

# The Elks

*Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

20 CENTS A COPY

Magazine

JUNE, 1927



J. F.  
-KERNAN-

In this Issue:—

Interesting Articles, and Stories of Love, Sport, and Adventure in Far Places



# "Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best."

~ Insist on this label ~



TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES BY THE B.V.D. COMPANY, INC. (SOLE MAKERS)

**BETTER FIT  
GREATER COMFORT  
LONGER WEAR**

## Millions Know What Serves Them Best

FOR more than twenty years the "B.V.D." label has meant to men—underwear satisfaction without a peer—wear that's *money's most*—fit that *assures* cool comfort.

The patented features of "B.V.D." Union Suits—the scientific design, correct drape, and finished tailoring of *all* "B.V.D." garments—offer a combination of fit and freedom obtainable in no other underwear.



**DEMAND TO SEE IT'S "B.V.D."**  
IT ALWAYS BEARS THIS RED WOVEN LABEL



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### How To Be Properly Fitted

Famous-fitting "B. V. D." Union Suits, with their exclusive construction at shoulder, waistband and crotch, are made in over sixty sizes to fit men of widely varying builds.

Be sure to take advantage of this unequalled size range by being correctly measured. Three simple encircling measurements—chest, waist and trunk—can always determine your proper size.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining your proper size, send your three measurements to the B. V. D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York, who will be glad to advise you.

**"B.V.D."**  
Union Suit  
Men's \$1.50  
Youths' 85c

**"B.V.D."**  
Shirts and Drawers  
85c the garment

Extra large sizes obtainable  
at an additional charge

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

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

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# SO FEW MEN CAN DECIDE!

## Can you?

THIS HAPPENED only a few weeks ago.

A man who had been promoted to a new position, with much larger income, sat talking with a friend. "It's funny what little things influence our lives," he remarked. "Three years ago I was reading a magazine and clipped a coupon from an advertisement—something I almost never do. The coupon put me in touch with the Alexander Hamilton Institute, which laid out a definite course in business reading for me.

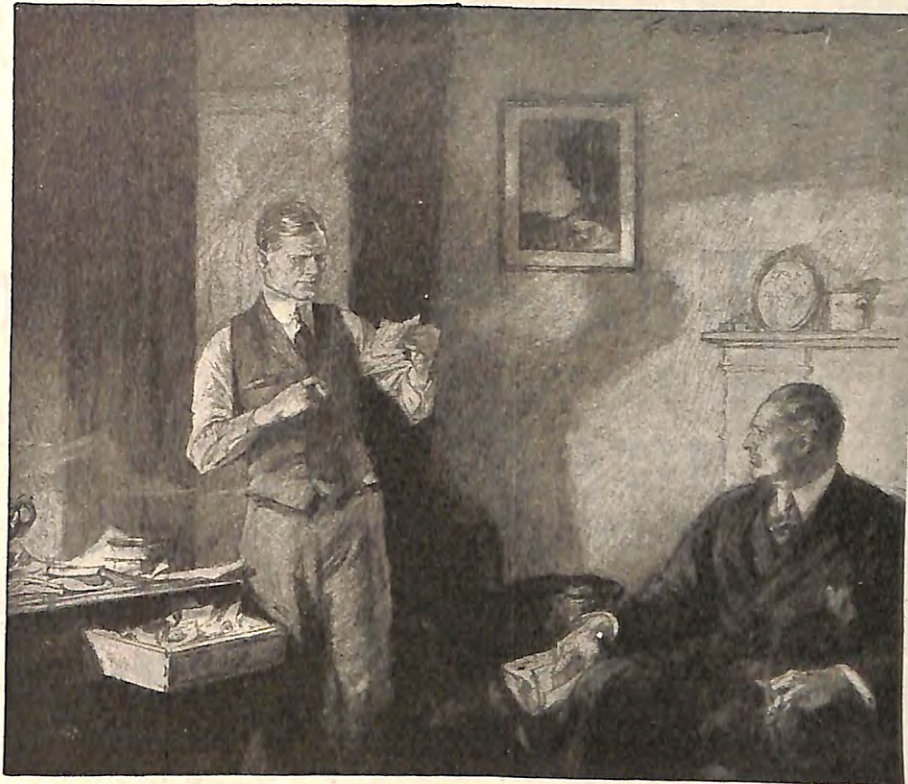
"The first time the president of our company ever indicated that he was conscious of my existence was about a month later when I ran across something in my reading that happened to be of very immediate interest to him. From that moment he began to look on me as something more than just a name on the payroll. You know what's happened since; and the whole thing started really when I happened to clip that coupon."

The other man sat quiet a moment. Then he rose and, walking over to the table, pulled out the drawer and produced a wrinkled bit of paper.

"I clipped one of those coupons once," he said, "but I didn't do anything more about it. Here it is" . . . he held it out . . . "more than four years old."

That little incident reveals one of the fundamental reasons why some men go forward and others do not. Up to a certain point all men are interested in their business future. They will read about success and talk about it; but at that point they divide sharply into two classes. One group merely talks; the other acts.

Think of the four years that have passed since that man clipped that coupon. In that time, Charles E. Murnan, who was a clerk in a retail store became vice president of the great United Drug Company. He says: "I would recommend the Course to anybody, if he had to borrow the money to take it."



"He pulled out a wrinkled bit of paper more than four years old."

In that time, J. A. Zehntbauer, who was a wholesale dry goods salesman, became President of the Jantzen Knitting Mills of Portland, Oregon. He says: "I would be making a conservative statement if I should say that 50% of my success could be attributed to my contact with the Alexander Hamilton Institute."

And all this while the man who was interested, but lacked the power of decision, has gone along with petty salary increases. Four years of little progress, when he might have made a direct short cut to executive opportunity and increased earning power. Some day he will arrive, but he has sacrificed the joy of succeeding while he is still young.

.....

This is not an advertisement in the ordinary sense. It is a business editorial. Two men will read it. One will say "That is interesting. I suppose I really ought to be doing some kind of business reading." He may even go so far as to clip the coupon, but it will never be mailed. At the critical moment of decision he will be tried and found wanting.

The other man will say: "This thing involves no obligation or

cost. The Course has helped more than 250,000 men to shorten their path to the top. It may or may not be what I am looking for; but at least I have a duty to myself and my family to investigate." He will clip the coupon and it will be mailed.

There's nothing mysterious about the Institute's training, nothing sensational, nothing faddish. Simply by teaching men, in a few minutes of regular, pleasant reading, the fundamentals of all departments of business, the Institute equips its subscribers to direct the men in those departments to their profit.

You have decision. Will you let us lay before you a definite plan of business reading, worked out by men who have made an unusual business success? With the plan will come a book of facts and letters which will answer all your questions. Give one evening to it; decide, alone in your own home, without haste or pressure. Whatever your decision, we are satisfied; we ask only for an invitation to mail you the facts.

## Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men



In Australia: 11c Castlereagh St., Sydney

In Canada: C.P.R. Building, Toronto

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE  
458 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Signature .....  
Please write plainly

Business Address .....

Business Position ..... 909



"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."  
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Six  
Number One

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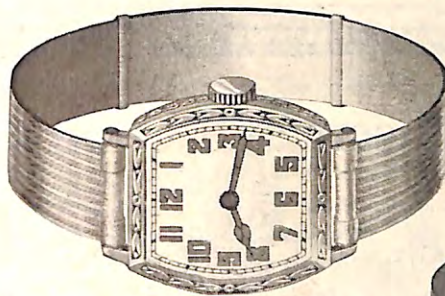
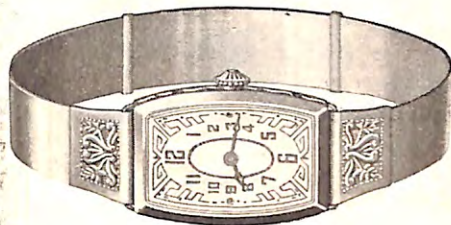
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**Diana Model**

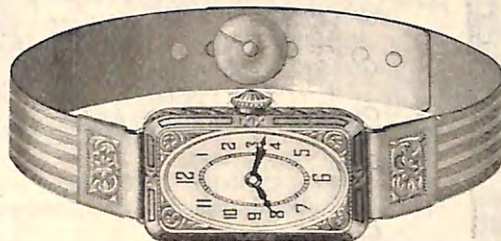
Designed for women. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. Plain, \$7.50. Decorated, \$8.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch

**Olympian Model**

Designed for men. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. Plain, \$7.50. Decorated, \$8.50. Can be fitted to any modern strap watch

**Amazon Model**

Designed for women. It opens in the center, is easily adjusted to fit the wrist, and is fastened by a special safety lock. Plain, \$6.50. Decorated, \$7.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch



# In these articles too you now can have

*the style and durability you expect  
in the best of watch cases*

**Y**OU have learned to take much for granted in a good watch case. From nothing else do you so confidently expect lasting day in and day out service.

Now you can be just as sure of your belt buckle! Just as sure, too, of the band that holds your watch on your wrist.

For belt buckles and watch bands are now offered by Wadsworth—the same Wadsworth whose watch cases have for more than thirty-five years been the consistent choice of leading watch-makers and importers for the dress and protection of their finest movements.

The Wadsworth Belt Buckle, made in

14-kt. white or green gold filled, can not tarnish. It therefore offers all the beauty of solid gold at only a fraction of its cost.

It is the only gold filled belt buckle which meets the standard approved by the Federal Trade Commission for satisfactory wear in a watch case.

It will not slip. A patented grip locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather.

Wadsworth Watch Bands, too, are made in 14-kt. white or green gold filled.

Your Wadsworth Watch Band will wear and keep its beauty as long as the watch to which it is attached.

It will add a new note of smartness to your strap or wrist watch. It can not absorb perspiration or discolor the wrist, and will always remain cool and non-binding. It never needs to be replaced for the life of the watch.

Wadsworth Watch Bands and Wadsworth Belt Buckles are to be found at your jeweler's. Ask to see them.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY  
Dayton, Kentucky, Suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio  
Case makers for the leading watch movements



The Wadsworth Gold Filled Belt Buckle is untarnishable. It will not slip. A patented grip locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather

**Improved Ben Hur Model**

Designed for men. It opens in the center, is easily adjusted to conform to the wrist, and is fastened by a special safety lock. Plain, \$6.50. Decorated, \$7.50. Can be fitted to any modern strap watch



The only gold filled buckle made to exacting watch case standards. A pleasing variety of designs, \$9 to \$12; sets, \$15 to \$20. Can be had also in sterling silver: \$2.50 to \$7; sets, \$5 to \$12

# Wadsworth

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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 60a, 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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Centralia, No. 1083  
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Seattle, No. 92  
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Will find splendid accommodations, hospitality, friendliness and reasonable rates in the Elks Clubs listed here.

MAKE THEM YOUR HEADQUARTERS  
WHEN TRAVELING

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Omaha, No. 39

NEVADA  
Elko, No. 1472

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Newark, No. 21

New Rochelle, No. 756  
New York, No. 1  
Norwich, No. 1222  
Patchogue, No. 1323  
Port Chester, No. 863  
Poughkeepsie, No. 275  
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Rochester, No. 24  
Staten Island, No. 841  
Troy, No. 141

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Lorain, No. 1301  
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Los Angeles, Calif., No. 99

Omaha, Neb., No. 39



San Francisco, Calif., No. 3



Boston, Mass., No. 10

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*

## An Elks' Service Flag Day, Tuesday, June 14th

*Philadelphia, Pa.  
June 1, 1927*

### *To All Elks—Greeting:*

As the foundation of our Order is the American Flag, we should observe the birth of our Nation's emblem in the most impressive and dignified manner possible. Every member of our Order should attend this service. It will be made profitable and inspiring for him to do so, especially where there is a musical program, and a speaker to interpret those sacrifices made by our forefathers and the enviable record of our Flag during the 150 years of its existence.

Be sure to have the younger members of your family accompany you to this Service, for our Nation's problems of to-morrow must be solved by them and they can best accomplish this by a better knowledge of their Country's history and their responsibilities of citizenship. A few hours spent in a fitting observance of the birth of that Flag under whose folds we have enjoyed advantages such as no other Nation of the world offers, is indeed time well spent.

Loyalty to and appreciation of our Flag can take no better expression than to present the application of a real American whose belief in a Supreme Being causes him to desire the companionship of worthwhile men who are banded together for the uplifting of humanity and the perpetuating of our Country.

Procure your applications immediately, and prompt action on the part of your Lodge will make possible the announcing at Cincinnati this July of the increase in membership that we are looking forward to so ardently. Your support is required for this result, and immediate action is necessary.

We will keep "Old Glory" unfurled at the head of our ranks, but that is not sufficient. Let us advance our Flag and all it represents. Our Order's advancement is one positive way of insuring this. We can take pardonable pride in what we have accomplished, but to-day is here and to-morrow comes before we know it. Time is brief, and the past is as nothing unless we carry on through to-day and into to-morrow.

Patriotically and loyally yours,

*Chas. H. Grakelow*

Grand Exalted Ruler.



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

*Elks National Memorial Headquarters Bldg.,  
Chicago, Ill.  
June, 1927*

DEAR BROTHER ELKS:

For all Elks and dependent members of their families only, and for members of bands in uniform accompanying Elk delegations, who may visit Cincinnati during the Grand Lodge Convention, which opens July 11, 1927, the railroads have made a rate of one and one-half fare for the round trip, under the IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE PLAN. Children of five and under twelve years of age, when accompanied by parents or guardians, will be charged one-half the fare for adults. Under the fare and one-half rate, tickets will be good via the same route in both directions only. Special rates are also made for diverse routes, which information can be obtained from the Secretary of your Lodge, who will also advise you as to selling and return dates, and stop-over privileges. The electric railways in territory tributary to Cincinnati have also granted a rate of one and one-half fare for the Grand Lodge Convention and Reunion.

The railroads will permit no ticket agent to sell transportation under this rate unless the purchaser presents an IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE furnished him by the Secretary of his Lodge. It therefore devolves upon you to decide as early as possible with reference to the Cincinnati trip and, if you desire an IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE, lose no time in notifying your Secretary to that effect, as he must obtain his supply of certificates from the office of the Grand Secretary.

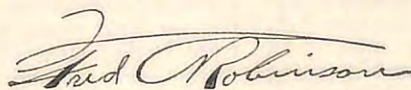
Some members may prefer to purchase regular Summer Excursion Tickets, which carry a more liberal return date and a greater variety of routes. While these rates are higher than a fare and one-half from certain sections of the country, a lower basis applies from the Pacific coast and other far western and southwestern points, and therefore it would be more advantageous for those from such territories to purchase Summer Excursion Tickets, which carry extended limits and privileges that those coming such long distances would naturally desire. Purchasers of these tickets will require no Identification Certificates.

I suggest that you discuss this at once with the Secretary of your Lodge, to whom I am mailing a more detailed circular. No matter in what territory you may reside you should ascertain the Summer Excursion rates and privileges, as well as the rate on a one and one-half fare basis.

Finally, we urge you to be prompt in advising your Secretary as to your needs in the matter of IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATES. In requiring the use of these certificates the railroads have placed on Subordinate Lodge Secretaries and on the office of the Grand Secretary a heavy burden, which can be lightened materially by your early co-operation.

Bespeaking your assistance for the Secretary of your Lodge and my department, I am

Yours for service,



*Grand Secretary.*

*Consult your local ticket agent.*





## The "T" Puzzle

**T**HE Slossons hardly dared to confess their feeling. "Mother? Do you *like* old man Hodges?"

"*Sh!* He might hear you!"

"Hear me? With the windows shut?"

"But their house is so awfully close to ours! I sometimes think that Melba Hodges and her father hear everything we say."

Mr. Slosson crinkled up his eyes and laughed. "What if they do?"

"I'd hate to hurt the poor old man's feelings."

"But do you *like* him?"

They both looked scared. The kitchen, where they were having dinner, seemed to be all ears, and in the sudden silence of their held breath, they both imagined that they could hear the tap-tap of old man Hodges's cane, outside on the porch.

"It isn't that I don't like him," Mrs. Slosson said at last, "but he's such a terrible nuisance. Like all old people, I guess. They get talkative and touchy and want a lot of attention. We'll be like that, ourselves, some day."

"Suppose," Mr. Slosson remarked, gazing into space, "suppose we tell him not to come over here any more? Tell him we're busy—or something?"

"How could we? He'd know in a minute! And then Melba'd know. And she'd feel terribly hurt. After eight years!"

"Well, then—" Mr. Slosson began, but his voice trailed off, as if defeated, outwitted. He was silent.

Every day for eight years, he reminded himself, he had been a victim of this old neighbor's age and loneliness. He, Slosson,

a married man in the prime of life! Every day for eight years, punctual as time, old man Hodges left his own shallow and windy door-step and, without so much as an if-you-please, tap-tapped across the yard to the Slosson's porch. The porch was the Slosson's pride: it was a box-seat, overlooking the town's manifold activities, a sheltered, sunny place from which it was possible to see without being seen. There were ferns, even in winter, begonias and geraniums, swinging baskets and tubs, a hammock and a half a dozen comfortable old cane chairs, worn in just the right places.

Old man Hodges always took the chair

in the sunniest corner. It was his by right of custom. He claimed it. He was that sort of an old man. You couldn't discourage him. You would hear the tap-tap of his cane, and there he would be, buttoned into his ragged, well-brushed overcoat, with a knitted muffler around his neck, tied behind, like a baby's bib, and his battered, black felt hat worn at an angle. Old, old, he was. And desperately poor. Yet he wore his hat with an air—a trifle on one side, a jerk down, in front, a flip up, in back.

"Good morning, Mrs. Slosson!" Bright and early. "Fine day we're having!"

Mrs. Slosson would feel like saying, sharply: "Go home and let me do my housework, you old pest!"

But instead she would say: "Certainly is! Grand weather!"

**H**E WOULD peer through the kitchen window, his gray, watery red-lidded eyes curious and greedy, like a child's or a dog's—humble, greedy, begging and artless, all at once!

"Making cookies?"

"Not to-day, Mr. Hodges."

"Seems to me I smell something mighty good!"

"I'm baking a cake."

And she would be crazy to say: "You're not going to have a piece, either!" But, instead, she would say: "I'll cut you off a piece as soon as it's done, Mr. Hodges." And be mad clean through at herself, afterwards.

The Slosson house was on the corner of Tennessee Street and Ohio, facing the bay. All the ferry traffic passed along Tennessee. All the yard workers took the short way through Ohio. Every morning at eight and every night at five, they passed, shuffling in their heavy boots, hurrying, in silence. For half an hour, twice a day, Ohio Street was packed from curb to curb with men, young and old. They started out, fresh, clean, hurrying, with the light of the rising sun in their eyes. They re-



## It Was a Brain-Tester, But the Right Solution Was Found in The Heart of the Winner

By Mildred Cram

Illustrated by Jules Gottlieb

"What're you talking about?" Old man Hodges, who was like a parrot, echoed. "It says in the papers they'll give three hundred dollars cash to the person who finds the most words beginning with the letter T. I think I'll try"

turned, grimy, blackened, lagging, into the sunset. Mr. Slosson was one of them. He always would be one of them. He was not the sort of man that lifts himself, step by step, toward success. He argued that the game wasn't worth the candle. He had his home, enough to eat, a little insurance, and for amusement, the movies, Saturday evening, and the papers, Sunday morning.

likes to have his home to himself, Sundays. Bet you I've heard about the battle of Gettysburg a thousand times, from start to finish! And the old liar wasn't there, either!"

Mrs. Slosson glanced toward the window. "Now, father!"

"Well, he wasn't! Doesn't his own daughter say so?"

Mr. Slosson pushed back his chair. "My home isn't my own, any more. And who's he? Not even a friend. Just a neighbor. Just an old fool who thinks he can have his own way. Sitting all day on our porch. Coughing and spitting and banging his cane on our porch! Eating us out of house and home. And we let him! We're afraid of him, that's what! Both of us!"

Mrs. Slosson shook her head. "No, father," she said, "it isn't that. He's old. And we're only fifty. We're sorry for him. We can't help ourselves."

"You mean, we've got to go on, being

sorry for him, while he ruins our lives? He may live ten or fifteen years!"

"He's been having that pain in his back quite a lot lately."

"Old man's rheumatism, that's all! You can't kill 'em when they get to be as old as Hodges. It's the young ones, the strong ones—"

They both thought: "Our boy."

And, sitting there, suddenly silent and abashed, they looked away from each other, trying to hide their bitterness. There was a place in their hearts that would always ache, like an old wound.

"IF WE had a car," Mrs. Slosson said, "we could go out in the country, Sundays. Then he could sit on the porch, just the same, but we wouldn't be here."

"A car?"

The idea seemed to go whirring through the air, to strike *Ping!*

"A cheap one."

Mr. Slosson pulled at his pipe.

"We can't afford it, mother."

No. What was the use of beautiful ideas? Money was everything. Slosson was a pattern-maker: pattern-makers aren't millionaires. Slow, painstaking, exact work, year after year. Sweet-smelling wood carved and fitted into the likeness of pipes,





screws, caps, propellers. Eight hours a day, for years and years.

"Can't do it, mother. You know how it is: rent, food, clothes, taxes, insurance, doctors and dentists—not much left over. It costs a lot to run a car. First thing you do is to buy one: So much down, so much a month. Bumpers extra. Mirror extra. Spare tire extra. Then you've got to build a place to put her, nights. Take out insurance on the whole blamed investment, join the automobile association and buy a license-plate. Then, right off, something maybe goes wrong. She won't run. You tinker. Buy some tools, and a few parts. But she won't go. Won't budge an inch! All right. You send for a tow-car and have her towed down to White's Garage, and he tinkers some, and his bill is fifteen dollars. . . . No, sir, we're not going to have a car."

"Other people do. Men in your shop. Look at the Spauldings. The Gerrys. The Barlovatzs."

"YES, with sons and daughters grown up and working!"

"That's so. I only thought—"

Mrs. Slosson sighed. She had a sharp mental picture of herself driving out in a new car. The neighbors all looked out of their windows. Melba Hodges peered from between her dingy curtains. "The Slossons have a new car!" "Gee, lookit! the Slosson's swell new car!"

Mr. Slosson was dreaming, too. If his boy had grown up. . . . By now, he would be a 'prentice at his father's bench in the big, humming shop. A tall boy, with dark, smooth hair and high color in his cheeks, with supple, facile fingers that learned this difficult trade easily. Smooth surfaces, invisible joinings, patterns of machinery that might have been done by a master. "That son of yours, Slosson—he's a crackerjack." And the boy, laughing, pounding his father on the back, because they loved each other too much to show it. "Better watch out, Slosson, or you'll be working for that boy of yours!"

But the idea that had gone *ping* started something, after all.

Sunday morning, Mr. Slosson glanced up from the newspaper with a new, bright look in his eyes, and said: "I think I'll try. Can't do any harm. And suppose I won!"

"Try? Win? What are you talking about, father?"

"What're you talkin' about?" old man Hodges, who was like a parrot, echoed. "Eh? Eh?"

"It says they'll give three hundred dollars cash to the person who finds the most words beginning with the letter T. All in this picture. See here!"

They looked.

Old man Hodges, working his gums, peered sideways at the puzzle.

"Why, I've got two already! Thistle and train! It's as easy as anything. And here's another: tub. And toe. And trestle!"

They snatched at the paper.

"Three hundred dollars cash," old man Hodges mumbled. He looked as if he needed it. His shoes were worn through across the tops. His overcoat, his muffler were thread-bare, and as far as anyone could see he never wore a shirt. But he was not a dirty old man. He was always well-brushed, shaved, neat. His hair was pure white, fine, like spider's threads or the shimmering stuff in seed-pods, silken and delicate. His hair was one of the things that made him so pitiable, since it was somehow pathetic, as a baby's fuzz is pathetic.

"Three hundred dollars, cash!" he repeated. "For picking words out of a puzzle-picture! What's the world coming to?"

"How many words, father?"

"Not more than eighty. Not less than eighty. No proper names. No hyphenated words. No foreign words. Looks easy, doesn't it? See here: Tray. Table. Taxi. Track."

A flush stained Mrs. Slosson's cheeks, ran down into the neck of her dress. "Eighty words beginning with T," she whispered. "Why, that's not many! It ought to be easy."

She gasped at the sudden imminence of her dream. "We could get a car!"

"What's that?" old man Hodges cried. "What's that?"

BUT Mr. and Mrs. Slosson were silent. They pretended not to have heard, and bending quietly over the paper, with hot faces and beating hearts, they started in pursuit of the letter T.

"Tire!"

"Tack!"

"Team!"

"Trespasser. That was a hard one!"

"Thief!"

"Turnstile!"

Old man Hodges coughed and banged with his cane. "Sounds foolish to me! Sounds almighty foolish to me! Three hundred dollars for what? What you going to do with three hundred dollars when you get it?"

His querulous voice died out before their absorption. He crouched in his chair, absent-minded and forgotten, his veined hands, grasping the cane, shaken by that incessant palsy which weakens and defeats the very old. Perhaps he did not resent his isolation, or understand it. Or perhaps he was reconciled to being set aside, removed from the consciousness of younger people, save when, with sudden, violent spurts of assertiveness, he was able to penetrate reality long enough to bother and annoy them. This, perhaps, was revenge. Or it may have been that he dwelt in twilight, content, and only glimpsed the sun when some one thoughtlessly raised a blind and let in the light of living facts. He was a very old man. Most of the time a pain gnawed at his back. The only thing that gave him any comfort was sitting on



"Now, Mother, hurry with those dishes. We mustn't lose time"

the Slosson's porch, protected from the wind, toasting in the sun, while below, the moving pageant of human life, seen as from the sky, removed, absorbing yet unreal, passed along Tennessee Street, down Ohio. Here, at least, he was safe from Melba.

Melba Hodges was at least sixty. Born Nellie, she had rechristened herself Melba, thereby warming her chilly, starved self against a name. Melba Hodges was like nothing so much as an empty shell; the life that may once have inhabited her body had crawled away elsewhere, leaving the husk that called itself Miss Hodges. Melba Hodges. Yes, m'am.

She worked out by the day. You could see her leaving early in the morning, wrapped in a red, knitted shawl and carrying a paper parcel. Her skirts were full and long. Her shoes were horrible. She wore an old straw hat, ornamented with a typical scrub-lady's feather, a debased ostrich plume that wilted over the brim.

"Now, Paw, you be good. Run over to the Slosson's and set in the sun. I'll be back at five."

She was gone, to a day of scrubbing and sweeping. One dollar, for a day like this:

"Please do this ice-box, Miss Hodges. And the shelves on the kitchen porch. And clean out that mess around the garbage cans in the yard. And, oh, yes, the wood needs stacking. Then, if you have time, you might wash down the cellar steps and polish the stove."

"Yes, m'am."

IF the things come from the grocery, while I'm out, you might put them away. I keep my eye on everything. I'd know in a minute if any sugar or coffee disappeared."

"Yes, m'am."

This was Melba. Sweeping and scrubbing against time, against the day when she would be too tired to support herself and the old, old man. Yet, try as she would, she could not manage to save. There were always days when no one needed a scrubwoman, and when she would have to shake the hoarded dimes and nickels out of the iron bank that had been cast in the shape of an orange and painted cunningly, expertly, to disguise its true purpose. Wasn't a thief on earth, seeing it on the side-board, would have thought of touching it. No, m'am.

In fifteen years she had managed to save fifteen dollars.

And out of the future rose the fear of a nameless burial.

"I'd like to get Paw and me a nice plot. With plants. And a granite stone. And chains. Somewhere that we'd feel safe and at home. You know how it is. It would be a comfort to look forward to a cozy grave."

The two rooms she maintained for herself and her father were not heated in winter, and in summer were breathless and damp.

"Some day, I'd like to buy Paw a new overcoat. But you know how it is. With the rent what it is.

And vacuum cleaners taking work away from honest women. There are times when I don't know which way to turn."

No, it was impossible to blame Melba for old man Hodges. She turned him loose, to pasture where he could.

"When we get the car," Mr. Slosson fell into the habit of saying, "we'll start right after breakfast and drive out to Brown's Valley, or up to Eternity Ridge or out Napa way. And we'll turn the porch over to the old man. He can have the run of it."





*"That's all right. You just take my arm and we'll go right over. Easy, now. That's it! Lean on me, Mr. Hodges"*

"It'll be lonely for him," Mrs. Slosson said under her breath, "with us gone."

Tentatively at first, they spoke of "our car," then, as the words beginning with T crawled down the neatly columned sheet of paper, "fifty, sixty, seventy," Slosson joined the exclusive circle of car-owners in the pattern-shop and talked automobiles. He mastered the jargon before he knew what most of it meant. He was no longer a cautious, middle-aged plodder; he was a man who took chances. Ambition stirred in him: faintly, timidly. He who had never dared to dream big dreams now dreamed them too late, but was shaken by the marvel of hope. "Maybe if I'd had more nerve, the boy would be here, now. If I'd taken him to Colorado. . . . But I didn't dare leave the job, and the house, and Minnie."

Didn't dare!

The list of words grew. "Seventy-five." Night after night. Mr. Slosson drew his chair up to the kitchen table, spread out the picture-puzzle, the dictionary, the encyclo-

pedia and the Bible, a sheet of paper and two very sharp pencils.

"Now, Mother, hurry with those dishes. The contest closes in ten days. We can't afford to lose any time."

"But it's Saturday, Father!"

"No movies to-night. See here . . . what's this? A toad, or a turtle?"

"Looks like a tadpole."

"Pity they couldn't make the picture plainer. I'll put down toad. Tadpoles haven't got legs."

"Seventy-six."

Mrs. Slosson polished the plates with that attention to detail which is characteristic of childless women. She never hurried any more.

Mr. Slosson held his head in his hands and stared at the puzzle.

"Here are three men wearing crowns. Can't make it out. One of 'em's got a trident in his left hand. I put that down. Trip? Yep. I put that down, too. But I'll be damned if I can make out what the crowns mean!"

"Father!"

Mr. Slosson almost never swore. He had old-fashioned notions about the tender mental surface of women. But now he was beside himself.

"Think, Mother! Don't stand there wiping those damned dishes."

"But somebody's got to do them!"

"Which is more important, the dishes or three hundred dollars?"

She wavered. Her eyes went to the sink, where in a pan full of suds the blue-rimmed dishes seemed to await her, to summon her. Then back to the rinse-water and the neat dish-towels, stacked and ready.

She was torn between duty and love, as all women are torn sooner or later. Duty was pleasant. But there was love, demanding, shaking, tearing, wonderful and insistent. She wiped one more dish, furtively, and put it on the shelf. Then, with a funny look in her eyes, she dried her hands and sat down beside her husband.

"Three men in crowns," she said vaguely, (Continued on page 52)





# The Story of William Frederick Cody

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

## Part II

IT WAS not long after Will Cody's spectacular ride for the Pony Express that he found other endeavors to attract him—in a country full of attractiveness, at least to one who loved excitement. The work of pounding forty-five miles between stations gradually had begun to wear upon the boy's strength; at last he was relieved from regular duty and given that of relay and extra work about the station at Three Crossings—a job which he liked and at the same time detested. The thrill of adventure was absent and this galled the boy. The result was that when the Civil War came, calling as it did to the various characters of the West to desert their accepted callings, and float onward with the tide—either to the war or to its by-products of freighting, work about the army posts or positions at the supply depots, Will Cody was in the van of the drifters. Excitement was calling. Leavenworth, near his home, was a post of teeming activities, and Will Cody killed two birds with one stone by going home.

The visit lasted as long as usual—meaning, of course, that it was not a protracted affair. One day, Will Cody roamed into Leavenworth, met some friends and became the object of a wonderful idea.

"Why not?" his friends asked. "There ain't a one of 'em in the whole caboodle that ain't Secesh, and a-workin' night and day to hurt the Union. Besides, weren't these the people that killed your father?"

Will Cody became more and more amenable to argument. The picture of his father's tragedy had remained vivid in the youth's brain. He argued:

"Well, I'm too young to enlist, so my mother says, and I've given her my promise on it. But this ain't enlisting, is it? Besides, maybe it might be better not to tell her anything about it."

The result was that soon Will Cody began a series of disappearances from Leavenworth, of which he spoke but little. Other men disappeared at the same time, to remain for weeks at a stretch, only to return as mysteriously as they had gone. Gradually, stories began to emanate from the Missouri side of the border—of a marauding band known as Chandler's Men, who, under cover of night, would descend upon a farm, and without question as to whether the owner represented either the North or the South, raid the place, ride rough-shod over the fields, invade the barns and stock pens, driving off horses and cattle, the latter often being slaughtered to

provide food for this aimless, guerrilla army, foraging while it went onward along the border, or with a swift movement of flying horsemen, struck deep into the interior of Missouri that it might create havoc at another point. It was an exceedingly enthusiastic group of men, working always at night, and accomplishing much in the way of destruction, even though the results might appear to an onlooker to be a bit lopsided from the standpoint of the articles of war. In fact, they infringed so heavily that the Union finally frowned upon the enterprise. One day a band of government detectives came to Leavenworth, while three members of the Chandler party went to jail and others scattered excitedly. It was a few days afterward that Mrs. Cody noticed the extreme desire of her little boy Willie to stay very close to the house.

"Willie Cody!" she asked, "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing, Ma."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, that is, not much. Nothing that's wrong anyway. I've just run around a little with Chandler's Men."

"Chandler's Men? Chandler's Men? Why, Willie Cody!" She put her hands

on her hips. "My son?" she asked, "associating with a gang of common, ordinary horse thieves?"

In vain did the sixteen-year-old son attempt to explain the high and lofty purposes which had actuated the robust hearts of Chandler's Men. In vain did he rant of the reasons which had been advanced to cause him to enlist—that everybody across the line was Secesh, and combatant or non-combatant, were giving of their all to aid the Confederate Army. He repeated the high-sounding phrases—the need to uphold the Union, and in upholding it to prevent supplies reaching the South, for did not every one know that these farmers were feeding the Army of the Confederacy and raising horses and cattle in an effort to beat the North? Therefore, if those horses and those cows and steers were run off, was he not aiding the Union Army by defeating the enemy at its source? But the mother knew a few things which Willie Cody, with all his sixteen-year-old wisdom, hadn't thought about. One of them was the fact that the Union Government insisted that a number of Chandler's Men were exactly what Mrs. Cody had called them—horse thieves using the cover of war to protect them in their chicanery. The result of the interview was a much abashed patriot who carried wood and water very dutifully for a few weeks, and then, hearing that Wild Bill Hickok, whose later reputation as a killer on the side of justice is now undergoing some attack, was in Leavenworth, Willie headed hastily and happily thence.



Col. Cody in the costume worn at the time of the great hunt for the Grand Duke Alexis

HICKOK was bound for Rolla, Mo., with a government supply train and offered the boy a job as assistant, to say nothing of a partnership in a wonderful idea. The fall races would be on at St. Louis shortly after Rolla was reached, and Wild Bill was taking with him a mountain horse that he had trained in secret, and which, according to his view-point, could outrun an antelope. Cody was to do the riding, thus completing the partnership. On to Rolla they went, drew their wages, and hid themselves for St. Louis. They entered the horse in the race. Then they bet their money, their guns, their watches, and even the horse. Will Cody climbed to the back of the mount and edged him to the barrier. The start was made and the race was on. Around the track went Willie Cody, faster, faster, faster,—

There was only one slight difficulty. There were about eight other horses in the race also, and all of them were showing Wild Bill's Dark Horse a clean pair of heels. A





very disconsolate pair wandered St. Louis that night, without even the money to buy a meal. It all ended with an attempt at enlistment, as scouts on the Union side, in which Wild Bill succeeded and Will Cody failed. So, being a good sport, Wild Bill borrowed enough money from his new companions to buy a Missouri River steamer ticket, and back to Leavenworth went Willie Cody, his ambitions as a jockey thoroughly smashed. A rather nondescript life followed, in which Cody carried a few dispatches for military outfits, aided in buying horses for the Government, joined a volunteer expedition against the Indians which accomplished little, served in the winter of 1862-3 with another volunteer outfit known as the "Red Legged Scouts" against the Missouri bushwhackers and then, in the autumn of 1863 engaged to take a small wagon train to Denver. Then another tragedy struck.

A letter awaited Cody when he reached Denver, calling him home. The mother whom he adored was dangerously ill, and pleading for him. He hurried to her; she

died on the night of November 22, 1863, in his arms; and for a time after that, it seemed that her fears expressed upon her death-bed were already in fruition. Cody's companions, his life; his dangers, the temptations that were all about him—these things had been predominant in the mind of the dying woman. Time after time she had spoken of them, the anxiety of them seeming to hold her from the shadow of death. For several months Will Cody lived up to those fears.

THE anchor was gone now. More, with that reflex action of the brain which is such a great part of grief, Will Cody turned to the very things which he had sworn to himself to avoid—there were the crowds of Leavenworth, the good-fellowship of men who could make him forget, the excitement of this little maelstrom of humanity, so activated by the Civil War. Cody went there. He met the men whom he had known with bullwhacking outfits, in stage stations, upon the range with herds of cattle;

there were soldiers and scouts and Indian fighters living a life that was free and easy and loosely moraled. Will Cody fell into the current which their existence

engendered; with that current he drifted. For two months or so, the tall, strong-shouldered, dark-haired boy was an active part of it all: the gambling halls knew him, the dance halls counted upon him to be a participant in their activities, the crowds at the bars hailed him as a part of their complement. A boy, not yet eighteen, had been thrown bodily into the flotsam and jetsam of an army post, that was more than a mere gathering of the military. For this was an outfitting post as well, where men spent the money they had gained by dangers and privations upon the plains and where there was human companionship of an extremely lurid type to welcome him who might arrive, starved for the food of communion. Will Cody was lonely for the first time in his life; that which he had been able to avoid before was not easily shaken off now, and of the wild life of early Leavenworth he formed for a time an extremely active part. At last to reach a fortuitous climax.



The Seventh Kansas Regiment, known as "Jennison's Jayhawkers," had returned from the war, re-enlisted and reorganized as veterans for a speedy return. In that regiment were many of Will Cody's childhood friends and acquaintances. Some of them argued that he enlist with them and go South to fight for the cause of the Union. But right then, to Will Cody, Leavenworth represented the ultimate and he refused—until one night when there had been one call too many at the bar. The next morning, Cody awoke to find himself the possessor of a headache and a uniform, nor did he know that he had passed another milestone on the way to fame and to fortune, even though it be fleeting.

Only a short time was required to forget the life of Leavenworth; soon he was the same boyish Will Cody that he had been before his mother's death, shouldering new duties, and out of his meager pay, striving to keep at least a few dollars flowing in the direction of his remaining sisters at home; for one had married and another, Martha, had died. That this was not an easy task in war times may be judged by a letter which passed between them:

"My dear Sisters:

"I am sorry that I can not help you and furnish you with such clothes as you wish. At this writing I am so short of funds that if an entire Mississippi steamer could be bought for ten cents, I couldn't even buy the smokestack. I will soon draw my pay, and I will send it, every cent, to you. So brave it out girls a little longer.

"Lovingly, WILL."



*Mrs. Helen Cody Wetmore, one of the sisters whom Col. Cody helped to support on his meager army pay during the Civil War*

helped to gain information which was of material aid in forcing Price's retreat from Missouri. But on the whole it was fight and march, march and fight, with little of the theatrical angle which had graced his adventures on the plains. In the spring of 1865, Will Cody was exceedingly delighted to find himself on detached duty, stationed at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. The delight was to be even more heightened, for in his company was a young man named William McDonald who had invited him to meet a pretty young cousin named Louisa Frederici.

I HAVE heard many accounts of the meeting of William Frederick Cody and the woman who was to be his wife. The most popular is the story of a beautiful daughter of a rich St. Louis merchant who screamed for aid as her horse suddenly bolted while she was threading the bridle path of a St. Louis park. Of course, the cry was answered by a tall, young Adonis with flowing hair and a black goatee, who, just happening to be also near by on horseback, dashed to her side, leaned from his saddle, seized the thundering horse by its bit, brought it to a stop and then, in the conversation which followed, began the romance which led to the marriage of Buffalo Bill. But, sadly enough, it didn't happen.

In the first place, Louisa Frederici was not the daughter of a rich St. Louis merchant but of a St. Louis policeman, John Frederici, a man of extremely moderate circumstances, who lived in a small home in Old Frenchtown in St. Louis. Secondly, William

Frederick Cody was not to adopt the frontier custom of goatee and long hair for some years to come. As for the horseback incident, well, it just didn't happen. Instead:

On the night of May 1, 1865, Louisa Frederici was to have two beaux. One was Louis Reiber, an old admirer who had a habit of being jealous. The other was William McDonald's young army friend, Private Will Cody, then just twenty years old, whom she never had seen. Louisa Frederici had made great preparations of toilette for these two

beaux—it was quite the fashion in those days to rehearse, if necessary, in order to have the exact words at the tip of one's tongue, the right mannerisms, the proper use of the eyes necessary to make one young man jealous of the other, and the other jealous of the first. In fact, Louisa Frederici had prepared so faithfully that in waiting for their arrival, fatigue overcame her and she fell asleep.

Her awakening came rudely, as Will McDonald entered the room and jerked her chair almost from beneath her. She leaped to her feet, whirled angrily, slapped at her cousin—

And struck William Frederick Cody, her new beau, full in the mouth!

