled the census: Martha, Julia, Samuel, William Frederick, Eliza, Helen, Mary and Charles, who, at this time, was yet to be born.

A good life, a Tom Sawyer existence, along the broad Mississippi. But the tragedy was soon to exert itself. One day Willie Cody rode with his brother Samuel, several years his elder: the evening sally "after th' cows." Samuel's horse was fractious; for a time he fought it successfully. Then, a sudden rearing, a click of hoofs as the animal raised to its full height, swung giddily, then, losing balance, crashed backward, pinioning the boy beneath him. White featured, trembling, the younger boy with the assistance of some children on their way from school, carried Samuel to the home of a neighbor. Then a swinging leap for his horse and Willie Cody was away for "Sherman's place" a cross-roads tavern, where his father was attending a political meeting. The next morning, a small boy stood in a crowded room, and watched the shadow of death cross his brother's features. Nor could he know that he was to see the creeping shadow many times in the life which was to follow—in murky tavern and in frontier fort, upon sun-baked plains and in the fury of battle; he who must also take life himself before he had even reached the state of adolescence.

The tragedy of Samuel's death played a tremendous part in the making of Bill Cody. Had it not occurred, the "Cody Place" might still exist near Davenport; Isaac, the father, had been getting on of late: he had become a justice of peace, then a member of the State legislature. There



The gallant figure that was Col. Cody in his early days as a scout

might have come the time when he would have arisen to high political power and found no fault with Iowa. But now he wandered disconsolately, with the bitterness of a man who has lost much rankling at his heart. One night he talked it over with Mary Ann; the memories were too keen here, too poignant. Perhaps in a new country, among new friends—

Thus an emigrant train moved out of Le Clair, late in March of 1852, never to return. It consisted of a carriage, in which rode the mother and sisters of Willie Cody, and three wagons, one driven by the elder Cody, the other two by hired teamsters. The outrider was Willie Cody, on the first of many such trips when new territory lay ahead for the hosts who would settle the West, and Bill Cody should be the one to ever go ahead.

The immediate object of this pilgrimage was the farm of Elijah Cody, an uncle of Willie Cody, who had settled on a farm near Weston, Mo., close to the Kansas line. There the family remained until the autumn of 1853, when, anticipating the Kansas "Enabling Act" which would allow homesteaders to stake out the land that would later be their homes, Isaac Cody and his

family moved across the State line, a comparatively short distance to a spot in Salt Creek Valley near what was then known as Rively's Trading Post, where began the inevitable building of log cabins, and suitable buildings which might be his if he acted quickly enough when the Enabling Act went through.

IT WAS a time of thrill after thrill for an impressionable boy like Willie Cody. The California fever was still running strong; in addition here was the ceaseless ebb and flow of the Santa Fe trail which carried countless covered schooners upon its surface, as, running through Kansas to what is now Colorado, it dipped to the south over Raton Pass and proceeded to its objective. The Salt Lake trail was a thing of ceaseless movement with the emigration of the Mormons, and a boy watched them as he rode afield; the covered wagons called to him with the promise of far places, the mystery of what lay over the hill, the urge to put his spurs to his horse and ride away, far, far away to the edge of the broad horizon and on beyond.

It was an exciting time of the West's



Chief Rain-in-the-Face saves Willie Cody's life

formation and the boy Cody thrilled to all of it—a time indeed when conditions were to become even more thrilling. The spring of 1854 arrived, and with it the passage of the Enabling Act. Immediately the elder Cody pre-empted his claim, while from every side came the rush of restless souls into new territory.

That summer was one of melodrama: the lining up at the border, men, women, even children, equipped with every conceivable form of vehicle, awaiting the signal that would allow them to rush into a practically unsettled State. Drunken Missourians, driving their empty whisky bottles, neck down, into the ground that they might form the corner-stakes of a claim. Campfires, blazing o' nights, with their singing groups about them—people who on the morrow might separate, never to see each other again. The thousands of families, sheltered under the covers of their ox wagons, there to live until sufficient logs could be snaked in from the nearest "woods" to form a habitation. And with all this a difference of opinion that was to breed a virtual warfare, as men from the South and men from the North strove to force their opinions regarding slavery upon a new-born community.

Slavery! This was the insidious question which entered the new territory, to accumulate power until it controlled all thought, almost every action. At first there were only arguments; followed by fist fights, and blackened eyes. The men from Missouri and other Southern States, were determined that Kansas should be a "slave State" such as the ones whence they had come. Those who had migrated from northern,

an opinion. He played with children whose homes had been burned; the Missourians were carrying on most of the work of depre- dation now in an effort to drive the free staters now in the territory upon which they had settled. All through the Cody family a feeling of bitterness crept, and of apprehension. Then, one night, Willie Cody accom- panied his father to a political gathering at the near-by Rively Trading Post.

The store was crowded, with roughly clothed, bearded men; the subject was the one ever present upon the lips of the settlers of the new Kansas. Arguments began, voices rose. Then a pressing demand:

"Here, you Cody! You ain't had any- thing to say about this. We want to hear from you! Are you a slaver or an Abolitionist?"

In vain the elder Cody strove to evade the question. The cries rose to a storm. At last, Isaac Cody was pressed to a dry- goods box and practically forced to ascend it.

For a time he spoke somewhat at random, announcing the fact that he was expressing himself publicly against his will. Then, at last, came a fatal statement:

"I was one of the pioneers of the State of Iowa," he said. "I aided in its settlement when it was a territory and helped to organ- ize it as a State. Gentlemen, I voted that it should be a white State, and gentlemen, I say to you now, and I say it boldly, that I propose to exert all my power in making Kansas the same—"

Isaac Cody did not finish his speech. A score of cries had gone up, villifications, threats, oaths. A pro-slavery man leaped forward, in a frenzy of passion, dragging a bowie knife from its holster as he came.

"You black Abolitionist!" he shouted.

A white-faced boy saw the knife raised. He saw it descend. He saw the keen blade drive deep into his father's breast—the reeling figure as it swayed for a moment on the dry-goods box, then plunged to the floor. He heard the cursing of the crowd, and watched them milling about him as he strove to go to the aid of his father. At last the great form of Rively rose with a burden in his arms, shouting to the crowd to stand aside that he might carry the injured man to the air. And the blanched boy followed, out into the night—he whom tragedy had again marked as a participant, that it might lead him to pinnacles of achievement. For the stabbing of Isaac Cody also played its part in the life of Buffalo Bill.

There was no doctor within miles. To be taken to his own home meant the danger of a new attack for Isaac Cody. So through the night a carriage bumped and jolted over the rough roads of a new country, carrying a half-conscious man, and his rescuer Rively, to the home of Elijah Cody at Weston. While Willie Cody went home, to tell his mother and sisters that a husband and father might not live.

"But I'll take care of you," he said. "I'll be the man of the family." Willie Cody spoke with every assurance. One does often when one is nine years old. Nor was it long until his promise must perform become an actuality.

The wound apparently healed—outwardly at least—and in about three weeks Isaac Cody came home. Immediately the news spread—that "Black Abolitionist" was back again, and armed men gathered to complete the work they had begun. That night, Isaac Cody, still weak from his stab-wound, a fugitive in his own country, crept to a shelter in a corn field, disguised as a woman, while armed men searched the country-side that they might kill him. For days he hid there, while under cover of night, a small boy, creeping with the stealth of an Indian, moved forth in the darkness from the little Cody home, that he might carry to his father the food that would allow him to survive in his retreat. It was the beginning of a life of misery.

Searchers would come to the house, intent upon ransacking it and, failing to find the man they wanted, would content themselves with robbing the family of whatever caught



Young Cody riding desper- ately to save his father's life

or "free" territory, were equally violent in their assertions that here the negro should exist with the every right which could be accorded a human being. The time came when the question brought on a state of guerrilla warfare—men were shot down in their homes; dinner waited long upon the table of a frontier cabin, then was forgotten, as a white-faced child brought back the word that the head of the family lay in the furrow behind his plow, with a bullet through his forehead.

Month after month the fierceness of the consuming flame raged through eastern Kansas. Willie Cody saw the burial of men who had done no more than to express

The pen illustrations accompanying this arti- cle are from Buffalo Bill's autobiography in "The Story of the Wild West," copyrighted by The Historical Publish- ing Co., Phila., Pa.

Scouts Rest, the Cody home at North Platte, Nebraska (below)



their fancy. Horses were stolen, furniture, food disappeared; often a mother, already beginning to weaken under the strain, would be forced to cook meals for men who were seeking to kill her husband, a meal served by grim-featured children, while William Cody sat at the head of the stairs, ready to warn his father in his place of concealment. There were taunts, and curses, and jeers and slurs for these "Abolitionists"—and in the midst of this life, the eighth child Charles was born; doomed to live but a comparatively short span.

IT BECAME an impossible situation after a time; the elder Cody went to a small district called Grasshopper Falls, and there, leading a solitary life, set up a sawmill. But the stain of being an Abolitionist followed him. On at least two occasions, his life was saved by Willie Cody, lying flat on the back of a speeding pony, as he carried the news that the pro-slavery men had arranged a new scouting party and were headed for Grasshopper Falls.

There was little money. The sawmill could not work steadily—much of Isaac Cody's time was spent in hiding, or in repairing the damage which marauding parties had created at his mill. Thus it happened that in the spring of 1855, a ten-year-old boy, large for his age, tanned and strong of shoulder and back from a life spent greatly on horseback, looked up into the features of William Russell, a partner of the great freighting firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, with offices in Leavenworth.

"Please, can I work for you?" he begged. "My father can't make much money and there's nothing to do around home. I've got to help mother out somehow."

Russell smiled.

"What can you do, Boy?" he asked.

"Oh, anything!" it came with typical assurance. "Only I'd have to borrow a horse. They came to the house again yesterday looking for Father, and stole my pony."

WILLIAM RUSSELL laughed this time. Then he rubbed his chin.

"Guess you could herd cattle all right," he said. "We'll let you have a mule." Then: "It's a pretty lonely life. But if you think you could stand it, we'll give you twenty-five dollars a month!"

Willie Cody gasped. In his wildest moment, he had hoped for all of ten! Out he went, with his mule and his outfit, unmindful of the fact that there might be Indians who would desire those cattle, forgetful of loneliness, the chance for illness, the possible dangers. And two months later, holding a sackful of silver dollars before him, he rode into the Cody Place at Salt Creek Valley, a traveler of parts bringing home the treasure of distant lands. Then when he had kissed his mother, he bade her sit down, and poured the contents of the sack into her lap.

Guarding a wagon train in early days from an Indian attack



"Fifty dollars!" he exclaimed. "I never spent a penny of it—honest!"

Fifty dollars was real money, back in the days of 1855! It was especially important to William Frederick Cody. For it marked the beginning of a career that was to make him a world-wide figure. Nor was it long until he was off again.

Love caused it this time. Mary Ann Cody had hoped for much in her son Willie, but in a different way.

She had wanted him to be educated, a man who, some day, might be a senator, or, dream of dreams, President of the United States. A fortune-teller had predicted that; Mary Ann Cody had believed the forecast. So, following the herding expedition, Willie Cody, reluctant, mournful of feature, his face and neck red from strong soap and hard rubbing, had been taken to the little log-cabin community school, where Mrs. Cody had told the teacher that she knew he would make an excellent pupil.

It might have worked out. But there was Mary Hyatt, with long curls hanging over her shoulders, and coy eyes and a bashful liking for Willie Cody, which was returned in furious fashion. Then, too, there was Steve Gobel, who also thought Mary exceeding fair, and who could whip Willie Cody whenever he took the notion. That event occurred three times. The first session resulted in a double licking, inasmuch as the teacher announced that Willie had "picked the fight"—and so thrashed him in full view of the school, including Mary Hyatt. That was terrible. Willie Cody, at the first opportunity, sailed in once more to battle, and once more got licked. On the third session, as they tussled, Willie's hand slipped around to his pocket and, quite accidentally, seized a knife. He jabbed it in the first available spot, which was Steve Gobel's leg. Immediately the watching children radiated in a dozen directions, with the cry rising rampant:

"Billy Cody's killed Steve Gobel! Teacher! Teacher! Bill Cody's killed Steve Gobel!"

Added to which was the voice of Steve Gobel himself, confirming the fact that he was actually and thoroughly killed. It created quite a commotion, during which Will Cody rose, looked wildly about him, then sailed over the hill, and toward the distant string of a Russell, Majors and Waddell freighting outfit, headed for old Fort Kearney in what is now Nebraska. The next day Willie Cody's seat in school was vacant, while the wagon train possessed a new cavallard driver, whose task it was to herd the weakened oxen and other cattle which accompanied the train. At a far later time, Buffalo Bill was wont to remark that his mother worried about him considerably when he was a boy.

THERE was a good reason. For the most remarkable thing about William Frederick Cody to this writer's mind was not the fact that he rose to the heights which he accomplished, but that he was even able to make the beginning of that ascent. Wagon trains in those days were hardly delectable affairs. "Murphy's" or schooners, each capable of carrying a load which ran sometimes as high as 6,000 pounds, and pulling a trailer which of itself could accommodate 4,000 more, the trains which crossed what was then the Great American desert, were no small affairs. There must be drivers or bull-whackers, each handling from four to six teams of oxen, and able by profanity, and the rifle-like cracking of their long whips, to keep those awkward beasts on the move; there must be assistants, and wagon bosses, and "extras" and cavallard drivers—every one of which never knew at the beginning of a trip whether it would end in a successful journey, or a collection of huddled, arrow-riddled, scalped forms strewn about the blackened remains of what once had been a freighting expedition. There was danger always—of Indians, or raiding Dannites, of illness, and a grave by the roadside, and to that end, the men who made up the personnel of the ordinary wagon train were often persons to whom life meant little, and existence as desperate a thing as possible.

Vainly striving to inculcate something of gentility into their crews, Russell, Majors and Waddell administered an oath to their employees which sounded very good—at the corrals in Leavenworth. Very devoutly

(Continued on page 84)

What Do You Know About This?

Our Book Talk for This Month Turns Into a Popular Quiz

Compiled by Claire Wallace Flynn

Quiz 1

1. What book was written with the express intention of rousing public opinion against slavery in the Southern States of America?
2. Who wrote the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner"?
3. What event inspired Kipling's famous poem "The Betrothed," in which occurs the line—
"And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke"?
4. What is the title of Robert Louis Stevenson's great buccaneer story for boys?
5. How old was Nathaniel Hawthorne when he began to write "The Scarlet Letter"?
6. What English scholar first translated the Bible into English?
7. Where will you find the admonition:
"Go to the ant, thou sluggard,
Consider her ways, and be wise"?
8. In what well-known romance does a prince change places with a beggar boy?
9. When was the marvelous library of Alexandria totally destroyed?
10. What classic has in its preface seventy-nine quotations by various authors— all about whales?

Quiz 2

1. Who was the first English printer?
2. What were the names of the four famous comrades-in-arms in Dumas' "The Three Musketeers"?
3. The bust of what New England poet is to be seen in Westminster Abbey?
4. Supply the missing words of these well-known titles:
 - (a) "The _____ Vagabond"
 - (b) "The _____ of Poker Flat"
 - (c) "The World of William _____"
 - (d) "Onward, _____ Soldiers"
 - (e) "The _____ of Omar Khayyam"
 - (f) "The Man That _____ Hadleyburg"
5. What famous columnist, now on the New York World, has lately, in collaboration with another author, written the life of Anthony Comstock?
6. What was Sydney Porter's pseudonym?
7. Of what delightful, fanciful child-character, created by Sir James M. Barrie, is there a statue in Kensington Gardens, London?
8. Who was Becky Sharp?
9. What short address delivered by Abraham Lincoln on a famous battlefield, has come to be judged one of the most perfect examples of English prose?
10. What famous Florentine heroine, from a novel by a woman who wrote under a man's name, was acted in the motion pictures by Lillian Gish?

Quiz 3

1. Who wrote:
"When I hear a man bragging of what he dun last year, and what he is a going to do next year, I kan tell pretty near what he is to work at now"?
2. Who is the Poet Laureate of England?
3. Who said: "God helps them that help themselves"?
4. What Spanish tale of a gipsy girl

furnishes the theme of a world-famous opera?

5. What illustrious American writer was born at West Hills, L. I., in 1789?
6. From what book by Prof. John Erskine, as reviewed in the Book Page of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, did we quote the following:
". . . for intelligent people the time for repentance is in advance"?

THIS questionnaire is not as simple as, at first glance, it may seem. Our alert reviewer, Miss Flynn, watched its effect on our staff with malicious joy. Though we offer no prize to the person who can score 100%, we do offer sincere congratulations. The answers are to be found on page 92.

7. Who's first book, entitled "From the Four Winds," was published under the pen-name of "John Sinjohn"?
8. In what tale of Colonial Days in New York State does a Dutchman scare a Yankee away from his neighborhood by representing part of a Headless Horseman—a legendary spirit?
9. Is the author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" still living?
10. What play by an American dramatist tells the story of an ex-Pullman porter who rises to be Emperor of a West Indian Island?

Quiz 4

1. Who is the author of "Ten Nights in a Barroom"?
2. To what famous London paper did Addison and Steele contribute?
3. What Mississippi River pilot became a noted humorist?
4. What happened to the children who followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin in Robert Browning's poem?
5. What volume of great popularity by Dr. Will Durant forms a compendium of the lives and teachings of many of the world's greatest philosophers?
6. In what ancient country was papyrus first used as a writing material?
7. In what great French masterpiece of fiction does the hero, an ex-convict, make his escape through the sewers of Paris?
8. Can you correct this misquotation from Browning:
"God's in his heaven
All's well with the world"?
9. Name the world's two most famous blind poets.
10. What was the name of the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's novel "Ivanhoe"?

Quiz 5

1. What is the name of the companion epic to the "Iliad"?
2. What author gave away his birthday to a little girl who told him that she had one only every four years?

3. What was Robert Louis Stevenson called by the natives of Samoa?
4. Who wrote "The Covered Wagon"?
5. The house of what Irish poet born in the eighteenth century is still standing in Bermuda?
6. What living British novelist is famous for his romances of French Canada?
7. Who wrote:
"What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish"?
8. What was the real name of Molière?
9. Who was the author of "The Angel in the House"?
10. Supply the missing word in this quotation from Robert Burns:
"Man's _____ to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Quiz 6

1. In what country did this philosophic proverb originate:
"You cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs"?
2. What is the name of the "Burmah girl" in Kipling's poem, "Mandalay"?
3. In whose classic Fables will you find the story of "The Hare and the Tortoise"?
4. What is the title of the celebrated romantic novel in which some intrepid Devonshire seamen sail to the unknown West to found an empire for their queen?
5. Where will you find the story of "Aladdin, or The Wonderful Lamp"?
6. What American novel, whose action centers around the battle of Chancellorsville, brought world fame to its author?
7. Who wrote the following lines:
"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine"?
8. What romance by Dickens conveys a striking picture of Paris during the days of the French Revolution?
9. Who wrote "Mr. Midshipman Easy"?
10. What witty and dashing Irish author, born in 1751, was at one time treasurer of the British Navy and the favorite companion of the Prince Regent (George IV)?

Quiz 7

1. What English author adopted the pseudonym "Elia" under which he wrote his famous Essays?
2. Who wrote "Mary's Lamb," the first line of which is,
"Mary had a little lamb"?
3. What contemporaneous critic of life and letters is known as "The Sage of Baltimore"?
4. Who was the author of "Pride and Prejudice"?
5. In what charming novel by Leonard Merrick does the hero awake one morning to find pinned on the bed-curtain a note saying:
"Dreamer! Good-by. There is no road back to Rouen"?
6. How much was Milton paid for "Paradise Lost"?
7. What delightful story of American
(Continued on page 70)



Earle Larimore and Margalo Gillmore

FLORENCE VANDAMM

AT THE time this goes to press the premiere of "The Second Man" has not yet taken place, but glowing reports come from rehearsal that this piece by S. N. Behrman is a good play and exceedingly well acted. If you like geometrical problems—this

is by way of being something of a triangle play, only there are two men and two women involved, and the smallness of the cast is more than compensated by its high quality, the two players not pictured here being Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt—E. R. B.



FLORENCE VANDAMM

Every once in so often there occurs some personal tragedy that changes history and yet remains shrouded in mystery. Such an event was the mysterious death of Franz Joseph's son. For the purposes of the play, Ernest Vajda has furnished a dramatic solution of this mystery in "The Crown Prince." Basil Sydney plays the enamored prince, and Mary Ellis (above) the baroness whose beauty works his death

One of the outstanding features of the motion picture "Moulders of Men" is the acting of the small boy, Frankie Darro, shown above with Rex Lease, who plays very well the dramatic rôle of his older brother. The underlying theme of this picture is the beneficent work of the Elks



FLORENCE VANDAMM

Every one involved in the cast of "Tommy" wants poor little Marie Thurber to marry the really nice young man who plays the title rôle—every one, that is, except the blatantly self-confident rival lover—and all Marie wants is to be allowed to do her own wanting. Mother and father Thurber everlastingly sing his praises while Uncle Dave (Sidney Toler) tries a different method, as can be judged from the picture at the left, in which William Janney (Tommy) stands embattled in defense of his lady love—Peg Entwistle

"Her Cardboard Lover" by Jacques Deval is of that frothy, sparkling school of French comedy bordering on farce which, when it is good, as in this case, is very, very good. Jeanne Eagels (right), erstwhile of "Rain," plays the lovely and volatile Simone who engages the personable Leslie Howard (right) to stand as a bulwark between her and her recurrent infatuation for her divorced husband in the rôle indicated by the title. Miss Eagels rises to the heights of high comedy in the second act and Mr. Howard quite outshines himself



PHOTOS BY FLORENCE VANDAMM

Captions by Esther R. Bien



In the title rôle of "Capon-sacchi" Walter Hampden (above) gives one of the best and most moving performances of his long career. This is the beautiful lyric drama fashioned from Robert Browning's "The Ring and the Book." Edith Barrett, shown with Mr. Hampden, is a very capable and appealing Pompilia

Left to right they are: Pauline Lord, who as usual acts most movingly a sorrowful rôle; Haidee Wright, remembered for her remarkably vivid impersonation of Queen Elizabeth; and Mary Kennedy who does very well with a rather small part. These three are gathered together in Clemence Dane's "Mariners"





White Magic in "The Spider"

THRILL, mystery and novelty stamp this product from the pens of Messrs. Oursler and Brentano for a long and prosperous life. When the old illusion of a play within a play can be so realistically imposed on an audience that they laugh at themselves, and enter into the spirit of being forcibly detained for the

duration of the play, by an authentic looking constabulary because murder has been done in their midst and they are every one under suspicion—then John Halliday, Thomas Findlay and Roy Hargrave (above) need hardly be so beguiling as they are in order to hold their playmates in breathless suspense—E. R. B.



Sitting on the edge of the bed, Christine eased a foot from a satin slipper. "I've met almost everybody of importance on Broadway, I think. Loads of people sent you their love"

"WHAT'S on her mind?" David Martin glanced under bushy gray eyebrows at the two men who stood with him behind the rear-most row of seats in the theatre. On the stage, drawing a steady stream of chuckles from the capacity Saturday night audience, Claire Winton was playing the last act of the comedy in which she had starred all season on Broadway.

"Whatever it is," replied Gregory Mount, the author of the play, his keen, pleasant face clouded, "it's dangerous. Claire simply can not do—or think—things by halves."

The third chap, young Buff Vandegard, overly stout, cherubic faced, nodded.

"She's a beautiful nut," he said, not without respect.

The eyes of the three focused upon the star. A vivid setting for her golden beauty Claire wore a Chanel red frock of shimmering crêpe Roma, one of the exquisite things that invariably raised a buzz of comment and generated admiration, envy and despair in the hearts of matinee audiences. The sort of thing, on her lovely figure, that made Claire Winton recognized as the smartest dressed actress on Broadway.

"She must have put on ten pounds at least in the last three weeks," growled Martin, the producer of the play.

"Did I tell you," Buff volunteered, "what I heard one woman say in the lobby after the first act to-night? With much gloat says she to a large lady friend, 'Isn't it a relief to find that Claire Winton is, after all, human. She's getting fat, poor dear.'"

"The show closes to-night," Martin said succinctly. What he meant was that his star would be on exhibition no longer, the target for similar expensive criticism. "It's next season that worries me."

"Meaning," Buff interpreted, "if she's growing like this in the spring, what will the

Enter—A Blind Drag

By Walter De Leon

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

harvest be? A star box-office attraction or a circus side-show freak."

"Listen." Martin drew the other two away from the plush rail behind the last row of seats. "In spite of the fact that she's a bundle of temperament, always shooting off on a tangent, going to extremes, Claire is on the level. If she doesn't realize she's eating us all out of the million dollars that would roll our way in the next year or two, we've got to tell her."

"How," Buff smiled sweetly, "do you tell a lady she's growing too bulbous to rate her salary and publicity?"

"She'll take it from us," Martin retorted.

"From whom, if not her Three Musketeers?" Buff indicated Mount, himself and the producer, "Faith, Hope and Ten Per Cent, hanging over her like the balls on a loan-shop door."

Mount smiled, shaking his head. "Claire knows what she's doing. I'll bet anything within reason that she has asked us to come to her dressing-room after the show to-night for the purpose of telling us what she has been brooding over for three weeks."

"Come on." Martin glanced at the stage. "They're going into the last scene now. Let's get back-stage."

The situation was, as Buff said, difficult to laugh off. First formed five years previously when Mount was yet an unproduced playwright and Claire a single on the two-a-day vaudeville circuits, the Martin-Winton-Mount combination, producer, star and author, had proved to be one of those happy consolidations of ability, effort, temper and temperament that bring fame and fortune to all the contracting parties.

The result of a happy consolidation of two families famous in the history of Manhattan, Bufford Vandegard had been sitting in on their conferences for two years. Claire had first met him when she applied for some safe investments at his father's bond house where Buff had labored more or less diligently since his graduation from Cornell. Genial, likable, unassuming, Buff's flippancy never entirely obscured an alert intelligence whose opinions soon became valued by Martin, Mount and Claire as expressive of the tastes of the younger generation of theatre-goers.

Buff had proceeded to fall ponderously in love with Claire. She had been very nice about it.

"Dear Buff," she had interrupted him one evening, "I am so happy you love me. You are adorable—but I'm years older."

"You can't be an hour over twenty-eight."

CLAIRE had laughed softly. "Don't—oh, please don't look so desperate. This isn't the end of everything. It's the beginning, I hope. I need your friendship, Buff. Some day I'll tell you why."

"Tell me now. It may give me an excuse for malingering longer along life's precipices."

"Some day," slowly, seriously, "I may need you to help me understand my daughter."

"Your—what!"

"My daughter Christine. She's in school, in California."

Buff had thought that over for a moment. "Three thousand miles distant. Your idea?"

"Not at all. Her own. She has a cousin—"

"The poor kid!"

"Christine?"

"Nobody else."

"I don't understand."

"No," rudely, "you wouldn't."

Refusing to explain, Buff had lugged his misery out into the night.

Ultimately he had succeeded in losing it.

The three musketeers reached the star dressing-room as the curtain descended for the last time, muffling the applause in front. Claire walked off the stage and quickly toward them, her brown eyes sparkling with pleasure and the exhilaration a friendly, responsive audience always creates.

"Hello," she cried. "Come in," leading the way into the dressing-room. To her maid, "I shan't need you for a few minutes, Felice." As the maid left, Claire selected a large bon-bon from a box of chocolates open on the make-up table. Sampling it, she faced the men. "Have a candy, any one?"

"DO YOU know," Buff eyed her severely, "the number of calories in a box of chocolate bon-bons—"

"Is enormous; staggering," Claire interrupted, unsmiling. "But—"

"Good Lord, Claire!" Gregory Mount had been studying the back of her head. "You—you're not letting your hair grow out?"

"Grow long; not out. There's a difference." Her mood swiftly changing she glanced somewhat wistfully at the three men staring at her in stony silence. "You don't like me to-night, do you? I'm afraid you'll like me still less when you hear what I must tell you. Before I begin, I want to ask Buff a question."

"Yes?"

"Just what, Buff, is a blind drag?"

"It's collegiate," he explained, puzzled, "for a mate you never meet until just before the battle begins. For instance: you are invited to a dinner-dance. The hostess sends a gent she reposes confidence in, but who is a stranger to you, to escort and esquire you for the duration of the orgy. He's your blind drag, and you are his."

"A rendezvous with—Chance," Claire nodded, busy with her own thoughts.

"Dave, Greg, Mount," she picked up their attention, "this is the hardest thing I've ever tried to say in my life. I'm afraid you'll be terribly hurt. But—my professional plans came to an end when the curtain fell on the last act to-night."

Dazed, the three men stared at her, on their faces blank incredulity. Martin was the first to recover.

"Retire? The public won't let you."

"I did not say I expected to retire permanently. I am making no plans for the future. I mean I can't promise to appear in your new play next season, Greg. Dave, it means you mustn't arrange for a theatre for me next season."

"I've already got one; leased with the guarantee of your appearance in Greg's new piece."

"Oh, that's a pity. I'm sorry."

"What can you say, dear, after you say you're sorry?" Buff caroled pertinently.

"Nothing," Claire confessed, troubled.

"You can't confide in us?" Greg asked gently.

"Greg, I hope, oh, so much! that August will find me rehearsing the new play; that



September will see us breaking it in out of town; that October will bring us back for a long season on Broadway."

"Then you're not tired of—of us, and—"

"Tired! Oh, Greg! Tired of working and battling and succeeding with you all? Tired of Broadway and the wonderful audiences that drive you to infinite pains lest you disappoint them?" Her voice became tender. "There is nothing so marvelously exhilarating as to stand on the stage with wave upon wave of applause sweeping over you, knowing that through some magic you've lifted for a moment the cares and disappointments of the folks across the footlights. You never think then of the salary Saturday will bring. All you know is that there are people out there hungry for the chuckles and the laughs you can give them. Your reward is the knowledge that the more you give the more they will love you."

"TIRED! I was not quite seventeen when I married. A vaudeville actor; a good one. My husband put me into his act. Lake and Winton was the team name. . . . When I was left alone—Christine was three then—the stage was the only thing I knew. I'd never done any other work. I never have done any other work." Her voice rose richly. "The stage has been my refuge, my savior, my consolation and the well of my contentment. It's been my life and my love. But," determinedly, "I'm forsaking it to answer a greater love. If I were really clever I might know some other way. I—I can't tell you more than I have." A pleading smile trembled on her lips. "Will you three, like the God-blessed pals you've always been, just drop me out of your plans for—for a little while? I'll come running after you, sooner or later."

"And that," Buff sighed, "takes the sign down from the loan-shop door, and sends us three dense circles rolling on our way." Rising, he walked heavily to the door. "Lady, my love and best wishes. Good-night." He stood waiting for the other two.

In the midst of summoning arguments,

Martin caught Mount's warning eye. Shrugging his shoulders, postponing persuasion, the producer reached for his hat. A moment later he left with Buff and Mount.

Thoughtfully Claire returned to her make-up table. On a quick impulse she took a bulky envelope from its hiding-place behind a mirror and opened the enclosed letter.

"My Darling Mother," it commenced. Claire turned to the second page, to a paragraph that began:

"I'm not at all sure that you'll even understand, being so accustomed to unavoidably attracting men. I know it isn't your fault that when strange men lift their gaze from my legs to my face the primal zest rapidly dies in their eyes. There are blonds and blonds, and I'm not the type gentlemen prefer. But let's not get morbid. The last one of my childish freckles has recently disappeared forever and I've just finished reading a letter from a man named Robert Zachary Tilliger."

"Robert came into my life last week disguised as a blind drag. The occasion was a dance at a fraternity house Robert was visiting. He's a Cornell graduate. We got along surprisingly smooth, he being the type that adores a willing ear and me, as usual, being tongue-tied for fear of saying the wrong thing. How he can dance! That being my one supreme gift our mutual admiration grew, you might say, from the ground up."

"When the curfew rang, thinking it was just another case of here to-night and gone to-morrow, maybe I was a little effusive with my Tostis. You'll never know how stunned I was when he charmingly disgorged an invite for a motor drive the next afternoon and dinner at the Cliff House. By Saturday, when he took me to lunch, matinee and dinner, his line had reduced me to a pulp. I detected a feverish glint in his eye that told me my feeble imitation of you in action

The three musketeers reached the star dressing-room as the curtain descended for the last time, muffling the applause in front. "Hello," Claire Winton cried. "Come in..."



had not been entirely futile. There is no knowing what might have happened—only he had to take the evening train for the East. Before he kissed me good-bye at the station he promised to call on me this summer in New York. The letter received to-day reminds me that I promised to go to all sorts of exciting places with him after I arrive home.

“NOW, Mother, I know that a man here and there means less than nothing in your surfeited existence. But even with you there was a first man, once. Robert may have successors, but I’d prefer to be the one to decide that. Physically he’s no strain on the eyes. There is no blight on his moss-grown family tree, and he’s securely sewed into the wills of half a dozen rich aunts; a man any girl might reasonably devote her life to. He doesn’t know that Christine Lake is the daughter of Claire Winton. You know how the male of the species usually begins expanding agitatedly in your presence. So when Robert meets you, think of me. I don’t suppose you can help it, darling, but when I’m with you nothing in the universe could be as insignificant, gawky, half-baked and blah as I feel.

“You’ve always been so wonderful I know you’ll give me a chance to build up a little confidence in myself. I need clothes, for which I’ve saved large chunks of my allowance. Maybe when you see me you’ll know

what to put on me. I don’t. I’ll probably be a sobbing bust as a siren, but will you do what you can for your rather delirious daughter?”

The words blurring before her eyes Claire experienced the curious jumble of emotions a reading of the letter always induced. Christine had been a gawky child. On the flying trip Claire had made to the Coast the summer before she had found her daughter, at seventeen, still uncomfortably immature and painfully self-conscious. But Claire had recognized unmistakable signs of budding loveliness she never once had doubted Christine would develop, and for which she had been content to await patiently, confidently and without discussion.

A knock at the door roused Claire from her thoughts, the rap-tap-a-tap with which Buff Vandegard always signaled his arrival.

“I came back,” he announced unnecessarily when Claire admitted him. “Listen;

what sort of a jam has Christine got herself into?”

Claire gazed at him with wide eyes for a long second.

“You clever, clever man!”

“The boy is gifted,” Buff admitted. “In my pocket just now I found the letter you gave me to mail a couple of nights ago. In the act of posting it I perceived it was addressed to your progeny. In a flash, I recalled the fat epistle you received from Christine three weeks ago. Since then our Nell ain’t been the same. Ergo, Christine’s in a jam. Right?”

“She’s in love.”

“Well, in gentle spring the birdies sing, casting strange spells over the sophomors at all coeducational institutions.”

“You were educated at Cornell, weren’t you?”

“I suffered injections of the curriculum there.”

“Ever hear of a Robert Tilliger?”

“You can’t mean Robert Zachary Tilliger?”

"He's the man."

"Pardon me; he never was a man. He's a symbol. His reason for being is the antiquated idea held by persons of wealthy eminence that they should furnish an heir to the world. In the phrase of the thorbred, Robert Zachary is by Pittsburgh Zinc out of Preferred American Sugar.

"In his freshman year—I was a senior then—Robert established himself as the world's premier Easter egg; very pretty externally but hard-boiled within. Fastidious Tillie was one of the nicer things we called him. He was a bug on the study of heredity; you know—blood lines, inherited characteristics, the shins of the father visited upon the third and fourth generations—that deep Darwin stuff.

"**D**UE to prenatal influence, much adulation and a cerebral lesion that must have occurred early in life, Robert grew up with the fixed belief that he amounted to something. Being handsome and refined has never gnawed away any part of his superiority complex." Buff smiled apologetically. "If I appear to eulogize him too extravagantly, please forgive the enthusiasm of an old college friend he never recalls."

"Is there anything vitally wrong with him?"

"N-no," Buff hated to admit. "He just isn't human."

"He's evidently made an entirely different impression on Christine."

"The poor kid. When I meet her I'll tell her a few things—"

"No, you won't," Claire interrupted firmly. "My house uptown will belong to Christine and her friends this summer. What parties are held there will be her parties. Myself and my friends will occupy the rear pews where we belong. Buff, Youth is going to be served."

"And served rough!" Buff added with unusual fervor. "Before I'd let Fastidious Tillie append himself to our little knitting circle as your son-in-law I—I'd marry Christine myself."

"Aren't you taking rather a great deal for granted?" Claire asked quietly.

"Sorry," Buff accepted the rebuke. "Like mother, like daughter, you think; what?" When Claire would not reply he stood his hundred and eighty pounds on its feet and moved it toward the door. "Every now and then I forget that my type has all the romantic appeal of a sack of Bermuda onions. Good-night, and pray for Tillie. He stole a girl from me once."

Claire laughed. After calling Felice she was still smiling when she caught sight of herself in the long mirror. Quickly the last crinkle of her amusement vanished.

"Good-by, old dear," she told her reflection. "Six weeks until Christine arrives. By then, that interesting person, Claire Winton, will have disappeared, sunk without a trace beneath the billowy outlines of—Christine's mother."

A hundred times during those six weeks Claire stood before another mirror in her home and wretchedly asked her ever-enlarging reflection why the accumulating ounces of flesh could not distribute themselves evenly over her person instead of choosing the most mortifying places to cluster and congregate.

Even in the rush and excitement of greeting Christine could not conceal her surprise at her mother's appearance.

"Why, Mother, you're—"

"Dumpy," Claire said quickly. "First time I've let go in years. Once started—the deluge."

An odd expression clouded Christine's blue eyes, a disquiet, disquieting expression Claire could not interpret. She forgot it during the busy days that followed, days of painstaking shopping, of wardrobing Christine from the skin out, completely, lavishly, under the miraculous hand of Claire's own Madison Avenue modiste. Finally satisfied Claire told Christine to telephone Robert to let him know she was at home and to invite him to dinner.

FOR that occasion Claire dragged herself out of bed, dizzy in the first phase of a summer influenza. She insisted on helping Christine. Adding the last touch she turned her to face the mirror. It revealed a lovely slim fairy-robed creature radiant as only fair-haired, blue-eyed eighteen can be.

"That," Christine gasped, "is never me. Oh, if some of those eggs at college could only see me now!"

"You'll do, anywhere," Claire said proudly. Sniffing, she reached for a dry handkerchief. "Run out and get used to yourself while I try to find something I can get into."

Robert had already arrived when Claire finished.

"Mother, this is Robert Tilliger."

Extending her hand, Claire sneezed. "How do you do," she said, realizing hopelessly that her nose was gleaming bibulously through its blotched powder.

"How do you do, Mrs. Lake?" Robert said thinly. Before his hand touched hers Claire began disliking him; intensely. It had been years since she had detected an almost total absence of interest in any man's eye. On the other hand, she reflected, it had been years since any man had addressed her as Mrs. Lake.

During dinner, between sneezes she listened with assumed cordiality while Robert paraded his opinions. He had a lot of them. Claire discovered only one she heartily agreed with. He said he would like to live permanently in California.

"You don't like New York?" she inquired.

"No," he replied. "The people here are

so—well, they're the sort of people who enjoy the sort of plays Broadway offers. I mean to say, they're pretty impossible, don't you think? But when you consider the type of men who are producing plays, and the actors who play in them, what can you expect but vulgarity and—and more vulgarity?"

Claire flashed a glance at her daughter. Eyes lowered, Christine was nervously forking some peas on her plate.

"Are you acquainted with any of the better known Broadway actor folk?" Claire asked, achieving a tight smile.

Robert managed to put nonchalance and condescension into the same smile. "Oh, I've known some Follies girls, of course."

Claire's reply was another sneeze. Christine changed the subject. When the two youngsters left the house shortly after dinner Claire wondered how much of Robert's disesteem of stage-folk her daughter had known before introducing him.

During the miserable week that followed, confined to the house chasing her stubborn cold all over her body, one fact became wofully clear to Claire. Gone was the glorious intimacy that had held Christine and herself close in thought for so many years. In the old days, with Christine still a little tot, together they had endured the strain of making good in every small-time vaudeville theatre they entered. Together, in each other's arms, they had borne the hardships of travel, the meager accommodations of the cheap hotels which were the best Claire's salary permitted. Christine had known the importance of a good report on the act before she had learned to read. She knew the sum of the agent's commission Claire must send every week before she had learned to add.

"**T**HEY was sitting on their hands, wasn't they, Mamsie?" How many times had Christine said that when an audience at an opening matinee had been unresponsive. But never had she failed to add, valiantly, "Don't worry; we'll get 'em to-night."

To which Claire always answered, "You bet we will, sweetheart."

"We'll show 'em!" That was Christine's confident amen to their prayer.

Their prayer had been answered. Claire had shown them. In the necessity of Christine's schooling, in the long separations, their singleness of thought had been divided. Claire had hoped that this summer might find her grown-up daughter and herself approaching close to one another in a return of their old heart-warming comradeship.

But even with Robert to talk about—and every mention of him was a cue for Claire to do the most marvelous, consistent acting of her life—Christine kept a noticeable check on her confidences. Voluble, frank enough in describing the places seen and visited with Fastidious Tillie, she was curiously reticent concerning the boy himself.

Claire welcomed the sound of Buff's voice over the telephone when he returned to the city.

"How's Christine?" he asked. "And when am I going to meet her?"

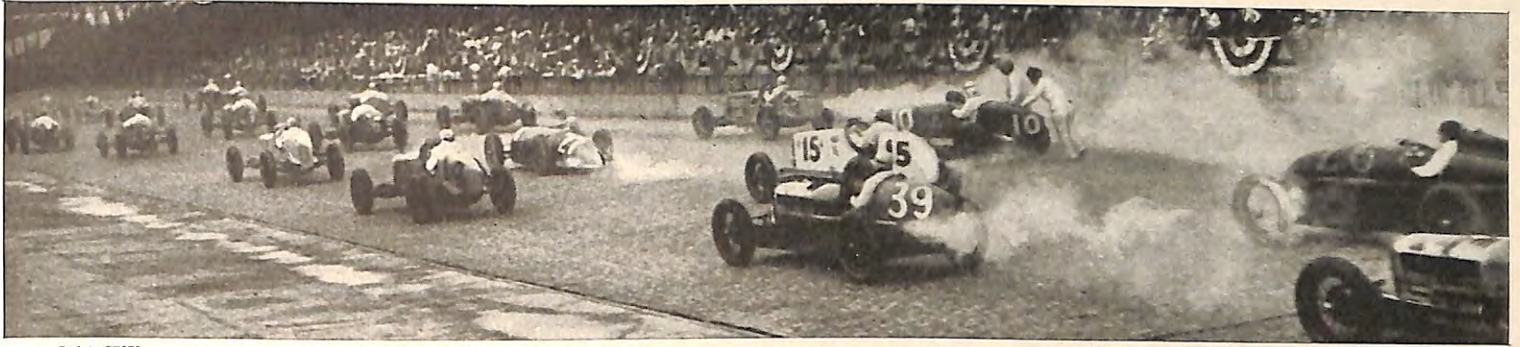
"She's out golfing, with Robert."

"Splendid fellow."

(Continued on page 52)



"I've decided I simply can't be annoyed giving you house-room any longer"



P. & A. PHOTO

Start of the annual 500-mile race, the only event held on the only brick course in the world

The Greatest Automobile Race In the World

By William F. Sturm

STANDING on the outside of the track, the starter peered up the stretch to the north, a green flag held tensely in his right hand. Far up the track in the direction of the starter's gaze a racing car came into view out of the corner of the course. When first its radiator came around the curve the car was a half-mile away. In a few seconds it seemed to grow from a tiny, crawling bug to a great, roaring monster of steel, hurtling its way through space, its rubber-shod feet barely brushing the bricks at 125 miles an hour.

The green flag in the starter's hand described a wide arc in front of the car as it flashed by. Simultaneously with the action of the starter the occupants of the stands at the starting wire heaved up in a great mass of humanity.

One more lap to go! One more lap and—**VICTORY!**

The seconds ticked off. A minute passed. The spectators grew fidgety. Hot and cold chills chased up and down spines.

"There he comes!" shouted a man from Maine.

"That's him, all right!" responded his seat-mate from California.

"He can coast in and make it now!" gasped a Texan, as he mopped his forehead with a huge handkerchief, the while his heart settled back to something akin to regularity.

As the driver of the white racing car with the No. 15 painted in black on the sides of its hood and its flat tail shot his steed across the finish wire, the starter saluted him with the checkered flag—symbol of victory.

The stands broke into frenzied cheering and stamping for Frank Lockhart, the young driver who had come out of the West a virtual unknown and had defeated a field of twenty-eight of the fastest automobile race drivers in the world.