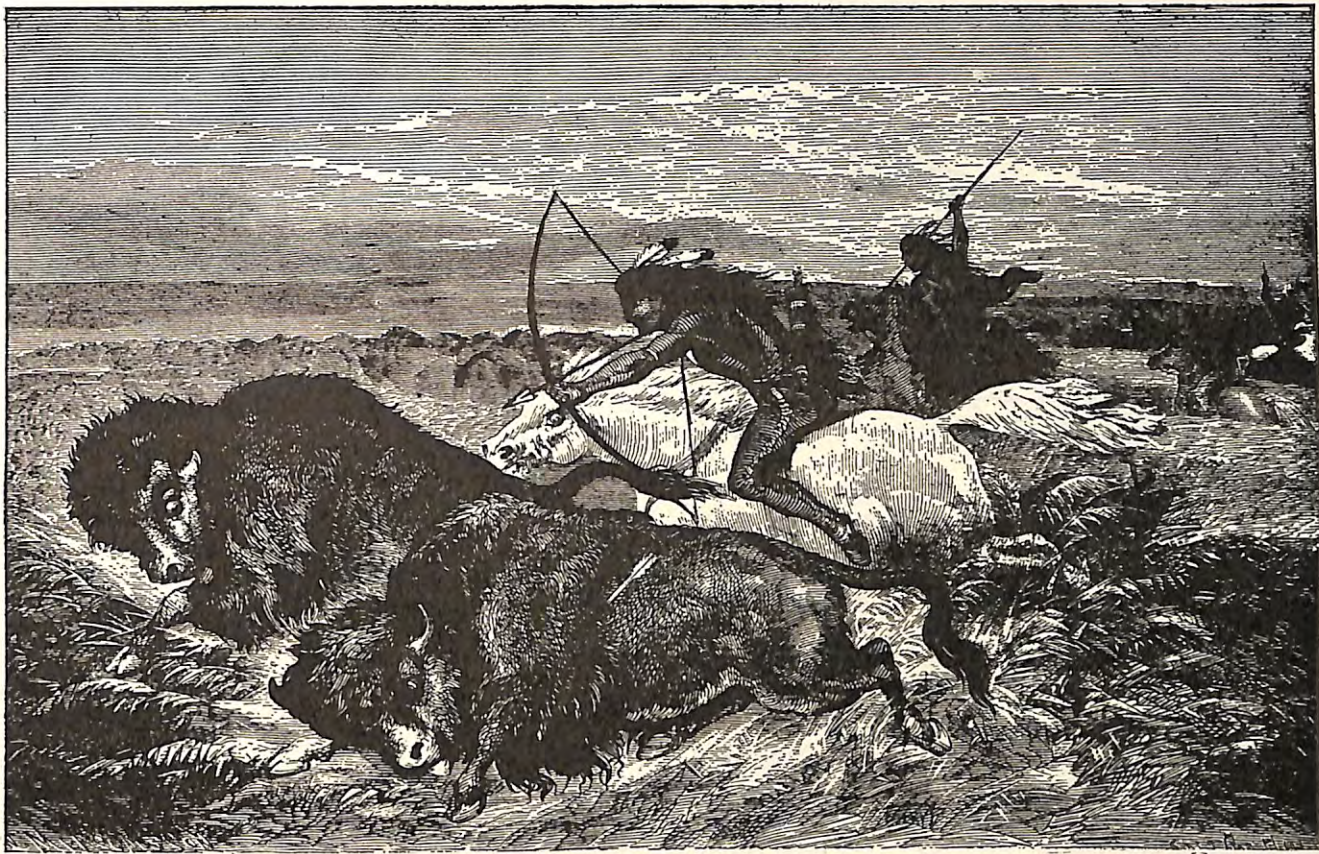
It was very embarrassing, especially for a young woman who had made ardent preparations for an extremely proper evening. Louisa Frederici glared at her cousin, told in 1865 language what she thought of a person who would cause her to do a thing like that, flounced from the room, went upstairs, suddenly remembered that the young man she had slapped was about the most handsome person she ever had seen, then threw herself on the bed for a good, old-fashioned cry. This was only ended after the cousin had abjected himself in apologies, promised faithfully that the new beau was not only forgiving but highly pleased over the incident, and then suggested a wonderful 1865 joke at the expense of Lou Reiber and his jealousy. It at last had its effect. Louisa Frederici went downstairs. The plot was made—to pretend that Will Cody and Louisa Frederici were old friends. They exchanged confidences and Christian names, and what followed was the true engagement of Louisa Frederici and the man who was to be Buffalo Bill. At least, it was the story that Mrs. Cody told to me following the death of Buffalo Bill in 1917, a dear, quiet, non-understanding woman, who never really had known her illustrious husband, though she had spent more than half a century as his wife. A woman who, at the sunset, was still the daughter of a St. Louis policeman, with her thoughts little advanced beyond Old Frenchtown; who had seen thousands, even millions pay their homage to Buffalo Bill as through a haze, who had worshiped her husband devoutly, blindly, through all these years, yet never fully understood him. Louisa Frederici Cody carried always, perhaps, the hidden thought that she had failed to advance as her husband had advanced, that she had been unable to assimilate the swift changes which his life had brought to him, thus feeling that she was left behind, forgotten in a speeding world in which she could not orientate herself. Jealous of him as a child would be jealous of a father whose business took him away; the glories of an eventful

*Col. Cody and generals of his Indian fighting days, viewing a re-enactment of the Battle of Wounded Knee, Pine Ridge, S. D.*



He kept his word, not only at the next payday, but at many another which followed during his two years of service, which, while they were adventurous enough, were not spectacular in comparison with the rest of the life of the man who now is known as Buffalo Bill. There were narrow escapes of course, several of which happened during the time in which he served as a spy on the Union side; he worked with Wild Bill Hickok on two or more such ventures, and





*Cheyenne Indians, Will Cody's old foes, running a herd of buffalo on the Arkansas River. From an old print, dated 1873*

life seemed somehow to have passed Louisa Frederici by without her being able to tabulate the figures of the procession; the man she worshipped was William Frederick Cody, private of the United States Army, who wooed her and won her on Old Chouteau Avenue in St. Louis; she did not seem to correlate the other things. One day I went with her into the basement of the Cody home in Cody, Wyoming, to look for some mementoes of a departed and illustrious man. Trunks were there and boxes, full of a collection of odds and ends of which she seemed to know nothing.

"Oh, they're just papers, I guess," she said. "Some stuff of Willie's."

Out of that "stuff of Willie's" I dragged a sheaf of hand-written paper, and looked at it with something of reverence. It was the original manuscript of a play by Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, in which Buffalo Bill had played a leading part. I asked her for it, and she parted with it in the manner in which she regarded it—only as so much paper. Thus were many of the treasures of Buffalo Bill lost to the world—scattered, because a woman worshipped, but did not know. Ask Louisa Frederici for a list of William Frederick Cody's accomplishments in the world and she could remember only those that were familiar to every schoolboy. But ask her about the home life, the things that she said and that Will Cody said—and she could remember every word. Will Cody was her idol, irresponsible, lovable, booming-voiced Will Cody, her husband, the father of her children. But Buffalo Bill, in the sense of the man truly known by that name, was a vague personage who went far into the world, and saw strange things, a being entirely apart. But to return to their betrothal.

Lou Reiber arrived. He widened his eyes when he heard Louisa Frederici introduce the dark-haired visitor as an old and dear friend.

"I don't believe I've heard you mention him," he said somewhat ungraciously.

Cody took advantage of the show of jealousy.

"That doesn't mean I haven't been in her

thoughts, does it, Louisa? In fact, Louisa and I are engaged."

"To be married?" the jealous beau stifled at this.

"Of course," said Will Cody, then turned to the girl. "Isn't that the truth?"

"The absolute truth," answered Louisa Frederici. And it was. A courtship followed, such as might have been expected from William Frederick Cody. Once out of the army, he hurried to the West, only that he might make enough money to take him back to St. Louis. He wrote poetry. He bobbled out at street corners, "just happening" to meet Louisa Frederici as she started on her shopping tours. There seemed to be no doubt in the minds of either as to the outcome; it had been love at first sight. The next spring they were married. Will Cody hired passage on the best boat on the Missouri River, took his wife to Leavenworth with the prodigality of a prince returning with his princess, safely ensconced her at a hotel, and then with a grin told her that he hoped that she'd enjoyed her wedding trip because he was now flat broke.

THAT didn't mean that the young William Frederick Cody intended to remain in a moneyless condition. However, it did mean that he was to feel the sting of blisters and the strain of muscles—for Will Cody, a cheerful bridegroom with an extremely cheerful outlook upon life, knew where a job awaited on the "front" of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, then building between Leavenworth and Denver. It wasn't a high position; in fact, it was the lowly one of pushing a wheelbarrow with a grading gang. Besides, Will Cody knew that he wouldn't continue long in this position of adversity. There were means and ways of making money around a railroad—horse races, shooting matches, buffalo hunts with a "pot" for the slayer of the greatest number of bison; in the old days, a contest

was not deemed worthy of the effort without its wagers. Cody's riding and shooting were phenomenal; when work at the wheelbarrow was over, he turned to the more lucrative tasks about camp; it was not long until he was back in Leavenworth with sufficient money to pay his debts and enough left over for other pursuits. Whereupon he announced to his new wife that he was through forever with a roving existence, and that he intended to settle down.

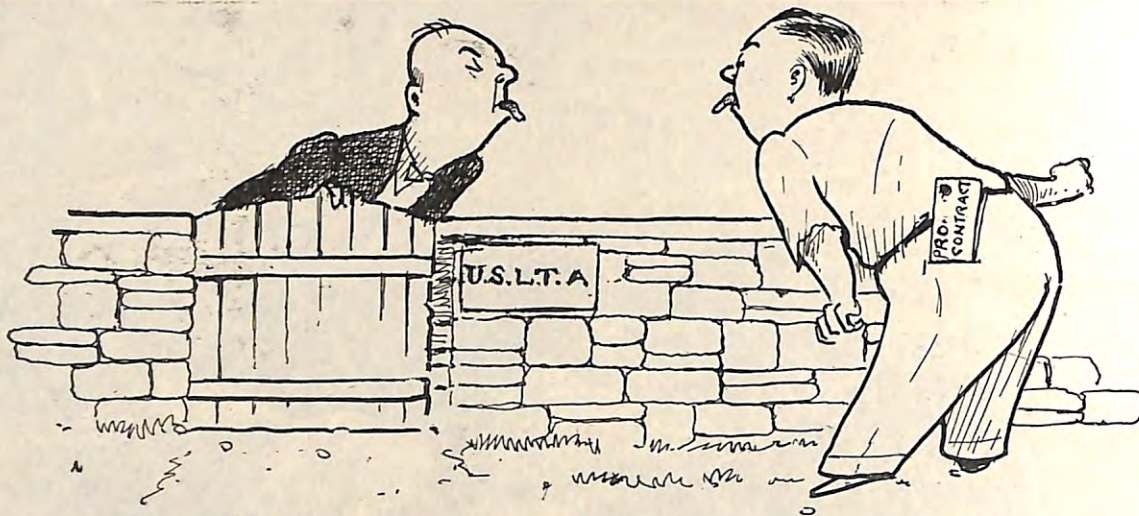
"I KNEW he wouldn't," said Louisa Cody to me years afterward, "but I just smiled and told him I thought the idea was fine. You know how Willie was; he just had to have excitement."

Twenty-one-year-old Will Cody thought differently. He leased a hotel at Salt Creek Valley, Kansas, and spread the news abroad that he now was an old married man, and that henceforth if anyone wanted to find him, he'd be at home at the Golden Rule House, Will F. Cody, manager. The announcement brought excellent results. Within a twinkling it seemed, the house was full. Old pals of the wagon trail, army acquaintances, scouts, Indian fighters, bullwhackers, ex-pony express riders, hangers-on from Leavenworth—all beat a track to Will Cody's hotel, proclaiming their vociferous joy that he had at last gone into business. The hotel trade boomed, especially in the dining-room and the bar, with only one difficulty. Most of Cody's guests forgot entirely that their host possibly could desire them for anything except the sheer joy of their company, and greeted the bills which he presented with sincere scorn. The others who did pay so floored the embryo hotel keeper that he naturally set up the drinks, whereupon the rest of the house joined in, thus totally consuming the profits. The result was inevitable. Cody was broke again.

Once more he headed toward the front of the railroad, then with its headquarters at Salina. However, on the way, he halted at Junction City for a visit with Wild Bill Hickok, who himself had obtained a job

(Continued on page 64)





## This Amateur Squabble

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by George Shanks

**T**HIS may sound like heresy at the start, but it is my notion that there never was such a creature as an amateur in sport. In the first foot-race the competitors were chasing something to eat and the winner ate. In the first boxing bout, which was unmodified murder as compared to the modern version, with no hold and no blows barred, the winner took all, including the loser's life.

These instincts are behind all modern sports of a competitive nature, and if the motive lacks the amateur spirit the player can not be classed as a simon-pure, though he may have all the outward signs and gestures. All who compete are competing for something besides the pure joy of a competition.

I have just heard somebody maintaining in a flow of rhetoric, that we once had the purely amateur spirit in the days of the Olympic games. It was pointed out that the winner received nothing but a crown of laurel. That was all that he received on the spot, but when he returned to the old home town they tore a breach in the city wall that he might enter in state.

They feasted him for days and subsequently they set him up in a wine shop, or some congenial and lucrative business, as they should, for did he not bring great glory to the city or, as we might put it to-day, place the town on the map, enhancing the realty business and giving the local chamber of commerce something to pass resolutions about? The prospective winner was aware of what was in store for him as he panted through the last few yards to the goal.

He could hear the shouting for the champion. He could see them in his mind's eye through the breach that they tore in the wall for him, the girls of the city in their togas or Mother Hubbards or whatever the Greek girls of the period wore. He could smell the cooking for the feast, and he could see the wine shop and the key that they were going to give him so that he could throw it away on opening night.

Yes, I know that much has been said about the ancient Greek ideals and all of that sort of thing, but I insist that the ancient Greeks were a practical people. In fact the peoples of all ages have been practical, more or less, or there would be little or no population. I can not see why we should give the ancient Greeks the best of it.

Speaking of the spirit of amateurism, I know of some financiers who are amateurs, and I mean in the idealistic sense. They are not gathering their money and making their

deal for the sake of accumulating the money, but for the pure love of the competition.

This may sound idiotically paradoxical—the notion of sportsmanship in finance—but I know that it does exist. I know of one man who will fight bitterly for five cents in the hours of competition, and give away a thousand when the game is over. You must concede that he is playing his game as an amateur sportsman, for he makes it plain that it is not the money prize that he is after.

But when you try to reduce him to the simon-pure state it develops that where he has a contempt for the mere money he still is competing for something, the power, the ego-satisfaction, or whatever you want to call it. Every human exertion is inspired by some prize, even if the guerdon can not be reduced to dollars and cents.

**F**OR this reason there is a certain amount of hypocrisy in the maintenance of standards of amateurism and, therefore, we should be gentle with those who evade them in spirit and in fact. The standards can not help but be artificial, and the highest type of amateurism in sports can not but be skin deep at best, and in this regard most of us are remarkably thin-skinned.

The outward traditions of amateurism which we follow in the United States originated in England. We can not get away from the fact that they originated in a spirit of class consciousness or, as one might put it baldly, in snobbishness.

The original amateur was a person who was beyond the need of any financial gain from the competition, therefore he scorned it. It would not do for him to compete with a person who did need any financial gain that might accrue, and who, consequently, might compete with more thoroughness and determination, just as a racer who was running after his breakfast would be quite likely to hit and maintain a more rapid pace than one who was running merely to be running.

It is on this sort of precedent that we have founded American amateurism in sport, which has developed a tangle of misunderstanding,

ing, distorted sense of values and considerable hypocrisy. Naturally, for the sake of fairness in an age where competition is linked less firmly to necessity, there should be some plain distinction between the amateur and the professional in sport.

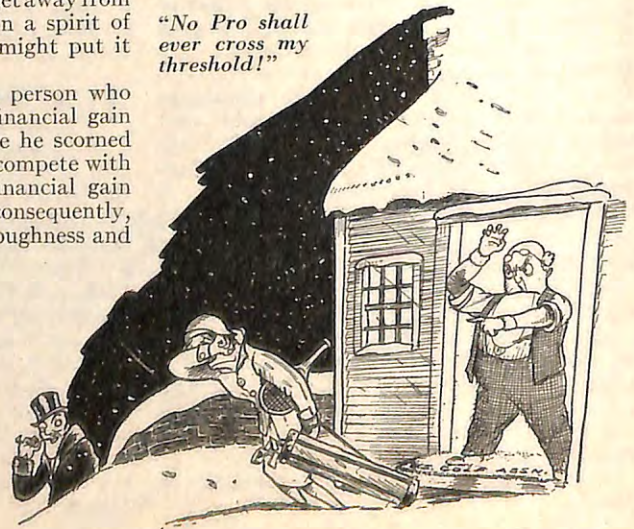
This is demanded by fairness because the theory is that the professional, because he earns his livelihood from the sport must, of necessity, devote the greater part of his time to it, and consequently get more practice than the amateur. It would not be sportsmanship to have the amateur and the professional competing on even terms for that reason, and for that reason alone.

The matter of amateurism should not be one of class distinction, as it was in the beginning. A professional who would not have this distinction is not a sportsman. I make haste to say that some professionals are better sportsmen than those who are passed as amateurs, and that some amateurs are professionally inclined according to the snob's conception of a professional.

In stating this case—if any—I am going to use instances instead of personalities. In these various little controversies concerning the vexed problem of amateurism, which would be no problem at all if there was any real spirit of amateurism anywhere, there has been considerable petty bickering and backbiting. I do not wish to add any feeble but slightly raucous squawks to the general chorus.

I am thinking of a certain amateur tennis player and a certain very professional base-

"No Pro shall ever cross my threshold!"





ball player. The baseball player gets his monthly wage out of the national pastime. Being a popular sporting hero is part of his day's work for a certain number of months out of the year. When the time is up, he knocks off from the baseball park and he does not see one again until he is ordered to report for spring training.

The tennis player I have in mind keeps at the work the year round. In the regular tennis season he is in the heat of the competition. In the winter he plays in the South, with expenses paid, or figures in the indoor tennis meets. I have not the actual figures, but he puts in more hours during the year—twice as many at least—as the professional baseball player puts into his game which is his living.

The pace is harder and the work is more arduous in the case of the tennis player than in the case of the professional baseball player. Yet we are given to understand that the tennis player, who gets nothing for it openly or directly, is in there playing for the sheer joy of it. This might be, in some rare cases, but I doubt that it is in this case. This tennis player is a professional in the matter of the hours he devotes to the game and the importance he gives indication of attaching to it. His life is the tennis court to a greater degree than the life of the professional baseball player is the ball park.

THE pride in amateurism is rather paradoxical. It holds in the sports but not in the arts. Take the case of William Tilden 2nd, the former champion in the men's singles. Mr. Tilden would fight tooth and nail if you questioned his amateur standing as a tennis player. He would fight with equal ferocity any attempt to have him regarded as an amateur actor.

Similarly, Miss Helen Wills would be grieved deeply if it were insinuated that she were not the perfect amateur in tennis. She would be even more grieved if you classed her as an amateur artist, or an amateur poetess, for she dabbles extensively in both of these arts. She would be offended at the term "dabbles."

When an athlete says, "I am an amateur," it is in the nature of a boast. But when an artist says, "I am an amateur," it is in the nature of an unhappy confession.

Amateur theatricals, amateur verse and amateur painting are things to be shunned as the plague. This raises the question, "Why foster amateurism in the sports, when amateurism in the arts is discouraged in the name of the world's happiness and well-being? Is it not wrong to discourage the amateur artist, and endeavor to restrain him, while every effort is made to keep the athlete an amateur? On the face of it, it seems to be.

It strikes me that this sort of amateurism is a relic of the English conception, and that it was founded on class consciousness and snobbishness. The boast of amateurism in sports is the claim to membership in the leisure classes, of which we are supposed to have none in the United States.

The wealth of the country and its willingness to pay for exhibitions of athletics makes it hard to keep the amateurs amateur unless, of course, they have independent incomes. Even tennis exhibitions have been shown capable of bringing in what they call serious money, and the leading golf professional of the United States draws quite as comfortable an income as Babe Ruth.

There is the temptation to our leading amateur athletes. The majority of them



Mr. Pyle's name is mentioned at a meeting of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association



What price glory?

have livings to make as well as the non-athletic. The chance always is offering itself for them to cash in on the by-products of their amateur indulgence in sports. Their fame as athletes makes more lucrative their services in vocations, where sometimes they are less than mediocre, as far as business ability is concerned. This is the indirect method of turning amateurism into ready money.

I am not appraising the literature of Mr. William Tilden 2nd. I leave it to the reader who may be acquainted with Mr. Tilden's work as an essayist to say whether his services as an author would be as much in demand if he had not been the amateur champion for a number of years.

I will leave it to the playgoers and to the dramatic critics to say whether or not the acting of Mr. Tilden would be overwhelmingly in demand if it were not for his fame as a tennis player. I refuse to pass on this myself. For all that I know Mr. Tilden may be a greater actor than any of the Barrymores, and a more accurate pie-thrower than Mr. Charles Chaplin.

In the case of Miss Helen Wills I will make the same stipulation. I ask you if it is highly probable that Miss Helen Wills would be paid quite as well as Mr. Charles Dana Gibson for her illustrations of her own essays on tennis, if she had not at one time been the American women's tennis champion, and while she held that title had not made that trip to Europe with the accompanying ballyhoo.

These are cases where the amateur artists would be handicapped. There are few amateur writers, actors or painters who could play professional golf well enough to draw the money for their upkeep as amateur artists. But there are many amateur athletes who can make "serious" money as professional artists because their customers will pay high for mediocrity or worse. The wind certainly is tempered to the shorn amateur athletes.

There is the case of Robert Tyre Jones who started out with the intention of being the absolute amateur, *sans peur et sans reproche*. For years he refused absolutely to join the ranks of the literary athletes or to permit his name to be used in any capacity that might bring him money in the most indirect manner.

I KNOW that he refused a vice-presidency in a certain corporation, a post that would have paid him \$25,000 a year, merely for being ornamental, and for permitting the use of his name on the letterheads. His duties would have consisted largely of talking golf with the directors. I do not mean that it was a sporting-goods firm, either. This Jones refused absolutely for, though the firm had nothing to do with any of the commercialized sports, he gathered that they would not have offered the post to Robert Tyre Jones, if Robert Tyre Jones had not been one of the greatest of the golfers.

In signing the contract for a series of  
(Continued on page 82)



# Dog's Ears

## Marginal Notes and Turned-down Pages Yield These Brief Reviews for Your June Reading

By Claire Wallace Flynn

### Elmer Gantry

By Sinclair Lewis. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

IF THE Elmer Gantrys of the world could be lined up at dawn against a grim wall and Sinclair Lewis' fire and brimstone launched directly at their pitiful souls, what a great movement that would be. But reforms are not accomplished that way. They must seep in, and in the seeping they must cause dissension and heartache.

In the heat of a terrific anger against religious hypocrisy, the author of "Babbitt" and "Arrowsmith" turns an almost fanatic light upon that cant and corruption which sometimes flourishes in the guise of sanctity. He takes his hero through a career of outwardly pious endeavors, from a small Western theological seminary to the pastorate of a huge and rich city church, ruthlessly stripping him for all to see the horror of his ignorance, his unction and his indecencies. The portrait achieves complete disillusionment.

The pulpits of the country have resounded with clerical thunder against this picture of a "preacher" and against the furious whacks that Mr. Lewis has administered to the general business of salvation. Which strikes us as foolish. Here in this Department we feel that the Church at large emerges from the tumult and the smoke of this book with its real religion and its simple faith unscathed. That is, undoubtedly, as the author meant it to be. But he knows his Elmer Gantrys to their sickening and blasphemous bones, and has selected one of them to hang up on his literary gibbet while he cries "Down with all holy swindlers!" It is strong meat, and was bound, if not designed, to create controversy.

However, just an ordinarily well-balanced mind will carry the reader safely through Mr. Lewis' hot pages. The man who longs to scoff, undoubtedly, will find much to his liking here; the man who foolishly believes that all who talk loudly of God are hallowed will foam at the mouth. But the other fellow, the man who says "show me the false light that I may not follow it," will be able to read "Elmer Gantry" to some purpose.

### First Crossing of the Polar Sea

By Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth. (George H. Doran & Co., New York.)

NAVIGATOR First-Lieutenant Riiser-Larsen had his eye to the sextant as the *Norge*, the great airship, floated over the wastes of polar water and ice. Inside the cabin were Amundsen, the famous Norwegian explorer, all alert for the historic moment and holding the flag of his country in his hand. This flag was fastened to a sharply pointed staff. Then there was Lincoln Ellsworth, with the Stars and Stripes—Ellsworth who only a few moments before had celebrated his birthday up there amid the Arctic clouds. Colonel Nobile stood grasping Italy's colors, and around these men in the little cabin was a tightly packed company of courageous and kindred spirits. Below them, somewhere in that cold white world, lay the geographical point called by men the North Pole.

"Now we are there," cried Riiser-Larsen, and one after another the bright banners flew downward, fixed themselves in the ice and whipped out on the icy breeze.

The *Norge* was at the Pole.

The magnificent airship, with a look around at the place of silent and frozen desolation (there was not even a bear track, no sign of bird life, nor of seal or walrus), sailed on until land once more appeared. Alaska, and the end of the flight! The Polar Sea had been crossed for the first time and two continents had been linked in the very air, as it were, by eager and dauntless men.

A great book. Don't miss it.

### Love is Enough

By Francis Brett Young. (Alfred Knopf, Inc., New York.)

MOVING, mellow and very satisfying novel. It is Francis Brett Young's grand answer to the cry that all recent fiction is tinged with rottenness and contamination.

Mr. Young is no stranger to the readers of this magazine, for, even if they have not followed him in other of his books, they were won to him by his splendid serial "Woodsmoke."

"Love is Enough" aims at a far higher standard than the author has ever before set himself, and he has unerringly reached it. And it is a standard that has not been attained, hit or miss, but one that all his careful efforts have inevitably led to.

Now, in this ripe romance, the thrillingly sustained record of three generations of an English family, Mr. Young takes his place beside the foremost novelists of to-day.

The book concerns itself mainly with the love of Clare Lydiatt, niece of Miss Cathie Weir, that sadly frustrated woman whose character, as Mr. Young has drawn it, is an unforgettable piece of delineation. The development of Clare's life is a rich tissue of many threads, of many men and of two wars. In the Boer War, she loses the husband of her ardent and romantic first youth, and in the World War—a conflict in which her son takes part—she meets again that flame without which life grows waste and cold.

Behind the very human narrative lies criticism and philosophy, and Mr. Young's illuminating comment on our changing manners and morals.

A mature, simple and great story, which is scheduled to bring the reader an unusual amount of pleasure and gain.

Modern fiction seems to be looking up a bit.

### The Road to the Temple

By Susan Glaspell. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

NO DULL biography, this record of George Cram Cook, writer, philosopher, truck-farmer, founder of the Provincetown Players, teacher, splendid and incredible friend to all who sought his companionship. Instead, it is the romance of a passionate pilgrimage of the mind and spirit, a pilgrimage that began in Iowa and

ended in Greece. It is the burning story of an unceasing search for truth and beauty, an unceasing battle against complacency, written by the man's wife.

Please believe us when we say that there is not an inert line in the whole book. The thing springs into life on every page—that inner life that is so sadly missing in our hurried and tumultuous daily scramble.

"What are they so busy about?" asked George Cram Cook and proceeded to find a nobler life for himself.

"The capacity for thought and feeling is the test of man or woman. The production and appreciation of noble beauty is the test of civilization."

Thus once spoke the young Cook, instructor in the University of Iowa, to those panting, half-baked boys and girls who, we hope, drank in his words thirstily. Such words should go down far beyond the span of those youngsters' lives, to their children and theirs.

To try to put the feeling, the inspiration, of a book such as this, into words, is to attempt to fasten sunlight on paper with a pen point. It can't be done.

Susan Glaspell is no journeyman at writing. Power, sensitiveness and intense fidelity have wrought a most rare volume—her masterpiece, we think.

### Doomsday

By Warwick Deeping. (Alfred Knopf, Inc., New York.)

WITH his eyes fixed firmly on the majestic figure of Thomas Hardy, Mr. Deeping plunges deep into the soil of rural England and the heart of a man who, as much as his grain or his cattle, is the product of his own loved acres.

"Doomsday" is the name of a farm bought and worked by a "returned soldier" of the Great War. He dreams that his love for a fragile, cultured girl—whose life has been sorely stunted by poverty—will be strong enough to lure her to a life of unselfish partnership on his farm.

Frightened by the prospect of crude labor, crude surroundings, almost crude passion, she flings herself into a very different scene—an existence of totally surface values, a marriage of tepid acceptance.

The cleavage appears complete between the owner of "Doomsday" and the woman he wants. But Mr. Deeping evolves a thoroughly logical and dramatic solution to his novel, leaving a feeling of life well-earned and happiness well-deserved by his people.

This author has a simple, warm distinction of style, a sense of the drama of human relationships, of the deep influence of solid surroundings in a restless world.

The book is a boon from every view-point.

### Opinions of a Cheerful Yankee

By Irving Bacheller. (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis.)

ABOUT keeping men with brains on the farms:

"Anybody can learn Blackstone and Greenleaf, (Continued on page 77)





### Guy Robertson and a Couple of Hanneford Girls

"**T**HE Circus Princess" is not quite an operetta nor yet is it just a musical comedy, but something in between which is extremely good of its kind. As to plot, there is an embittered young prince—that's Guy Robertson—disguised as a circus performer, who tries to hate the beautiful Princess Fedora, and only succeeds

in falling in love with her and overcoming the conventional number of obstacles to their union. There is a brilliant ballroom scene in which the costumes are artistically beautiful, as well as scandalously expensive, good voices, a dash of comedy relief and that remarkable family of equestrians, the Hannefords—E. R. B.

FLORENCE VANDAM





FLORENCE VANDAMM

"Spread Eagle" marks a new departure in war plays. A strong sense of the irony and petty personal motives behind the alleged causes of modern war has enabled George S. Brooks and Walter B. Lester to make their dramatic point with as much acidity as skill. In point of good acting, Osgood Perkins (at the extreme right of the picture) leads all the rest. His character is all the more sympathetic for not being allowed the hero's privilege of being all-conquering. The others, from left to right, are Allen Vincent, Fritz Williams and Charles Brown



F. BEXIOLLO

Catalina Barcena (above) is the star of the visiting troupe known as Sierra's Spanish Art Theatre and her playing is marked in all her characterizations with such glowing and moving animation that she manages to convey the emotion of her rôle in spite of the handicap of language

Few authors have the gift for disarming whimsicality that belongs to Mr. A. A. Milne. "Mr. Pim Passes By" proved one of his most delightful pieces when it was first produced and its present revival is enjoying great popularity. Dudley Digges and Laura Hope Crews (right) are the happily married couple whose peace is so amusingly threatened by the casual reminiscences of the peripatetic Mr. Pim



VANDAMM



No one now writing for the stage so delights in posing dramatic problems calculated to put the beholder through a stiff course in mental gymnastics as the Italian, Luigi Pirandello, and no one can do it in a more thoroughly entertaining way. "Right You Are If You Think You Are" is one of his most fascinating and stimulating efforts, and in a good cast Beryl Mercer (in the right hand couch corner) gives a truly faultless performance



PHOTOS BY  
FLORENCE VANDAMM



Above are Nydia Westman and Mary Phillips, the couple referred to in the title "Two Girls Wanted." Miss Westman gave a promising performance in "Pigs" last year and her promise is more than fulfilled in her present rôle. The plot offered by Gladys Unger is one that has seen long service, but it is also of perennial appeal and well handled. The play is bright and wholesome and bubbling over with laughs

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



One of the things planned to alleviate the torrid weather for Chicagoans this summer is a comedy with music called "The Madcap," adapted from the French by Gladys Unger in which Mitzi (left) plays the lead. A young screen star of twenty, she returns home to find her mother angling for an English Lord and unwilling to acknowledge the possession of a daughter over twelve, so Mitzi obligingly assumes the juvenile rôle. Others in the cast very likely to contribute to the general hilarity of the proceedings are Sydney Greenstreet and Harry Puck





### Joe Brown in "Twinkle, Twinkle"

A LOVELY leading lady of the silver screen turns her back on theatrical life and quietly drops off her private car at a way station somewhere in Kansas. There she finds a handsome reporter who brings true romance to her young existence—and "Peachy" Robinson. "Peachy" (Joe Brown) has become a detective by

the simple process of a correspondence course and he gets almost as much joy out of sleuthing the leading lady as the audience does in watching him. Harlan Thompson has written a rôle full of laughs for Mr. Brown, who makes the most of it and there are a couple of good songs and some excellent dancing—E. R. B.





# The Red Cap Tells the World

By John R. Tunis

Illustrated by R. J. Holmgren

**H**AVE you a favorite porter? You wire ahead for rooms in the next town, for berths in the next train, for accommodation on the next boat. But have you a favorite porter? When you hit the big city terminal does your favorite red cap meet you with your wire in his hand? He's the man who knows you and where you want to go and what your wishes are. Do you ask to have him ready as you step off the train at its final destination?

A great many people do. I have seen Chief James H. Williams, leader of five hundred red caps in the biggest railroad station in the world standing upon a platform waiting with a wire in his hand. A famous train was drawing into the yards, already you could hear her bells clanging in the tunnel beyond, while up and down the platform his force was disposed to meet the big Limited as soon as her passengers were disgorged. And the man who has signed that wire which the Chief held in his hand was none other than the Governor of the State.

Yes, the Governor of the State of New York was coming in from the West, and he had wired ahead to his favorite porter to meet him. Some sixty red caps were assembled along the platform; each at their own station. But no one else except the Chief was permitted or has been permitted for eighteen years to handle Al Smith's baggage. In a minute the nose of the engine came into view; slowly the huge express steamed into place as the air brakes coughed and wheezed. A few seconds later the passengers began to step off on the platform, but the Chief held his place until a man of medium height in a soft hat and business suit with an overcoat thrown across his arms came out of the sleeper and looked inquiringly around.

Instantly the Chief jumped forward. "Right here, Governor," he said.

The Governor of the State of New York held out his hand. His face beamed with genuine pleasure.

"Hullo, Jim, how are you?"

"Pretty good, thanks, Governor, how are you? This all you have to-day, Sir?" And he picked up the two bags and walked down the platform beside the head of the State of New York exactly as he had done for his friend and client a good many hundreds of times before.

Yes, Governor Smith has his favorite porter. So do the heads of many other States. So do celebrities of the screen and stage like Will Rogers and

Douglas Fairbanks; Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson. So do millionaires like the Armour and Fields and Rosenwalds of Chicago; the Stillmans and Davisons of New York. So do presidents of large corporations: even the President of the nation has been known to do it. They all have their favorite porter and wish to be served by no one else. The railroad red cap comes into contact with nearly all the famous people of his time, from Queens and Princes down. But more than that, he also comes in contact with the traveling public, the plain people who use the local and express trains, the limited trains to distant points and the suburban electrics about the metropolis. Wherever you go as one of the travelers of America he sees you and has helped you. The first to greet you upon arrival, he is the last to see you off on departure. In good times and bad, in good humor and bad, he knows this nation as few people do. You have seen the red cap as a mere figure upon a station platform waiting for your convenience. Now

observe how the red caps see you as you step off that train and hurry along on your journey.

Now the modern red cap must be a little bit of everything. First of all he has to be a walking information booth. The questions he is asked vary from the time of departure of transatlantic steamers to the time the baseball game begins, and how far it is to the nearest race track. He must, moreover, be continually on the lookout for crooks and dips who infest the big city terminals. A porter, an information booth, a private detective, these are but a few of his jobs. He must be strong enough to open and shut windows in day coaches, lift heavy bundles up to the racks, lug weighty bags and keep at it all day long. He must be able to check suit-cases, trunks, dogs, parrots, monkeys, goats, or any other animal at a moment's notice. He must be able to walk ten miles a day in all sorts of weather every day in the year. He must keep his temper as much when it's hot as when it's cool; as much when he is dealing with unreasonable as reasonable people. And incidentally he must be a good deal of a mind-reader.

A passenger rushes up to a red cap and throws a question like this at him:

"Which track does the three o'clock train leave on?"

**P**ERHAPS it is a minute to three. Not a second to waste. But there are five trains leaving the station at this hour; limited, express and locals. Two go to the same point, but by vastly different routes. One is on the upper, the other on the lower level. One is an extra-fare train. Still another is a special train running for that afternoon only. Which one does the passenger want? The red cap must guess; guess quickly and guess right. The man has on a fur coat and carries an expensive bag.

"Kansas City Express, sir?" says the porter. The man nods hastily. Of course. He is thinking only about his particular train. He doesn't realize that there are four other trains leaving at that exact moment. And he is piloted inside the gates just as they are being shut, little appreciating what he owes to the red cap who got him there on time.

"Porter, where can I check my trunk?" asks the next passenger.

Here the red cap must ask a question or two back. Every one





says that without conveying what they mean. Where does he want to check it? Out of the city? Or across to another terminal? Has it already come in, or has it been in several days. All these things the red cap must know before he can direct the passenger to the correct place in the station to check that trunk.

FOR being a walking information booth, a human beast of burden, a guide to the city and the suburbs, a private detective and a friend and counselor to the traveling American, the red cap is usually paid by the Terminal Company a wage ranging from forty to eighty dollars a month. This is of course supplemented by tips, bringing his earnings up around two thousand dollars a year. The captains and the head of the force are paid slightly more by the company; in turn they lose more on tips because they are called to do executive work part of the time which keeps them away from the floor of the terminal. The average red cap works on an eight or nine-hour shift in a big city terminal. He carries about five bags an hour and walks a mile and a quarter every sixty minutes. This means that in a year he has walked well over fifteen hundred miles, and carried well over fifteen thousand bags. July and August he figures are the best months. This is partly because they are hot months when no one likes to lug bundles, and also because they are vacation months when the traveler is particularly generous. Labor Day is always the most profitable day of the year for the red cap; and the time between nine and ten in the morning the best hour of the day, because the greatest number of trains are usually arriving and leaving then. But curiously the limited trains are not favorites of the red cap.

"You see it's like this, sir," one of them explained to me not long ago, "folks on those limited trains have all sorts of extra service. They have maids and valets and stenographers and barbers and a lot of people to tip, and when they arrive here they just don't have any change left."



"Who do make the best travelers for the red cap?" I asked.

"The best travelers from the red cap's view-point are the people who take the trains from cities four or five hours away. They travel de luxe, but they have no extra service to pay for, and they are always generous to us porters. The rich don't give as generously on the whole as the middle class. They are the folks who expect to pay for what they get."

"What's the average tip for a single job?"

"The usual tip is a quarter. Seems like the traveling public was getting less generous than they used to be. I've been around this here station now eighteen years, and I can remember when folks gave us fifty cents or a dollar for a long job and thought nothing of it. Now the average tip is a quarter, one bag or six, walk a mile or twenty yards, take it or leave it. Whereas there are more people using the red cap than formerly, we don't get so much money from travelers as we did in the old days."

"Who give more generously, men or women?"

"Men. They make the best travelers, I think. Women are uncertain; sometimes they'll give you a half a dollar for doing nothing and then again they'll thank you and walk off without giving you a nickel. Yes, sir! I've had that happen to me often. That's why we boys all like to carry for a man. A man usually expects to tip just so much and does it. He knows what he wants, knows where he is going, and gets to the station on time. Women miss more trains than men, and they are harder to handle."

"I remember," he went on, "just the other day a lady was going out on the Southwestern to St. Louis. I got her to the train with a couple of minutes to spare. Just before she handed her ticket to the gateman she remembered she had to make a telephone call. I took her over to the telephones in another part of the station, and as we came down the steps back to the train I saw the gateman slamming the gate."

I hollered to him, he heard me and waited long enough for her to get on. But that sort of thing happens quite a lot of times with women. That's why we all prefer men travelers."

"Are you allowed to pick and choose your traveler?"

"No, sir, we are not. That's the rules of the road, we must serve whoever asks us. It makes things hard for us sometimes; for often we have to refuse a job when we are giving away information or answering questions that we know will not mean a cent. What sort of questions? All sorts. First, we have to know the station from top to bottom; where the telephone booths are, the stores, the shops, the restaurants, ticket offices, taxicabs, the different waiting-rooms, the check-rooms, how to get to each exit, where it leads out to, where out-of-town papers are kept and stamps sold. There are from seven hundred and fifty to eight hundred trains a day coming into this terminal and leaving every twenty-four hours. We have to know when each arrives, and where it comes from. When each leaves and where it goes to, also the principal stations along the route. We have to know the tracks of all these trains, the different sections, and the time it takes the train to get to its destination. But wait a minute,

that's not all. We have to know about different places in the city; where the hotels are, the stores, the cafés, the ball parks, and the theatres. We have to know the chief points of interest in the suburbs, how to get there by trolley or bus, and we are asked a lot of questions about trains in the other terminals in the city. I've been asked about everything



you can imagine. A man came up the other day and wanted to know the best place to get his little girl a doll. But it seems to me that the funniest question of all was put to me by an Englishman several years ago.

"This fellow come in here for the Century for Chicago. It was sixteen minutes of three. I asked him what train he was taking as he gave me his grip."

"Two forty-five for Chicago," he said.

"Now we were at one end of the station. I looked at my watch. The limited was leaving in a matter of seconds. There wasn't a chance in the world of his making the train; but I was afraid he would be angry when I told him."

"Sorry, sir," I says, "you can't make the Century. It's just leaving now—"

"He looked surprised for a minute. Then he said: 'Oh—isn't there any other train leaving for Chicago to-day?'"

"Not for three hours," I said.

"Oh, that's all right, I'll take that one."

"HE DIDN'T mind missing the train a bit. Any old train the same day was good enough for him. An American would have been crazy even if there had been another in forty minutes. But time was nothing to that Englishman. Mostly, however, we red caps don't care for foreigners, as they aren't usually very generous. It's a saying among the boys, that if you get an Englishman don't expect pie for dinner. Who do we like? Traveling salesmen especially. No, they aren't any more generous as a class than any one else. But they travel more, know just what they want and where they want to go, don't expect a lot of attention, and always tip regularly. Not higher than the ordinary traveler, perhaps, but they lay aside so much for tips and always spend it as part of their expenses. Whereas a good many folks look on tips as a luxury."

"We can tell a traveling salesman as soon as he gets out of his taxi. How? Several ways. First of all, most drummers carry a small accident insurance tag attached to their baggage. Then most of them calls us 'George.' What made that name become





attached to all porters? I dunno, sir, unless it was because porters were first used on Pullman cars, and Mr. Pullman's name was George. So in the old days the men on the sleepers called us George and the name stuck. To this day Southerners and traveling salesmen all calls us 'George.'

"What question is asked oftenest by the traveling public? Well, the usual question every one asks is: What time does the train for Blank leave? That's what they want to know first of all. Then as soon as that's answered they next ask: Is it an express? Folks these days are so used to moving fast they think every train ought to be an express even if it's a local to the suburbs. Tell 'em it's an express, and they're perfectly happy no matter if it stops every four minutes all along the line."

"What individuals do you like to carry for most of all?" I asked.

His answer was quick in coming. "Babe Ruth," he said. "Yes, sir, the boys sure do run to fetch that man's bags. A lot of these ball-players, they tote their own grips, they travels on an allowance and they don't spend unless they has to. But the Babe, he's one generous man. Will Rogers is, too, gives us plenty of cash and no wise cracks either. I've lifted bags for President Taft and President Roosevelt, they was always kind and had a smile for the red cap. President Wilson never used to tip himself, always had his secretary do it. That's the way a good many of these modern movie stars do now. I carried for Queen Marie when she came through the station last fall. They had eighteen red caps to rush her baggage, and one of her secretaries took care of us. He gave us a dollar apiece and an extra dollar

for the boys who carried the trunks. A dollar is a big tip these days."

"What's the smallest tip I ever got? That's easy. Nothing—"

"Sure, nothing. Some folks don't bother to tip. No, sir, they don't forget, they just simply take it for granted. Often I've had a penny handed me by people who thought it was a dime; but often I've had a penny given me when it wasn't any mistake. The largest tip—let's see—the largest tip I ever got was ten dollars. I was the first red cap to carry a passenger into the Roosevelt Hotel side of the station the day it opened. I had to break down the wooden fence in the passageway to take the man through. When he got in and registered and found out he was the first guest in the hotel, he was so pleased he gave me a ten spot!"

**T**HE next time you pass through a big city terminal talk to a red cap and you may be surprised at the answer he gives you. Many of these porters are working for an education; carrying bags by day and studying by night. One railroad terminal that employs several hundred red caps in winter and summer, boasts among its alumni a dozen doctors, as many dentists, twice that number of lawyers, several ministers, members of the city's police, fire department, and letter-carrier force. Besides that they tell of a former red cap in that station who is now the president of a great negro college in the South; while still another is a real-estate dealer who handles properties worth a half a million dollars. Their personnel at present includes men who speak six or seven languages, Algerians, Rhodesians, Liberians, and men from other parts of the African continent; former natives of both the East and the West Indies; as well as a full-blooded Hawaiian prince who has been carrying bags for several months as the quickest way to learn American speech and customs. Not so long ago a famous big game-hunter returned from the Congo, entered this station and called a porter. One glance at the red cap told him the man was from a part of Africa over which he had hunted. He addressed the man in the Somali dialect, and the man replied at once.

In a vast terminal requiring the services of hundreds of red caps, the job is one not to be had for the asking merely because numbers are needed. Each man must come specially recommended; his references are looked up carefully for seven years back; and only if these are satisfactory is he accepted. Once enrolled, he is put in charge of a captain. The captain spends several weeks with him; taking him all over the terminal, teaching him the time-tables of the system, showing him how crooks work and how to catch them, instructing him in his various duties, and giving him the information a porter must know to be efficient. Then he tests him out. If he makes good, he is passed on as fit for duty and placed on a night shift or in an

inconspicuous part of the station. The reason for this is to try out his seriousness and his attention on the job. At night, or on the less remunerative parts of the station, there is a smaller chance for tips. If the red cap is likely to be discouraged he will be so at first. If he sticks out the six months after his promotion to active duty he is given a better place and better hours.

Promotion goes by seniority with the red cap. In a force of five hundred men such as Chief Williams in New York has at his disposal, ten captains are necessary to take care of all the work. Men are promoted to a captaincy only after a long period of service. Each captain is responsible for a different part of the station; while one captain is always on duty at the tel-autograph, the machine which writes up the time of arrivals of trains and their tracks from information received from the chief telegrapher's office. This captain assigns another captain and sufficient men to cover each train as it rolls into the terminal. Here once again seniority governs, and the men longest in service get the best trains.

Have you ever noticed that as you step



off a train your bag is frequently handled by two or three men. One red cap near the door takes it from your hand or from

the platform and hands it to a second who hands it to a third to carry for you. This again is because of the seniority rule, and does away with any unnecessary crowding or pushing about the passengers. In a large body of men discipline counts enormously, and these men are disciplined and trained to the minute. Indeed Chief Williams will tell you that when the call to arms came in 1917, several hundred red caps stepped into the ranks, and every one rose to a commissioned or non-commissioned rank, many dying upon the battlefields of France at the head of negro troops.

(Continued on page 52)





*LaRocque, the trapper, followed the trail to Buck Lake and within a short distance Brown Otter craftily dogged his snowshoe tracks*



# The Feud Of Otter Tail Creek

By Raymond Thompson

Illustrated by Herman Palmer

## Part II

WHEN Graycoat the timber wolf saw he was temporarily outwitted by the brown otter, inasmuch as the latter had retired to the security of the fox den, he was momentarily at a loss. After the first bitter pangs of disappointment and wrath had lost some of their intensity, the wolf realized he could not hold out much longer unless his terribly acute appetite was somewhat appeased. Had he been blessed with a full belly, Graycoat could have lain down at the very mouth of the burrow and starved the sleek brown otter imprisoned there. For of all animals there is none that can outlast the wolf, at times he is compelled to live for days with very little to eat.

In his starved condition Graycoat suffered miserably from the cold, he felt the iron hand of the stinging frosts in a way which had never affected him before. It was doubly bad at the mouth of the fox den, for Silver King's home was located on the high bald side of a hill, exposed to the very teeth of every storm. Only the uprooted tree where he had first disturbed Brownie the otter was handy, so he lay down in its poor shelter, too tired and discouraged to plan ahead. The whirling snow soon covered his shivering body and from a rough, gray-coated beast he turned to a white, shapeless form that soon blended with the surrounding objects, and might well have passed as an inanimate form.

When Brown Otter awoke a pale shaft of light penetrated to where he lay, and for a moment he had difficulty in remembering his surroundings. He stretched himself and discovered that he was stiff and sore. Then the full recollection of what had transpired the day previously, flashed through his short thick head and he slipped noiselessly out to the open air. To his surprise all trace of the

battle at the mouth of the tunnel had been smeared over with a great white brush—nearly a foot of freshly fallen snow covered the tracks made at midnight. Brownie sniffed the air suspiciously and detected a rather faint odor of his late assailant, the timber wolf.

Crawling forward an inch at a time, the otter came to where Graycoat had been curled up under the tree roots; a distinct impression marked where his enemy had lain and fresh tracks, leading away to the swamp at the foot of the hill, told him the other had become discouraged and had left in search of other prey.

The trees were heavily loaded with the new snow and the underbrush was bowed to the ground. How Brownie would have loved to explore this snow-smothered tangle, but a knowledge that Graycoat might yet be close held him back. Then suddenly remembering Silver King the fox, he slipped back into the tunnel to see how his vanquished assailant had fared.

The fox lay in the large part of his burrow, extremely sick because of his part in the many-sided conflict of last midnight. He eyed the otter with a sort of apathy, half expecting the brown terror to finish him. But Brownie, though beginning to feel the need of food, had no intention of killing the fox for that purpose; indeed such an idea never entered his head. He did not like the thoroughly disgusting odor of the fox, so why should he think of eating such flesh.

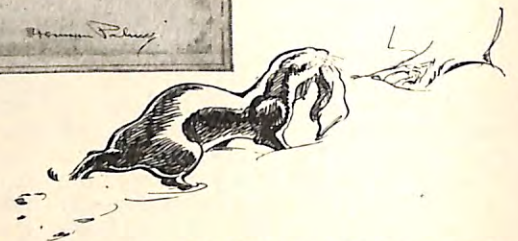
It must be recollected that Brownie was a fish-eater. Even while looking at Silver King, his mind was far away—he was thinking of the beautiful whitefish in Buck Lake, and wondering how he was going to get there. To be sure, he reflected, Buck Lake could not be so far distant, but in the new-fallen snow he would flounder helplessly and it would take him a long time to reach his

destination. He did not mind the thoughts of delay so much, except that he was getting more hungry all the time; what he really feared was the possibility of Graycoat trailing him.

Creeping back to the daylight Brown Otter blinked thoughtfully and wondered what chance he had of securing something edible. His rich, dark brown coat was a distinct mark on the white blanket of snow, and two Canadian jays noticed his presence the instant he appeared. Flying to within a very few feet of the animal, the jays speculated noisily as to what was responsible for his presence there. Brownie was wise enough to note the commotion he had aroused already and realized with some chagrin he would have a hard time passing unchallenged through the forests to Buck Lake. Indeed, he was a sort of Ugly Duckling—out of his element altogether and likely to suffer from far more than mere ridicule.

FROM his rather high elevation at the mouth of the fox den, Brownie commanded a very fair view of an open popular ridge on the opposite side of the muskeg. Silver King in selecting the location for his home had counted much on that very point. Because of his vantage Brownie was to witness a thrilling sight which was destined to have a remarkable influence on his near future. As he gazed out across the open, he saw a tall, two-legged creature whom he recognized as La Rocque, the half-breed trapper, traveling toward Buck Lake. The trail La Rocque left was both wide and deep and Brownie recalled the tracks this man always made when there was much snow, for then the trapper had strange things on his feet and made a trail far bigger than that left by the largest moose.

Over his right shoulder the trapper carried one of those deadly, smoke-an'-fire-vomiting machines—a stick which Brownie had occasion to know was dangerous, for had not his right ear been neatly clipped by fire from the thing as he lay one evening idly floating on the Smoky River! So when Brownie saw the cow and calf moose angle across the





trail in front of the trapper, he was not altogether surprised when a series of terrifying reports stabbed the cold gray silence, causing the moose to stumble, flounder and finally drop.

Some strange fascination about the scene kept the otter immobile. He saw La Rocque as he skinned, quartered and otherwise tended to his kill. Once Brownie had tasted a piece of moose meat, and although his act had nearly caused him to lose his skin through the agency of a steel trap, he had nevertheless been blissfully ignorant of the fact and had always remembered the taste of the flesh as almost equal to that of fish. Thus his already keen appetite was further whetted as an occasional scent was wafted tantalizingly in his direction.

**T**HROUGH the greater part of the forenoon La Rocque worked steadily, and when at last he had put a piece of the meat in his pack sack and disappeared in the direction of Buck Lake, Brownie had formulated another bold and daring idea. Scarcely had the trapper gone out of sight when the sleek brown one crept away from the mouth of the burrow and toward the scene of the kill. A large portion of the meat had been merely placed on the snow and covered with the hides, the latter act to protect it in some degree from the birds. Brownie slipped in under one of the hides and for some time threw caution to the four winds and feasted sumptuously. When he had appeased his appetite somewhat he grabbed one of the hearts and started for the fox den.

Several trips the otter made, and when he had finished there was a very sizable cache of moose meat in the fox den. Lucky for him that La Rocque, the trapper, had forgotten to bring his poison with him. Even a starving wolf would not have been tempted to do as Brownie had done, which only proves that ignorance is often bliss.

On one of his rounds Brownie had carried a piece of liver into the very part of the tunnel where Silver King, the fox, lay sick and starving. For a time the fox eyed it suspiciously; his was the nature which always looks a gift horse in the mouth, but finally his appetite proved too strong and he attacked it with amazing strength for one so weak in appearance. Thus did sleek Brownie unwittingly pay for his night's lodging.

All through the remainder of the short winter's day Brownie lay at the mouth of Silver King's den. The sky was still overcast with an opaque gray sheet, shutting out the brilliance of the sunlight and not a breath of wind stirred to lift the smothering burden of white from the trees. Once the otter was alarmed by the unexpected appearance of Graybeard the lynx, but so intent was the latter on watching the movements of a spruce partridge, he never once glanced toward the other. Graybeard knew well enough the location of the fox den, but at the time it had no interest for him. Once he had surprised the King's mate and killed one of the pups, but that was months ago—an event to be enjoyed and forgotten. Sneaking along on silent padded feet Graybeard pounced on

the luckless partridge as it scratched in the snow for some wild berries beneath a wide-spreading pine where the ground had been largely protected from snowfall.

After making a meal of the partridge, Graybeard went on around the base of the hill and struck Brownie's trail where he had been traveling to and from the moose kill. He sniffed the air and even glanced toward the otter, but the greater urge led him toward the meat cache, and just as darkness all but shut him from view, he was seen by the watcher on the hill as he dragged a piece of meat away into the gathering gloom.

La Rocque's trapline at this time was a sort of circle. He traveled from the Smoky River to Buck Lake by one route and returned on another trail that circled far to the south. Thus it came that on Brownie's third day of pilgrimage in the unknown land, the trapper again came to the place where he had killed the moose. In the meantime, Graybeard had been joined by his mate, and the two big cats had succeeded in making away with quite a bit of the meat.

The place for several yards in every direction from the spot where the moose lay had been tracked up considerably by the big gray cats so that La Rocque saw no evidence of where Brown Otter had also made his haul. The trapper swore roundly and the watcher on the hill saw him take some steel traps from his pack sack and hide them near the carcass. The remaining portion of the meat he took away and hung in the trees. Then he departed for Buck Lake once more.

A queer sort of instinct had been working in the shrewd brain of the otter for some days now. His stock of moose meat had



become exhausted, for Silver King, able to be about again, had eaten quite a bit of the cached food and had departed for other regions. Since the advent of the other spoilers, the big cats, the otter had been wise enough to stay strictly away from the moose, for he sensed that the two big cats were never far away. Once Graycoat had come and made a wide circle around the scene of the kill, but being suspicious of it had been content with chasing the lynx up the scraggly pine and left the meat untouched.

And now as Brown Otter saw the trapper preparing to depart he showed signs of a shrewdness, credited only to such animals as the cunning fox and wolf. He deliberately slipped down over the hill and followed the trapper's broad snowshoe trail, being particularly mindful to keep a very respectable distance between himself and the creature who carried the dreaded killing stick over his shoulder. Just how much reasoning there was in this act is hard to say; perhaps the otter only realized that the snowshoe trail headed in the direction he must take to reach Buck Lake and that it was ten-

fold easier to travel on this fairly hard trail than to flounder through deep soft snow! What he really accomplished was of vastly more importance, for in traveling so close to the trapper that he could witness every move, he was accorded a protection from his natural enemies, the two Graybeards and Graycoat, all three of which had watched the otter slip down from the knoll and take up the snowshoe trail.

The two lynx were not interested in the act; their comparative stupidity had allowed them to feast off the moosekill while Graycoat, the wise one, kept his distance. So an amazing trio traveled the trail to Buck Lake—in the lead was La Rocque, the trapper; within a comparatively short distance Brown Otter dogged his snowshoe tracks and bringing up the rear was Graycoat, the avenger of real and fanciful wrongs. They had thus traveled for a half mile when Brown Otter became aware of the fact that Graycoat was on his trail. It was then that the full spark of reasoning took effect and he slipped yet closer to the unconscious trapper. Crossing through a heavy grove of spruce the brown animal dived to

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Once the wolf partially appeased his hunger by pouncing on an unwary partridge in the snow







*When the car was finally brought, he carried Eugenia out, still holding her very carefully in his strong arms*

## The Girl at Henderson's

By Mary Spain Vigus

*Illustrated by Eugene M. Frandzen*

WE HAD never had a woman in the office at the Henderson Lumber Co.—the old man had been dead against it until he retired and young Mark ran the business just as his father had done. So when the stenographer, sent down from Memphis to fill Simmons' place, turned out to be a girl, the entire force which consisted of Johnson, the assistant bookkeeper, the office boy and myself, suspended operations to see how Mark would take it.

She stood there in the middle of the floor, a slim slip of a girl, carrying a heavy suitcase in one hand and a small bag in the other. She was dressed in a dark suit, as plain and devoid of ornament as a man's, with a wide white collar and a close-fitting black hat which almost swallowed up her small face.

Her dark eyes, the only large things about her, traveled inquiringly from one of us to the other. "I am the new stenographer," she said, as sudden as that. "Is Mr. Henderson in?"

At the sound of her voice, young Mark whirled away from a map on the office wall which he had been studying and strode towards her. He was a big, blond giant of six feet one, with a powerful frame, strongly-marked features and skin like that of a baby.

As a usual thing, Mark was good-natured as a big Newfoundland dog, but at that particular moment he was in a bad humor over some shipments which had gone astray.

The top of the girl's head barely reached his shoulder but she stood her ground bravely as he scowled down at her. "Mr. Thornton wrote you about me," she reminded him.

"But not that you were a woman," he boomed. "Thornton knew that we only employ men. What did he mean by sending you all the way down here on a wild-goose chase?"

"What is your objection to a woman employee?" she demanded quickly. "Aren't they just as efficient as men?"

"They are out of place in any office!" he snapped rudely. "I see 'em when I go up to the city, hundreds of 'em, giggling, makin' eyes, togged out in ball-room clothes! I don't want any of that in mine! This is a man's business and should be run by men, and as long as I have anything to do with it, will be!"

Johnson, who is a young man and married, winked at me; we were enjoying ourselves

thoroughly. The office boy came back with the mail and stood open-mouthed in the door.

"But I have come all this way, Mr. Henderson," she remonstrated. "Surely I am due a trial."

"A trial!" he repeated incredulously. "You mean you want to stay anyway? Of course I will expect to pay any expenses which you may have incurred."

"That is not the question," she insisted looking up at him defiantly. "I came down here on your friend's misrepresentation. Whatever your personal feelings on the subject, I am entitled to a fair trial."

THIS was a poser, for Mark prided himself on his fairness. He rubbed his hair with his right hand, a habit of his when worried, and did not reply.

"I gave up another position to come here," she went on with a proud humility, "and it is necessary for me to work for my daily bread."

I could see that Mark was placed in a quandary. He prided himself on his fairness and yet she was asking him to go against one of his most cherished convictions. He shook his big shoulders impatiently and looked over his head through the open door.

"If, at the end of a week," she resumed



after waiting a moment for him to reply, "I do not do your work as well as any man you have ever had, if I fail to give satisfaction in any single particular, I will go. What do you say, Mr. Henderson?"

Mark's eyes came back and rested on the girl. "All right, we'll let it go at that, Miss — er Miss —"

"Richmond," she prompted him, "Richmond."

"Miss Richmond, you can report for work in the morning," he jerked out and disappeared into his private office, slamming the door behind him.

CONSIDERING that Henderson's was one of the largest and wealthiest lumber concerns in the South, we were ages behind the times. The typewriter was our only concession to modern methods—there were no adding machines or other devices for lightening the bookkeeper's work. Johnson and I stood at the same long desk where I had labored for thirty-five years.

When the office door closed, the girl dropped her bags and stepped up to our desk. I suppose my bald head with its fringe of hair gave me a patriarchal look; at any rate, she addressed me instead of Johnson.

"Is there a boarding house near by where I could stop?" she inquired.

I moved over to the window and pointed out a huddle of small houses north of the office.

"That is all there is to the place," I assured her somewhat ungraciously—she had won her point now and would have us all fetching and carrying for her next! "No shows, no churches, no stores except the commissary! No use for a hotel!"

I had gotten used to it in thirty-five years, but it was a dreary prospect for a city girl used to pavements and high buildings.

"Would any of these people take me in, do you think?" she queried.

"Mrs. Cole down there in the nearest house boards the single men about the plant," I informed her, not at all willingly, for I had lived with Mrs. Cole myself for want of a better place. "You might try her."

With a murmured word of thanks, she picked up her bags and went out of the office.

Johnson and I stood watching as she picked her way through the soft black mud between the office and Mrs. Cole's cottage.

"Bet you a month's salary she don't stay the week out," grinned Johnson, and knowing how young Mark felt about women in general, I was not willing to take the bet.

The girl did not put in an appearance at all in the dining-room at supper time and I was late as usual at breakfast.

When I got to the office, she was already at her desk sorting the debris which had accumulated since Simmons left. She did not raise her head as I passed by so I had a chance to take a good look at her. She had taken off her coat and hung it with her hat on one of the hooks near the door. Her white blouse was as plain and simple as a man's shirt, and her dark hair drawn down smooth under some kind of net. I chuckled to

myself as I hung my hat up beside hers—evidently she was not going to give any cause for complaint on the score of suitable attire.

The door to the private office opened directly and Mark came out. I noted that he wore his woods clothes—a soft dark shirt open at the throat, an old faded corduroy suit and high tan boots.

No doubt the new stenographer was in the habit up in the city of being summoned by a buzzer to the Boss's office. However, she showed no surprise when Mark dropped into a chair beside her desk and curtly directed her to take some letters.

Letter after letter he fired at her in the quick jerky tone which is so hard to catch but not once did she ask him to repeat or raise her bent head to look at him. Never before had the Henderson Lumber Co. sent out one-third so many communications in one day. Mark faked letters to firms that had never been on our books or did not exist at all.

We finally stopped our work to watch them.

It was a trial of endurance and speed, and she won the first round. Her small, white fingers flew back and forth over the pad with no sign of fatigue until his voice became a hoarse croak and he was forced to stop in self-defense.

"Get those all out, s'afternoon," he mumbled crossly as he reached for his hat and stalked out of the office.

The girl was pounding away at the typewriter as we went to lunch and when I returned, she was still there at her desk. She pegged steadily away at her task all the afternoon, never noticing anything that was going on around her.

Young Mark stayed down at the mill until nearly six o'clock and grinned hopefully at us behind the new stenographer's back as he sauntered into his office. I would like to have seen his face when she gathered up the stack of letters and carried them in to him.

Johnson and I lingered after she went home. The Boss came out presently and threw a couple of the letters on our desk. They were absolutely perfect—not a misspelled word or a letter left out, punctuation points and all!

"Every one of 'em finished!" Mark commented in a disgusted tone. "Not a chance to fire her for inefficiency! We must manage to make her sick of the job! What will the old man say when he finds out she is here?"

We could see that this was driving him to extremes more than any personal feeling of his own. Mark was afraid of his father's good-natured ridicule and wanted to get rid of her if possible before the old man learned of her presence.

She came into the dining-room at supper time and quietly took her place at the table.

The half-dozen young lumber scalers and yard men who lived with Mrs. Cole were a free and easy bunch and they plied her with attentions, but she politely ignored them and kept her eyes cast down on her plate. It was not timidity either for she bore herself with all the assurance of good breeding and perfect self-possession. Though she must have known all those curious eyes were fixed upon her, she neither blushed nor simpered but kept quietly on with her meal.

For the first time I had a close-up view of her—she was too pale and thin but her features were perfect enough to have stood a beauty test and her short upper lip and little heart-shaped face gave her an odd, baffled look somehow, as though nature had intended her to be one thing and she turned out another.

She finished long before the rest of us, notwithstanding he renforced fast at noon, and disappeared into her room. I noticed that she had been given the little back room next to mine. Mrs. Cole's house was small and I was the only one of the men who roomed there, the younger men bunking in a shack down at the mill.

MARK had even a larger supply of letters ready for her the next day—he must have sat up half the night to invent them—jaw-breaking foreign names and high-brow words that he hardly knew the meaning of himself. He grouched about the office all day in his disreputable clothes, keeping the startled office boy on the jump and storming at us over imaginary missing invoices. He even cursed a couple of times where she could hear it!

But she apparently paid no attention to him and kept steadily on with her work, again giving up her noon hour, and at closing time the letters were all waiting on his desk.

After she left, we held a council of war. Mark was plainly discouraged. "That girl eats work up alive," he grumbled, rubbing his hair, "and she knows a long sight more than I do—we must try something else! Here I've been making a fool of myself around the office for two days and she doesn't give a hang whether I'm lady-like or not. What do you suggest, Clark?"

"I don't know much about young women," I answered, glad of a chance to kid Mark a little, "but I think the surest plan would be to tie this one up and put her on a train, bound for Memphis."

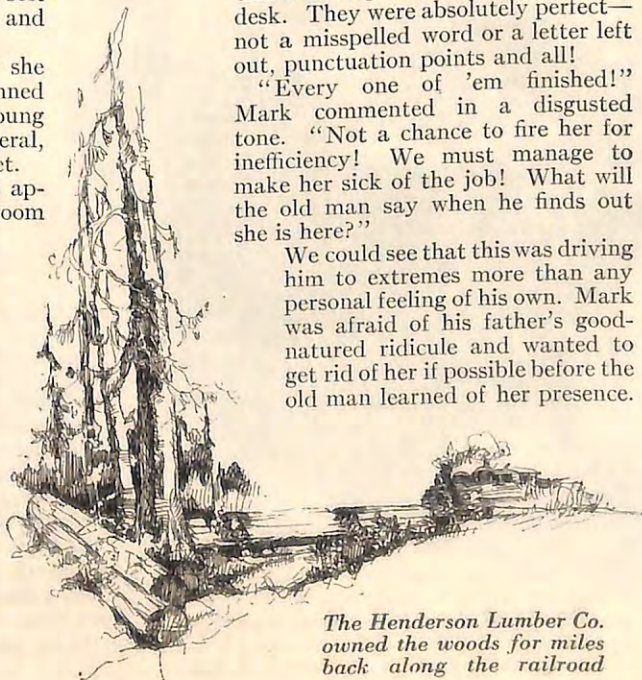
Mark was studying a calendar. "Tomorrow is the sixteenth—pay-day," he announced joyfully. "Maybe that will scare her off."

"You wouldn't do that, Mark," I remonstrated, "it isn't a woman's work."

"She insists on taking a man's job," he said doggedly, "let her do his work!"

There is no use arguing with Mark when he takes that tone, but just the same I thought we had gone far enough. This had been the very thing which made Simmons quit!

The next morning the correspondence of the Henderson Lumber Co. had dwindled down to its usual size and was all typed and ready for the mail by noon. Mark played up to his rôle of disagreeable tyrant until two o'clock, at which hour he



*The Henderson Lumber Co. owned the woods for miles back along the railroad*



stopped at the stenographer's desk on his way out.

"It is one of your duties to pay off twice a month, Miss Richmond," he frowned. "Mr. Johnson will get the money out of the safe for you and you cash the vouchers as they are presented."

If she was surprised, she didn't show it. "The men at the mill, you mean?" she queried. "All right, Mr. Henderson, I will attend to it."

Johnson took the big canvas bags of silver and greenbacks from the safe and carried them to her desk before three o'clock when the men began to come in. The crowd around the yards were usually all right, but we had a pretty tough bunch at the mill, and the logging camps which paid off through our office were worse.

**S**HE stood up there by her desk and faced them like a soldier. The men, whites and negroes, mixed indiscriminately together, filed by with their soiled vouchers held in grimier paws and stared at her.

Simmons had always worn a gun when he paid off and I had brought Mark's to the desk where I could get my hand on it. But whether it was the very defenselessness of the small erect figure or the undaunted look which shone out of her dark eyes, it is a fact that there was not a rough word spoken or a disrespectful glance during the whole time.

Just as luck would have it, the old man came in while she was paying off and stood looking grimly on. He'd had a stroke several years before and still walked with a cane, but his mind was active as ever.

He and young Mark were as much alike as two peas in a pod, and I knew them both, inside and out, or thought I did.

A square man and just, hard-hitting and slow to make up his mind, old Mark Henderson had built up a reputation for business integrity which had weathered the firm through many a storm. Honesty was his fetish, and his son was even worse!

I expected an explosion of some kind from him but he limped out without a word.

The girl looked so small and tired when the last man had gone that I could not help feeling sorry for her. Even a crusty old bachelor of sixty-one has his weak moments!

Young Mark did not come back to the office that afternoon and he was not at the mill. When I was smoking my pipe on the porch after supper, I heard his car come roaring in through the woods on his way home.

They are a close-mouthed lot, the Hendersons, and I never knew what passed between Mark and his father that night. But from that time on the girl was a fixture in the office, and when pay-day rolled around again, the foreman came for the money and paid off down at the mill.

It was only an armed truce, however, which existed between her and Mark. I never saw two people show a more bitter dislike for each other for a time. He was constantly asserting his authority and watching for a chance to find fault with her. He had had his own way so long, I suppose, that it made him sore whenever he looked at her and remem-

bered that she had gotten the best of him.

On the other hand, she took care not to give him any cause for complaint. Grave and reserved, always plainly dressed, she went about her duties and soon proved to me, at least, that we had been mistaken about a woman in business.

But she never looked at Mark, never spoke to him if it was not necessary. Her manner said, plain as words, that he was a necessary evil which must be endured like the flies which buzzed on the screens.

The young fellows who ate at the house had long ago quit trying to jolly her. She held them off at arm's length and they soon lost interest in her.

But she and I gradually struck up a queer passive kind of friendship. She would come out on the porch at night and sit beside me while I smoked my pipe; neither of us talked much, but it was better than being alone. And we got in the habit of going for long walks in the woods on Sunday afternoons, though I would have preferred staying at home and reading the paper. She was crazy about the outdoors, that girl, and would come home laden down with wild flowers and ferns.

At the end of two months, however, I really knew no more about her than when she came. She never talked about herself or her family and friends, never got any letters—she seemed about as detached as I was myself.

She was capable of deep feeling though as I discovered from an incident which occurred long about this time.

The foreman brought a man to the office door one afternoon and called for Mark to come outside. It was a warm spring day and the door and windows were all wide open so that we could hear all that was said.

"Caught him stealin' agin, Boss!" Jim Cole exclaimed loudly. "Seems like he jist can't help it! You—all told me to give 'im another chance."

Mark did not hesitate an instant. "Swear out a warrant for his arrest, Jim. Let them send him up for a couple of years! And run his brother off while you're about it. It's in the blood! I won't have a thief work for me if I know it!"

The man was an old offender and both the brothers were constantly stirring up

trouble among the men. Mark left him whining for mercy and came back in, his firm jaw set, his face flushed a deep red.

The little stenographer had dropped her eyes to her work again by that time, but I had detected such a shocked, startled look in them a few minutes before that it aroused my curiosity—old fellows like myself, who have no near ties of their own usually meddle in the affairs of those around them.

So that night, I tried to find out what she really thought of young Mark. "You mustn't judge the Boss too severely for what happened to-day," I began. "This is a big plant and he has to hold a firm hand over the men. That rascal deserved all he'll get!"

"I suppose so," she said after a moment's thought, "but why punish the brother for his misdeeds? And Mrs. Cole says he has a wife and several small children dependent on him too. It isn't true what he says about that kind of thing being in the blood, it isn't! Life would be too cruel if it were!"

"Maybe not," I replied, surprised at her intensity, "but he thinks so. We all have our pet beliefs and his is heredity. At that, however, Mark isn't a bad fellow!"

She got up and started in, then turned back. "Do you want to know what I think, Mr. Clark? Mark Henderson is just a great domineering brute who is all puffed up with his own importance! If he has any good qualities, I have never been able to see them!"

**W**HEW! And so I found out just what she thought of Mark!

On the first of June, every year, the firm gave a dinner to the employees of the Lumber Co., their wives and daughters, at the big, ugly house, east of the yards. The old man had built the house while Mark was at college, his wife had been dead ten years then, and had a lot of new furniture and stuff sent down from Memphis to put in it. Here the two men lived with a couple of negro servants to wait upon them—lived as simply as we did at Mrs. Cole's, although they were rated in Bradstreet's then at close to a million dollars.

"Is every one expected to go?" the girl asked me as we walked home together.

"Certainly," I answered, "the old man would be mortally offended if anybody stayed away. And it is a dress occasion, so put on your best bib and tucker."

"Then I suppose I must go," she said reluctantly.

I scarcely knew her when she came out of the room at seven o'clock.

She wore a white dress of some soft, clingy stuff with a round neck and short sleeves. She had taken out the pins or whatever it was which kept her hair so slick and smooth in business hours, and it was arranged in little waves and curls which made her small, pointed face seem smaller. No paint and furbelows, not even a string

of beads, but from the crown of her head to the soles of her little white-slipped feet, she looked every inch the lady!

In spite of my years, I strutted like an old turkey-cock as I walked beside her over to the house and led the way into the huge reception hall.

As Mark formally introduced her to his father, I learned for the first time that her given name was Eugenia—she had always signed her name E. Richmond in the office—

(Continued on page 58)



*She faced them like a soldier as they filed by with their soiled vouchers held in grimier paws and stared at her*

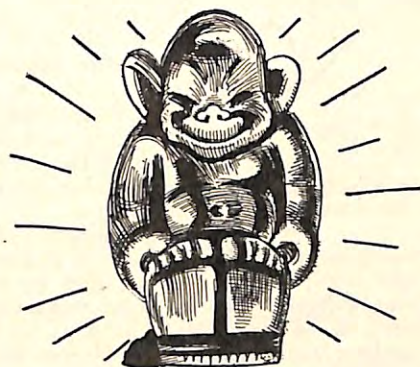




# Muggy's Talisman

By Raymond Leslie Goldman

Illustrated by Gus Mager



THE fight game in Center City and nearby points was flourishing, but the Clubs were forced to match up the same maulers again and again and the fans were beginning to holler for new faces. You could hardly blame them, for the old faces were getting worse and worse after each fight until you had to be pretty generous to call them faces at all. I had six boys in my stable, a fly-weight, a feather, three light-weights, and a light-heavy; but with the matchmaker at the Stadium always giving first call to new talent it got so that they weren't supporting me in the luxury to which I had been accustomed. As the king of Middle West managers I was being trumped by every rival that brought a new face-flatterer into town, and I knew that if I didn't rustle up at least one new bruiser, I'd have to go to work.

I went out to the West Coast, but I couldn't pry any of the boys away from Los Angeles because they all wanted to stick around there and learn the motion picture game in case they became champions. So on one of those unusual days when Los Angeles was having a high fog that made the gutters run over, I took a train for New York.

The first person I went to see was my old friend High-hat Donoley. Donoley knew more about fighting than husband and wife, and he was right on top of his job every minute, never missing an opportunity to sign up a comer, if he could help it. He used to have representatives in the Night Court to look over the boys that were hauled in for fighting in the alleys; and once when a taxi driver took a swing at his jaw because he only tipped him seventy-five cents, he signed him up and made thirty thousand bucks off him.

I told Donoley my troubles and he said that he might be able to help me out.

"As I understand it," he said, "what you're after is new blood."

"Exactly," I replied. "The boys I got now is beginning to bleed kinda pale and the gallery fans can't see it plain enough. I either got to get hold of a fighter who can bleed visible or I'll have to lay in a stock of iron- tonic."

"All joking aside," Donoley says, "as I look over the situation as you told it to me, I think that what you need is a good, rough-and-tumble middleweight."

"In that case," I says, "how about going after Ace Monahan? You know he's rough and Lord knows he can tumble."

"I think," Donoley says thoughtfully, "I got just the boy for you. Naturally, you can't expect to get an established fighter to leave the heavy dough around here and go off with you to the bushes. You'll have to pick up some promising youngster that you can develop. I think you ought to go to see Muggy Flynn."

"His address is?" I asks.

"He lives in Hell's Kitchen—just off Eleventh Avenue. Is he tough! Why, he's

the chief chef down there. I don't know his exact address, but you won't have any trouble finding him. Just wait on the corner of Broadway and Forty-Second Street until a Police Patrol goes by, and then follow it direct to Muggy Flynn."

"He sounds tough, all right," I agrees. "But the question is, can he fight? Some boys can rob a bank and ruin a posse, but put 'em in the ring and they're a sucker for a good left hook."

"This boy has promise," he assures me. "He's licked everybody in Hell's Kitchen, including the traffic cop. The day I first came across him he was chasing Gene Tunney up Twelfth Avenue."

Of course, I knew how Donoley could exaggerate, but I was interested anyway. I asked him why, if this Muggy Flynn was such a terror and so promising, he didn't sign him up himself.

"I tried," says Donoley, "but I could never get him as far as Madison Square Garden. As soon as he gets east of Eleventh Avenue he gets lost and runs up against a warrant. The idea is for you to take him West."

He finally quit exaggerating long enough to give me Muggy's address and I went over to the West Side to look over the potential meal-ticket. He wasn't in his tenement, but I found him on a North River wharf where, to break the monotony, he was working. The timekeeper pointed him out to me and I started down the dock in his direction. He was just coming off a barge to the wharf and he had a wooden box on his shoulder. As I watched him, he swung the box from his shoulder to his left hip and held it there in the crook of his left arm while he lighted a cigarette with his right hand.

"WOW!" I says to myself. "What a left arm that baby has! And if that's his left, what must his right be?"

Just then a foreman comes up to him and hollers: "Hey, stupid! Be careful of them eggs!"

Well, that was a disappointment, but I was favorably impressed with him anyway. He was about five-nine with his shoes on and I judged that he'd scale about a hundred and sixty after enough road work. He had as sweet a pair of shoulders as I ever saw, long arms and a neck that was practically all width. And his face!



"I don't know if he can fight or not," I thought, "but a fellow with a map like that don't have to. All he has to do is look and then start chasing."

He saw me giving him the north and south, so he says, "Are you lookin' for me?"

"I think so," I says. "Is your name Muggy Flynn?"

He heaved a sigh and set down the case of eggs so hard that I thought I heard chirps coming from the box. Then he held out both wrists toward me.

"You must've joined the force this mornin'," he says. "I never saw you before." I told him that I wasn't a cop but a manager of prize fighters, and at once he lost his fraternal manner and became sort of ill at ease and bashful. We stood there talking for quite a while and I found out that although he'd never been in a ring, he had spent a large part of his time fighting outside of one. "And," he says, "as long as I'm always fightin' anyway, I might as well get some dough for it. This way I get juggled for fightin' and I got to work for a livin'. I'll sign up with you if you want."

FINALLY the foreman came over. "You're fired!" he yells to Muggy. "You went and broke them eggs!"

"Aw, be yourself!" says Muggy. "I ain't been workin' here for some time now. Anyway, them things ain't eggs. They're live stock."

As soon as I got Muggy in a gymnasium and gave him a try-out, I knew that he'd do. He didn't make me enthusiastic enough to believe that I could make a champion out of him, but I was out after a boy who could be worked into a good second-rater, which meant main event money in Center City; and when I saw that Muggy could give 'em and take 'em, I let him sign his name to a nice long contract.

"There!" he says, after five minutes' work with a fountain pen. "Now I can beat up people without going to the rock pile for it. I knew that little Ching Yang would do the work."

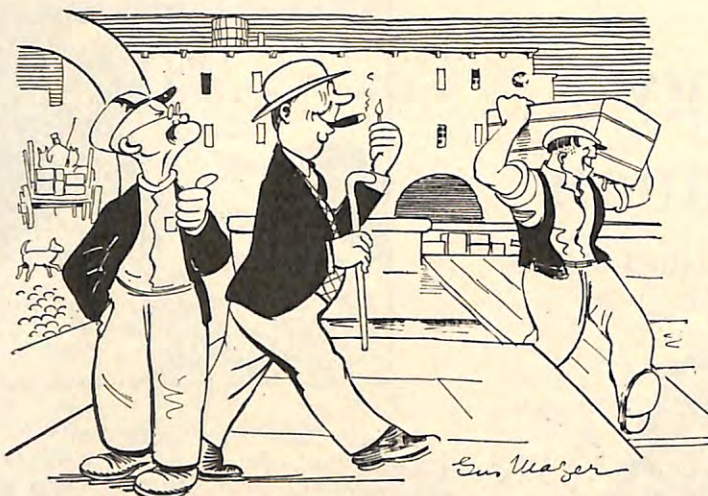
"Ching Yang?" I says. "What's that?"

"It's this," he says, reaching into his pocket and bringing forth a little brass statue about an inch and a half high. "This here is Ching Yang. I got him only last night off a Chink laundryman on Twelfth Avenoo. That Chink told me that it's Ching Yang and that I'd have nothin' but good luck as long as I carried him around with me."

"Bah!" I says. "That's nothin' but a regular Billikin. If I knew you were superstitious I wouldn't have bothered with you. I hate superstition. It brings bad luck every time."

"Well," he says, "as long as Ching Yang is on the job there won't be no bad luck. I ain't only had him last night and this morning, and hasn't this baby showed his





The timekeeper pointed him out just coming off a barge to the wharf and he had a wooden box on his shoulders

stuff! In the first place, I seen him work on that Chink before I got him. And how! I was goin' to paste the squint off that Chink's eyes, but the Chink begins to talk about this here Ching Yang and shows him to me and says he'll give him to me if I don't lambast him. So I don't bust him a couple, but take Ching Yang; and if that there Chink didn't have Ching Yang, he'd be in a hospital right this minute, and I'd be in jail."

"Besides that," he goes on, very enthusiastic, "just as I gets home last night, with Ching Yang in my pocket, I meets Jantzen, the cop, and he asks me did I get me a job yet; and when I tells him no, I couldn't find none, he says if I ain't got a job by to-morrow night he'll get one for me with a wall around it. So there I was. But I had Ching Yang in my pocket, see? And first thing this mornin' I meets a feller who tells me that he knows where I can get a job on the docks unloadin' pig iron. I hated a tough job like carryin' pig iron, but I knew I had to go to it. So I goes to the dock and I not only gets the job, but also it wasn't pig iron at all, but only eggs. And then you come along. Is that luck or ain't it? I tell you, this here Ching Yang is the hare's lip."

"That's all bunk," I sneers. "All that would have happened if you never had that heathen image."

"I'll bet you it wouldn't," he comes back. "What'll you bet?"

Well, that remark was so dumb I just let the matter drop.

"Keep it, if you want it," I says, "but you'll soon find out that you'll need more than that little paperweight to keep your chin away from the fist of a big middleweight. I never yet saw a good-luck piece that wasn't a Jonah. I won't argue with you any more about it, because the sooner we get back to Center City and begin to teach you a few tricks, the sooner we'll begin to make some money. Now put that Ching Yang thing away and forget about it."

## II

AS SOON as we set foot on native soil, I put Muggy in my gymnasium, and I kept him working for two months before I even thought of letting him run loose in a regular ring. It wasn't merely a matter of getting him in the pink, because he was in good condition all along, owing to the simple food and regular exercise on Blackwell's Island; but he had to learn the difference between boxing and mayhem, and it took time.

At last I decided that he was ripe for legalized assault, and I got him on at the Stadium in a first preliminary bout of four

rounds with an easy-mark named Hogan. The bout lasted two hot rounds and ended with Hogan snoring Traumerie in the rosin. I gave him three more set-ups after that which he won hands down, two of them by kayos and the other one by a decision because his opponent didn't have any brain that could go to sleep.

By this time the fans were beginning to give him a yell when he climbed into the ring; and Dad Gaylord, the Stadium matchmaker, said he would put him in a Special Event of six

rounds whenever I was ready. I was ready right then; so we matched him up with Chunky Brent. This Chunky was a classy boxer, so he managed to keep on his feet for the whole fight, but even his own father couldn't have given him the decision. Muggy put the LePage's sign on him and gave him a nice pasting.

It took four months to do all this, and I was patting myself on the back for taking a greenhorn like Muggy and working him up to Main Event class in such a short time. I was the one who should have got all the credit, and I did get it from everybody except Muggy. As for him, he thought that I was only the rear props on the wheelbarrow, and that the real front wheel was Ching Yang. The way he worshipped that little brass image was enough to bring missionaries into our camp.

I did everything I could think of to kill that crazy superstition of his, because I was afraid of it. The more he got wrapped up in it, the more I was dependent upon a little hunk of brass that might get lost any time. It was getting so that Ching Yang was winning the fights and not Muggy; because Muggy's mainstay was his overflowing confidence, and Muggy's confidence and his Ching Yang were like the Siamese Twins. Where one went, the other would go.

Just owning the fool thing wasn't enough to satisfy Muggy. He had to have it with him all the time. Even in the ring. The practice started just before his first fight at the Stadium. We were all ready to troop down the aisle to the ring, when Muggy suddenly dashed back to the dressing-room—me after him—and dives into his pants pocket.



"Gosh!" he cries, holding up Ching Yang. "I darn near forgot the little fellow!"

"Listen, stupid," I says, "this is a prize fight, not a Chinese joss rite. Stow that thing away and get in the ring."

"Not on your life," he comes back firmly. "If I go in there without Ching Yang, my goose is cooked before I start. Ching Yang would get sore and double-cross me. I got to have him with me."