The youthful driver circled the track again, and once again, to guard against a shortage in the checking of the timers and scorers, though the precaution was not really necessary. As he moved

at decreasing speed around the track his progress was heralded by vociferous cheering, which ran like a great tidal wave along the ocean of spectators. After making the two extra circuits of the track he came to a stop at the end of the long line of pits, where his pit crew, newspaper photographers, motion-picture operators and all the others who could evade the vigilant guards crowded around.

Forgotten were the long hours of speeding around the big brick course, with its treacherous turns that might send one into eternity if a hand but grew slack on the steering wheel; forgotten was the blistering heat which had billowed up from the bricks; forgotten was the fierce car-made wind which had torn at the exposed parts of his body; forgotten were the sore, cramped hands which had kept a tight grip on the vibrant steering wheel.

Remained only the delicious sense of a drive well done; of the greatest automobile race in the world safely tucked away in the archives of performance.

I have not mentioned the name of the track, nor even the distance of the race, but there probably are hundreds of thou-

sands of readers who know I have described the finish of the 1926 Indianapolis race. They would know it because mention was made of a great four-cornered brick course; know it because I have said that Frank Lockhart won.

There can't be any voices raised in dispute when the Indianapolis 500-mile race is termed the greatest automobile race in the world. There won't be a great many in disagreement, I imagine, were I to call it the greatest sporting event in the world. Newspaper reports speak of crowds of 80,000 at college football games and of record crowds of 90,000 looking on at the festivities in Mr. Rickard's New Jersey punch bowl, not to mention the 132,000 that watched Gene Tunney acquire the heavyweight championship at the sesqui last October. The same newspaper reports credit the Indianapolis race with an attendance of well over 100,000—as high, in fact, as 140,000.

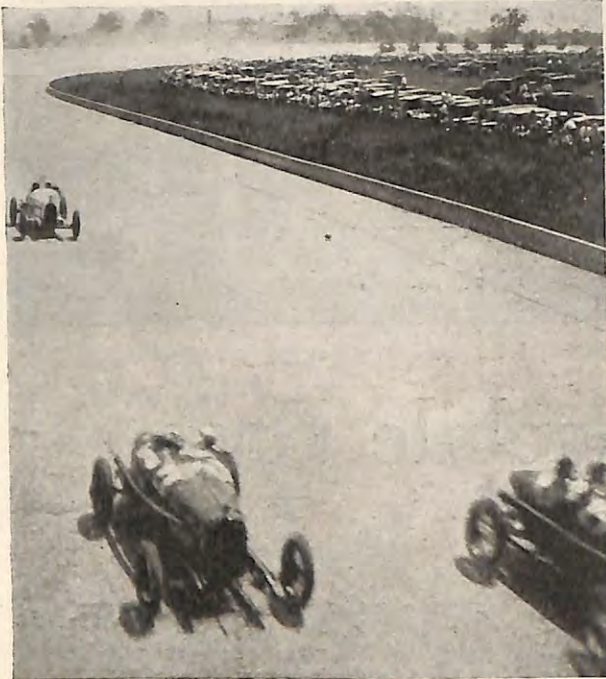
THERE are more angles than that of attendance that make for greatness in the Indianapolis 500-mile race. Among these are the idea behind the building of the track eighteen years ago; the fact that there is only one race held yearly on the two-and-a-half-mile brick course, and the further facts that the track is not an oval, but a four-cornered track and is the only brick course in the world. It is situated on a 433-acre plot of ground four miles northwest of the Hoosier capital, with paved roads radiating to it in all directions and with automobile, traction and steam roads sufficient to move 70,000 people in an hour. Strange as the remark may seem, it is not so much a great race course, as it is a monument to the faith and gratitude of four men.

Back in the moyen age of the automobile industry—1905—there lived in Indianapolis four men who already had made the start of what grew to be comfortable fortunes out of the automobile business. These men were Carl G. Fisher, A.



KIBERPATRICK

Official timers with their recording and calculating machines



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Flashing round the last lap of the long grind

Despite reductions in the piston displacement limit the average speed continues to increase

C. Newby, James A. Allison and Frank H. Wheeler. Mr. Newby was the president of the National Automobile Company; Mr. Wheeler the president of the Wheeler-Schebler Carbureter Company, and Mr. Fisher and Mr. Allison the principal owners of the Prest-O-Lite process of making illuminating gas for the lighting of automobiles. They all were ardent believers in the future of the automobile industry, and all were grateful for what it already had done for them.

The story goes that they were sitting around a fire at the Indiana State fair grounds one chilly night, watching the progress of a twenty-four-hour automobile race on the mile dirt track. My thought is that there must have been National automobiles in that race and that they were equipped with Wheeler-Schebler carbureters and lighted with Prest-O-Lite lamps.

THESE men were of far vision. They knew that the automobile of that day was crude compared to what it eventually would be. They knew that racing was the greatest crucible the engineering chemists of the young industry had for determining the suitability of various materials. If automobiles would stand up under the punishment given them during a race they would stand up under the roughest kind of driving the private owner could give them. I don't mean to imply that these men were so high-minded that they were not interested in automobile racing as a sporting proposition, or they were. Fisher had been a race promoter in the Middle West for years, before he assumed the maturer dignity of a leader in the industry.

The idea for a great paved speedway was broached. They would build a track, not for speed alone, but one that would approach road conditions and stresses, so that the automobile engineers of America might

test their theories in actual practice, so that the lessons learned in racing on the track would be of distinct benefit in improving man's greatest means of transportation. Sitting there, in the fitful light of a log fire, with a constant rain of dust from the churning wheels of the racing cars blowing on them, these four men laid their plans for the greatest automobile race course in the world.

Ground was purchased in 1909 and construction begun in the spring of that year. There was no precedent to guide the builders. As a matter of fact, they didn't wish a precedent—they were pioneers and content to be so. As the track was originally laid out, it was planned to have a main course of two and a half miles, with by-passes winding through the infield, in order to give it a road-racing flavor. This infield was abandoned before it was completed.

The first event held at the speed plant was not an automobile race, but the National Balloon Races, on June 5, 1909. The first races held were

the national motorcycle championships, sponsored by the Federation of American Motorcyclists. In September of that year automobile races were first held on the course. This race demonstrated conclusively that an error had been made in surfacing the course with crushed stone, with a tar binder, for the heavy racing cars cut great furrows in the roadbed and several fatalities resulted from wrecks.

By December of 1909 the track had been paved with brick, something over 3,000,000 paving bricks being used in the resurfacing. Short races were held in 1910 over the improved course. Among the participants at that time were drivers who had become famous in racing annals, and who continued to be famous. On May 30, 1910, Barney Oldfield electrified the world by driving his Blitzen Benz over a measured kilometer course of the track at a speed of 104.73 miles an hour.

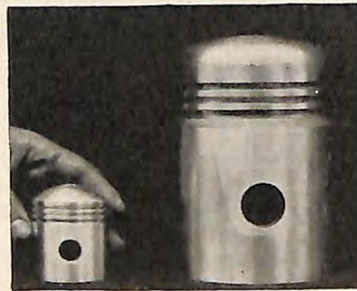
Late in 1910 the management decided to throw aside all its plans for a series of short races for 1911 and instead to schedule only one race for a distance of 500 miles. It was further decided to make the entry qualifications elastic enough to permit any

factory wishing to enter a car to do so. Accordingly, the piston displacement limit was placed at 600 cubic inches. The race was held under the sanction of the American Automobile Association, and the cars entered were stock cars, with only such modifications as would fit them for racing, such as the removal of headlights, fenders, etc.

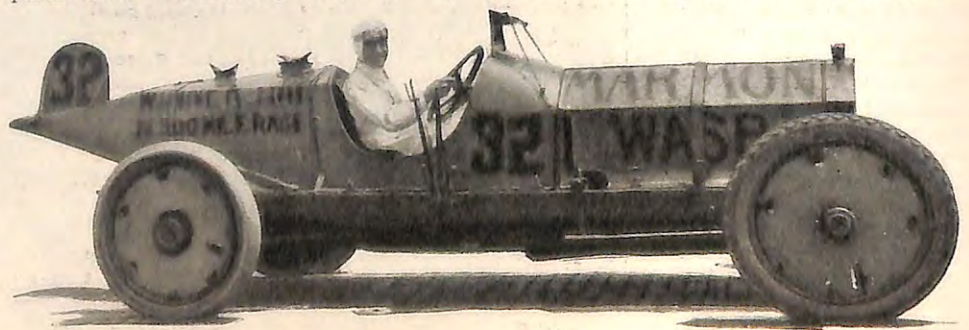
THE entry list for that first race in 1911 may stir the memory of the racing fan of those early days: Burman, Benz; De Palma, Simplex; Anderson, Stutz; Bruce-Brown, Fiat; Rickenbacker, Firestone-Columbus; Harroun, Marmon; Dawson, Marmon; Louis Chevrolet, Buick; Arthur Chevrolet, Buick; Hearne, Fiat; Grant, Alco; Fox, Pope-Hartford; Lytle, Apperson; Strang, Case; Clemens, McFarlan; Delaney, Cutting; Tetzlaff, Lozier; Jenkins, Cole; Mulford, Lozier; Baldwin, Inter-State; Aitken, National; Knight, Westcott; Wilcox, National; Merz, National; Turner, Amplex; Bragg, Fiat; Jones, Case; Ellis, Jackson; Bill Endicott, Cole; Bigelow, Mercer; Walter Jones, Amplex; Jagersberger, Case; Basle, Buick; Disbrow, Pope-Hartford; Gelnaw, F. A. L.; Frayer, Firestone-Columbus; Adams, McFarlan; Pearce, F. A. L.; Hughes, Mercer; Cobe, Jackson; Beardsley, Simplex; Tower, Jackson; Gibbons, Velie; Hall, Velie; Van Gorder, Lozier; Belcher, Knox; Wishart, Mercedes; Whalen, Pope-Hartford.

As another illustration of the vision of the speedway founders, it may be said that in those comparatively early days they foresaw that the automobile industry would be benefited by smaller engines than the great power plants considered necessary then. So they set about systematically doing their part to aid in the development of the smaller power plant. In 1911 and 1912 they put the piston displacement limit for the 500-mile race at 600 cubic inches; in 1913 and 1914 at 450 cubic inches; 1915, 1916 and 1919 (no races were held during the war period), 300 cubic inches; 1920, 1921, and 1922, 183 cubic inches; 1923, 1924, and 1925, 122 cubic inches; 1926 and 1927, 91½ cubic inches. Though the 91½-cubic-inch motors will stay for at least another year, perhaps forever, there already is some talk of reducing the displacement requirements to 61 cubic inches. Piston displacement, by the way, means merely the space displaced by all the pistons in the motor as they move from their lowest point in their stroke to their highest.

That the speedway management has been right in its theory that a large motor does not necessarily mean a fast car and a dependable one is shown by the fact that Ray Harroun won the 1911 500-mile race in his Marmon Wasp at an average speed of 74.59 miles an hour. Peter De Paolo set the track record in 1925 when he won the classic in his Duesenberg Special at 101.13 miles an hour. Harroun's six-cylinder motor was of 447.1 cubic inches displacement;



KIRKPATRICK



KIRKPATRICK

Peter De Paolo, holder of the track record, in the car with which Ray Harroun won in 1911

DePaolo's eight-cylinder Dusenber Special of 121.78 cubic inches displacement.

The entrants in the first races at Indianapolis were all factory drivers. The American builders went into the game for the engineering value and the advertising benefit derived therefrom. Though there were foreign cars driven by Americans in the 1911 and 1912 races, it was not until 1913 that the foreign factories could be induced to enter cars. As a result of this foreign invasion the 1913 International Sweepstakes, as the race is called, was won by Jules Goux, in a French Peugeot; the 1914 race was won by Thomas in a French Delage; the 1915 race was won by De Palma in an American-owned Mercedes; the 1916 race by Dario Resta, Italian-English driver, in an American-owned Peugeot, and the 1919 race by Howard Wilcox, in an American-owned Peugeot. There the success of the foreign legion ended, no foreign cars having won since the victory of Wilcox, an American driver, in 1919.

During all the years the 500-mile races have been run there have been only two occasions when the length was less than the half-century distance. In 1916 the race was cut to 300 as an experiment, but proved unpopular. In 1926 rain forced the stopping of the race for an hour, after it had been on for two hours, and again later at the 400-mile mark a heavy rainfall caused it to be abandoned. It was called a race, however, as previously it had been agreed that any distance over 350 miles should be considered a race.

The statistics for all the races follow for those readers who are ardent racing fans:

	Piston Disp.	M.P.H.
1911—Harroun, Marmon	447.1	74.59
1912—Dawson, National	490.8	78.72
1913—Goux, Peugeot	448.13	76.92
1914—Thomas, Delage	380.2	82.47
1915—DePalma, Mercedes	274.0	89.84
*1916—Resta, Peugeot	274.0	83.26
1917—No race—World War		
1918—No race—World War		
1919—Wilcox, Peugeot	274.6	88.06
1920—Gaston Chevrolet, Monroe	182.5	88.5
1921—Milton, Frontenac	182.5	89.62
1922—Murphy, Murphy Special	181.44	94.48
1923—Milton, H. C. S. Special	120.75	99.95
1924—Corum, Duesenberg Special	120.8	98.23
1925—DePaolo, Duesenberg Special	121.78	101.13
†1926—Lockhart, Miller Special	90.2	95.885

The average for the 1926 race was not as high as some may have expected, due to the fact that it was the first race for the vest-pocket 91½-cubic inch motors.



A view of the infield and grandstands during the progress of the great automobile race



Frank Lockhart who won last year's race in a Miller Special

The bugs had not been worked out of the motors at that time, and for that reason the record for this year's race, with the same size motors, will be higher.

So much for the background of the greatest automobile race in the world.

I walked into the office of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway on June 8 of last year. The 1926 race had been over just one week.

"Well, at any rate, the race is over for a year," I greeted T. E. Myers, who has been secretary and general manager of the speedway since 1910.

"Yes, it is all over," Mr. Myers, answered, "but it already has commenced again. What's in the mail this morning, Miss Dallenbach?" he asked of his assistant, who has been with the speedway only a year less than has Mr. Myers.

Miss Dallenbach ran through the mail on her desk. "Here's

a letter from Mrs. Tom Mitchell, Anderson, Ind., ordering thirty-six Grandstand E box seats for 1927; one from Lilborn Shoemaker, of Little Rock, Ark., telling us that he is somewhat disappointed in not getting a front-row box in Grandstand B, as he ordered, but he came to the 1926 race anyway and will please reserve him a front-row box in the middle of the stand for the 1927 race."

She ran on down through a stack of accumulated orders before she concluded: "This is a week's collection: 5,000 grandstand seats, 3,060 box seats and 65 automobile parking spaces for 1927. And in the next week we'll get at least \$1,000 worth more, and it will keep that gait, with variations, from now to the middle of January, when we announce the opening of the seat sale. From then on orders will come by leaps and bounds, and the last two weeks in May we will be hunting bomb-proof, sound-proof hiding-places in order to avoid the importunities of our friends who know that all the tickets are gone, but they 'just must have six seats in Grandstand A, right across from the pits,' and they know we will get them for them."

Of course, the tickets for the 1927 race had not yet been printed so soon after the race just past, but the orders come in and are filed in the order of their receipt and the tickets are sent out in January.

The day after a 500-mile race which always is held on Memorial Day, unless that day should come on Sunday, preparation is immediately begun for next year's event. The grounds, which extend a mile in length by almost a mile in width, look as though they never could be put in order. There is a litter of papers and boxes and pillows scattered about that would discourage any one but the superintendent of the grounds, Lawrence Welch. He gets a small army of

(Continued on page 70)



Tommy Milton, who took first place in 1921 and again in 1923



Ralph De Palma, who won the 1913 race, rounding the South Curve

Babe Ruth, the highest star of them all—highest, that is, to the magnates who pay ball players' salaries



AT THE conclusion of the world series of 1926, the trained observers who had been peering moodily at the developments of the national pastime had rather come to the conclusion that a dangerous lull in the popular interest was about to make itself evident. Baseball seemed to have become a trifle monotonous. In both leagues the teams appeared to have become standardized.

The conditions were such that they gave the lie to the old axiom, "Take nothing for granted in baseball." It is my conviction that if the teams had started the current year as they finished last season, this year in baseball would be looked upon with something approaching apathy by the fans. The greatest charm of the national game, its infinite variety, seemed about lost. But the hot stove league season, which promised to be decidedly dull, turned out to be the liveliest off-season that ever developed.

Once again there was something like the excitement that followed the revelations concerning the Black Sox scandal of 1919. Dutch Leonard, the former pitcher of the Boston Red Sox, brought charges against two of the greatest figures in the game, Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker. There was more popular hysteria over this than there was when it was shown that almost an entire baseball club had sold a world series to a gambling ring.

Cobb and Speaker were two of the greatest figures in the game. At the time when the fans were raging over the betrayal by the White Sox, and they were even a little maudlin over the "Say it ain't true, Joe" sob, they would say, "Well at least we have Cobb and Speaker."

These charges brought first amazement, then incredulity, and finally indignation. Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis cleared Cobb and Speaker, and they returned to baseball as heroes, but not to their original teams. Cobb went to the Athletics of Cornelius McGillicuddy, to join Eddie Collins, who returned to his old team from the White Sox. Speaker went to the Washington Senators, where he is co-star with Walter Johnson.

And these shifts are only a few that have made the current season an interesting scramble. Rogers Hornsby, who piloted the St. Louis Cardinals to their first pennant

The Year of Scrambled Ivory

By W. O. McGeehan



Fordham Frank Frisch, now playing second base for the world champion Cardinals

and their first world championship, is captain and second baseman for the New York Giants. This is another of the incredible changes.

Only a few years ago the late Charles Ebbets offered \$275,000 for Rogers Hornsby. Mr. Branch Rickey, who was then the manager of the Cardinals, listened with no little interest, but finally, after heaving a heavy sigh, he announced that he might as well let Sportsman's Park sink into the Mississippi. The St. Louis fans would slay him if he even considered such an offer.

Yet to-day Rogers Hornsby is the property of the Giants, and Frank Frisch, the Fordham Flash, one of the few New Yorkers on the New York team, is playing second base for the Cardinals. Still the frenzied fans of St. Louis have not slain anybody. They are waiting developments. The homicide may come later, but Mr. Samuel Breadon, the president and majority stockholder of the Cardinals, thinks not.

Still another shift sent Long George Kelly, own nephew to Big Bill Lange, to the Cincinnati Reds, and Roush, the favorite of the Cincinnati fans, went back to the Giants, from which team he was traded just as he began to find himself as an outfielder. The Cincinnati fans, quite as impulsive as the fans of St. Louis, are suspending judgment, but not for long. It does not take any great length of time for Mr. Garry Herrmann's customers to make up their minds, and when their minds are made up they express their opinions very freely.

New hope comes to Boston, where baseball hope has been springing eternal, only to fall upon its chin for a decade or so, since William Carrigan has returned to his old post as manager of the Red Sox. William swore that he would not, but this year of the infinite variety was too much for him.



Ty Cobb will sport the uniform of Connie Mack's Athletics this summer

Old landmarks of various baseball parks have been uprooted ruthlessly in the sweeping changes. Zack Wheat has gone from Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, perhaps forever, and is now with Cornelius McGillicuddy's forces. Burleigh Grimes, another Brooklyn favorite, is with the forces of John Joseph McGraw and anxious to make his old team-mates miss him.

All in all, there hardly remains a team with the same personnel with which it finished the last season. It is this feverish shifting that has rekindled the interest of the fans and has set the scenes for the most interesting pennant chases that have been promised for many a year. In fact, the conditions are such that the over-suspicious are inclined to speculate on the possibilities of the magnates having connived at the bringing about of the changes which have reawakened the interest.

OF COURSE, the magnates are entirely innocent. It has been their policy never to disturb any statu quo, on the theory that any change might be for the worse, which is the theory of big business in all lines. But the changes have come and the investors will be the beneficiaries.

The changes may affect the attitude of the customers and bring into their watching of the games a certain cynicism and the trace of a suspicion. It was no light shock to the fans to have Cobb and Speaker accused of that capital offense, "sloughing" a ball game, and when the customers notice anything erratic or unusual in the conduct of a baseball game in the future they may be inclined to speculate upon the chances of it having been "sloughed." In the long run the bringing of suspicion upon any commercialized sporting enterprise is not, as the promoters would put it, for the best interests of that particular sport.

It is a critical as well as an interesting year for the national pastime. The old idols are tottering and the material from which the new gods are to be made is not impressive. There is some reason to fear that it may be the peak of the popular interest in baseball. I am not an alarmist nor am I among those who would heave the first brick at the national pastime.

But consider the facts. The veterans of

twenty years are beginning to feel muscular twinges that convince them that their time in the big leagues is short. Cobb and Speaker are very mature athletes. So is Walter Johnson. So are all of the grand old gentlemen of baseball, and what have we to replace them?

I do not mean that the race of professional athletes has gone back, or that the young men coming up are not as good as these were when they were recruits. They may be better in keeping with what has been demonstrated in connection with all athletes with the exception of the prize fighters. Records on track and field are falling every year, consequently all of the athletes must be getting better.

But around athletes like Cobb, Speaker and Johnson, there is a glamor that requires years to gather. You can not plaster one of the new ones with that radiant sort of aura in a year, no matter how hard he hits them, no matter how swift he may be on the bases, and no matter how dazzling may be the hop to his fast one.

Even Rogers Hornsby, who is by no means a grizzled veteran, uttered some plaintive squawks concerning his feet this spring. It seems that when a baseball player has complaints about his feet it is the beginning of the end. Mr. Hornsby declared that neither the climate of California nor the climate of Florida suited his "dogs." When the feet of an athlete become that sensitive it must be the beginning of the end, for a baseball player does not show his age by the silver that shines in his hair. Tris Speaker has been white for years. The player ages from the feet up.

The season is off to a good start so far as an appeal to the imagination is concerned. It holds the prospect of a finish with an "auld lang syne" world series, which will involve the Athletics of Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy and the Giants of Mr. John Joseph McGraw, the "little Napoleon" of the national pastime. This is invoking the ghosts of a more colorful, if not more effective, day of baseball.

Mr. McGraw celebrates his silver jubilee as a Giant this season, for it is just a quarter of a century since the fiery young man from Olean, New York, came to take charge of

Tris Speaker, one of the greatest, co-starring this year with Walter Johnson on the Washington Senators



the New York Nationals after a brilliant session with the Old Orioles, the great team of all times. In those twenty-five years McGraw has won his ten pennants and has been no unimportant factor in the translating of baseball into big business.

Naturally, Mr. McGraw is very desirous indeed of winning another pennant, and later winding his way to victory in another world series. He has spared no expense, but it has become apparent, that while an unlimited bank-roll helped toward artistic success in baseball, it could by no means assure it. Pennants have been won by Wilbert Robinson with remnants and cast-offs, while Mr.

George Stallings, with nothing much in the way of an outlay for players, jammed his way through to a world championship with the Boston Braves.

Mr. McGillicuddy also feels the urge to come back, and has been building steadily to that end after having tossed up the sponge entirely with the scrapping of the old Athletics. He has gathered in the veterans with the object of making at least one desperate drive to get back into the limelight for one year at least before he lets go the reins of the Athletics. Mr. McGillicuddy's eye is bright again and once more his step is light. He sniffs the smoke of battle from the "auld lang syne" world series already. He is so sure and so eager that he even is making predictions.

This prospect will keep this season interesting, but after that what? There is bound to be a creaking of old bones—old from the baseball point of view—and the barking of ancient "dogs." This season depends upon how the old bones and the old "dogs" hold up, but the future of the national pastime, from a business standpoint and from the standpoint of permanence, depends upon the development of the new ivory.

I do not mean only in regard to the efficiency of the new material in the matter of winning baseball games, but also its development in revealing what the baseball-writers call "color." The great names in baseball have not been made entirely by their achievements in the batting averages and the other baseball statistics, but by the subtle something that makes the customers want to see them whether they are striking out or making home-runs.

OTHERWISE, when the old bones give their last creak and the old "dogs" give their last bark, there will be nothing left on the baseball diamonds but the game itself. I will admit that the game itself has a hold on the customers, but the game itself will not fill those stands and pay for the ever-increasing upkeep of the big league teams. I do not see where the added interest is promised by the men who will replace the Cobbs and the Speakers and the Johnsons. They have not yet revealed the spark. It may be in them. If it is not, the magnates already had better consider how they can best retrench.

This matter of retrenchment, if it is
(Continued on page 93)



F. & A. PHOTO



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Rogers Hornsby, who won the world's championship for St. Louis, is now captain and second baseman of the Giants

(Left) Long George Kelly, a Giant last year, now socking 'em for Cincinnati

(Right) Zack Wheat was a Brooklyn landmark for years, but this summer you'll see him in an Athletics uniform



BROWN BROTHERS

The Story of a Unique Golf Tournament Played by Two Friendly Enemies

Old Man Par

By Sam Hellman

Illustrated by T. S. Tousey



OLD Man Par is what they called Colonel Stivers in the locker-room. Not that he'd ever made the course in that; in fact he'd never had a club in his hands up to the time I'm going to tell you about. Par at Hilldale is 72; so's the Colonel. That's the connection.

On Saturdays and Sundays I used to see the old gent sunning himself on the porch by the first tee and snorting sarcastic at the tired business men and fatigued financiers trying to hit the ball with everything but the club head. He thought about as much of the game as a guy with a toothache does of a wallop on the jaw. I heard him express himself once in the grill.

"If golf's an event," remarks the Colonel, "parchesi is a crisis."

That being the case I'm surprised when he sends for me one day. What could he want with the club professional?

I finds him on the porch, fondling a highball with one hand and his long, white soup-strainers with the other. He gives me a frowning up and down from under his bushy brows.

"I understand, sir," says he, "you give lessons in this pitiful pastime," and he waves toward the course.

"That's correct, Colonel," I returns polite. You've got to be polite to a bird whose son is chairman of the greens committee and a good fellow to boot. The combination, I don't mind telling you, is rarer than three-legged canaries singing bass.

"I further understand, sir," goes on Stivers, "that Joe Munson is receiving instructions from you."

I assures him that is correct, also. A week before I'd taken on Munson, another old bimbo who's as far uptown in the seventies as the Colonel, for a session of hooks, slices and damns.

"How much," snaps Stivers, "are you being paid here?"

I tells him. There's no use holding out on the father of the lad who O. K.'s the paycheck.

"You've never earned it before, sir," says the Colonel, "but now, sir, you are being grossly underpaid—cruelly underpaid."

I just grins.

"Nobody," continues Stivers, with a bang on the table that sets the ice in the highball to bobbing, "could teach Joe Munson anything. But, I suppose, you've found that out for yourself."

"No," I comes back, "can't say that I have. He's doing pretty well."

After all, the Munson family is some shakes in the club, too, and I got no desires to have myself quoted as agreeing that any member in good standing is a blah-brain. There's no sense in my getting my toes wet in casual water and, besides, where's the percentage in crabbing my act as a golf expert? I'm supposed to be wonderful enough to extract two hundred and fifty yard drives and forty-foot putts out of overstuffed citizens with neuritis in one wrist and rheumatism in the other and I want that idea to stay as it lays.

"**Y**OU mean to tell me," scowls the Colonel, "that old fossil, with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel, is actually learning to play the game?"

"Yes," I replies. "He doesn't hit them very far yet, but he gets them straight down the fairway. The other day he got around in a hundred and twenty."

"Hours?" sniffs Stivers.

"Strokes," I explains.

"Well, sir," says the Colonel, "after all, an amusement fit for children should also be fit for second childhood. Tell me," he goes on, "did Munson give you any reason for taking up golf at this time?"

"No," I returns, "but I have an idea he

plans to enter the Father-and-Son-Tournament next month. You know, his son, Harry, shoots a beautiful game and—

“Not as good as my boy’s,” cuts in Stivers, fierce.

“They’re both five handicap men,” I slides out, graceful.

“There’s no chance of the Munsons winning, is there?” demands the Colonel.

“An excellent chance,” says I. “With the old man’s thirty and his son’s five, a two-ball foursome—”

“Explain yourself,” bristles Stivers. “What is this gibberish?”

“It’s like this,” I diagrams. “In a two-ball foursome the partners shoot alternately. For instance, if the elder Munson drives off, the younger takes the next shot, then the elder and so on. Understand?”

“YES,” growls the Colonel, “that idiocy is clear to me, but what is this handicapping?”

“Thirty,” I tells him, “is the biggest handicap that is given. All new players start with it. In a two ball foursome a team is allowed three quarters of the combined handicap. Munson’ll have thirty, his son five; three-quarters of the total is twenty-seven. Suppose they come in with a gross of one hundred. That would give them a net of seventy-three—which would come close to winning.”

“I refuse, sir,” snorts Stivers, “to suppose anything of the sort. There are certainly fathers in this club who have forgotten more about—”

“Of course,” I interrupts, “but it just happens that none of ’em have sons in Harry Munson’s class.”

“You’re insulting, sir,” rasps the Colonel. “I beg your pardon,” says I, “but I’m talking about fathers who play.”

“So Joe expects to win,” muses the old man. “What is the prize?” he asks. “A pair of crutches or a wheel-chair?”

“A thirty-drink cocktail shaker,” I grins. “I think that’s what’s getting Munson into the tournament.”

“H-m,” grunts the Colonel, and lapses into silence, his fingers toying absently with the highball glass. Suddenly he turns his eyes on me. There’s the cold light of battle in ’em.

“To-morrow, sir,” says he deliberately, “at nine o’clock I shall be here for a lesson.”

“Very well,” I nods.

“How much time,” inquires Stivers, “do you give to Munson?”

“An hour,” I answers.

“In that event,” says the Colonel, “ten minutes will be quite sufficient for me.”

Going back through the locker-room I runs into young Stivers. He’s not so young, at that, being so close to the fifty mark—that he can feel its hot breath on his neck, but he’s a peppy lad.

“I’ve been looking for you, Mike,” he greets me. “I’ve got a nasty hook on the ball I wish you’d help me iron out. How about giving me a half hour to-morrow around nine?”

“Can’t,” says I. “I’ve got a date to teach the old idea to shoot. You father’s taking lessons.”

“Who?” gasps Stivers.

“Your father,” I repeats, and I tells him of the conversation between the Colonel and me.

Stivers laughs so hard that I have to bang him on the back to bring him to.

“So Munson’s driven him to that,” says he. “I’ll bet if old Joe were to cash in, the governor would shoot himself on the grave.”

“He didn’t sound so friendly to me,” I remarks.

“Friendly!” exclaims Stivers. “They’re the bitterest friends in the world.”

“I see,” says I. “One doesn’t want the other to get ahead of him.”

“Ahead, nothing,” comes back Stivers. “He doesn’t even want him to tie. If the governor was to get high blood pressure Munson’d gorge himself with red meat until his pressure registered a degree higher. They’ve been side-kicks for years, but they’re only happy when they hate.”

“I luf you so much,” I wheezes Weberfieldian, “I could choke you to death.”



“That’s the idea,” nods Stivers. “Talking about high blood pressure, though,” he goes on, “I wish you’d keep a close eye on the old gent. He’s not as husky as he thinks he is. Don’t let him overdo the divot-digging.”

“Leave it to me,” I comes back. “I’ll stick right with him and Munson.”

“How much are we paying you?” asks Stivers.

“I know,” I grins, “I’m being grossly underpaid.”

“Not yet,” says he, “but soon.”

I’M JUST finishing up my eight o’clock date with Munson the next morning when the Colonel arrives at the practise tee. Merely to see the two of them in the same place at the same time is a big laugh.

The Colonel is a ramrod six-footer who’d weigh around a hundred and thirty pounds in his winter overcoat and with lead soles on his shoes. Munson, on the other hand, just stretches to five feet and runs about forty pounds to the foot, with a tummy that sticks out way beyond the building line. If you asked him if he had toes he’d undoubtedly say yes, but no court would admit the statement as evidence. It would be only hearsay as far as he is concerned. It must have

The water-hole has a narrow causeway so Bill and I have to carry the old gent



been years and years since he'd actually seen his ten pink wrigglers.

Stivers apparently had borrowed a pair of plus-fours from his son, who's a hefty built from the ground up. About the Colonel's thin pins the knickers rate, at least, plus-eighteens, his legs being almost completely lost in the bulging cloth. With his handle-bar mustaches swaying in the wind he presents a picture that might be called "Kentucky Colonel Hemmed in by Pants."

Munson has the ball all teed up for his last practise drive of the morning when he pipes Stivers approaching. The barrel-built baby turns a puzzled glower on his rival, and then addresses himself to the pill. I can tell by his attitude that he's got his mind made up to knock the gutta percha off its perch just to show the Colonel what a howling, ring-tailed catamount he's become at the ancient and honorable.

WELL, you know how it is when you try to kill the ball for a gallery. Never a murder is committed, merely mayhem on the turf or in the atmosphere. If there'd been a football on the tee, Munson wouldn't have even topped it. He was that wild and high.

"Is it not the idea, sir," inquires the Colonel of me, "to smite the ball?"

"It's considered good form," I admits, cautiously.

"Can't a gentleman," yelps Munson, "take a trial swing on this course without having his motives impugned by dodde ing intruders?"

"What a gentleman can or

cannot do at this club," returns Stivers, stiffly, "is something that you couldn't possibly be expected to know."

"Let's go," I cuts in. "Take another shot, Mr. Munson, and keep your head down."

"That should come natural to him," comments the Colonel. "He's never had any reason for holding it up."

Munson glares for a comeback and takes his pudgy stance. This time he connects. Twenty or thirty yards in front of the tee and that far to the left is a young maple. It's the only tree on the fairway or even in sight of it. Plang! The ball cracks into the two-inch sapling and Munson ducks just fast enough to escape the rebound.

"Damn it," he growls. "How can you play golf when you've got to shoot through a tangled forest every time you're up. If your son," he turns, wrathful, to Stivers, "attended to his business on the greens committee, instead of sinking 'em at the nineteenth hole, this would be a course instead of a jungle."

"Calm yourself, sir," says the Colonel. "Calm yourself. At your age you mustn't take liberties with your arteries."

"What's the matter with my arteries?" splutters Munson.

"Hasn't your veterinary told you?" comes back Stivers out of the old vintage bottle.

"Time's up," says I, consulting the watch and chain. "Your turn now, Colonel."

"So you're taking up golf, too," sneers Munson.

"Your perception, sir," returns Stivers, "is amazing—for your years."

"When you get so," says Shorty, "that

you think you're good I'll give you three strokes to the hole and take you on for a beating."

"You could give me six, sir," snaps the Colonel, "and still not beat me."

"All right," grins Munson, "I'll take you on in a week or so. How about next Saturday?"

"Very well," says Stivers, "but on one condition."

"What's that?" asks the other gray-head. "That I put my right arm in a sling?"

"That you're still living," returns the Colonel.

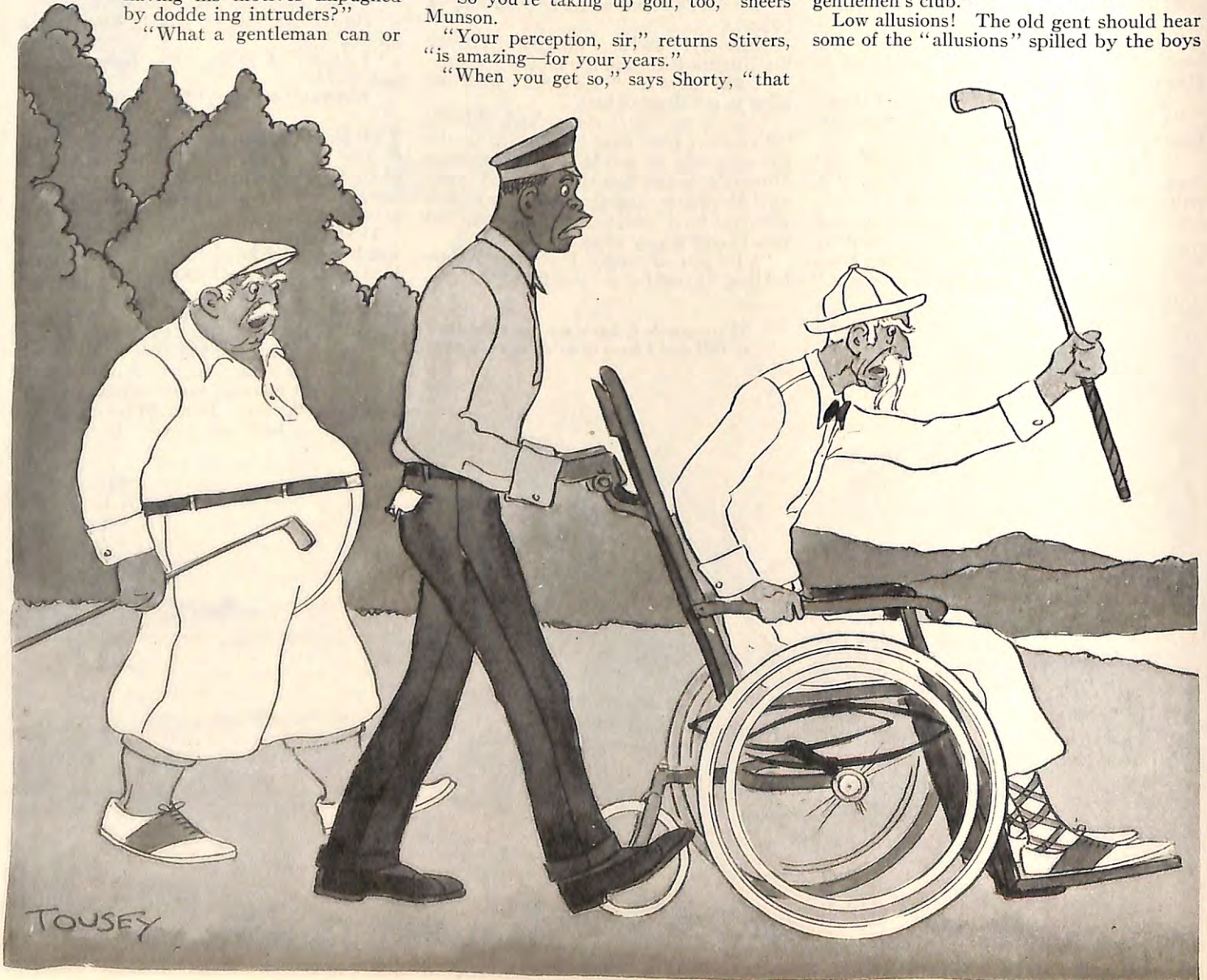
Munson picks up his bag and snorts himself out of the scene. Stivers gives me his attention.

"Understand, sir," says he, "the fact that I'm engaging in this pastime in no way changes my opinion of it. I regard it as a silly and preposterous perversion of the salubrious recreation of walking about quietly and taking the air with dignity. The idea of pelting a ball around a meadow with a stick is abhorrent to me. Do I make myself clear?"

"**P**ERFECTLY," I answers, gathering enough from the spiel to suspect that golf isn't his favorite fruit. "You're going to Edinburg to-night to get drunk and how you dread it."

"Low allusions of that character," says the Colonel, coldly, "have no place in a gentlemen's club."

Low allusions! The old gent should hear some of the "allusions" spilled by the boys



TOUSEY

when they miss a two-foot putt. Some of 'em are so low they could put on a silk hat, get on stilts and walk under a snake. However, I got no desires to hear any more slams on my meal-ticket so I starts the kindergarten lesson.

I shows the Colonel how to grip the driver with his rheumatic fingers, how to swing back and follow through, how to hold his dogs flat and then pivot while doing same, and the rest of the song and dance. He does what I tells him, stiffly, and with all the enthusiasm of a spanked kid being put to bed with nothing to eat except a helping of castor oil.

For a half hour I explains and sends him through his motions. Then I tees up a nice new ball.

"Now, Colonel," says I. "Let's see you hit one out."

"The theory, I believe," he comes back, "is to dispatch the ball to that lawn with the flag sticking out of it. Is it not?"

"Correct," I nods, "but you mustn't expect to send it by express. It's got to go by local and there are several stops."

"Stops, sir?" questions Stivers.

"For a beginner," I explains, "there are many stations on the line. The first is Rough, the next Bunker, then there's Sand Trap and Fairway and a couple of branch-offs called Hook and Slice. Besides there are—"

"Do I gather, sir," says the Colonel, "that it wouldn't be seemly for a beginner to hit the ball to the lawn with one stroke?"

"Seemly," I smiles, gazing down the 400 yards of fairway, "is not the word. Go on. Shoot."

The old gent winds himself up in a knot and when he finally disentangles himself, hits the pill a glancing blow that sends it rolling a couple of feet to the side. It's funny how a guy can swing smooth and sweet in practise and go to pieces when he steps up to shoot. It's just the difference between what a fellow is going to say to the boss about that raise and what he does say.

"Where'd it go?" asks Stivers, shading his eyes with his hands and looking far down the fairway. "I didn't, by any chance, overshoot the mark?"

"Be of good cheer," I comforts him. "You didn't even get off the tee." I picks up the ball and hands it to him. "You pulled away," I explains. "Don't be afraid, Colonel. There's no danger. It's been estimated that the chances of a golf ball climbing off the tee and biting a player are just the same as the chances of an eel getting chilblains. Now watch me."

"You didn't even get off the tee." I picks up the ball and hands it to him. "You pulled away," I explains. "Don't be afraid, Colonel. There's no danger. It's been estimated that the chances of a golf ball climbing off the tee and biting a player are just the same as the chances of an eel getting chilblains. Now watch me."

I slaps one down the groove for something over two hundred yards, but it doesn't get a rise out of Stivers.

"That seems simple enough," says he. "It is," I returns, "If you give the ball the right ticket it'll travel. Now, you take one out for a ride."

The Colonel grips his club wrong, closes his eyes, pulls away, almost trips over his feet, doesn't come through, but, regardless, the wood head meets the ball flush and away she scrambles a hundred and fifty yards on a straight loop where it hits on a slope and rolls for another fifty. It was just one of those things that happens once in a hundred times with a beginner, but Stivers recognizes it as mere routine.

"THERE'S no use wasting any more time with the driving," says he. "Now what shall I do—putt?"

"It's hardly worth while," I growls. "It's only about two hundred and thirty yards. I'll concede it."

There's no more work to be gotten out of the Colonel that day. When I sees him again along about noon he's on the porch conceding himself some highballs and making some wonderful approaches every time the bottle is shot over his way.

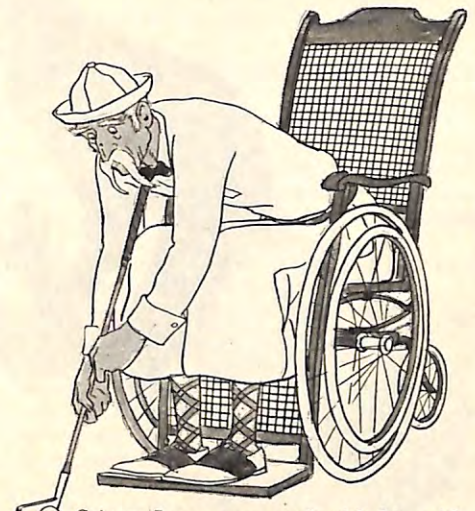
The next morning Stivers is much easier to handle, his son probably having had a talk with him, but I make a complete shift in my plan of lessons. Instead of following my usual program I decides just to prep him for the two-ball foursome, that is to say, I show him how to make easy safety shots mostly with the midiron. I figure there's more percentage in having the old gent hit them only twenty or thirty feet as long as he keeps to the fairways than in letting him wham them all over the lot, into sand-pits, ditches and the rough. Bill Stivers is deadly with his brassie and spoon and he's got a great chance of copping if his father'll only leave the ball where it can be walloped with the woods. I'd have trained the Colonel to use his putter exclusive if it wouldn't have looked too raw.

Just to tote fair I tries to work the same racket with Munson, but it's no go. He's had a taste of the raw meat of smacking 'em out and he refuses to be put on a gruel diet of nursing the ball.

Either because of, in spite of, or regardless of my teaching, both of the vets show steady improvement, but Stivers' opinion of the game doesn't improve any.

"You're doing fine," I tells him one day after he makes a succession of straight shots.

"That, sir," says he, "is no compliment.



Stivers leans over and with his midiron pushes the pill perhaps ten yards

To excel in a pastime of idiots is no feat. In a land where all the people are blind a one-eyed man is king."

Saturday morning I gets my appointments mixed and both the Colonel and his boy friend are waiting for me at the practise tee when I shows up at nine o'clock.

"I'll give way to you, sir," says Stivers to his rival. "Your need for instruction is much greater than mine."

"Mine," snaps Munson, "does me some good, at any rate."

"YOU, perhaps," comes back the Colonel, "but not that sapling yonder. You've practically stripped it of its bark and denuded it of its leaves. Have you ever considered, sir, dropping your driver and taking up an axe?"

"Listen," I butts in, "I'll take both of you on. We'll play nine holes together and I'll correct your strokes as we go along."