"But how can you?" I argues. "Can you hang him around your neck? You can't get in there looking like Sousa. If there's any decorations in that ring you want to hang them on Hogan's eyes."

"I got it!" he hollers suddenly. "Get me a piece of string. I'll tie him around my waist under my trunks. Now," he says, after I had helplessly followed his suggestion, "now you watch this here Hogan feller get licked! Ching Yang has got him beat already."

THAT'S how the practice started; and it got worse and worse, if possible, as time passed. I had to get a silk bag made, just big enough for that brass heathen to fit in, and this was attached to an elastic cord that clamped around Muggy's waist under his trunks. And it was Ching Yang, Muggy insisted, that had rushed him up the ladder until he was ready to meet Rooster O'Brien in a Main Event of ten rounds. Me? I practically didn't count.

This here O'Brien I mentioned was called Rooster because he fought so foul. He was a rough, tough middleweight that Spike Spencer, my friendly enemy, had imported from some bad-land in Oklahoma. I had seen him in action several times at the Stadium, and so had Muggy; but we figured that we'd take a chance with him, anyway. For he was looked upon as the ace around those parts, and to lick him meant everything, while to get licked by him wouldn't be entirely a disgrace.

But was he a nasty fighter! I've seen fighters get thrown out of back alleys for less than he would do. He heeled with his glove, used his elbows and the top of his head, and generally did everything that was foul but lay an egg. He got away with it, though, because he never let the referee quite get like a gentleman, holding out his warnings other boy by way of apology and then smacking in an uppercut. I'm sure that the referee overlooked a lot, for the sake of good business; because, say what you will, the majority of the fans would rather see a hot through one of those genteel scientific con-break-aways. They used to boo O'Brien all through the fight and holler "foul" and "rotten" and what not; but just the same, whenever he was on the card, the Stadium was packed to the rafters.

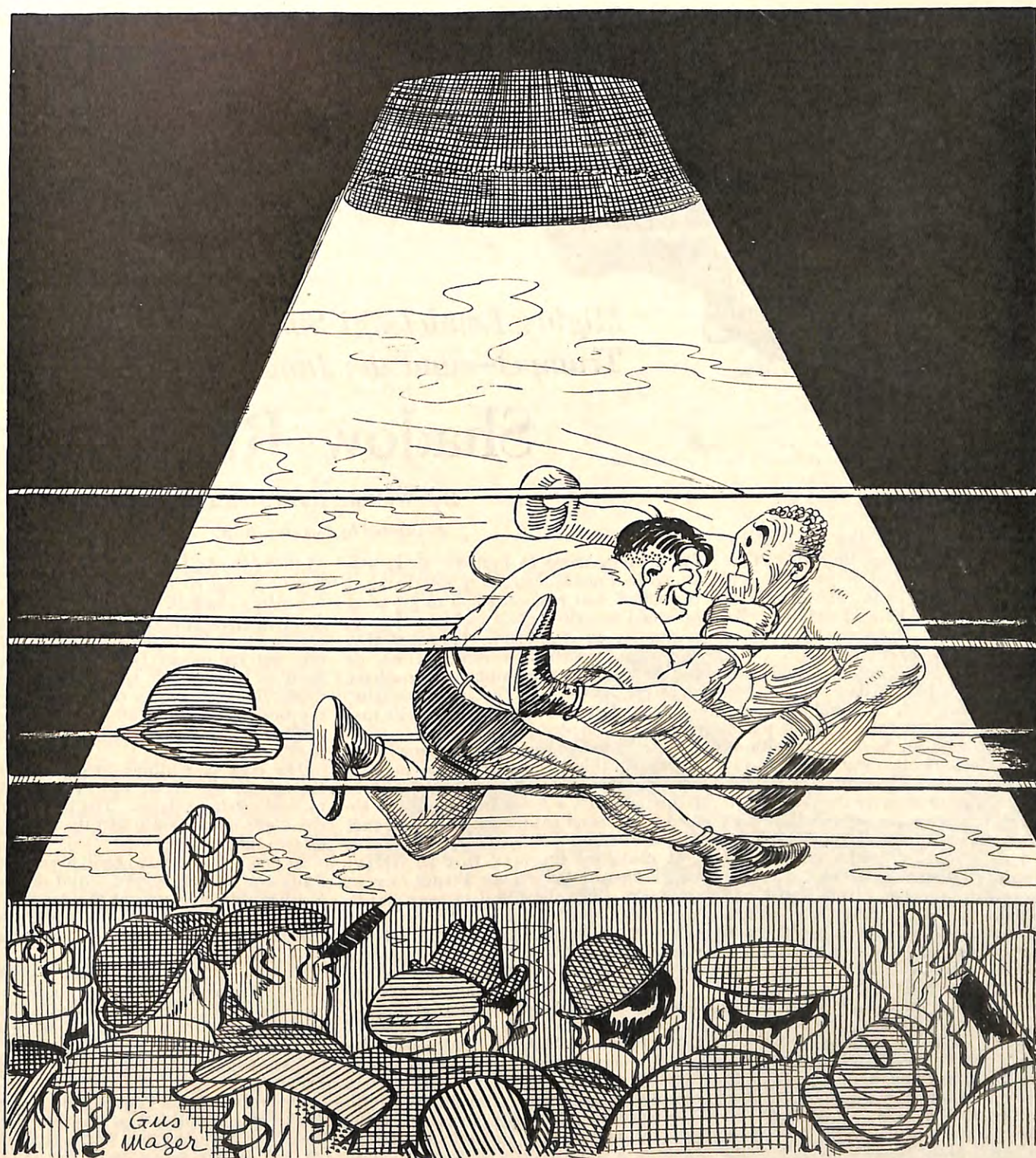
On the night of the fight, when we were back in the dressing room getting ready, I couldn't help feeling a few pangs of regret that I was allowing Muggy to get in the ring with O'Brien. But if I was a little fearful, I saw that Muggy was as confident as always. He had Ching Yang in the silken bag under his trunks, and he fully believed that as long as that heathen thing was with him, nobody could hurt him with an axe. In fact, he said so.

"Let O'Brien get as rough as he likes," he says to me. "Ching Yang don't care how rough they get. The rougher the better. You watch."

"Ching Yang!" I says, disgusted. "Who's fighting—you or Ching Yang?"

"Ching Yang," he answers promptly.





"Good old Chingee Yangee!" And with his hand on his hip, where Ching Yang lay, he begins to coo lovingly in pidgin-English!

That night I had reason to be thankful both for Ching Yang and for Muggy's Hell's Kitchen background. What a fight that was, my countrymen! It's history in Center City; and a number of fans who saw that fight and, years later, were at the ringside when Dempsey fought Firpo in New York, told me they thought that Jack and Luis were slow and gentle.

The fight went the full route of ten rounds, and after the final gong had sounded the referee flopped in a neutral corner and called it a draw. I still believe that Muggy should have had the decision, because he was in the hospital only ten days afterwards, while O'Brien was laid up for two weeks. But, as I said, the referee called it a draw, and so it went down on the books. Muggy would probably have been knocked out early in the fight if I hadn't thought up a neat extempo-

*What a fight that was, my countrymen!  
It went the full route of ten rounds but  
any second Muggy was due to sleep*

aneous blow for the occasion. It was a backhand swipe with the right elbow against O'Brien's spine whenever O'Brien held him in chancery. That saved him from being choked to death.

I never spent a worse forty minutes than I did during that fight. Any second I expected to see Muggy go to sleep before his bedtime. If that happened, I thought, it wouldn't be the mere defeat by a tough bird like Rooster O'Brien that would count; we could shrug that off and still point to past performances. But Muggy would imagine that Ching Yang had failed him, that all the good luck had tarnished off the brass; and he never would recover from the shock of that.

But Muggy, as I already said, at least held his own throughout the scrap, and he was as

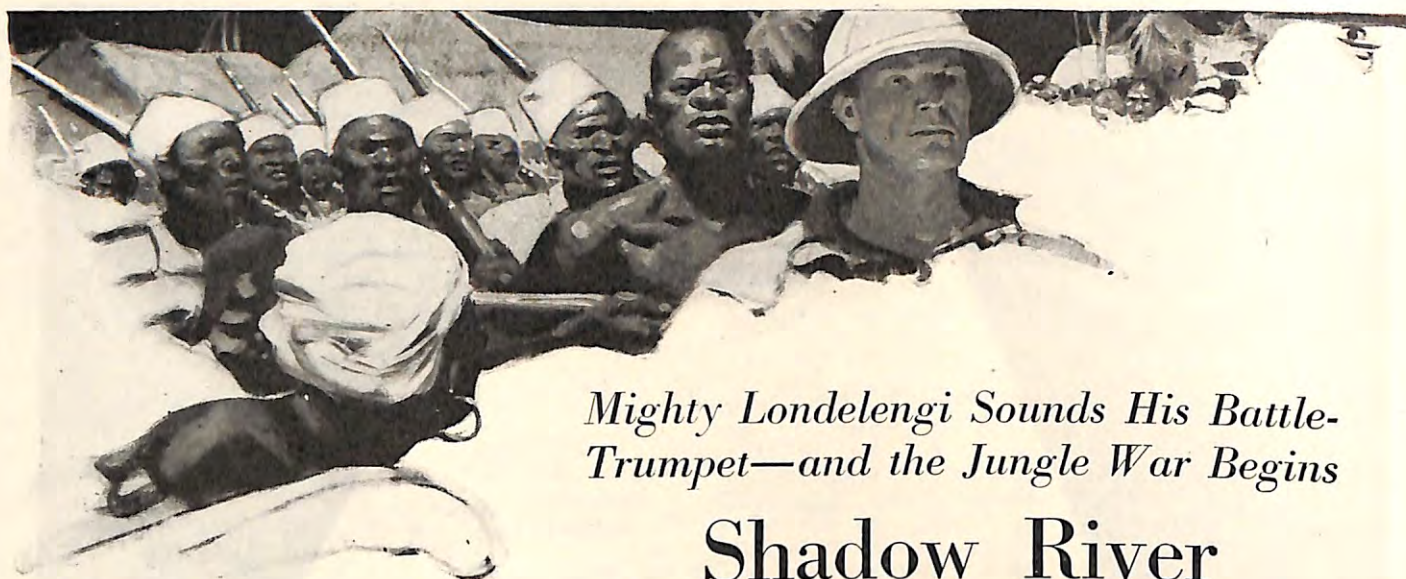
happy as the hospital attendants would let him be.

"Didn't I tell you little Ching Yang was the punkins?" he says to me as soon as he had healed up enough to say anything. "Without my little squint-eyed baby, I'd have been murdered."

A line of talk like that made me kind of jealous. I had put Muggy where he was to-day—I don't mean in the hospital—and I wanted at least a share of his gratitude. If Muggy didn't think I was any more use to him than last year's calendar, first thing you know he'd jump his contract or something, and then somebody else would be raking in my ham-and-eggs money. I wasted a lot of good hate on that brass Jonah, and at the same time it had me half scared to death. If Muggy should lose it! It would be easier to get a horse out of a burning stable than to get Muggy into a ring.

"Listen, big boy," I say. "You've got to  
(Continued on page 56)





## Mighty Londelengi Sounds His Battle- Trumpet—and the Jungle War Begins

# Shadow River

By Walton Hall Smith

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

### Part IV

**T**UMBA broke off the head of the lance and withdrew the ends. Then he lifted his father in his arms and started back to the bath. His expression was unchanged and he said nothing. No one said anything. Davy was too stunned to think, much less to speak.

They wrapped Djoli in blankets and made a bed tipoy for him. His good legs had walked much and well. He would ride now. All hands set to work to remove the points of ivory. It took an hour's work with an axe and knives to cut away the flesh and lift out the tusks. The work was ticklish as Davy wanted to preserve the skull intact. The ivory was magnificent, and in perfect condition. The two points would bring about \$500 if sold by weight, and more if preserved for museum purposes.

They stripped some kikery bark and wove tight baskets around the points. Four sentries, under Bolenge, were left to guard the meat, and the safari was made up for a fast march to Bondo. Most of the heavy luggage stayed at the bath.

Davy lay back in his tipoy with eyes closed, thinking. There was much readjustment to do but his thoughts had not begun as yet on future plans. He was missing Djoli, missing him as though he had been a brother—as indeed he had. Another human being had been beside him through troublous days—fought beside him, stayed beside him, saved his life. Now this other had gone down to death beside him. The color of his skin, or for that matter, the color of his mind, made little difference; he was a brother.

Davy looked ahead at Tumba's straight, muscular back and erect head. His bearing was unchanged. He had as yet made no spoken reference to his father. He had simply stepped into his father's place, directed the building of his father's bier, directed the handling of the ivory and the hasty preparations for departure.

Occasionally Tumba turned and ordered more haste. The trail had dried and they made good time. The safari came into Bondo in the middle of the afternoon, and they buried Djoli on a high place near the river.

Davy went to the house of the only white man, an agent for the Dutch House, who spoke English. He told of the occurrence in the interior, and asked the man to report it to the next passing State Agent. He left the points of ivory, with instructions

for shipping down to Franck. Davy also wrote to Franck, explaining all that had transpired, and requested him to get what he could for the points and to save the money for an emergency. He asked that under no conditions another permit be bought for him, as he still had one elephant on his first license. His plans were indefinite, but he expected to take Djoli's advice and stay at the Bondo bath for a while.

He went to bed early that evening in the Dutchman's house. During the night a boat came up-river, stopped, and went on. It brought him a letter from Franck. He read it by lamplight before taking the trail for the interior.

It contained the news that he (Davy) had been arrested. Poor Franck was in confusion. The second bit of news was to the effect that Mademoiselle Dujardin had eloped with Bowden the poacher. Davy dashed off a short note, referring Franck to his other letter, and added that he had recently met Bowden, traveling quite alone. He left for the interior in a state of disgust. They passed and were passed by scores of the natives along the trail. Although the safari made excellent time there were a hundred or more blacks, men and women, already at the bath when they arrived. The place was filled with jabbering. Davy set part of the boys to work making his camp at a suitable distance from the bath, and with the others he began the laborious butchery of the carcass. The excitement due to the size of the animal, added to the usual meat-hunger, brought pandemonium to the forest for a great distance around. Davy was eager to finish the meat business that day, so that there would be no noise at night. Every night would become less precious from now on. But he soon saw that this was out of the question.

He took all his own boys that could be spared from the camp, and chose about thirty others from among the Bassengis. No one else could touch or come near the dead elephant. The throng made a great, living ring of sound, and had constantly to be driven back, like street crowds at an accident, or wild dogs around a kill. They kept up a chorus of "Nyama. Nyama. Nyama!"—"Meat. Meat. Meat!"—and sustained it until dusk.

The meat was hacked, cut, and stripped off the great bones; then it was cut into small pieces and piled close by, in full view

so that it could be under constant surveillance. At five o'clock the cutting was only two-thirds finished. From sundown until dark, one hour, the ready meat was sold—one heaping handful for one franc. Where they got the money Davy couldn't guess. Most of these people would have spent a whole franc at a time on nothing else in the world but meat. And of all meat the choicest was elephant meat. They clamored to buy.

The orgy of gluttony and noise lasted throughout the night, and everyone went to work again at dawn. The big straining circle was formed again and the work went on into the morning.

At noon the job was nearly over and the confusion at its height. And at noon another white man entered the clearing, and was carried on the back of a black soldier through the water and out to the remains of the giant female.

He was a little man, with a wisp of moustache, and an air of perfectly overweening importance. He wore a brass badge on the front of his helmet and a khaki uniform.

"Are you Monsieur Jones?" he said to Davy.

Davy nodded and went on with his work. He knew what this was; it was the thing he had been avoiding for weeks, the thing he had hoped would wait just a little longer. Now that it had come, in the form of this absurd little man, it suddenly seemed ridiculous.

"I AM Monsieur Husquin, Administrator of the third class, from Moma," he announced.

"Charmé, Monsieur l'Administrateur du troisieme classe de Moma," Davy answered.

"I have a procès verbal for you, Monsieur."

"Let me have it then," Davy said, and held out his hand. "I want to get these Bassengis out of here by night and I have much to do still."

"This procès verbal has to do with your leaving here, as well as these men, who belong here."

"That's interesting. Did the Commissaire de District tell the first class Administrator to tell the second class Administrator to tell you to tell me the contents of the procès verbal, or were you supposed just to hand me the paper and go?"



The Agent looked black. Apparently he had worked himself up for this interview, and would lose no time in reaching the proper stage of unpleasantness. "You are already in trouble, M. Jones, caused by your high-handed and insulting treatment of the hospitality so generously offered by the Belgian State. You are addressing an officer, and unless you wish your trouble to be more serious—"

"See here," Davy said, "if you have a procès verbal for me, let me have it. Otherwise move out of the way so that we can continue our work."

"Work? Work, Monsieur? In our country, in which you reside for the moment, we don't call this work. We call it theft."

Davy stiffened, and hesitated. The Agent glanced back at his group of soldiers. "You dirty thief of an American pig!"

"How descriptive!" said Davy, and went into action, in full view of several hundred natives. He stepped up to the nearest soldier first, and gave him a violent shove backwards, so that he staggered for several yards and sat down in the water. Then he grasped the kicking, spitting Agent by his clothes and lifted him from the ground. He held him high for a moment, until the soldier had regained his feet, and then he hurled the Agent bodily at the soldier. The latter tried to catch him in his arms, but the impact took him off his balance again, and both went down into the water. Davy then picked up the axe and waited. He was mad. He wished the soldiers would take it up and that something would happen. Of course nothing did happen, which was fortunate, as Davy had developed in recent months a considerable store of venom against all things Belgian, and this would have been the time to spend it.

The Agent got to his feet, white as a sheet. He whipped an official envelope out of his pocket and sailed it through the air at Davy. It lit in the water between them.

"That is fortunate," Davy said. "Now no procès verbal has been delivered to me." He shouted to the boys to get back to work, if they wanted any more meat.

The Agent said something to the soldier, who picked up the envelope and started toward Davy. Davy began to swing the axe and the soldier stopped. The axe went higher and the soldier returned to his master with the envelope still in his hand.

"I will have received that envelope when it has been handed to me by the white man who was sent all the way from Moma to do just that," Davy remarked. And the upshot of it was the Agent presented the procès verbal. As Davy expected, the bitterest hatred was then taken out in facial expression. Monsieur Husquin, third class Administrator from Moma, left the Bondo bath and went back to tell his story. Davy never saw him again.

**H**IDDEN among the higher branches of the tall kapock tree a nest for human beings had been built, and in it Davy and Tumba lay, talking in low voices, and taking turn about sleeping and watching. This nest had been placed cleverly, so that from it one could overlook all of the Bondo animal bath, and the entrances of all the trails leading into it. Leading up the trunk of the tree from the ground a series of short billets had been lashed, making a ladder to the nest. Davy climbed up and down this ladder many times—too many times.

In the mornings they went back to camp, to eat, to sleep, and to make preparations for the night to come.

Every waking hour of these days at the Bondo bath held more anguish than any

whole day he had spent in his life. At times Davy reached a mental plane here not far from hysteria.

"Tumba."

"Mondele?"

"I'll watch now until the moon sets."

"Tumba."

"Mondele?"

"How many days is it now?"

"Five days, Mondele."

"You'd better sleep."

"Yes, Mondele."

"Tumba. If Londelengi is killed in the Sankuru, how will we know it here? Will there be drums? Perhaps he is dead now."

"No. He has not been killed, Mondele."

"But how do you know? You have not been away from here."

"There will be much excitement when an elephant larger than this female is killed. We will know it."

"Will we hear it on the drums?"

"Perhaps on the drums. Bassengis passing will know it."

"Bassengis? No Bassengis pass here."

"Yes, Mondele. Sometimes they come by. Three men passed here to-day."

"To-day? Why didn't you tell me?"

"They were only Bassengis, Mondele. You were asleep."

"Where were they going?"

"I don't know."

"I can't understand these people coming and going."

No reason to come through here, unless they are going into the swamps. They might turn Londelengi so that he would pass us here. Did they have guns?"

"No. They were only Bassengis."

"I wish Djoli were here."

"Yes, Mondele."

"What would he want to do now, if he were here? What do you think?"

"He said he would stay here. I think he would stay here."

"What do you think yourself? Is there any better place we could be? It seems to me we should go somewhere."

"If we go one way we go into the swamps, toward Bokanja. The other way is the river, and the villages. If we cross the river we can go down into the Sankuru with the others."

"No, no. That's talking like an idiot."

"Yes, Mondele."

"You'd better sleep."

Tumba had never worked for a white man before. His was a proud, free spirit, and underneath it lay a tremendous capacity for service. Davy was drawing from this reservoir now, though neither he nor Tumba knew it. Davy was Tumba's white man. It had been so from a certain moment long before, a moment which Tumba had all but forgotten. It was when he, unthinking, streaked down the side of the ant-hill and ran like a breeze in front of a



*"You are already in trouble, caused by your insulting conduct. You are addressing an officer, and unless you wish your trouble to be serious . . ."*



charging buffalo, leading the buffalo away from Davy. He saved two things that day: he saved Davy's life, and he saved a master for himself. Now that Davy was all his, he would have done it every day, every hour if necessary. Tumba was the first direct return Davy had received from the Congo—a priceless dividend which he had never noticed. . . .

On the ninth night the moon was between half and three-quarters full. It set at one o'clock. On this night the first animal entered the bath since the female from Bokanja. A herd of impalla came to drink and nibble at the delicate grass on the edges of the little islands.

Tumba saw the antelope first and pointed them out to Davy. They were disappointed, of course, but somehow encouraged. It is like that, in hunting. After fruitless waiting, the sight of any game at all strengthens the hope for more. And sure enough, more came.

But not Londelengi. When the impalla had gone, some of the depressed tenseness which had hung over Davy and Tumba left with them. They talked.

"Do you think there is still a chance that he will come, Tumba?"

"Yes, Mondele, I think he will come here."

"**W**AITING is very hard. Did Djoli tell you about the other white men? Did he tell you about the Bula Matadi who is coming and who has helped these others—Monsieur Van Loo?"

"He told me, Mondele."

"It is this Bula Matadi who has made it hard for us."

"I have seen him. His name with us is 'Mpo.'"

"Is he a bad Bula Matadi?"

"He is not a very good white man."

"Waiting is hard. That little white man who came here the other day, the one I threw on the ground, gave me a paper from the big Bula Matadi at Coquilhatville—from the Governor of the District. The paper said I must come at once to the office of the Commissaire at Coquilhatville and turn all my guns in to him. That I must bring all my ivory. And that thereafter I must take the first boat down-river to Kinshasa, the first train from Kinshasa to Matadi, and the first steamer to Europe. Then it said I must not come back to the Congo for two years, and that I should never bear arms here again for any purpose—not even a shotgun."

"Why must you do this, Mondele?"

"I'm not going to."

"Why does the Bula Matadi say these things?"

"Because he thinks I have killed many elephants. If I can show him that I have not broken the law, the palaver is finished."

"It is bad."

"It certainly is."

"If you tell him what you have killed, will he say you have lied?"

"I must show him—prove it to him, because other white men have said that I kill many elephants. Those elephants we found dead, and the ones I had to shoot, all these they say I killed for the meat and the ivory."

"You have only shot at one that you wanted to kill."

"That's all."

"It is bad, Mondele."

"Yes."

"Will they not come for you if you don't go?"

"I don't know. I guess they will."

"We must kill Londelengi first."

"You see why it is hard to wait so long."

They were silent for a while, both looking out over the bath. The moon hung close to the jungle now.

"Mondele."

"Yes."

"Why don't you make your camp apart from the other camp?"

"What for?"

"We could hide your camp somewhere off the trail in a deep bamboo thicket and you could spend your days there. We could bring your food. Then if the Bula Matadi comes for you, we will say you have gone down to Coquilhatville by land, to see the Commissaire, and left us here to wait."

"**I** MIGHT do it, Tumba. I hadn't thought of that. But I don't have to do it right away. It takes a little time to get down to Coquilhatville. They will not expect me right away. Also, it takes a little time to start someone to come for me, and more time for them to get here. A few days are left anyway."

"I think he will come, Mondele."

"I hope he will."

Thanks to the visit of the impalla and the hippo, Davy ate breakfast with a better appetite than usual. Somehow he felt, groundlessly, that the night had not been without accomplishment. The excitement of the broken monotony had eased the strain a little.

But unhappily the relief was momentary. Worries began to crowd in before the end of the day. There was little of the elephant meat left and the boys' food supply again presented a problem. A man could be sent to Bondo for manioc, of course, but he could only bring back one day's supply for all hands. In any case, Davy was unwilling to spare a man at this time, for if Londelengi did come, he was likely to need all the men he had and more. Also, it was poor strategy to send a nigger back to the river to spread news. It might precipitate some action against him at once.

Davy talked it over with Tumba and they decided to wait another day to see if more Bassengis passed. There was a chance they could hire one of them to go for manioc.

"Whenever we need food there isn't a banana or a pai-pai or a palm tree within a day's journey," Davy said.

"We should have shot an antelope last night," said Tumba.

"Then why didn't you say so last night? You knew the food was low."

"I was afraid, Mondele."

"Afraid of what?"

"I was afraid you would say I was thinking of my stomach instead of Londelengi."



Then he heard another sound, from below, a sound like a great, deep sob.

"Rubbish. Bring my Springfield along when we go up tonight."

. . . But there were no impalla. There was nothing, except glorious moonshine and eternal quiet. By ten o'clock Davy's nerves were in the same condition as twenty-four hours ago, and the tension was increasing. During the night he didn't close his eyes.

And the night after, there was the moon again, and silence. And the night after that. . . .

"He will not come."

Silence.

"I said he will not come. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Mondele."

"To-morrow at dawn you leave with three hunters for a day's march. You search every trail around this place for many miles, to see if there are any tracks. You are to be back by midnight to-morrow night. If you have seen nothing, we leave for the Sankuru. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mondele."

"Good. Come, we may as well go down now, and sleep."

"Mondele."

"Yes."

"Let me stay. I don't want to sleep. You go."

"We will both stay."

"Yes, Mondele."

At dawn Tumba left, and through the long, scorching day Davy strode through the trails that lay close to the bath, unarmed, unthinking, dazed from sleeplessness, smoking endlessly, hoping no longer. Sometimes he walked through the camp, and the men, hungry and miserable, stopped talking and cautiously watched him until he disappeared again. Some of them had seen white men go mad. They were waiting.

**D**AVY kept moving. He crossed and recrossed the spot where Djoli died. He walked up and down over it. The trail here was wide and hard. He could move without dodging things. He wanted to think—it didn't matter about what. But he kept drifting back. He turned his mind to Marcella, trying to change the pain to another spot. He thought of Carter, and remembered that waiting for him seemed paradise now.

Nothing worked. His pain was physical. He was a little feverish. He had *Congo nerves*.

Night came and he drank coffee and went to the nest. He tried to sleep. The moon was more beautiful than he had ever seen a moon. He thought the moonlight made him giddy. He climbed down after a while and walked about in the water of the bath. He felt numb. Then he realized he was walking about the bath at night with no gun at all. His Express lay in the nest fifty feet above him. Londelengi would not come, but something might come. The female had come, sometime ages ago. He did not want to be killed. There was much work to do in the Sankuru.

He re climbed the tree and lay there a while. He wanted to stay now, and sleep, but his feet were soaked and the chill was stealing over him.

The moon was full and in its zenith. It must be midnight, and Tumba would be in camp shortly. Davy descended again, carrying his rifle. They might as well start; they could be in Bondo in the morning. He would be arrested there probably. That would be something.





He walked into the water again, to take the short cut across the bath. It occurred to him that they might slip past Bondo further up, and get some Bassengis to paddle them across the Tchuapa. He couldn't carry the pirogue and baleinière across the land into the Sankuru anyway. Yet, if they avoided all habitation, how could his boys replenish their food supply? These unanswerable questions troubled him to the point of despair.

Davy stopped walking and stood still.

*Davy saw one black man rise as though he had wings, and then catapult through the air overhead in a great high parabola*

It seemed to him that he stood there a long time before he turned around. When he did turn, he turned slowly and completely, making no rapid movement. He wanted to see—there was something behind him. He sensed it.

It was close. It was coming. It was magnificent and appalling. It was thirty

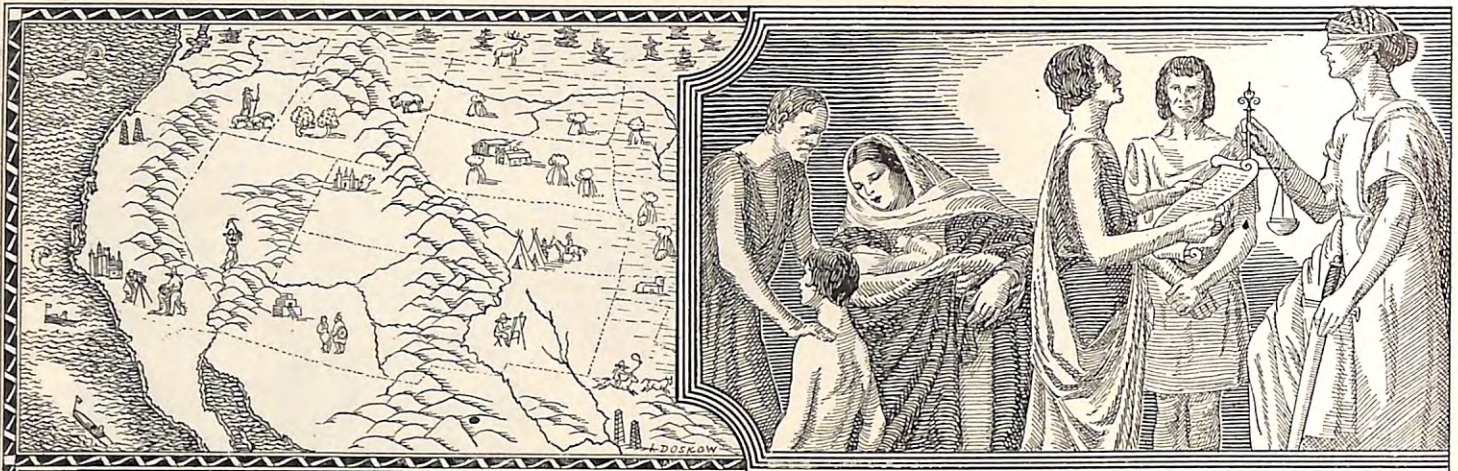
feet away. Davy's arms hung at his sides and his rifle was in one hand. The air was vibrating with terrible expectancy. It was Londelengi.

#### CHAPTER VIII

**"LONDELENGI! LONDELENGI!"**  
 "Mondele, Mondele! SHOOT, Mondele!"

Davy fired the first barrel at twenty feet  
*(Continued on page 70)*





## EDITORIAL

### A REAL PATRIOTIC SERVICE

"May this service deepen in each of us our sense of loyalty to our Country and its institutions, and enable us to be better patriots, truer citizens, and more loyal Americans."—*Flag Day Ritual.*

A RECENT news item in the daily press announced the death, in Memphis, of Mrs. Mary Robertson Day, and stated that she initiated in that city on June 14, 1901, the first celebration of the anniversary of the adoption of the American Flag, and that she had been for many years active in endeavoring to promote a more general observance of that occasion. Assuming that this distinction is properly accredited to Mrs. Day, THE ELKS MAGAZINE gladly unites in paying sincere tribute to her memory, as one who has rendered a laudable service to our Country.

It was only seven years after the first celebration thus noted, that the Order of Elks provided for the observance of Flag Day by the subordinate Lodges as a mandatory requirement. It was the first organization of national character to thus recognize the significance of this anniversary. And as yet it is the only one that has undertaken to develop its possibilities as an occasion for patriotic demonstration of tremendous value and importance.

Indeed, it would be difficult to overestimate the extent of the influence exerted by these annual celebrations by the Lodges of our Order. They are always open to the public. In many instances they are elaborately staged, attracting throngs of people. The colorful pageantry of the ceremonies, the symbolism of the ritual, the beautiful music, the dramatic History of the Flag, and the inspirational addresses, combine to present an appeal to the intellect and the emotions alike. And the hundreds of thousands who, each recurring year, attend these ceremonies, are patriotically refreshed and enthused; and are inspired to a loftier conception of the privileges and obligations of American citizenship.

We are so accustomed to our blessings of liberty, peace, and national security, that we are prone to take them too much for granted. We

are apt to forget the duties that rest upon us, and which must be faithfully performed if those blessings are to be preserved and insured to our posterity. It is, therefore, important that we should be occasionally reminded of those obligations and re-inspired to their full observance. And this is the chief purpose which our Order has in view in providing for the appropriate celebration of Flag Day.

It is to be hoped that the subordinate Lodges will this year make their ceremonials more elaborate and impressive than ever; so that the Order may maintain its high place as the recognized leader in this real patriotic service.

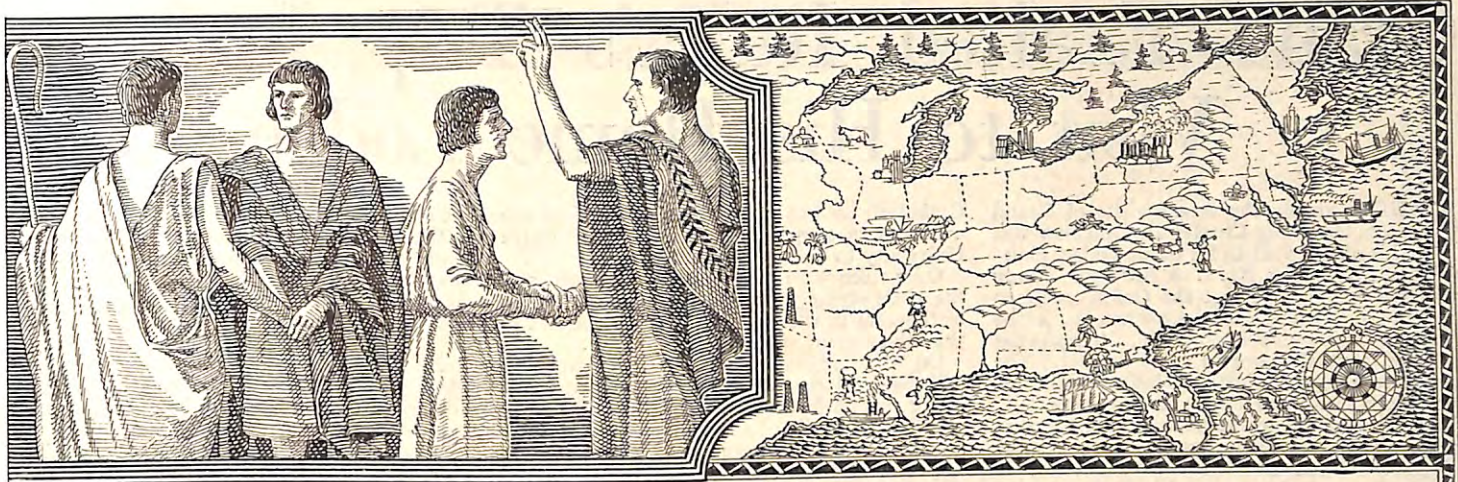
### REGALIA

AT THE last session of the Grand Lodge the Committee on Social and Community Welfare was charged with the duty of making a careful study of the question of regalia for use in the Grand Lodge and subordinate Lodges and of submitting a definite report thereon to the Convention to be held at Cincinnati. The circular letters issued by the Committee indicate that they have given thoughtful consideration to the matter and have sought suggestions from every member who had ideas on the subject which he felt might be helpful.

In the last Circular, published in the April number of the Magazine, there is a tentative suggestion that the Committee may recommend the adoption of robes upon which may be woven the designs distinctive of the respective offices. This is only tentative. The Committee has not yet reached a conclusion, and they still invite suggestions from the membership.

This is a matter in which every Elk has an interest and as to which he is likely to have an opinion, more or less definite, as to the general character of the official regalia to be used. In view of the very decided change which the Committee contemplates recommending, it would be wise, as it would be helpful, if the members would take the slight trouble involved to express their views on the subject to the Committee.





In any event, the members of the Grand Lodge who will attend the session at Cincinnati should give some thought to the subject in advance and should talk it over with their lodge associates, so that they may bring to their consideration of the Committee's report, whatever it may be, not only their own intelligence and thoughtful opinions, but also the known general ideas of those whom they represent. It is only thus that the wisest decision can be reached in the interest of the whole Order.

#### ELK SCHOLARSHIPS

**N**O PATRIOTIC organization can be indifferent to the fundamental educational equipment of the whole people; it constitutes so important an element in the measure of their capacity for useful citizenship. No benevolent fraternity can be indifferent to the aspirations for higher education of those specially endowed to profit by it and yet unable to obtain it for themselves. The Order of Elks is, therefore, peculiarly interested in the general education of our youth and in every reasonable endeavor to provide more extended training for those found most worthy to receive it and best capable of applying it to the general good.

The establishment of collegiate and university scholarships, for the benefit of selected young students who could not otherwise secure the advantages thus offered, is a patriotic and benevolent service that presents a strong appeal to any body of intelligent men able to promote and foster it. It is admittedly a splendid thing to do. Many of our subordinate Lodges have already provided such opportunities for deserving young persons in their communities. And it has been suggested that the Order as a whole might well undertake this particular activity, to be financed and administered upon some plan of nation-wide scope.

There is much in the proposal to commend it to favorable consideration. But the matter is one that should be finally determined not only with reference to its own inherent importance and attractive possibilities, but also with due regard to the Order's limitations, which are definitely

imposed by its structural organization and by its long maintained administrative policies.

From the very beginning it has been the firm policy of the Grand Lodge to permit the subordinate Lodges to decide for themselves the specific objects which they should endeavor to accomplish in their respective jurisdictions. The Order has consistently refrained from embarking upon any nation-wide benevolence that would naturally constitute a tax upon all the Lodges, many of which might prefer to engage in some other and quite different activity. It has seemed desirable, and has proved eminently satisfactory, to let the subordinate units deal with the peculiarly pressing needs of their own localities, in such manner as they might deem proper, and to the full extent of their respective abilities, without affecting their capacities so to do by levies and assessments for other purposes less appealing to their particular memberships. It is believed that this policy insures a greater aggregate, and wider range, of patriotic and benevolent service by the Order than would otherwise be possible.

It was in accordance with this general policy that the Grand Lodge at Chicago, in considering the suggestion of the establishment of Elk scholarships by it, directed the Committee on Social and Community Welfare to investigate—

"The progress which has been made by the subordinate Lodges in establishing Elk scholarships . . . and to make a special report, incorporating therein, if it be deemed advisable, a model plan of *Elk scholarship foundation by subordinate Lodges.*"

That Committee has made a careful survey of the whole situation. Its report may disclose such general interest throughout the Order as to prompt a further consideration of the proposal that the Grand Lodge undertake this particular benevolence as a national project. But so radical a departure from established policy as this would involve should be approved only upon the clearest demonstration of its practicability and wisdom.

The whole subject is a most engaging one; and the report of the Committee will be awaited with keen interest.



# Grand Exalted Ruler's Trip Includes Visit to His Home Lodge

**C**HIEF among the recent visits of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow was his official visit to his Home Lodge, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, on April 30. Many distinguished members of the Order, and men high in the city and federal governments, joined with the large membership of No. 2 to make the function a notable one in every respect. The magnificent Home of Philadelphia Lodge was beautifully decorated for the occasion, especially the ball room, where the banquet and dance in honor of Mr. Grakelow were held. In keeping with the Grand Exalted Ruler's interest in Camp Happy, the successful welfare camp maintained by Philadelphia Lodge, the stage of the big ball room was arranged to present a very accurate picture of this outing place for undernourished children.

An unusually entertaining program was enjoyed by the gathering. R. Arthur Bittong, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, presented Toastmaster Edward A. Kelly who introduced the following distinguished speakers: Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor; Hon. W. Freeland Kendrick, Mayor of Philadelphia and a member of No. 2; Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494; Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum; Lawrence H. Rupp, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; F. J. Schrader of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order; Max L. Lindheimer of the Grand Lodge Special Activities Committee; Hon. John F. Malley, former Chairman Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; and Hon. E. Mark Sullivan, Past Exalted Ruler of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10. Past Exalted Ruler Louis N. Goldsmith was Chairman of the Speakers' Committee which arranged for the presence of these interesting speakers.

A dramatic part of the program came at the close of the banquet when the room was darkened for the presentation, on the large stage, of a pantomime depicting episodes in the life of a poor boy, typical of the many helped by Philadelphia Lodge. Toastmaster Kelly made clear the progress of the various scenes by a recitation which told the story of the youngster's childhood, his struggle against poverty, and how, when all hope of getting an education seemed gone, the Elks provided him with a scholarship. This moment in the pantomime was the occasion for Mr. Kelly to announce that, in honor of Mr.

Grakelow, he was presenting, in behalf of the members, a perpetual scholarship in Temple University to worthy boys of the city.

Over 1,000 were present at the banquet, and the whole evening was a marvelously enthusiastic testimonial to the Grand Exalted Ruler and to the achievement of Philadelphia Lodge.

On the following morning, Mr. Grakelow addressed a large gathering of the Antlers, the junior organization sponsored by the Lodge, which is open to the sons, grandsons, brothers and nephews of the members. More than 500 of the youngsters were present to hear the Grand Exalted Ruler. This organization is one close to the hearts of the members who act as big brothers to the boys, helping them with their problems, and allowing them the use of the Home's gymnasium and pool at scheduled hours. The size of the Antlers and the spirit of the group bear witness to the excellent work Philadelphia Lodge is accomplishing in this direction.

That evening, in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, one of the largest classes of candidates in the history of the Lodge was initiated with appropriate exercises. This class numbered 600. The same enthusiasm which manifested itself a few months earlier when classes of 1,400 and 350 were initiated, marked this meeting. The Grand Exalted Ruler took this opportunity to thank the membership, the Lodge's Booster Committee and the Advisory Board for their fine cooperation and for their loyalty in securing so many applications from the ranks of representative Philadelphians.

**W**INDING up his Southern trip, reported in the May issue, the Grand Exalted Ruler made his official visit to Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, where he was warmly welcomed by a committee headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper and Grand Trustee Clyde Jennings. A tour of the city and dinner at the home of Mr. Harper were followed by a large meeting in the Lodge room. A dance in his honor brought the delightful evening to a close.

During April the Grand Exalted Ruler made several other important visitations. Through the cooperation of F. J. Schrader, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Nugent, Mathew A. Riley, and T. P. McMahon, a meeting was arranged in Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, No. 339, calling together

the officers and representatives of the 60 Lodges in the three districts. The meeting was indeed most enthusiastic, and to use the words of Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, who was present, was "one of the best meetings ever held." The Grand Exalted Ruler gave a brief outline of the great work being done by the Order throughout the country, knowledge of which was gleaned from his many visitations. Following the meeting, Allegheny Lodge entertained the visitors with a buffet luncheon.