"Very well," agrees Stivers, "but while you're correcting his strokes you might also check up on his count of them."

"I would ask him to do the same for you," retorts Munson, "but unfortunately he's not equipped with an adding machine."

"Shoot," I orders, weary. "You, Colonel."

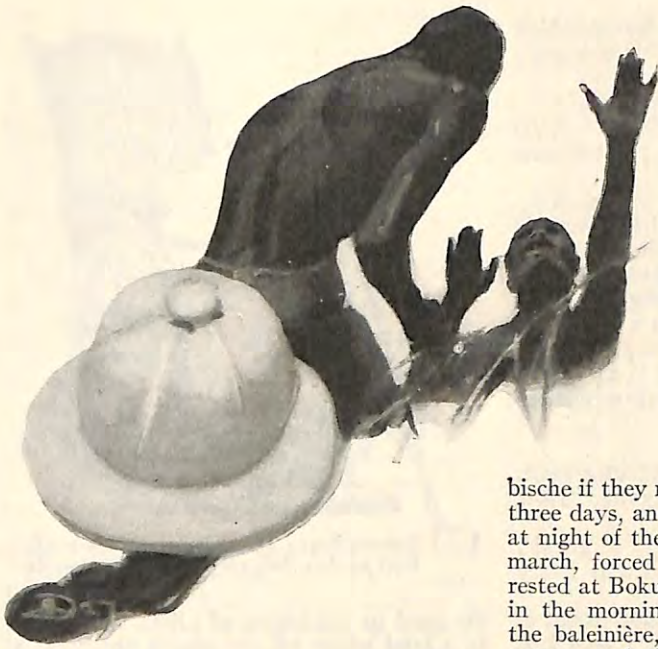
Stivers draws his club back a couple of feet and hits the ball gentle, the way I'd taught him. It rolls down the fairway less than a hundred yards but to a good lie.

"Everybody wants to play golf," sneers Munson.

(Continued on page 58)



When we starts the second nine I notices the fat old boy is having trouble with his feet. By the twelfth I catches him casting envious glances at the wheel chair



Treachery and Death Stalk the Hunters When Success Seems Within Their Grasp

Shadow River.

By Walton Hall Smith

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Part III

THROUGH a swollen blindness Davy saw Tumba coming.

A naked runner, magnificent, unarmed, speeding on toward the angry buffalo; a black man, offering his life for a white.

Tumba yelled and the bull turned, hesitating; then he took off to meet his new adversary. Tumba changed the angle of his course abruptly, and the bull followed, gaining rapidly over a distance of a hundred yards. Then Tumba dropped prone, and disappeared in the short grass. The buffalo's four hoofs threw up the dust as he stopped. He looked down at Tumba for a moment uncertainly, then he lowered his head in a tentative effort to hook his annoyner into the air. But the horn didn't catch. He sniffed the inert body for a quarter of a minute, and then turned away.

Davy lay on the ground at the foot of the tree, rolling and slapping. If he had stayed where he was the grass would have hidden him from the buffalo, but the pain was too great to leave room for reasoning at the same time. There was another pain now in addition to the stings, a slow throb at the base of his brain. When he had fallen out of the tree his helmet had slipped off; his head was exposed to the full rays of the morning sun.

He sat up and crawled toward the helmet, and the bull started.

But suddenly he stopped again, and this time forever. His legs gave way and he crumpled down, with the blood streaming out of his nostrils and mouth, and a Mauser bullet through his shoulders and lungs. Djoli ran down from the anthill with the rifle in his hands.

They lifted Davy, and got him back to camp and into bed.

His blood ran fire for two days. They put a cloth around his head and kept it wet with water from the cool stream. He lay there in a half-sleep, nauseated, listening to his heart pounding away the poison. Davy lay for two days in a critical condition, from the ant stings, but on the fourth day he was on his feet.

The buffalo's skin was no good now, but the horns were valuable. They measured thirty-four inches between the tips. One of the boys wove a kikery basket around them, for carrying, and the safari started back to the river. Davy offered a mata-

bische if they made the journey in less than three days, and they arrived at ten o'clock at night of the second day. It was a hard march, forced all the way, but the party rested at Bokungu only six hours. At four in the morning everything was loaded in the baleinière, the pirogue was made fast astern, and the slow drag upstream was begun. Davy sat in a chair under his tiny roof and watched the ape-like figure squatting on the bow, beating time with a stick on the gunwale of the boat. Every other beat the twelve paddles would sink into the water, and the baleinière gave a little lurch into the current. Bolenge sat astern, and the odd boys lay about amidstships, finding resting places among the baggage.

At eleven they stopped for the first time. They ate, and slept until six. Then they were afloat again, with the interminable river and a long night of paddling ahead.

The objective this time was far. The Lokela river came into the Tchuapa a day and a half by baleinière below Bondo, and several hours up the Lokela was a bath. Unless a steamer passed, it would take ten days at least to do it. And no steamer passed. They traveled mostly by night, and in the mornings Davy would lie on the bow with a shotgun on one side and a rifle on the other, keeping up the food supply with birds, monkeys, and crocodiles. In one place the river flowed through a weedy swamp, and they ran into several varieties of enormous water birds: flamingo, crane, heron, and a flock of marabou as tall as a man. Davy shot one of these with his Springfield, a villainous-looking bird, with beautiful white tail-feathers. He shot a score of aigrettes before he was sure what they were, and carefully packed away several hundred dollars worth of the delicate plumes.

DAVY had slept a great deal in his baleinière, so it just happened that the third night in camp he was wakeful and heard the confusion. He heard a number of niggers start talking at once, and someone was telling them to keep quiet. The voices stopped, but the movement continued. Davy lay a while, wondering sleepily whether to call the sentry or to get up. Then he saw his tent-flap lift. He couldn't see the face, but the figure was fully dressed, and entered the tent very confidently. The flap fell again, and Davy drew his revolver from under the edge of the mattress and pointed it toward the tall shadow at the foot of his bed.

"What do you want?" he said in Bangala. Then he heard the man laugh.

"If you don't speak I'll shoot you where you stand," Davy said.

"Go ahead and shoot," the voice returned, and Davy sat up in astonishment. It was in English that the man had spoken. He hadn't heard his native tongue for so long that it sounded strange. He said, "Well I'll be damned."

"You certainly will, and the Belgian Government will do the damning," the voice went on. It was not an American accent certainly, and it sounded a little like Lancashire and a little like cockney. "Will you get up and welcome a stranger?"

Davy swung his feet out of bed and into his slippers. Then he went to the table and lighted the lamp.

THE first thing he saw was a red beard, and then a pair of extraordinary blue eyes. They seemed alive, separately alive from the rest of the man, and Davy knew as he looked into them that they had never been widened with fear or surprise. He was tall, as tall as Davy, and rangy. He wore a khaki shirt and military trousers that laced at the shin and should have been covered by puttees, but instead the socks were pinned to them in front, and white, long underwear showed at the backs. He wore tennis shoes and a wide, heavy belt with an ivory buckle. Altogether, he was a man.

"Have a seat," Davy invited.

The stranger took the camp stool and stretched out his long legs. "It's a hell of an hour to wake up a man and expect hospitality, but I couldn't go by without a word or two. Do you happen to have a drop of whiskey and a cigarette?" Davy sent for Esoko and supplies. "You see I've heard about you," the man went on. "I came from up near Stanleyville. You are known to the State people." His eyes twinkled. "And so am I."

"So you've heard about me, eh? That's funny; I don't know anybody up around Stanleyville. The State people, you say? I don't get it. What do you mean they know you too? Say, what's your name anyway?"

"Bowden."

"Oh," said Davy, and his half-raised glass lowered to the table.

"You know me, do you?"

"I've heard of you."

Who hadn't heard of Bowden, the



poacher? Even a newcomer like Davy knew his story. He studied the Englishman curiously. So this was the famous thief who had hunted ivory all over central Africa, the man who had never had a permit, and who had been expelled from five colonies—Angola, Belgian Congo, French Congo, Rhodesia and British East? This was the man who was supposed to have a fortune in prime ivory buried on islands in the main river. This was the man who had tried to steal the Kilo mines from the Belgians, and who had been subjected to the worst possible insult thereafter—an arrest by black soldiers. This was the man who had been taken to Boma for trial and who, with the aid of the British consul, had won the case through lack of evidence, and then sued the State for scandalous treatment and won two hundred thousand francs. This was Bowden, who kept right on hunting anyway, and let them see if they could find him. This was Bowden, the picturesque, who didn't give a damn.

And now, this was Bowden walking boldly up to Davy as an equal, a partner in crime.

Davy flushed at the thought. "I don't know why the State people should know me so well," he said.

Bowden shrugged and smiled. "It's your Yankee luck."

"What do you mean by luck?"

"Look here, friend, you said you knew me, and if you do you don't have to be afraid. I'm not jealous. There's plenty of elephants in Africa for those as knows how to get them. Apparently you do."

"I never saw an elephant in my life, except in a circus," Davy said.

Bowden shrugged again. "I hope it keeps very fine for you," he replied.

"I hope so."

Bowden fixed another drink for himself and one for his host. He was in a very good humor, and he said so. "Don't look so cashed in, old man," he ordered. "What do you care whether I believe you or not? What the hell would you think of me if I did believe you? Your statement is too thick, really. Come along, drink your drink."

"It doesn't make much difference," Davy said. "You're right about that part of it. But I don't see why you should be so cocksure that I'm a liar and a law-breaker. Why isn't my word as good as rumor?"

"Rumor? Oh, that; listen, I know something about rumor. There have been one or two simple little rumors about me, too. They had it that I put my men in boiling palm oil when they disobeyed orders, and they said I had a black harem with a hundred and fifty shiny wives in it. I felt sorry for them when it came out in court that it wasn't true—they were so broken-hearted about it. Honestly. Oh, no, I don't pay much attention to rumor."

"ALL right; whatever the State men and others have told you, it was rumor, and what I tell you is the truth. I never saw a wild elephant in my life. I don't expect to do any shooting right away, even after I do see them. I want to study their habits a little, and like everybody else, I am looking for a big one. There you have it straight."

"It's all right with me. I believe you, but—say, you know,

don't you, that you are responsible for what your boys do?"

"Yes, I know that."

"Well, my God, don't tell me you don't know *they* have been doing some shooting. *Somebody's* been doing some shooting."

"What are you talking about? I know my men haven't been doing any shooting at all. They don't even carry a rifle when they go out to hunt."

"Look here—now look here, Mister Jones, I don't want to make you mad. I'm too lonesome and I want to talk too bad. But whether you know it or not, somebody in this party has been a-shootin' of elephants up behind Ikela where you pulled up from because I been through there and I got eyes."

"You're not making me mad. You're telling me news. Damn it, nobody in this party has ever been behind Ikela. We came from Bokungu."

Little blue lights danced in Bowden's eyes. "Well, the bloody crooks!" he said, and then he opened his mouth wide and laughed. "They're trying to bowl you over, old man, and no mistake."

"Who is?"

"Damned if I know. Somebody. They

have it that you've been slaughtering ivory everywhere, and female ivory to boot."

"Who is 'they'?"

"I don't know—everybody I talked to. The general interest has shifted over from me to you, as far as ivory is concerned."

"Maybe they don't like Americans."

"They don't like Britishers either, I know that. But I gave 'em something to worry about. It looks like they were beginning on you early, and taking no chances."

Davy tossed off his drink, and saw to the glasses. "It looks very much that way," he said. "What were you doing in Stanleyville?"

"Nothing much. I get lonesome sometimes, but not as bad as I used to. Still, it's good to talk to a white man now and then so's you won't go native. I'm not supposed to be here, you know, so every little once in a while I drop in on some of the powers and pay my respects, just to see what will happen."

"Aren't you afraid they'll lock you up?"

"NOT any more. I'm poison to 'em, you know. They go kinda easy since the shake-up a few years ago. So when I get fed up with the bush I just poke my head in somewhere and watch 'em wriggle."

"They're jellyfish, aren't they?"

"In some ways, but a jellyfish is not the right color. It gets me down a little, you know, because I was here before. I was here before they had all these comic people with their comic laws. Like every other frontier in the world, it was the Anglo-Saxons who opened up the Congo. There was nothin' but Danes and Swedes and Britishers here when I first came. And your old fellow, Stanley, he was the first of all. And old Leopold, he sat at home and sent 'em out. He didn't send out his own subjects—he knew better. The Flemish, the pure Flemish, might have done it, but not the others. After the place had been tamed down a good deal, these funny-faces began to haul in, bringing their Code and Law Book. It gets me down."

Bowden saw to the glasses.

"Did you ever know a State officer named Van Loo?" Davy asked.

"By Jove, yes, I know him, damn and blast his eyes. 'Mpo,' that's his native name; it means rat. They certainly hit it right, these boys."

"Tell me about him; I've heard about him before."

"He's just a pimple-faced, oily little cove, and a little more of a crook than the others, that's all. But there's a girl in Stanleyville—I saw her on the street a few times, that they say is out here to marry him. I think she's the most beautiful woman I ever saw in my life. By God, I don't understand it, honest. How in the name of heaven he ever hooked a girl like that. They call her Mademoiselle Dujardin, but she's English. She doesn't look any more like those cows that come out here than a chimpanzee. She wears a man's pith helmet, not these big round lacy affairs; and linen suits, and soft shirts with a tie. She walks down those streets like a queen, never looking one way or the other. I wanted to go up and speak to her, but I was afraid. I was afraid I wouldn't know what to say after I had pointed out that we were from the same country. She wasn't the kind anyone, man or woman, could go up and start a conversation with. They say she's looking the country over, before going down



They found Djoli lying on his side in the middle of the trail with a lancethrough his chest



to the west coast to meet Van Loo. If you knew Van Loo you'd know how funny it is."

"Maybe she'll change her mind."

"I hope so. And if she——" Bowden halted suddenly, and held up his hand. As though in obedience to his order, every sound throughout the camp ceased on the instant. Bowden's face was transformed. There was no careless lethargy there now; he was all intentness, relaxed, lynx-like.

Then Davy heard a sound he had never heard before. It was a great way off, but it was a big sound; behind it was power, and in it was a mixture of new and unfamiliar emotions, unknown emotions; it thrilled across unused nerve-strings and sent a prickly shiver upwards from Davy's hips, radiating out from his spine across his shoulder blades.

Two beasts went down, but they got up again and came on. Another beast had gone pain and rage, screaming inconceivably. Davy leveled the Greener and sent the

He caught Bowden's arm. "What is it?" he asked eagerly.

Bowden didn't receive the question at once, but in a while it filtered through and brought a smile to his lips. "Mr. Jones," he said, "you couldn't be as smart as that, so I want to say to you that I believe every word you've told me about your hunting out here. That sound was the trumpeting of an elephant."

"Then I'm glad he trumpeted. And I'm glad I didn't have to ask a nigger what it was."

"That sound makes me happy," said Bowden.

"I got something of a kick out of it myself."

"Wait till you've heard it for a few years. Then 'you won't 'eed nothin' else' as the book says."

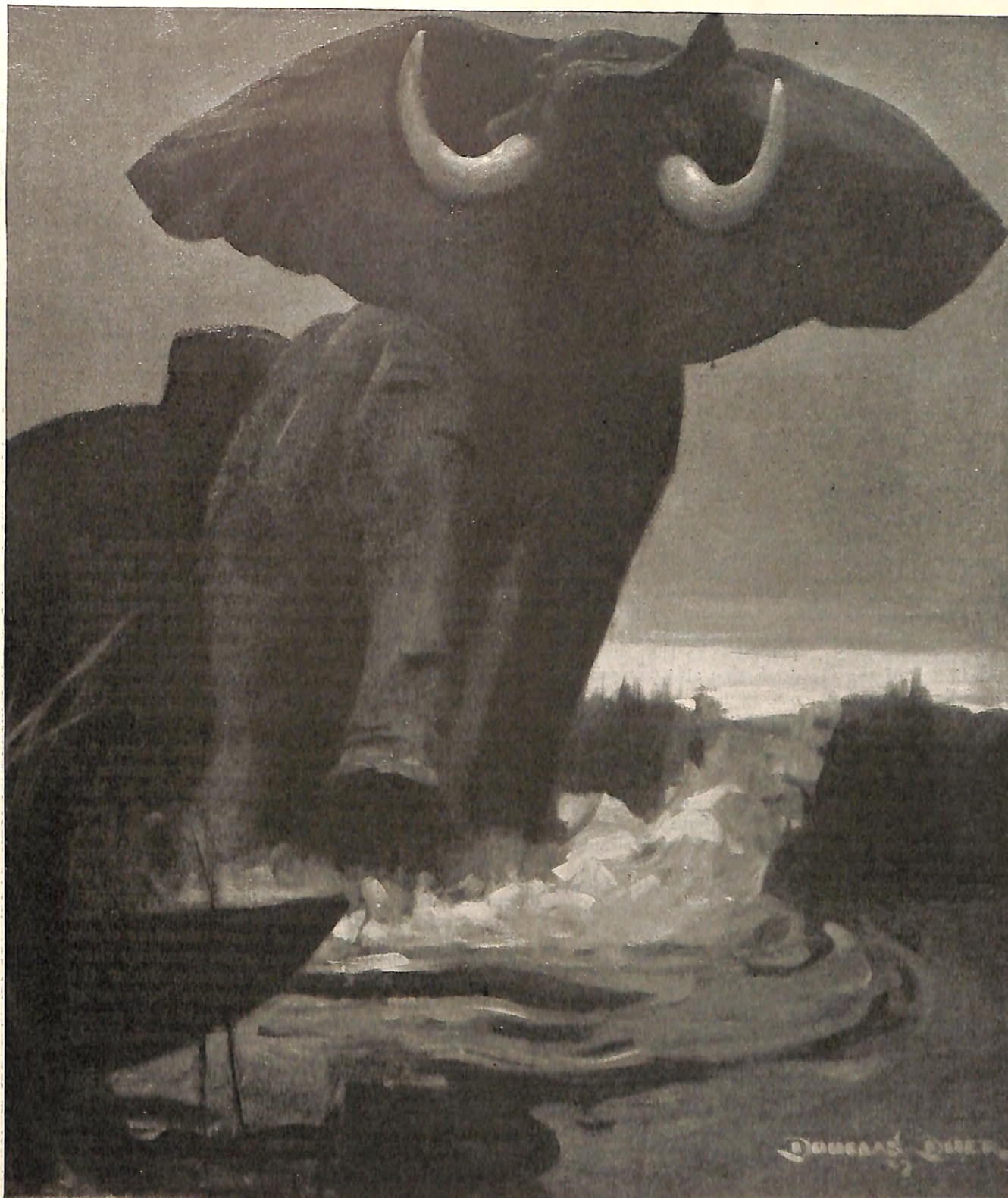
"Do you want to go over there and see what we can see? Be a good chance for me to get a lesson in elephants."

Bowden shook his head as the trumpeting came again—and then there was another sound, also far away but entirely familiar, and it brought them both to their feet in a flash.

"Who the devil did that?"

"How should I know?"

It came again, and then three times in succession, quickly. The trumpeting went on apace now, higher and wilder, raging.



down to stay. The trunk of the foremost was in the air; he was screaming with earthquake around his ears again. The elephant poured forward into the river

"That's not nitro-cellulose powder," said Davy.

"How can you tell?"

"I don't know. I've heard it a lot, is all. That sounds like old-fashioned black powder to me. Don't you know the sort of boom after it? There's no sharpness in it."

"It's your niggers, then. What did I tell you?"

"You're crazy!" Davy shouted for Djoli, and his capita stepped inside the flap at once. "What were you doing outside the tent there?"

"Waiting for you to call me, Mondele." Then Djoli saw Bowden and his eyes widened. He bowed deeply. "Mbote,

Ndeko," he greeted the poacher respectfully.

"Mbote, Djoli, don't you work for Monsieur Franck any more?"

"I work for this white man, Ndeko."

"He is a good white man, Djoli."

"Get all the men out and line them up for roll-call, Djoli," Davy ordered.

They went out with the lamp and counted faces. All were present.

"You're short-handed," said Bowden.

"I had one more, an ex policeman named Bopio, but he deserted."

"Good thing he did. I know that beggar."

"He's been causing me some trouble since."

"I'm not surprised. Maybe he works for some of your Belgian friends."

"I'm going to drill him if I ever see him again."

"Not a bad idea."

Davy asked Djoli if there were any trade rifles among the men, and Djoli said there were not.

"Then who do you think that was, shooting at the elephants out there?"

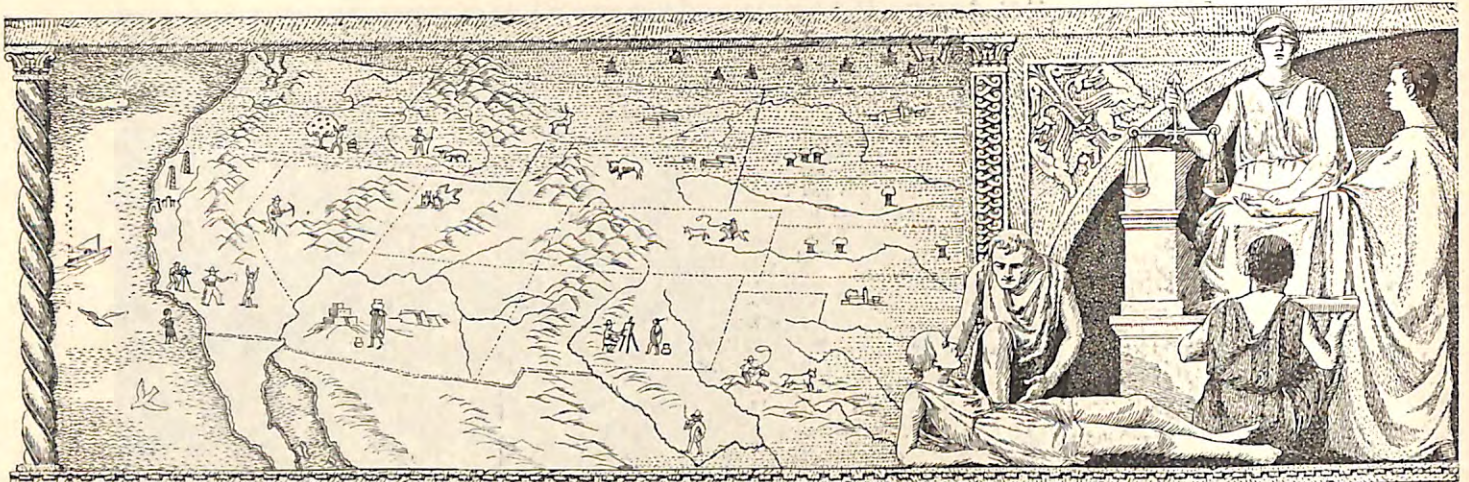
"I don't know, Mondele. Perhaps an enemy."

"Nonsense," said Bowden. "What do you know about enemies, Djoli? Get the men back to bed."

The camp and the forest quieted down, and the two white men finished their drinks.

"Djoli," observed Bowden, "is getting to be a politician."

(Continued on page 62)



EDITORIAL

GRAND LODGE ELECTIONS

BY ARTICLE III, Section 2 (2), of the Constitution, it is provided that the elective officers of the Grand Lodge shall be elected by that body in such manner as it shall by statute provide. Pursuant to that authority Section I of the Grand Lodge statutes provides as follows:

"The annual election shall be the special order of business immediately after the submission of the annual reports of the Grand Lodge officers on the first day of the annual Grand Lodge session. . . ."

This section was not enacted merely to comply with the Constitutional mandate to fix some time for the election of officers, and simply as a matter of immaterial formality. It was a carefully considered and deliberately adopted change of the original statute on the subject.

From the organization of the Grand Lodge down to the year 1900, the elections were held on the last day of each annual meeting. But during 1897, 1898 and 1899, when the general revision of the Constitution and Statutes was under consideration, this particular matter was given special attention, and the above-quoted section was adopted into the revised Statutes.

The reason for the change was thus stated by Brother Bartlett, Chairman of the Committee on Constitutions and By-Laws, in submitting their comprehensive report to the Grand Lodge in 1898:

"There is another feature which we have sought to remedy, and which I have taken from that adopted by the National Law League, of which I had the honor to be President last year, and that is to get rid of political campaigns in the Order, which interfere very largely with the social feature of the organization and Grand Lodge business. We have had the same difficulty that you have had. Now, our idea is this, to have the election on the first day of the session. (Applause.) I am glad it meets your approval. And to have the installation on the last day. Then we will have a little time for Lodge work as well as for social enjoyment."

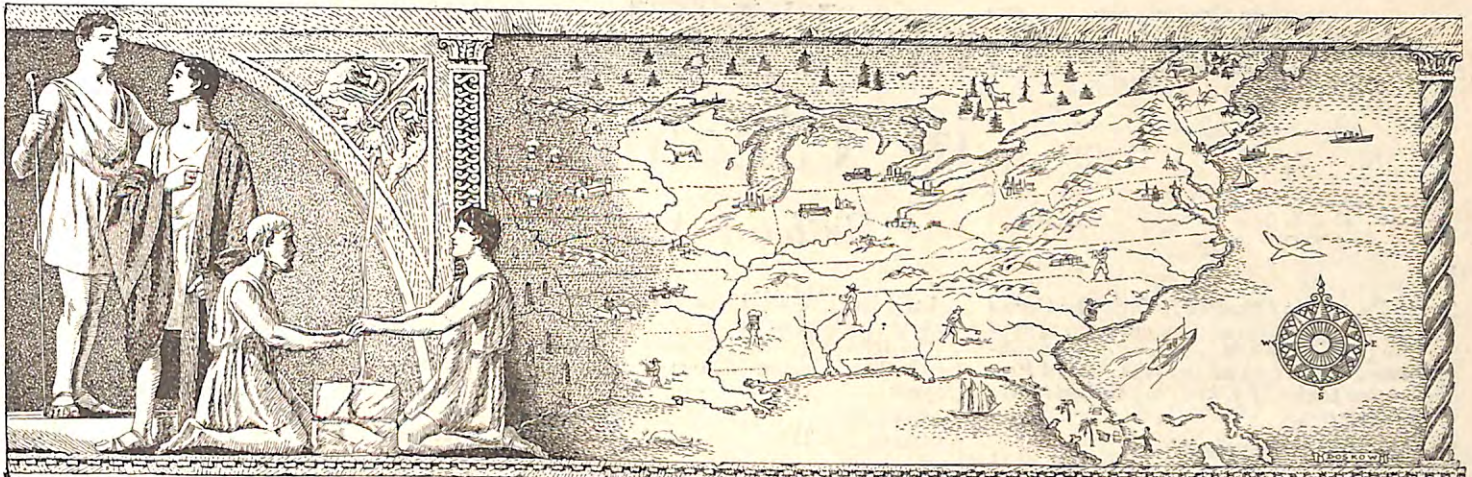
It is a well-known fact that, in every fraternal organization, the annual election of its national officers is generally a feature of its conventions

which arouses a very keen interest among its members. The contests between the various candidates, the personal equations involved, and the activities of the supporters of the respective aspirants, create an atmosphere that is characteristic and distinctive. "Convention politics," as applied to such contests, the enthusiasm with which they are waged, and the methods by which they are conducted.

Experience has demonstrated that where the elections are postponed to the later sessions of such conventions the inevitable result is that they dominate the whole occasion. Nearly every subject under discussion, and nearly every legislative act of the preceding sessions, are colored and influenced, if not determined, by political considerations; by their estimated effect upon the ambitions of this or that candidate for office. It is within the memory of many members of the Order that these conditions quite generally characterized the Grand Lodge sessions under the original plan, and that the serious business of the Order frequently became a matter of secondary consideration and was at times conspicuously neglected.

By changing the statute, so that the election of its officers shall be held on the first day of its annual convention, the Order of Elks has sought to protect the deliberation of the Grand Lodge from such influences; and to preserve its character as a legislative body as free as possible from the appearance, as well as from the actuality, of a political convention. The laws to be enacted and the business to be transacted by the Grand Lodge are deemed of much more importance to the Order than the question of the particular members to be selected for official preferment.

A proposal to amend the statute and to revert to the old plan of holding the election on the last day of the annual convention, which was presented to the Grand Lodge at Chicago last July, was met by a unanimously adverse report of the Judiciary Committee. And the attitude of the convention was so obviously unfavorable that it was withdrawn by its proponent. But it was



stated that it would be again submitted to the Grand Lodge at Cincinnati next July.

Assuming that this may be done, it has been deemed appropriate to set forth some of the considerations which influenced the enactment of the section in its present form; so that those who may be called upon to vote on the proposed amendment may have them in mind in determining their attitude toward the suggested change.

There is none too much time available for the business of the conventions at best. The order of business now in effect is designed to provide for its proper apportionment and conservation. It has demonstrated its practicability and wisdom. For more than a quarter of a century it has apparently proved satisfactory to the Grand Lodge membership. Certainly it should not be changed without careful consideration of the subject in all its aspects.

LUNCHEON CLUBS—AN OPPORTUNITY

IT IS often stated, and there is certainly good basis for the assertion as applied to many of the smaller cities, that the growth in membership and activities of those organizations we sometimes group under the generic term "luncheon clubs" is affecting the attendance upon Lodge meetings and diverting interest from Lodge activities. This is not a necessary result, however, and it is one that should not be supinely accepted as inevitable. On the contrary, those clubs may well be most helpful and stimulating to our local Lodges.

The Rotary, Kiwanis, and other organizations of like character, that make a special feature of their luncheon meetings, are all striving to accomplish most laudable ends. They each have definite objectives and specific methods of attaining them. They sometimes engage in endeavors that are specifically benevolent and charitable; and to this extent they labor in the same field with us. But there is plenty of room in this field for every organized effort, and they do not otherwise parallel our course.

It is probably true that in nearly all of the smaller Lodge cities, a very large percentage of the members of the luncheon clubs are also members of our Order. Why should not this fact be made advantageous to each of the organizations involved?

Where the Elks Home is located conveniently for the purpose, why not endeavor to have the luncheon clubs hold their weekly meetings there? It would not only accord with the general purpose of making the Home a real community center, but it would encourage a more frequent use of the Home by those particular members, and would inevitably present the local Lodge and the Order more attractively to those non-members. And it might well be made to effect desirable economies in the expense of the meetings.

The resultant associations and fellowship in the fraternal atmosphere of the Home, the better mutual understanding of their respective objects and purpose and methods, could only be helpful and stimulating to all concerned.

BOYS

DO YOU recall, when you were a boy, what a real pleasure you derived from the interested attention of a grown man? Can you not even now remember some incident of such kindly notice, that made brighter the whole boyish day? Well, boys are still boys; and they are affected and influenced to-day by the same things that reached and warmed your young heart. And they still respond most generously to those little adult attentions that bespeak a real sincerity of interest in them as recognized individuals and not merely as "kids."

On the other hand, every man who spends a few moments in pleasant contact with a boy, thereby regains a little of his own youth. It is the nearest known substitute for the fabled fountain. And it is such an easy thing to do. You do not have to go out of your way for opportunities. They present themselves to you every day.

Suppose you make it a fixed purpose, at least once each day, to say a few words to some lad whom you know; or, better still, to one whom you do not know, but will thus add to your list of boy friends. If it be done with a kindly interest that is sincere, and in a spirit of companionship, without patronizing condescension, which they are quick to recognize and resent, the experiences are sure to be mutually pleasant. They are just as certain to be mutually helpful.

It is a splendid way to prove yourself to be a real Elk.

1927 Grand Lodge Reunion in Cincinnati

Bulletin No. 5

To the Past Grand Exalted Rulers, The Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen; and the Officers and Members of all Subordinate Lodges of The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:

Greetings!

THESE successive Bulletins are issued with the one thought in mind—they are Guide-Posts with the one objective of a greater understanding of the wonderful plans that have been, and are still in the making for Greater Cincinnati's hearty welcome to the Grand Lodge and all Elks next July.

Both the June and July Bulletins are needed to complete the outline of the program, and the attention of every Elk is called to these last official proclamations, for they will give a clear survey of the high spots of the sessions in this old Queen City of the West, which is preparing a welcome unsurpassed in hospitality and attaining to the highest degree of entertainment.

Important Change in Ticket-Selling Dates

C. A. Fox, Chairman of the Central Passenger Association, has notified Grand Lodge Headquarters and the Reunion Committee of an important change in the ticket-selling dates, which have been officially moved forward to July 8th. This will enable Elks to have one later day in Cincinnati. The original dates of selling were from July 7th to 13th, and the action of the Central Passenger Association is a matter of supreme satisfaction, and calls out the heartfelt thanks of the Reunion Committee.

Important Changes in Prizes for Bands and Drum Corps

A very important and we are sure that a very pleasing change has been made in the rules to govern the Prize Contests for the visiting Bands and Drum Corps. Action has been taken, not to reduce the amount of the cash prizes awarded for this very important musical feature of the Elks Reunion, but to meet a general demand that the boundaries of competition be modified.

As originally planned, no band of less than 30 pieces was eligible for the capital prizes. Many visiting bands have only 25 in their membership, and the amended rules give them the opportunity, such as they request.

Bands composed wholly of Elks or of both Elks and other musicians who are members of the American Federation of Musicians are eligible to take part in the competition.

The rules and regulations of the new prizes governing the Band Contest, etc., have now been adopted as final and are as follows:

Rules and Regulations Governing Band Contest

Annual Grand Lodge Convention Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Cincinnati, July 10 to July 17, 1927

No. 1. Members of all Elks Bands competing in the Competitive Band Contest must be members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks; have membership cards showing dues have been paid up to date, and must have their own membership card signed with their own signature, or be members of the Federation of Musicians, or both.

PRIZES FOR BAND CONTESTS

	Class A	
First Prize	\$1,000
Second Prize	500
	Class B	
First Prize	\$500
Second Prize	300

Each band (Class B) to play a number of their own selections not to exceed five minutes. The following Overtures have been selected by the Band Committee, one of which is to be played:

Light Cavalry	Suppe
Orpheus	Offenbach

Points of rating for the Band Contest (Class B) same as Class A, as shown below.

No. 3. Each Band in Class A to play a Standard Overture or a Standard Selection of their own choice.

No. 4. Bands must consist of not less than thirty or twenty-five members, according to their classification, A. or B.

No. 5. All Cincinnati Bands are barred from entering this Competitive Band Contest.

No. 6. Position of Bands on the Competitive Contest program will be drawn by lot thirty minutes before the contest begins.

No. 7. Competitive Band Contest will be held at Redland Field of Cincinnati Base Ball Club at 2:00 P. M., Wednesday, July 13.

No. 8. The following Overtures have been selected by the Band Committee (Class A only), both of which are to be played:

Il Guarany Overture	Gomez
William Tell Overture	Rossini

Note.—Should there be a tie on playing both Overtures between any of the bands, then the Tannhauser Overture by Wagner shall be played.

No. 9. The judges chosen for the Competitive Band Contest will be, without exception, fully qualified and experienced band men.

No. 10. Points of rating for the Band Contest:

All competing bands will be judged by the following ten qualifications, each qualification being rated on the basis of ten points:

- No. 1. Intonation.
- No. 2. Tone.
- No. 3. Tempo.
- No. 4. Balance.
- No. 5. Attack.
- No. 6. Expression and Phrasing.
- No. 7. Instrumentation.
- No. 8. Appearance at Concert and in Parade.
- No. 9. Leadership.
- No. 10. Department.

Special Prize of \$500 for the Largest Band traveling the greatest distance from home to the Reunion.

Lodges wanting Bands for parade are to notify Band Committee not later than May 14, 1927. Entries close July 1, 1927.

There will also be a prize of \$100 given to the competitive contest on all fife and drum, drum and bugle, and drum corps entering same, the entry blanks for which have already been sent to all subordinate lodges.

Third Annual Elks' Trapshooting Tournament

From the number of replies received to our letter of February 28, asking the various Lodges to send in their team entries and also a list of their members who are interested in the shoot, we are assured of a record-breaking entry for the third annual Elks' Tournament on July 12 and 13.

At the 1926 tournament there were eighteen Lodge Teams entered, and at this writing we have twenty-six teams that are sure to be with us, and we fully expect to double this number.

Each Lodge may enter one or more teams. Members of each team must be members, in good standing, of the Lodge they represent. Membership in a Lodge and not the residence of the individual will determine the eligibility of the contestant.

A detailed program of the various events and

the distribution of the \$5,000 in cash and the numerous other trophies to be awarded will be ready to mail to the subordinate Lodges on or about June 1.

By sending in your name at once and also making your team entry you will receive one of these programs. Do it now.

The Armco Band

Hundreds of bands are coming to Cincinnati, and they will all be welcomed to this famed center of music, the home of the May Musical Festivals, both the College of Music and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and Cincinnati's Symphony Orchestra. One of the visiting bands that has volunteered to come early and stay throughout the Grand Lodge sessions, providing welcome concerts, is the snug organization from Ohio's own Middletown, which has gained national renown as the Armco Band. It is an organization sponsored by the American Rolling Mill Company, and it carries the name of the product which the mill sends all over the world—Armco iron.

Past Exalted Ruler Frank Simon is the conductor of the Armco Band, and old-timers in music will recall him as the cornet soloist with Sousa's Band from 1914 to 1921. From a little group of fourteen amateur musicians, the Armco Band has grown until it now claims sixty-five highly trained instrumentalists. This band will head Cincinnati Lodge No. 5 in the Grand Parade.

Official Decorators and Builders of Floats

Cincinnati Lodge No. 5 has appointed several of its own members of the Wm. Beck & Sons Company as official decorators for the Reunion Committee. A number of telegraphic and written inquiries have already come to Headquarters asking for information about the possibility of local firms taking charge of their individual wants in the line of decorations.

The Reunion Committee suggests that any subordinate lodge desiring work of this sort will find it to their advantage to get into personal touch with this firm of Elks, addressing them direct at 2101 Highland Avenue, Cincinnati. Telephone, Avon 6229.

Wm. Beck & Sons Company are responsible, and their prices are reasonable, having been submitted to the committee and approved by them. Elks will find their problems of decorating, both floats and machines, may be easily solved here.

That Great Burgoo Feast!

Preparations are being made for the serving of over 25,000 of the Kentucky Burgoo and Barbecue at Coney Island. This event will be one which in itself will afford a memory worth coming to Cincinnati to acquire. The story of plans already made would tickle the palate of past masters of entertaining, and this is reserved for a forthcoming bulletin. It sounds like a fairy-tale of a feast fit for the gods!

On to Mammoth Cave

From various parts of the country Elks are making inquiries about a visit to Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, one of the Seven Wonders of the World; as well as to the Cash Register Company, at Dayton, Ohio, the announcement of which has already been made in previous Bulletins.

In the June Bulletin, complete details will be furnished as to both of these trips, and particularly the one to Mammoth Cave, giving cost of transportation, rates at the Cave, time required, etc.

In our previous Bulletins we called attention to some of the great industrial plants of Cincinnati, and other places of interest, and we are

now adding to this feature, because we are sure that the visiting Elks and their wives and others accompanying them will be interested in these various phases of business life which we mention in our Bulletins, and a visit to these places would be very entertaining to them.

A Treat for Laundry People

Among the near million Elks there are hundreds of men whose motto is: "We Help Make a Cleaner World!" No. 5 claims among their membership one of the largest of their industrial groups recruited from actives in The American Laundry Machinery Company. This institution, which has branch plants at Chicago, Rochester and Toronto, Ont., is to "keep open house" for Elks and their guests. The great home plant is located at Norwood, just a twenty-minute ride from the heart of Cincinnati. This establishment extends a special welcome to Elks who are laundrymen or dry cleaners. They are invited to join in the parties to be personally conducted by Elks of No. 5. Arrangements can be made by coming direct to the factory or in advance by Telephone, Norwood 1190.

One Great Factor in Cincinnati's Growth

Two million policyholders who hold more than a half-billion dollars of insurance in force with the Western and Southern Life Insurance Company form the pulsating heart of the imposing structure of stone, marble and granite which is the home office of that famed Cincinnati institution at the corner of Fourth and Broadway, within two blocks of Grand Lodge Headquarters. This is one of the places to be visited in the round of personal "close-ups" of organizations which have added to the fame of industrial and esthetic Cincinnati.

The Western and Southern has, since 1910, increased its assets thirteen times—from \$5,000,000 to \$65,000,000, and the number of policyholders—thousands of Elks among them—has grown in that period from 371,106 to more than 2,000,000, and the insurance in force has risen from \$49,245,028 to more than \$505,000,000. The Western and Southern has loaned millions of dollars for the construction of downtown buildings in Cincinnati and millions more for the erection of homes for Cincinnati people. A visit to the "home office" is a higher education in modern life insurance.

A Famed Old Home of Billiards

Cincinnati has always played a leading rôle in the development of the gentlemen's game of

billiards. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender company had its origin here, and in 1845 John M. Brunswick commenced the manufacture of billiard tables. To-day hundreds of Elks' club rooms are equipped with billiard tables, bowling alleys, pocket tables, and other accessories of the popular indoor pastimes. The latest addition to this Cincinnati line is the Panatrop. Visiting Elks are invited to come and hear the new marvel in the phonographic reproduction of music and speech at the general offices of the company at 708 Broadway.

A Real Educational Privilege

Cincinnati enjoys an unusual distinction as the home of the American Book Company, which for over ninety years has been supplying to the students of America the books that they use in their educational progress from kindergarten through the colleges and universities. Every working day of the year it turns out between 40,000 and 50,000 bound school books, and on the title leaf of every one of them is the word, "Cincinnati."

Elks are invited to visit this unique plant on Pike Street, where over 400 people are employed. The famed old McGuffey readers, so well known by the school children of the Long Ago, and for specimens of which there is still a ready market, were published by the forerunners of this Cincinnati house, whose latchstring will be out during the Grand Lodge sessions to all Elk teachers and other interested visitors.

The Importance of Immediate Registration

We can not lay too great stress upon the importance of the very FIRST essential of ALL Elks and their families when they arrive in Cincinnati.

A complete registration of ALL Elks—members of Cincinnati Lodge as well as all Subordinate Lodges—must be had. It is only at the time of registration that FREE tickets to all events and Badges will be presented.



Grand Lodge Sessions

Elks Who are Not Members of the Grand Lodge Admitted

For some years past the buildings in which the Grand Lodge sessions were held were only sufficiently large to accommodate the official family and members of the Grand Lodge.

Music Hall in Cincinnati, where the Grand Lodge sessions are to be held, contains about 2,000 seats in its balcony and gallery. This is a beautiful hall, and these 2,000 seats will be held open for those members of the Order who care to attend the sessions of the Grand Lodge and who are not members thereof.

The New Chester Park

Elks will find it not only a historical pilgrimage but a real joy to visit Chester Park. Cincinnati's oldest Amusement Park, under new management, is being entirely rebuilt. Easily accessible by three street-car lines, a short ride from down-town, good auto roads from all directions, with free parking space. The latest Idea in Amusement resorts, the "Covered Walk," will provide shelter under all weather conditions.

The large swimming-pool with its two sand beaches is a delightful place for all. All new rides and a special "kiddies" playground should induce every visitor to see this wonderful park. Brother Roy C. Bennett, the Manager, will welcome all Elks. A pass to the park will be given every Elk who registers at headquarters.

Chester Park is built on the site of one of the earliest battles in which John Lawrence Sullivan took part. It was on this spot that the Old Gladiator, then a stripling young giant known as the "Boston Boy," met Dominick McCaffery.

Registration of Grand Lodge Officers and members of the Grand Lodge will take place at the Hotel Sinton.

General Registration is to take place at the County Court House at Court and Main Streets.

The Alpha and Omega of the Reunion Committee is—REGISTER as soon as you arrive.

Fraternally yours,

1927 GRAND LODGE REUNION
COMMITTEE.

AUGUST HERRMANN, *Chairman*,

CHAS. E. DORNETTE,

CHAS. E. BUNING,

D. F. FRAYSER, *Ex-Officio*.

And all of the Chairmen of the various Sub-Committees already appointed.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Southern Trip

FOLLOWING Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelov's visit to Trenton, N. J., Lodge on March 1, he spent a few days in Philadelphia catching up on business which had accumulated during his absence. He left again, however, on Friday evening, March 4, accompanied by F. J. Schrader of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, on a visit to southern Lodges. The first stop was at Louisville, Ky., where Mr. Grakelov was met by Exalted Ruler C. A. Sawyer and a group of distinguished members. In the afternoon the party visited several nearby Lodges, returning to participate in an inspection and banquet in the splendid Home of Louisville Lodge.

Leaving that evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived on Sunday at Memphis, Tenn., where a morning meeting was held, followed by an inspection of the new Home of the Lodge, which is nearing completion. After a conference on Elk matters with the officers of the Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler left for Little Rock, Ark., for an evening meeting with Little Rock Lodge and a visit to the Home of Argenta Lodge. Leaving Little Rock on Monday, Mr. Grakelov's next stop was at Oklahoma City, Okla., where he was guest of honor at a luncheon given by representative citizens. Mr. Grakelov then visited the State Capitol where he was greeted by the Governor and, after inspecting the building, addressed the Senate and the Legislature in their respective chambers, later

taking part in a well-attended meeting in the Home of Oklahoma City Lodge.