Leaving Philadelphia on Wednesday, April 27, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Baltimore at noon, where he was met by the officers of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, and a large gathering of the membership. Escorted by the band of St. Mary's School and the official reception committee, the party went to the City Hall where the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a golden key and welcomed to the city by the Mayor. Proceeding for a brief stop at the Home of Baltimore Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler next visited Annapolis, making an inspection of the Home of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, where a reception was held in his honor. Later, at the Capitol, His Excellency, Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, welcomed the guest of honor. Following an inspection of the United States Naval Academy, under the escort of Commandant Nulton, the Grand Exalted Ruler returned to Baltimore for a most enjoyable banquet celebrating the Golden Anniversary of the Lodge, and for a large meeting held afterwards in the Home of the Lodge.

F. J. Schrader, Max L. Lindheimer and R. Arthur Bittong accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler on Monday, May 2, to Scranton, Pa., where he made his official visitation. A very enthusiastic gathering that evening in the Home of Scranton Lodge gave the Exalted Ruler of Scranton, Pa., Lodge, No. 123, an opportunity to outline his plans for the Lodge for the year and to predict that it will be one of the most active ones Scranton Lodge has ever had.

Motoring from Scranton early Tuesday morning, Mr. Grakelow arrived at Lock Haven, Pa., Lodge, No. 182, to be greeted by a most representative body of members. After a buffet luncheon, the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to Williamsport and enjoyed the performance of the Elks Frolic of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, an event by which this Lodge raises a goodly sum each year for its charitable activities.



## Elks Relief in Flooded Area Subordinate Lodges Quickly Respond to Grand Exalted Ruler's Call for Contributions

**W**HEN the news first began to come through telling of the disastrous effects of the floods in the Mississippi Valley and forecasting even more serious conditions to come, Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow immediately dispatched checks totalling more than \$25,000 to the flood area, as a preliminary step in the Elks relief campaign. Coincident with President Coolidge's appeal to the nation for help, Mr. Grakelow enlisted the Order by sending to every Subordinate Lodge the following telegram:

"Heart of Elksdom stirred by appeals from flood area. Millions needed for relief in biggest emergency we have ever faced. Appeal to you to forward immediately to me at Philadelphia most generous contribution of your Lodge. Our representatives already on scene. God's blessing

upon you for your much appreciated cooperation."

As was to be expected the Subordinate Lodges responded quickly and generously. At the time this issue went to press (May 10) the sum of approximately \$100,000 had been received by the Grand Exalted Ruler from the various Lodges, in addition to the \$25,000 he had already sent from the Grand Lodge Emergency Fund. And it is expected that by the time the returns are all in, the sum contributed will be considerably greater.

The Lodges adjacent to the flooded area have entered whole-heartedly in the actual work of relief, helping to distribute food, clothing, and to provide shelter for those rendered destitute and homeless by the inundation.

It should be understood that the need for relief work will not by any means end with the

subsiding of the waters. Just as the end of the war left France and Belgium confronted with the necessity of rehabilitating the devastated regions, so will the falling of the waters leave the Mississippi Valley confronted with the necessity of reconstruction. There will be work to do for many months and it should be borne in mind that not alone money, but supplies of all kinds will be needed when the inhabitants of the flooded region return to their land and endeavor to create some semblance of order out of the chaos.

The Grand Exalted Ruler wishes through THE ELKS MAGAZINE to thank the membership for the promptness and generosity of their response to his call and to urge them to remember that the needs of the flood-stricken will be many for some time to come.



Office of the  
**Grand Esquire**

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

*Cleveland, Ohio  
May 8th, 1927*

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

Your Grand Esquire has just spent two days in the wonderful city of Cincinnati reviewing the program of arrangements that are being made for the comfort and entertainment of those who will attend the Grand Lodge Reunion, July 10th to 15th, 1927, and it is not too much to say that the General Committee, headed by Brother August Herrmann, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, has left absolutely nothing undone that will add to the sum total of your happiness if you are fortunate enough to attend this Reunion. Every factor, every item to the minutest detail, has been worked out to give pleasure and profit to visiting Elks and their families.

Cincinnati's program for your entertainment has been fully described in the six Bulletins that the General Committee has issued; therein they have told you of the extraordinary treats that are in store for you, and you can be assured that Cincinnati's hospitality will not be lacking in any particular.

The Bulletins have been read in all the Lodges of the Order; in addition they have been published in our Elks Magazine, and, therefore, the details have been read by every member of the Order, each of whom should now be thinking of the Cincinnati Reunion.

On April 7th, I sent your Lodge my first circular enclosing a questionnaire; the return of the latter, with full information, is most important, and if your Secretary has not filled out and returned it, may I ask that it be done *at once*?

The Grand Esquire and the Cincinnati Committee must know promptly just what your Lodge is going to do and whether or not you will be represented. It is of the utmost importance to the Parade Committee to have immediately the information, if your Lodge expects to be in line, and how many will attend. This is necessary that you may be given a proper place in the line of parade.

The questionnaires already returned indicate a tremendous attendance and that the parade will be without parallel. Be sure to return your questionnaire at once, if you have not already done so, and at the same time ascertain if your Committees have made all arrangements for railroad, hotel and other accommodations.

In anticipation of a wonderfully successful reunion, I remain,

Sincerely and fraternally,

*R. H. Quesser*  
Grand Esquire.



# 1927 Grand Lodge Reunion in Cincinnati

## Bulletin No. 6

*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:*

"Cincinnati bids you welcome,  
There is room for every Elk!"

THIS is the official slogan of hospitality to every Elk who comes to Cincinnati for the Grand Lodge Reunion during the July days just ahead. While it is true that there will not be room enough at the leading downtown hotels to take care of all who might want to be housed in those particular places, the hilltops claim some of the handsomest hotels in America. But in Cincinnati the last word in true hospitality is to be found in the homes of her people—homes in which are to be found the atmosphere of hospitality in the superlative degree.

Thousands of these homes in this old "Queen City of the West" are to open their doors to visiting Elks who will feel the touch of personal interest in their welfare.

The 4,300 members of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, B. P. O. E., are co-operating in this master stroke of hospitality of the true Ohio brand, and many beautiful homes in the picturesque suburbs for which Cincinnati is noted will be "home" to visiting Elks during their sojourn here. In many of them not alone have arrangements been made for sleeping accommodations, but for breakfast under the roofs of hosts glad to fill that rôle to Cincinnati's Elk guests. As an added evidence of the pleasure in entertaining these guests of ours, many of their hosts have motor-cars, and the heart of the city and headquarters may be quickly reached. Many of these cars will be used for sight-seeing.

### The July Final Bulletin

The 1927 Grand Lodge Reunion Committee expresses its whole-hearted appreciation of the splendid way in which Subordinate Lodges have co-operated with us in spreading information about the coming reunion among Elksdom's growing membership. We have no language at command quite expressive enough to convey THE ELKS MAGAZINE our fullest measure of thanks for the monthly presentations of these successive Official Bulletins.

The next one, No. 7, will be the last, and it will reach members about ten days before they start for Cincinnati. This coming July Bulletin might well be called a recapitulation of Cincinnati's "Promissory Notes" for the entertainment of visiting Elks and their families. Every one of these notes will be taken up and paid with compound interest.

The July document will be valuable, one that you will want to put into your grip and bring to Cincinnati with you, because it will contain a résumé of all the features of the reunion which Cincinnati hopes to make the greatest in all the history of these annual conventions of the membership of our beloved Order.

### Another Important Change in Prizes to be Awarded in Band Contest

Since Bulletin No. 5 was sent out by the Reunion Committee, we have heard from quite a few of the Subordinate Lodges who will send bands to compete in the Contest, protesting against the rules and regulations, and complaining particularly about the Rule which provides that 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.

In considering these protests, the Reunion Committee together with the Band Com-

mittee had in mind that their efforts were to create an artistic atmosphere in the Contest and possibly that the Rules may have been misunderstood or wrongly applied.

They had in mind the fact that Cincinnati, being a musical center, it required of them quite a study to make it possible, by creating an A-Class, to accommodate that artistic atmosphere. They felt that bands accompanying Elks Lodges should be members of the American Federation of Musicians or be able to present credentials that they are accompanying an Elk Lodge, to be eligible to enter the Band Contest under Class A; or that they should be Elks in good standing; therefore, the program for the Contest was made for such a class intentionally to create the atmosphere mentioned, as it takes a band of some ability to render a program as outlined.

The Committee also felt that it would be an incentive to Lodges not having bands of their own to hire a good A. F. M. Band and come to the convention, and on the other hand not to exclude any Elks Band from entering the Contest. However, in order to avoid any friction of any kind the Rules for the Contest have been revised.

*First*—No band will be eligible to compete in the Contest unless each of its members has a Membership Card, showing that all dues have been paid up to date, and they must be their own membership cards signed with their own signatures.

No band will be eligible unless it consists of twenty-five pieces or more, and the prizes will be as follows:

First Prize, \$1,000.00; second prize, \$500.00; third prize, \$300.00.

Each band to play a number of its own selection not to exceed five minutes.

*Second*—All Cincinnati bands are barred from entering the Competitive Band Contest.

*Third*—The position of the bands on the Competitive Contest Program will be drawn by lot thirty minutes before the Contest begins.

*Fourth*—The Competitive Band Contest will be held at Redland Field of the Cincinnati Baseball Club at two o'clock P. M., Wednesday, July 13th.

*Fifth*—The Judges chosen for the Competitive Band Contest will be, without exception, fully qualified and experienced band men.

*Sixth*—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:

1. Intonation. 2. Tone. 3. Tempo. 4. Balance. 5. Attack. 6. Expression and phrasing. 7. Instrumentation. 8. Appearance at concert and in parade. 9. Leadership. 10. Deportment.

*Seventh*—Special prize of \$500.00 for the largest band traveling the greatest distance from home to the Reunion.

Special prize of \$250.00 will also be given to the best Boys' Band in the parade, with the condition that this prize is to be divided among the members of the Boys' Band.

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

*Ninth*—There will also be a prize of \$100.00 given to the competitive contest for 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.

### The Trap-shooting Tournament

Already enough entries are in to insure the record-breaking success of the Third Annual Elks Trap-shooting Tournament, under the direction of J. H. Ferris, L. J. Squier, Geo. Overbeck, H. L. Sullivan, Albert Rutterer, and Dr. A. B. Heyl. There is warrant for the

prediction that the event will be the greatest of its kind ever held in America, not even excepting the Grand American Handicap, the classic of the shooting world.

Coney Island will be a Tented City during the great shoot. Michigan's delegation of sportsmen is coming by airplanes and will join the rest of the hundreds who will "live on the fat of the land" under canvas at Ohio's shaded retreat. No better arrangements were ever made for witnessing the tournament. There is room for 15,000 in the spacious grandstand, and the great audiences will be privileged to witness in superlative comfort the crack shots of Elksdom as they clash in the various events for \$5,000 in cash and many other special prizes of value.

The Ladies' Championship is filling nicely and Elksdom may produce another Annie Oakley in that picturesque event for the cracks among fair devotees of sport at the targets.

### Good News for Golfers

Bring the golf clubs, all ye players of the game on the green. The welcome sign is out to all badged Elk visitors at the links and clubhouses of every golf club in Greater Cincinnati. In the July Bulletin a full list of all these clubs will be printed with easy-to-understand directions telling how they may be reached. The golfers of both town and countryside are joining wholeheartedly in voicing a "Glad to see you!" to all Grand Lodge visitors.

### Pointers for Motor Parties

Thousands are coming to Cincinnati in automobiles. This is indicated by hundreds of inquiries from motorists already received at headquarters. Elks are putting to us this query:

"What can I do with my machine if I drive to the Grand Lodge?"

The July Bulletin will carry the cheerful answer to every one of these inquirers. A list of the garages and parking places will be published in "No. 7," which will be chock-full of valuable information for all visitors within the city gates. Every possible protection will be afforded car owners at these checking places.

### Yachts, Launches and Boat Clubs

Once upon a time Cincinnati was largely settled down by the "beautiful river" of which Longfellow sang. The Ohio will be gaily equipped during July days. The Boat Clubs of Cincinnati and adjoining river towns in Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana, will muster their fleets here for this Grand Lodge conclave. The Cincinnati Boat Club, the Cincinnati Gym Boat Club, the aquatic sportsmen of Laughery Island and Rising Sun are all ready to share in providing hospitality. Some of the bigger boats will be occupied for sleeping purposes during those hours when Morpheus collects his toll. The river craft will afford their share of such accommodations. Every steamer that ties up at the wharf will be decorated and the Ohio River will come back into its own—just as in the old days when LaFayette and other distinguished personages made local history on the Public Landing.

### The Fireworks and Burgoo at Coney Island

On the day that Elksdom's Capital Seat will be established at Coney Island it is expected that 50,000 will enjoy the Kentucky Burgoo and Barbecue. This occurs on the 13th and this is just a hint of the elaborate gastronomic triumph that will be fully outlined in the July Bulletin.

Elks are to make a real day of it at Coney Island and the evening will be marked by a display of fireworks, both aerial and ground, finer than ever before attempted in Greater Cincinnati, which is the home of some of the largest pyrotechnic manufacturers in the coun-





CHAS. H. LONGLEY

*The heart of the down-town district of Cincinnati, as viewed from the Kentucky hills across the Ohio River*

try The curtain raiser will be a wonderful daylight display of modern sky-works, and the ingenuity of the pyrotechnic kings of America will be shown in flame and all the burning colors of the rainbow after dark.

#### *Airplanes at Elks' Disposal*

Lunken Airport will be the official flying field of the Elks who are to wing their way to Cincinnati. The Embry-Riddle Company, Inc., A. R. Wunder, Manager, are to provide flights for Elk visitors and their families at a very special rate. Those who desire to "see Cincinnati from the air" will have the opportunity to add an unusual memory to their store of adventures. In these special sight-seeing flights two passengers are taken at a time. Special reservations may be made in advance by mail by writing to this company.

Any Elk who may be suddenly called away on account of sickness can be speedily transported to any destination and returned if he so desires. The machines that are used at Lunken Airport are all new "Waco" airplanes and the pilots are all U. S. Army Air Service trained men.

#### *The Trip to the Dayton Home of the National Cash Register, Frigidaire and Delco-Light*

Ohio's Gem City, Dayton, is a scant sixty miles distant from Cincinnati and that thriving metropolis of Montgomery County wants to share in the welcome and entertainment of Elksdom's delegates in the Queen City. It will be possible to arrange a special visit to Dayton. The cost will be nothing save the transportation, and that is very nominal.

The National Cash Register Company is internationally famous as a host and the General Manager of the company, Mr. J. H. Barringer, desires us to state that the company will be very glad to entertain at a luncheon or dinner, at such time as the delegates may choose to visit the plant at Dayton. It will also give them a trip through the factory and an entertainment in the schoolhouse.

This company has a history of nearly forty-five years. It sells its product in all parts of the world. It is famous for its introduction of welfare work in industry, community betterment, and in promoting the common good wherever possible. Twenty-five thousand visitors are entertained by the company at Dayton each year. They come from all parts of the world, singly and in groups. The National Cash Register Company will welcome the members of the great and Benevolent Protective Order of Elks to its plant and the city of Dayton.

This is not the only promissory note from Dayton the Beautiful. Frigidaire Corporation, largest manufacturer of electric refrigeration equipment in the world, and the Delco-Light Company, foremost manufacturer of lighting plants and pumps, both subsidiaries of General Motors, want to greet the Elks, too.

The Frigidaire cabinet plant, south of Dayton, completed early in 1927, is nearly a mile long, and has a capacity of 50,000 cabinets a month, or four a minute. It contains the largest porcelain enameling plant in the world. Other plants showing the manufacture of Frigidaire mechanical units and Delco-Light plants and pumps will be visited.

Elks desirous of taking advantage of the hospitality of these splendid corporations are requested to write to us and special arrangements will be completed by our Reunion Committee.

#### *Elks' Excursion to Mammoth Cave*

On Friday, July 15, City Passenger Agent A. J. Anzer of the L. & N. Railroad will conduct a special party of Elks to the world's greatest subterranean wonder, Mammoth Cave. The total cost will be \$17.60 and that includes railroad fare, hotel, cave and guide fees. Extras may be added—a side trip to one of the caverns, \$1.85, and \$3.50 for a double lower Pullman sleeper berth if you desire to return that way. For reservations write Mr. Anzer direct at 109 Dixie Terminal, Cincinnati. A descriptive

pamphlet of Mammoth Cave, and the trip, will be sent to every Elk.

#### *A Boxing Hint*

Plans are in the making for a night of boxing at Redland Field on one of the reunion nights. Some of the stars of the ring are to put on the gloves in a fistic program that will fire the hearts of the lovers of action in the roped squared circle. *This will not be under the auspices of the Elks.*

#### *And Finally, Register at Once When You Arrive!*

This is a repetition but it is vitally IMPORTANT. Make registration the immediate thing to do after you reach Cincinnati.

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.

When you register you will be given a large envelope containing a descriptive pamphlet covering the different events, your credentials, tickets, official badge. Without these you are not entitled to share in the multiple benefits that are added to the Freedom of the City—everything FREE to those Elks who are registered, with their wives and other members of their families.

REGISTER!

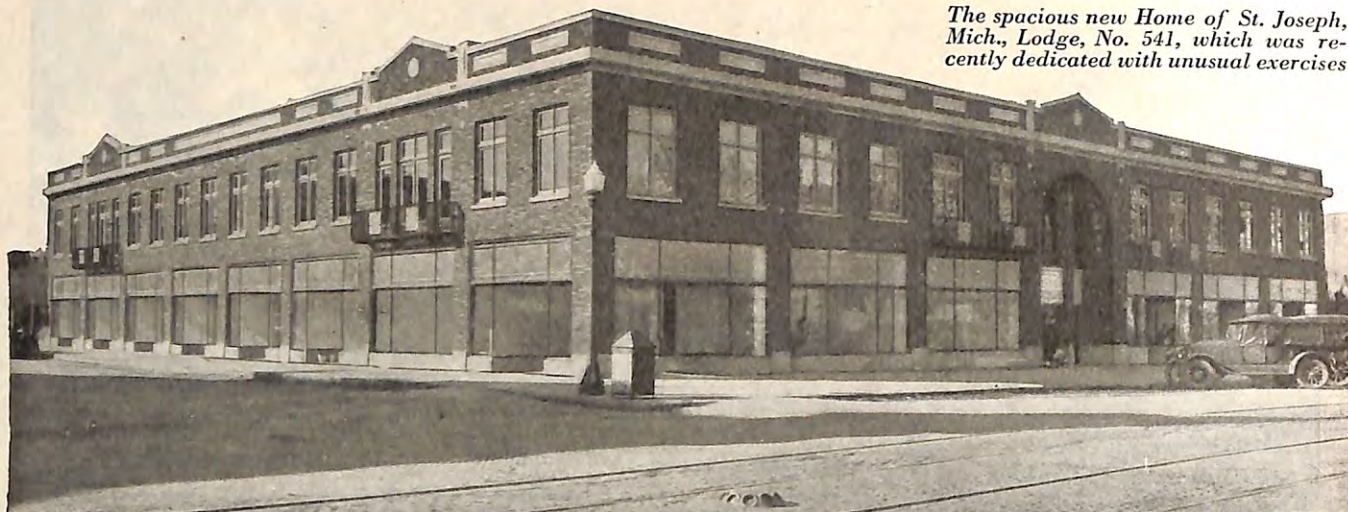
Fraternally yours,

1927 GRAND LODGE REUNION  
COMMITTEE

AUG. HERRMANN, *Chairman*,  
CHAS. E. BUNING,  
CHAS. E. DORNETTE,  
D. F. FRAYSER, *Ex-Officio*,

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





The spacious new Home of St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541, which was recently dedicated with unusual exercises

# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### Massachusetts State Elks Association Meets This Month

ON JUNE 5 and 6 Haverhill, Mass., Lodge, No. 165, will entertain the annual convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association for which an elaborate program of welcome and entertainment has been prepared. It is hoped that Governor Alvan T. Fuller will be present to assist Mayor Fred D. McGregor and the Lodge and Association officers in greeting the visitors at the opening session. At the banquet to be held at City Hall on the second day a number of prominent men are scheduled to speak, among them being Hon. John F. Malley, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; United States Senator David I. Walsh and Congressman A. Piatt Andrew.

### New York North Central District Association Meets at Fulton

The spring meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers and Secretaries Association of New York North Central District was recently held in the Home of Fulton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 830. Following a reception to the visitors a banquet was served after which there were addresses by Harry Nugent, President of the Association; Harry M. O'Brien, newly elected Exalted Ruler of Fulton Lodge, and several other well known members. The work of the Order in the District was discussed and many plans were suggested for an extension of the activities of the Association. The coming annual meeting of the New York State Elks Association at Troy and the Grand Lodge session at Cincinnati, Ohio, next July were among the subjects commented upon. It was decided to hold the next meeting of the district association at Seneca Falls about the middle of September.

### Roanoke, Va., Lodge Celebrates Its 36th Birthday

Former Governor E. Lee Trinkle of Virginia and Mayor Charles D. Fox of Roanoke, were among the speakers at a dinner given in the Home of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, on the occasion of the celebration of the Lodge's thirty-sixth anniversary. Many other distinguished members of the Order were also present, including Clyde Jennings, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. C. Walton, and R. H. Perry, Past President of the Virginia State Elks Association. The Elks Apollo Singers entertained the diners and there was also a recital on the new organ of the Home. Additional music during the evening was furnished by a large orchestra and also by a quartet composed of Elks.

The evening was a most delightful one and was attended by representatives of many other

Lodges who came to congratulate Roanoke Lodge on its long record of achievements.

### Frostburg, Md., Lodge Records Many Achievements for Year

The past year in Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, was one of the most successful in its history. Exalted Ruler D. D. Price in making his report cited the wide activities of the Lodge and the increase in membership during his administration. The outstanding achievements during the period included the organization of a clinic for crippled children held in Lonaconing; a very successful minstrel show which netted a large sum for the Lodge's treasury; the distribution of many Christmas baskets, and substantial aid rendered privately to numerous families within the Lodge's jurisdiction.

During the Lodge year the members also conducted a most successful Flag Day celebration and took part in many other patriotic and social functions.

### Red Bank, N. J., Lodge Wins State Ritualistic Contest

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, won the New Jersey State Ritualistic contest recently at Newark by defeating Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1455. The contest conducted a few months ago between these two Lodges at Rahway resulted in a tie, necessitating another meeting. This final victory brings to Red Bank Lodge the beautiful bronze tablet donated in behalf of these contests by Freehold, N. J., Lodge, No. 1454.

Recently Red Bank Lodge conducted a most successful minstrel show for the benefit of its crippled kiddies work. The special committee in charge of this laudable activity has been very effective during the past year, handling many cases. The minstrel show was given for the purpose of making this committee self-supporting.

### Willimantic, Conn., Lodge Will Dedicate New Home in June

Standing on an eminence which rises twenty-six feet above the level of the street, surrounded by sturdy oaks and towering hemlocks, the new Home of Willimantic, Conn., Lodge, No. 1311, is a thing of beauty and a community asset of which any citizen, regardless of affiliations, may well feel proud. The building is located in a park comprising about four and one-half acres and can be reached in less than a two-minute walk from the center of the city. A rubble stone wall, broken up by imposing ashlar piers surmounted by large electric light globes, extends along the entire four hundred and ten feet of the lot on the Pleasant Street side.

The Home is of the old English type of archi-

tecture. The frame is of steel with the walls of hollow tile, stuccoed and paneled, with the corners quoined with red tapestry brick. Every detail to provide for the comfort of the members and to carry out the minutest requirement of the design has been supplied. The rathskeller, with bowling alleys, pool and billiard tables, showers and kitchen arrangements, is situated in the basement. Entrance to this portion of the building is from the rear and overlooks the park proper, where the fairs and outdoor activities of the Lodge will be staged.

The main floor is taken up with a spacious lounge, together with a parlor, music room and reading room. The ladies' room, Secretary's office and coat room are also on this floor. The second floor provides a beautiful Lodge room finished in mahogany with heavily beamed ceiling and ornamental columns. This floor is approached by a broad open staircase which leads to a large reception hall on the second floor, from which the anterooms are accessible. On the third floor, a limited number of sleeping rooms are provided.

Elaborate plans are being perfected for the dedication of this handsome structure sometime this month when the Grand Exalted Ruler is expected.

### Rock Island, Ill., Lodge Acquires Large New Home

Rock Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 980, is now in possession of its recently acquired Home at 220 Nineteenth Street. The new Home, built and occupied for some years by the Rock Island Club, a social and commercial organization, was bought by the Lodge with all its furnishings. It is admirably designed and equipped for the purposes of the Lodge, being three stories high, with wide halls, lounges, ladies' parlors, dining rooms, offices on the first floor; and Lodge room, billiard and game rooms on the second; and neatly appointed living rooms for visiting members on the third. The basement is provided with bowling alleys and a beautiful rathskeller.

The Lodge, which has expended \$10,000 in addition to the purchase price, in renovating and redecorating the building, has drawn from the membership of the former Rock Island Club two hundred new members, making its present roster close to 1,000 in good standing.

### Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge Conducts Its Annual Easter Egg Hunt

While 2,500 of their elders stood about and watched and remembered their own youth, approximately 1,000 boys and girls of Shelbyville, Ind., and vicinity scrambled about the Shelby County fair ground at Shelbyville on the afternoon of Easter Sunday, in the annual Easter egg hunt which was conducted by Shelbyville



Lodge, No. 457. There were ninety dozens of eggs hidden about in the tall grass and in earth. It took the boys and girls just about five minutes to find every one of those eggs. Thirty-six prizes were offered by the Lodge to the children who found the china eggs, which were hidden with the others. In addition to these, six white rabbits were given the red-headed boys and girls who brought in the first blue eggs.

Shelbyville Lodge has conducted similar egg hunts in the past and each year the event has grown. The interest in the party has now spread from the city throughout the county, and to adjoining cities, many being present from nearby towns. All of the boys and girls were presented with oranges at the close of the hunt, so that all might have something by which to remember the day even though they did not win prizes.

### **Charter Members Entertain Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge at First Annual Party**

A banquet, a vaudeville program and an initiation were the features of the first annual entertainment given by the charter members of Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1312, for the rest of the members. Music by the Oneonta Theatre Orchestra and community singing enlivened the course of the dinner and the initiation of the special class of candidates was performed by the original officers of the Lodge, who conducted the first ceremonies ten years ago. A large proportion of the members of Oneonta Lodge attended the event and Charter Night promises to be one of the most popular fixtures on No. 1312's social calendar.

### **Annual Report of Crippled Children's Committee of Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge**

The recent annual report made by Chairman Henry E. Rickman of the Committee on Crippled Children of Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1317, shows that on April 1st, the committee had under inspection 54 children, ranging in age from four to seventeen years. Three complete cures were effected during the previous twelve months; two clinics, attended by more than 100 children, were conducted at the Cohoes Hospital by Dr. LeRoy W. Hubbard, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., assisted by physicians and surgeons of the vicinity; 8 pairs of braces, 6 pairs of special shoes, 3 sets of crutches, and many bandages, medicines, and other necessities were purchased. Cohoes Lodge is carrying on this good work, and a number of the youngsters whom it has had under observation are scheduled for immediate surgical care.

### **Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge Making Improvements in Home**

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, is remodeling and completing the basement in its Home. This will be, when completed, the most important change in the handsome building since its dedication, for it will assemble all the club features in the basement, releasing for other uses the present fountain room, game room and billiard room.

### **Elks of Lincoln, Neb., Guests of Beatrice, Neb., Lodge**

Members of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, No. 80, to the number of forty, were recently guests of Beatrice, Neb., Lodge, No. 619, the occasion being the initiation of a large class of candidates and the installation of the new officers. The initiation was conducted by the retiring officers, and the installation by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George F. Corcoran of York, Neb., Lodge, No. 1024. August Schneider, likewise a member of York Lodge and a Past President of the Nebraska State Elks Association, was also a guest of the evening.

### **Martins Ferry, Ohio, Lodge Has Enthusiastic Membership**

Martins Ferry, Ohio, Lodge, No. 895, has had a very active year in all of its departments. Its Home, on which \$8,000 was recently spent for remodeling, has been the scene of many delightful meetings and social functions. Past Exalted Rulers Night and Bridgeport Night was one of

the most successful. Members of the Lodge residing in Bridgeport, Ohio, had charge of the entertainment and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge filled the chairs. After the initiation of a large class of candidates there was a banquet which was followed by boxing bouts and a vaudeville program. Martins Ferry Night and Wheeling, W. Va., Night were two other happy evenings for the members and their guests. On each occasion there was an initiation, banquet and a special program of entertainment.

### **Minnesota State Elks Association To Meet Late in August**

The Minnesota State Elks Association will set a precedent this year by holding its annual convention on both sides of the Canadian border. The business sessions will be in Thief River Falls, Minn., on August 24 and 25, after which the meeting will be adjourned and the social side of the convention taken up in Winnipeg, Manitoba, on August 26 and 27. Extensive programs of entertainment have been prepared by Thief River Falls Lodge, No. 1308, and by organizations in Winnipeg. In the latter the meeting of the band of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, which won the B-class championship at the Grand Lodge Reunion in Chicago last year, and the internationally famous Princess Pat's Own, is being looked forward to with lively interest.

### **Uniontown, Pa., Lodge to Entertain Grand Army of Republic**

Dr. L. F. Arensberg, general chairman of the committee arranging for the sixty-first annual state encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic to be held in Uniontown the week of June 12, recently received a communication from Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370, in which the members placed their Home at the disposal of the veterans while the encampment is being held there. Dr. Arensberg in reply accepted the invitation of the Lodge and arrangements have been perfected to make the Home one of the headquarters of the veterans while in Uniontown. As this will probably be the last meeting of the kind to be held in Pennsylvania by the few remaining members of this once great organization, the Lodge is making unusual preparations for the reunion.

### **Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Has Fine Membership Record**

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, can be proud of its membership record during the past Lodge year. It shows a growth of from 796 to 1,125 members, a gain of 329, or 41 per cent. Of the total membership all but 35 were in good standing on April 1, giving the Lodge a paid-up membership of over 97 per cent. In addition to these praiseworthy figures, the average attendance at Lodge meetings was about 225. The Lodge has also shown a corresponding prosperity, retiring many of its outstanding bonds. Every dance, entertainment and the Lodge dining room showed a profit during the year.

### **"Kitrick Night" at the Home of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge**

One of the most enthusiastic demonstrations ever tendered to one of its members was recently given to Past Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Kitrick by Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211. Over 2,000 members were present to pay their respects to their former officer, and a distinguished group of entertainers provided one of the cleverest performances ever staged in the big Lodge room of the Home. Eddie Dowling, the star of "Honey-moon Lane," and a score of equally well known members of the theatrical profession enlivened the gathering. The entire evening's activities were directed by the Entertainment Committee that served under Mr. Kitrick when he was Exalted Ruler five years ago.

### **Betty Bacharach Home is Officially Praised**

The New Jersey State Department of Institutions and Agencies has officially endorsed and praised the condition, equipment and management of the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children, at Longport. The Home, established in the memory of their mother by the children of Mrs. Betty Bacharach, is administered, and largely supported, by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276. With his official certificate of endorsement Commissioner William J. Ellis sent a letter in which he said, in part, that the inspection of the Home disclosed it to be in "splendid condition, and that the construction of a new building for housing twenty-four more children is almost completed."

"With the children now under your care doing so well," Mr. Ellis went on, "it is a comfort to know that still others may soon be benefited."

### **Salem, Ohio, Lodge Opens Large New Home**

The handsome new Home of Salem, Ohio, Lodge, No. 305, was recently thrown open for the first time, and hundreds of persons took advantage of the invitation to inspect the structure, one of the finest Lodge buildings in this part of the State. The formal dedication will not take place until this month, when it is expected that the Grand Exalted Ruler will conduct the ceremony.

The building is of Colonial type, of red brick with light mortar. A terraced brick and stone entrance adds much to its general appearance. It is adjacent to the Memorial building, Masonic Temple and American Legion Home, and across the street from the public library.

The Home will have the largest ballroom in the city, 43 feet, 10 inches, by 64 feet, 8 inches, and occupying two stories. This will also be used as the Lodge room. In the basement, which is on a level with the side-walks of McKinley Avenue, are the grill and club rooms. Spacious conference rooms, billiard rooms, lounges and a library are other features of this attractive building.

Salem, Ohio, Lodge has always been the social center for the various civic and fraternal organi-



*The recently completed Home of Salem, Ohio, Lodge, No. 305, soon to be dedicated*





*The attractive new Home of Brainerd, Minn., Lodge, No. 615, recently dedicated*

zations of the city and its new Home affords it facilities for even wider activities in the community.

### **Chicago Heights, Ill., Lodge Dedicates New Home**

Chicago Heights, Ill., Lodge, No. 1066, recently dedicated its new Home on Otto Boulevard, near Sixteenth Street, with appropriate ceremonies attended by representatives of many Lodges throughout the State. Past Exalted Ruler and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank C. Sullivan of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, delivered the dedicatory address, expressing, on behalf of the many Elks present, appreciation of the fine record and achievement of Chicago Heights Lodge.

The new Home is of red brick, with terra cotta trimmings and contains on the ground floor comfortable reception rooms for members and ladies, a large Lodge room and kitchen. On the second floor is a spacious lounge, a large billiard room, game rooms, hand ball court and showers.

The remainder of the week following the dedication was given over to a public inspection of the new building, a large dance and an old-fashioned Elks stag.

### **Creston, Ia., Lodge Holds Successful Show Despite Weather Handicap**

Despite a heavy and unseasonable snow fall the minstrel and vaudeville show of Creston, Ia., Lodge, No. 605, was a great success. A large audience filled the high school auditorium and witnessed a novel and highly entertaining production by a cast of members and their friends. The bill was on the order of a musical revue, being made up of a series of specialty acts, with the minstrel as the climax. The audience greatly enjoyed the departure from the time-worn custom of seating the minstrels in a semi-circle, the act being staged as a café scene with the interlocutor and end-men taking the part of waiters.

### **St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge Dedicates Its Large New Home**

St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541, recently dedicated its handsome new \$200,000 Home with impressive ceremonies in which many distinguished members of the Order played a part. The dedicatory exercises were conducted by the officers of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Mountain delivered the oration of the day.

The new Home is a well constructed and attractive building in which everything for the comfort and convenience of the members has been provided. Eight bowling alleys are in the basement, where there are also a soda fountain, a cigar stand and a lunch counter. The main stairway of the building on Broad and State Streets leads to a double entrance on the second floor where the Lodge room, lounging rooms, grill room and ladies' room are located. The main lounge is especially attractive, being 60 x 40 feet and artistically furnished. The Lodge room

is also of impressive design and finish. The stations are in walnut and the lighting system is arranged to give many pleasing effects. A stage stands at one end of the room, with a velvet curtain in purple and gold.

On the street level of the building are ten stores which have been rented to leading merchants of the city.

### **Corning Elks Americanization Classes Hold Graduation Exercises**

Commencement exercises of the Americanization School started and fostered a year ago by Corning, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1071, were held recently in the office building of the Corning Glass Works. Several hundred friends of the graduates and many distinguished residents of the city interested in the work of the school attended the commencement. Dr. John A. McNamara, Chairman of the Lodge's Americanization Committee, delivered the address of welcome. Other interesting talks were made by A. M. Blodgett, and Sherman L. Howe, District Superintendents of Schools, and Rev. Guy Bleakney, pastor of the First Baptist Church. Students of the class which was graduated represented 17 different nationalities.

### **Sports Tournament Held by San Diego, Calif., Lodge**

A sports tournament, with prizes for the many events, was held from April 11 to May 15 by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168. Billiards, pool and bowling were the first events to be started, and besides these there was play in chess, pinocle, golf and trap shooting. A large number of members were entered and the rivalry was keen.

### **Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge to Build Unit at Home for Boys**

In addition to going on record as unanimously endorsing the Abraham Lincoln Home for Boys to be erected at Simi, Calif., Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, plans to lend considerable material assistance in its construction. The Lincoln Home is being financed by contributions from charitable and beneficent organizations, and the part to be played by No. 99 is set forth in the following resolution, adopted at a recent meeting:

"RESOLVED, that this Lodge approve of and authorize the Big Brother Committee to raise sufficient funds by subscription or other means deemed by it to be expedient, to erect a unit of the Abraham Lincoln Home for Boys at Simi, the unit to be known as 'Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks Unit,' the cost of which is to approximate \$17,500; and

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that this Lodge pledges its full support to, and hearty cooperation in, any plan adopted by the committee for the purpose of raising the said fund."

### **Member of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Wins World's Shooting Title**

Bettering the world's record for individual marksmanship at the Indiana Rifle matches held recently at Culver Military Academy, James W. Hurt, a member of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, brought to his city and Lodge the individual shooting championship of the State and, in addition, a world's title. In achieving a perfect score of 200 Mr. Hurt made 48 bull's-eyes.

Mr. Hurt is also a bowler of nation-wide reputation, having scored 645 pins in the 1925 Elks National Bowling Tournament, tying for the singles championship. This year at the Milwaukee meet he scored 662 in the singles.

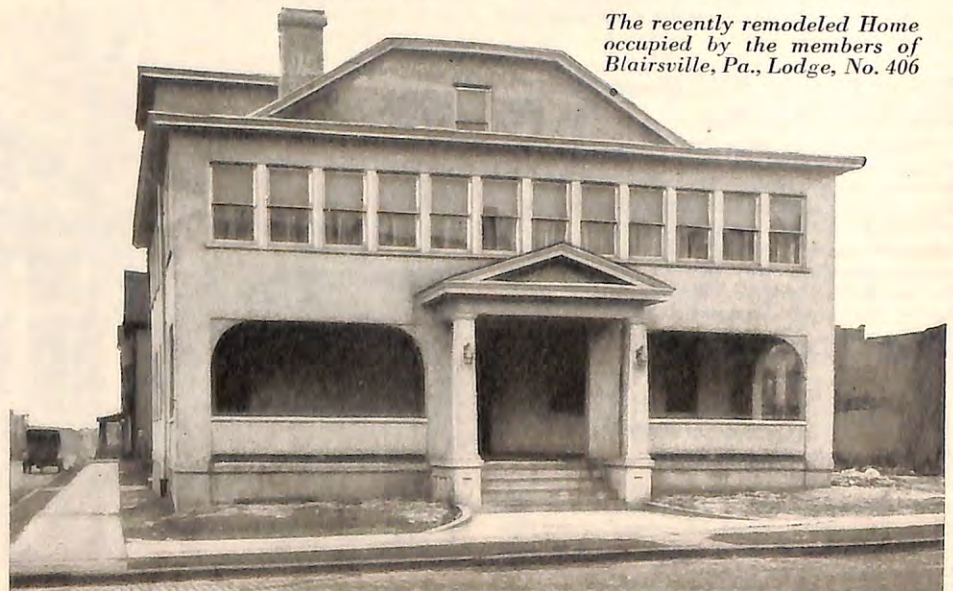
### **Douglas, Ariz., Lodge Initiates Record Class**

A monster parade through the streets of the city, an initiation of a class of 52 candidates—the largest class ever initiated in the State—and an enthusiastic banquet marked one of the biggest days in the history of Douglas, Ariz., Lodge, No. 955. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. B. Mathews, of Bisbee, Ariz., Lodge, No. 671, assisted by Arnold White, retiring Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, conducted the ceremonies before visiting members from Los Angeles, Tucson, Bisbee and other parts of the State.

At the banquet following the initiation, Dr. E. W. Adamson presided as toastmaster, introducing Hon. W. G. Gilmore as the principal speaker of the evening.

A few weeks later Douglas Lodge initiated another class numbering 58, making a total of 110 new members added as a result of its membership campaign.

*The recently remodeled Home occupied by the members of Blairsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 406*





### **Kelso, Wash., Lodge Produces Fine Charity Show**

Kelso, Wash., Lodge, No. 1482, recently took over the Vogue Theatre for three nights where it produced an interesting and varied amateur charity show for the benefit of the Convalescent Home for children which is being erected at Lake Ballinger by Washington Elks. The program each evening consisted of a minstrel show, a group of vaudeville acts and a showing of the motion picture "Moulders of Men," which has as its theme the work of Elk Lodges on behalf of underprivileged children. The members of the casts were all residents of the district who had given much time and energy to the productions, and the fine success of the performances and the resultant benefit to the building fund were due to their efforts and to those of the committee in charge.

### **Indiana Central District Meets at Noblesville**

The Indiana Central District, composed of Lodges in Hartford City, Tipton, Frankfort, Elwood, Anderson, Lebanon, Crawfordsville, Alexandria, Muncie, Portland, Marion and Noblesville, recently met in Noblesville. Following a banquet the representatives of these Lodges held an interesting business session which was presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Victor Bournique. Roy Heiny, Exalted Ruler of Noblesville Lodge, No. 576, welcomed the visitors and there were addresses by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. S. Snively, W. E. Hendrich and William F. Smith, Past Exalted Ruler of Alexandria Lodge, No. 478.

The object of this meeting being called was to bring the Lodges of the District into closer association and to exchange ideas regarding future activities.

### **Meadville, Pa., Lodge Is Generous In Community Undertakings**

Despite the fact that Meadville, Pa., Lodge, No. 219, had just incurred heavy obligations in the remodeling of its Home, there was no hesitation on the part of the members when a call came for funds to assist in a community undertaking. The First M. E. church, recently destroyed by fire, was to be rebuilt and a very substantial sum was turned over to the fund for this purpose. The decision to do this was made by the members at a largely attended meeting, and the vote was unanimous.

### **Virginia State Elks Association Will Meet at Fredericksburg in August**

Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge, No. 875, which will entertain the annual meeting of the Virginia State Elks Association, has decided upon August 22 and 23 as the dates for the gathering. Committees are at work planning for the entertainment of the many delegates and visitors who are expected and nothing will be left undone to uphold the reputation of Fredericksburg Lodge for real Virginia hospitality.

### **Report of the Crippled Children's Committee of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge**

The report of the Crippled Children's Committee of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, signed by Chairman Thomas E. Collins and his fellow workers, shows a vast amount of good work achieved. The sympathies of the Committee were wide and its work as varied as it was valuable, as the following facts taken from the report show: Four patients received convalescent care, covering a period of 73 weeks, at the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Longport, N. J., and two enjoyed vacations of two weeks there, while two more, in poor physical condition, although not crippled, were given holidays at the Elks Kiddies Farm in Dunellen; 52 crippled youngsters, with their young brothers and sisters making a total of 128, were taken to the circus and 66 patients received Christmas gifts. After years of effort on the part of the Lodge, through its Committee, the Board of Education appropriated \$11,500 for the education of the crippled children of Elizabeth; employment was found for two

*The attractive Home of Ashland, Ore., Lodge No. 944, located in a central part of the city*



patients, and violin lessons arranged for a little, hunchback boy who loves music better than books.