At Amarillo, Tex., Mr. Grakelov was met by Exalted Ruler George H. Millican and a committee of members. A visit to Borger, an oil town of 25,000 population which was celebrating its first anniversary, occupied most of the day. That evening there was a banquet and meeting in the Home of Amarillo Lodge at which Mr. Grakelov spoke enthusiastically of its great promise of development, and congratulated the members on the fine Home which they occupy. At El Paso, where the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived on March 9, he was welcomed by Exalted Ruler Jack Burke and a large committee, and was escorted to his hotel by the famous Boys' Mexican Band sponsored by the Lodge. After luncheon and a sightseeing tour, an afternoon meeting attended by a record number of persons was held in the newly renovated Home of the Lodge. A motor trip to Juarez, Mexico, and a Mexican dinner wound up the day.

Traveling by train to San Antonio, the visitors were met by a committee of welcome headed by Exalted Ruler Jack R. Burks and were taken on a tour of inspection through the city. A Spanish dinner with many novel features, and a visit to the greatly enlarged Home of the Lodge, where a capacity crowd greeted Mr. Grakelov, filled out the day. At Houston, the travelers were met by Exalted Ruler James H. Gibson and a group of members, who escorted them to

points of interest about the city, after which a most enthusiastic evening meeting was held.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell bid Mr. Grakelov welcome to Dallas on the following morning. A motor trip to Fort Worth, attending a barbecue, witnessing a rodeo, and the return drive to Dallas occupied the daylight hours. That evening a banquet in the Home of Dallas Lodge, attended by officers and members of many surrounding Lodges, preceded Mr. Grakelov's departure for Shreveport, La., where he arrived on Sunday, March 13. The morning meeting in the Home of Shreveport Lodge was followed by an automobile trip and a public meeting in the evening. At New Orleans, La., where Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, joined the party, the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by a distinguished committee, which included Past Grand Exalted Rulers John P. Sullivan and Edward Rightor and Exalted Ruler Sidney Freudenstein. Realizing Mr. Grakelov's interest in the growth of his native city and the importance to it of the development of the Port of Philadelphia, Mr. Sullivan had arranged for the use of a Harbor-Master's boat for an inspection of the harbor of New Orleans. Mrs. Sullivan and a number of other ladies accompanied the party on the tour about the harbor, and the occasion was as delightful socially as it was interesting and instructive. At the banquet that evening the diners crowded the capacious Home of New Orleans Lodge,

(Continued on page 95)



New York Lodge Holds Track Meet

*World Record is Broken at Indoor Games for School Boys
Sponsored by Welfare Committee of Mother Lodge*

WITH over 1,000 entries and with an attendance of more than 5,000, the first annual Interscholastic Indoor Games, held under the auspices of the Welfare Committee of New York Lodge, No. 1, were a huge success. If any one of those present ever imagined that an indoor meet was a dull affair, he had to change his opinion completely before the games were half over. Like as not he was to be found cheering with the youngsters, carried away by the enthusiasm and excitement of the events. And the young athletes—how they did enjoy themselves! How well they conducted themselves, like seasoned runners, though many of them had never before entered a meet of this kind! It was due largely to the boys' sportsmanship and to their desire to make the games a success that the officials were able to run off the many events with a promptness that was truly remarkable.

The meet, held in the large armory of the 102nd Engineers, was opened, as are the Olympic Games, with a march of the athletes around the track. The Star Spangled Banner was played and the colors paraded. It was indeed a fitting and impressive beginning for an Elk meet.

The first crack of the pistol started the 100 yard dash, and from then on events followed each other in rapid succession, leading up to the great international race in which Edvin Wide of Sweden, competing against a fast field of American runners, established a new world's record for 1½ miles. Wide's time was 6 min. 39 4-5 sec., 1 3-5 sec. better than the time made for the distance by Paavo Nurmi of Finland at New York City, June 28, 1925. It was a truly remarkable achievement considering that Wide had to run without spikes and on an unbanked track.

New Utrecht High School won the meet from the athletes of more than a score of other high and prep schools with a total of 23 points. Stuyvesant High School was second with 21 points and Newtown third with 14. Boys High School gained a total of 13 points, and Evander Childs was fifth with 10. Every one of the events was hotly contested, and each school was ably represented by large delegations of pupils in the grandstands whose cheering sections added much to the excitement of the races. The name of the winner of the meet will be inscribed on a beautiful gold trophy plaque which has been donated for the games by New York Lodge and which will become the permanent possession of the school winning it three times.

The meet was attended by a number of high city officials and prominent members of the Order, many of whom took an active part in the actual direction of the games, acting as referees, judges and timers for the various events. Fidelity Post 712 of the American Legion, composed exclusively of Elks, also aided the committee on arrangements. Stirring music, that urged many a tired youth to the final sprint, was played throughout the races by the Keith's Boys' Band who were present through the courtesy of E. F. Albee, President of the Keith Theatres.

Too much praise can not be given New York Lodge and its Social and Community Welfare Committee for organizing and sponsoring a meet of this kind. To Augustus F. Groll, Chairman of the Committee, and to Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and President of the Amateur Athletic Union, special credit must be given for making this first annual interscholastic meet the great success it was. It is quite likely that this

meet is the first step in a nation-wide movement for sectional and eventually inter-sectional contests among high-school teams. If other Lodges follow the example of New York Lodge in sponsoring meets of this type, they will hit upon a sure way of helping their campaigns in the field of Americanization and will do much to encourage and stimulate boys in clean, wholesome, healthful competition.

Edvin Wide, who established a new world's record at these games, recently wrote Mr. Hulbert in appreciation of the meet and of what the Order is doing to promote athletics.

"As you know," he said in his letter, "I came to America primarily to study the athletic activities in your schools, colleges and universities, and to report on conditions as I found them to the Swedish Government.

"Secretly I entertained the hope that I might, in some way, get the chance to run for the schoolboys in one of their own meets, and I want to thank you as President of the Amateur Athletic Union for having sponsored such a race at the Elk games last Saturday evening. When you asked me to run I did not know what the Elks were. Meanwhile I have learned a great deal about that wonderful organization and the remarkable work done through its Social and Community Welfare Committee, especially in New York Lodge, No. 1. They have seized upon a splendid idea and have chosen a fertile field in offering a program of athletic activity to the New York City schoolboy, and I am really very happy that I was able to accomplish the feat of breaking Paavo Nurmi's world's indoor record at the distance of 1½ miles in the first meet to be held by the Elks.

"I congratulate the Elks on the splendid manner in which they conducted their meet."



Candidate for Office of Grand Exalted Ruler Endorsed by His Lodge

THE ELKS MAGAZINE is informed by the "Meriwether for Grand Exalted Ruler Campaign Committee" that the candidacy of Past Exalted Ruler Lee Meriwether, of St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, announced in our March issue, was formally endorsed by that Lodge on March 10. Details of Mr. Meriwether's record, as of those of other candidates for Grand Lodge offices, will be found on page 36 of the issue referred to.



The spacious new Home of Tulare, Calif., Lodge, No. 1424, which the members dedicated a short time ago

WARD PHOTO

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Troy, N. Y., Lodge Planning for State Association Meeting

TROY, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, is making elaborate preparations to entertain the delegates and visitors in attendance at the annual convention of the New York State Elks Association which will convene in its city on June 5 and extend through June 8. Those who attended the State Convention held in Troy in 1915 remember the warm welcome accorded them, and have passed on word of it to those new members who have joined the Order since that time. The result is that practically every Lodge in the State is planning to send a large delegation to the convention this June, so that a record attendance is assured.

The program is as follows:

Sunday, June 5. Registration of State officers and delegates at the Hendrik Hudson Hotel; general registration at the Chamber of Commerce rooms. *Evening.* Public session at city's largest auditorium at which Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow and Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York State, are scheduled to speak; band concert; informal dance at the Hendrik Hudson Hotel. *Monday, June 6. Morning.* Registration of visiting ladies, followed by a shopping tour; distribution of official badges and other data; opening session of convention. *Afternoon.* Business session; sightseeing trip for ladies; Eastern League baseball. *Evening.* Band concert at City Hall; stag party for Elks only; block party. *Tuesday, June 7. Morning.* Business session. *Afternoon.* Clambake for delegates and visiting Elks; ladies to be entertained at a beautiful amusement park. *Evening.* Band concert; block party; dancing and cabaret at Home of Troy Lodge. *Wednesday, June 8. Morning.* Closing session; prize drills; special order. *Afternoon.* Parade. *Evening.* Band concert and a special program of entertainment, bringing the convention to a close.

Troy Lodge at the present time is in the healthiest state of its history. About eight months ago a quiet drive for new members was started with the slogan "1,000 members by April 1, 1927." This number was topped on March 31, at a big initiation, the last of the Lodge year.

Taunton, Mass., Lodge Formally Dedicates Its New Home

Consecrated to the ideals of the Order, the new Home of Taunton, Mass., Lodge, No. 150, was officially dedicated recently with appropriate exercises witnessed by several hundred Elks and their families gathered on the lawn of the clubhouse at High Street. Hon. John F. Malley, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was the orator of the day, and the dedicatory services were conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hugh T. McNeill. Assisting in the exercises were the American Legion Band of Taunton, the "John F. Malley" Glee Club and the uniformed Guard of Honor of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10. The District Deputy's suite included Andrew J. Casey, John B. Riley, Michael J. McAloon and Frank Larkin, who acted, respectively, as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight and Grand Esquire. The opening prayer was given by Rev. Henry Martyn Medary, rector of St. Thomas's Church. Daniel A. Stanton, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, conducted that part of the exercises in which the American flag was raised over the new Home. As the band played the National Anthem, two members of the Boy Scouts raised the flag, the Elks' tribute to the flag following.

A parade from the old site to the new Home, which started the ceremonies, was headed by a platoon of police officers under the direction of Deputy Chief James Cash, a charter member of Taunton Lodge. Then came Mayor Andrew J. McGraw and the visiting dignitaries, the officers of Taunton Lodge and the Guard of Honor. Following the dedicatory exercises, visiting Elks and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge were guests at a large banquet served in the Home.

Minneapolis, Minn., Presents Altar To Sanitarium Chapel

The Glen Lake Sanitarium, for which Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, has done much in the past, was the recipient recently of another gift—a handsome altar for its chapel from its friends of No. 44. A committee from the Lodge made the presentation in an impressive fashion and further cemented the cordial relations which

have always existed between the Elks and the officials of the Sanitarium.

Ballard, Wash., Lodge Closes A Very Successful Year

The past Lodge year has seen fine accomplishment by Ballard, Wash., Lodge, No. 827. All its outstanding financial obligations were discharged, and the annual quota of bonds retired. This means that there is now but a small bonded indebtedness against the \$100,000 of property owned by the Lodge.

Other successful efforts of this active Lodge were its Flag Day services, attended by more than 1,000 persons; the winning of three prizes at the convention of the State Elks Association held in Tacoma last summer; a substantial increase in membership, and much fine charity work.

Dispensation Granted for New Lodge at Elmhurst, Ill.

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow has granted dispensation for a new Lodge at Elmhurst, Ill., to be known as Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge, No. 1531.

Blairsville, Pa., Lodge Remodels And Redecorates Home

Blairsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 406, which recently entertained the monthly meeting of the Central District Association of Pennsylvania, has completed the remodeling of its Home. About \$12,000 was spent on the work, the building being completely redecorated both inside and out and many improvements made. This gives Blairsville Lodge one of the most comfortable Homes in western Pennsylvania. Members of all sister Lodges are always welcome to the Home, where a spirit of generous hospitality prevails.

Walsenburg, Colo., Lodge Dedicates Its Handsome New Home

With the whole city decorated in the colors of the Order, Walsenburg, Colo., Lodge, No. 1086, recently dedicated its beautiful new Home. Hundreds of visitors from neighboring towns

The Home of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, and the famous 75-foot palm tree which grows on its lawn. The tree was planted while the Home was being built



were present to witness the impressive ceremony and to take part in the festivities of the occasion. Hon. John R. Coen, Past Exalted Ruler of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336 and a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, delivered the dedicatory address, and the ritual was ably exemplified by the officers of Walsenburg Lodge. The evening was given over to the initiation of a class of fifty-three candidates, the ceremony being conducted with great efficiency by the officers of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, No. 90.

In his address Mr. Coen stressed the great progress of Walsenburg Lodge. "You have labored well," he said, "these past twenty years, but do not forget this room—your meeting place—is the soul of your Lodge—not the parlors, the lounge or the game rooms. Here where you deliberate as free men giving allegiance only to your God and to your Country—here where intolerance and prejudice should never enter, will continued success or eventual failure be determined. Labor that this building will at all times afford a civic center for Walsenburg—for Huerfano and contiguous counties."

The new Home stands on the corner of Sixth and Russell Streets, one block east of Main Street. The building is unusually spacious, occupying nearly the entire length of the city lot and leaving only sufficient room on the east and west sides for a nicely kept lawn and shrubbery. The main entrance on Sixth Street is up a flight of broad steps to a portico with beautiful columns. From this portico the doorway leads into the lounging room. Beyond this are the Lodge room and ante-rooms. Above this floor a flight of steps leads to a balcony overlooking the Lodge room, and over the lounging room are five nicely furnished living-rooms that will be rented to members. In the basement are the dining-room, and the pool and billiard rooms.

The new Home is a handsome fulfillment of a twenty years' dream of those men who were instrumental in establishing the Order in Walsenburg.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Has Splendid Organ Recital

One of the most delightful events on the social calendar of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, was the organ recital recently given in its Home before a large and distinguished audience. Clayton J. Heermance, Past Exalted Ruler of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was the organist, and the tenor soloist was William H. Bonner, also of New York Lodge. Two violin solos by Miss Edna Commerford completed the well-balanced program.

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge Minstrel Show Given at Elks National Home

Residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., were afforded a rare treat on Monday

evening, March 14, when a minstrel show, given by Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, on the preceding Friday and Saturday nights, was taken intact to the Home and presented before a capacity audience comprising many visitors from near-by places. The show, staged and directed by the Harry Miller Theatrical Company of New York, was one of the most successful ever presented by Lynchburg Lodge.

Blackfoot, Ida., Lodge Holds Meeting at Mackay

Some 35 members of Blackfoot, Ida., Lodge, No. 1416, live in the vicinity of Mackay, Ida., so Exalted Ruler James Young recently arranged for a Lodge session to be held in their city. A group of candidates from the Lost River district was initiated, and a large delegation of members from Blackfoot, who had accompanied their officers, enjoyed a fine fraternal occasion.

Nebraska State Elks Association To Meet at Grand Island in June

The fourteenth annual convention of the Nebraska State Elks Association will be held in Grand Island on June 8, 9 and 10. These dates were decided upon at a recent meeting of officers, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and the convention committee of Grand Island Lodge, No. 604. The following program was decided upon:

Wednesday, June 8—Business session, 9:30 a. m. Banquet at 6:30 p. m., R. V. Clark, speaker. Dance at 9:00 p. m.

Thursday, June 9—Business session, 9:30 a. m. Business session, 1:00 p. m. Bowling, golf and horseshoe contests. Ritualistic exemplification by officers of Omaha Lodge, No. 39, representing the North District, and York Lodge, No. 1024, representing the South, for the James G. McFarland Cup, 8:00 p. m. Buffet Luncheon.

Friday, June 10—Business session and installation of officers, 9:30 a. m. Parade, 2:00 p. m. Band Contest, 3:00 p. m. Ball Game, 4:30 p. m. Dance in the evening.

It was an enthusiastic conference, and during the informal discussion it was agreed that every effort would be put forth to make the 1927 convention the most attractive and largest ever held in the State. To that end the following prizes will be awarded in the several contests: Band contest, 1st, \$100.00; 2nd, \$50.00 (not confined to Elks' bands; any band in the State may enter). Bowling—5-man team, silver cup; individual high score, silver cup. Ball game—(Elks only), silver cup. Golf—Two silver cups. Parade—Largest delegation, silver cup. Horseshoe contest—Selected prizes. Ritualistic—McFarland trophy.

Grand Island is a good convention city, centrally located, with plenty of hotels and a fine Elks' Home with an active membership to work for the success of the meeting, and the program outlined above should draw a large crowd of visiting Elks besides the full quota of delegates from every Lodge in the State.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge Pays and Receives Many Fraternal Visits

Few Lodges in the Order are more active in fraternal visitations than is Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50. Among the more recent of the many such delightful occasions was a visit to No. 50 by the officers and some 150 members of Grand Rapids Lodge, No. 48. A class was initiated for Kalamazoo Lodge by the visitors, and a banquet and fine program of entertainment were enjoyed, the capacity of the Home being taxed to the limit by the large attendance.

The following week the officers, Drill Team and about 20 members of Kalamazoo Lodge visited Lansing Lodge, No. 106, and initiated a class for their hosts. The meeting was preceded by a banquet attended by some 400 diners, and followed by a midnight supper for the Lansing officers and the visitors. One of the most popular features of the visits are the performances of the Kalamazoo Drill Team, which never fail to bring praise from those at the meetings.

New Lodge at Lake City, Fla., Is Instituted

Lake City, Fla., Lodge, No. 893, which takes its number from a Lodge formerly in that city, was instituted recently by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. C. Kirby. The officers of the new Lodge are: Exalted Ruler, Frank E. Thompson; Secretary, Leon Rothenberg.



This basket-ball team of Jeffersonville, Ind., Lodge, No. 362, plays in championship class



This large new attractive Home of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, was recently dedicated

PETER PHOTO

Oconto, Wis., Lodge Active In Community Life

On the occasion of a recent meeting, Oconto, Wis., Lodge, No. 887, manifested its interest in community affairs by a number of resolutions, including one pledging aid to the Oconto High School Band, and another to take out a membership in the Chamber of Commerce. Oconto Lodge is the first organization to have taken this step, and it is expected that its example will be followed by other groups.

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank P. McAdams paid his official visit to the Lodge a short time ago a fine turnout of members was on hand to give him a rousing welcome, and a large class of candidates was initiated.

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Members Are Enthusiastic Workers

The enthusiasm of the members of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, has made it one of the outstanding Lodges of the Northwest. During the past year it has initiated in the neighborhood of 400 candidates, has retired \$24,000 of its building debt, and has had a regular attendance of from one to two hundred at its Lodge sessions. In addition to these activities it has taken a large part in the welfare work of the Order, its enthusiasm placing it among the first Lodges of Washington in support of the crippled kiddies movement. Among the new organizations which have been discussed by the members are a men's music club, a boys band to be sponsored and uniformed by the Lodge, a drum corps and a drill team.

On August 10, 11 and 12, Aberdeen Lodge will entertain the convention of the Washington State Elks Association.

Bemidji, Minn., Lodge Conducts Large Initiation

The recent initiation of a large class of candidates by Bemidji, Minn., Lodge, No. 1052, was marked by the presence of many Elks from Lodges in Hibbing, Brainerd, Crookston and other places. A banquet, at which J. J. Nolan, Vice-President of the Minnesota State Elks Association, was the guest of honor, was followed by a splendid concert given by the recently organized band of the Lodge. At the conclusion of the meeting a vaudeville program consisting of many acts was presented. It was a most enjoyable evening for the record crowd that was present.

Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge Initiates A Record Class

In the course of its drive for 400 new members before the end of the first year's administration, Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge, No. 1526, initiated one class of 110 candidates, the largest group to be taken into the Order at one time in the Northwest district. Instituted last year with a charter membership of 60, this active young

Lodge achieved its desired goal, and is taking a prominent place in the work of the Order in Illinois.

Kansas State Elks Association To Meet at Newton in June

The Kansas State Elks Association will hold its twenty-second annual meeting at Newton, Kans., on June 22 and 23. President J. J. Griffin, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, of Iola Lodge, No. 569, with the assistance of District Deputies J. E. Morgan of Topeka and E. McElroy of Wellington, will endeavor to secure a 100 per cent. membership and make this the banner year for the Order in Kansas.

An unusually good meeting was held in Iola last year and Elks all over the State are looking forward to an even more interesting one in June.

Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge Initiates Record Class of Candidates

By recently initiating a class of candidates numbering 107 and representing many occupations and professions, the membership of Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 1045, was nearly doubled. It was reported to be the largest class ever initiated into any Lodge in Adams County. A parade

THE ELKS MAGAZINE congratulates the recently installed Subordinate Lodge officers and wishes them successful and happy administrations. It would like to call to their attention the fact that the columns of this department are always open to interesting Elk news, and it hopes that they will arrange to have THE ELKS MAGAZINE receive regularly reports of the outstanding activities of their Lodges.

in which the drill team of York, Pa., Lodge, No. 213, played the leading part, began the festivities. After the parade the initiation ceremonies were conducted in the gymnasium of the Hotel Gettysburg annex, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas W. McMahon presiding. Besides the delegation from York Lodge, Elks were present from Lancaster, Harrisburg, Hanover, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Frederick, Waynesboro, Johnstown, Du Bois, Milton and Manila. Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow wired his congratulations to Exalted Ruler John W. Hartman and to the other officers "upon the fine increase in membership."

With these new names on its roll, giving it

a membership full of enthusiasm, Gettysburg Lodge will be a leader in community enterprises throughout Adams County.

Gettysburg Lodge, now in its twenty-first year, recently completed extensive improvements on its Home at a cost of \$10,000. The three-story building, near the center of the town, was remodeled and enlarged from cellar to roof and now lends itself admirably to Lodge and social functions. A grill, with a steward in constant attendance, was added, and the members feel they have as fine a Home as can be found anywhere in a town of 5,000 people. Visiting Elks, who come from all sections of the United States to see the historic battlefields, are assured of limitless hospitality.

"Buddy Poppy" Sale a Chance To Help Disabled Veterans

An opportunity for every individual to help where help is both needed and deserved, is afforded by the sale of "Buddy Poppies" conducted each year during the week of Memorial Day by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The poppies used are all made by disabled and needy veterans, and the proceeds from the sale go to relieve distress among the ex-service men and their families. This year a part of the money will be set aside for the Veterans of Foreign Wars new National Home for widows and orphans of ex-service men, at Eaton Rapids, Michigan. This Home operates on a unique "family-unit" basis; keeping mother and children together in individual households.

This annual poppy sale has the indorsement of President Coolidge, of Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, of religious leaders, professional and trade associations, and many other organizations.

San Joaquin Valley, Calif., Lodges Hold Fine Meeting

The fourth big get-together meeting of the San Joaquin Valley, Calif., Lodges, was entertained a short time ago by Porterville Lodge, No. 1342. These semi-annual gatherings attract hundreds of members of the Valley Lodges and are among the high spots of the year. Sponsored by the San Joaquin Valley Elks General Committee, a particular place on the program is provided for each Lodge, its Exalted Ruler occupying one of the chairs at the session, and its members providing a part of the entertainment which is the big feature of the meeting.

Banquet Given to Old-Timers By Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge

The banquet given by Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, to those who have been members for twenty-five years or over was a huge success. The principal guest of the evening was Past Exalted Ruler William C. Ziegler, who celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a member of the Lodge. The old-timers were royally entertained by many distinguished members of the



This comfortable and well-equipped Home is owned by Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge, No. 285

Order, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann. Past Exalted Ruler Henry W. Morgenthaler, Chairman of the Committee in charge of the event, acted as toastmaster, introducing the speakers and reading letters and telegrams from many of the old-timers who could not attend the function. The Hotel Sintion Chatter-Box band played for the guests, and there were special features furnished by all the theatres of the city. It was a most delightful evening in every respect.

Many Notables at Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge Witness Large Initiation

Close to a thousand Elks attended the exercises recently held by Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500, in connection with the initiation of one of the largest classes of candidates in its history. John T. Gorman, President of the New York State Elks Association, was the guest of honor, other distinguished members of the Order who were present being Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Mulholland; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William E. Fitzsimmons, Past President of the Association; and many Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of neighboring Lodges. Following the session, which was held at St. Patrick's Hall, the members and guests adjourned to the Home of the Lodge where an entertainment wound up the evening.

During the meeting, Mr. Gorman, and Past Exalted Ruler William K. Hutton of Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, Chairman of the State Convention Committee, addressed the members concerning the activities of convention week, in which Watervliet Lodge will play a prominent part.

Easton Lodge Prepares for Meeting of Pennsylvania State Elks Association

Easton, Pa., Lodge, No. 121, has plans well under way for the convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association to be held in its city the week of August 22. The convention will be quite the biggest thing of its kind which Easton has seen in many years, and committees are working to bring announcement of the gathering to the attention of every Lodge in the State and those in near-by New Jersey cities. Some of the features of the meeting will be a large parade, competitive drills by teams of various Lodges, competitive concerts by Elk bands, glee-club concerts, baseball and basketball games, tennis and golf matches, bowling contests and various other forms of sport and amusement. A grand ball in the new Elk auditorium will climax the week's festivities.

Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge Is Entertained by the Ladies

Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, was entertained recently by the wives of the members at a card party held in the Home. Over three hundred guests were present. At the conclusion of the games beautiful prizes were awarded for the high scores by Past Exalted Ruler Ross Bartlett, after which the players were served supper in the banquet hall, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. The floor was then cleared and dancing filled the rest of the evening. It was a most successful party in every way, and resulted in a considerable sum of money being turned over to the charity fund of the Lodge.

Greenwich, Conn., Lodge Conducts A District Deputy Night

One of the most delightful evenings of the year for Greenwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 1150, was its recent District Deputy Night. The occasion was the homecoming of M. Edward Haggerty, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Connecticut West, and the special visit of Daniel Donovan, Past Exalted Ruler of Meriden, Conn., Lodge, No. 35, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Connecticut East. A third distinguished guest was Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter, of Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 19. All of these visitors addressed the gathering of members, and there were also brief addresses made by Exalted Ruler Vincent R. Kilboy and by Exalted Ruler-elect Frederick J. Whelan, who was acclaimed as one of the youngest Exalted Rulers in the Order. An initiation, a banquet and a vaudeville entertainment completed the evening. Close to 300 members attended the meeting, large numbers coming from Stamford, Port Chester, South Norwalk, Westport, New Haven, Meriden and Bridgeport.

Elgin, Ill., Lodge Accepts Plans For New \$125,000 Home

Plans for a new two-story Home, on which construction was to start immediately, were accepted a short time ago by the members of Elgin, Ill., Lodge, No. 737. The building, of English architecture, 50 x 100, will be erected on Grant Highway, fronting Villa Court.

In the basement will be the dining-room, kitchen and bowling alleys, while the first floor will contain the Lodge room, men's lounge, locker room and library. On the second will be the women's lounge and a game room. The build-

ing, with the lot which it occupies, will represent an investment of \$125,000.

Quarterly Meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association

At the quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association held at the new Home of New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, President Thomas S. Mooney submitted a number of recommendations, some of which are already attracting state-wide attention. Perhaps the most important of these was that a safety-first campaign be carried on by every subordinate Elks Lodge in the State, with every member pledged to personal activity in the campaign. It is known that a very large percentage of Elks are automobile owners, and President Mooney believes that with all of them cooperating in the enforcement of speed laws and other protective measures, it will constitute one of the strongest safety-first forces in the State. Other recommendations were that Elk Lodge Homes be exempted from taxation because of the great amount of charity work done by the Order; that a convalescent home be established for the care of crippled children of the State; and that all Elk Lodges give their support to the Salvation Army. The recommendations of President Mooney will be reported on by a committee at the annual meeting in Long Branch in June, at which time they will be given further consideration. A special invitation was extended to all of the Exalted Rulers of New Jersey Lodges to attend the business sessions of the annual convention.

During the meeting a touching tribute was paid to the memory of the late Wallace Balcom, Past Exalted Ruler of Camden Lodge, No. 293, and Past Vice-President of the State Association. Eulogies were delivered by President Mooney and by Past Exalted Ruler and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James H. Long of Camden Lodge.

The officers and members of New Brunswick Lodge proved to be delightful hosts, and the beefsteak dinner provided by them, and served by students of Rutgers College, will be long remembered by the delegates in attendance.

I. Ticknor Miller, Secretary of Fremont, Ohio, Lodge for 34 Years

I. Ticknor Miller, for thirty-four consecutive years Secretary of Fremont, Ohio, Lodge, No. 160, was recently elected again to that position, and was awarded, as a token of the high esteem in which he is held, with a life membership. During the time in which he has served as Secretary, Mr. Miller has made a unique record, having failed to attend only seven meetings. In addition to serving as Secretary, he is also the steward of the Lodge and is equally active and busy in this work.

Medal to Member of Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge's Scout Troop

The highest award of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America—the Gold Medal of Honor and Certificate of Heroism—has been bestowed upon Scout Clarence Childers of Troop No. 9, sponsored by Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 198. Scout Childers, at the risk of his own life, saved from drowning another member of his troop. The medal, the first one to come to Parkersburg, was presented at a public meeting arranged by Lew Lloyd, Chairman of the Scout Committee of No. 198.

Hampton, Va., Lodge Celebrates Thirtieth Birthday

The thirtieth anniversary party of Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, was one of the most enjoyable affairs ever held in the Home. A banquet opened the proceedings, which were attended by delegations from many Virginia Lodges, and was followed by a program of speeches and entertainment. Exalted Ruler A. L. Bivins of Newport News Lodge, No. 315, was the principal speaker of the evening, and Secretary Thomas L. Sclater recounted the history of No. 366. David Johnson, Exalted Ruler-elect of Hampton Lodge, acted as toastmaster and welcomed the visiting Elks. The entertainment consisted of a number of excellent vocal and instrumental numbers.

Zero Committee of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, Are Talented Fun-Makers

The Zero Committee of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, have become famous as fun-makers throughout western Washington. They offer novelty entertainments in the nature of gridiron sessions, at which they impersonate the regular officers of the Lodge. They also have a forty-five-minute minstrel show in which some of the best talent of the city participates, and which is produced at Lodge sessions only. They carry a whole trunkful of special stunts and their antics never fail to enliven the meeting. The activities of this committee have been largely the means of giving Aberdeen Lodge an attendance of 150 to 300 at every session. The costume of the "Zeroes" consists of white trousers and white shoes, old-fashioned broad-cloth Prince Albert coats, loud full-dress vests, bosomed full-dress shirts in a variety of gaudy colors, red bow neckties and derby hats.

Special Train for Bowlers from Cincinnati and Indianapolis

A Good Fellowship Special carrying fourteen bowling teams and a group of entertainers from Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, stopped at Indianapolis, Ind., where ten teams and twenty-five rooters from Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13, and one team from Noblesville, Ind., Lodge, No. 576, were taken aboard. The train de luxe then proceeded to Milwaukee, Wis., where the teams were entered in the Elks National Bowling Championships being rolled on the fine alleys of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46. The evening of their arrival had been designated as Cincinnati-Indianapolis Night by their hosts, and a special program, including vaudeville acts and a buffet supper, followed the bowling events. The special left on the evening of the second day for the return trip.

"Old-Timers' Night" Is Celebrated By Waterbury, Conn., Lodge

The beautiful Lodge room of Waterbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 265, never held a more pleased or interested gathering than on the occasion of "Old-Timers' Night" recently observed by the members. M. J. Colloty, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, was in the chair and shared with the surviving charter members the greetings and congratulations of the other members. There were only sixty members when the Lodge was instituted in 1893, and now there are over 1,700. Mr. Colloty, when he headed the Lodge, was one of the youngest Exalted Rulers in the Order.

Brockton, Mass., Lodge Entertains Patients in Veterans Hospitals

Patients in the West Roxbury Veterans Hospital enjoyed a real treat when a group of enter-

Members of Walsenberg, Colo., Lodge, No. 1086, dedicate their new Home



Members of Elko, Nev., Lodge, No. 1472, recently dedicated this new Home



tainers from Brockton, Mass., Lodge, No. 164, put on an excellent show in the assembly hall of their institution. For two and a half hours the ex-soldiers, who had long looked forward to the occasion, watched the many talented performers who had volunteered their services. Ice-cream and cake were served during a brief intermission; nor were those so badly disabled that they could not attend the show, forgotten, for members of the Veterans' Committee of the Lodge, which had arranged the party, circulated among the wards, dispensing refreshments and good cheer.

Freeland, Pa., Lodge Has Successful Birthday Party

Freeland, Pa., Lodge, No. 1145, celebrated its eighteenth birthday with a very successful party a short while ago. A large number of members and visitors from near-by Lodges crowded the Home of No. 1145 and enjoyed the excellent entertainment provided. The principal speaker of the evening was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. G. Thumm, who delivered an inspiring talk on the principles and history of the Order.

Large Inter-Lodge Meeting Held At Kewanee, Ill., Lodge

Eugene W. Welch of Galesburg, Ill., Lodge,

No. 894, President of the Illinois State Elks Association, was recently the guest of honor at a large initiation held in the Home of Kewanee, Ill., Lodge, No. 724. The occasion was an inter-Lodge meeting in which the following Illinois Lodges took part: Canton Lodge, No. 626, Galesburg Lodge, Monmouth Lodge, No. 397, and Kewanee Lodge. Large classes were initiated for each of these Lodges, and an excellent entertainment enlivened the evening.

District Deputy Colee Is Honor Guest of Key West, Fla., Lodge

A buffet supper and reception were recently given by members of Key West, Fla., Lodge, No. 551, in honor of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold Colee, on the occasion of his official visit. Mr. Colee was accompanied to Key West by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry L. Bethel, who also was an honor guest of the Lodge. Mr. Colee expressed great satisfaction with the work being done by the Lodge, and praised the members for their enterprise and enthusiasm. During their stay in Key West Mr. Colee and Mr. Bethel were guests of Judge Jefferson B. Browne, Pardon Commissioner of the Grand Lodge.

Elk-Shrine Frolic Is Attended By Many of Each Fraternity

An audience estimated at more than 2,000 recently filled the auditorium of the Masonic Temple to capacity at the first joint meeting and entertainment of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, and El Katif Shrine. A most amusing play, and music by the Shrine and Elk bands, made up the major part of the program. A feature of the evening, preceding the performance, was the presentation of a large key of the Shrine Temple to Claude D. Randall, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, by Harold C. Whitehouse, Illustrious Potentate of El Katif Shrine. A luncheon served by the members of the Shrine concluded a most enjoyable evening.

Elks of the Printing Craft Hold Seventh Annual Meeting

Elks of the Printing Craft (Metropolitan District) held their seventh annual meeting recently at the Home of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74. Among the distinguished members of the Order who greeted the gathering was Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, David I. Kelly of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, delivered the principal address of the evening. His discourse was enthusiastically received by those present, many of whom, because of their occupations, are unable to attend the meetings of their Lodges, and learn only by these annual

(Continued on page 76)

EVERY OUNCE IS QUALITY

A TRADE MARK THAT SPEAKS IN EVERY TONGUE

COVERS 360 SQ. FT. PER GALLON 2 COATS

DRIES TO A DURABLE ELASTIC GLOSS FINISH

Prepared House-Paint—at its best.

Don't be fooled on House Paint!

"Cheap" paint isn't cheap at all!

WHEN you buy paint to dress up and protect your house, don't let a "low price" blind your good sense. Thousands of home owners are bewailing a "cheap" paint job this very minute and paying the penalty in hard cash.

"Cheap" paint is made of cheap or skimpy materials.

How else could it be sold at a low price in the highly competitive markets of today?

Cheap or skimpy materials make a poor, weak grade of paint. That's only sense. It may *look* like paint and *smell* like paint *in the can*. But on the brush and on your house—the poor quality shrieks.

Compare the "cheap" formula with SWP!

If you are tempted to use a "low price" house paint—one that is claimed, even guaranteed and warranted, to be "just as good as SWP,"—*GO SLOW!!* Remember that *low price* and *low quality* go hand in hand. You can't make a silk purse from a sow's ear.

Make the formula test! Insist upon seeing the formula of the "cheap" paint, either on the label or in the literature of the company.

Compare the materials used in making the "cheap" paint with the ingredients of fine old SWP House Paint—as shown in the formula which is plainly printed on every SWP can. Take Outside Gloss White for example:

Note the big percentage of *White Lead Carbonate* and *White Lead Sulphate* used in fine old SWP Outside Gloss White. White lead should be the *basic* ingredient of all white paint and light tints. It is to these paints exactly what flour is to bread.

See how much less of this basic ingredient is used in the average "cheap" white paint.

Zinc oxide, another costly pigment, is the next essential ingredient. A liberal percentage of zinc oxide combined with a large amount of white lead makes for a *balanced formula*—such as the formula of SWP Outside Gloss White House Paint. It assures a finish of superior wearing quality.

THE ACCEPTED STANDARD THE WORLD OVER . . .



SHERWIN-WILLIAMS HOUSE PAINT



More than 90% of the pigment content of SWP Outside Gloss White is made up of these two important ingredients—white lead and zinc oxide.

In the majority of "cheap" white paints you will find only 50% or less.

It is the liberal quantity of this expensive basic material in every can of SWP Outside Gloss White that gives this fine old paint its remarkable covering capacity.

In the darker colors like browns and greens, the "balanced formula" of SWP is even more important. Naturally, these dark colors can contain little, if any, opaque white pigment such as white lead or zinc oxide.

Sherwin-Williams have the pick of the world's colors. Sherwin-Williams Dry Color Works produce practically everything except the natural earth and mineral colors. That is why SWP colors are so rich, so permanent and so true to character.

Greater durability of the paint film on your house is assured by SWP due to the use of a specially treated, pure linseed oil—made in Sherwin-Williams' own linseed oil plant.

360 square feet per gallon or only 250—which?

Some people think that SWP House Paint is an expensive paint because it costs more per gallon.

As a matter of fact, SWP is the least expensive house paint on the wall—on the market. And here is why:

**SWP
COVERS
360
SQ. FT.
PER. GAL.
2 COATS**

**CHEAP
PAINT
COVERS
ONLY
250
SQ. FT.
PER. GAL.
2 COATS**

A gallon of SWP will properly beautify and protect three hundred and sixty square feet of your house—two coats to the gallon.

Will a "cheap," low price paint do that? No!

The best you can get from a gallon of the average "cheap" paint is two hundred and fifty square feet!

two coats.

Right there, in that *forty-four per cent greater coverage*—in the fewer gallons of SWP needed—the difference in price per gallon is nullified.

On the wall—in actual gallons needed to paint your house—Sherwin-Williams House Paint costs no more, and often *less*, than the cheap, low price kind.

And remember this: It costs no more to put on *good* paint than to put on "cheap" paint.

Which would you rather have?

You get more years of service, too

Once your house has been painted with SWP House Paint your saving has only begun. A beautiful SWP job outlasts a "cheap" paint job by several years.

It dries to a firm, elastic, glossy surface. It weathers slowly. There's no cracking or chipping or peeling—if properly stirred and applied.

Long after a "cheap" paint job has taken on the appearance of a pair of faded overalls, you can wash the dust off an SWP job with plain soap and water, and the colors will come up fresh and bright.

Less repainting expense

And when repainting is needed it can be done easily, quickly and with much less paint, *because the SWP surface is in perfect condition.*

Compare that with a "cheap" paint job that fades out and wears out quickly—that cracks and chips and peels—that has to be repainted often—and that

costs more to repaint because it has to be burnt off, or scraped off, at every repainting.

SWP House Paint is sold by leading paint merchants everywhere. And each of these dealers is "Paint Headquarters" in his district. One of them is no doubt located near you.

See "Paint Headquarters" and save money

Before you let "cheap" paint blind you to real economy—see your local SWP dealer. He will estimate your requirements in SWP.

Compare the SWP estimate with what "cheap" paint will cost. Then remember the greater durability of SWP—the exquisite colors that do not fade. Then specify the paint you think will give you best results.

If you do not recall "Paint Headquarters" in your locality, write us for the dealer's name.

If you want expert help on a color scheme, our literature, color cards, or the famous Sherwin-Williams Household Painting Guide—just write. There is no obligation.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
Cleveland, Ohio



**SWP
Guaranty
of Satisfaction**

SWP House Paint, when thoroughly stirred and applied according to directions, is hereby guaranteed to cover more surface, to look better, to last longer and cost less per job and per year than any house paint on the market.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
Cleveland : : Ohio



Ask your painter to use SWP—for best results.

COSTS LESS PER SQ. FOOT. . . LESS PER JOB . . . LESS PER YEAR

Enter—A Blind Drag

(Continued from page 26)



Aqua Velva helps the face after shaving

AS soon as you have slapped on Aqua Velva you get an entirely new sensation of skin-comfort. Furthermore, Aqua Velva keeps your face comfortable all day long. It conserves the skin's natural moisture—keeps the skin smooth and flexible just as a Williams shave leaves it.

Aqua Velva does these 5 things

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards against sun and wind.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. Aqua Velva keeps the skin flexible and smooth all day long—just as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Aqua Velva sells for 50c at all dealers, in large 5-ounce bottles. If your dealer is out of it, we will send it postpaid on receipt of price.

Make a free test of Aqua Velva. Send us the coupon below, or a postcard for a generous trial bottle free.

Williams Aqua Velva

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING



Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 75, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Name.....

Address.....

Elks 5-27

"I expect her back in time for tea. Won't you drop in?"

"Thank you."

With Buff arrived Gregory Mount, somewhat worn after a hot week in Atlantic City doctoring an ailing new play. Hardly had Felice brought in the tea things when Robert's roadster stopped in front of the house and Christine hopped out. A moment or two later, trig and trim in white knickers and brightly colored sweater, she entered the living-room.

"Hello, Uncle Greg!" she cried. And took it not at all amiss when he pulled her affectionately to him and kissed her.

"You've heard me speak of Mr. Vandegard," Claire introduced them. Still in Mount's arm, Christine turned to the young man.

"Oh, the one you call Buff. How do you do," she smiled with demure friendliness. It was the least she could have done in light of the amazement and approval in Buff's eyes.

"Why?" Buff turned reproachfully to Claire, "why have you kept this a secret all these years?"

Claire noticed her daughter's pink embarrassment. "Wouldn't Robert come in?"

"He has a dinner date," Christine explained.

"One of those family festival things."

"One of his wealthy aunts has a birthday?" Buff inquired innocently.

"Yes."

"Robert is America's most devoted nephew," Buff wagged his head in heavy approbation.

"Sugar?" Claire interpolated quickly.

"Sugar," Buff exclaimed. "Listen; if all of Robert's heavy-sugared aunts were laid end to end—"

"Sugar, in your tea!" Claire interrupted firmly.

"My mistake," Buff blandly apologized. He quaffed his cup in silence for a moment, his eyes on Christine as she chatted with Mount.

"FOLKS," he announced abruptly, "every instinct within me calls for action. Claire hasn't been out of the house for a week. Why don't we four have dinner on a roof somewhere, take in an eye and ear entertainment afterward and adjourn then to a club where dancing is compulsory?"

"And put me in bed for another week?" Claire returned. "No, thank you."

"Declare me out," Gregory Mount said. "I haven't had a night's sleep for a week."

Without a trace of visible regret, Buff looked at Christine. "That seems to leave us the sole survivors. You're not going to singe my sprightly hopes, are you?"

Christine laughed; glanced at her mother.

"By all means go with him if you'd like to," Claire said. "Felice will help you dress."

When her daughter left the room, Claire bent searching gaze on Buff. He grinned.

"No objection to giving Tillie a little run, is there? Easy come, easy go, you know. A little spirited opposition—listen; does she really love that dehydrated prune?"

"You might ask her," Gregory Mount suggested pleasantly.

"That's not such a boob idea as you think it is," Buff retorted, hurrying out.

"Duck soup for Chris," Mount laughed softly.

"What do you mean?"

"Could any daughter of Eve resist the opportunity to beguile one of her mother's admirers?"

"Nonsense," Claire exclaimed. But the thought persisted. All through the distressing interview she had with David Martin that evening Mount's question kept intruding itself.

Martin had never found his star so difficult. Claire would promise nothing; could give him no slightest security for including her in his production plans for the approaching season. Professional arguments and personal pleading alike fell on stony ground. Finally Martin lost his temper. Among other things, he expressed a doubt that Claire could lose enough weight to be presentable in September. Claire's answer to that was to tell him flatly to find some other woman to play the part.

"There is nobody else like you," Martin shouted. Unfortunately he added, "Thank God!"

Whereupon Claire let her temper loose and practically put the producer out of the house.

She was in bed when Christine came home.

"Nice time, dear?"

"Gorgeous!" Sitting on the edge of the bed, Christine eased a foot from a new satin slipper. "I've met everybody of importance on Broadway, I think. Loads of people sent you their love, Momsie."

Claire's heart beat quickened. It was the first time since she had come East that her daughter had called her Momsie.

"I've been danced insipid, and laugh—oh, boy, what a line Buff deals!" She chuckled. Sobering, she smoothed the hem of her frock carefully across her knees. "You know, he does a lot of kidding, but underneath he's a very understanding person, don't you think?"

Again Claire thought of Mount's question. "Well—"

"I mean most mature, experienced persons forget how they felt about life and—and things when they were young."

"I suppose they do," Claire admitted. "I don't know what Buff told you, but he's exactly twenty-six."

"Well, that's four years older than Robert is."

"By the way, dear, Robert telephoned this evening. I told him you'd gone out—I think I mentioned Buff—and I had no idea when you'd return."

"What did he say?" eagerly.

"He said he'd phone again in the morning."

"Not too early, I hope." Christine covered a yawn. She stooped for her slipper. "Night, Momsie. The dress and—and everything was a knock-out to-night. It certainly makes a difference, the way you feel, and the way people talk to you, when you're wearing the exact perfect things—and know it." At the door, "Buff said he hopes you'll feel better in the morning."

"Buff's a dear."

"Um." Another yawn. "Night, Momsie."

It was some time before Claire fell asleep. She awoke the next morning with a dull headache and a sense of impending woe. Coffee in bed failed to prevent a series of dozes, filled with unpleasant dreams. She was aroused from one nap by the sound of her name, loudly spoken. Stirring to consciousness she realized that Christine was at the telephone, talking hotly; truculently.

"—Claire Winton! My mother is Claire Winton, the best little trouser that ever came out of vaudeville. And—what? . . . yes, the Broadway star. She's—what? What did you say, Robert? Can you see me this afternoon? I should say not!"

THE angry slam of receiver on hook drove all sleep from Claire's brain. There was no mistaking the fact she had come between Christine and Robert, the cause of a quarrel between them.

"Chris!" she called weakly.

But Christine had her ear to the telephone again, calling another number.

"May I speak to Mr. Gregory Mount? Christine Lake, calling."

"Claire decided she had better get up and into some clothes.

"Hello, Uncle Greg. Can I come over there, or you over here? I've simply got to unload on somebody—no, I can't tell Mother. You see, it's about Robert. I—I neglected to tell him, until to-day, that Mrs. Lake was Claire Winton. Why? Well, it's just as Buff Vandegard said last night when we were talking about it. Being the daughter of a beautiful actress is something there is lots more humorous things than. What? Well, if you'd ever been one you'd know how awfully simple and simply awful the explanation is. For instance, 'Claire Winton is my mother,' I'd say to new faces before I learned better. 'Is zat so?' they'd say, and start searching for a resemblance. Outside of the fact that we both wore shoes there wasn't any. 'You mean Claire Winton, the actress?' they'd say, choking with suppressed merriment. Half the time that made me burn; it sounded like a dirty dig at somebody's morals. The rest of the time, feeling like a gangling insect, I'd crawl into a closet somewhere and melt into tears.

(Continued on page 56)

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
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MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, well known to the women of America, is a member of the New York State Democratic Committee.

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Enter—A Blind Drag

(Continued from page 52)

"So when I met Robert—honest, Uncle Greg, Robert came into my life like a heated taxi on a rainy winter night. I could hardly wait to show him to mother, and vice versa. Score an error for me there. But knowing what an addict he is to the theory of heredity, I reasoned that after one close-up of mother, my private personal stock would soar above par with Robert. Consequently, you can imagine what a terrific shock it was to find mother all out of training, bursting at the seams, shedding hair-pins from the puny knob on the back of her head!

"Even so, that was no excuse for Robert sliding off her like a cake of ice. Mother lightly sneezed off his insults, but they started me thinking. Something he said a couple of days later, combined with the surreptitious, speculative glances he kept focusing on me when he thought I was unconscious, gave me an idea. I tested it out. In the middle of one of his really excellent passages, while he was profusely exuding the stuff Galahad, I mentioned that mother had weighed a hundred and five when she was married. Robert gulped and came to a shuddering stop, with all his brakes smoking.

"Naturally I can't even hint anything to mother—what did you say? . . . Good Heavens, Uncle Greg, how can I tell Mamsie that Robert has a fat complex! . . . A fat complex. He loathes stoutish people; can't stand them near him. He's marked with it; one of those pre-natal things, perhaps. Anyway, couple that up with his study of heredity, and—do you see? Every time he thinks of mother, as is, he pictures me at her age likewise, or even more so. And he cringes, Uncle Greg; he cringes—"

Claire softly closed the door of her room, tragedy in her heart. All her wretched efforts in the weeks just suffered had been in vain. Stupid. Deliberately she had repressed, submerged, obliterated all her charm that her daughter might shine by contrast. Conscientiously playing a part, the very perfection of it had frustrated her intention. Robert, visioning the future, saw Christine quickly becoming the faded flower her mother appeared.

What a terrible, ghastly mess she had made of things; what a heart-breaking disappointment to her daughter. Poor Christine. The shame, the dreadful shame—of a daughter, ashamed of her mother! Dry-eyed, numb with pain, Claire sank to the bottom of her pit of despair.

And then there came a spark of resentment as she thought of Robert. Fastidious Tillie! Fanning the spark into a flame, mechanically, under the urge for action, Claire began dressing. In Heaven's name, who and what was Robert Zachary Tilliger that he could cast a blight on the entire Lake family? Not alone on them. Because of Robert, Martin was facing a severe financial loss, and Gregory Mount—she glimpsed herself in the mirror, red-faced, her bosom—oh, ye gods, a regular bosom!—rising and falling tumultuously from the effort of stooping over to pull her stockings up over her too pronounced calves! Hysterically her anger rose. Robert—no man—was worth such a sacrifice of self-respect.

"He never was a man; he's a symbol." She recalled Buff's phrase. In sudden dismay Claire, too, saw him as a symbol. He stood for love, romance, the tender ecstasies Christine might reasonably expect of life. That reflection brought a new thought. If Robert was the hero of the situation, she herself must be the villainess, the obstacle between hero and heroine.

A line from Mount's new play came to her. "The parent is a natural enemy in the mind of the child."

"I will not be Christine's enemy!" Claire's spirit flared up again. "If I can't be her friend, at least I won't stand in the way of her happiness—though God knows what happiness she can hope to extract from a life with Fastidious Tillie."

Fastidious! Claire snorted. She'd show him what real fastidiousness was. She'd reduce; it would take time—

"Now I'm being childish," Claire told herself. "The fact is I don't understand my daughter. As a mother I'm a clever actress. Or am I? Nevertheless," she sat at her dressing-table and opened a cold cream jar. "I think that if a man, no matter how fascinating, showed me his love

wasn't heavy enough to outweigh my mother's poundage," rubbing vigorously, "the next time I'd see him would be in hell! But it's a long time since I was eighteen."

A knock on the door—"It's me; Chris." Innocent-eyed, demure as a pussy cat, the girl came into the room. "Good-morning, Mamsie."

"Good-morning, dear."
"Martin telephoned you early this morning. I wouldn't disturb you. He's simply furious with me." Christine took a buffer from the dressing-table and busied herself with it.

"Furious? With you?"
"Uh-hum. And so is Robert."
"Oh, my dear—"

"I decided I simply couldn't be annoyed giving him house room any longer. So when he called up to-day we had a highly satisfactory fight, at the end of which I stood up—and he rolled right off my lap; permanently." Eyes fixed on polished pink nails.

"But Chris, dear—" Claire did not know what to say.

"Wait till I tell you about Martin. I certainly razed him. You know," carefully painting her finger-tips, "he's frightfully worried about you and—and next season."

"I know."
"Gee, you'd think he owned you, the way he talks. It boiled me over. I told him you'd worked hard and steadily enough to lay off for a year if you wanted to. And when he said something about the duty you owed the public and him I laughed right in his ear. I told him I remembered the time when the public and managers thought they were doing you a favor to let you earn a week's salary."

"Christine, you—"
"I certainly did!" Christine said hotly. "I told him that the price of just one of the gowns he expects you to wear in every act now would have kept us for four months in the old days when we were hop-scotching around the small-time, living on sandwiches and playing anywhere from three to seven shows a day. I reminded him—"

"Chris!" For the life of her, Claire could not keep the tears from her eyes.

"Listen!" the girl cried, slamming the buffer heedlessly on the glass top of the dresser, "anytime anybody starts picking on you, they've got me to fight!"

"Chris—you blessed—" Blissfully, mother and daughter locked arms around each other, their hearts beating close, together once more in spirit and in love.

Another knock on the door; Felice to announce luncheon.

"Thanks." Claire jammed a hat on her head and caught up a light coat. "But I'm just on my way out to walk around the reservoir in the Park twelve or thirteen times."

"Without lunch?"
"Especially without lunch."
"Yes, ma'm. And dinner—cook wants to know what you wish for dinner."

Claire eyed the maid severely. A spasm of pain creased her countenance for a moment. "Dinner? One small lamb chop and a thin slice of pineapple; to-day, to-morrow—and it may be forever!"

"Mamsie!" Christine's blue eyes sparkled with excitement. "You mean—"

"I'm going to diet," fiercely, "until I lose every last ounce I've put on."

"Allah be praised!" Chris flung herself on her mother. "I told Uncle Greg you'd snap out of it sooner or later."

"Is that so!" Claire retorted. "Well, then, you can just call him up while I'm out and tell him to bring over the script of his new play tonight. There are a lot of things wrong with the last act."

"The last act—"
"And after that call up Dave Martin's office. Inform him that if he can squeeze the proper apologies out of his system I'll tell him when I'll be ready to go into rehearsal. You can let him know, too, that I have some very definite ideas about casting the play!"

"What else?" Chris asked. "Gee, it's old times again, you raving around, telling everybody

(Continued on page 58)



"Each performance brings with it its attendant nervousness and I relish the opportunity for a soothing smoke while playing. During the course of 'The Play's the Thing' I am called on to smoke at frequent intervals. It is always a Lucky Strike. I know from many years' use of this cigarette that my throat is constantly protected and that it will give me the greatest enjoyment."

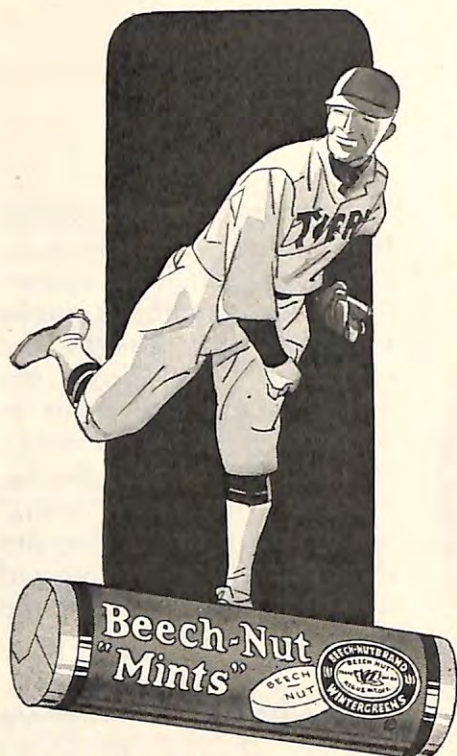
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Enter—A Blind Drag

(Continued from page 56)

where to get off. What an old peach you are!"

"If you ask me," Claire said shortly, "I'm a darn fool."

No one but Christine knew the effort of will required to carry Claire through the travail of the weeks to the October night her name blazoned above a Broadway theatre filled the house for the premiere of Mount's new play. And Christine was the first to hurry to the star's dressing-room at the conclusion of the comedy. Wildly excited, exuberantly happy, Christine brought the news from the front.

"The biggest hit of your life, Mamsie! Everybody's saying so. You were wonderful—never looked so beautiful in your life. And that scene in the last act—the one you were afraid of?—they were weeping buckets all around me! Did you count the calls you took at the finish? Nine! Uncle Greg is wandering around the lobby talking to himself and absently eating the

shreds of his program. Dave Martin is standing on the edge of the sidewalk forcing cigars on the passers-by. I left Buff helping Robert into a taxi. Poor Tillie! When you came on in the first act, in that heavenly blue-and-gold thing, looking like the answer to every man's prayer, Robert turned positively green. And when he flashed Buff's ring on my lily third finger—"

"Claire! Darling, we're waiting." A dozen—a score of men and women in the hall outside the dressing-room door, eager to offer their hymns of praise and jubilation.

"I'm a pig," Christine said, quickly contrite. "To hear me you'd think this was my night of triumph instead of yours."

Claire laughed tenderly. With the audience's applause still singing sweetly in her ears, she lifted her daughter's face and kissed her.

"It's ours, dear. Happy?"

"Madly."

"So am I. Exit—the blind drag."

Old Man Par

(Continued from page 35)

"Everybody wants to," returns the Colonel, "but nobodies do."

Munson's drive is longer than Stivers', but it's in the rough off to the left.

"A man's shot, at least," he remarks as he starts off the tee.

Following instructions, the Colonel babies the ball along with his midiron. It takes him six to get to the edge of the sandpit bordering the green, but Munson's nine on, having had a tough time getting out of the rough.

"Now," says I to Stivers, "take your mashie niblick like this"—and I illustrates, "and lift it over the trap and up to the pin."

The Colonel doesn't deliver. The ball dribbles into the sand to the great delight of Munson who's watching the proceedings with a sarcastic grin. Two swipes with his niblick fail to get Stivers out of the trap.

"Have you ever considered, sir," mimics Munson, "dropping your putter and taking up with a shovel?"

The Colonel takes a vicious swing, and this time he gets the pill out—and into the trap on the other side of the green.

"An absurd situation," growls Stivers, trekking toward the far pit.

Two or three more futile stabs at the ball and out she comes—back into the recently vacated trap.

"We shall proceed to the next hole, sir," says the Colonel, with dignity. "I'm no sand-sniper."

"Your honor," says I to Munson, when we get to the second tee.

"He's entitled to it," remarks Stivers, "having lived seventy years without any."

The second is a short baby—a hundred and twenty yards—just a mashie pitch, but I have 'em both use their number two irons. Munson's shot is a trifle short and drops into the sand, but the Colonel has a lucky break. His drive is just like the other's, but there is just enough additional power behind it to take the ball through the sand and onto the green, not more than two or three inches from the pin.

"Will you concede the putt, sir?" asks Stivers at the edge of the pit. Despite his feeling about the game I can see the old pouter is a little bit puffed up over making a hole in two.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," snorts Munson. "In my opinion, sir, you're still three or four putts away from the hole."

"I can conceive, sir," slams back the Colonel, "of nothing of less interest than your opinion."

"Keep your head down," I cautions Munson as he prepares to niblick out.

"It might be a good idea," suggests Stivers, "for him to grow a beard and step on it just before making a shot."

"If it was a good idea," retorts Munson, "you wouldn't have it."

After fussing around some he gets under the pill nicely and heads it straight for the pin. Then I have to bite my lips to keep from laughing

out loud. The ball bangs into the Colonel's sending it off the green and into the deep rough to the right. Munson's ball remains about two feet from the hole. Stivers looks at me with questioning rage.

"It's up to you to protect your ball," I tells him. "You'll have to shoot from where you are."

"Is this billiards we're playing," snorts the Colonel, "or golf?"

"It's natural for you to be confused," grins Munson. "Go on. Shoot."

"A deliberately planned outrage," mutters Stivers, as he moves toward the rough. He finally makes a six to the other's three.

The pair play a good wrangle the next seven holes. On the sixth tee just as the Colonel has his driver raised to shoot, Munson shouts at him:

"Where'd you get those knickers?"

Stivers' stroke hesitates the fraction of a second with the result that the ball goes scarcely ten feet off the tee. He glares at Munson, but says nothing until they come to the eighth. Then just as Munson's all set to drive, the Colonel answers:

"From my son, you duffer."

Munson makes a complete miss.

I'm almost a wreck by the time the nine holes are completed. By some crafty figuring I work out a score card that brings the old boys in even, four holes apiece and one tied.

"Having seen you play," says Munson, as we're walking to the locker room, "I might as well make room in my sideboard for the cocktail shaker."

"You have the advantage of me, sir," returns the Colonel. "I have yet to see you play. I am about to indulge myself," he goes on, "in a high-ball. Occasionally I drink with my inferiors."

"I have the same failing," comes back Munson. "I'll join you in the grill."

"How about a raise?" I asks young Stivers, when I sees him later in the day.

"A raise?" he repeats.

"Yeh," says I. "I'm being grossly underpaid."

TO HEAR the Colonel and Munson talk! you'd imagine they were the only entrants in the Father and Son Tournament. As a matter of fact, there were eighteen or twenty possible starters. However, all the talk around the club-house was about the Munson-Stivers match, the rivalry of the old fellows leading to arguments, side-bets and the rest of the stuff that goes with the amenities of the nineteenth hole.

Two days before the match, Bill Stivers comes to me looking sad.

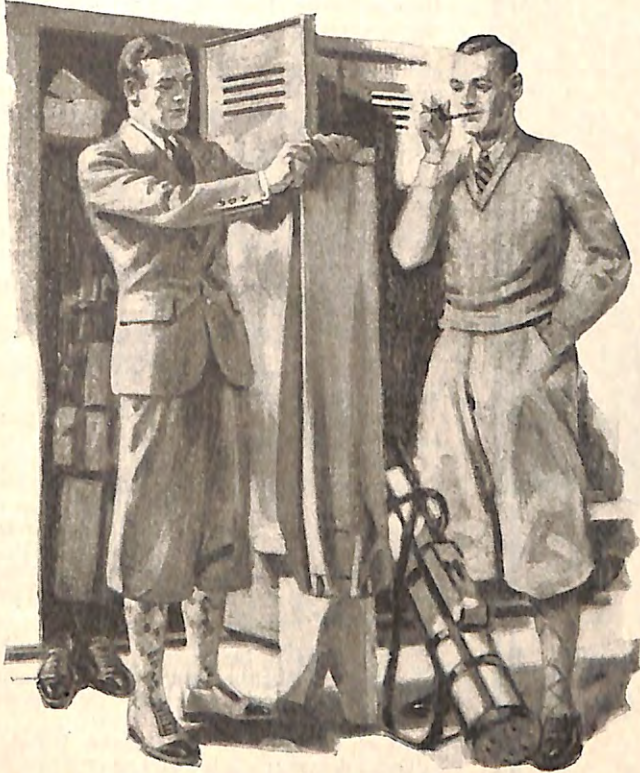
"I'm afraid we're out," says he.

"Out of what?" I asks.

"The tournament," he answers. "The governor's laid up."

(Continued on page 60)

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"They keep you looking your best"

Old Man Par

(Continued from page 58)

"That's too bad," I sympathizes. "Anything serious?"

"It's his legs," explains Stivers. "I guess this chasing around the course has been too much for him."

"The Colonel must be all broken up," I remarks, "over giving up his bout with Munson."

"He hasn't given it up," comes back Bill. "He swears he'll play, but there isn't a chance. He can hardly stand—let alone walk around eighteen holes in the sun."

The Saturday of the tournament comes hot and humid, a tough day for the fathers and not so snappy for the sons. As I steps out of the caddy house, I runs into the chairman of the greens committee.

"How's your father?" I asks.

"He's here," returns Stivers with a worried expression.

"To look on?" I inquires.

"To play," he answers.

"Oh," says I, "he's better, then?"

"He's in a wheel-chair," returns Bill. "He can't walk a step."

"I thought," says I, puzzled, "you said he—"

"He's in a wheel-chair," repeats Stivers, "and he wants to play."

"You mean," I exclaims, "he wants to go around in a wheel-chair?"

"Just that," says Stivers. "He won't listen to me—flies into a rage when I talk to him. He insists on playing from his chair. You go see him, Mike. Tell him the chair will ruin the course; that it's against the rules of the U. S. G. A. and against the Constitution. Anything. Maybe you can do something with him. There he comes now."

GUIDED by a big negro the wheel-chair crunches along the road toward the caddy house. The Colonel is wrapped in blankets and by his side is his bag of clubs.

"When do we start?" he demands irritably. Then I does my stuff, but all I succeed in doing is getting him sore.

"There's no rule against it," snaps the old man, "and if there is I'll not permit it to make a difference. I'll pay for any damage done to the course. Let me hear no more objections, sir."

I takes young Stivers off to a side. "Better humor him," I suggests. "He'll have enough in a hole or two and it'll probably hurt him more to be disappointed than to go around. We'll start after the others are all off."

That's just what we do. When the first tee is clear, the Colonel is wheeled up. The Munsons are waiting for us. The younger one takes the situation good-naturedly, but his father lets loose a few sarcastic cracks.

"Golf is an old man's game, isn't it?" he remarks.

"Just to give you a chance, sir," comes back the Colonel, tart, "I'm handicapping you a wheel-chair."

Harry Munson drives off and hooks into the rough. Stivers follows with a peach two hundred and fifty yards down the alley. Then the parade starts, with me along to lend a hand if necessary in taking care of the Colonel. There's a steep slope from the tee to the fairway, and it takes both the wheel-chair chauffeur and myself to get the old gent down safely.

We stop near the ball in such a way that the wheels won't interfere. Stivers the elder leans over and with his midiron pushes the pill perhaps ten yards. Bill's spoon shot is dead to the pin. It takes the Munsons five to get on, which is just what it takes the Stivers to get off, the Colonel's son sinking a nice putt after the old man had dubbed one. Owing to the long dry spell the green is as hard as nails and the rubber tires barely leave a mark in the grass.

The second and the third also go to the Stivers. The fourth is a water-hole with a narrow causeway for the players to cross over, much too narrow for the chair. After the Colonel dribbles one off the tee, Bill lifts it over the water and onto the green. Then the negro and I grab hold of the invalid equipage, raise it off the ground and carry the old gent. What a game of golf!

At the ninth hole the Munsons are down five points on the medal score. In the meantime it's



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been getting hotter and hotter with the hilly part of the course to come. Lifting the chair around over ditches and such is hard enough, but just carrying a club seems to be enough for Munson.

When we starts the second nine I notices the fat old boy is panting heavy and having trouble lifting his feet. By the twelfth hole I catches him casting envious glances at the Colonel, sitting calm and cool in his wheel-chair.

In the meantime, Harry Munson's game has picked up considerable, and at the sixteenth the score's all even. Munson senior's so in by this time that he has to lean against the wheel-chair to putt. It's with great difficulty that he drags himself to the bench by the side of the seventeenth tee.

"I'm through," he gasps. "I can't go it any more."

"Be a sport, sir," urges the Colonel.

"Pretty soft for you," comes back Munson. "I should have come in a sled."

"At your age, sir," says Stivers, "you should have had more sense than to come at all. This may be an old man's game, but it's not a sport for senility."

"Let's call it off," suggests young Munson. "There's no use of killing our aged parents for a cocktail shaker."

"Speak of your own sire," bristles the Colonel. "I'm as fresh as a daisy. Come, sir, let's proceed."

But Munson refuses to put any more weight on his feet.

"Can we finish without him?" Stivers, senior, asks of me.

"No," I tells him, "you must all come in or you're disqualified."

"Get in beside me," orders the Colonel, moving over in his wheel-chair. He's so thin that plenty of room is made on the wide seat.

Munson's eyes brighten and he doesn't wait for any urging. A ride to the clubhouse is nothing to be turned down in his collapsed state. With the help of his son he's led over to the chair and scrunched in beside the Colonel.

"Now, sirs," says Stivers, "we shall complete the game."

And that's just what we did, Munson leaning over his seat-mate to make feeble one-handed jabs at the ball. We finish tied with 108, a stunned crowd on the eighteenth green watching the Colonel sink a three-inch putt from his wheel-chair.

A hundred and eight wins.

"You shall have the shaker," says Munson to the Stivers, "since I was ready to quit on the sixteenth."

"Not at all, sir," comes back the Colonel. "You shall have it during your life. In a few weeks your son can hand it over to me."

"You're right," says young Stivers to me as I walks to the locker room all in myself.

"About what?" I asks.

"About being grossly underpaid," he grins.

Bonds of the Air

(Continued from page 13)

When the thing was quite near, it changed its mind about attacking, for it swerved and came to a halt with its head pointed away.

From it a man emerged, but a man different from the men about the palings. He was thicker and heavier; his head seemed joined to his shoulders without any expanse of neck; and he had two huge, round eyes about the pair of smaller eyes that ordinary men had.

This strange human walked with rapid strides direct to the enclosure. When he reached it the condor, despite clearer vision due to the vivifying effect of the new occurrence, lost sight of him except partially; this was because the spaces between the stakes did not allow a good view of things close at hand. The partial view carried his attention to the gate, he saw it wrenched open; then he saw the man who had opened it make quick arm movements from which men staggered away or fell, saw angry men pick themselves up and press after the man, who now ran back toward the huge bird out of which he had come.

There were things following this that the condor had no time to be aware of—of the man being joined by a second man, who had emerged

(Continued on page 62)



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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM is such a friend to nearly a million men. It gets you out of a close shave with a whole skin.

No lotions needed...INGRAM'S is lather and lotion in one.

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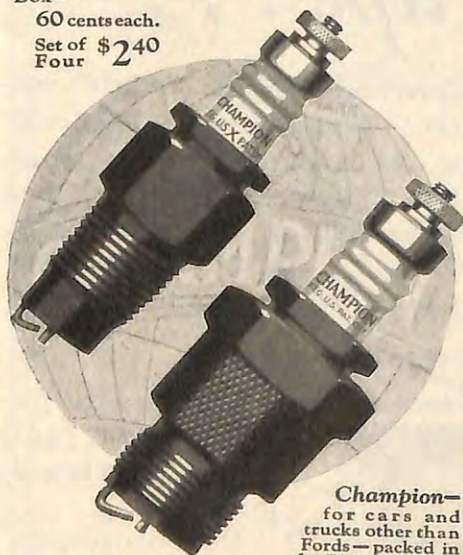
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Set of \$2.40
Four



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for cars and trucks other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box—

75 cents each.
Set of \$3.00
Four
Set of \$4.50
Six

CHAMPION
Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO

Bonds of the Air

(Continued from page 61)

from the flying monster, his hand clutching a short, stubby object sight of which caused the pursuing mob to slacken speed. Nor could the condor be aware that the two men, now backing toward their great bird, talked, the man who had opened the gate panting:

"Guess those saddle-colored officials—across the line—wouldn't consider this as part of our job testing out their new planes for 'em; but it'll sure give us a chance to see how quick th' machine is in an emergency take-off! . . . Nothing but a cussed buzzard, did you say? Well, maybe; but doggone it, Bill, he was nearly all in—and he belongs in the air!"

And the condor was in the air—both condors were in the air. It had taken all of the older

bird's remaining strength to rise from the ground, even with the run the opened gate afforded. But now, with the wind streaming under the feathers of his wings and caressing his torn and battered body, he felt something of energy flow back into his muscles.

Slowly, but with ever increasing wing-sureness, he attained altitude, conscious at the same time that a gigantic flying creature was leaving the ground and itself attaining altitude.

The terrific roar was again assailing him. But the creature that produced the roar no longer terrified. He found himself able to view it with curiosity, seeing it come abreast of him and noting the hands of two men that it carried wave at him as it rushed past.

Shadow River

(Continued from page 39)

"It's my fault. I gave him hell once for keeping something back that he had heard. Something political."

"He's right, however. You have an enemy. Look out there to-morrow and you'll see what I saw behind Ikela."

"Well, give me the dope. What is all this anyway?"

"No, I might be wrong. You will see for yourself." Bowden tossed off the contents of his glass and rose. "Dawn in an hour," he said. "Guess I'd better poke off now."

"Don't you want to catch a little sleep first?"

"Not this night, thanks." He called gently and his capita stepped in the door. He gave some orders in a tongue Davy didn't know. Then he held out his hand. "Good luck to you. And thanks for the hospitality."

"Where are you headed for?"

"Hard to tell. Look out for Van Loo."

Bowden and his boys drew out of earshot and Davy went into his tent and sat down on his cot. "Look out for Van Loo"—what did he mean by that? What did this man know of Davy's relations with Van Loo? Davy shouted for Djoli.

"You knew Monsieur Bowden."

"Yes, Mondele, from a long time ago."

"What was that you called him?"

"Nkedo; friend, it means. It is the black man's name for him."

DAVY reflected for a while. He felt helpless, and afraid this casual visit would heighten the sting of his loneliness. He went to the table for a cigarette and another drink. He wished the dawn would come.

"How many parties of hunters do we have to send out from here?" he asked.

"There is only one direction here, Mondele."

"Very well, you take your hunters and leave as soon as possible. Tumba and I will look around for traces of that elephant we heard, and any other traces. Can you be back by sundown?"

"Before that."

"Start off as soon as you can, and get back when you can. I want to be at the bath up at Eyengo day after to-morrow, and then on to Bondo as soon as possible."

"Yes, Mondele."

"And Djoli—if you see any natives who can't account for themselves you bring them in here to me. Tie them up if you have to."

"Soldiers too, Mondele?"

"Soldiers? What do you mean, soldiers?"

"We might see some State black soldiers."

"Well, they could account for themselves, couldn't they? What are you talking about, then?"

"There is no reason why they should be here, Mondele."

"Well, you do as I say. Any suspicious-looking nigger you bring to me. And if you see any white men, try to find out from their boys who they are and what they are doing around here."

Djoli went out and Davy walked up and down, in a fidget for the dawn. As it turned out he didn't wait, for Djoli called Tumba at the same time, and he and Davy and one bearer set off

in the blackness. The bearer walked ahead, and, in addition to the rifle, carried some sort of wood-knot, afire, which sent out a suffocating smoke. He protected his fingers from the heat with a banana leaf upon which he spat at intervals, and this odd flare lighted their flimsy trail until day.

Then Davy noticed that they were following the bank of the Lokela.

Tumba halted dead, and stood without a sound, listening, then left the wisp of trail silently, motioning the others to follow. They moved inch by inch to the bank of the stream, pressing through almost impenetrable undergrowth. Then Tumba pulled the last branches and Davy looked upstream.

An enormous gray mass stood out above the dim surface of the water. It was moving. He felt the rifle slipped into his hands by the bearer. His heart reeled in his chest. Unthinking, he pushed the barrel of the Express past Tumba's shoulder—and Tumba turned.

"No, no, Mondele," he whispered. Tumba seemed surprised.

Davy lowered the rifle and saw the mass slowly separate into two large elephants and a small one. He could see the white of the ivory of the bigger of the two parents, and then the picture came into focus. Trunks became trunks, heads became heads—the trunk of the bull was in the air now, feeling for the suspicion in the wind. Then all at once they piled out of the water with surprising speed, and broke into the forest, on the same side of the river with Davy and the men.

Without a word Tumba led Davy into the stream, holding him firmly by the arm, and the three put the river between themselves and the beasts.

"They are dangerous with young," Tumba remarked. "And they had our wind."

"Not a doubt of it," Davy replied in English, and then he laughed. The intensity of the excitement had made him almost giddy. "I could have shot the bull, in self-defense, and turned in the ivory to the State."

"You would have had to shoot them all. And it was a small bull."

"Small?"

"Yes, Mondele. And not wise either, to bathe with so many Bassengis near."

"Are there Bassengis around here?"

"Can't you hear their voices?"

Davy listened until he heard, or thought he heard, the shouting of niggers. "Yes. . . . What are they yelling about?"

"I think they are cutting up meat."

"But where do they all come from? There are no villages here."

"Meat," Tumba answered, and shrugged. They hurried ahead.

In fifteen minutes they came into a small opening in the forest. It was alive with Bassengi bush niggers, men and women, naked, tattooed, dancing about wildly, waving knives, yelling, oblivious to everything.

There was a hush when Tumba called, and they all darted away, but he shouted something in Lonkunda and they stopped. On the ground were the carcasses of three dead elephants. Their ivory, if they ever had any, had been removed.

Tumba circled quickly around the outskirts of the opening, examining the ground and the trees. Then he rejoined Davy. "These elephants were killed by black men," he said. "No white men have been here."

"Where is the ivory?"
"Two of them are young cows. The bull's ivory has been taken."

"Did these people take it?"
"No. They would run away if they had. Whoever shot them took it."

"Ask them who did it."
Tumba walked up to one of the men, who stood, balancing a knife on his fingers. "Muntu nini abumi njoku oyo?" he asked.

"Mondele na yo te?"
One of Tumba's fists hooked up sharply, and the Bassengi flopped into the grass several feet away, without a sound.

"He says you killed them, Mondele," Tumba explained.

CHAPTER VI

OUT of a darkness as still and cold as the floor of the sea, a sound rose once, held, and died away.

It is a sound comparable to nothing; it is the oldest animate sound in the world.

Once more the sound rose, held, and died away. Then it came again from another place; this time it had an answering note. More came, from different directions, but the first one went on, calling.

Elephant hunters have labeled this sound "trumpeting." Sometimes they call it "screaming." Yet it is neither of these; if it could sound like anything else but what it is, the noise made by a sword whirling in the air, magnified ten thousand times, might approach it. But the elephant hunters know the variations of this sound—the call, the answer, the warning, rage, and attack.

In Bokanja an elephant was calling. A dozen others were answering, but the calling continued through the night. Over and over it lifted, ringing in the forest until the first dawn. Shadows were gliding into the open space, huge shadows were hulking out of the forest, the gravel was grinding and crunching. The light grew, and elephants were drinking. Their trunks went lower and lower into the spring, the trickle across the gravel had dried up.

More animals were arriving. The fully-grown but younger bulls had come first, and now the cows appeared, some with young, and the old bulls mingling in and out among them, pushing and grunting and whinnying. All ages and sizes were in the herd before the last came on to the gravel from the forest, thirty or forty in all.

When all had drunk they stayed in the clearing, milling about, leaning and rubbing against the trees and against one another, blinking their little red eyes in the unaccustomed daylight. They seemed to be in no hurry for anything; time to them was as time to the spring—endless and filled with endless motion. The spring was sending its trickle over the gravel again, but this time it flowed over and around heavy, restless feet.

From the forest the call came once more, persistent and piercing, and the herd quieted. Then an old single tusker raised his trunk and answered. But the call came again, as unappealed as before. Once started it continued, drawing nearer each time, until it seemed just out of sight among the trees. At length another elephant entered the clearing.

An experienced elephant hunter would have caught his breath. He would have seen something never seen before by any white man. It was not the size of the elephant, as an elephant, although it stood a full two feet at the shoulder above the largest bull. It was something else—the ivory was not in the great scimitar-shaped arcs of the bull, but came down almost straight, parallel to the trunk, as in a female. The sign was unmistakable; this huge elephant was a female, a freak, larger than any female elephant in the world, and probably larger than any bull.

She came forward, pushing the others out of the way, wickedly whipping the vast trunk from side to side, and walked blindly through the knee-deep water of the spring without drinking. She weaved in and out among the cows for a while, and then halted in the center of the herd. Her world stood silent and waiting. She brought

(Continued on page 64)



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BALLOON
SHOCK ABSORBERS**

For All Cars—\$15 to \$40 Per Set of Four

Shadow River

(Continued from page 63)

Another Appointment Broken

A broken dental appointment may cost you more than it does your dentist. For in this crowded world you must have good health. And this priceless asset is jeopardized when you neglect teeth and gums. See your dentist at least twice a year.



4 out of 5 are Pyorrhoea's victims

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There is a simple way to place yourself among the favored few. Don't wait for your gums to bleed and to shrink from the teeth. Go to your dentist for a thorough examination of teeth and gums. Do this at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums regularly.

This scientific dentifrice contains Forhan's Pyorrhoea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. It thwarts dread Pyorrhoea or checks its progress, if used in time.

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Take no chances with your health. Start using Forhan's for the Gums today. It costs a few cents more than the ordinary tooth paste—a few cents that will declare rich dividends. It is insurance that protects your health against the attack of dread Pyorrhoea. At druggists, 35c and 60c.

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up her trunk and pointed it toward the ring of sky above the clearing, and called.

The sound of sounds, the last link of this age with the ages, rose only once, and the violent, echo piled heavily back from the close walls around. But there was no answer. The last whisper of the melancholy call died far away in the aisles of the forest of Bokanja.

* * *

"MON cher Ami:

"I didn't answer your letter right away. I didn't know what to say, and I don't know now. I thought I knew these people and could call a turn on them, but they've gone me one better this time. My boy, they're tightening down on us with all they have. There's no comparison between the feelings here at Coq, when I wrote you before, and now. You're a poacher here now. Ordinarily I would only tell you to try to avoid suspicion as much as possible, but I can't see that even that would do any good. They're sending the niggers out to kill elephants in your vicinity, and it's sure to be hung on you. And they're taking the points, of course, so you can't turn them into the State and claim self-defense.

"I come right out with this bad news because you may as well be prepared for anything that happens. I know you won't throw the game now; you've given too much to it. The only thing to do is to keep right on going. Avoid everybody. They haven't called you officially yet, so you're not an outlaw. You have a certain amount of momentum, so go right on along. If you could only get him!

"Now listen: there are a couple of things you ought to do if you can. The first is to catch one of these niggers shooting an elephant. If you get him cold in the act, send him down here under guard and I'll make him talk if I have to pull his finger-nails out one by one. Then I'll take him straight to the Procureur and we'll clear this thing up. I'd throw in a word or two about the American Foreign Office and the Ministère at Brussels, and the dogs would soon be called off. The other thing is this: If you get a chance to kill some big ivory you'd better do it and send the points down to me for sale. Then I'll get you another permit, and that may calm them for a while. I know it's injustice and all that, but we've got to beat these people at their own business, or else make up our minds to lose. If they officially warn you off you'll just have to come on back to Coq, or else be caught and sent to jail.

"Thank God for this Mademoiselle Dujardin. She has occupied so much of the public gossip that your affair is almost secondary. That is some help. But in the long run it doesn't amount to much because Van Loo and Company are going to keep up the pushing whether public chatter is about you or not."

Davy folded the letter unfinished and looked out at the brown Tchuapa eddying down past them. He had a fine headache, and the drumming of the baboon on the bow of the baleinière sent the blood into a tight dam behind his eyes.

They were making good time: the boys were fresh; they should be at the Eyengo bath by dark. Davy crawled onto his cot and fell asleep. It didn't seem that he slept long, but he dreamed a great deal. Forests moving with vast herds of elephants rose and faded in his brain; they moved without sound for a while, but later they began calling, first one, then another, then many, then all at once, thunderously. The noise woke Davy. It was night and he still lay on his cot under the little roof of the baleinière. He opened his eyes and listened. The trumpeting was still going on, a very actual trumpeting of several beasts, so near that it was terrifying.

He called softly to Djoli, who crawled forward from where he had been squatting at the foot of the cot.

"Where are we?"

"Eyengo, Mondele."

"Where are all the boys? Why aren't we moving?"

"They are making the camp here. Everything is on land but the cot."

"Where is the bath?"

"Ten minutes up by pirogue."

"Those elephants are near."

"Very near. A half mile, even less. They will be at the bath soon."

"How is the wind?"

"The wind is right, Mondele."

"Have you hunted near this bath before?"

"No, I have only passed here. But it was low water then as it is now. I saw a little grass on a sand bank in the center."

"All right; get the canoe and some paddlers quickly. Get both Express rifles. Hurry. We have to find the sandbank before the elephants get there."

The trumpeting was changing its bearing rapidly now. It had been somewhere behind the camp, and it was moving up toward the bath. The pirogue slipped alongside the baleinière and Davy stepped in. Djoli handed him the Greener Express, and they slid out into the current. The paddlers dipped silently.

"Where is the ammunition?" Davy whispered.

"I have ten cartridges for each, Mondele."

"Even if I meant to shoot, I'd never need all those. Give me some of them." But Djoli handed him all ten. Davy remembered through his excitement the words of the gunmaker in London—"five straight out of this one is about all a man can stand, sir. They make him a touch shaky after that."

They rounded a snaggy turn in a stiff current and the canoe poked her nose into the bath. There was little light from the sky, and nothing was visible in the shallow opening except the shadow of the high weeds on the sandbar.

"It is a good place for crocs, among those weeds there," Davy whispered to Djoli.

"S-s-s-sh, Mondele."

"What's the matter?"

"They are there, Mondele."

Davy overcame a suggestion of trembling in his hands and stomach.

"Where?"

"Out in the river. They are swimming off the end of the bar."

"I don't see anything."

"They are there."

"Let's make for the grass then; we can see them as they come back."

Djoli gave an order and the boys' paddles dug down in to the sand of the bath, sending the canoe swiftly ahead. It was a good two hundred feet to the clump of grass on the inner side of the bar. The elephants might decide to return at once and cut them off in the center of the bath.

Davy said "Quick!" He tried to whisper it, but his voice sounded strangely hoarse and loud in the stillness. Djoli held up his hand in warning, but it didn't matter. Something happened.

THE heavy boom of a black-powder rifle rolled in from the blackness of the river, and two others followed. Davy sprang up, almost upsetting the pirogue. The boys stopped paddling, and for an awful moment of deathlike silence they hung there in the center of the bath.

"Damn you, paddle!" Davy bellowed. "Out into the river quickly—I want to find out who—"

But his voice was lost in a terrific salvo of warning screams. There was a tumult in the river, and then Davy saw five mountainous black hulks stampeding toward him, the river about their legs roaring like a waterfall.

Then David Worthington Jones had a sensation he had never had before. All tenseness and every vestige of excitement left him. A light, sensual limpness permeated his body throughout. He sank to his knees in the pirogue and the heavy Greener lay in his hands as steadily as though he were about to put it on a shelf.

"All right, Djoli," he said, and the barrels of the two rifles went out simultaneously, steadying on their targets. Davy was being introduced to the actual.

Two lanes of red and yellow fire cut into the darkness, splitting into many forks on the ends. Two beasts went down, but they got up again and came on. The blazing lanes sprayed out again and this time only one beast got up. Another was going to pass well to one side; they let him alone. The firing went on. Davy forgot how many times he sent his hand into his pocket and brought it out with two cartridges. He forgot all but one thing—that he must be quick, and right, if Davy Jones was

(Continued on page 66)



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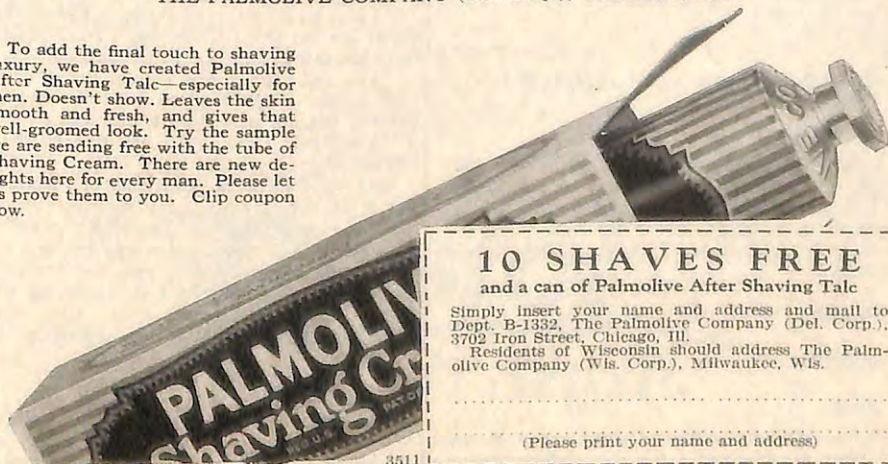
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Name

Address

City State

Shadow River

(Continued from page 65)

going to live on. His mouth and chin felt moist and sticky, his right shoulder was beaten and aching, his right collar bone seemed to be swinging loose, there was a queer, salty taste on his lips. Another beast had gone down to stay, another had passed on one side, another was still coming. He was close. His trunk was in the air; he was screaming with pain and rage, screaming inconceivably. Davy leveled the Greener and sent the earthquake around his ears again. The elephant poured forward into the river, crumpling from the front. The wave made by his fall splashed into the pirogue, soaking their knees. The affair was over.

Every one began talking at once. Davy felt in his pocket and found it empty. There was one cartridge still in his rifle. He lay down flat on his back and tried to stop the blood streaming from his nose, and the boys paddled, shouting and singing, back to camp.

When he stepped out of the canoe Davy felt shaky, but he walked up to his tent, washed, and got into pajamas without help from Esoko. Then he sent for a bottle of champagne, and it tasted so good that he drank another. He slept like the dead.

In the morning they took the ivory points from three elephants, two bulls, one full-grown and one young, and one cow. And the following afternoon Davy, Madibanga, Esoko, Tumba, and one small boy, went aboard a Forminière steamer, starting down to Boende to report the matter to the State and to turn over the ivory points. Djoli remained in charge of the camp, the meat, and the men. It was precious time, but Davy had decided his course of action, and in the circumstances it had to be.

DAVY said, "I should like to inquire if I may see the Commissaire." He was speaking to the three desks collectively, since none of their occupants showed the smallest interest in his presence.

It was the pale, tall Belgian with the thin forearms and circles of perspiration half-way down the sides of his shirt, who lighted a cigarette and looked at Davy with an expression of surprise. He said, "Ah," and returned his attention to the letter in front of him. Davy didn't repeat the question; he decided to stand there and wait; he decided to wait until night if necessary.