These are some of the statistics of the work: Cases receiving attention during the year, 127; operations performed, 9; casts applied, 4; braces, crutches, etc., supplied, 29. A total of \$4,296.44 was disbursed.

### **Perilous Trip by Auto and Plane to Pay Last Tribute to Fellow Member**

This is a story of officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, driving automobiles night and day over mountain and desert roads, a distance of 250 miles, and of an airplane flight made by the Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, so that the Lodge of Sorrow could be conducted by them for J. C. Hemingway, one of the founders and Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge who had passed away at Holtville, in the Imperial Valley.

The autos left Santa Monica at two o'clock in the morning, arriving at El Centro in time for the funeral and departed immediately so that the members and officers could spend Easter with their families. Wind and rain storms were experienced both going and returning. The Exalted Ruler of Santa Monica Lodge, E. W. Biscailuz, who is undersheriff of Los Angeles County, was unable to leave his duties until noon of the day of the funeral, but by flying the 250 miles to El Centro he arrived, after a dangerous flight, in time to attend the ceremonies.

The services, held in the Lodge room of El Centro Lodge, No. 1325, were impressively conducted, many being present to pay last tribute to Mr. Hemingway, who was loved and revered throughout the State.

### **Muskegon, Mich., Lodge Owns Large Summer Playground**

Muskegon, Mich., Lodge, No. 274, is unique in that it owns a beautiful park and playground of sixty-nine acres with 1,500 feet of Lake Michigan frontage. The tract, only twenty minutes drive from the Home of the Lodge, is covered with virgin timber, with sands at the lake shore, and has a perfect bathing beach.

The Lodge is now developing this beauty spot with a club house, bath houses, playground apparatus for the children, and is constructing drives and other improvements to make this a real park for its members and visiting Elks.

### **Brainerd, Minn., Lodge Dedicates Its Large New Home**

The handsome new Home of Brainerd, Minn., Lodge, No. 615, was recently dedicated with elaborate exercises in which representatives of many Lodges of the State took part. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. F. Marcum was in charge of the ceremony, and the dedicatory oration was delivered by William C. Robertson, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. Other speakers of the day included Dr. Chester R. Leech, President of the Minnesota State Elks Association. Following the dedication there was a banquet and informal ball at the new Home.

The new building, located at the corner of Sixth and Laurel Streets, is one of the finest modern structures in the city. Built of brick, the three-story Home, size 75 x 140 feet, is the last word in fireproof construction. It has bowling alleys, spacious lounges, pool and billiard rooms, banquet rooms and every other facility for the comfort and pleasure of the membership. The Lodge room on the second floor extends through to the roof with a ceiling height of twenty feet. The interior treatment of the Lodge room is Italian. The lower side walls to the height of eight feet have an antique stone effect. Above, ornamental plaster pilasters rise to the ceiling. The ceiling has ten ornamental beams. Small windows are placed high on the side walls. These interesting windows were made in England. The floor of this room has been designed for the dancer's feet, laid up in parquet design with two thicknesses of best grade maple flooring which will act as a wonderful spring cushion. A motion-picture booth is also provided, and a modern system of ventilation will completely change the air of the room every ten minutes.

The balance of the second floor and the entire third floor are devoted to living rooms, thirty-three in number. In connection with these rooms there are eleven private shower baths, seven connecting baths, three private baths.

### **Lamar, Colo., Lodge to Hold Second Oratorical Contest**

Lamar, Colo., Lodge, No. 1319, will conduct its second oratorical contest for school children, in connection with its Flag Day exercises. Six prizes will be given, the first of \$10.00, and contestants will be rated 50 per cent. for thought



and 50 per cent. for delivery. The school sending the largest number of winners will be awarded a handsome pennant emblematic of its victory. The subject of the orations is to be "What Our Flag Means to Me," and essays are limited to 200 words.

### **Granite City, Ill., Lodge Observes Twentieth Birthday**

With Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell as their honor guest, the members of Granite City, Ill., Lodge, No. 1063, recently celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the institution of their Lodge. Elks from all parts of the region were present at the banquet which preceded the delightful program of entertainment. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. D. Midkiff; Emmett Costello, Exalted Ruler of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664; and Exalted Ruler Gradinaroff of Granite City Lodge were among the speakers of the evening who congratulated the Lodge on its fine achievements.

### **Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Initiates its Largest Class**

When Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, initiated, a short time ago, the largest class of candidates in its history, one of the features of the great meeting was the showing for the first time in a Lodge room of "Moulders of Men" the five-reel picture based on the principles and precepts of the Order. Ralph Ince, a member of the Lodge and the director of the picture, was present, as were many other distinguished members of the cinema world. The meeting was a record-breaker in attendance, the large assemblage expressing enthusiastic approval of the initiatory ceremony and of the picture.

### **California Elks Take Part In Big Trapshoot**

Trapshooters of California established a new world's record for a one-day shoot recently when 630 shooters participated in the sixth annual tournament held under the auspices of the San Francisco Chronicle at the West Alameda grounds of the Golden Gate Gun Club, for the benefit of the charity funds of Elk Lodges in Oakland and Alameda. In 1926 the entry list was 533 shooters. This year close to 100 more shooters were in attendance. Elk Lodges in the

district participated in the shoot and teams and individuals were awarded many trophies and gold prizes.

### **Governor Attends Special Meeting Of Lansing, Mich., Lodge**

Hon. Fred W. Green, Governor of Michigan, was recently the guest of honor at a special meeting of Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 106, when forty-six candidates were initiated. In honor of the Governor, officers of six other Lodges, including Ionia Lodge, No. 548, of which he is a member, attended the meeting. The other Lodges represented were Battle Creek, No. 131, Owosso, No. 753, Alma, No. 1400, Flint, No. 222 and Jackson, No. 113.

More than 500 were present at the banquet which preceded the initiation.

### **Omaha Elks Pay Visit to Columbus, Neb., Lodge**

Some thirty-odd members of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, were the guests of Columbus, Neb., Lodge, No. 1195, when their officers initiated a class for the hosts. The delegation arrived at Columbus on an early evening train, and were entertained at dinner by the officers and committee members of the Lodge before the opening of the session. Other events of the evening were an entertainment, a buffet supper, and a number of interesting talks by Congressman Edgar Howard, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. P. Zieg and others.

### **Seattle, Wash., Lodge Soon to Have New Home**

With Trustee Sam T. Williamson as Chairman, the Building Committee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, after two years of study and investigation, expects to let contracts, in the very near future, for the construction of a new Home for No. 92. While no plans had been actually drawn at the time of writing, it is safe to say that the new building will be among the finest in the country, for the officers and general membership have repeatedly expressed themselves as being unwilling to accept any program which does not provide amply for every need, or is any way unworthy of one of the largest Lodges in the Order.

Seattle Lodge's annual Bal Masque and Dance of the Purple Bubbles was again a splendid

success. Given for charity the affair was attended by the membership and the general public in huge numbers. The gratifyingly large sum made available for the humanitarian work of the Lodge is a reflection of the generosity in time, money and effort of those in charge of the arrangements, the many organizations and business establishments which assisted them, and of the interest of Seattle residents in 92's charitable program.

### **Alameda, Calif., Lodge Holds Athletic Night**

One of the most enjoyable evenings of the season in Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, was the recent Athletic Night held in the Lodge room. A capacity crowd of members witnessed the more than twenty events that constituted the interesting program. Many forms of sport were shown, including boxing, wrestling, fencing, jousting, tumbling, club-swinging, and so on. Members of the Olympic and Athens Clubs presented a large part of the program, while twenty boys from the Alameda High School scored a big hit. The British War Veterans kiltie band, from Oakland, supplied much lively music during the course of the evening.

### **Atlanta, Ga., Lodge Purchases Beautiful Home**

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, has purchased for its Home the beautiful J. Carroll Payne residence at 632 Peachtree Street. The sum of \$104,000 was paid for the property, and plans were made at once for the expenditure of \$100,000 more in remodeling the twenty-five-room stone mansion for Lodge purposes. The plot, measuring 104 feet on Peachtree Street and 232 feet on Fourth Street, is ideal as the location for a permanent Lodge Home, as property values in the vicinity are increasing at a rapid and steady pace.

### **Norwalk, Conn., Lodge Shows "Moulders of Men" for Charity Benefit**

Norwalk, Conn., Lodge, No. 709, recently added a neat sum to its charity fund as a result of a two-day showing of the Elk motion-picture of "Moulders of Men." The Lodge bought out the entire Rialto Theatre at South Norwalk and appealed to the public by special advertising, so that every showing of the picture was made to crowded houses.

### **New Officers of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Entertained by Members**

The members of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, and their families and friends recently entertained the newly elected officers for the present year at an inaugural dinner and ball. Elaborate decorations and a profusion of flowers made an unusually lovely setting for the banquet. The new officers, each of whom made brief addresses, were introduced by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Harry M. Ticknor.

During the past year a policy was inaugurated by Pasadena Lodge of having the newly initiated classes take the names of the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, elect officers, and thereafter be identified by its name. This year's plan now provides that each class initiated during the past year and each future class, present the entertainment for one Lodge meeting, and arrange for one of the Lodge dances.

### **Seattle, Wash., Lodge Mourns Death Of Past District Deputy Bouckaert**

Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, mourns the passing of George Bouckaert, one of its most active and lovable Past Exalted Rulers and a Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Washington Northwest. He was an inspired worker not only in behalf of his own Lodge, but for the Order throughout the State as well. As Exalted Ruler he accomplished much for the development of No. 92, and his activities did not cease when he laid down the gavel. Some of his most valuable service was rendered as chairman of various committees in the years that followed. By his death his fellow members and his many friends throughout the Order have lost the presence of a rich and stimulating personality.



*The new Home enjoyed by the members of Bristol, Pa., Lodge, No. 970*





The Lodge room of a comparatively small Lodge, the meeting place for members of Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge, No. 1380

### **Crippled Children's Committee of Camden, N. J., Lodge Reports**

The report of the Crippled Children's Committee of Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, signed by Dr. S. F. Ludlow, Chairman, shows an expenditure of close to \$4,000 for the past year. Two hundred and thirty-nine children received care during the year, 10 of them in sanitariums, and 17 operations were performed. Twenty-seven patients were given convalescent care and summer vacations and 140 were taken to moving-picture theatres. Three sets of braces and many special shoes and other accessories were bought; 32 children were supplied with clothes, and 1,325 visits were made to the homes of patients.

### **Lincoln, Neb., Lodge Boosts Opening Baseball Game**

The Activities Committee of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, No. 80, recently secured a large attendance of the membership for the opening game of the Lincoln Baseball Club in the Western League series. About twenty-five automobiles were decorated for the Elks section of the parade, and the Elks band furnished the music at the game. The section of the Grand Stand reserved for the members and their families was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

### **Ohio Lodges in Marion and Columbus Exchange Visits**

Honoring its Exalted Ruler, Grant E. Mouser, Jr., on the last meeting of his term, Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, arranged a large banquet which was attended by many members from Columbus, Ohio, No. 37. The Columbus Elks were so pleased with the reception given them that they insisted on returning the hospitality. Accordingly a few weeks later some sixty members of Marion Lodge visited Columbus Lodge, where they joined in the initiation of a large class of candidates and the attendant festivities.

### **California Elks to Have Special Train for Grand Lodge Reunion**

The California State Elks Association has arranged for a special train for the visitors and delegates from the Lodges of the State to the Grand Lodge Reunion in Cincinnati in July. Two sections will start, one from Los Angeles and one from San Francisco, and will join in Salt Lake City. The trip promises to be a most enjoyable and interesting one, giving the travelers an opportunity to become acquainted with one another and allowing for stop-overs in Denver and Chicago.

### **Little Falls, Minn., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-fifth Birthday with Reception**

Two hundred guests enjoyed the party given by Little Falls, Minn., Lodge, No. 770, to cele-

brate its twenty-fifth birthday. The evening was opened with a number of talks by well-known Minnesota Elks and by several vocal selections by a mixed quartet. Richard L. Meyers, the new Exalted Ruler of Little Falls Lodge, was in charge of the affair; and Past Exalted Ruler H. A. Rider, a charter member, acted as toastmaster. The first speaker of the evening was Judge William C. Erickson of the Juvenile Court, who was followed by Dr. Chester R. Leech, President of the Minnesota State Elks Association and W. C. Robertson of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, a member of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee. After the talks and the musical program had been completed the floor was cleared and dancing enjoyed by the members and their friends.

### **Unique Dinner Held in Home Of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge**

One of the first social events given by the new administration of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, was a get-together dinner of those members who are also members of other organizations. The committee in charge, appointed by Exalted Ruler Charles W. Miller, sent invitations to all Elks belonging to the Masonic groups, the Knights of Columbus, the Loyal Order of Moose, the American Legion and the Erie Social Club, and some of the best speakers and entertainers in the country were secured for the occasion.

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

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow has granted dispensations for the following new Lodges:

Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, No. 1532.  
Frackville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1533.

### **Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge Doing Much Welfare Work**

Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515, one of the youngest in the State, has already an excellent record in Social and Community Welfare work. During the past Lodge year it expended close to \$5,000 in behalf of this work. Over 123 families, including 234 children, enjoyed the charity of the Lodge. One of its chief contributions was made to St. Joseph's Hospital at Far Rockaway, where a bed was endowed. The Lodge also contributed a large sum to the new hospital now in the course of construction. Two college scholarships were also endowed.

### **Past Exalted Rulers Association Of Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge**

The Past Exalted Rulers Association of Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge, No. 1247, at a meeting held a short time ago, elected the officers for the coming year. They are: President, Wesley O.

Smith; Vice-President, Major Clarence H. Underwood; Secretary, Perry O. DeLap; Treasurer, C. A. Hayden.

### **Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge Entertains State Legislators**

Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, at a recent meeting, entertained those members of the State Legislature who are Elks. The affair was in the nature of a special meeting and was presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William T. Ramsey, who is a former member of the House. A banquet, a splendid jazz band, and a vaudeville entertainment were features of the evening. An interesting fact, brought out by the occasion, was that nearly a quarter of the House—47 out of 207, to be exact—are members of the Order.

### **Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge Has Excellent Accommodations**

Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, reports that it has excellent accommodations for traveling members in its new \$200,000 Home. Situated twenty-five miles from New York City, it has become a popular stopping place for Elks visiting in the metropolitan district. Large airy rooms, good food, and an atmosphere of hospitality are its attractions.

### **Olney, Ill., Lodge Plays Host To St. Louis, Mo., Members**

The initiation of a large class of candidates by the officers of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, was the feature of a recent meeting of Olney, Ill., Lodge, No. 926. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Truman A. Snell was the guest of honor at the banquet which followed the ceremony. A delightful entertainment concluded the evening. The event called forth the largest number of Elks ever assembled in Olney Lodge. Recently the Lodge staged its twenty-second annual minstrel show which netted a handsome profit.

### **Third Annual Dinner and Dance Given by Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge**

More than 100 members and their ladies attended the third annual dinner and dance of Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500, given recently at the Hendrick Hudson Hotel in Troy. Members of the Order from surrounding communities and their friends, guests of the Lodge, together with many members of No. 1500, were served dinner in the crystal ballroom of the hotel. An elaborate program of entertainment, including vaudeville performers from New York City, and a program of music by two local orchestras, was presented during the evening. It was an altogether enjoyable occasion, and one of the most successful of these annual functions of the Lodge.

(Continued on page 82)





## There's a *joker* in the *cheap* paint can!

**W**HEN you are tempted by a "low price" and alluring promises to use "cheap" paint on your house—STOP! There's a joker in every can.

It may *look* like paint. It may *smell* like paint. But if it sells at a "cheap" price you can decide that it is made of poor or skimpy materials. And a *poor paint* is the most *costly* paint you can put on your house.

### Let the "formula" prove it

There is one way to prove that a "low price" house paint is merely an inferior paint. Insist upon seeing the formula, either on the can or in the literature. Then compare it with the formula of fine old SWP which you will always find openly printed on every can.

Note the big percentage of *White Lead Carbonate* and *White Lead Sulphate* used in SWP Outside Gloss White House Paint.

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.

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.



**THE FINEST HOUSE PAINT THAT MONEY CAN BUY**



# HOUSE PAINT

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.

## SWP costs you less

One evidence of quality in a house paint is the way it *hides the surface* and the area it covers.

A gallon of fine old SWP will properly cover 360 square feet (two coats). A gallon of "cheap" paint will cover only 250 square feet (two coats), 110 square feet (two coats) less than SWP House Paint!

*That is one side of the joker in the "cheap" paint can.*

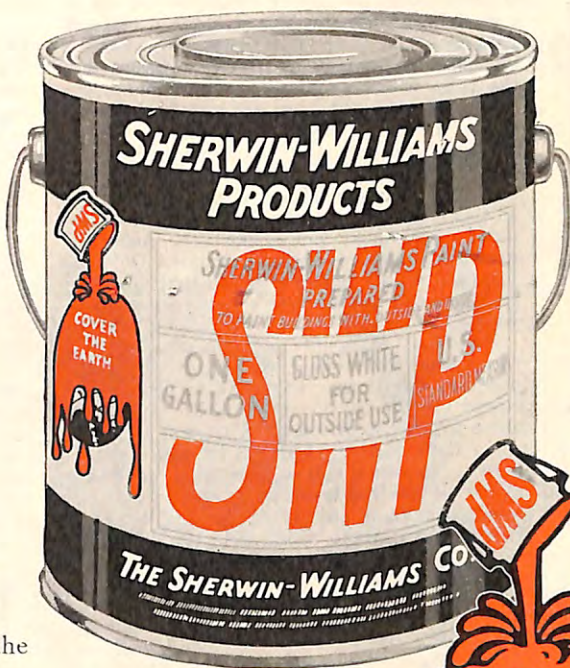
Where only seven gallons of SWP will finish the average house, eleven gallons of "low price" paint, if not more, are needed.

SWP costs more per gallon. But it covers *much more area*. By the job it costs no more, often *less*, than cheap paint.

Which would you rather use?

## Outwears "cheap" paint

Being made of best quality materials, SWP dries to a tough, elastic, glossy finish. There is no chipping, cracking or peeling. It weathers slowly. Lasts usually for five years. When repainting



Prepared house paint—at its best

is needed, you save paint, time and money because the SWP surface is in proper condition.

A "cheap" paint frequently chips, cracks, peels and fades in a year or so.

It gives an inferior finish—and a much shorter life than good house paint.

Repainting is frequent and costs more for paint and labor because the old paint has to be burnt or scraped off every time.

*That is the other side of the joker in the "cheap" paint can.*

## SWP beauty!

With fine old SWP you always get a beautiful paint job. Your house looks like new.

The colors are espe-

cially rich—with a sheen like fine old pottery.

And they are weather-fast—slow to fade.

Even after several years of exposure, a washing with plain soap and water will bring out their beauty almost like new. Contrast this with cheap colors that look dull and wishy-washy almost in no time.

Which would you rather have—when SWP is guaranteed to cost less per job and much less per year?

## Call at "Paint Headquarters" and save money

SWP House Paint is sold the world over by thousands of dependable SWP dealers. Each one is "Paint Headquarters" in his locality. There is one near you.

Before you let "cheap" paint blind you to real economy, get his advice on your paint problem.

He will estimate your requirements in SWP. Compare it with the cost of "cheap" paint. Remember the greater durability—the colors that will not fade. Then decide.

If you want literature, color cards, a copy of the famous SWP Household Painting Guide, help on a decorative scheme, write us.

**THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.**

Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World  
CLEVELAND, OHIO



Trade Mark Registered



**COSTS LESS PER SQ. FOOT . . . LESS PER YEAR . . . LESS PER JOB**





Williams saturated lather drenches each bristle—soaks the beard soft for easy shaving

## How To End RAZOR "PULL"

THERE is a very definite reason why we make Williams Shaving Cream so that it works up into a saturated lather. The excess moisture in the lather gets into action on the beard bristles and soaks them soft for easier cutting—this means an end to razor "pull."

But Williams doesn't stop there. It conditions the skin, giving the newly-shaven face that "barber's massage" feeling. Williams actually leaves the face more comfortable than before the shave.

Prove our claims FREE. Clip the coupon below or send a postcard for a week's trial tube at our expense. Two sizes, 35c and 50c.

Our new after-shaving liquid, *Aqua Velox*, keeps the face as comfortable as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it. Write Dept. 76 for generous test bottle.

# Williams

## Shaving Cream



The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 76, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal).

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Elks 6-27

## The Red Cap Tells the World

(Continued from page 25)

One of the favorite tricks of the ordinary city crook is to trap a new porter in a railroad station. The crook will watch until he sees a green man standing beside a bag while the owner is away buying his ticket or checking his trunk. Then he will rush up to the red cap as though he was in a hurry.

"Right this way with that bag, George," he will shout. And he will be off in a taxicab before the new man realizes that he had been fooled. Women crooks also try to catch the red cap in various ways. One woman recently in Chicago tried a new trick upon an unsuspecting porter. She gave him her bags, and as they were entering the train gate he noticed that one had fallen open. He then put down the bags and started to fasten up the one that had come undone. Just as he was doing so the owner turned around and saw what was going on. She instantly accused the red cap of rifling the bag, and although all this happened under the eyes of several gate-men, she brought suit against the road and recovered a hundred and fifty dollars. Don't be surprised if your porter tells you that your bag is unfastened and then lets you snap the lock yourself.

Red Cap! Who gave that name to the man who carries your baggage? No one seems positive; but it was thirty years ago in the Grand Central Station in New York that the name first came into use. That was the time when there were eight tracks instead of sixty-seven as there are now; a daily-train movement of over a hundred trains instead of over fifteen hundred as there are to-day. At that time the Century to Chicago operated in one section of

three sleepers only; to-day it goes out in three sections of seven to ten pullmans with a diner, a club car, and an observation car attached. In those days ten or a dozen white men were employed as porters. Few people used them. In order to facilitate travelers who were looking for a porter, and in order to make their use more general, it was suggested that they wear a uniform and red caps. This idea was adopted and spread not only all over this country but throughout the stations of Europe as well.

THE next time you pass through a big terminal take a good look at the red cap. You will observe some things about him you never noticed before. He may wear a coat buttoned around the neck which signifies that he is merely one of the force, or a coat with a turn-down collar and the word CAPTAIN embroidered upon his right arm. He may wear a chevron or two which is the token of five years faithful service with the company. Talk to the first red cap you meet, and you will discover to your surprise that the quarter you give him is helping him become a doctor, a lawyer or a teacher. If it is summer you may find that he is a student at Yale, Cornell, Michigan or one of the big universities of the country, getting an education for himself by carrying the public's baggage during the hot months of the year. And wherever and whenever you call on him for help, don't forget that an education costs money, and that much as he would like to do so, he can't afford to carry your suit-case out to the train for nothing. Porter service doesn't mean free service even if some of the traveling public imagine it does.

## The "T" Puzzle

(Continued from page 11)

and the smile on her lips as she looked at Mr. Slosson was very tender indeed.

A week later, the list was complete save for one word. One word having to do with three men wearing crowns. Slosson had not spoken to anyone about his ambition: he thought it wiser to keep the matter to himself, and then, if he should not win the prize after all—

The idea hurt, as if someone had reached in to pound on his heart, hard, with a hammer.

No, he simply had to win.

For a month, now, he had spent a good deal of his spare time in front of the automobile dealers' windows, letting his imagination run wild. For the first time in his life, he coveted. He was restless with the gnawing restlessness of a man who has let himself go after a lifetime of conscientious restraint. Out beyond the ugly little town, there were valleys and mountains, groves, farms and great orchards. He pictured himself flying on cushioned wheels at great speed down roads that spanned the visible world and penetrated the horizon. He would wander into the bright salesrooms, and examine with critical eyes the shiny new cars.

"Nice little bus you've got."

"Yes, sir. Very classy. Balloon tires. One-piece wind-shield. Four-wheel brakes. Latest finish. Riding lights. Spare. Four doors. Inside illumination. Mohair upholstery. All complete. Twenty-eight hundred and fifty-seven, delivered."

SLOSSON would lift the hood and bend over the engine. His fingers, so expert, so knowing, so delicate of feeling, would pass along the complex mechanism, seeming to caress.

"Can I interest you, sir?"

"Not to-day. Next week, maybe. I'm looking for a car. But I wanted a roadster."

"We have a nifty little model."

"Next week, maybe. I'll come in again."

So, by proxy, Slosson lived his dream.

"Only one more day, Mother. Sure you can't think of that word?"

"What word?" old man Hodges quavered. "What word? What are you talking about? Eh?"

Mr. Slosson, lowering the thumb newspaper clipping with a weary gesture, said: "Three men with crowns."

"Three men with crowns?"

The very old man pounded on the porch floor with his cane. He looked across the street toward the bay that glittered and was festive in the Sunday morning sunlight. He seemed to have forgotten, to have wandered away from the question. Then, suddenly, with a dry cackle, he said: "Why, that's a triumvirate, ain't it?"

Mr. Slosson gasped. He got up so quickly that the wicker chair went over backwards.

"Mother! I've got it! Do you hear? I've got it!"

He ran all the way down to the Virginia Street post-office, to mail the letter containing the precious list of eighty words all beginning with the letter T. Only when the envelope slipped into the crack marked "Letters," did he draw a breath, or feel secure. It was gone. Now, he'd either win or lose. It depended on the honesty of the judges, of course. No doubt of his list's completeness. He hadn't missed a trick. Now, if the mail wasn't delayed. If everything went right. . . . He saw himself receiving a long envelope addressed to "Charles Slosson, Esquire, Ohio Street." He saw himself tearing it open, and a blue cheque fluttering out. . . .

AND just so it finally did happen. A week passed. Two weeks. Three. Hope persisted, but hope can be like a fever: it can burn behind your eyes. A month, and Mr. Slosson no longer dared to look into the bright windows at the latest models in cars. He hung shamefacedly before the second-hand dealers' show-rooms, where fleet and shining champions of yesterday were offered for sale to the highest bidder, like spavined nags barred from the track. He had known all along that three hundred dollars would not purchase a new car. But as hope receded, the vision became tainted with the inevitable limitation.

"Just between you 'n me, Mr. Slosson, there's no sense in buying a new car. Here's a coach was turned in by a fellow who thinks he's got to have the latest model. Just glance her over. Sit down. Be comfortable. The best little car for the money in town. I'm not telling everybody. This is a bargain I'm keeping for my friends. Fact. The owner'll take three hundred dollars down and the balance in small monthly—"

Mr. Slosson had to admit that the coach was

(Continued on page 54)



# Alice Brady, The Delightful Actress, safeguarding her dramatic voice,

*writes:*

"My work on the stage may appear easy to an audience but, as a matter of fact, it is very strenuous. Now and then I indulge in a cigarette for relaxation and pleasure. I use Lucky Strikes, as I find they not only protect my voice but afford me the greatest amount of genuine enjoyment."

*Alice Brady -*



You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

## "It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection



When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.



## The "T" Puzzle

(Continued from page 52)



**When** the cool, mild smoke comes out of Milano's stem, your tongue will tell you, "Here's a pipe with a sweet disposition. I know we'll pull well together."

Hand-fashioned from century-old Italian briar, Milano's bowl is as mellow as a master's violin—and it plays the sweetest accompaniment to tobacco you ever puffed.

Scores of shapes. Smooth finish, \$3.50 up—rustic finish, \$4.00 up.

**"INSURED"**

Each Milano is "insured" for your protection by a special "policy", and the policy is "underwritten" by the little White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.  
230 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes



a bargain. He put his hands on the wheel. He bounced up and down to test the springs.

"Say, twenty dollars a month. Cheap, Mr. Slosson? You can't do better than that! Try, is all I have to say. I give you the chance. Take it or leave it."

"Next week, I'll know," Mr. Slosson said. He would wait an even month, and then, if he had not heard from the puzzle-award judges, he would let go and stop hoping altogether.

He walked home slowly, trying not to pin his faith on the late afternoon mail. He had come both to anticipate and dread the appearance of the postman in Tennessee Street. First, you saw him crossing Ohio, from corner to corner. You heard the mail box rattle. Then a blast on the whistle, and he climbed your steps from the street level, with something—a letter? a package?—in his hand.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Slosson."

"Good afternoon, Fred. Nice day."

What was this? A long envelope addressed—"Mother!"

He stumbled through the screen door into the kitchen.

"Mother, it's come!"

"What's come?", old man Hodges shouted from outside. They could see him peering through the window, flattening his nose on the pane.

"Come into the dining-room, Mother. I don't want him to see. It's none of his business anyway."

"Don't speak so he can hear you," Mrs. Slosson whispered, following. "He's had his pain all day."

Slosson's hands were trembling so that he could not open the envelope.

"From the newspaper—you open it, Mother."

He sat down heavily, and pressed his trembling hands hard against his knees. His eyes, as he scanned her face, were too eager: she could not look at him.

Very carefully she dried her hands on a corner of her apron, and, holding the envelope against the light, tore off the end, pressed and blew, inserted a finger . . .

**O**UT fluttered the blue cheque, as he had known it would flutter, almost alive in its promise of fulfillment. He did not dare to touch it. He kept his hands pressed down, as if the cheque might nip his fingers. Faintly, in a different voice, he asked:

"Is it so?"

She was so long in answering that his heart stopped, and then began to pump again with slow, full, violent thuds against his breast-bone, like a hammer from the inside. All the blood rushed into his head.

"Three hundred dollars. Yes. For you. And it says: 'Every word, except one, correct.'"

"Toad!"

The blood rushed out of his head again, leaving his face as white as a sheet.

"No. Tip. It should have been teeter." She glanced at him. "Why, Father, what's the matter?"

"I've got to run right down and tell that fellow I'll take the coach!"

"But, Father, you can't cash the cheque until the morning. It's getting dark. Why don't you wait?"

"No. I'm going. Get your hat. I want you to come, too. Somebody might snatch it up to-night. I want to make sure—"

"All right. All right!"

She whipped off her apron, smoothed her hair, stooped a little to glance at herself in the side-board mirror. "I'm a sight."

"You hurry, Mother!"

He went out on the porch to wait for her, into the swiftly gathering twilight, the coolness that seemed to gather over the bay and creep up through the streets, into the vines, the lawns, the trees, distilling a sweet, damp smell of green things. The shuffling of feet in Ohio Street had died away. The last ferry had gone. You could see it cutting across the Straits, with its load of little red lights. It swam into the liquid twilight.

Old man Hodges sat in his favorite chair, very still, even for him.

Slosson, out of his happiness, said cheerfully:

"'Bout time you were going home, isn't it? Getting chilly out here."

The old man shook his head. He tried to speak. His voice sounded far away, thin and unnatural: "Call Melba. I don't feel so good."

"That's all right. You just take my arm and we'll go right over. Easy now. That's it! Lean on me."

"I don't seem to feel so good."

"Backache?" Mr. Slosson asked jovially.

"Not so good. I feel old."

"That's not right: a young, spry fellow like you!"

"You tell Melba not to let me let go. I feel as if I'd let go, unless she held on to me."

"Nonsense. That's no way to talk. A spry fellow that was in Gettysburg! Be a good soldier, Mr. Hodges, and brace up."

Melba was at home.

**A**N ODOR of frying round-steak assailed the two men when she opened the door.

"Why, Paw, I thought you was having supper at the Slosson's."

Old man Hodges let out a wild sort of groan as he stumbled over the threshold.

Mr. Slosson handed him in with an air that was almost buoyant.

"Give him something hot to drink, Miss Hodges. He's been sitting too long in the chill of the evening."

She put her arm about the sagging, stumbling body and with a look full of reproach at Mr. Slosson, slammed the door.

"Eight years," Slosson thought, turning away, "of that! Well, now I'll have my Sundays to myself, anyhow."

They went arm in arm down through the dark up-town streets toward the bright quarter of shops and movie theatres, those four square blocks of imitation metropolis. They walked very close together, keeping step. They felt the old surge and lift of youth, the shared ecstasy of one another. Life was good. Out of a thousand others, they had been chosen for this blessing. They were in the prime of life. They loved. Dearly, dearly, they loved and always would love. This they shared, this unspoken, comforting secret duality. Poor old Hodges! Poor Melba! All those who were alone and unloved. . . .

"It's Saturday, Father. Did you forget?"

"What's the show?"

"Buster Keaton."

"We'll go after supper. But next Saturday night we'll take a ride. What do you say?"

"Let's," she whispered.

He made her sit in the car. She turned the lights off and on, blew the horn, shrieked at the noise it made, echoing so bravely in the big, concrete garage. And Mr. Slosson tried the brakes, kicked the tires, peered into the motometer, fussed with the carburetor and got himself all greasy. She hated to get out. Almost, it was like setting up housekeeping, this warm, upholstered interior with its mirror and its clock, its mysterious, glowing dials, its runner-curtains, its soft cushions, its rug and foot-warmer. She stroked everything with her plump fingers.

"To-morrow morning, sure."

"I'll run you out to the house, early, and show you all the tricks."

"Thanks. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

Everybody was warm-hearted and cordial. The agent went all the way to the door and tipped his hat.

"To-morrow morning, sure!"

On the way home, they dragged a little. They were silent, as people are silent who have just had a wonderful experience, to whom something unusual has happened. The hill seemed steep. Overhead, the trees rustled in a little wind from the bay, and, afterwards, it was so silent that they could hear ships' bells in the channel, a whole medley of them, all on different keys. Slosson suddenly remembered the shop, and the men, his friends, who would know to-morrow of his good fortune. "Seven o'clock," he said.

(Continued on page 56)



"The most luxurious  
one could provide," says  
*Mrs. HOWARD LINN of Chicago*



*The silver-papered guest room in Mrs. Linn's Chicago home is equipped with Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, Simmons Spring and Simmons Twin Beds, model No. 1547. "Those little coils," says Mrs. Linn, of the Beautyrest, "make the mattress ten times as comfortable and keep the edges straight and firm."*



Hutchinson

MRS. HOWARD LINN,  
formerly Miss Lucy Blair McCormick,  
is one of the loveliest of  
Chicago's younger hostesses

**I** CONSIDER the proper equipment of the bedroom an important part of a hostess's consideration of her guests," says Mrs. Howard Linn, herself one of the most delightful of Chicago's leading hostesses. "And for the bed, the Simmons Mattress and Spring are the most luxurious one could provide."

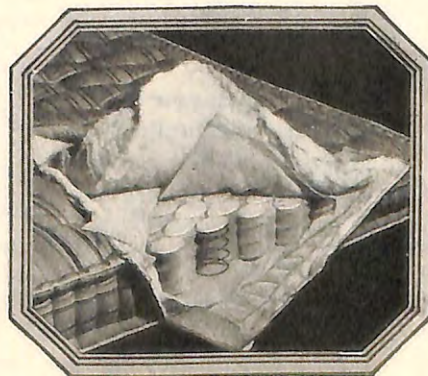
This new mattress, firmly tailored to hold its shape for years, is the latest achievement of the Simmons Company, largest makers of beds, mattresses and springs in the world.

The Beautyrest made its bow a few years ago. It met with instant success. It is composed of hundreds of tiny, up-standing coils of springiest steel, buried

deep in layers of softest cotton or hair. What luxurious comfort, what buoyancy!

**N**OW these tiny coils extend right to the edge of the mattress, giving the Beautyrest as neat, well-boxed and smartly correct an appearance as if it were custom-made. Best of all, it will endure! The coils stitched firmly within the felted sides hold them box-like and upstanding.

In furniture and department stores you will find this greatly improved Beautyrest, \$39.50; west of the Rocky Mountains, \$41.50; hair upholstered, \$60 to \$100. Other Simmons mattresses, \$10 up. Springs, \$7 to \$60. Simmons beds, \$10 to \$60. The name Simmons is plainly marked on every piece. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles. "Your home should come first."



*To the very edge go the small wire coils of its inner construction, springing up after any pressure, holding the sides firm and square*

**SIMMONS** BEDS • SPRINGS • MATTRESSES  
{ BUILT FOR SLEEP }





## Smooth in the Mouth ... and Delicious

**YOU'LL** recognize Beech-Nut Mints by their oval shape and the little red ovals on the packages. These mints are snowy-white in color, smooth to the touch, and very delicious in flavor.

Pure sugar is packed tight with genuine peppermint, wintergreen or spearmint. The real mint flavors taste delightfully cool and freshen the mouth pleasantly after smoking.

Beech-Nut Mints cost only 5c a package. You will find them for sale in your club. Or at least you should find them there. They are always present wherever fine candies are sold.

# Beech-Nut Mints

## The "T" Puzzle

(Continued from page 54)

As they mounted the steps from the street, Melba Hodges ran down to meet them:

"I was trying to get you. Paw's dying!"

"Your father?"

"The doctor's there. Come quick. Oh, God, come quick!"

They followed her.

**OLD** man Hodges lay in the middle of a wide, dilapidated walnut bed that sagged, and the Slossons were at once aware that in all those years they had never seen him without his hat. The sight of him there, in a night-shirt, hatless, shocked them: it did something queer to their hearts. His hands lay on the outside of the bed-clothes, and plucked and plucked. He looked at them.

The doctor was writing on a pad.

"Got a telephone?" he snapped.

"Next door," Mr. Slosson said.

"Well, get the city hospital and tell them to send an ambulance. We'll have to operate."

"I'll 'phone," Mr. Slosson said.

On the way across the lawn, he thought: "I wonder who'll pay for it. She can't."

No, Melba could not pay for anything. That day, she had spent her savings on a new overcoat for old man Hodges. She displayed it in Mr. Slosson's absence, and her face was a pulp of tears. "He mustn't die," she sobbed. "I couldn't bury him. And he's company. Old or not old, he's company for me after a day's work."

Old man Hodges just looked. He was a queer color. Mrs. Slosson went over to him and stroked the hair back from his forehead with her plump finger-tips, gently, gently.

"You must get well, Mr. Hodges," she said. "We can't do without you."

He looked at her with a trace of his old disbelief, that way of seeming to mock at kindness like this. There was an ember at the bottom of his eyes, a tenacious spark of life and resistance. Way, way down, a spark: as if something flickered there.

"Operate?" Melba screamed. "Who'll pay for it?"

"It's that or death," the doctor said. "He'll have to stay in the hospital at least six weeks. He's very sick."

"I didn't know he was sick!"

"Humph!"

Mr. Slosson came back.

"They'll be here right away."

But when he spoke, he looked, not at the doctor, not at Melba, but straight at his wife, as if he were mutely asking her to help him in some way. There was already the shadow of sacrifice on his face, a certain fineness and sharpness, the finality, in his eyes, of surrender to a generous impulse.

"I just thought I'd say, Doctor, that in case there's any expense, I'll be glad to meet it—up to three hundred dollars."

Old man Hodges' hands ceased plucking. He closed his eyes.

"Triumvirate," he said distinctly.

**WHEN** the ambulance had gone, and the excited neighbors had drifted away, Slosson put his hand on Melba's shoulder.

"Don't you worry a minute. They'll get him well. Between us, after, we'll make him happy for a good many years."

"You're too good," Melba said.

The Slossons went home, slowly, slowly across the dark lawn toward the dark house.

"It's all right, Mother?"

"Oh, yes. You know it's all right, with me. We couldn't have done anything else. Poor old man!"

"Poor old man. You know, seeing him there like that, I kind of liked him. Didn't know I liked him so much. You get sort of used to a person you see every day for eight years. Hate to see 'em go. Hate to see 'em suffer. I'd miss him."

Suddenly he whipped out his watch:

"Seven-thirty. We're in time for the second show! What d'you say?"

And arm in arm they turned again down the dark hill, pressed close together, silent, thinking of old man Hodges in the bright arena, alone.

## Muggy's Talisman

(Continued from page 33)

get over that Ching Yang dippiness. I want to know who thought up that brand new 'spine blow' for you? Didn't I think it up with my own brain and explain it to you between the third and fourth rounds? If it wasn't for that, you'd have gone to sleep, like the robin, with your head under that bird's right wing."

"As for that," he says, as ungrateful as a man is to his dentist, "I was safer when I was tucked away like that than at any other time. He couldn't reach my jaw then because it was in back of him. You gotta give the credit to Ching Yang."

What could I do?

Naturally, after a wonderful scrap like the Muggy-O'Brien battle that ended in the no-man's land of a draw verdict, everybody was hollering for a re-match. Dad Gaylord, the Stadium matchmaker, was hot on our trails with offers of big money, and he told me that every pasteboard was sold even before it was certain that there'd be a fight. Spike Spencer, O'Brien's manager, was agreeable, but I held back until Muggy himself persuaded me to sign up.

"You go ahead and fix things up," he says to me, "and leave the rest to Ching Yang. Ching Yang tells me we'll win this time. Ching Yang says we'll wipe up the ring with that there Rooster. Ching Yang says—"

"Ching Yang!" I cries, running from the room. "I hope you accidentally drop him down a sewer!"

### III

**I** NEVER realized what I had wished on myself until the night of the second fight with O'Brien. It was five minutes before the time set to get in the ring, and me and Muggy and Jake Wiffle, the trainer, were in the dressing-

room, getting Muggy ready. The Stadium was so crowded that the fans were puffing each other's cigarettes and not knowing the difference; and as we were fighting on percentage, I was already figuring on trading in my Ford for a Packard.

While I was helping Muggy into his ring togs, I kept giving him good advice about the imminent battle; and he listened to me the way a kid listens to his mama when she tells him what to do and what not to do and the gang is waiting outside to go swimming.

"O'Brien has promised to fight fair," I says, "and I promised that you'd do the same. You get that, don't you? You will do the same! O'Brien's promise is out and out, but there's a joker in mine. If O'Brien starts any dirty work, you can just feel free to do as you like. I'll see to it that you get a square deal from the referee."

"That's all right," he says, as I begin to tie up his trunks. "We'll just leave the whole business to little—say! Where's Ching Yang?"

"I guess," I says, "you left him in your pants. Wait; I'll get him for you."

I went back to the locker and began searching for that brass heathen. I went through Muggy's clothes like a wife, but there was no sign of Ching Yang. Ching Yang was gone!

If Ching Yang had been cut out of a solid blue-white diamond, I couldn't have felt any sicker than I did when I discovered its loss. I just sat down on the floor with my head on my knees and whined like a kicked pup. It wasn't that I had fallen for the good-luck hokum of the thing; but I knew, as well as I knew my name, that Muggy would never get into that ring with O'Brien without the sacred company of Ching Yang. The jig was up; the bubble was busted. A barrel of money in the house, and there wouldn't be any

(Continued on page 58)



# BREWSTER BROADLOOM CARPET

*in beauty, wear, and price—the ideal floor covering  
woven by BIGELOW-HARTFORD*

**H**OW richly beautiful is the room laid with single-tone carpet! What a full, spacious effect it gives; what an air of elegance and good taste!

Interior decorators everywhere are recommending Brewster Broadloom Carpet for every color scheme and decorative plan. There is no finer seamless carpet, at a price within reach of the average home.

Brewster Broadloom Carpet is woven *seamless* in six widths up to fifteen feet. Think of it! A luxurious carpet as wide as fifteen feet without a seam! It can be cut and fitted to any floor space, or made in room-size rugs, to your order.

You have twenty beautiful colors to choose from. A variety of warm taupes and neutral shades, so practical and always correct; rich tones in mulberry or green; mauve, orchid, or a soft beige for the bedroom; deep rose or jade for the library or den—truly a marvelous selection of new and beautiful colorings.

Call at your dealer's to see sample pieces of this splendid new carpet. Its quality is typical of Bigelow-Hartford's finest fabrics... the soft, lustrous pile is nearly a half inch deep, and woven of the choicest wools for beauty and long wear.



*This beautiful interior suggests what an effect of richness and comfort a single-tone carpet can give to a room. The carpet is Brewster Broadloom, color 968.*

The price of Brewster Broadloom Carpet is from \$7.50 to \$8.50 per square yard, varying according to loom widths and transportation charges. The cost of a nine by twelve rug cut from this fabric would therefore be about \$90. Reasonable indeed for a luxurious carpet of such enduring beauty!

Your dealer will show you, too, his collection of Bigelow-Hartford rugs: Servians, Wiltons, "Hartford-Saxony's", Axminsters, in a great variety of new and striking patterns—a choice for every color scheme and decorative plan. Look for the name

"Bigelow" or "Hartford" woven in the back, your guarantee of true worth and lasting beauty.

For more than a hundred years Bigelow-Hartford have woven America's most beautiful and durable floor fabrics.

## *Booklet on Home Decoration*

A beautiful and helpful booklet, "Color and Design—Their Use In Home Decoration," will be sent to you on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Many interesting interiors are shown in color and you will find valuable suggestions on beautifying your home.

This small sum also makes you a member of our Home Decorating Service, and gives you the personal advice of a famous interior decorator on any furnishing problems you may wish to ask about. For your convenience, a blank form will be sent with the booklet.

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I enclose 25 cents for which please send me your new illustrated booklet, "Color and Design—Their Use in Home Decoration."		
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# Bigelow-Hartford

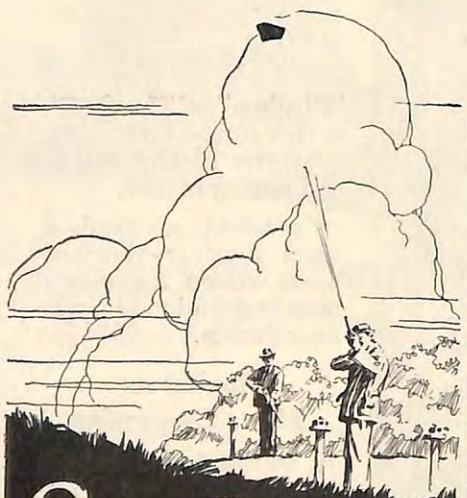
RUGS & CARPETS



WEAVERS

SINCE 1825





## Good Practice and Great Sport Too!

**O**UT it soars—a straight away or a quartering bird. Quickly you snap up your gun to cover. You fire. It breaks into a puff of dust in the air—“Dead!”

That's trapshooting—good practice for field and blind shooting and with it all great sport. Try it for a real sporting thrill.

You can get the most out of trapshooting by using Peters Shells, either Target or Victor—the smoothest working, snappiest shooting shells you've ever used. Because of superior loading, wadding, primer, crimp and construction there's nothing like the **P** Brand when it comes to real honest to goodness shooting results, and experienced shooters everywhere will tell you so. Ask any user of the Peters Ammunition or make up your mind to try it next time and see for yourself.



**The Peters Cartridge Co.**  
Dept. A-69  
Cincinnati, Ohio  
New York Los Angeles

# PETERS AMMUNITION

## Muggy's Talisman

(Continued from page 56)

fight. And, worse even, I'd be ruined as a manager for running out of a fight at the very last minute. I tell you, I was a sick man just then. And I got sicker when I remembered that I had wished it on myself. After all, you can't monkey with those good-luck Jonahs, even if you're not superstitious.

I was still on the floor playing with misery, when Jake Wiffle came back to see what kept me so long. Without getting up, I whispered the bad news to him.

“Ching Yang is lost,” I says, “and so are we. We'll never get Muggy in that ring to-night.”

Jake began to think as he did every now and then. At last he says, “The only way—”

“Is out!” I finishes. “Walk, do not run—”

“Listen!” he says, his face lighting up. “The only way is to get a substitute.”

“Jake,” I says, “you'd make a cuckoo resign. A substitute! You'd have to go to Europe, where everybody's always ready to fight, to find someone who'd get into the ring with Rooster O'Brien at the last minute. And even if you could find a boy, the fans out there came to see O'Brien and Muggy and not O'Brien and somebody else. Close your throttle.”

“I don't mean,” he says, “a substitute for Muggy. I mean a substitute for Ching Yang. Let's try to find something heavy about the size of Ching Yang; and we'll tie it up in the silk bag and Muggy will never know the difference.”

By that time I was on my feet again. I looked at Jake and I saw him different than I had ever seen him before. I always thought he looked like just a plain, ordinary perspiring trainer, but now I saw bluish lights dancing all around him and I knew that he was beautiful.

“Jake,” I says, gripping his hand, “I hate to let you go, because you're a good fight trainer. But our country needs men like you and you'll have to join Coolidge's cabinet.”

**L**UCK was with us, and we soon found a nice iron bolt about the size of Ching Yang; and when we got it in the silk bag, what with the head on the top and the nut on the bottom, it felt just like little Ching Yang himself. There was a moment of suspense when we came back to the dressing room and tied it around Muggy's waist; but it was time to get in the ring and we were rushed, and Muggy didn't get suspicious. He put his hand over it and said a few loving words; but he couldn't feel any difference, especially since he had his bandages and gloves on.

When I followed him down the crowded aisle to the ring, I was so happy I felt like singing out loud. Jake had saved the day, and I told myself that I'd buy him the best cigar on the market. I was doubly happy because Ching Yang was only a bad dream of the past, and after this I'd be ace-high with Muggy instead of running second to a heathen relic. If Muggy won this fight, as I felt he was going to, then it would be easy to prove that Ching Yang had nothing to do with

it, and Muggy would have to come to his right senses.

Well, about the fight.

There was only eight minutes of fighting; but not a fan in the Stadium went away feeling that he hadn't gotten his money's worth. O'Brien's memory must have been very bad, because he forgot his promise about fighting on the level as soon as he came out of his corner for the first round. He met Muggy in the center of the ring with his head down, and then he brought it up, smack under Muggy's chin. Muggy went down to the canvas and sat there, shaking his head and blinking his eyes while the referee counted five and everybody was screaming “foul!” But Muggy got up at seven; and then the fight began.

**E**XCEPTING for that first foul knockdown, the rest of the fight was Muggy's to the end, which came after two minutes of assault in the third round. Muggy had the Rooster's face looking like a railroad casualty after the second; and another solid right-hand smack to the jaw put O'Brien away for keeps in the third. O'Brien was still asleep when Muggy and I were back in the dressing room.

Muggy was so tickled that he hopped back and forth over the rubbing table and then tried to waltz with me.

“I told you!” he kept on saying. “I told you little old Ching Yang would turn the trick. Good old Chingee Yang. Sweetee little Chinese rabbit's footie! Lovee hunkee brassee babeel!”

I hated to take the edge off that glad-jag of his, but I knew that it was better to tell him now than after his happiness wore off a little. Besides, I'll admit I was busting to spring it on him and make him feel grateful to the person that really deserved it.

“Ching Yang!” I sneers, as I had often done, only this time I had something to back it up with. “Ching Yang, my eye! You'll believe me now when I tell you that Ching Yang stuff is all wet. You may give the credit to that brass monkey, but I was the guy who taught you how to deliver that right uppercut you used on O'Brien's chin to-night.”

“Just the same—” he begins.

“Just the same, nothing!” I breaks in. “You didn't even have Ching Yang in the ring with you to-night. Let that soak in, big boy.”

“You're cracked,” he says. “I did so.”

“You did not,” I says, beginning to howl. “You just think you did. That thing in the bag isn't Ching Yang at all. Ching Yang got lost. What you have on your hip isn't anything but a plain, everyday iron bolt!”

I looked at him, expecting to see him get pale or something; but he didn't bat an eyelash.

“Oh, that!” he says, kind of contemptuous. “I knew that all along. You wasn't kidding me, bozo. I had Ching Yang with me, aw right. I got him here, in my right glove!”

## The Girl at Henderson's

(Continued from page 30)

and all the evening, I kept trying to figure out where he had found it out. I knew that it was not from her.

I made another discovery too—whatever the necessity which had driven Eugenia Richmond into the backwoods to live, she had known better days. Where the other women were flustered and giggled or talked in loud voices to attract attention, she was as self-possessed and much at ease as if in a home of her own.

Her distaste for young Mark did not extend to his father. She sat between us at the table and listened to the Old Man's pet scheme for reforesting the cut-over land with flattering interest. But when the son, handsome and well-groomed in his full-dress suit, stood up at the head of the table to make the speech of the occasion, she toyed with her fork and never once glanced toward him.

I couldn't blame her much, however, for Mark had been pretty rough to her at first! And I couldn't help exulting in a small triumph which came to her later in the evening.

One of the men had a fine tenor voice and at Mark's request had brought some music, but it turned out there was no one to play his accompaniments. The girl, as I had gotten used to thinking of her, quietly volunteered and took her place at the grand piano. This instrument had been bought as a “finishing touch to a complete home” by the Old Man and was never opened except on such occasions.

I knew enough about music to realize that she was a finished musician with the first few chords. And when she ran over a new song with which the tenor was unfamiliar, her voice created a mild sensation.

The Old Man moved over to the piano and demanded that she sing for him, which she did willingly enough—all the old ones, Swanee River, My Old Kentucky Home, Ben Bolt, repeating his favorite, Annie Laurie.

She had that kind of soft, low, throbbing voice which tears the heart out of you—contralto, I believe they call it. The exertion had brought a faint color to her cheeks, and her great, dark

(Continued on page 60)



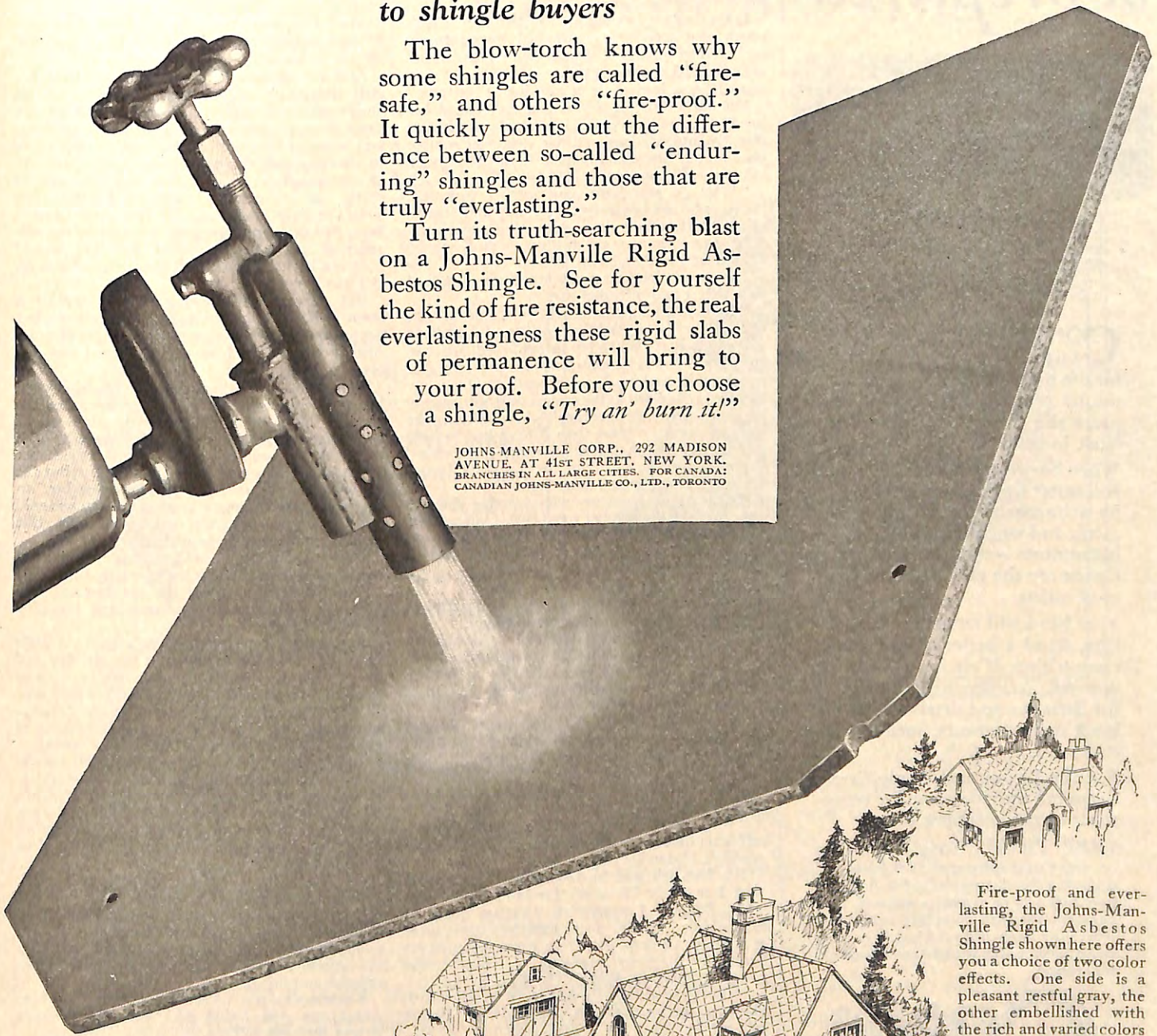
# "Try an' burn it!"

## A building man's advice to shingle buyers

The blow-torch knows why some shingles are called "fire-safe," and others "fire-proof." It quickly points out the difference between so-called "enduring" shingles and those that are truly "everlasting."

Turn its truth-searching blast on a Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingle. See for yourself the kind of fire resistance, the real everlastingness these rigid slabs of permanence will bring to your roof. Before you choose a shingle, "Try an' burn it!"

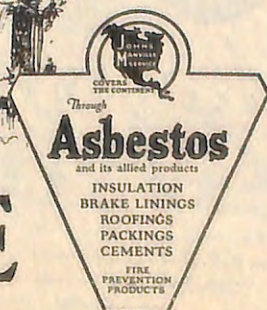
JOHNS-MANVILLE CORP., 292 MADISON AVENUE, AT 41ST STREET, NEW YORK. BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES. FOR CANADA: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD., TORONTO



Fire-proof and everlasting, the Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingle shown here offers you a choice of two color effects. One side is a pleasant restful gray, the other embellished with the rich and varied colors of an autumn hillside.

# JOHNS-MANVILLE

## Asbestos Shingles





# ELKS' BANDS be prepared



Band of Detroit, Mich., Lodge B. P. O. E. and director Eugene LaBarre. This band is completely equipped with Conn instruments and has won prizes repeatedly at Elks' conventions.

**C**ONVENTION time is approaching. Is your band ready for the big parade and the competition? Now is the time to complete the outfit, to provide the latest in instruments.

When buying new instruments you will select Conns, of course. Quality is the requisite of all Elks' equipment, and when it comes to band instruments — well, all Elks know Conns are the choice of the foremost artists.

Your band will attract more attention, stand a better chance in the competition, if equipped with the newest Conn instruments. Send now for literature and details about the latest improvements; mention instruments.

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**FREE TRIAL; Easy Payments** on any Conn instrument for band and orchestra. Send coupon for details. *Conn will help you to organize a band.* Easy payment plan on complete equipment solves the financing problem. Write our Band Service Department for advice; no obligation.

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Gentlemen: Please send literature and details of trial offer on

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City, State

County

## The Girl at Henderson's

(Continued from page 58)

eyes were luminous with feeling. At that moment she was a raving beauty!

I glanced at Mark as he leaned over the piano and stared at her. I decided that he really saw her for the first time that night as a personality!

As she got up from the piano, he moved eagerly forward and the other young bucks crowded about her thinking they had overlooked a bet, but she froze up again instantly and broke through them with scant ceremony to come over to me. She pleaded fatigue and although Mark went with us to the porch, pretended not to see his outstretched hand.

It was only a few hundred feet to Mrs. Cole's porch, and once there, I dropped down into my accustomed chair. "Mark's fine cigars are all very well," I explained to her, "but the old man must have a few whiffs of his pipe at bedtime."

She sat down on the railing and rested her head back against a post. The moon was shining directly into her face and her eyes were somber once more. She was unhappy and I was only an old man who wanted to help her.

"Why do you hate men so?" I ventured. "You, who are beautiful and young and accomplished, you might have them all at your feet! Why do you bury yourself alive down here who should be so happy?"

She turned her face away and I was afraid at first that I had offended her.

"I will tell you, Mr. Clark," she said at last, clasping her hands tightly together. "Men have ruined my life! When my father failed, the man to whom I was engaged threw me over for another girl and made me a laughing-stock; my father shot himself as the easiest way out, and my brother—my only brother—her voice broke for a moment. "Since then, I have had to fight men in offices, in private homes, everywhere! Fight for my honor, fight for my daily bread! Do you wonder that I hate them?"

Before I could get my wits together she was gone and the door to her room closed behind her.

The Old Man's party was on a Friday and Saturday afternoon, Mark beckoned me into his office and closed the door.

**H**E WAS evidently ill at ease and at a loss how to begin what he wanted to say. "Say, Uncle Ned," he grinned, lapsing into his childish name for me, "you—I notice you and Miss Richmond go for a walk every Sunday afternoon. What's the matter with inviting me and all of us going in the car?"

"It wouldn't do, Mark," I answered, shaking my head at the thought of what she had said about him the night before. "She would only stay at home if I suggested such a thing."

"But why," he burst out, "why not me as well as you?"

"Well, for one thing, you haven't made yourself exactly agreeable to her, my boy! You couldn't blame her!"

His face fell and he looked so disappointed that I actually felt sorry for him. "Tell you what, Mark," I suggested, "we are going to Horse-shoe Lake for water lilies this time; there is nothing to keep you from running up on us there, entirely by accident, is there? She couldn't object to that!"

"The very thing, Uncle Ned," he chuckled, slapping me on the back. "I'll do it! Watch out for me!"

And sure enough, we had not much more than reached the lake the next afternoon and discovered that the lilies were entirely beyond our reach, before he put in his appearance. Eugenia looked surprised, but as he spent half his time in the woods, she could not suspect that it was hatched-up beforehand.

The lake was shallow and Mark waded out in his high boots, returning to the bank laden with the rare white-and-gold blossoms.

Eugenia had been happier and lighter-hearted since we started out than I had ever seen her, and while she did not exactly welcome Mark, she was civil to him at least. And I had never seen Mark exert himself so to please anyone before. Likewise she could not well refuse to ride home in his car after I pleaded fatigue, or to sit on the front seat with him when he insisted on it.

Like the doddering old sentimentalist I was, I began to make plans for these two youngsters,

and fancied myself as the "deus ex machina" who would finally say "Bless you, my children!"

**F**ROM that time on, young Mark was a changed man. All his arrogance and cocksureness slipped away from him.

On the same principle that the lapwing gets himself another crest in the springtime, he sent to his tailors for several new suits of clothes and looked like an advertisement for a new brand of collar about the neck. He woke up on the question of office etiquette and dictated the firm's correspondence in his private office.

Mark had never been shy or afraid of women; he had merely ignored them. They had not figured in his scheme of existence at all!

And not for want of opportunity. Attractive girls frequently visited in the families of his employees, and beautiful, swell-looking women came down in cars with their fathers or brothers and besieged him with invitations to visit them in the city, but he had sidestepped them all. In consequence, he had reached the age of thirty, or thereabouts, without having even a dent made in his heart. His first great passion took complete possession of him and he was apparently powerless to resist it. He wooed Eugenia Richmond with all the ardor of a love-sick boy.

But it was like throwing himself against a stone wall. She showed no feeling whatever, but set aside his eager advances with an air of quiet finality which would have discouraged any one else.

Mark was no backward wooer—he showered her with invitations to ride, to dances in the nearest town, to neighborhood picnics—all of which she refused. He persuaded the Old Man to hobble over and ask her to come to the house and use the piano whenever she felt like it, but she never went. I saw her give the office boy an expensive box of candy one day which she said some one had left in her desk by mistake. She simply would have none of him!

In the beginning, I would not have been much surprised if Mark had picked the lady up bodily and carried her away in his car, but as time passed, he developed a patience and humility which surprised me.

I actually grew sorry for him and felt a little resentful towards her. Even if the girl had had an unfortunate experience with one lover, was that any reason she should ban the whole sex? What was the matter with her, anyway? Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have jumped at the chance of marrying Mark Henderson!

I think she must have sensed how I felt for she avoided me and spent all her time out of working hours shut up in her own room. The weather was stifling hot and to give her a chance to get a breath of fresh air, I got in the habit of going over to the house to play chess with the Old Man until bed time.

**O**NE night I found a book which she had left in my chair on the porch and carried it into my room. Her name was written on the fly-leaf in a fine flowing hand and as I turned the pages, an old clipping from some newspaper fell out. It was creased and faded.

I started to put it back when the head-line caught my eye—*Philip Richmond gets ten years in pen for bank robbery.*

The article went on to state that on account of his extreme youth and other mitigating circumstances, young Richmond had received a lighter sentence than his accomplice, while his sister, who at one time was suspected of being an accessory—as the loot was found concealed in their home—had been entirely exonerated by the jury. The former wealth and social position of the Richmond family was stressed by way of contrast and all the intimate personalities which a curious public craves.

I read it twice and then burned the clipping in my grate before I sat down to think.

So this was the brother Eugenia had alluded to that night. On his account, she had been dragged into the limelight of a public trial and hounded from place to place ever since. This explained her pitiful anxiety to please when she first came to work at Henderson's.

No wonder she was bitter and shrank from  
(Continued on page 62)



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## The Girl at Henderson's

(Continued from page 60)

human contact, poor little Eugenia! At twenty-one, her life was completely wrecked—a public accusation like that, even if without foundation, clings to a woman always!

Ought I to tell Mark what I had discovered? No, a thousand times no! It could only result in losing her position, for I knew only too well how intolerant he and his father were on that score. Mark was a man and could look out for himself!

But I was glad when, soon after that, Mark stopped forcing his attentions upon the girl. I couldn't figure out whether his ardor had cooled somewhat or he realized that he was injuring his cause. At any rate, he left her in peace.

It was always hot at Henderson's in summertime, shut in as we were by the forest on every side, and that summer was a record-breaker. The big piles of green lumber in the yards steamed under the direct rays of the sun as though they would burst into a blaze at any moment. It was too close and sultry to sleep at night.

As July gave way to August, Eugenia grew paler and frailer-looking every day. She would come out of the room in the morning with dark lines under her eyes, and Mrs. Cole complained that she did not eat enough to keep a sparrow alive! She reminded me of the game little thoroughbreds I used to see up at Montgomery Park every spring, responding to the whip and spur although there was no chance for them to win.

I used to catch Mark watching her sometimes as she pounded away on her typewriter, but he never spoke of her to me any more.

It seemed as if the curtain had been rung down on my little play before it reached the climax.

Along the latter part of August, a young fellow came into the office looking for a job and as we were rather short of hands, Mark hired him for a few days to load lumber onto the cars for a big shipment east.

He was not much more than a boy, pretty well dressed and it struck me that he was too slight and delicate-looking for that kind of work. We get them of all kinds during the course of a year—rolling-stones who stay a few days and then follow the railroad on down to the coast.

I WAS busy at six o'clock and everybody had gone when I left the office. As I locked the door, I was surprised to see Eugenia standing beside the path which we used as a short-cut home, in earnest conversation with the new man. I couldn't hear what was said as they were a hundred yards away, but I saw her point to Mrs. Cole's house as the man turned back toward the mill settlement.

It seemed to me that there was something furtive and uneasy in their manner and it was strange that Eugenia, reserved as she was, should strike up an acquaintance with an unknown man. Still, I reflected the man might only have stopped her for some information, and by the time I reached home, I had forgotten all about it.

Eugenia did not come to the table at supper-time—a headache from the heat, Mrs. Cole explained as she carried some tea and toast to her room on a tray.

I missed her that night, for since Mark stopped dropping in, we had resumed our friendly talks on the porch before bedtime. So after smoking a couple of pipes and watching the fast train flash by, I went to my room.

The night before, I had pulled my bed out from the wall so that the head was directly against the west window; Mrs. Cole had left it in that position when she cleaned the room. It was a close, sultry night, but I was a creature of habit and soon fell asleep.

I was awakened some time later by sounds which penetrated my sleep-soaked consciousness by slow degrees. I lay perfectly still and listened.

There were two voices outside conversing in low tones, scarcely above a whisper, and I soon discovered that they were at Eugenia's window, only a few feet from me. I could distinguish her low, throaty tones and a man's voice which I had never heard before.

"Don't you know they will get you again, Phil," she murmured, "it will just be a matter of time!"

"I've been out two months and they haven't

gotten on my trail yet!" he boasted. "A pal helped me to get away and furnished me with the clothes. I hid out until the danger was over and then came through with a rich guy in his car!"

"But why are you stopping here?" she demanded anxiously. "Let me give you what money I have and get out of the country."

"That's a pretty question to ask!" he complained fretfully. "I got your letter, Sis, and wanted to see you before I skipped the little old U. S. A. for good. Don't you suppose a fellow gets lonely for his own flesh and blood sometimes?"

"I know, Phil, but the risk is too great, you might be found out any day! Here, take the money now for I might not have the chance to give it to you again. And go to-night!"

"What's the hurry?" he said lightly. "Now that I've come all this way to see you, I can certainly stay two or three days—this job won't last longer than that. Honestly, Sis, I'll go then! I'm watching for a chance to ride to the coast with some one, that's the safest way."

"Phil, you're going straight now?" she implored, "you're going to be a good man?"

"Surest thing you know!" he assured her. "I've had enough!"

She said something that I could not catch, then he moved cautiously away from the window and all was quiet except the katydids in the grass with their insistent song.

It was all plain as day now—this was the jailbird, the weak, selfish, irresponsible brother, who had made his escape and tracked her to Henderson's with no thought except for himself. I wanted to wring his worthless neck!

There was no more sleep for me as I turned and tossed from side to side. As a law-abiding citizen, it was my duty to turn him over to the law at once, or at least to inform Mark and let him act as he saw fit; I would do this, first thing in the morning.

Then the stillness was broken by the sounds of a woman's sobs, low and terrible, as though they were tearing the heart out of her body—poor Eugenia, crying in the next room!

Fortunately, Mrs. Cole's room was across the hall and there was no one to hear her but me. I had never heard a woman cry like that before and it completely unnerved me. It weakened my morale so that I could not distinguish right from wrong.

At any rate, by morning my mind was irrevocably made up. To hell with the law and the Henderson Lumber Co.! All Eugenia asked of life was a chance to make her living and I would not shove her out in a cruel world to begin all over again! The boy would be leaving in a few days and then everything would be all right.

Nevertheless, I grew restless and uneasy as a week passed and Philip Richmond was still working about the yards. Eugenia had a strained look on her face which said as plain as words that she was going through the tortures of the damned.

By the last day of the month, my nervousness had increased until I determined to put Mark on his guard.

"A lot of robberies going on now, Mark!" I told him that morning. "Better let these new men go to-day, they're a tough-looking bunch! I've noticed several of them hanging about the office lately. We'll come down here some fine morning and find the safe blown open!"

Mark gave me a keen glance. "No danger of that, Clark, but I'll keep my eyes open. We need these fellows a couple of days longer and then I'll let them hit the trail."

The money for the pay-roll came down on the train that afternoon to be in readiness the next day. It was brought over by Tommy, the office boy, as usual and put away in the safe.

A crowd of men had gathered under the shed to see the train come in and among them, the escaped convict. I looked up and saw him standing in the door as Tommy carried the bag into Mark's office.

Our pay-roll, including the office force, the mill hands and the loggers, usually ran well up into the thousands and I had long argued that we should have a watchman in the place on those two nights in the month at least, but Mark laughed at the idea. He pointed out the fact that the firm had been in business for more than



forty years and had never lost a dollar in that way.

But knowing what I did, I could not sleep again that night. Mrs. Cole had an old wooden clock on the mantel in her room which could be heard all over the house. It kept chiming the hours out—ten, eleven, twelve. I knew it must be about time for it to strike again when an unmistakable sound outside attracted my attention—the brother again!

I tiptoed to the window and peeped out.

There was no moon, but I could distinguish a woman's form creeping through the spirea and crepe-myrtle bushes until it reached the small side gate which we used going back and forth to work. For the first time an ugly suspicion flashed into my mind—had I been mistaken in the girl after all, or was she only slipping out to meet her brother where there was no chance of them being overheard?

At any rate I must find out!

I slipped into my clothes as well as I could in the dark and crawled through the window. The gate was wide open as she left it, but they were not standing outside as I had half-way expected.

THE suspicion must have been uppermost in my mind after all for without searching farther, I passed on through the open place between the house and the office. Everything looked O. K. outside, but that pay-roll money hung heavy on my mind and I determined to make sure of its safety.

I crept up the steps and discovered to my surprise that the door was standing slightly ajar.

Now no one had a key to the outside door except Mark and myself. Either he was inside or the other two!

Usually a timid man, I had no thought of any possible danger to myself as I noiselessly opened the door a little farther and slipped inside. I was consumed by an overpowering desire to know what was going on.

The shades were all pulled down and the big room was so dark that you could not see your hand before you. But a faint ray of light, as from a candle, shone through a crack in the door of the private office and I moved cautiously toward it, feeling out with my hands to keep from crashing into something.

I stopped short within a few feet of the door at the sound of Eugenia's voice, pleading, reasoning, threatening by turns, and her brother, impatient and defiant, anxious to be rid of her.

Her low tones were so despairing and full of tears that they would have touched the heart of a wooden man, but the young villain was never moved by a hair's breadth from his original purpose. He must have finally resorted to personal violence, for there was a scuffle and the sound of a chair overturned.

I started forward then, but the door was pushed open suddenly and Mark's big bulk filled the opening—he must have followed me in.

"What is going on here?" he demanded sternly.

There was no reply but I saw Eugenia fling herself in front of him as there was a sudden spurt of flame followed by a sharp report.

It was all so sudden, so unexpected that I was paralyzed for a moment, utterly incapable of motion. A loud cry from the boy brought me to myself.

He had thrown away the pistol—it happened to be Mark's own which he kept in a drawer of his desk—and was cowering in one corner, his face hidden in his trembling hands, while Mark held Eugenia in his arms.

"Shall I get Mrs. Cole?" I inquired, but the boss shook his head without troubling to explain why. When his face sets into a grim mask as it did that night, people usually left him alone.

We discovered that she had been shot through the right shoulder, and Mark, who had learned a good deal about wounds during his stay in France, was finally able to stop the bleeding with an improvised bandage.

The boy made no effort to get away and watched us with frightened eyes as we fumbled over our unaccustomed task.

"You can drive a car?" Mark asked him as we finished. "All right then, go over to the house with Mr. Clark here and bring mine. He will show you."

And when the car was brought, he carried Eugenia out and sat down in the front seat, still

(Continued on page 64)

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## The Girl at Henderson's

(Continued from page 63)

holding her carefully in his strong arms—sat down beside the man who had attempted to rob and shoot him only a short time before. Mark always was a cool hand!

"There is a private hospital at Ashland," he informed me before they drove off into the night. "We'll go there, it's only twenty miles. Don't let this get out, Clark, and run things until I get back. So long."

I picked the pistol up and placed it back in the drawer, then carefully removed all traces of the accident before I locked the door and went home. I didn't understand Mark's motive for keeping the matter a secret, but I was determined to shield Eugenia all I could although she would never come back to Henderson's again.

Mrs. Cole's clock was striking three as I crawled back into my room and I lay awake the rest of the night trying to invent some plausible lie to account for my little friend's absence in the morning.

IT WAS ten days before Mark returned.

My explanation that Eugenia had been called to the city by the sudden illness of a relative and he had driven her through in his car, had satisfied Mrs. Cole and the Old Man. No one suspected what had really happened and things rocked along as usual at the plant. In the meantime, I had not heard from Mark and if I had not been so busy, I would have slipped over to Ashland myself, but my hands were full with the responsibility and the extra work.

Mark came driving up one day and went about his affairs as usual. I kept waiting for him to tell me about Eugenia and where he had been, but to my surprise, he never mentioned the subject. In fact he rather avoided me. The boy actually looked like he was sore with me about something!

I puzzled over it. Had my warning, coupled with my presence in the office that night, made him suspect that I had kept something from him?

Well, I had done that very thing and I did not regret it!

I was confident he had turned the girl over to justice along with her brother—the Hendersons were such sticklers for enforcing the law! But if so, I would certainly tell what I knew when the time came!

And if he had a grievance against me, the least he could do after all my years of faithful service, was to come to me and have it out! So I grew sore in turn and let him alone.

He took to his old clothes and the woods again, restless as a caged tiger. I almost grew to hate Mark those days!

That is, I did until a certain day late in September.

He came to Mrs. Cole's just as I was starting for the office. He was fresh-shaven and wore one of his new suits he had gotten in the summer. "I want you to ride over to Ashland with me this morning, Clark," he said. "We can get back by noon."

"Must be pretty important business to require both of us," I growled, as I crawled into the car beside him.

Ashland was the county seat and I knew that it was some business connected with the robbery—wanted my testimony probably. The very thought of it angered me.

Oh, Mark was hard, hard—once his mind was made up, there was no changing him! Had he forgotten the fact that the girl had risked her life for him that night?

Neither one of us spoke on the way over until

we drove into the main street of the town, then Mark loosened up.

"We are going to the hospital to see Eugenia," he informed me and I could see he was laboring under some tremendous excitement. "She is well enough to see visitors now."

I think Mark's idea was to carry me along as a kind of official chaperone and then forget all about it. For he left me in the reception room and rushed upstairs ahead of the nurse.

After waiting a good half-hour, I found my way up to room 16 and tapped on the door. I heard a murmur of voices within the room but there was no response, so I opened the door and stepped inside.

The room was a veritable bower of roses—not the kind people grow in their yards at home, but hot-house roses from the city—the air was heavy with their fragrance.

I cleared my throat gently but I might have been a stock or stone for all the attention those two young people paid to me.

The bed was turned away from the door but I could see that Eugenia was propped up on pillows, her hair all soft and wavy like it was the night of the dinner.

Mark was sitting on a low chair by the bed, holding her thin little hand in both his brown paws and she made no effort to draw it away.

I would have liked to see their faces, but that is the trouble with being only a spectator of life's shows—you can't always get a good seat! But I could hear what they were saying—

"And Phil really went back with you, Mark, and gave himself up! I know he promised that night you brought me here, but I never believed he would do it."

"I never gave him a chance to back out," Mark explained. "He went to pieces for a few hours, thought he had killed you. Another year or two in prison won't hurt him, then we'll get a pardon and send him away somewhere to begin all over again. Your brother is nothing but a kid now!"

"And to think you were there in the office all the time and heard it all. Only suppose you had come upon us suddenly and thought I was there to help Phil!"

"Nothing in the world could have made me believe that," he declared stoutly.

"Other people believed it once!" Eugenia insisted. "Oh, Mark, are you sure you want to marry me, now that you know who I am?"

HE TOOK possession of her other hand and pressed them both to his lips like some of those old guys in the middle ages; think of Mark kissing a woman's hand! "I knew all the time," he exulted, "Thornton wrote me about your trouble a few weeks after you came. That first started me to thinking about you!"

"And I must have loved you from the first, even when you were trying to drive me away, even when I was hating you the hardest!" Eugenia said bravely. "Only I knew that it would not do so I tried to hold you off! Oh Mark, are you sure you will not regret it if people find out?"

Mark laughed as he put his arm about her. "What does that matter to us? We will have each other and the rest of the world can go hang! Kiss me, Eugenia."

The two heads, his tawny, hers dark as night, moved closer together. They did not know that I was there!

I closed the door softly behind me and went down to the reception room to wait until such time as they might remember my existence!

## The Story of William Frederick Cody

(Continued from page 15)

as a scout for the soldiery operating against the Cheyennes and Arapahoes in an effort to keep the way clear for the building of the Kansas Pacific. The right of way was being bitterly contested. Once past Salina and this road would cut into country which had been sacred to the Indians, the great stretches along the Republican and Smoky Hill Rivers, where in the spring and autumn, the buffalo ran in

almost countless herds, in their migrations north and south. Hunting country was this, upon which the various tribes of Central Western Indians fed and sheltered themselves, the shaggy robes of the buffalo going into the making of beds, the building of tepees, and articles of exchange for rifles and ammunition with traders, many of them seekers of personal gain, no matter what might be the cost to others. When one



dives into the true facts of the building of the West, one finds that there were more difficulties than the mere obstacles of a new country, of geography and hostiles. There was the serpentine trail of graft, weaving its way through the army, through the ranks of those who professed to love the poor Indian, through arms manufacturers, contractors, commissary men; rifles and ammunition were sold to Indians by Indian agents; insurrections were fomented by men who were supposed to keep peace, that this insurrection might cause the bringing out of troops and the necessity for more supplies, and naturally more riches for those who did the supplying. Treachery was rampant. Good scouts were at a premium; the west was filled with so-called frontiersmen who talked wonderfully and failed thoroughly when the necessity came for quick action and quicker thinking. Bill Cody's stop-over to see Wild Bill had far-reaching consequences. Cody did not proceed to his original destination. Instead, he became a guide and dispatch carrier for the army then operating in defense of the Kansas Pacific, working between Fort Ellsworth and Fort Fletcher. But once he returned excitedly to Leavenworth, there to boom his joy and walk the floor with a fluffy bundle in his arms, meanwhile asking his wife what on earth to do with 'er when she wiggled. For Bill Cody had become the father of a daughter named Arta and the thought of Indians was far away.

NOT to stay, however. The frontier was in the blaze of one of its sporadic outbursts, and back to work he went, this time to Hays City where waited a man with chestnut hair, with innumerable shotguns and rifles for hunting in the moments when the Indians might not pester too much, with horses gauged by their friskiness and their speed, with hunting dogs lounging about his room, on the chairs, the divans, in front of the fire, under one's feet. He desired to be guided with an escort of ten soldiers to Fort Larned. It was General George Armstrong Custer, and Cody was his guide. A friendship began upon that journey that was not to end until the Battle of the Little Big Horn, a friendship which led to the greatest deed of William Frederick Cody's life—the killing of Yellowhand. But that is of the future.

Cody was actively engaged now, but not too actively to think of riches. A friend named Rose came to him with a great idea, that of building a town in the path of the railroad where the Kansas Pacific must stop for water. Ahead of the railroad they went. They started the town, by the simple expedient of erecting a combined grocery store and saloon. Then they spread the word of the founding of Rome, where a metropolis would bloom in the future. It was a time of unrest in Kansas—seekers of fortunes were everywhere. On to Rome went the homeless, home-seeking element. Cody watched the burning of his town, then hurried for Leavenworth with the news that at last he was a millionaire.

It was Mrs. Cody's first trip into the real West. She was afraid; the stories of Indian massacres weighed upon her. But she went nevertheless, while her young husband announced the glories of the Rome to be, sat up nights to guard against Indians as their covered wagon crossed the plains, led her nearer, nearer and then—

Merely stood gasping. Rome was gone, tents, hastily constructed shacks, portable houses, hopes and all. Out of the bustling city which he had left, only one building remained, that of the store and saloon where Rose awaited with the news that the railroad had made a claim for every alternate lot and failing to receive it had started a town a mile away. To which the fickle population had moved—leaving William Frederick Cody broke again.

But there was still scouting to be done, and the family moved into Hays City to live in an army tent, while Cody alternately scouted and worked at a grading contract on the railroad with Rose, hitching his buffalo horse, Brigham, to his scraper when other animals grew scarce, and bemoaning the fact that the scouting jobs were growing fewer. A period of inactivity had come to the Indians, the concentration of soldiery having sent most of the war parties to the far hills, or to the interruption of food supplies coming from civilization. And while he be-

(Continued on page 66)



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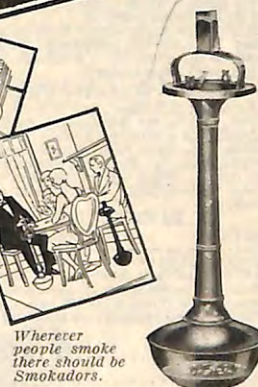
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Mahogany    | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Blue   | <input type="checkbox"/> White       |
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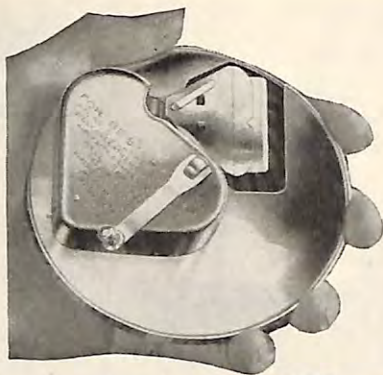
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## The Story of William Frederick Cody

(Continued from page 65)

waited, his future was in the making. Gradually, it became known that Cody's camp never wanted for victuals. When other food became scarce, the grader-scout simply jumped on Brigham and rode out and killed a buffalo. More and more widespread became the news, with the result that, at last, the general contractors sought him out. A short time later, William Frederick Cody gave up his half of the grading contract for more lucrative employment. He was the professional buffalo slayer now for the Kansas Pacific Railroad, with the task, each day, of finding and killing twelve buffalo, no matter whether they be one mile or twenty from camp, in or out of hostile Indian country, that 1,200 men might eat and a railroad, piercing a new country to the golden metropolis of Denver, might go onward. For this Cody was to receive \$500 a month.

IT LASTED a year, that task. In that year day after day, always in advance of the railroad, dodging the marauding bands of Indians, which soon came to know of his task, often traveling for days and weeks alone in hostile country and where only his keenness of perception and his ability to spot a bobbing form at almost incredible distances with his nearly uncanny sight, enabled him to know of danger when apparently no danger threatened; day after day and week after week, a twenty-two-year-old man went about a romantic task that was to make him known around the world.