It was the black clerk in the corner who at length answered. "Monsieur le Commissaire is absent," he said. Into the words he put just the proper degree of insolence, just under the danger point and no more. He had had good training. But Davy apparently heard neither the words he said nor the insolence behind them. He simply stood there; and since these men were nonplused by tactics other than those to which they had been trained, they began to shift about, and to shuffle papers, and finally to look at the intruder and talk.

One of them said what the black clerk had said, and then Davy bowed and thanked him. "I have six points of ivory outside here, Monsieur. Last week I was forced to kill three elephants in 'défense légitime.'"

"Self-defense?" said the tall Belgian. "Were you not hunting elephants?"

"I had no intention of shooting the elephants when I went out. Therefore I have complied with the law in bringing in the points."

"The self-defense law should not extend to professional ivory hunters. It was meant to protect traders who were attacked."

"Yes," said Davy, "if I had written the law it would have read that way."

The pale official thought this over uncertainly. No reply for this sort of thing was suggested in the Instructions for Junior State Officers. However, there was a tedious paper form to be filled out; he produced it with the proper importance and commenced a litany of whys, wheres, and whens.

"The elephants," Davy said at length, "were stamped."

"Stamped, Monsieur?"

"Stamped."

The official showed a mouthful of bad teeth. His two colleagues laughed and the clerk snickered. "I have never heard of elephants

being stamped," said the first one, and his grin widened.

Davy was a little weary. The galvanized iron roof made an oven of the office. He saw no reason why these people couldn't take the ivory at once and let him go.

The official continued. "I have heard much of elephants, but never of that. You can understand my surprise, Monsieur." He laughed.

"Life is full of surprises," Davy said.

"Monsieur?"

"One learns more about elephants, and other things, by going out among them rather than sitting in an office listening to the yarns told by men hunting ivory for profit." Davy left the room and returned with six boys, each bearing a tusk. He ordered them placed in a pile in the center of the office.

The face of the inquiring officer was like a small thundercloud. He felt, vaguely, that he had been insulted. He had a facial expression fully prepared for this emergency. "You asked to see the Commissaire, Monsieur Zones," he began, and then followed with his trump—"I presume you wished to apply for your second permit, if it was not too late."

"No, I only came to give you the ivory. It is too early for my second permit."

"Ah," said the Belgian.

"Ah," said Davy, and bowed his way out. The *Alda* was tied up at the beach, and Fernandez sat on deck, having a bottle of beer.

Davy went on down and shook hands. He sat down wearily.

"You have been very busy since I last saw you," Fernandez said.

"Yes. When do you sail, Monsieur Fernandez?"

"In the morning."

"Can you give me a passage to Bondo, stopping at Eyengo long enough to pick up my party?"

"I certainly can. Will you take a bottle of beer?"

"No, thanks. Or rather, yes, I will, please."

A boy brought a dirty glass and a warm bottle of cheap beer, and Davy and Fernandez drank to each other's health, in which neither had the slightest interest.

Davy explained the reason for his presence in Boende, and then said, "If you'll allow me to go inside your cabin to write a letter at your table, I'd be much obliged."

Davy went into the cabin. He threw a pile of clothes off the chair onto the bed and sat down on the table, resting his chin in his palms and massaging his eyes gently with the tips of his fingers. His face was hot, and his hands cold. He found writing things and wrote this:

"My Loved One:

"I want to go to bed early to-night. I want to fall asleep naturally, and I want never to wake up. Is that much to ask from the world? Is it too much? It is all I ask, darling. . . . There is nobody but Franck now, and Franck is far away. I am alone. I guess it is not good to be alone the way I am alone now.

"Do you love me? Do you know that I didn't deserve you? No one as mad as I should expect to have won you. But I adore you. In my madness I call back pictures of you, and I go up to those pictures, and kiss them, and thus make them live. Then I take you in my arms and I press you until I can feel your whole body against mine. I kiss your calm gray eyes, and when I kiss your mouth I see new lights ignite in your eyes, until they are not calm any more. And I press your dark head into my neck, and muss your hair, reveling in its perfume.

"My picture goes out of focus for a minute and I see it come back at a distance. I see us in life together. I see suburban trains in the morning; I see the bank, the lunches with friends, the trains again, and you. We have dinner. How clear you are, sitting at the table! I study the poise of your head, tilting forward; I hear your wonderful, unforgettable voice, asking me little things about my day.

"Listen, Marcella, I love you."

Davy signed this letter and put it in an envelope. He addressed the envelope. Then he went out on deck and tore it into very small pieces and threw them in the river. He and Fernandez had their dinner, which was barely

edible, and Davy went to bed. He woke up in the morning, pleased at the sensation of motion.

SOMETIMES a Congo rainstorm is much like a very hard rain at home, and sometimes it rains unbelievably. The daybreak on which Davy and his safari set out from Bondo was daybreak only by the clock. When Djoli called him it was still as black as midnight. The bath lay six hours march in the interior. They started out in a foggy drizzle, with lanterns. The ordinary daylight never came; after a while they were given a sort of uncertain visibility, and that was all.

It began to rain. They could hear it coming, like a forest fire at a great distance. By the time the first wind-driven drops came through the foliage the safari had split up into groups, each finding shelter under the thickest trees. The rain drove down, bringing part of the forest with it. Davy watched the storm with fascination. The ground under his feet ran in rivulets, and became unstable, as sand in the surf. The tree-tops whipped back and forth, angrily protesting. The world seemed under pressure, a pressure which increased to the end of endurance and on to the point of panic. Then a bombardment of thunder broke loose in the sky, and it was over. They heard the noise like the forest fire, this time dying away.

The storm had lasted perhaps ten minutes, but it had changed the work of the entire day. Instead of a dry trail the safari had a shallow, steaming swamp under foot. The tipoy carriers especially had difficulty, as their load must always be upright, and after an hour's struggle, Davy took to his feet. But the sun which followed the rain appeared to have double power. Davy remembered his walk at Isambo; he remembered the ants and the sun-fever; he remembered where he was, and climbed back into the tipoy. They made slow going.

Instead of nearing the Bondo bath around noontime they neared it by starlight. Exhaustion lay on the party like lead, but they were not yet to make camp. Tumba, who had been ahead with two of the hunters, halted them in the trail a quarter of a mile from the bath. Djoli said "Nini?" and Tumba put his finger to his lips. They whispered for a moment and then Djoli gave a quiet order to the men, who at once let their burdens slide to the ground and squatted beside them. Davy got out of his tipoy and came forward, sensing excitement, but too tired to react.

"What is it?" he said. There was a little silence; then Tumba said "Ye," which means simply "He."

Davy felt a rush of blood to his brain. "Tumba says he is here, Mondele," Djoli said. Djoli's whisper was squeaky and funny; it trembled. "Tumba says he has seen him. Let us go, Mondele. Give me one gun and I will go near the other side. You and Tumba go up to this side."

They fell into action without more words. Tumba went among the men and said, "If there is no noise we have meat to-morrow." Davy handed his Express to Tumba and the other to Djoli, and the three of them started together along the invisible trail. Djoli walked in front and Davy followed. He never knew when Djoli left them. In a little while he and Tumba were crouching together on the edge of a watery clearing, two hundred yards wide. The disk of sky above flooded the place with a silver starlight, and revealed big dark hummocks of earth rising here and there. Verdure grew on these islands, giving them queer shapes. If Davy looked at any one of them for more than a few seconds, it became an elephant, or a hippopotamus, or some vast, unknown animal, rising like a dinosaur from the mud.

Tumba touched his sleeve and they crept cautiously along the edge of the water, stopping now and then to peer through the fickle glimmer. At length they reached an enormous tree, the sides of which were as smooth as marble.

"I was at this place when I saw him," Tumba whispered. "See, Mondele, go inside there."

Tumba took Davy's hand and led it around the surface of the tree until Davy felt an opening. He realized for the first time the tautness of his nerves when his hand recoiled as though from a snake's nest. He felt again. It was a large opening, large enough to enter. The tree, apparently, was hollow. He climbed carefully

(Continued on page 68)

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Shadow River

(Continued from page 67)

inside and knelt down. He found that he could command the whole bath from this point. He took his eyes from the bath for a moment, trying to find the right sight on his rifle, and then Tumba said again, "Ye!" Davy looked where Tumba's arm pointed, and saw one of the high hummocks moving.

It looked for all the world like the other hummocks. It took no special shape as far as Davy could see. It simply moved. It was coming to the center of the bath.

Davy had no good basis of comparison as to the size of elephants. But for a moment all his apprehensions, all his plans even, were lost in his astonishment at the vastness of this moving bulk. If this thing were one animal, then it was something prehistoric—a mastodon.

In a moment he saw that it was one animal. Once a part of the picture came into perspective, the whole was in perspective. He first noticed that the lower portion of the mass was not so dark as the upper, and he discovered that he was seeing the light, under the animal's belly and between his legs as he walked. He suddenly saw the whole of the towering bulk; he saw the massive head, the great tusks, and the heavy, swaying trunk.

DAVY marveled at his own sensations. He had been infinitely more excited when he saw the hippo at Isambo. He marvelled that he could think of his own sensations at this, the most important moment in his life.

The elephant was a hundred and fifty yards away, near the other side of the bath. He was coming slowly toward Davy, but he must be quite close to Djoli. Davy wondered why Djoli didn't fire. Then the beast stopped, and stood for a time, motionless. He didn't raise his trunk and feel about in the air. He was not suspicious. He seemed very, very tired. In a little while he moved forward again, making no sound. Davy looked at him over his rifle sights. There was still time to wait. It was not a good shot yet—too head-on; better to wait until the beast turned a little, or until he was quite close.

Davy waited, looking down his rifle, holding the sight on the elephant's shoulder. From moment to moment the angle changed, and Davy changed with it, automatically picking the vulnerable spots. His breath came a bit faster, now that the animal neared, but no more so than if it had been a deer in Jackson Hole.

Something seemed wrong. Why hadn't Djoli fired? Why did this elephant, entirely apart from its size, seem different? Why was there no confusion, no strain? Was it because this was the culmination of so much effort, and so many hopes that this episode seemed sad?

The animal had crossed the center of the clearing. He was walking noiselessly through water only a few inches deep; the bottom of this bath must be shale or gravel; his feet did not sink in. He stopped again. His trunk began to sway, slowly, then a little faster, in a growing arc. He suddenly turned half way around, his feet swishing in the shallow water. Then he turned again, and then again quickly, and so began to revolve, round and round on the same spot.

He halted, whirled once more—and he screamed.

It seemed to rip the forest and the heavens wide open. It left Davy quivering, and made the flesh crawl up and down his spine and over his scaple like little serpents. It brought from Tumba a sort of gasp. It left a lingering sigh in the jungle around them. And it did more—it brought a shouted word from across the bath. Djoli said something, but Davy couldn't hear it, for action took place at once thereafter. The beast had suddenly ceased whirling. He stopped dead, half turned from Davy, exposing his most vulnerable point—the little area of unprotected skull just back of the ear, where only a thin sheet of bone closes the lane to the brain.

The sights of the Express held on it, and Davy pressed the two triggers in quick succession. He didn't feel the two sharp blows of his head against the back of the hollow tree. He only saw the elephant lift on his hind feet, rising to an incredible height with his trunk pointing

upward like a tree, and then collapse down in his tracks with a heavy thud and a shower of water.

Davy clambered out of the tree and ran forward through the bath with Tumba, to meet Djoli who was coming from the other side. They came together beside the fallen beast, and Djoli did something he had probably never done before. He put his hand on a white man. He seized Davy's arm in a grip like a vise. He began to speak unsteadily, spasmodically, saying the same thing over and over. And it was well he did, for Davy could not have comprehended the first time.

"Mondele, it is not Londelengi, it is not Londelengi, it is not Londelengi!"

Davy stood for a moment without moving, and then he turned and made his way slowly back to the hollow tree. He leaned his rifle against it and sat down where Tumba had been. He folded his arms across his knees and his head sank down upon them.

The safari came up noisily, and Djoli ran toward them, calling for silence. Tumba went among them, speaking quietly, and they all turned, following him to some spot out of the clearing. Djoli stood motionless beside the carcass until Tumba returned. Then they both came up to Davy.

"Mondele, there is more work to-night."

"What?"

Djoli repeated. "There is more to do to-night that is important."

Davy sighed. "I don't think I understand what this is all about, Djoli. The Congo has played another little joke on me, I think."

"This is not Londelengi, Mondele."

"No?"

"This is a female elephant. It is the biggest elephant I ever saw, next to Londelengi. I called to you not to shoot. I would have called before, but it was so big that at first I thought it was he. I have only seen him once before, and I wanted to be sure. You can see by the ivory, that it is a female, but I couldn't see the ivory at first because she was walking away from me, toward you."

Davy raised his head in interest. A little part of him came to life again, ambitiously. "This female—is it—do you think this is the female of Londelengi?"

"I have seen no other elephant for such a mate, except Londelengi."

Davy sat up, thinking, and reached for a cigarette.

"Best not to smoke, Mondele," Djoli said.

Davy looked at his capita in surprise. "You don't think he is around here to-night, do you?"

"I think our best chance to see him is to-night."

"After that noise and the shooting, I don't think he would come out even if he were about."

"Yes, Mondele. Our best chance is to-night. The female is dead; we will not have her to call again like that. If it is Londelengi's female he will know the call and will come, if he is near. The female has been through the Lopori swamps. The swamp mud is caked on her. That is why I think she also came from Bokanja, and is the mate of Londelengi. This female is not the only elephant near here. I have heard others, a long way off."

"I heard nothing until this female screamed. Did you hear them, Tumba?"

"No, Mondele. I wasn't listening; I was watching this one."

"I heard them," said Djoli. "They were far off, not too far to hear the scream, but too far for the shots. Shots in the distance will not frighten elephants, anyway. It might be thunder, or a tree cracking in two, or many things they hear all the time."

"Well, what is it that you think we should do, Djoli?"

"We will leave Tumba on the ground to look out for the men and to keep watch here or somewhere near the bath. You and I will go into a tree on the other side, and wait until morning to see if he comes. When I saw him he was far from here. He may not have come here yet. The female may have passed him in the Lopori. Our best chance is to-night because she called, but this is the best place anyway, now, because she is here. Unless he had gone on, down into the Sankuru where the other

white men are, he will come here. So I think, Mondele."

"Do you think there is much chance that he has gone on ahead?"

"I don't know, Mondele."

Davy rose. "All right," he said, "Explain it to Tumba and we will go."

He picked up his rifle and ejected the empty shells. As he and Djoli were making toward the tree, he heard the calling of elephants, miles away. "You have good ears, Djoli."

"Yes, Mondele."

They climbed into a high kapock and broke off some of the smaller branches to span two larger ones, making a sort of resting place. They passed three hours without speech, while the herd of elephants came nearer and nearer.

Davy's mind went into reverie. His mind wandered dreamily back to Chicago, to old days in the bank, to days with Marcella. Here he was, he thought, enmeshed in mad adventures and regarding them as everyday affairs—

"Mondele, Mondele!"

"Yes?"

"They are here."

But they weren't. Not quite. There was a banging first, a banging all too familiar to Davy now. He raised to his knees, cursing, almost upsetting the seat. Three shots had been fired from black-powder rifles, and two small elephants stampeded, trumpeting, through the bath, disappearing in the forest on the other side. Davy threw up his rifle madly, and fired in the direction of the shots. There was no further sound.

"Stay here, Mondele," Djoli whispered. "I am going now, to see who has done this."

"No, no, Mondele. They are black men. You cannot find black men in the forest at night. I will go. Let me go alone. It is better."

Djoli handed his rifle to Davy and started swiftly down the tree.

"Take the gun; bring them back or shoot them."

Djoli touched the knife that hung from the thong around his waist and disappeared below without replying. Davy settled himself tensely, to wait. He had to wait a long time.

The hours went by and no whisper rose from the forest. Djoli did not return, Tumba did not come, nothing happened. Davy waited.

Dawn came, and then the light. Davy climbed stiffly to the ground and walked out into the bath. He called for Djoli and went up to the female. She was lying on her side, an incredible mass of matter that had been one living thing. Standing beside the beast he could not see over her. Davy looked for the wound, but she had fallen on that side. He went to the immense trunk and tried to lift it. He ran his hands along the huge, smooth white ivory. He looked at his rifle—a paltry little piece of metal that sent out a tiny ball at a high speed, nothing more. Then he returned his eyes to the elephant, a mountain of flesh and bone—millions and millions of stubborn cells, each of which had been living and fighting against death. It was hard to understand all this.

TUMBA came up, and for a time they both stood looking at the kill. Other boys from the safari came up, gazing incredulously. They talked about Davy, pointing to his rifle and then at the elephant. They arrived at the same comparisons he had, only they arrived more directly. "Bondoki, Bondoki," they whispered. Davy didn't know whether they were referring to him or to the rifle. He and the rifle had the same name.

He turned to Tumba. "Where's Djoli?" he asked.

Davy's eyes opened a little wider. "Didn't he come back last night?" He went out to find who fired the shots.

"He has not been with us, Mondele."

Davy thought it over for a moment. Then he sent to the baggage for his revolver and a smaller rifle. A little later he, Tumba, and several of the hunters started backward along the trail of the two stampeded elephants.

It was not a long walk. They found Djoli two hundred yards from the bath. He was lying on his side in the middle of the trail.

There was a lance through Djoli's chest.

(To be continued)



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What Do You Know About This?

(Continued from page 18)

childhood, by the author of "Timothy's Quest," was enacted by Mary Pickford on the screen?

8. Name the three daughters of *King Lear*?
9. What is the title of Booth Tarkington's latest novel?
10. What eminent American poetess is said to have smoked cigars?

Quiz 8

1. In whose writings will you find these words: "Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life"?
2. What notable story by an American was written as an "antidote" to the chivalrous-romantic style of the Scott school of fiction?
3. What recent novel by one of our foremost writers gives a merciless picture of religious hypocrisy and charlatanism?
4. What book, written by an Englishwoman, published in 1888, created much criticism and commotion in the religious circles of the late Victorian era?
5. What beautiful heroine, returning to her home after a prolonged visit to France, is shipwrecked in sight of her lover who grieves himself to death?
6. Who arranged to have his most important novel published after his death?
7. What famous Irish playwright is a vegetarian?
8. Give the title of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's most noted poem?
9. What renowned Russian author preached, through his writings, the "simple life," and practised what he preached?
10. Who made the poem "Casey at the Bat" famous by his clever recitation of it?

Quiz 9

1. Who were the Troubadours?
2. Which character in Dickens is remembered for his words: "God bless us every one"?
3. What distinguished New England philosopher and author of the nineteenth century said: "Hitch your wagon to a star"?

4. What prominent English statesman and writer was nicknamed "Dizzy"?

5. What celebrated character of fiction had a servant whom he named after one of the days of the week?

6. What master of English prose was born in Poland, entered the French Navy and later became an officer in the British Merchant Marine?

7. What German reformer and author threw his inkstand at the devil?

8. Who is the originator of "Nize Baby"?

9. Is the author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" a blonde herself?

10. What hero of what book, recently spoken of in the Book Pages of this magazine, was saved from suicide by the consumption of coffee and rolls before preparing to carry out his tragic plans?

Quiz 10

1. In Charles Dickens' "Barnaby Rudge," of whom is the character of *Mr. Chester* in reality a portrait?

2. What is the name of the writer who became world-famous by reason of his stories and poems of India?

3. What American girl has recently written the "book" of the first really successful American grand opera?

4. What weekly magazine, selling for five cents a copy, was founded by Benjamin Franklin?

5. Name the most famous detective in modern English fiction.

6. The biography of what notable Civil War editor was recently favorably reviewed in this magazine?

7. Who said: "There is nothing new under the sun"?

8. In what famous French satiric tale do pirates turn out to be hotel porters, and lions donkeys?

9. What is that section of Paris called which is chiefly inhabited by scholars, artists and writers?

10. You say a thing is "as queer as Dick's hatband." In what way was Dick's hatband queer?

(Answers to be found on page 92)

The Greatest Automobile Race in the World

(Continued from page 29)

men to work on the muss and in two weeks the grounds have all been policed. Only nature can aid in restoring the trampled grass, which has been ground down to the roots by the milling thousands. Indeed, it looks like an impossible job for even nature, grand old restorer that she is, ever to get the grounds in presentable shape to be one of the show spots of Indiana.

With the grounds cleaned up, the large force of men is cut down to a half dozen who get right to work on repairing the grandstands sufficient to seat 60,000 people and the thousands of individual chairs used in the boxes. Some idea of the work involved may be gleaned when it is known that in addition to the huge grandstands there are airplane hangars, stables, official stands, refreshment stands, garages, keepers' houses and storage houses to the number of fifty. These are all of wood, but owing to the great care taken of them in the way of repairs and paint, they always are in perfect condition. In addition to the buildings mentioned there also are three tunnels under the track and one overhead bridge.

In November of each year the entry blanks are sent out and Mr. Myers gets ready to go to Europe in an endeavor to interest the best drivers across the pond in the race. This trip takes a month and by the time he gets back home the publicity director of the speedway has sent out notices to something like 900 newspapers in America and foreign countries that the seat sale will open in the middle of January.

This information brings in a flood of mail and over-the-counter orders. The office force is increased gradually from this point on as publicity needs and ticket selling needs demand,

but so well systematized is the work that at no time are there more than Mr. Myers, Miss Dallenbach, the publicity director, two ticket sellers and three stenographers.

A month before the race the downtown office is running at top speed. There are scores of concession men to be listened to and contracts to be signed. It takes something like 100 concession stands to give the spectators what they wish on race day. Miss Dallenbach begins to check up on those who have ordered tickets, but have not taken them. There are so many more requests for tickets than there are tickets in the last two weeks of the sale that those who order tickets in advance are asked to pay for them at this time or relinquish them in order that the speedway may take care of those who wish them and are willing to pay at once for them.

A close watch is kept for ticket speculators. To protect the public, the speedway has a rule that no one, unless personally known to the management, may buy more than ten tickets. This has a tendency to check, but it does not stop, the speculators. In 1926 \$2.50 grandstand tickets were sold a week before the race by the speculators for \$10, and \$7 and \$10 box seats changed hands at a much greater percentage of profit.

By May 1 nature has done her part and the one-time trampled grounds have become one of the show places of the Middle West. The hundreds of maple trees that dot the grounds are coming into leaf, the grass underfoot looks as though it were green velvet and the privet hedges are getting into their stride. The carpenter force has been greatly augmented and the

whang of hammers and the whine of saws is heard from morning until night. Temporary refreshment stands are being built, the grandstands and garages are being given their final going-over. By the middle of May the superintendent has cut something like ninety tons of bluegrass from the infield and sold it, and by that same token has prepared the infield for the horde of fans who will occupy it on race day. This infield is one of the favorite resorts of spectators, because they pay no admission except the \$2 gate charge for each occupant of the car and if they get in line early enough they may choose any spot in the vast infield, aside from the reserved parking spaces immediately next to the track. A close check on some of the infield habitués shows that they have occupied the same place with their cars for five years.

BY MAY 15 most of the drivers have arrived at the track. As they reach town they report at the downtown speedway office and are assigned garages and given passes for themselves and their mechanics. These passes give free access to the infield where the garages are located and serve also to keep down the crowd of curiosity seekers who swarm to the speedway with various excuses for getting across the track and over around the garages. At the entrance to the track gate sits Charlie Richardson who has been the guard at the gate for many years. Charlie has grown to know faces and he can tell at a glance, pass or no pass, whether a man's business need carry him into the sacred precincts of the garage inclosure. Charlie has listened to more poor excuses from would-be gate crashers than any other ten men whose business it is to sift the wheat from the chaff, or perhaps more appropriately, the sheep from the goats.

Over on the infield, Tom Beal sets up his refreshment stand near the racing garages as regularly as May 1 comes. Although it is not a paying business to open a stand so early, Tom always does it to help the boys whose work keeps them close to the speedway. One may buy everything from a sack of peanuts to a porterhouse steak that literally melts in the mouth at Tom's stand. Not only does Tom arrive early, but he stays late. Though the speedway goes into hibernation on May 31, except for the boys getting their cars ready to ship, Tom's stand stays open until the last driver has checked out. He says some one ought to take care of the boys, and he does it.

Each driver pays an entrance fee of \$100 for the race, but if his car starts, the money is refunded. Indeed, if the truth were known, no doubt every driver who has made an effort to get in shape for the race and fails, finds that he has no trouble in getting his entrance fee refunded.

There are thirty garages in a double row on the infield, and as a rule race time finds them practically all filled. Each garage has running water, electric lights and a work bench. The driver must have his own tools, in the shape of wrenches, hammers, electric drills, emery wheels and the like.

Coincident with the arrival of the drivers come the tire men, the gasoline men, spark plug representatives, spring experts and other aids to racing. The gasoline and the spark plugs are furnished free, but every driver buys his tires, paying around \$35 for a tires and tube.

Conditions at Indianapolis are radically different from those at the board track and the driver has to prepare for them. The total distance around the Hoosier course is two and a half miles. The front and back stretches are 3,301 feet long; the four corners each involve 1,320 feet; the two short straightaways on the ends between the corners are each 640 feet long. The width is fifty feet on the straightaways, broadening to sixty feet on the turns. The corners are banked for the first fifty feet upward from the inner edge of the track 16 degrees 40 minutes, the remaining ten feet 36 degrees 40 minutes. This latter ten feet is never used by the driver unless he gets into difficulties and is forced up near the top wall. The approaches and releases to the corners have only a 2 degree bank; the straight stretches are level.


These figures explain why the Indianapolis course is so "sporty," from the standpoint of the spectators, and driving skill is at a great premium on the Indianapolis track. The driver may come down the front stretch at great speed

(Continued on page 72)

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The Greatest Automobile Race in the World

(Continued from page 71)



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Present Position

Address

—as much as 125 miles an hour—but near the turn he must lift his foot, coast into the turn, accelerate the minute he gets his car's nose into the corner, keep on accelerating through the 640-foot straightaway on the end, slow up a trifle as he noses into the second corner and then bear down for all he is worth as his car floats out into the back stretch.

A skilful pilot could jam his foot hard to the floor on the straight stretches and hold it down all the way around, but not for many laps. If he should be fortunate enough to escape wrecking his car, his car would not stand the skidding necessary in order to take the turns at high speed. A couple of laps of this sort of going would leave him without any rubber. So the wise driver drives as hard as he can, always remembering that too hard will wear his tires out too rapidly and may cause him trouble, while too slow a speed may cause him to finish at the tail end of the field.

During the course of preparation for the Indianapolis race the driver may take his car entirely down and put it up again as many as three or four times. When he at last pronounces it ready for the race it usually is time to qualify it, by driving it four laps in order to determine his starting position on May 30, the fastest qualifier getting the pole position and the others taking theirs in the order of qualification. The track qualification record was made in the 1925 trials. Pete DePaolo, in a Duesenberg Special, circled the course four times at an average speed of 113.285 miles an hour.

INDIANAPOLIS is normally a city of 380,000, but a rapid inflation is experienced a day or two before the race. The steam roads carry thousands of visitors in. The traction lines, radiating to the cardinal points of the compass, bring more. The cement roads, leading north, south, east and west, seethe with autos and smell of burnt brake lining, with here and there the pungent odor of castor oil, which formerly belonged exclusively to the race track.

A day before the race the steadily flowing stream of devotees of the gasoline goddess changes to a tumbling, turgid, roaring Niagara of race enthusiasts. From sunny California they come, over the Santa Fe Trail, and the Lincoln Highway; from Maine, from Florida, from Texas, from Oregon. The streets are a riot of color, of waving flags and pennants. Standing at the curb, the license plates of practically every State in the Union pass before one's eyes.

On the day of the race business in the city is suspended; the townspeople join with the visitors in their pilgrimage to the brick track lying four miles to the northwest. Autos have been collecting at the entrances to the grounds for forty-eight hours before the race, their occupants anxious to be the first to enter, in order to get some choice free parking space in the infield, as well as the honor of having been first in line and being photographed by the newspaper feature writers.

At daylight the morning of the race 2,000 speedway guards comb the grounds, ejecting all those who have endeavored to see the race without the formality of buying a ticket. At six o'clock the gates are opened. Streams of autos, two and three abreast, are by now pouring out a half-dozen different roads, all converging at the speedway gates. Once in the grounds, the autos take various courses, thousands of them going through the tunnels under the track and over the viaduct crossing to the infield, where, in reserved and free parking spaces, their occupants make merry all day, visiting neighboring cars to gossip or standing on car hoods to watch the race swirl by.

By nine o'clock the grandstands, which extend solidly for half the distance round the track, are comfortably filled—and still the crowds keep coming.

The racing drivers are placing their cars in front of their pits, which stretch along the inside of the track, just beyond the starting wire. Important and self-important officials walk up and down the garages to be sure there are no laggards. A thousand-piece band parades up and down the front stretch, filling the air with melodies peculiar to the nations participating in the race—England, France, Italy and America.

Around the brick track, on fifty-foot steel masts, the flags of America and of the other nations ripple in the soft breeze. The infield crowd, held back from too close contact with the track by a great wire fence fifty feet from the course, presses noses against the wire in an endeavor to see everything.

AS THE band leaves the track the drivers begin lining up their cars in rows of three, beginning at the starting wire. A space of twenty feet separates the rows. The drivers assemble in a half-moon, immediately ahead of the cars, ready for the official photograph. This done, they return to their cars.

The 9:45 bomb bursts in a blaze of color high above the starting tape. At minute intervals other bombs are discharged. At 9:57 the order comes to crank motors. At 9:59 the American flag bomb bursts high overhead and there floats down into the infield the silken red, white and blue emblem, fluttering gaily as it comes.

Every color of the rainbow is represented in the glittering steel racing monsters as they stand like things alive, their soft put-put sending a tingle through all the crowds that can hear it or see the smoke of their exhaust. Here is a racer of brilliant red, another one of blue, one of cream, a pure white one, a purple one, and behind the purple one shines a sinister monster of black. To only one of the twenty-eight cars can go the victor's palm, together with the \$35,000 to \$40,000 which is the pecuniary reward for having the fastest car and being most skilful in piloting it.

As the one-minute bomb cracks out its story the track is cleared of all except the starter, who moves over to the outside of the track.

Comes the ten o'clock bomb. The sun may be late in coming up, but the Indianapolis race starts on time. At a signal from the starter, the pacing car, a non-contestant, gets under way at the pole position, followed by the racing cars. Gradually the pacing car increases its speed—twenty miles, forty miles, sixty miles. The original lineup of three cars to the row remains unbroken. As the snorting monsters circle the track and come into the front stretch, the faint murmur of their coming can be heard while they yet are a mile away. Like a storm in the brewing, the murmur increases to a dull roar. As the first cars come into view of the stands at the starting tape, the dull roar merges into the sharp crackle of machine-gun fire.

The starter, red flag in hand, stands at the outer edge of the track or on a balcony projecting a few feet over the track from the outside. Satisfied with the position of the oncoming cars, his red flag cuts the air. The pacing car slows up perceptibly and begins drawing off to the inner edge of the track.

The racing cars, all restraint removed, plunge forward as though under the urge of spurs, a cloud of castor-laden smoke swirling in behind them as they funnel into the first corner of the four-cornered track. The race is on!

The running of the race is in charge of officials of the American Automobile Association. All other details of the grounds are in charge of Maj. George L. Greene, director of safety.

After combing the grounds at daybreak, Major Greene's men take their positions to take care of traffic and the safety of the spectators. Every man knows his place, usually as the result of having filled it for years. Major Greene himself retires to the top of the official stand where, from an eminence of seventy-five feet, he can get an unrestricted view of all parts of the track, he is in instant communication with any one of his scores of stations. From his perch he can watch for accidents on the track, watch for fires, watch for any attempt of the spectators to break through the cordon of guards flung out to keep people out of danger. Should there happen to be an accident on the course, almost miraculously there appear at the spot guards enough to handle the crowds. Placed at intervals around the track on elevated platforms are more of the Major's men, who keep him in touch with conditions of the track and also report any undue excitement in their zone. The guards gain effectiveness through their military uniform.

It is really after the race that the guards get

(Continued on page 74)

GRAND EXALTED RULER GRAKELOW ENDORSES "MOULDERS OF MEN"!


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Philadelphia, Pa.
 April 7th, 1927.

Hon. Joseph T. Fanning,
 Editor and Executive Director,
 THE ELKS MAGAZINE,
 New York, N. Y.

Dear Brother Fanning:

I had the pleasure while in Williamsport yesterday of viewing a showing of the film, "Moulders of Men", in which the Elks' work for crippled children is the theme.

The youngster playing the juvenile part is the cleverest lad I have ever seen on the screen. The picture carried a wonderful lesson of the far reaching results and great benefits to be obtained by taking an interest in the unfortunates of our community. It not only entertains, but conveys a lesson that will wield an influence for good in any community where it is shown.

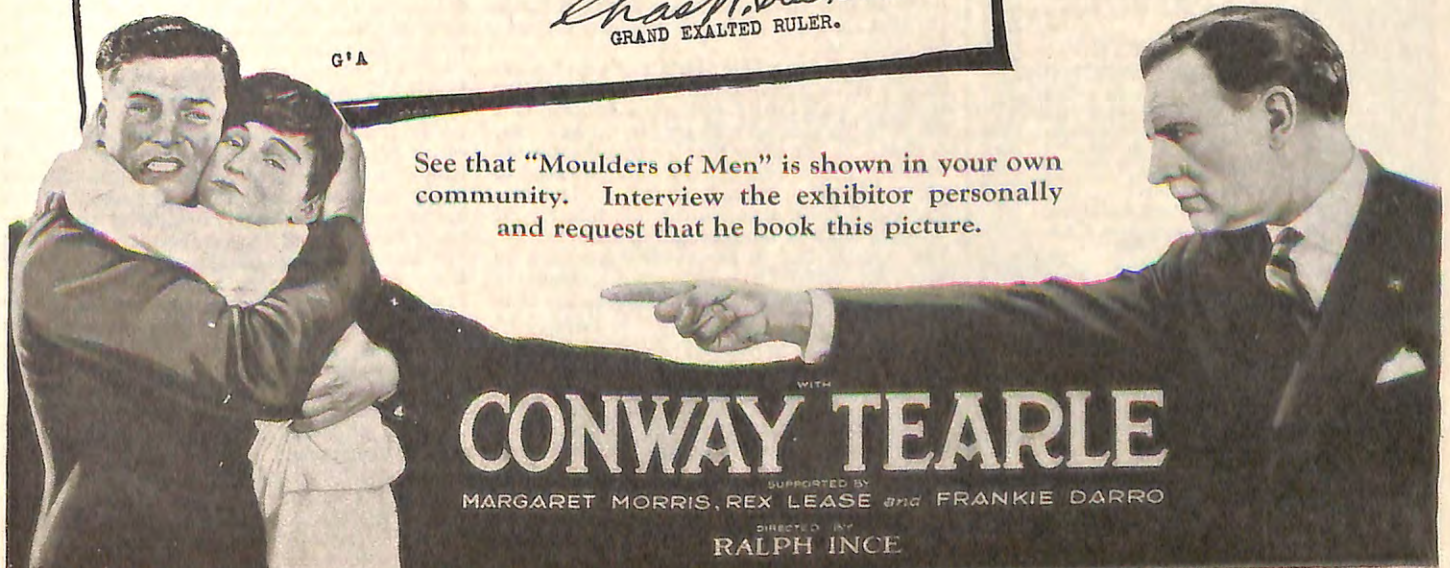
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Written by John Chapman Hilder, Managing Editor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Directed by Ralph Ince, one of the best known directors in the motion picture industry, and including in its cast Conway Tearle, Margaret Morris and Frankie Darro, latest and greatest of the juvenile finds. A superlative picture that was enjoyed by the Grand Exalted Ruler of Elks and many other prominent figures in Elkdom.

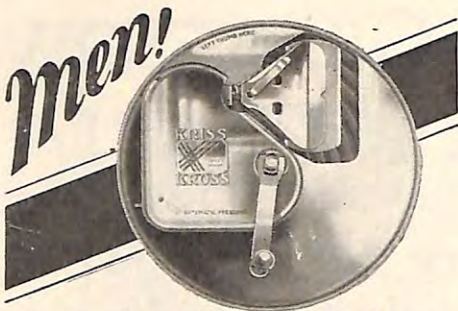


See that "Moulders of Men" is shown in your own community. Interview the exhibitor personally and request that he book this picture.

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The Greatest Automobile Race in the World

(Continued from page 72)

in their best work. Every one is anxious to get home and is not any too particular as to the rights of others. A bent fender—on another's car—may mean nothing in their life. The infield may have 10,000 or 12,000 cars parked there and the area on the outside of the track as many more. It is up to the guards to get these cars out of the inclosure and on their way in the shortest time possible. Should the race be over at three o'clock, by 4:15 there is not a car in the grounds, unless by choice of its owner.

DURING the race each car has a pit for its supplies and for making repairs. These pits are located in a continuous row on the inside of the track, beyond the starting line. Each pit may have not more than five men attached to it. Together with the driver, the registered mechanic for each car may make mechanical repairs on the car during a race. Two other men may add oil and water and gas, change tires and crank the car, but not make mechanical repairs.

There are good and not so good racing drivers, just as there are good and not so good lawyers, candlestick makers and bakers. It is the good ones, of course, who win races and part of the work of being a good driver is to have one's pit all ready for the work it is expected to perform. For one thing, the careful pit manager at Indianapolis sees that a record is kept of every detail of the race for future comparison and that everything is in its place ready for quick action and that each man in the pit knows just what he is to do. While pit managers usually are the mechanics of their drivers, there are some notable exceptions to this. One outstanding exception at Indianapolis is that of George Briggs. In every-day life George is the sales manager of the carburetor company whose early president was one of the speedway founders. At race time George is the sweetheart of every big driver in the business. They all hang on his "Yes." In the 1926 race it was Harry Hartz who was the successful boy in getting George to promise to manage his pit. The superstition is—and it always has proved true—that the driver whose pit George manages won't finish lower down than third. For years he managed Jimmy Murphy's pit and that wonderful little driver always ran true to the superstition. Incidentally, Hartz finished second in the 1926 race, being the third second place he has won at Indianapolis out of five starts. In 1922 he won second to Murphy; in 1923, second to Tommy Milton. In 1924 and 1925 he finished fourth.

A look at a wonderfully complete score sheet as prepared and filled in by Briggs shows in detail how Hartz drove the race. In the center of each space is shown the number of each lap. Directly above the lap number is shown the time Hartz consumed in making that lap. Directly below the lap indication is the position in which Hartz stood in the race on that lap. To the right of the lap figure is an occasional figure to indicate just how far ahead of Hartz the first man was or how far behind the man following him.

In the one lap where Hartz made a stop the matter is clearly recorded. This was in the 107th lap. To the left of the lap designation is the notation that he took on gas, oil and tires. A close look will show that his time for the lap in which he stopped was 2 minutes, instead of the 1 minute 34 seconds of the previous lap. There is another notation showing that his pit stop cost him 2 minutes and 33 seconds. He was running first in the 106th lap. Then he made his stop. His 108th lap was made in 4 minutes 22 seconds, which includes the time he stopped at the pits. Before he stopped he was making laps at the rate of 95 to 96 miles an hour. In time this is 1 minute 34 seconds. As he had to slow down on his coming-in lap his time dropped to 2 minutes. This is a loss of 26 seconds on his average lap time. Deducting his stop of 2 minutes 33 seconds for his pit stop from 4 minutes 22 seconds, which was the time of his lap in which he made the pit stop, shows that the actual running time of the lap was 1 minute 49 seconds, instead of the 1 minute 34 seconds, his average running time per lap. Thus he lost 26 seconds slowing down and 15 seconds getting up his speed, a total of 41 seconds consumed in stopping and getting under

way. Add to this the 2 minutes 33 seconds spent at the pits and we have 3 minutes 14 seconds, the actual time lost when a driver stops for gas, oil and tires. The notation at the bottom of the chart shows that three tires were changed. They were a left front and rear and a right rear.

It will be noted that the laps from 160 on were not filled in. The "Rain" written in the 19th lap tells why. Incidentally, Hartz's total time for the race was 4 hours 10 minutes 50.49 seconds. The winner's time was 4 hours 10 minutes 17.95 seconds. Thus the difference between first and second place was 32.54 seconds. If Hartz had not had to stop, or if he had taken less time to slow up, or if he had taken less time to get under way, or even if he had taken just a little shorter time at the pits the story might have been different. Of course, there is always that other angle, too, that if the winner had not had to make a pit stop, which he did for gas, oil and water, but no tires, perhaps he, too, would have finished in shorter time.

As another example of just what pit stops will do, take the case of Earl Cooper in the 1924 Indianapolis race. Cooper had pushed his Studebaker Special up into the lead at 445 miles, when one of his tires let go and he came limping into the pits. Joe Boyer, driving L. L. Corum's Duesenberg Special, shot into the lead as the result of Cooper's stop. Cooper made a lightning fast tire change and started after Boyer. He was rapidly overhauling him when—another tire let go, just after he had passed his pits. He continued on around the track at reduced speed, stopped at his pits, took on another tire and once more, with throttle to the floorboard, started a drive for his lost first place. Races may come and races may go, but that drive of Cooper's will be sung by minstrels in the years to come. Setting at defiance every law of safety, the Pacific coast driver literally flew after Boyer. But two tire changes, with the consequent loss in time, were too much, even for an Earl Cooper, as game and hard-driving a pilot as there is on the big circuits to-day. He finished 1 minute 23.67 seconds behind the Corum-Boyer car. The two tire changes undoubtedly cost him the race. That is what time means when one is traveling more than 100 miles an hour.

Speaking of pit stops; the American Automobile Association officials keep an accurate check of all stops made at the pits, the time spent and the work performed. Should a car become unsafe for its driver or for other drivers on the track the officials may arbitrarily rule it off the course.

THE timing of the Indianapolis race is done by the most elaborate timing machine in the world. This machine does practically everything but think. A steel wire is stretched across the track in front of the timing stand. As the cars come by they depress the wire, which is elevated about an inch above the surface of the track. This impact is transmitted through electrical connections to the timing machine. Connected to the timing machine—a part of it, in fact—is a fine chronometer. At the car impact a set of hammers fall on an inked ribbon which runs over a paper tape, which in turn rests on a metal cylinder covered with numbers in hours, minutes, seconds and hundredths of a second columns. The chronometer being directly connected to the timing mechanism, the only figures that can be printed on the tape are those denoting the correct time. The only human act in the timing is the placing of the car number opposite the time. This is done by the chief timer with a lead pencil. The machine can not be doctored in any way. When a car goes over the tape it is registered. Numbers can not be juggled, either, because comparison could be made with the official record of pit stops, so that no car could be unduly slowed up. No car could be credited with a lap belonging to another car as this would show that the car being given the extra credit was running at an impossibly fast time. All these things would show up when the Three-A officials check the tape, which they do immediately after the race. And as for timing automobile races on a speedway with stop watches—it just simply could

not be done. The old eye is so slow that there would be a variation of a large fraction of a second in each instance.

The Indianapolis timing machine has been in the charge of Odis Porter, chief timer, for fifteen years. Porter is so well thought of as a timer that he times all the big airplane and motor boat races in the country, in addition to the greatest automobile race in the world.

The Indianapolis motor speedway is the only track in the world to have a great event over a period of sixteen years. It is the only American speedway which runs an international event and makes a real bid for foreign drivers. It offers the greatest prize list of any speedway in the world. First place, \$20,000; second place, \$10,000; third place, \$5,000; fourth place, \$3,500; fifth place, \$3,000; sixth place, \$2,200; seventh place, \$1,800; eighth place, \$1,600; ninth place, \$1,500; tenth place, \$1,400; consolation prizes of \$10,000, divided among the pilots who start the race but do not finish in the first ten. In addition to the prize money offered by the speedway, there is a citizens' lap prize fund of \$20,000. This sum is distributed at the rate of \$100 a lap to the driver leading each lap of the 200 that go to make up the race.

In addition to these cash prizes there is considerable cash donated by the accessory manufacturers to reward successful drivers for using their equipment. Frank Lockhart, winner of the 1926 race, received a total of \$35,600 in prize money; \$20,000 of this was the first place prize, \$9,500 of it came from the lap prize fund for leading 95 laps, \$4,000 from a tire company, \$1,500 from a company making a dope for use in gas, \$500 from a spark plug company and another \$100 came for telling the world via the radio just how glad he was to win first place and what a wonderful car he had that would enable him to do it, and the etc., as Mr. Witwer would say.

In addition to the above-mentioned cash the drivers receive for temporary possession, the Wheeler-Schebler silver cup six feet high, for the leader at the 400-mile mark; the Prest-O-Lite 1,600 ounce silver brick for the leader at 300 miles and the winner gets the Strauss trophy, which is a handsome permanent gift in varying form; last year it was an Italian marble floor lamp with the figure of a flying eagle.

SPECIAL correspondents from newspapers all over the country attend the race. They even come from as far away as South Africa, China and Europe. There is a battery of typewriters and special wires busy throughout the day. The Indianapolis papers have direct wire connection with the track and there is considerable rivalry between the two afternoon papers to see which shall get on the street first after the race.

One big Chicago newspaper, the *Tribune*, employs a plane to take its photographers down to Indianapolis the morning of the race and get its plates back in the evening before dark, in order that a whole page of the paper may be devoted to pictures of the race the next morning. Directly after the race, too, special planes carry thousands of Indianapolis newspaper extra editions to towns within a radius of 200 miles, in order that race-hungry fans may get the information in detail. Airplanes also are used to carry race extras.

Throughout the race, beginning at 9 o'clock in the morning, an hour before the start of the event, Station WGN of the Chicago *Tribune* and WFBM of the Merchants Heat and Light and the Indianapolis *News*, broadcast direct from the trackside. The stay-at-home fan in the mountains of Pennsylvania or the vacationist up in Michigan and Wisconsin thus is enabled to get word-pictures of the crowds as they filter into the stands; he may hear the growl of the motors as they come by on the front stretch; he gets a report every twenty-five miles of the standing of the drivers in the race, the reason for cars dropping out, with details of accidents that occur on the course. Reception is not always what it should be in the daytime, but no doubt thousands of ELKS MAGAZINE readers have heard the race on the air, with the melodious voice of Quin Ryan, of WGN, giving them the dope.

A 500-mile race is never won until the checkered flag is flung across the vision of the first place winner. The story of Ralph De Palma has been told so often to illustrate this

(Continued on page 76)



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The Greatest Automobile Race in the World

(Continued from page 75)

point that it has become one of the classics of the roaring road.

The 1912 race was getting well toward the end. De Palma in his Mercedes was leading Joe Dawson, National, the second man, by twenty miles. The scorers already had marked up the 470th mile, when the great De Palma's motor began to falter. Dawson knew it almost as soon as De Palma did. The National driver, seeing a long chance for victory, crowded his car to the limit. His tires were not in the best of condition, indeed, the dangerous white line which tells the pilot that his shoe is likely to blow at any minute, already had appeared. Dawson took a firmer grip on his steering wheel, shut his teeth hard and let her roll. De Palma's speed dropped lower and lower; Dawson went faster and faster. His pits flashed warning to him of his speed, but he only nodded his head in token of having received the message.

At five miles from the finish line De Palma was going less than twenty miles an hour, while Dawson had closed the twenty-mile gap so that less than ten miles of it remained. With one lap to go De Palma's car was barely moving. It crept around the two-and-a-half-mile course, through the fourth corner and came to a dead stop just as it emerged into the front stretch. Victory was a bare half-mile away. De Palma and his mechanic got out in the hot sun and laboriously pushed the heavy car down to the finish tape. En route Dawson, one of the most popular drivers the game has ever known, flashed by to victory. De Palma looked up and smiled as first place prize slipped through his fingers. Worn out, dragging along, the crew of the Mercedes finally pushed their mount across the finish wire. Then came the tragedy! The Mercedes was disqualified because it had not finished under its own power! De Palma smiled at the judges, albeit a trifle grimly, and left his car standing at the spot. His hard day's drive had gone for naught.

It was in the same race that the spectators saw an act of bravery that still lives in the minds of those who saw it. Harry Knight, driving a Lexington, came roaring down past the grandstands on the main stretch. Directly ahead of him a car was wrecked and the riding mechanic was thrown out on to the track directly in Knight's path. To attempt to turn either to the right or the left spelled disaster for Knight. His only safe course was directly ahead over the body of the prostrate man. But Harry didn't choose the easiest way. Without a moment's hesitation he whipped his racer to the left, knowing what was ahead of him as he did so. The next instant he crashed almost head-on into the cement wall of the pits. His car was hopelessly wrecked, but its brave driver didn't get a scratch!

In the 1913 race Charlie Merz, driving a Stutz, was running in third place, with only two laps to go, when there was a burst of flame from under the hood of his car. Charlie might have stopped right there without being accused of cowardice. But instead, he and his mechanic

pushed backward out of their seats as far as they could. The flames reached out like a great fiery tongue, licking all about the two figures. Round the track the car sped on its last lap—literally a flaming torch. The spectators gasped, but Charlie Merz held on to the steering wheel. He finished in third place and at once proceeded to turn chemicals on his burning chariot.

Ray Gilhooley, as wild a young Irishman as ever put foot to a racing throttle, blew a tire on his Isotta-Fraschini going into the south turn in the 1914 race. Joe Dawson, in a Marmon, came thundering along right behind him. Gilhooley had been thrown out of his car. Dawson had to run over him or turn off the course. He chose the latter, though his experience told him what the result would be when his speeding car hit the soft earth of the infield. When his car stopped rolling over, Dawson was taken out more dead than alive. He wore a brace on his back for a year, but lived to establish other records before he finally abandoned the racing game.

I think it is fitting to close this article with an incident concerning Jimmy Murphy. Though the editor of the magazine may not consider it technical, I hope he will let the mention that Jimmy was an Elk stay in. He was a member of the Los Angeles Lodge and in my estimation a great credit to the Order. I knew him for years. He was not only the greatest automobile race driver that ever jammed a throttle to the hilt, but he was the greatest little gentleman as well. As to his driving ability, enough to say that he made more money at it than any driver before or since, and that can only be accomplished by having great courage and a fast car. Jimmy had both. He is the only American driver ever to win the French Grand Prix with an American car, or any other car. He did it in 1921 with a Duesenberg Special.

In the 1923 Indianapolis he had consented to drive on the Durant racing team of five cars, out of friendship for R. C. Durant. During the race Durant's car died on the back stretch and Durant could not discover the reason. He waved the other drivers on the team as they came by, but they didn't slacken speed any. They were only following racing custom. A driver may be on a team, but once a race starts it is every man for himself and raspberries for the hindmost. But when Jimmy came around he slowed down, stopped and looked over Durant's car, got aboard his own, drove around to the pits and told the chief mechanic what to take over to get Durant's car going. At the time Jimmy made his stop he was running in third place and he lost whatever chance he may have had for placing second.

Afterward I asked him why he stopped, when he knew that custom didn't demand it.

"Well," he answered, "I was on Durant's team and I felt I owed the big boss the courtesy!"

Murphy was killed at Syracuse, N. Y., in September of 1924, and with his passing went one of nature's noblemen, if ever there was one.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 49)

get-togethers of their craft, the progress and activities of our Order. Officers elected for the next meeting were: Joseph Oswald, Chairman; Joseph P. Francis, Vice-Chairman; Frederick Schuyler, Secretary.

Any member of the printing crafts not on the mailing list of the organization is requested to send his address to the secretary, care of The Typographical Club, 1 Beekman Street, New York City.

Reading, Pa., Lodge Continues Work With Crippled Children

Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, continues the excellent work it is doing for the crippled children of its community. Recently another large clinic was conducted at the Homeopathic Hospital by Dr. Arthur J. Davidson of Philadelphia. Ten children were operated on and many others were fitted for corrective shoes

and braces. Reading Lodge pays all the costs of these clinics except the actual cost of convalescence in the hospital, this being defrayed from a special fund set aside by the Community Chest. Close to 200 children have received the benefit of these clinics during the present year.

Distinguished Guests Attend Anniversary Party

Celebrating its tenth anniversary after a decade of vigorous growth and activity, St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge, No. 1343, entertained, among its 500 guests, a number of well-known members of the Order. Hon. John F. Malley, past Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge, was the principal speaker of the evening, while Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Roy Calderwood acted as toastmaster. On the speakers' platform with Mr. Malley and Mr. Calderwood were Past



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Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Riley W. Bowers; Exalted Ruler Samuel E. Richardson; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Fred O. Moore and James Tanner, and a number of officers and Past Exalted Rulers of St. Johnsbury Lodge.

Following the speeches and a recitation of the Lodge's history by Arthur F. Stone, there were an excellent entertainment and dancing to wind up the celebration.

New Orleans, La., Lodge Revives Famous Carnival Ball

Reviving a custom of former years, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, held an elaborate Carnival Ball during the Mardi Gras celebration. The affair, attended by many hundred Elks, members of their families and friends, was one of the most successful of its kind ever held. The auditorium was beautifully decorated with smilax, palms and other green foliage. The stage decorations, with the Elk purple predominating, were magnificent, and called forth tumultuous applause as the curtain was raised. Dr. J. George Dempsey and René Coutouric, chairman and vice-chairman, and the members of the entertainment committee, had devoted themselves to the task of making the revival of this famous ball a thoroughly successful affair, and their efforts were well rewarded by the enthusiasm of every one who took part in the Carnival.

Tulare, Calif., Lodge Dedicates Its New Home

The handsome new Home of Tulare, Calif., Lodge, No. 1424, was recently dedicated with a three-day program of festivities in which many members of various Lodges in and outside the State took part. The formal dedication ceremony was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Elmer B. Maze, who was assisted by Ben Lewis, Vice-President of the California State Elks Association, and the Exalted Rulers of neighboring Lodges. Judge Thompson of the Appellate Court and a member of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, delivered the principal address of the evening. Much praise was accorded by him and other speakers on the program to Michael Mahoney whose energy and enthusiasm made the new Home possible. Following the dedication exercises, the evening was brought to a close by a banquet served in the handsome new Jinks room.

The new Home, located in the center of the city on East Kern Street, adjacent to the First National Bank, is a very attractive building. The entire upper floor is occupied by the Lodge, while the street floor has been rented for stores. The club rooms are elegantly furnished throughout, the Lodge room being particularly impressive. This room will seat about 250 without crowding and is equipped with every device for heightening the effect of the various rituals. The Jinks room is located in the basement and well designed for all sorts of social entertainments and for banquets.

Reception to District Deputy Griffin On Visit to Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge

Nearly four hundred members of Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge, No. 412, greeted District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Griffin, when he paid his official visit to this Lodge recently. The largest class of the year was initiated with ceremonies, conducted by the officers of Iola Lodge, No. 569, which were beautiful and impressive. Some fifty Iola Elks accompanied their officers and took part in the services. Mr. Griffin was warm in his praise of Pittsburg Lodge, stating that the work of the New Membership Committee was particularly deserving of commendation. The evening was further marked by an excellent entertainment and a buffet supper.

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge's Boy Scout Troop Wins Cup

Boy Scout Troop No. 48, sponsored by Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, greatly pleased their "big brothers" recently by winning a handsome loving cup in a wall scaling contest. The contest, open to all troops in the county, (Continued on page 78)



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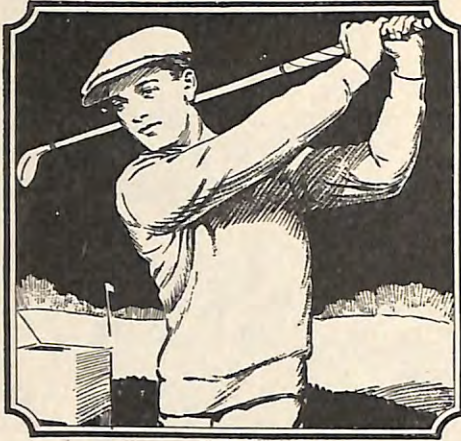
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 77)

was held in the Red Bank Armory, and the boys of No. 48 set a record of 23-4/5 seconds to win it.

Elks and American Legion Hold Joint Banquet

The principles, objects and aims, as well as some of the history of the Order and of the American Legion, were set forth by speakers recently at a joint banquet of the two organizations held in the Home of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, No. 80. Frank B. O'Connell of the Legion acted as toastmaster, and addresses were made by Exalted Ruler of the Lodge Minor S. Bacon; Frank E. Green, also of the Lodge; Commander Milton Barratt of the Lincoln Legion Post and several other of the distinguished guests. The dinner was served by young women attired as Red Cross nurses, and during its progress and prior to the speaking, musical numbers were rendered by an orchestra, a string trio, and male quartet. The evening was one of the big events of the year and was largely attended by Elks and Legionnaires.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Member Makes Generous Gift to City

The following excerpts from a resolution recently adopted by Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, tell the story of a splendid gift to his native city by a member of No. 6.

"WHEREAS, Brother Valentine S. McClatchy and his wife Adeline McClatchy, have given the public park known as Joyland to the City of Sacramento to be dedicated to the free use of the people for all time, and to be hereafter known as James McClatchy Park in honor of James McClatchy, pioneer citizen of Sacramento, and founder of the Sacramento Bee; and

WHEREAS, Brother McClatchy's gift exemplifies the true spirit of an Elk and a citizen of his native city; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That Sacramento Lodge, No. 6, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, in regular session on this eighth day of February, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, does congratulate the city of Sacramento as the recipient of the magnificent gift from its esteemed and distinguished donors, and does by these resolutions convey to Brother Valentine S. McClatchy and his wife, Adeline McClatchy, its greetings and thankful appreciation for their generous and timely gift to our city."

The park will be devoted mainly to the use of the children of the city as a playground, though the fine swimming pool it contains will be open to all.

Lodges Warned of Man Carrying Bogus Membership Card

All Lodges are warned to be on the lookout for a man using the name of William E. Busey who claims membership in Dallas, Texas, Lodge, No. 71. The Secretary of the Lodge informs us that it has no member of that name on its books, and that the membership card in this man's possession is a stolen one. "Busey" has used the card to cash worthless checks on several occasions.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge Burns Mortgage on Home

Elaborate exercises marked the burning of the mortgage on its Home by Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645. Large delegations of members from many Lodges of the region were present and took part in the festivities. The exercises began with a parade, followed by the ceremony of burning the mortgage, continued with a cafeteria supper and ended with an entertainment by four vaudeville artists from New York City. Past Exalted Ruler Peter J. Gaudy, chairman of the committee in charge of the event, presided at the ceremony, introducing a number of prominent Elks, among whom were John T. Gorman, President of the New York State Elks Association; William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler and present Secretary of New York Lodge, No. 1; and Philip Clancy, Past President of the Association. Another feature of the evening was the presentation

to the Lodge by Ivan A. Gardner of Middletown, of a handsome silver loving cup which Past Exalted Ruler Edward J. Farley accepted in behalf of the members.

Hon. George W. Scott, Past Exalted Ruler of Davenport, Iowa, Lodge

Hon. George W. Scott, a Past Exalted Ruler of Davenport, Iowa, Lodge, No. 298, and one of the first Presidents of the Iowa State Elks Association, died on February 28. He was one of the best known men in Iowa, and was prominent in the activities of the Order in the State. He was Mayor of Davenport for many years and also served several terms as City Attorney. His death is deeply felt by the many who came into contact with his rich and inspiring personality.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Initiates Class for Philipsburg, Pa., Lodge

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, recently initiated a large class of candidates for Philipsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 1173, and conducted the ceremony with the same efficiency which marked its visit to this Lodge about a year ago. There was a large attendance of members not only from the two Lodges but also from Clearfield, Du Bois, Madera, Tyrone, Altoona and many other district points. Philipsburg Lodge again proved itself to be a generous host and the entertainment provided the visitors had been delightfully planned.

Athletic Equipment of Los Angeles Calif., Lodge Popular with Members

In one month more than 1,000 members, their wives and children participated in the indoor sports provided by the quarter-million dollar athletic equipment in the Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. Swimming, hand-ball, bowling, basket ball and gym classes were among the activities enjoyed. There is a running program of individual and team competitions carried on by the enthusiasts of No. 99, which serves to keep interest in sports at a high point. The Lodge of Antlers sponsored by the Los Angeles members takes a prominent part in the contests, on one occasion defeating a swimming and diving team composed of their "big brothers."

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge Entertains Huge Fraternal Gathering

The first big event in the new Home of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, since its dedication, was on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. G. Pyle. Mr. Pyle brought with him a delegation of 600 members from the South Central District, including all the officers of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, and officers and Past Exalted Rulers from the other Lodges. Arriving in two special trains the visiting delegation was met by the Drum Corps and a group of members from No. 613, who escorted their guests to the new Home. In the line of march, in addition to the Santa Barbara units, were the fifty-five-piece band of Glendale Lodge, No. 1289; the drill team and glee club of Los Angeles Lodge; the eighteen-man drum corps of San Pedro Lodge, No. 966, and the forty-piece bands from Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, and Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906.

It was a notable occasion in the annals of the Order in southern California and, in all probability, brought together the largest group of members that ever paid a visit to a sister Lodge.

Children's Dancing Class of Braddock, Pa., Lodge to Produce Show

The sixth annual Juvenile Follies, put on by the talented youngsters of the children's dancing class of Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, will be produced in the Capitol Theatre on May 2. With each successive Follies it is demonstrated more certainly that the children of the Braddock district are an unusually clever lot of youngsters

(Continued on page 80)



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quickly bring out this natural ability and become a powerful speaker. Now, through an amazing new training, you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential speaker able to dominate one man or five thousand. This new method of training was developed by one of America's eminent specialists in Effective Speech. Through this wonderful training he has raised thousands from mediocre, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence, simply by showing them how to bring out and develop their own individual, undeveloped abilities.

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everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called “How to Work Wonders with Words.” In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless “hidden knack”—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 78)

and this year's show is expected to be "bigger and better" than ever.

Gala Week Planned for Dedication Of Sheffield, Ala., Lodge Home

The plans for the dedication of the fine new \$75,000 Home of Sheffield, Ala., Lodge, No. 1375, scheduled to take place during the last days of April, included a full week of ceremonies and festivities. This beautiful building is perhaps the most complete and up-to-date Lodge Home in the State, among its features being a billiard hall, roof-garden, ballroom and a spacious auditorium.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge to Hold Outdoor Circus in June

Starting the week of June 6, Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, will hold an enormous outdoor circus and festival at Tournament Park. Feature circus acts, masquerades, contests and dancing will be among the many numbers on the program, and the committee in charge is looking for the greatest success such an effort on the part of the Lodge has ever achieved.

Hoboken, N. J., Lodge Pays Tribute to Past District Deputy Harry J. Lemmer

Twenty-six years of faithful, conscientious service as a member of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, were recognized recently when Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry J. Lemmer, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 74, was the honor guest at a large testimonial dinner given by his fellow members at which high tribute was paid his unswerving loyalty to the Order. Many of the community's most distinguished citizens were present and joined the members in expressing their admiration of Mr. Lemmer's record as an Elk and as a man. Jacob Straus, a lifelong friend of Mr. Lemmer, acted as toastmaster and introduced the speakers among whom were many Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge.

Commenting editorially on the banquet, one of the city's leading newspapers said, "The testimonial given Harry J. Lemmer by Hoboken Elks was one that came from the heart. . . . The eulogies he received were far more than the perfunctory eulogies that so often go with such affairs. Harry Lemmer deserves commendation, and it was good to see him get it while he was still alive."

San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers Night a Great Success

Past Exalted Rulers Night in San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322, was a notable occasion. Starting with a barbecue attended by a large proportion of the membership, it progressed to one of the most interesting Lodge sessions in the history of No. 322. The chairs were all occupied by Past Exalted Rulers while among the distinguished members present were Mifflin G. Potts, C. Burton Thrall and C. M. Carpenter, President, a Vice-President, and a Trustee respectively, of the California State Elks Association. A class was initiated by the old timers with a splendid exemplification of the ritual, after which there were speeches by Mr. Potts, Mr. Thrall, Mr. Carpenter and Howard B. Kirtland, Chairman of the State Association Speakers Committee. Throughout the evening those in attendance were entertained by a special program of music.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Pays Tribute to Louis A. Fisher

Over 300 members of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, attended the dinner recently given by the Lodge in honor of Past Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher.

The speakers at the banquet numbered some of the best known men in the Order, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order; and Past

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William C. Clark; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Leo Fallon. Judge William Coffey acted as Toastmaster. The Chairman of the Committee, Charles Weber, Jr., arranged a splendid program of music, which included the famous WJZ Elks Male Quartette of Port Chester. Dancing followed the banquet, which was attended by the ladies of the members.

The tribute to Mr. Fisher was well deserved as he has been the most active and constructive leader Mount Vernon Lodge has had for a number of years.

William F. Kirk, Poet and Humorist, Passes Away

William F. Kirk, poet and humorist, whose work was known throughout the country, died recently at his home in Chippewa Falls, Wis. A member of the Elks Lodge of that city, Mr. Kirk took a deep interest in its activities. His poems, a number of which were published in THE ELKS MAGAZINE, reveal how close to his heart were the ideals and tenets of the Order. One of his most beautiful compositions is the "Eleven o'Clock Toast" which he wrote for his Lodge in 1919. As a tribute to the high esteem in which he was held throughout his community, the flags of the city were draped at half-mast and all business houses were closed while his funeral services were being held at Notre Dame Church. Six Past Exalted Rulers of Chippewa Falls Lodge, No. 1326, acted as pallbearers, and the beautiful Elk burial ritual was impressively conducted by his fellow members.

Salisbury, Md., Lodge is Host To District Deputy Berger

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John B. Berger of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, recently made his official visit to Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817. He was accompanied by John J. Powel, President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks State Association. Both Mr. Berger and Mr. Powel addressed the members, complimenting the Lodge on its fine achievements during the past year. The meeting was marked by great enthusiasm and the attendance taxed the Lodge room to capacity.

The following evening the distinguished visitors were guests at a supper-dance and vaudeville entertainment given in the Wicomico Hotel, the occasion being the Lodge's Ladies' Night.

Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge Initiates Mayors of Four Towns

What Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge, No. 1526, believes to be a record, was set when four mayors and one ex-mayor were initiated at the same time. This unusual group was made up of the chief executives of Arlington Heights, Palatine, Park Ridge and Des Plaines, and one ex-mayor of the last named. Every member of the Des Plaines City Council, the city treasurer and collector, and many officials of the Police Department have joined No. 1526.

Bowlers of Rahway, N. J., Lodge End Season with Banquet

Members of the Inter-City Bowling League of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, a group of enthusiasts from the various towns in the jurisdiction of No. 1075, wound up their season with a banquet in the Home of the Lodge. Following an excellent dinner there were a number of entertaining speeches, and the award of prizes. The Rahway members finished first in the team contests, and other prizes were given for high individual and high average scores. An excellent program was rendered during the evening by the Elks Quartette, which is well known throughout the State, and is frequently heard on the radio.

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Had Active Year of Welfare Work

Besides its generous activities in behalf of poor and needy children at Christmas and Thanksgiving, Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No.

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When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo

Important Notice To Members
Members are urged to immediately notify their Lodge Secretary of any change in their mailing address and the Secretary is required by the Grand Lodge Law to promptly report all such changes. Only by this cooperation can the members be assured of receiving their copies of the Magazine.

24, has, during the past Lodge year, spent large sums in helping the cripples of its community, and has engaged in a vast amount of welfare work covering a large field. Many outings were given the youngsters within its jurisdiction; visits were made to various hospitals, entertainment and gifts being brought to the patients on each occasion; monthly visits were made to the School of Crippled Children, the pupils of which were furnished with transportation to and from classes. In addition to a list of other activities too numerous to mention, the Lodge took care of many individual cases of poverty and distress.

Some Interesting Facts About Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge

In an attractive booklet published by Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, in which information concerning the Lodge is set forth for benefit of prospective members, are a number of facts of interest to the Order at large. Among the features of its fine Home are a library of more than 5,000 volumes, and an auditorium with a seating capacity of 1,300, equipped with a stage and a magnificent concert organ. During the ten years previous to the publication of the booklet, \$250,000 had been spent in improvements and additions to the Home.

With a membership of some 2,000, the Lodge disbursed for charity, during a five-year period, the sum of \$72,846.36, most of it going to crippled children's work.

The Lodge is at present engaged in a quiet effort to increase its membership by invitations to join, addressed to the representative men of the city.

Iowa State Elks Association to Meet at Clear Lake in June

On June 23 and 24 the Iowa State Elks Association will hold its annual meeting at Clear Lake. Preparations are being made by many Iowa members for a stay of several days at the Lake, the business sessions occurring on Thursday and Friday, leaving the week-end free for sport and rest. A golf tournament will be among the events to be enjoyed by those attending. The meeting last year was held at the same place, and every one is expecting another such good time in June.

Somerville, Mass., Lodge is Interested in Welfare Work

The members of Somerville, Mass., Lodge, No. 917, are interested in many forms of Social and Community Welfare Work. Among a number of recent activities the Lodge took a prominent part in the organization of a local council for the Boy Scout movement, appropriating a considerable sum of money in behalf of its establishment.

At its recent Charity Bazar, the Lodge netted over \$13,000, \$2,000 of which was used to purchase and erect a life-size elk on the lawn of its Home grounds—a memorial to its departed members. There was also placed in the charity fund of the Lodge \$2,000; the balance being used for other appropriate causes.

Fine Record of Paterson, N. J., Lodge in Crippled Children Work

The Crippled Kiddies Committee of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, has published a comprehensive report of the work done by the Lodge since the inception of the movement. It shows a splendid and widespread activity, carried on without regard for differences of color, race or religion. One of the great events in the history of the work was the visit of Dr. Lorenz, the famous Viennese orthopedist, when eleven hundred handicapped individuals were present, and the great need of the work was indelibly impressed upon the minds of every one who participated. Registration of the various cases was made and clinics were held weekly. Dr. Paul E. Rauschenbach offered his services gratuitously, and much of No. 60's success in this work is due to his untiring devotion. He has performed innumerable operations as well as serving as medical adviser to the Committee. The officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge are solidly behind Chairman Henry Schoonmaker, of the Crippled

(Continued on page 83)

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They Thought I Was Trying to be Funny —



Until I Started to Play — Then I Gave Them the Surprise of Their Lives

THE crowd sat spellbound—fascinated with the rich full notes of Harry's violin. Yes, it was beautiful—for Harry was a brilliant performer. Yet I could not help chuckling to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them. I waited until the last ripple of applause had stopped. Then with mock dignity I arose.

"With your kind permission," I announced, "I shall now charm you with a piano recital."

Everyone snickered, "Does he really play?" one girl asked. "Yes," Phil laughed, "he plays the Victrola—*beautifully!*" Someone behind me whispered: "Jim must have his little joke." "How about playing Rachmaninoff's 'Prelude in C Minor,' Jim!" another suggested. The room was in an uproar. They were sure I couldn't play a note.

With studied clumsiness, I fell over the piano stool and dropped the lid on my hand. Then with all the gravity of a master pianist, I proceeded to pick out "Chop Sticks" with one finger! The crowd roared with laughter. This was the dramatic moment for my surprise. Dropping the mask of the clown, I struck the first sweet chords of Wagner's lovely "The Evening Star" from "Tannhauser."

The laughter died on their lips. The magic of my music cast a spell over everyone. As I played on with complete confidence I forgot the room—the people—everything. I was alone—lost in the sheer beauty of the immortal master's tender melodies.

The Thrill of My Life

When the last haunting strain of the mellow notes had faded away, there was a dead silence. Had I failed? A roar of applause answered my question. Then I felt the thrill that comes with real success!

A perfect bedlam of questions and congratulations followed from my amazed and dumfounded friends—"How long have you been playing?"—"Who was your teacher?"—"Where did you learn?"

"I know it is hard to believe," I replied happily, "but I learned at home—and without a teacher!"

How I Learned

They were too completely surprised to say anything so I told them the whole story.

"I have always wanted to play the piano. But I never had a chance to take lessons when I was a youngster and as time went on I reluctantly said goodbye to my ambition to play. Then I saw an interesting ad one day. It told about a new, easy way of learning music—right at home—without a teacher. It seemed too good to be true. But I *did* want to play and it certainly was worth investigating as long as it didn't cost me a cent. So I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson and Booklet.

"When they arrived, I was amazed to see how easy playing the piano really was—easier than I dared hope. I knew right away that I could master it. So I decided that I would send for the course and practice secretly. Then I could surprise you all.

Just a Few Minutes a Day

"The course was as fascinating as a new game. I enjoyed every minute of it. I was playing real tunes from the start *by note*. Reading music was as easy as A-B-C! No weary scales, no monotonous exercises, no tiresome hours of practicing. And each lesson was easier than the last. Although I never had any "special talent" for music I was playing my favorites almost before I knew it. Soon I could play jazz, ballads, classical music—all with equal ease. Well, did I surprise you?"

You, too, Can Quickly Learn

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this remarkable easy "at home" method that has helped almost half a million people all over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a common sense practical method—so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. You find your progress amazingly rapid because every step is clear and easy to understand. Just pick out the instrument you want to play. The U. S. School of Music does the rest. And its cost averages just a few cents a day!

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Our wonderful illustrated free book and our free demonstration lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost. If you really want to learn to play—if new friends, good times, social popularity and increased income appeal to you—take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Sign the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. **U. S. School of Music, 3625 Brunswick Bldg., New York.**

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| Mandolin | Steel Guitar |
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| | Tenor) |

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 81)

Kiddies Committee, and John C. Wegner, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, as is the entire membership of the Lodge.

Some \$16,000 has been expended to date and below is a summary of the work:

Total number of cases, 1,023; operations performed, 212; braces and artificial appliances furnished, 112; treatments, 3,326; nurses' visitations, 2,864; number of crippled children being educated, 11; employment found, 42; children sent to seashore and country, 38.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mills Is Honor Guest of Lodge

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills, of Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403, was recently the guest of honor at a large celebration given in his behalf by his fellow members. The occasion was the fortieth anniversary of Mr. Mills's initiation into the Order. It was in 1887 that he became a member, and since that time he has always been at the forefront of the Order's activities. In recognition of his long and faithful service, many distinguished members were present at the function and voiced their appreciation as part of an extensive program arranged in his honor.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Metropolis, Ill., Lodge recently initiated a class of fifty candidates, the ceremony being conducted by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. D. Midkiff of Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge.

The Lodge quarters of Rock Hill, S. C., Lodge have been completely destroyed by fire, only the books and records being saved.

Cliffside Park, N. J., Lodge has purchased property adjoining its present Home on which it will build an addition.

The Degree Team and Drill Squad of Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge initiated a class for Clarksburg Lodge at one of the most successful meetings the latter Lodge has enjoyed for some time.

The recent initiation of his father by O. W. Heying, Exalted Ruler of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge now gives his family a standing of 100 per cent. in the Order, Mr. Heying's three brothers also being members of the Lodge.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Lenehan recently presented, on behalf of Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge, a beautiful plaque to the new Lyndhurst High School. The plaque, inscribed with the Constitution, will occupy a prominent place in the building.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge has presented \$1,000 to the House of Calvary, a home for persons suffering from incurable cancer.

Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge held a dinner, dance and entertainment to mark the first anniversary in its new Home.

Duplicating their gift of last year, the "Ladies of 1920" presented a check for \$1,000 to the building fund of Nutley, N. J., Lodge.

A feature of the twenty-second anniversary party of Ashland, Ore., Lodge was the burning of all bonds on its Home.

Dover, N. J., Lodge is making elaborate plans for the celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary during the last week of this month.

The Malden, Mass., Lodge Degree Team, ac-

companied by a large group of members, visited Wintrop, Mass., Lodge, where they assisted at the initiation of a class.

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge has invited a number of near-by Lodges to join it in chartering a special train for the trip to the Grand Lodge Reunion at Cincinnati in July.

The No. 1 Bowling Team of Mendota, Ill., Lodge won the La Salle County Bowling League Championship, the third championship won by this team.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge opened its splendid new swimming pool last month with a series of competitive and exhibition swimming and diving events.

The annual ball of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge was one of the outstanding social successes of the winter season.

The Social and Community Welfare committee of Leadville, Colo., Lodge conducted a drive for the Salvation Army.

The Elks Quartette of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge was recently on a program broadcast by Radio Station WJZ.

Porterville, Calif., Lodge celebrated the initiation of a record class of 103 candidates with a street parade and banquet.

W. L. Guthery was elected to a life membership in Marion, Ohio, Lodge in gratitude for his generous gift to the Lodge of a plot in Marion Cemetery which will be used as an Elks Rest.

A Hospitality Committee has been appointed in Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, whose duty it is to see that all members and visitors become acquainted.

Virtually every State in the Union was represented by visiting Elks who availed themselves of New Orleans, La., Lodge's hospitality during the Mardi Gras celebration.

Fremont, Ohio, Lodge has elected to honorary life membership S. J. Ryan, a charter member. For thirty-seven years Mr. Ryan has been one of the most active Elks in the Lodge. He was its first Tiler, and has since served three times in each of the offices.

Port Townsend, Wash., Lodge's charity ball was one of the most successful in its history.

A recent report of the Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Glendale, Calif., Lodge shows that thirty merit badges were awarded during the period from August 1, 1926, to March 21, 1927.

Winthrop, Mass., Lodge will take a prominent part in the dedication of the community World War Memorial.

During the disastrous fire which swept the business district of Bloomsburg, Pa., a short time ago, Bloomsburg Lodge provided meals for the local and visiting firemen who fought the blaze.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge presented an American flag to University Chapter, Order of Amaranth. Grand Justice Walter F. Meier, who is Patron of the Order of Amaranth, accepted the gift on behalf of the Chapter.

Northampton, Mass., Lodge defeated Haverhill, Brookline and Norwood Lodges in the finals of the State ritualistic contests for the Nicholson Cup. This is the second year that this team has won the trophy.

New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge gave two performances of its elaborate Frolic of 1927 in the State Theatre.

"All Quiet on the Potomac"

By Major Burk

Past Commander Robert Anderson Post, G. A. R., New York

"ALL quiet on the Potomac" was a refrain heard in our great civil war of 1861-65 so often heard in years gone by, and yet even to-day it lingers, and once more we hear as if in a dream, "All quiet on the Potomac." In vision I see before me assembled at the soldiers' and sailors' monument in the village park, a group of old men—war veterans. In their youth and time of service in Army and Navy life, comrades in arms; brave as ever, still defiant for the Flag they fought for, true to memory of comrades fallen in battle and echoes of weary days of Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching. In

the distance a muffled drum beat, a military cortège approaches, the veterans form in line and salute, thus paying final honors to their comrade who precedes them. Then the vision fades from sight. To-morrow, what? Time halts not. The last surviving veteran has passed on. Taps sounds for him as it has sounded for all—for those who wore a uniform of blue and for those who wore a uniform of gray. They have answered the last roll call of the Grand Commander above. Yes, my friends, it is indeed, "All quiet on the Potomac."—Copyright, 1927, by John E. Burk.

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The Story of William Frederick Cody

(Continued from page 17)

the applicant for a job held up his right hand. In quite a religious manner, he repeated a very solemn and impressive oath to observe the law, refrain from profanity, act always in a thoroughly gentlemanly manner, and never, oh never, drink whisky! It created the same solemn effect, as Buffalo Bill remarked in later life, as if it had been read to a herd of stampeding buffaloes. The employees would swear very solemnly. Then as soon as they had left the office, they would swear again—but in an entirely different fashion. Following which they would hie themselves to the nearest saloon so that they could observe the drinking clause by getting as drunk as possible. Profane, cursing, desperate in a great measure, many of these men, who risked their lives almost daily in the performance of their duty in the transporting of materials across the plains, drank and gambled and looked forward to lecherous sprees at the end of their journey. They cursed the dust, they cursed the beating sun, they cursed the faint forms of Indians atop a distant ridge, waiting for the proper moment to attack. They cursed the stolid oxen and they cursed themselves—a freight-wagon train was a perfect bedlam of profanity. Yet—

Not so long ago, I sat one night with Johnny Baker, foster-son of America's greatest plainsman. A hundred yards away, on the summit of Lookout Mountain, an American flag flew over a stone-encased grave, the last resting place of Buffalo Bill.

"Funny thing about the Guv'nor," said Johnny, looking up the hill. "You'd have thought, with his surroundings in the early days with every kind of tough character about him a lot of the time, that he'd have been a champion cusser. Now wouldn't you? But just think it over—did you ever hear him use a swear word when he wasn't just so mad that he couldn't see straight?"

I thought it over. True, there were times when he swore—but those were times when anybody except a minister would have sworn with him. When everything had gone wrong about his show, when an act had been spoiled, or, waiting at the entrance that he might ride in to give his famous salute from the saddle, he would look in vain for his horse, he could express himself emphatically. But at other times there would be only such expressions as "By Jove," which he picked up in England; "Gad," or his favorite, "By Golly." This man who, in the impressionable years of his life, had heard some of the foulest oaths that ever passed the lips of man, was in his daily conversation one of the cleanest-worded men I have ever known.

PERHAPS it was his mother who formed the cause. He idolized her, worshiped her, even though his urge for the far-away gave her many a sleepless night. It was into her lap that he poured practically every penny of his wages, of her he was thinking constantly. Once at a dinner in honor of Buffalo Bill in Omaha, a man who had known Willie Cody when first he began the life of a wagon-train rider, told of a day, when at the end of a long journey, Willie Cody came to the office with his mother to collect his wages. There was the demand for a signature. But Cody could accomplish this only by making his mark. Tears came into his mother's eyes.

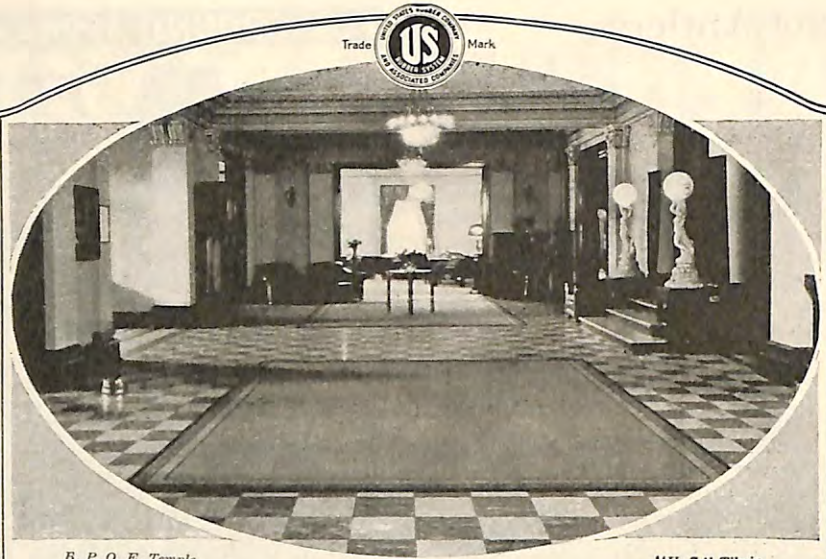
"Willie," she said, "I'd be so happy if you could write your name."

The next trip of that wagon train was a highly decorated affair. Willie Cody had dug up his memory of the alphabet. Then with a burnt stick, he had practised, upon canvas, upon wagon bed, upon every available printing space:

"Willie Cody—Billie the Boy Messenger—Will Cody—William Frederick Cody."

But when his mother mentioned school again, he tried it manfully for all of two weeks—then hied forth once more for the broad horizon!

All of which, perhaps, is beside the point—and yet it is not. Because one of the things that made Cody a great figure of American history was Cody's character, his eccentricities, his ability to be different, even in appearance. There have been many men who dressed like Bill Cody. Who wore long hair. Who trimmed



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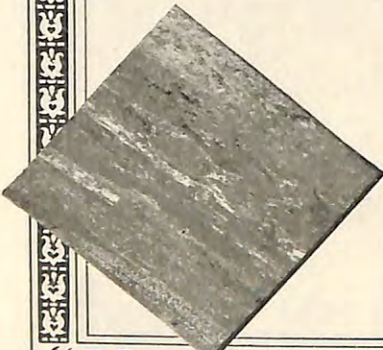
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their mustaches and their goatees in exactly the same fashion. But there was only one Buffalo Bill. It was his heart, his nature, which made him different.

The trip to Fort Kearney over, Willie Cody very cautiously came home. He gave his money to his mother, then with some trepidation asked about Gobel. But all was well—Mary Ann Cody had interviewed the Gobels, and Willie was safe again. And since everything was all right, and since the Cody family needed money, inasmuch as Isaac Cody was still evading those who continued to hold to the slavery idea, Willie could see no reason whatever for using up valuable time around home. The plains were calling—a job awaited him with Russell, Majors and Waddell. So there went Willie.

But in the winter he came home again. There was a reason—Isaac Cody was dead, succumbing at last to his wounds, and leaving a wife, harassed by enemies of her husband, even to the extent of striving to take from her the very roof over her head. Leaving also five girls, none of them able under frontier conditions to do more toward the support of the family than to "help around the house." And two sons, one of whom was a baby, while the other must from now on fulfil the promise which he had given on the night of his father's injury.

Willie Cody was now the man of the house. Upon his shoulders had fallen the task of supporting a family of seven.

BACK to Russell, Majors and Waddell he went. Again, as a train started forth, Will Cody accompanied it, his figure showing faintly through the dust, as in the rear of the train he strove to hold the lame and loose cattle to the pace of the outfit. A man's job, a hard job, breathing the dust kicked up by countless "J. Murphy's," by plodding oxen and bawling cattle. But Willie Cody was the man of the house now, he had a right to a man's job.

Perhaps it may seem peculiar that a boy of twelve could obtain employment practically at will. There were two excellent reasons—one, that he was trustworthy, large for his age, hard as nails and a willing worker. The other was that the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, represented a tremendous business with a working capital of \$2,000,000, and a complement of 6,250 wagons, 75,000 oxen, and 8,000 men. It was not an easy task to find 8,000 men who were willing to risk being scalped for fifty dollars a month. Nor was that risk a mere matter of conversation.

The Salt Lake Trail lay ahead, where, embattled for the sake of their religious beliefs, the Mormons had chosen to resist even the military forces of the United States. Across the great American desert and into the shadow of the Wasatch Range, Gen. Albert Sydney Johnson, with a complement of American troops, had been sent in an attempt to subdue them. An army must have food. And this train, with which Will Cody acted as a driver of a part of the stock that was destined to form the rations of an army, was in reality a military expedition, without the aid of the soldiery. The Government guaranteed nothing except a recompense in case the train was destroyed. The lives that were lost were lost without recourse. Nor was there a military guard to assist in the protection.

There is some argument as to Will Cody's age at this time. Some eight biographers give it as eleven. Buffalo Bill himself often referred to himself as being eleven years of age at the time, but gave the date as May, 1857, which would have made him twelve years of age. A year, however, makes little difference—it was the achievement which counted.

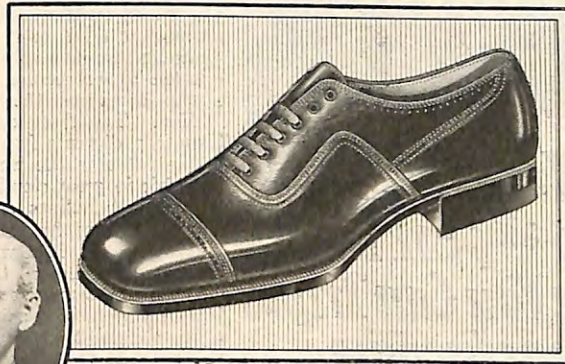
Northwest through Kansas a long train progressed, its oxen panting in the dust, its gigantic bull-whips crackling in the Big Blue, the Big and Little Sandy, then the Little Blue along which the trail led for sixty miles, then along the Platte to Fort Kearney. All had gone well. Past Fort Kearney and onward, finally to a halt at Plum Creek, running into the South Platte about thirty-five miles west of Old Fort Kearney. It had been a morning drive, so that the cattle might escape the heat of late day; dinner was being cooked; most of the outfit lolled about in the shade or sleeping under the mess wagon, leaving the cattle in charge of only three men. Quiet pervaded the camp, a feeling of restful-

(Continued on page 86)

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The Story of William Frederick Cody

(Continued from page 85)

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ness, content; no signs of Indians had been noticed in the locality.

But suddenly there was a succession of shots, kicking up the dust around the wagons. The sight of swift moving forms, dropping down from the ridge, to sweep upon the camp, overwhelm the three herders and stamped the cattle almost before the men—and the boy—who composed the train, could reach their rifles. The three cattle guards, stationed at quite a distance from the camp, already were dead. The cattle were raising the dust of the prairie in great clouds, as, in obedience to the yells and flailings of the Sioux, they "high-tailed it" in free stampede. At the wagon train, Frank McCarthy, one of the leaders, ordered a volley as the Indians approached to storm the camp, then as one of his men fell with a broken leg as a result of the responding fire, shouted for retreat:

"Get to the slough!" he commanded. "We can have the banks for a breastworks!"

Thus a desperate band of men, a young boy firing as they fired to hold off the invading forms, moved toward a nearby creek for the protection it afforded. Now and then, in the bitter, dangerous journey, older men, veterans of many another attack, glanced with plain admiration at the youth beside them. Ghastly pale he was, with the genuine fright which only a boy could know. Yet he was cool withal, the coolness of desperation, waiting until he could get a "bead" before he pulled the trigger, retreating as the others were retreating, with his face ever toward the enemy—Frank McCarthy halted for an instant beside him.

"You're doin' right well, Billy," he said, and the pale-lipped boy answered:

"Yes, sir. I hope so, sir."

Then as they dropped into the slough, he raised his Mississippi gager and fired again. But the slough was not the place of vantage which it had seemed to be. Soon the smoke was ascending from a burning wagon outfit, the flames crackling viciously as fatty salt meat and other grease products responded to the ignition. At last the little band of men saw themselves slowly being surrounded, and McCarthy, for the moment, a general instead of a wagon boss, gave a new command of retreat.

"Men," he said, "we've got to try to work down this creek to the Platte. There we've got a chance to get away."

THE movement began, two of the members of the beleaguered band carrying the wounded member, the rest, Billy Cody among them, firing viciously whenever a new Indian attack showed evidences of development. At last they made their objective, the broad Platte, and still holding off the pursuing Indians, built a light raft upon which the wounded could be carried, and the other members of the band could support themselves when the water became too deep for wading. Hour after hour dragged by in the slow retreat. Night came, and with it a figure who had begun to lag behind. It was Willie Cody, less strong than the rest, affected more deeply by the deaths he had seen that day, and the thrill of fighting for his life, slowly and more slowly dropping to the rear. The other members, intent upon their salvation, sloshed on, not stopping to count their membership. The distance between them lengthened, to an eighth of a mile, then to a quarter. Willie Cody stumbled aimlessly along in the shallow water, very blue, very downcast, and exceedingly sorry that he ever had left home. The moon rose, and grew stronger. Willie Cody took little notice of it. But suddenly he halted and looked up, to see, leaning over the bank, his head turned in the direction of the preceding band, a beplumed Indian. And with that, Cody's rifle went to his shoulder.

It was a foolish thing to do—there might be twenty more to follow should this Indian die. But William Frederick Cody, to use his own words, was scared stiff. He pulled the trigger; a shrieking cry followed, then a shadowy form plunged from the bank of the stream into the water. Far ahead, a band of harassed men turned, took sudden count of their number, and hurried back to find an excited boy trying to pull a dead Indian from the water, his rifle

discarded on the river bank, and his whole concern how on earth they were going to get the time to bury his victim.

But there was little time lost over a matter like that, back in the 50's. The slow moving band went on, at last to reach Fort Kearney and safety. To say nothing of bed—thirty-five miles is a long stretch for a boy.

The cattle expedition had failed; a cavalry sortie from Fort Kearney found only the three scalped forms of the herders and the black remains of burned wagons. Then with an escort, the band turned southward, back to its starting point—and there Willie Cody started upon the road to fame.

Naturally, it was through publicity. John Hutchinson, a reporter upon a Leavenworth newspaper, heard the story of Cody's Indian from one of the wagon men. John Hutchinson had a nose for news, and for the money that would be forthcoming for dispatches to Eastern newspapers. He interviewed the boy—the wires clicked out the story, and Willie Cody awoke one morning to find himself as "the youngest Indian Slayer of the Plains."

In after life, Buffalo Bill was candid enough to say that he didn't object at all to that story. Nor, for that matter, did he ever object to favorable and reasonable publicity. He had an uncanny realization of its worth, and in quite opposite fashion to the usual "star," he was what was known as a "pippin to press agent." For some years, it devolved upon me to get his name into the newspapers of America, to arrange "publicity stunts" for him, and to see that news, if necessary, gave way to the name of Buffalo Bill. And, in those years, providing the grand idea was not some cheap, palpable press agent folderol, Col. William Frederick Cody never failed me. There was only one trouble. He'd always be there too early!

If one cares for an anxious job, it is to keep an internationally known figure amused and interested in what, to the press agent, at least, is the most important thing in the world, but which to that star is merely so much extra work—especially when there is an hour to kill. But there was always one sure outlet. If I could only dig up an old Indian fighter, or some one who had served with Custer, I could forget Colonel Cody entirely until time for his appearance. Or if there were children—begging for stories—then would Buffalo Bill be happy indeed. Few characters in American history have ever found a greater love in children, nor loved those children more.

But to return to that interview by John Hutchinson. There were not as many papers in those days as there now are, nor as much news. People absorbed it more easily and remembered it day after day, instead of forgetting as they do now what happens from one edition to another. Young Willie Cody had become a personage. He was different. He had achieved something. He had made a reputation in a small way—he must do more.

And Cody did it. Soon he was out with another wagon train under Lew Simpson, once more bearing stores for General Johnston's army. But like the first train, this one also was doomed not to reach its destination. Danrites swooped down from the hills of Wyoming, proceeding without suspicion because they were white, then holding up the train before a man could draw a gun. Then, having the train crew, Willie Cody with the rest, with their hands in the air, they proceeded to carry off what supplies they wanted and burned the rest, a total of some 100,000 pounds of provisions that were never to reach their destination. After that, the wagon-crew was set adrift, to travel by foot to Fort Bridger.

It was mile upon mile away. But they reached it at last, to find that other trains also had been captured and burned, and that the refugees had likewise headed for Bridger, thus heavily over-populating a fort which had but few supplies at best. There was little to do about it—winter had come. As the bleak months passed, Willie Cody learned what it meant to pull in his belt and face starvation; only the arrival of a pioneer train, breaking through the drifts in spring, saved the fort from death from lack of food.

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So it went with a young and very eventful man. A third time he went out with a wagon train, after at last reaching home in the spring, only once more to become involved in an Indian battle and with three dead mules for a barricade, fight it out until the arrival of reinforcements put an end to the attack. This was more news—around Leavenworth it had become the custom to watch for Willie Cody's return. There was usually a story about a boy, big for his age, willing at any time to take on a man's work, and who, in spite of his years, was able to fight side by side with hardened plainsmen. His name became steadily better known.

Not that this must be taken to mean that William Frederick Cody achieved his position in the world by strategic press work. Far from it. He achieved it by doing such unusual things that those accomplishments became news and, a figure of that news, he became known to a continent. For Cody was news; his lack of fear, his unusual characteristics, his ability for accomplishing that which would prove too great a burden for most men, marked him as a person to be watched by newspaper men, and properly heralded.

THREE expeditions with three successive unhappy endings had made his mother slightly nervous. She begged her boy not to go again, and obediently he thought it over. So, after a trapping expedition, extending to 1859, Willie Cody very earnestly strove to attend a public school, at which he would be a model student, learn his lessons and, perhaps, some day be the valedictorian of his class. There was only one trouble. After an intensive course of study which lasted all of two and a half months—the longest stretch incidentally which Cody—according to his own statement—ever gave to his books, there came along the word that the mountains of what then was known as the "Pike's Peak Region" were loaded with gold. Could a young man of an adventurous nature be expected to resist?

Hardly! Willie Cody said good-by once more to a worried mother, and joined a party for the new town of Aurora, where now stands Denver. Then he pushed on into the mountains to Black Hawk—I've passed the spot a half hundred times—where a fortune surely awaited him. He prospected industriously for a month, but nothing appeared. The fortune was perhaps just a bit further on—so he prospected a month more. Still it had not appeared, for the excellent reason that the fourteen-year-old boy knew nothing whatever of prospecting. At last he conceived a brilliant idea. The course of the Platte ran toward the Missouri. It should be an easy task to build a raft and simply float home. But at the spot where now stands Julesburg, Colo., the raft struck an eddy, and a company of disappointed gold-seekers was left high and dry.

What became of the rest, I do not know. As for Willie Cody, he walked to the ranch of a Frenchman called old Jules—afterward killed, incidentally, by the notorious Alf Slade—and applied for a job.

Old Jules was not there. In his place was George Chrisman of Russell, Majors and Waddell, which firm had bought the Jules place, and was making the necessary preparations for the carrying out of the plans of the pony express, which was to link up the Eastern Coast with the Western, starting at St. Joseph and proceeding through to California.

"I was raised in the saddle, Mr. Chrisman," the boy begged. "Please, can't I have a job?" It was refused at first. But the begging continued, until at last Willie Cody was given a "short ride" of forty-five miles at top speed with a change of horses every fifteen miles. The pony express began its activities. Very happily Willie Cody wrote home about his wonderful job, only to receive a discouraging answer.

It was from his mother, begging him to give it up. The job of a pony express rider was dangerous. It was racking to the body; forty-five miles a day is no easy task when one is on the hurricane deck of a plains pony. Reluctantly Willie Cody took the letter to his superior and asked his advice. Then equally reluctantly, he went home to Salt Creek Valley.

This time Willie Cody was determined to stay, and stay he did until November. Then

(Continued on page 89)



OUT OF SIGHT — OUT OF MIND

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I Scoffed

at this new way to learn French

—until I found it was easy as A-B-C



I WAS never so nervous in all my life as I was the night when I took Jacques Lebault to my home to dinner.

Jacques Lebault was a French banker. He controlled a large part of my company's foreign business. The vice-president of my firm asked me if I would mind entertaining Lebault.

"I shall be delighted to entertain him," I replied. But no sooner were the words out of my mouth than I realized I was letting myself in for a difficult time. For Lebault knew only a smattering of English.

While escorting the Frenchman to my home, I discovered to my horror that he spoke even less English than I expected. My heart sank. How could we carry on a conversation? I knew only a little French that I had learned in high school.

I did my best to talk to Lebault. But every minute the conversation grew more strained—more halting. When I thought of my wife who was waiting at home to greet us, I grew panic-stricken. She had never spoken a word of French in her life! What would she do?

"Hello, Frank," was my wife's cheerful greeting.

I smiled nervously. My heart beat fast as I introduced Monsieur Lebault to her. The Frenchman bowed low and kissed my wife's hand in true European style.

"Ah, Madame," he said, "enchanté de faire votre connaissance!"

My Big Surprise

Imagine my astonishment! Imagine my amazement! My wife answered Monsieur Lebault in French!

"Je suis très heureuse de vous voir," she said.

My eyes opened wide. My jaw dropped. I was so surprised that you could have knocked me down with a feather!



To my further amazement, my wife continued to talk French with Monsieur Lebault. All during dinner she chatted away—gaily—easily—as if French was her native language. The Frenchman was delighted.

As for me, I said nothing. I went through the dinner in a completely dazed state of mind. I could scarcely believe my ears. I thought I must be dreaming!

When Lebault departed he was all smiles. "Merci, Madame! Merci, Monsieur!" he cried, thanking my wife and myself for our hospitality. It was easy to see that, due to my wife's ability to speak French, he had thoroughly enjoyed himself.

The instant my wife and I were alone I started firing questions at her.

"Jane!" I exclaimed excitedly. "Where on earth did you learn to speak French? Why didn't you ever tell me you knew French?"

Jane laughed. "I kept it a secret because I wanted to surprise you," she replied. And then she told me the whole story.

"Do you remember that advertisement I showed you a few months ago?" she asked—"that advertisement for a new kind of French course?" I paused in thought. Then I nodded. "Why, yes, I believe I remember," I said.

"Do you remember how you scoffed at it?—how you said it would be foolish to try to learn French without a teacher?" my wife continued.

Again I nodded. "Well, Frank," said my wife, "I hated to give up the idea of learning French. And it didn't cost anything to see what the course was like, so I decided to send for it."

A New Way to Learn French

"Honestly, Frank, the course was wonderful—so simple—so easy! It's called the 'At-Sight' method. It is a method of learning French recently perfected by the Hugo Institute of Languages over in London.

"The authorities of the House of Hugo have condensed all their knowledge of language instruction—their years of experience in teaching French—the secrets of their wonderful method—into a course of lessons which any one can study at home!"

Then Jane showed me the French course. "You can see for yourself how easy it is," she said.

Jane was right. As I looked at the lessons, I realized that here was an entirely new way to learn French. The method was absolutely ingenious—so clear—so simple. I became so much interested in the lessons that I decided to

study them myself.

It was easy as A-B-C learning French this new way. The "At-Sight" method required no laborious exercises—no tiresome rules—no dull class-

room drills. It was actually fun learning. I didn't study much—just a few minutes a day. And in a short time I was able to speak French—read French books and magazines—and understand French when it was spoken to me.

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This story is typical. You, too, can now learn French at home—quickly, easily, pleasantly—just as thousands of others are doing by the celebrated Hugo "At-Sight" Method. Twenty-four fascinating lessons, carefully planned. The most ingenious method of learning French ever discovered. Whole generations of language-teaching experience in all the leading European cities are behind this French course.

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The Story of William Frederick Cody

(Continued from page 87)

he conceived the idea of going on a little trapping expedition in which there could not possibly be any danger. He proceeded forth, with a companion, Dave Harrington, a hundred and twenty-five miles from civilization, where he fell, breaking a leg. Then, for twenty-nine days—he counted them by notching a stick—he lay in loneliness in an earthen dugout, fighting the cold, the agony of his injury and loneliness, while Harrington went back for aid. In the meantime, a wandering band of Indians raided him, robbing him of his food supply. Harrington found him, on his return, snowed in, his last bit of food and firewood gone, a young man terribly eager to get home, and terribly earnest about the fact that if he ever could get there, he never, never would stray again.

He didn't. That is, until the next spring, when, as the warm days of summer approached, Willie Cody began to look longingly toward the Far West. His mother said but little now—the wanderlust was in her boy's veins; and always it seemed, some saving grace brought him home to her. Besides, there was little by which a young man could make a living around Salt Creek Valley, and Willie Cody was the man of the family, to roam into far fields, to come home again, bearing always his wages with him. By those wages mainly, the Cody family lived.

IT WAS to a renewal of his life on the Pony Express that Cody turned his eyes. Out to Horseshoe Station, Wyoming, he went, presenting a letter from William Russell of Russell, Majors and Waddell, to a Mr. Slade, the head of the division. It was Alf Slade, the notorious, who at last saw the day when he must face a tribunal of Vigilantes, then at the end of a rope pay for the deaths which he had caused. A killer, a slayer for the pure sake of slaying once his anger dictated that a man must die. And it was to this man that Willie Cody presented a letter of introduction. Slade read and scowled.

"You're too young for an express rider," he said curtly. Cody grinned.

"Shucks," came his answer, "I rode on Bill Trotter's division a year ago."

The killer was silent after that. Like other Cody exploits, his riding on the Trotter Division out of Julesburg had attracted attention. And there had been the very good reason that of all the racers who bridged the Great American Desert, the Rockies, the desolate stretches of Wyoming's Indian country and vast expanses beyond Salt Lake, he had not only been the youngest but one of the most dependable. Slade nodded.

"You'll work from Red Buttes on the North Platte to the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater," he said, and the next day Willie Cody went to his job.

It was a seventy-six mile route, to be accomplished through Indian country, through a land where bandits had found it lucrative to lie in wait for an express rider and then rob him of his packet, where there were stretches of hard going, and where the various ponies of the relays must be pushed to their limit every step of the way to make the prescribed time. But Cody made it.

And he did something else—he lived in an atmosphere of drunkenness, of ribaldry, of fights and brawls and lecherous conversation, yet went through it unspoiled! And as an example of the godliness which was all about him: Some horses had been stolen by Indians.

The pony express, as well as the stage lines, had been shut off, owing to almost constant Indian depredations. Therefore, to amuse themselves in the interim of waiting until activities should begin, the men of the various stations organized a horse-retrieving expedition. They found their animals; they raided an Indian village, then with their own animals and a few they never before had seen, went back to Sweetwater to a celebration over their victory.

By the first night every man was gloriously drunk. But the celebration continued, into the second and even the third day. Finally into the store walked Alf Slade, the station master.

He had no objection to the celebration, apparently—in fact, his announcement was that he had just come there to see the fun. But as the "fun" progressed, with its gambling, its ribald conversation, its quarrelsome attributes of continuous doses of cheap whisky, there arose a quarrel between Slade and a stage driver. Slade's hand went to a hip, and when it rose again, it contained a Colt's, with a fanning thumb on the trigger. There was the coarse barking of a heavy-calibered revolver. Men started from their chairs. And through the haze created by smoke and cheap whisky, they saw a form on the floor—dead. It was one of Slade's several murders. And Slade was Willie Cody's boss.

But while William Frederick Cody yielded to every kind of temptation in the field of legitimate adventure, he was not impressionable, it seemed, to the other forms. Not that Colonel Cody was in later life a member of any temperance union, nor a crusader for the Blue laws. He was an ordinary man in that respect, with an ordinary man's frailties, no worse; more, he lived in a time when what now would be called transgression was often the order of the day. The scenes among which he had lived as a boy had affected him no more than if he never had seen them.

Besides, he was riding a relay and giving the best that was in him to his work. So much of the best in fact, that—

One day Willie Cody, driving deep his spurs for the final atom of energy that his horse contained, galloped into his home station of Three Crossings, leaped from his saddle, and with his horse still plunging in its efforts to halt, swirled hurriedly that he might toss his mail packet to the waiting relay. But no rider was there; only the station master with the news that the rider had been killed in a brawl.

"Then who's going to ride?" Cody asked.

"You," came the answer, "if you can."

Will Cody rubbed a hand across a dusty forehead.

"Give me the horse," he answered and moved forward to his new task.

ALREADY he had been in the saddle for seventy-six miles, from Red Buttes. Before, lay a country infested by Indians; there was danger from attack, and the equal hardship of fighting one's way through a land with which he was not familiar. But this boy went on, pounding along for weary mile after weary mile, to reach the relay stations, swing from his saddle into that of a waiting mount and proceed anew. Pony express riders were not plentiful beings. It took a back of steel to stand the strain of leagues of racking speed. It required something more—the courage of a man willing to go into a country from which he might not return; depending upon speed and quickness and steadiness of his gun should Indians appear or bandits ride forth to the trail from the protection of jutting boulders. At the stations as he changed mounts, they cheered him and wished him well—but no one volunteered to take his place. Onward, at last to reach Rocky Ridge, the return point of the rider whose place he had taken. A brief wait, the sight of a speeding form from the west, the swift transferral of the mail of the Pacific Coast, and Will Cody was galloping again—upon the trail which led homeward.

More and more wearily he made the transfers. There came the time when, sliding from the saddle, he merely staggered from one horse to the other, his eyes haggard, his face lined from fatigue. The dust lay thick upon him; his hands worked with the slow stiffness of an automaton. His lips were parched from the fever of fatigue, his voice hoarse and thick. But on he went—to Three Crossings and beyond, across the miles, at last, to reel giddily in his saddle, slump to the ground, and dizzily toss his mail bag to the waiting relay. Then Will Cody staggered into the station house and to bed.

He had ridden a continuous stretch of 322 miles, a record that was to stand forever in the romantic history of that most romantic thing—America's Pony Express!

(To be continued)

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Can the Layman Speculate Successfully?

By Paul Tomlinson

LAST autumn, in this department, there appeared an article describing the operation of one of the many investment trusts that have sprung into being during the past few years. The statement was made that the managers of this particular trust invested a large proportion of its funds in common stocks, and one of the readers of the article wrote in to inquire if he could not obtain a list of these investments for his "own speculative purposes." Suppose he had such a list, would it be of any real use to him,—would he be able to turn the knowledge it imparted to any speculative advantage?

We do not know the gentleman who wrote the letter, nor are we aware of what qualifications he may possess for successful speculation, but we wonder if he quite realized how big a job he was laying out for himself. In the first place, we think it is fair to say that even the most enthusiastic advocates of the idea that common stocks are, in the long run, the best investments all believe that this theory depends for success upon a large and diversified number of stocks being held. One common stock, or two or three, may prove to be nothing more than speculations, and to profit from investments consisting entirely of common shares it is necessary to own a varied list, so that possible losses in some will be offset or more than offset, by probable gains in others. The general scheme is, of course, based on the assumption that business is prosperous more often than slack, and that common stocks paying no fixed rate of dividends return their owners a larger amount of income over a period of years than bonds or preferred stocks whose interest and dividend rates are limited. We believe, however, that the advocates of this theory will admit that skill and experience are required in order to have it work out happily. Certainly any layman who takes a list of common stocks, which as a list may be excellent investments, and who hopes to make speculative profits out of any particular one or two of them just because they are included in the list, is a decided optimist.

Successful speculation is an art, a more difficult art perhaps than successful investing. It requires knowledge, experience, nerve, capital, and constant attention. There are people who make speculation their business, and some of them have been successful at it. Moreover, speculation is not an altogether bad thing at least so far as the security markets are concerned, for the speculators contribute largely in making and maintaining prices. Speculators who make consistent profits, however, are familiar with values, they know conditions in the money markets, they have knowledge of the mechanics of buying and selling stocks, and they do not overreach themselves. The most successful speculators frequently confine their operations to one particular class of stocks, stocks representing corporations with whose financial condition and management they are intimately acquainted, and about whose businesses they know almost as much sometimes as the corporation's executives. The successful speculator practically never buys non-dividend paying stocks, for he buys on margin and the cost of carrying a loan being a heavy charge against possible profits, he prefers a stock which will pay its own way. The successful speculator, moreover, must be in a position to devote all, or a considerable portion, of his time to watching over his operations. He must be near at hand, ready to act on a moment's notice in case of emergency, and he must have sufficient financial backing to take a loss in case unforeseen events should suddenly turn the market against him and make such a course the proper one to follow.

Successful speculation is not something that just happens, though to be sure there have been cases of people lucky enough to make money speculating, who knew little or nothing about what they were doing or what they were buying. On the other hand, it is successes of this sort which have been responsible for a large percentage of the money lost through speculation. "If Bill Jones can do it, why can't I?" is the

line of reasoning pursued, but it is faulty reasoning. One might just as well argue that because a clerk in a London bank won two million dollars in the Spanish lottery last year any other bank clerk can do the same thing this year. Luck has undoubtedly played a part in many successful speculations, but only too often the lucky speculator loses all he has made in attempts to repeat, and frequently his good luck has been the direct cause of many other losses suffered by those who have attempted to emulate him.

So while luck may be a factor in some instances, in the vast majority of cases success or failure is determined by the old formula of cause and effect. Successful speculators are successful because they know what they are doing and are in a position to do it; unsuccessful speculators fail because they lack knowledge, and are not in a position to do what they are trying to do. The fact that there are recorded instances of the latter class of people profiting through speculation,—because the stage happened to be all set for success, and they stumbled onto it,—is merely an exception which emphasizes the truth of the general rule.

TO GO back to the man who wanted the list of common stocks for his own speculative purposes. How would he decide which of the list of say thirty common stocks held by the investment trust he could most profitably buy? Could he give any reason why a certain stock was selling at 140 and another, perhaps paying the same dividends, at 125? Why in his opinion would one or the other or both of them prove profitable purchases for him? Does he appreciate that the gentlemen who are charged with the duty of investing the funds of one of these trusts, are entrusted with this duty because they have proved that they are qualified for it; that a large part of their time is devoted to studying values, money conditions, and the probable trend of prices as affected by these and other pertinent economic factors? Does he realize that they might suddenly decide that it would be advisable to change their holdings and transfer from stocks to bonds? Perhaps they might sell a portion of their common stock investments, possibly the very ones he had chosen for himself. He might have the list of stocks as it stands to-day, draw certain conclusions from it, act upon them, and the managers of the trust would change their position absolutely so that in case he had access to the list six months later he possibly would not recognize it. In other words, he might get no worth-while information at all out of such a list.

INEXPERT investors often make the mistake of thinking that an investment which is suitable for some one else is on that account suitable for them. Nothing of course is further from the truth. A man possessed of a million dollars may be perfectly justified in risking five thousand dollars in a speculation where the risk of loss equals or even exceeds the chance of gain. Five thousand dollars represents only one-half of one per cent. of a million and its loss would embarrass a millionaire to a negligible extent, but if a man only has five thousand dollars altogether he could scarcely afford to incur the danger of losing his entire capital. Again, if a man has a fairly extensive list of investments the probabilities are that he has a definite scheme which he follows in selecting the securities he holds. Probably he has various kinds of bonds, straight mortgages possibly, preferred stocks and common stocks, the component parts of the list all chosen on the basis not only of intrinsic merit, but because of their relationship to the other investments held. In other words, such a man might find a particular security suitable because of the fact that he holds certain other securities, but unless he did hold these others this particular one might not be suitable at all. A widow would not have the same investment problem to solve as a rich bachelor. The guardians of a children's trust fund would not feel they had the same choice of investments as a business man. An investment trust's available monies



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would be put into securities which taken all together would form a unified and harmonious whole. Can an individual who is able to buy only one or two securities hope to gain much by choosing one or two from such a list of holdings?

The urge to get something for nothing is strong in human beings. The man who has not got at least a secret hope that some day he will make a "killing" in the stock market is a very rare person indeed. Such a man may be successful in his own business, which, let us say, is manufacturing paint. In order to manufacture paint he probably has to buy lead, and is therefore in close and constant touch with the conditions surrounding the production and sale of lead, and he naturally tries to obtain the supply of lead he requires on the most favorable terms. This paint producer would probably be highly amused if one of his acquaintances, a physician, who had neither knowledge of, nor acquaintanceship with the lead business, should attempt to make money by speculating in lead. The paint manufacturer, however, might very possibly be carrying certain stocks on margin, stocks of corporations with whose businesses he himself knew nothing about. It is a curious fact that men who are ultra-conservatives in the management and conduct of the enterprises which furnish them their livelihood, will turn around and engage in the most radical speculations in stocks.

IT IS said that ninety out of every hundred men who try to beat the stock market are themselves beaten by the market. Probably the percentage is greater than this. Of course the way to make speculative profits in stocks is to buy them when they are low and to sell them when they have advanced in price,—a perfectly simple formula. The only difficulty is that not every one is qualified to tell when a stock is low, for low is a term that is variously interpreted,—in terms of the market as a whole, in terms of money, in terms of the outlook for prosperous business, to mention only some of the pertinent factors. To cite one example only: suppose a stock that has been selling at 200, doubles its outstanding shares, and the new stock now sells at 118. Is it low or high, and is the layman familiar with the corporation's earnings, and general financial condition so that he can decide intelligently?

As a matter of fact, it is probably not so much the stock market itself which causes the downfall of so many speculators as it is the human weaknesses of the people who speculate. One of the most compelling of human characteristics is to follow the crowd, to do what every one else is doing, and so in the stock market the tendency is to buy when others are buying, and to sell when others sell. And the crowd is usually wrong, not necessarily because the people who compose the crowd are unintelligent, but because they are uninformed, and are trying to do something they are not qualified to do by training or experience. When there comes a break in prices all the little fellows rush to sell, and frequently the rush becomes a stampede; weak margin accounts are wiped out, and in a frantic, unreasoning effort to save something out of the wreck values are ignored or forgotten. At such times confidence is shaken and the public stops speculating for a while. When prices start upward again they begin to come into the market once more, but usually they hold back until they feel pretty sure that most of their fellows are coming in too. They want others to act as they are acting, for that gives them confidence. They forget that the large majority of speculators like themselves invariably lose. And if any man,—most men do,—promises himself that he is going to act differently, he usually finds out that when the test comes he behaves exactly like all the others. Probably the impelling motive is fear, for fear is based upon ignorance and certainly there are not many people who are not ignorant of the so-called art of speculation.

The successful speculator is a man who not only knows all about what he is doing, but who is so endowed by nature that his emotions never get the better of his judgment. He is a rare bird. The successful investor is a man who buys value and lets prices take care of themselves; and in selecting what is valuable he seeks expert aid and advice. There are vast numbers of people who have proven the desirability of the latter course of action.

(Continued on page 92)

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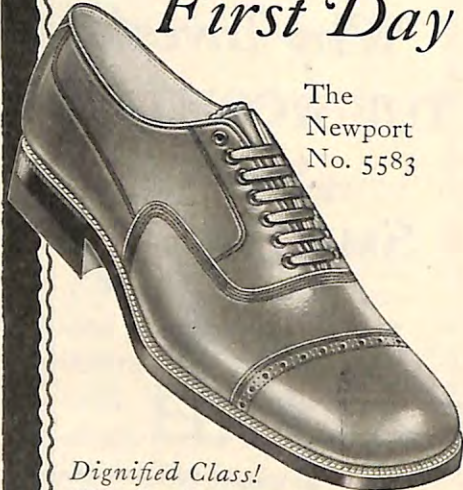
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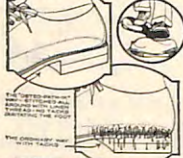
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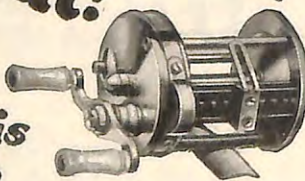


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Can the Layman Speculate Successfully?

(Continued from page 91)

Investment Literature

"How to Build an Independent Income" (1927 Edition). Describes plan for buying 6½% First Mortgage Bonds in small monthly payments. For copies address The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

Bennett, Bolster & Coghill, 7 Wall Street, New York City, will send on request a circular dealing with their offering on Splitdorf-Bethlehem Electrical Co.

"Federal Bonds." Descriptive Folder No. 22, Arnold & Co., Washington, D. C., and 120 Broadway, N. Y. City.

"Investing for Safety"—The newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New

York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real estate bond issues.

"Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds Are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail." The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Mo.

The Trust Company of New Jersey, Jersey City, N. J., will send information on the advantages of having a trust company handle your estate.

In writing for information, please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Answers to Questionnaire

Quiz 1

1. "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
2. Francis Scott Key.
3. A breach of promise case occurring in 1885 in which a man had to choose between his sweetheart and his cigar.
4. "Treasure Island."
5. Fifty years old.
6. John Wycliffe.
7. Proverbs. 6:6-11.
8. "The Prince and The Pauper."
9. 391 A. D.—by Theophilus.
10. "Moby Dick."

Quiz 2

1. Caxton.
2. Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan.
3. Longfellow.
4. (a) —Beloved—
(b) —Outcasts—
(c) —Clissold—
(d) —Christian—
(e) —Rubaiyat—
(f) —Corrupted—
5. Heywood Broun.
6. O. Henry.
7. Statue of Peter Pan.
8. The heroine of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair."
9. The Gettysburg Address.
10. "Romola," by George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans).

Quiz 3

1. Josh Billings.
2. Robert Bridges.
3. Benjamin Franklin. (Poor Richard).
4. "Carmen."
5. Walt Whitman.
6. "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."
7. John Galsworthy.
8. "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," by Washington Irving.
9. Yes. Thomas Hardy.
10. "The Emperor Jones," by Eugene O'Neill.

Quiz 4

1. Timothy Shay Arthur.
2. "The Spectator."
3. Mark Twain. (Samuel Clemens.)
4. They vanished into a mountain which opened to admit them and then closed after them forever.
5. "The Story of Philosophy."
6. Egypt.
7. Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."
8. "God's in his heaven All's right with the world."
9. Homer and Milton.
10. Rowena.

Quiz 5

1. The Odyssey.
2. Robert Louis Stevenson.
3. Tusitala.
4. Emerson Hough.
5. Thomas Moore.
6. Sir Gilbert Parker.
7. Thomas Gray.
8. Jean-Baptiste Poquelin.
9. Coventry Patmore.
10. "Inhumanity."

Quiz 6

1. France.
2. Supi-yaw-lat.
3. Esop's Fables.
4. "Westward Ho!" by Charles Kingsley.
5. In the Arabian Nights Entertainments.
6. "The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane.
7. Ben Jonson, in "To Celia."
8. "A Tale of Two Cities."
9. Captain Marryatt.
10. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Quiz 7

1. Charles Lamb.
2. Sarah Josepha Hale (1788-1870).
3. H. L. Mencken.
4. Jane Austen.
5. "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."
6. Five pounds down, and the promise of three extra payments of five pounds each.
7. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."
8. Regan, Gonaril and Cordelia.
9. "The Plutocrat."
10. Amy Lowell.

Quiz 8

1. In the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson.
2. "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court." Mark Twain.
3. "Elmer Gantry." Sinclair Lewis.
4. "Robert Elsmere." Mrs. Humphry Ward.
5. Virginia, in "Paul and Virginia," by Bernadin de Saint-Pierre.
6. Samuel Butler. The book was "The Way of All Flesh."
7. Bernard Shaw.
8. "The Rime of The Ancient Mariner."
9. Count Leo Tolstoi.
10. De Wolf Hopper.

Quiz 9

1. The lyric poets and story-tellers flourishing in the south of France in the middle ages.
2. Tiny Tim, in "The Christmas Carol."
3. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

4. Benjamin Disraeli
5. Robinson Crusoe.
6. Joseph Conrad.
7. Martin Luther.
8. Milt Gross.
9. No—Anita Loos is a brunette.
10. "Lieutenant Gustl" in "None But the Brave," by Schnitzler.

Quiz 10

1. Lord Chesterfield.
2. Rudyard Kipling.
3. Edna St. Vincent Millay.
4. Saturday Evening Post.
5. Sherlock Holmes.
6. "Horace Greedy," by Don Seitz.
7. Solomon.
8. "Tartarin of Tarascon," by Alphonse Daudet.
9. The Latin Quarter.
10. It went 'round nine times and then wouldn't tie.

The Year of Scrambled Ivory

(Continued from page 31)

necessary, will be hard to bring about, for the younger baseball players are better business men than were their predecessors. They know their compound interest tables much better than they know their batting averages and the other mathematics of the game. The financial battles in advance of the present season have been more bitter than any of those in previous years. One of these days a baseball holdout actually will be allowed to hold out. It is my notion that something of this startling nature actually will occur next season. The signs point to it. Whatever else happens this year I am willing to predict that the season will end in something like a financial crisis for the national pastime.

Even Colonel Jacob Ruppert, the wealthiest magnate in baseball, began to show some signs of impatience after the last of his athletes were signed in Babe Ruth, the left-handed right fielder, and Herbert Pennock, the left-handed pitcher. Their contracts, which last for three years, reached amounts of which the Colonel did not dream when he first ventured into big-league baseball. Even now he is a little dubious as to whether or not he will realize on these heavy ivory investments. The stars come higher and higher every year and fewer and farther between.

There are not many baseball players who have the durability of Cobb and Speaker. You can count dozens of the big ones, who were also great "gate attractions," who have come and gone since these two came into the big leagues. That is why a baseball player is such a vexing investment. One can not tell how long a great one will last, for Cobb and Speaker are exceptions to all of the rules.

The Giants are most fortunately fixed in that no player in twenty-five years has meant as much to the New York National League team as Mr. John Joseph McGraw. During his reign as manager the Giants' personnel has changed almost completely every four years and yet it never has seemed that the Giants have changed to any great extent. The players come and go but McGraw remains. The Giants have come to be known as McGraw's team. Because they have been built around his personality their prestige will be just as permanent as John Joseph McGraw himself. He might get a brand new team next year and not so much would seem to be missing.

The Brooklyn Dodgers have become Wilbert Robinson's team. He won two National League pennants with two absolutely different sets of athletes picked up here and there. It has been a legend that the Dodgers go south in the spring with nothing but a manager and a few pitchers and return to loom up a little after the start of the season with almost a complete baseball club.

Just how much of the Detroit team was Tyrus Raymond Cobb we will discover later in the season. Also we will get a line on just how much Tris Speaker dominated the Indians. The gate

(Continued on page 95)

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* * * * *

The strange thing about it is that this man they all admire is not traveled, not highly educated at all. He left school when a boy, was drawn into the whirling vortex of business, never had time to read, or study—or even *think* very profoundly.

As he became more and more successful in business he became more and more dissatisfied with himself. Other men around him had something he lacked.

It made him uncomfortable. At dinners, at social functions—even in business conferences—he recognized his handicap. Began to understand what

that handicap was. When others spoke of art, of science, of music, of literature—he was silent. It made him feel stupid. Out of things. Why, he was actually *ashamed* to come into brilliant or cultivated company.

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But then, overnight almost, his personality changed! People began to notice him. Began to find him interesting. He began to *like* social contacts, meeting people, chatting, discussing, advancing opinions.

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The Year of Scrambled Ivory

(Continued from page 93)

receipts of the first few months will indicate how much they have been missed and how much belongs to the interest in the team and in the game.

It is my conviction that the interest in the New York Yankees will depend entirely upon how well those rather inadequate ankles of Babe Ruth hold out for the next few years. It is true that Mr. Ruth underwent some rigorous private and personal training before the season in order to keep his girth from rivaling that of the rotund Mr. Wilbert Robinson of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

But it also is apparent that Mr. Ruth is inclined to grow most circumferential no matter how hard he fights it. Each year those spindly ankles become less and less adequate to support that huge torso through a baseball game. When Mr. Ruth starts to decline also will decline the Yankees in their league standing and in their gate receipts. It is an axiom with the Yankees, "When the Babe is hitting the Yankees are going somewhere, but when the Babe is not hitting the Yankees are not going anywhere."

That is why there is no permanent guarantee for the popularity of the Yankees. When the Babe's playing days are over the Yankees' baseball park, the most commodious on either circuit, may turn out to be entirely too commodious for the customers who will be left.

It is not in the cards for Ruth to last as long as Cobb or Speaker. This is a test year for him. At the start of last season there was every indication that the Yankee Board of Strategy thought that he was about through. He was not pampered in the early stages. He fought his way through one of his best years and wound

up the world series so gloriously that he could almost write his own terms for the next year's contract.

Now we have Ruth in a serious mood and it may last through the three years he has to go. The fact that he has signed for the three years will not deter Ruth from trying to break his home-run record, but the season will tell whether or not he has passed the peak of his baseball playing. If he has, the Yankees have passed their peak of prosperity and baseball has passed the peak of popular interest, for there are no successors to Ruth coming up. There could not be.

THE season under way promises an interesting scramble filled with drama and a chance for some little pathos. Only the Phillies seem utterly hopeless as usual, but then as they say, "take nothing for granted in baseball," even hopelessness. Before this season is over the pennant maps will be changed completely and so will the personnel of baseball. It will finish more mixed than it has started.

There is plenty of evidence of a feverish interest in the start of the season. The skeptics predict that it will not last through the summer but that it will turn to a sort of dreary cynicism. This hardly seems probable, for the clearing after the shaking up should keep the interest concentrated until the last.

The infinite variety, which is the game's chief charm, is there even if it may seem manufactured. It is a season that will keep the customers seeing it through. If it should finish with that "auld lang syne" world series, this year of 1927 will be the biggest baseball season of all and leave the customers impatient for another like it.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Southern Trip

(Continued from page 43)

and the tone of the evening was one of enthusiastic and optimistic loyalty to the Order.

The next day was occupied by the trip to Mobile, Ala., a luncheon and meeting with the officers and members in the Home of the Lodge there, and a visit to Biloxi, Miss., Lodge, where John E. Breaux, member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, met Mr. Grakelow's party and escorted them to a banquet and meeting in the Home of Biloxi Lodge. Leaving that evening by train, the Grand Exalted Ruler was met along the route by members of Quincy, Fla., Lodge, who motored him the rest of the way to their Home. After a luncheon, the motor trip was continued to Tallahassee, where a delightful evening was spent in the Home of Tallahassee Lodge. Thursday, March 17th, the party arrived at Jacksonville where, after an inspection of the splendidly situated Home of the Lodge and a drive to the beaches, a dinner-meeting was held that was attended by a large proportion of the members of Jacksonville and surrounding Lodges. The party, now joined by James A. Condon, trustee of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, left by train for Sarasota, where they arrived on the morning of Friday, March 18th. Exalted Rulers John F. Burket of Sarasota Lodge and Stephen H. Fifield of Bradenton Lodge headed a large reception committee which was accompanied by the Czecho-Slovakian Band from the Ringling Brothers' Circus, which had been lent for the occasion by John Ringling, who is himself an enthusiastic Elk. A motor trip through the beautiful country, a luncheon meeting and an inspection of the Home of Sarasota Lodge, were followed by a trip to Bradenton, where the party attended the baseball game between the Phillies and the Cardinals, which Mr. Grakelow had the pleasure of seeing his home team win. A dinner-dance at Bradenton Lodge that evening, at which the Grand Lodge officers spoke, proved to be one of the most delightful occasions of the trip. Leaving Bradenton on the morning of Saturday, March 14th, the party arrived at Tampa in time to motor to Lakeland Lodge for a short visit and to return to Tampa for an evening meeting. A street parade preceded the session in the beautifully decorated Home.

The next morning, March 20th, a committee from St. Petersburg Lodge joined the party and

motored the Grand Exalted Ruler to their city, where he addressed a noon meeting. In the evening Mr. Grakelow was the honor guest at the Al Lang baseball dinner, at which the owners, managers, sports writers, and outstanding figures of the game were present. Leaving that night the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived the following morning in Miami. The meeting held at the Home of Miami Lodge was a most successful and enthusiastic one, at which members from many sister Lodges filled the Lodge room to capacity. On Tuesday, March 22nd, the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to Fort Lauderdale, where he was guest at a luncheon attended by the officers and members of the Lodge in that city. That evening, Mr. Grakelow visited West Palm Beach Lodge, where he initiated a large class of candidates. The ceremony was conducted in the gymnasium of the High School which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. After this meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler boarded a private car of the Florida East Coast Line, of which railroad District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold Colee is an official and whose generous hospitality made this possible. Arriving in Daytona that afternoon, the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by Exalted Ruler H. O. Watson and a large delegation of members. That evening he addressed the diners at a banquet given in his honor and took part in an enthusiastic meeting of the Lodge. St. Augustine Lodge, the home Lodge of District Deputy Colee, was visited on the following day. Leaving that evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Birmingham the following morning, March 25th. Here he attended a noon meeting in the Home of Birmingham Lodge. Savannah, Ga., was reached on March 26th, where the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by Henry M. Dunn, Exalted Ruler of Savannah, Ga., Lodge, and G. Philip Maggioni, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Special Activities. After breakfast, a tour of the city and an initiation of a large class of candidates, Mr. Grakelow was honor guest at a banquet. Leaving Savannah at noon Sunday, the Grand Exalted Ruler next visited Charleston, S. C., where he was most cordially welcomed by Exalted Ruler Henry Tecklenburg, Jr., and a large group of members. After a most interesting and profitable meeting that evening in the

(Continued on page 96)



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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Southern Trip

(Continued from page 95)



Illustration shows exterior and dining room of the new building, Boston B.P.O.E., which has been equipped with LAMBERTON CHINA



In the dining-room of the Boston Elks' Club

OVERLOOKING no detail that would add to the comfort and pleasure of its members, the new Elks' Club at Boston naturally chose

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The China of Distinction

The design shown here was created especially for the Boston Elks' Club.

Home of the Lodge, Mr. Grakelow left for Columbia, S. C., where he visited the Elk Lodge of that city. That evening, Charlotte, N. C., Lodge was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler who left the next morning for Winston-Salem, where he attended a noon meeting. Driving to Greensboro that evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler took part in a most delightful dinner dance given in his honor by the Lodge of that city. Roanoke, Va., Lodge was the next stop on the itinerary. Here Mr. Grakelow was welcomed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper; Clyde Jennings, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Exalted Ruler J. M. Luck, and members of Roanoke Lodge. On Thursday, March 31st, Mr. Grakelow arrived in Richmond, Va. It was the Grand Exalted Ruler's pleasure on this occasion to address the Sphinx Luncheon Club, composed of members of Acca Temple, and to participate in a meeting of Richmond Lodge which was attended by representatives of many other Lodges in the region. At Grafton, W. Va., the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest at a joint meeting of Grafton and Fairmont Lodges. More than five hundred were present at the banquet which preceded a Lodge meeting, where a class of ninety-four candidates was initiated.

Returning to Philadelphia for a day, the Grand Exalted Ruler left on April 3rd for Easton, Pa. Here he attended a meeting of the Lodge of that city and conferred with the officials regarding the coming convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association to be held in Easton next August. The next few days were spent in visiting Lodges in the vicinity. Danville, Milton, Bloomsburg and Berwick Lodges, each had an opportunity to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler. At Berwick he took part in an unusually large meeting which filled the State Armory to capacity and was honor guest at a banquet the same evening.

THE crowning event of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Pennsylvania trip was the dedication of the magnificent new Home of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge. Accompanying the Grand Exalted Ruler on this occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters; Pemberton M. Minster, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association and the following Past Presidents of the Association: Lawrence H. Rupp, Dr. E. L. Davis, Max L. Lindheimer, F. J. Schrader, Harry I. Koch, George J. Kambach and James B. Yard. The dedication exercises, impressively conducted, were followed by a large banquet attended by close to 1,000 members. Another feature on the dedication program was the initiation of a class of 252 candidates. The famous degree team of Philadelphia Lodge conducted the ceremony, using various tableaux to accentuate and exemplify the ritual. In his dedicatory address, the Grand Exalted Ruler joined the other speakers in congratulating the Lodge on its fine achievement, complimenting Exalted Ruler Frank F. Healey, and Mr. Lindheimer, who acted as chairman of the dedication committee. Representatives from many Lodges throughout the State were present in large numbers, and the celebration was most successful in every respect.

This trip of the Grand Exalted Ruler covered many States and was marked throughout by enthusiastic meetings. Everywhere he was greeted by distinguished citizens, in every State by the Governor, and in every city by the Mayor. The Grand Lodge officers, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers, and members of the various Lodges, joined to make his visitations the occasions for special demonstrations. It was one of the Grand Exalted Ruler's most delightful and thoroughly gratifying trips.





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