Soon, the drivers of the buffalo wagons, which followed in his wake to collect the humps and quarters of the slain beasts, began to bring back stories of his prowess—these men had seen a single, lithe person, little more than a boy, yet with utter fearlessness and the strength of a young ox, head his faithful horse Brigham straight at herds of buffalo numbering into the hundreds, stampede them, then swing to one side and with a quickly aimed shot from his long needle gun, which to him was enough of a personality to carry the name of Lucretia Borgia, bring down the key buffalo of the whole herd, thus causing the plunging mass to halt in its progress and swing for another direction of escape. Only to find this man again in their path as, reins loose, body raised from the saddle, he swung again for a shot, once more to tumble a buffalo and again cause a dismayed, harassed band of animals to mill aimlessly while Cody cut off escape in another direction, and then, almost leisurely, dropped the other beasts necessary to the feeding of more than a thousand men. Soon too, a song, composed by a camp cook, was going the rounds:

"Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill,  
Always aims an' shoots to kill,  
Never missed an' never will,  
An' th' comp'ny pays his buffalo bill!"

He was named now, and frankly he liked it. The old West was a place of theatrics, of perhaps more than a trace of vanity. William Frederick Cody, at least, according to his viewpoint of it in later life, objected not at all to the cheers which greeted him, when, straight in the saddle, his long needle gun crossed before him, he rode into camp beside the buffalo wagon, the gleam of the sinking sun behind him, a hero bringing back the strength and comfort of food that a double line of steel might go forward in the building of a new civilization. And after all, who would not have been proud? More, Buffalo Bill in that year of 1867 and 1868 more than lived up to his title. Sporadic outbursts of hostility came from a half dozen tribes of Indians. There were times when many of the so-called scouts who frequented the forts thought it best not to venture forth, even to the guiding of military expeditions. But Buffalo Bill, impulsive, devil-may-care, possessed always of the joyous irresponsibility of a youth which did not dim even in his later life, was of a different brand from the usual "scout." His record attests plainly enough to that. The recommendations of more than a score of generals for whom success and the safety of an entire command often depended upon this one man, are sufficient evidence of Cody's devotion to duty. For in his entire record, there stands not one

instance of failure. As for his contract, it called for twelve buffaloes a day, seven days of the week for one year. And twelve buffaloes a day fell to the gun of William Frederick Cody, a total of four thousand two hundred and eighty giant beasts, the heads of many of which still hang to-day in railroad offices throughout America, sent there years ago as a trademark of the Kansas Pacific.

There were other buffalo killers it was true. And good men. But there was none so good as Cody. In fact, a comparison arose shortly after the fulfillment of that contract. A young man named Billy Comstock, urged on by his friends, contested the statement that now was being freely made, to the effect that Buffalo Bill was the champion buffalo killer of them all. The result was a contest, for \$500 a side, with special trains running all the way from St. Louis, hampers of champagne served upon the prairies, judges, timekeepers and what-not. When it was over Billy Comstock had killed forty-six buffalo. Cody had killed sixty-nine, thirteen of which Buffalo Bill slaughtered while riding his faithful horse Brigham without saddle or bridle. And just to make the event a bit more exciting, Cody drove the last of these straight toward the group of spectators, holding his fire until the fleeing animal was within fifty feet, and the "grandstand" was giving a general exhibition of panic. Then he fired and the buffalo dropped, while Cody cramped his knees at the side of his horse, slowed it down, dismounted casually and in a bellowing voice asked the scattered spectators what on earth could have caused their fright. He was a showman, even then!

Unconsciously, William Frederick Cody was always a showman. The spectacular appealed to him—he reveled in it, even though it meant the risk of his own life. To do the thing that the other fellow would not or could not do—that was Cody's greatest thrill. And Cody soon had plenty of opportunity for the bizarre.

The frontier had flamed again, in the outburst of 1868 and 1869 in which the Kiowas, the Comanches, the Arapahoes, the Cheyennes and the Sioux ultimately formed a coalition of hostility which ended only with the sweeping blow of General Custer and his army at the Battle of the Washita. Now the signal fires were burning; in the camps of Santanta, Lone Wolf, Kicking Bird, Satank, Sittamore, Roman Nose, and others, the demeanor was of peace, but the every action of approaching hostility. General Hazen had been called into Kansas, and Cody had been selected as guide to take him to Fort Zarah. He completed the duty, then turned back for Fort Larned, his home post, only to be captured by Santanta, escape by a ruse, and bring in the word that Santanta at last had chosen the warpath.

IT MEANT activity for the army. Dispatches must be carried and speedily. But the ordinary run of scouts which infested Fort Larned did not seem eager for the task when war parties were abroad. It was stormy, and night, General Sheridan was at Fort Hays, an officer in command, yet, so far, ignorant of an Indian outbreak. Cody was tired—he had not only covered his duty as a guide to Hazen, but he had ridden and fought for the greater part of the day in his escape from Santanta, to say nothing of having received a blow from a tomahawk which had nearly knocked him unconscious. But there was no one else. Cody took the dispatches. It was ten o'clock at night when he started. As reveille sounded in Fort Hays, sixty-five miles away, Buffalo Bill delivered his dispatches. During that ride, he had been thrown from his horse when the animal struck a prairie dog hole in the darkness, ridden straight into an Indian camp, only to discover his mistake as the dogs began to bark, ridden out again much more hurriedly than he had entered, and then become lost for an hour, thus forcing an extra mileage to cover the necessary distance. He was dog tired and said so. The General sent him to Hays City, a mile distant, to rest. But two hours later, Cody was awake—there were dispatches to go to Fort Dodge, ninety-five miles away; two scouts had been killed while trying to bridge the distance and—would Cody go?

(Continued on page 68)



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The additional enjoyment, satisfaction and pipe comfort you get out of a pipeful of Old Briar costs but a fraction of a cent more than ordinary tobaccos.



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## The Story of William Frederick Cody

(Continued from page 66)



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"Give me until four o'clock this afternoon to rest, and I'll make it," said Buffalo Bill. "Providing nobody else volunteers."

The rest was given. Whereupon, having all that time to kill, Cody put off his resting from hour to hour, while he whooped it up a bit with the boys at the canteen. Every time he started for bed a new face appeared, and another old friend he hadn't seen for months slapped him on the back. And at four o'clock nobody had shown any great anxiety for that ride. Much more tired, and low in spirit, Cody climbed in the saddle. But bed beckoned to him at the end of that ninety-five miles and he moved swiftly. The next morning at nine o'clock Cody rode into Fort Dodge after an unincidental trip—according to his viewpoint—delivered his dispatches and shouted lustily for a bed.

He got it for all of an hour. There were dispatches to go back to Fort Larned, and nobody wanted to take them.

"Might as well go the rest of the way," said Cody gloomily, "I've come this far."

So back to Larned he went. Rather, he started there. But thirty miles from Dodge City he paused for a drink. The government mule which he had been riding, didn't. The result was that the next day a very bedraggled scout, cursing all army mules that ever had been born or might ever in the future see the light of day, shambled into Larned, bearing his dispatches and the dust of thirty-five miles of foot travel. For he hadn't caught that mule. At Larned, he went to bed for a few hours, and, on awakening, learned that the dispatch carrying bee was still on. Now there were more messages to go to General Sheridan, thus completing the circle. Cody didn't wait for a request this time. He volunteered.

"You see, it was this way," he told me one day a year or so before he died, "I'd already made a big ride. It was my chance to make a reputation. I'd gone where other scouts wouldn't go. I'd done things they were afraid to do. If I could make this next ride, I'd make a record that would be pretty hard to beat."

He made the ride, arriving at Fort Hays the next day and completing a journey which had started at Fort Larned, from there to Fort Zarah and back, a distance of sixty-five miles, been captured by Santanta, escaped, traveled from Fort Larned to Fort Hays, another sixty-five miles, gone from Fort Hays to Fort Dodge ninety-five miles; from Fort Dodge he had ridden and walked sixty-five miles to Fort Larned, and thence sixty-five miles more to Fort Hays, a total of 355 miles in fifty-eight riding hours. And he made the reputation—General Sheridan canceled his return to the command of General Hazen and made him Chief of Scouts for the Fifth Cavalry, then about to depart upon an expedition against the Cheyennes.

IT WAS the beginning of Cody's real service in the army. In the years which followed, it was Cody who guided the Fifth Cavalry in practically every expedition. It was Cody who found the trail of the starving General Penrose in the Rocky Mountain country, and saved that gallant command by forcing a wagon train down the side of a mountain, thus gaining seven days in reaching a command of three hundred men who otherwise might have died for lack of supplies. It was Cody who planned many of the attacks by which the Fifth Cavalry, under General Carr, carried out an exhaustive campaign, driving the hostiles farther and farther from the regions of settlement and aiding, not only in the government's revenge for the Battle of Beecher's Island, but in clearing the way for the resumption of building upon the Kansas Pacific. And in spite of the fact that Cody was not only in advance of the regiment a great part of the time, but participated in every fight, the man's life seemed to be a charmed one. Out of it all, he received a scalp wound, nothing more.

The Fifth Cavalry moved finally into the Department of the Platte, with headquarters at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, and there Cody moved with them, joyous at last in having a home. Here work was to be lighter, and the chances for home life greater. He sent to St. Louis for his wife and baby—Mrs. Cody had spent most of her time there since her husband

had taken on the duties of Chief of Scouts, and for the first time in their married existence there appeared a real hope of "settling down." They had a home, which Buffalo Bill papered with glorious-hued coverings which he brought from Cheyenne, there was even a fence around the little place—even though it was built of the staves of whisky barrels, begged from the canteen. Here Buffalo Bill lived the life of a homebody, punctuated at intervals by sorties after wandering Indian bands. Here too another daughter was born, Orra, and, hope of hopes, a son!

Kit Carson, they called him, and Buffalo Bill had found his true happiness at last. A son, to grow up in his footsteps, to carry on, when he, Buffalo Bill was gone! A son—he boomed the announcement to everyone who cared to listen; Kit Carson Cody was to be a man among men; never was a child worshipped more by a father; the return of a command meant inevitably the crashing of hoofs in a swift gallop, the sliding thud as a rider struck the ground, the clanging of the tiny gate which graced the careening fence, and then the bounding form of Buffalo Bill as he came through the door of the little cabin, to seize the baby in his arms, swing him high, then close caught to his breast, boom out his joy:

"Here's your Daddy! Glad to see me? Glad to see me, Daddy's boy?"

He was now the figure that is familiar to the world—the long hair falling gracefully over his shoulders, the goatee, the mustache, grown in obedience to the frontier custom; a scout was not a scout, it seemed, unless he possessed these adornments. That and his buck-skin suit, the Buffalo Bill whose picture the whole world knows.

Gradually, for the time, the Indian troubles grew less. Distinguished persons came into the West, the guests of the army and of the Government. Cody guided them upon hunting expeditions, and various quests, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia among them. More and more settled life became. Now Buffalo Bill was a justice of the peace in addition to his other duties, dispensing law with the aid of an ancient copy of the Nebraska statutes, settling difficulties, recovering stolen property with the aid of his Colts, and performing marriages by the simple expedient of announcing:

"Whom God and Buffalo Bill have joined together, let no man put asunder. Two dollars and let's have a drink."

More persons came into the West, editors, authors, generals—and their guide was inevitably Cody. At last, there appeared a rather rotund man with a slight limp and a great many service medals, Colonel Elmo Judson, a writer of thrillers under the name of Ned Buntline. A friendship was formed; soon Judson had Cody's permission to use his name in a series of fiction tales to be printed in a New York weekly, and Cody's fame increased twenty fold. Soon William Frederick Cody was fussing about the little home in fear and trembling, while an excited wife worked upon a thing of gold and blue—his first real soldier suit. For Buffalo Bill was going out of the West, for his first visit to New York as the guest of the prominent persons for whom he had served as a guide.

Never perhaps was there a more loocoed person. Buffalo Bill accepted any and all invitations, sometimes as many as six for one night, and all at the same hour. He got lost. He went to a theater where a play called "Buffalo Bill" was enjoying a vogue, and then, gasping, found himself recognized and called upon for a speech. Whereupon he rose and mumbled, gasped and fell back in his chair, frightened for the first time in his life. He changed hotels without taking the trouble to notify anyone of the fact, then wondered why nobody came to see him. He got lost again. He went back to his first hotel and again forgot to mention a departure, leaving the bill to run on and on. And at last, still gasping with the excitement of it all, he came back to Fort McPherson, swearing that he'd never leave the West again.

The determination was shortlived. Soon Elmo Judson was on his trail again. Why not appear himself in a play? His name was now known everywhere; persons would flock to see him. In vain did Buffalo Bill demur. In vain did he



relate his experiences at the play in New York. Judson's arguments were all-persuasive. Soon a very frightened William Frederick Cody and an equally frightened Texas Jack Omohundro, a fellow scout, were on their way to Chicago—to become actors.

What those plays must have been! The first one was written in four hours, with bellboys and clerks taking down the dialogue as Ned Buntline dictated. It was rehearsed in twenty-four, a time in which two deeply disturbed scouts paced their rooms, strove in vain to memorize the lines, threw the manuscripts away, strove to bolt for the West, tried again and then—with the rise of the curtain, went upon the stage with no more idea of what their parts consisted than if they never had seen them. But there was little need for dialogue. Whenever the pauses grew too terrible, Ned Buntline, playing the part of Gale Durg, who died to the relief of all, in the second act, either made a temperance speech or ran a bunch of Indians on the stage. Whereupon the two perspiring scouts pulled their revolvers and let the blank cartridges do their talking for them. It was perhaps the worst play that ever tangled the boards of a theatre. But it was a success. It was bad enough to be good. Nobody knew it better than William Frederick Cody. Weeks later, when he had learned enough of the stage to forget his hands, and not to stumble over dead Indians as he made his exit, he sighted his wife in the front row. Whereupon, forgetting all else, he walked to the footlights.

"Oh, Mama!" he exclaimed, while the house roared. "Ain't I an awful actor?"

PERHAPS that was what the audience desired.

Indeed, there was no stopping of the patronage. Gradually the two actors learned more of their new work—the time even came when they could put on a passably creditable performance. The company prospered. A season passed, and with the beginning of a new one, the two men achieved a wonderful idea: to bring Wild Bill Hickok on as a third star. Out into the West they went and corralled him, thrilled to shivers with the idea of becoming an actor, just like Bill Cody and Texas Jack. But when he hit the stage, it all changed. Wild Bill reverted to type. His real friends in a time of need had been his six-guns, leaping like lightning from their spring holsters. This in truth was a time of need—Wild Bill's throat was dry. He was scared, why he did not know. Hark! The Injuns! Wild Bill's hands went to his guns and his thumbs to the hammers. After various crippled supers complained and recomplained that this fellow Wild Bill had shot their legs full of wadding, and their stage lives full of anguish, the three scouts held a conference—and Wild Bill went back to the free and untrammelled West, a victim of too much realism.

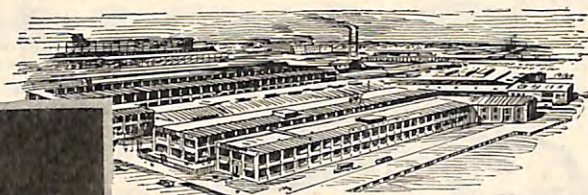
Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack continued with their life of the theatre, hurrying for the West with the close of the season to hunt or to scout, then moving back to the cities with the approach of fall and the beginning of the theatrical season. They were regular actors now, with a tremendous following and no intention of ever doing anything else. In fact, Cody had moved his home to Rochester, New York, where his wife remained with the children while the father pursued the stage. But one night in April of 1876, Buffalo Bill stumbled as he walked upon the scene, and the embroidered, ultra-theatrical lines of the play came jerkily from his lips. His eyes were dull, he moved and talked as a man in a daze. Once in his dressing room, he only stood and stared, until other members of his company came to him and with a touch on the shoulder reminded him that his cue was approaching. He obeyed like an automaton, a man forcing himself to create a thing of which he was not conscious. For upon the table of Buffalo Bill's dressing room lay a telegram. It was from his wife, and it told him that Kit Carson, his baby, was dying.

The next morning, a grim man stood beside a crib which had held his every hope, his every true happiness. Throughout the night, in which he had rushed from Springfield, a baby had held to life, calling for the Daddy it loved, even as that Daddy had loved him. Then the step on the veranda, the rush of a grief-stricken form, the folding of tender arms about a beloved thing—and then, death. Buffalo Bill closed his theatrical company shortly after

(Continued on page 70)



Hugh J. Davey, Jr., Auditor of the Robbins Body Corporation, Indianapolis, who says: "I owe my all to the International Accountants Society."



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## The Story of William Frederick Cody

(Continued from page 69)

that. He wandered the big house in Rochester, a silent, grief-torn man, watching the sunsets o' evenings, his hands clasped behind him in the position he had so often held while a baby played at the game of trying to "tag" his palms ere those big hands could close upon tiny ones. Out in the West, far out where the plains rolled on and on into the blue, where the antelope leaped and the faint dust rose as the cavalry rocked over the hill, there came the news of another Indian outbreak. This time it was war to the death; Sitting Bull had rebelled against the invasion of the Black Hills. Custer was moving north, toward the Little Big Horn. Carr's regiment, the Fifth, was again in the field. The Fifth in the field, and Carr had written that his men were calling for their old comrade in arms, Buffalo Bill!

A FEW months later, a determined group of soldiery stood in battle array at Warbonnet Creek, some thirty-five miles from Red Cloud Agency. Upon an opposite slope, a thousand Indians were gathered in like array; there had been skirmishes, a short fight, and now, each side had drawn itself up for one of those temporary lulls which sometimes come before the onslaught of battle. Determined forces, these—on one side, a thousand raging Cheyennes, cut off by a forced march from joining the forces of Sitting Bull, victoriously rampant after the defeat of Custer; on the other, a regiment concentrated upon the task of holding these Cheyennes back from their juncture with the leader of the north. And beside the commanding general rode a man of long hair and buckskin, Buffalo Bill, an actor no longer.

Custer was dead, a friend with whom he had served in desert heat and mountain night, Custer whom he had revered from their first meeting upon the plains of Kansas. It had been this thought which had led William Frederick Cody to almost superhuman things in the guiding of his regiment to this meeting, it had been his further prowess which had resulted in the temporary halt of the Cheyennes. And now a warrior was riding before the assembled braves, shouting, and beating his breast. Cody could not speak nor understand Cheyenne. He turned to his interpreter, "Little Bat."

"What's that old codger want?" he asked. Little Bat grinned.

"He say he big warrior, Yellowhand," came the reply. "He say he want to fight duel with Pa-he-haska."

Pa-he-haska, later shortened by popular usage to Pahaska, meant the Long-Haired Man, otherwise Buffalo Bill. Cody scowled.

"He wants to fight me?"

"That's what he say."

Cody made no direct answer. He merely yelled and put the spurs to his horse. There was no turning to the general for permission, no announcement—only the roar of excitement running along the line as a man in buckskin moved swiftly from the side of the soldiery, and on the opposite hill, the warrior Yellowhand, war-bonnet flying, whirled his horse, and with a shrieking war cry, surged forward to the attack.

A short, plunging progress and Cody raised his rifle, only to swerve in his saddle as his horse struck a gopher hole, then twisting himself, even as he went downward with his falling mount, he pulled the trigger. The shot went wild, as far as the Indian was concerned. But it struck Yellowhand's horse, searing its way through the animal's body in an almost instantaneous death-wound. Two horses were tumbling now, Cody's from its false step, Yellowhand's from Buffalo Bill's bullet; an instant

later, the scout and the Indian were scrambling wildly in their efforts to rise; both their rifles were beyond reach, nor was there time for either to seek to gain his weapon; their separation was only a matter of yards.

To their feet and at each other, Yellowhand with his tomahawk raised for the death blow, Cody with his right hand clutching at his long, wicked-bladed belt-knife, his left raised to fend the blow of the other man. They circled for just an instant. Then, two suddenly silenced battle lines saw them rush for their encounter of death. A milling second ensued in which forms were blurred, followed by an instant of struggle in which Buffalo Bill gradually forced higher the tomahawk arm of Yellowhand which he had caught with his left arm even as it descended for the death blow. And as they swerved and twisted, the long knife leaped into play, driving deep into the Indian's breast, twisting, coming forth, its blade now gleaming red, then sinking to its hilt again. The warrior swayed. A gurling sound came from his lips, his knees caved. But even as he fell, the maddened Cody was upon him, to wrest his war-bonnet aside with a single sweep, then, black hair caught between clutching fingers, he pulled the scalp tight while a red-stained knife again slashed at the flesh of a warring Indian. Then to his feet, his voice hoarse, his eyes distended, a knife aloft in one hand from which the carmine dripped, slow drop after slow drop, a grisly object in the other—

"First scalp for Custer!" he shouted, as he waved above the fallen Yellowhand, "First scalp for Custer!"

It was as though the words were a signal of command. From one side a line of blue, from the other a raging, ragged array of befeathered, painted men, rushed to the conflict. They met, almost at the spot where Buffalo Bill stood shouting with his trophy; a moment more and the field was a tangle of forms, of smoking carbines and cracking rifles, of flashing sabres as cavalymen cut their way through the ranks of the enemy, and swerved their mounts to positions of new attack. Hand to hand in many places the battle continued, Buffalo Bill now fighting with the rest upon the mount of a disabled cavalymen. At last the savage line wavered and broke—soon the cavalry was in pursuit of a badly defeated band of Indians, retreating at top speed for Red Cloud Agency. There, with the Indians once more corralled, and giving every protestation of peace, the chase ended and Buffalo Bill rather hesitantly accepted an invitation to meet Cut Nose, the father of the young chieftain whom he had killed that morning.

"Can't be a very pleasant interview," he said to the interpreter, "but I guess I'd better do it." Then as they met, "What's he want, anyway?"

The interpreter asked questions, then turned to Cody.

"He says he'll give you four horses if you'll hand him back his son's scalp."

"Oh, I couldn't do that." William Frederick Cody grew suddenly embarrassed. "Oh, no, I couldn't do that." Whereupon he reached for his hip pocket, where a raw scalp dangled. "You see, I've got to have it. I want it for a present—to send to my wife."

And send it he did. Even though Mrs. William Frederick Cody promptly fainted when she opened the box. Buffalo Bill never could quite understand that.

"Funny about women," he said as he told me the story years afterward. "I just thought she'd be tickled to death with that. I know I'd have been if she'd scalped one!"

(To be continued)

## Shadow River

(Continued from page 37)

and the second at fifteen. The towering mass lunged toward him with a speed incredible. The rifle fell from his hands and he dove to one side, lighting face downward on the gravel under the shallow water and rolling over and over to get further away.

A great weight rushed past him, almost over

him. He felt as though he were tied to the edge of a railroad track, frozen with horror, watching a locomotive thunder by.

Then he was on his feet again, revived by the contact with the water, ready to dodge once more if the brute should wheel.

But Londelengi did not wheel. He did not



scream and he did not fall. He went on like a thunderbolt. Davy saw some black men, his black men, standing near the edge of the clearing. He saw them scatter as the monster tore at them. He saw one that did not move fast enough, rise into the air shrieking. He saw him rise as though he had wings, higher and higher, as high as the lower branches of the tall trees, and then catapult through the air overhead in a great parabola, stopping with a sickening sound against the trunk of the white kapock which held the nest. There was no more shrieking. There was only a great, blind, tearing sound, sustained into the distance, as Londelengi crashed through the forest.

Boys came running from here and there. "Tumba!" Davy called, and waited. His heart waited too. "Tumba!"

Then Tumba came running out from the spot where Londelengi had disappeared. He was full of excitement.

"He is killed, Mondele!" he cried out.

"Killed? He's still going, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he is killed. I saw the shots. The first hit him in the trunk and the second in the chest. He will bleed to death from the trunk."

"There's a man killed here too. Did you see it?"

"Yes, Mondele," said Tumba, and he reluctantly turned his attention to the man lying at the foot of the kapock tree. They walked to the tree and Tumba turned the man, or what was left of him, over. Then they both started back in surprise. It was the man who had been called Bopie.

"How did he get here?"

"He must have been waiting here, Mondele."

"Well, that finishes Bopie. He was true to those he worked for, anyway."

No one knew from what place he came. He had no State book. They buried him near the bath, and Davy put up a headstone. Then all hands returned to camp to make ready for the chase.

DAVY and Tumba made their plans. "This has happened very much as Monsieur Franck predicted, Tumba," Davy said. "I remember he warned me not to press a wounded elephant. Londelengi may not go so far if let alone. I think we should start at daybreak."

"Daybreak is the best time, Mondele. I don't think he will go very far. I looked at his trail for a little distance. There is much blood."

"Which way is he going?"

Tumba pointed south-west, diagonally toward the river. "I think he will not reach the Tchuapa."

"We can't tell. He is not like other elephants."

"He is bigger than two elephants. But he will die now. I don't know how soon, but I don't think he will cross the Tchuapa. We can find Bassengis to take us across if he does."

"Then we'd better split up the safari, letting the heavier baggage follow along behind. I have some food in daily rations already put up. I will take that and one change of clothes. Have everything ready; I'm going to sleep for a while now."

When Tumba wakened him the safari was waiting, and he had but to step into the tipoy. Tumba was doing his father's job and doing it well.

They packed Davy's bed and moved into the trail. The chase was begun. It is a chase not easy to describe, because it lasted long and nothing unexpected happened. The trouble was that the expected did not happen. Davy found himself again face to face with the merciless, unseen power of the Congo.

They started rapidly through the dew-soaked jungle in the cool of the morning. Davy felt as though he had been through an illness leading to death, but had suddenly been touched by a healing finger and made well again. He was filled with gladness and a sense of freedom. The days of poisonous inaction were over; his dammed-up energy poured out into the chase.

Londelengi had started on no special trail. He made his own, and it was sufficient. There were no lanes to cut, no small trees in the way, no difficult obstructions of any kind. An express train had cut a hole through the solid forest, and the safari slipped along through it.

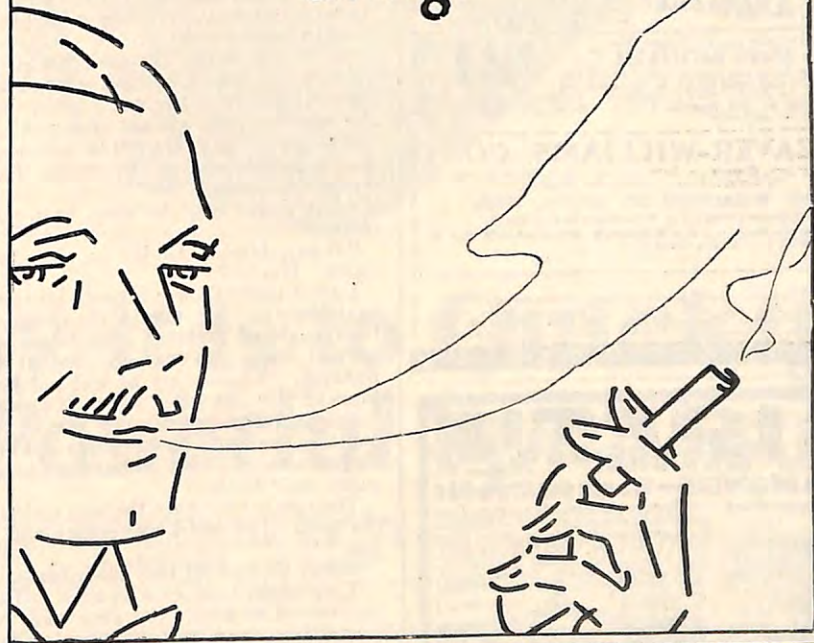
As Tumba said, there was blood. It was more than a lot of blood. Davy saw it passing

(Continued on page 72)

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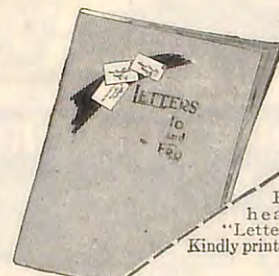
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## Shadow River

(Continued from page 71)

under the tipoy and saw it on the branches and leaves around him. After a while he almost doubted that it came from one animal. It lay in pools, as though Londelengi had stopped now and then. It was thrown in the trees and stood out in great scarlet splashes on the tree trunks.

All morning they glided tensely along. They forgot to stop for lunch. It was just as well, for there was little to eat. They would have meat soon. It was sure.

They labored on into the afternoon. Their faces were drawn with effort and fatigue. They whispered:

"Wapi ye? Ye makasi. Makili mingi."—"Where is he? He is strong. There is much blood."

THE trail led to the edge of a swamp. It looked wide and dismal. They waded in without hesitation. The crimson splashes overhead guided the way. The swamp was wide. Davy was in his tipoy. The water was hip-deep. The splashes became less definite, and progress slowed a little. It was necessary for hunters to run ahead and locate the direction. The light began to get dim and fear grew in Davy's heart. Tumba walked alongside the tipoy for a while. He went up and down the safari, talking to the men, urging them all.

"It is the water," he said, "it is only the water, which is cool, and has stopped his bleeding a little. It is the water which has given him new life. He will not go far on the other side of the swamp. He will be very weak when there is no more water. Be strong. Hurry. It is only the water."

"The water may be very wide. If night comes—"

"Hurry, hurry! He lies on the edge of the water. Hurry!"

Davy's under lip was between his teeth. The light lowered. He was in the dismal swamp. He thought of Franck. Nine days—nine days he had lived this way—to find at the end Bokanja. Thank God he had not been with Franck. He cheered a little. This could not last long. They were going toward the river and they had gone fast. Bondo had only been six hours away. They had gone diagonally, but surely eight hours—

They pulled out onto the land and picked up the trail. The blood was scanty and growing less.

Before the sun set they made camp. They might have gone on for a half or three-quarters of an hour. But they made camp because they came to palm trees. There were many mouths to feed. One boy went away and found bananas. It is good to camp on the edges of swamps. There is nearly always food.

Tumba walked about in the first dawn, waking the men, talking, reminding them, restoring the excitement of yesterday. To-day, it would be. Very soon to-day. This morning, Davy proved that it would be to-day. He gave them coffee, using all he had. They made cone-shaped cups from leaves and drank down quantities of the hot restorative. They took the trail.

The blood had thinned out greatly. Sometimes it stopped. They thought they found Londelengi, but each time they found where the blood began again, further ahead.

Tumba walked beside the tipoy. He was nervous. "I don't understand this, Mondele," he said. "He had not even fallen yet. There is nothing so far to show that he has fallen."

"He must be hit in the trunk."  
"The river is not far. I have sent a man ahead to look for Bassengis with a pirogue. We must not lose time."

There had been luck about the food, and their luck held when they came to the Tchuapa. Their runner had found a fisherman from an up-river village. He had fish, he had a little manioc, and he had a pirogue.

They crossed the river then—but on the other bank they found no trail. Davy had feared this; Tumba had feared it; and every man among them who had ever hunted elephants had thought of it. The spot where the giant tracks went into the water was as clear as though the beast had been there himself. But the banks of tropical rivers are peculiar. The land is not always definitely marked. More

often the land does not begin as soon as the jungle does. The other side of the Tchuapa from the point where Londelengi entered the water presented a wall of forest rising from the swamp.

And there were other problems. Londelengi had been hit also in the chest. Tumba said he had seen it. He meant probably that he had sensed it, but in any case if the shot had penetrated the lungs, the beast could not have made the other side of the river. He would have drowned. If he had drowned he might yet be on the bottom and would rise sometime later, perhaps the next day. If his lungs were still sound, he might have swum downstream for many miles before landing on the other side. He might even have come back to this bank.

Anyone who has tried for some goal or prize, even a small thing, and had it secure—then seen it slipping steadily away, has had in some degree the sensation Davy was undergoing now.

He did the best thing he could. He kept moving. He didn't think. They all worked systematically for two hours. There was no undue excitement and no panic. And the luck held. The obvious proved to be the case. They found the place where Londelengi had climbed out of the water, almost directly across from his take-off on the other side. It was only a few rods from the spot on which they had eaten lunch. A hundred yards inland came a discovery that sent the fever high again. There was a great space in the jungle where the beast had whirled round and round in pain and rage, and had fallen. They could see where he had lain; the imprint of his body was there and a deep furrow made by one tusk. And here the blood began again. The safari took up the chase with as much eagerness as though it had just begun.

IT IS a good three days' trek from the Tchuapa to the Lomela river at this point. It is dense equatorial jungle all the way. There are few people here. The swamps are broad and deep; the region is alive with tsetse flies, and the crocodiles go far from the rivers into the back-water under the forest. It is a hell of a country. Londelengi went through it, and Davy and his safari followed. But it didn't take them three days.

It is pretty sure that one lives longer for not having put one's body through a test such as these men went through on that march. It may be better to live longer, and it may be better to have a memory like this. Somehow it lets you into a secret—you find out about the very innermost part of a man. What these men did strains nerves that are deep—draws them paper-thin so that you can see through at what is underneath. Perhaps the nerves never go back entirely.

There was no more food and the water was bad. It rained. They made no camp. They made the distance in two days, and reached the big, swampy lake called Bokwankusu, which lies at the headwaters of the Lomela river. Davy was walking when they halted at last on the sandy beach where the magnificent brute had entered the lake. A black man was riding in the tipoy. But there was no lost prestige. This word had no place here. The black man could not walk. He could not be left to die.

It was late afternoon. They rolled up in blankets on the sand and slept under the heavens. They made no plans for the next day. They were too tired to think or know anything except that they had not given up. They slept and slept.

In the morning Davy divided the last of his food. He and Tumba sat in the sand looking at the red ball rising out of the forest in the east, and talked. Tumba had been at Bokwankusu before. He was pointing out into the lake where a certain lone tree rose from the water.

"There is sand from here to there, Mondele," he said. "It reaches far out all around the tree, so that the water is very shallow. It is not a foot deep. An arm of the sand goes on out and connects with the islands out there. The islands run on up for several kilometres, and they are all joined by sand. When the water is down you can almost walk across Bokwankusu. The

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## Shadow River

(Continued from page 72)

animals cross that way. From the top of that tall tree you can see the whole of the lake."

"No more nests in trees," said Davy. "No more waiting. If we stop now we'll never start again."

"On the other side of Bokwankusu," Tumba went on, "is the Sankuru. We should send men around the lake to hunt for tracks. They can go completely around the lake in one day and one night. There is sand all around; if it doesn't rain all tracks for the last two days will show. If Londelengi has gone out the trail this way, before we went on. In the meantime, we should watch from the tree. When the men return, if they have not seen his trail out, then he is here. It is a big lake. There are many islands. There are elephants and elephants here. It is a natural place for elephants. There are no villages. Londelengi will not leave here, I think. But we must see."

"The first thing we must do is find food."

"There will be food here. Two men can go for food. Two men can start around the lake. The rest can make a platform in the tall tree."

"Why waste time walking all the way around the lake? Why not ford the lake from island to island as the animals do? They could separate on the other bank and come around in opposite directions."

"It would be no quicker, Mondele. Then there are crocodiles, many crocodiles. Also, if Londelengi is in the islands, alive, they might start him again, so that he would go into the Sankuru."

Davy thought it over. Then he looked at Tumba, and for the first time in many days he smiled. "Go ahead. Do it that way," he said.

So that day they ate breadfruit cooked in palm oil, and fried bananas and pai-pai, and mangoes and oranges. That day two hunters left to go around Bokwankusu, and that night Davy and Tumba took turns watching and sleeping in the tall tree.

And the next day in the morning the hunters returned, to report that the devil elephant had not left Bokwankusu. They started two more men on the same journey, and that night also they spent in the tree. The following afternoon the rest of the safari arrived, exhausted, and a proper camp was made. Davy ate sardines from Norway now, and fruit from southern California. Still Londelengi had not left Bokwankusu.

"Mondele," said Tumba. "If he has not left by to-morrow, we should hunt on the islands. He is not yet dead—there are no birds in the sky."

Long past midnight that night the last of the moon came up like a sharp, bright sickle. Davy was sleeping soundly in the nest. Tumba touched him and spoke. But Davy didn't want to wake. He was reluctant to begin another day. He felt twitchy at the thought. Some of the old Bondo disease was coming on him again.

"Mondele. Ye adjali."

Davy opened his eyes and looked up at Tumba. Then he drew himself up to his knees and looked where Tumba was looking.

He saw a black, moving shadow. It was moving from the nearest island, moving along the arm of sand toward the tall tree.

"Tumba!"

"Sh-h-h-h, Mondele."

The shadow became animate. It became Londelengi.

He was coming—ever so slowly. He was walking into death, he who had lived so long. Perhaps if he had understood it all—the coming of the white man and the ransacking of his land, he might not have cared. He came on and on until he was not far from the tree. Then he looked slowly about, turning half to one side. Davy could see all of him now. He was not quite the same as at Bondo. Something had happened to him since then, too. Davy had never seen any living figure so completely express exhaustion. His huge trunk hung useless like a broken arm. The whole towering frame seemed to sway; it seemed that his vast head was sinking, unable to support any longer the wonderful arcs of ivory. The end of the trunk trailed in the water.

Davy could feel Tumba beside him. Tumba

was trembling. He could hear Tumba's breath. Then he heard another sound, from below, a sound like a great, deep sob. The two barrels of the Greener Express slid out over the railing around the nest. Davy's throat contracted and his eyes felt hot. For a moment he turned his head away.

"Goodbye," Davy said, quite aloud, and sent two cordite-driven bullets into Londelengi's heart.

He never moved.

"God!"

Tumba put the other rifle in his hands and he fired twice more. Then the white man and the black man watched with staring eyes, not breathing. They watched for nearly half a minute. It takes much less than half a minute to turn a sound mind into a state of fanatic superstition. The things Davy thought in those seconds he never related.

Londelengi was compliant then. He knelt very slowly and lay down, stretching fully out in the shallow water on the bar. He died. Perhaps the most of him had died long ago.

### III

DAVY had to wait until the sun was high before beginning work. There were many photographs to be taken and measurements made. This finished, he outlined the cutting of the skin, following a pamphlet of instructions. Most of the work was hard, and it was all very ticklish. Great care had to be taken in cutting around the eyes and lips of the animal; the strips of hide must be taken in certain sizes and cut in certain places. They cut around the tusks first and it was noon before they had them removed. It took four men to carry one tusk back to camp.

They got the hide away slowly. Hanging racks had been built in a shady place near the camp, and the strips were carried there, salted and hung. This enormous skin had to be dried and packed for shipment to some point thousands of miles away. It had to be so prepared as to endure great temperature changes and much handling, careful and otherwise. When it arrived it must be complete in every detail, and unspoiled, so that a cast could be made and the hide mounted permanently. Londelengi would thus begin life again, after a fashion, and spend another span of years rising like a colossus above throngs of human beings, bringing wonder to their minds. That it should be so seemed fitting.

Davy proceeded carefully, doing most of the work himself, and explaining each move to Tumba. They worked on through the afternoon, and by four or five o'clock the ubiquitous meat-hunting natives began to gather. Davy made them stay completely away, driving them back to the mainland from time to time. The work was half finished that day. They took a little of the meat for the workers, and spent the evening edging up the knives for the next day.

Davy was beside the carcass again before the sun. Things happen quickly in the tropics—a dead thing does not stay the same for many hours.

There was increasing confusion, due to the pouring in of more natives. Not allowed around the dead animal, they clustered in and near the camp, examining curiously the things of the white man, pointing, shouting, gesticulating. Davy was forced to spare two men to act as sentries.

Perhaps it was on account of this confusion that Davy didn't notice the arrival of other black men—black men who looked somewhat different from the raw Bassengis. He and Tumba were both working with their backs toward camp, so that they noticed nothing, and would have noticed nothing all day, had it not been for the sudden cessation of the noise. Davy straightened from his task irritably, startled by the sudden silence, and looked toward the throng about his camp. He saw a little cordon of native soldiers standing there, twenty or thirty of them, ordering arms at the command of their black sergeant. Davy's heart went to ice. He looked quickly among the natives and around the outskirts of the camp, his eyes searching for the inevitable khaki uniform and the brown helmet with the little brass badge. But he saw no one. Furthermore, he saw no porters. He felt a little more



calm then, and went over to the camp to see what the soldiers wanted. Perhaps they were passing and heard of a chance to buy meat.

The sergeant saluted civilly enough, but did not order the soldiers to present arms.

"What do you want?" said Davy.

The soldier removed a letter from a pouch at his side and handed it to Davy. Davy blinked, somewhat confused, and saw his name on the outside of the envelope. In the upper left-hand corner was the stamp of the Belgian State.

"Does it take thirty men to hand me a letter?" he asked. "Am I so dangerous as that?"

"Are you Bondoki?" the soldier said in reply. "Yes."

"The letter is for you. It is from the Bula Matadi at Stanleyville."

Davy ripped off the envelope and began to read. He read two lines—then two more. Then he felt something within him rising, something that he could not control. He was losing his head and he knew it, but he could do nothing. A frigid fury had started in the middle of him and was spreading rapidly toward the extremities. It surged up and clouded his brain, and he sprang like a wild thing at the black sergeant, felling him with a blow. The man did not rise or strike back. He lay there, guarding his face with his arms, and shouted something to the soldiers.

Davy had gone Berserk. He might have been in Vladivostok or in Patagonia. He neither knew nor cared. He drew back his heavy, sodden boot to kick the brains from the head of the black man—and then arms caught him from behind, many arms, firmly grasping.

The sergeant got up, wiped the blood from his lips and saluted Davy again. "I was sent here with the letter by men like you, by white men. This is not the palaver of the black men."

"Then why didn't the swine send a white man?" Davy screamed at him, struggling furiously.

"It is not my palaver, Mondele. They sent me; I am here."

The man was looking at him entirely subserviently. He seemed almost to be pleading. He was making no gesture of pride at this opportunity, but seemed uncomfortable and afraid. Davy suddenly found his reason.

"Let me go," he ordered sharply, and the soldiers dropped their arms as though he were their captain. They dropped them willingly, almost eagerly.

DAVY picked the letter from the ground and read it through. This, then, was to be his arrest. As a result of his previous and persistent disobedience, it said, it would now be necessary for him to come to Stanleyville for a preliminary hearing, before being sent to Moma for trial. It was regrettable that there were no State Agents available at the moment, but these native soldiers would serve him as porters, and would bring as well whatever contraband ivory he might have. The trip would be made overland. It was necessary that he leave at once on receipt of this. These were the soldiers' instructions.

This was it. The second white man to be arrested by black police in the history of the Belgian Congo. He wondered how Bowden had felt. Had he also been tracked down like a murderer? How had he taken this most brazen of all insults? He had brought suit against the State, and he had won his case. Davy would do likewise. Bowden had won his case with his hands covered with guilt. He was a poacher and admitted it. He'd never had a permit in his life. But Davy was perfectly innocent. He would win. He would expose the whole flimsy mess of a colonial government. He would carry the thing further, back to Brussels. He would tell his whole story, mentioning every name.

Davy closed his eyes a moment, wanting to turn and look once more at his hard-won prize, but he didn't dare. A sob rose in his throat and strangled him as he suppressed it.

"I will go," he said. "Where is Tumba? I must speak to him."

Every one began calling, all the Bassengis and the soldiers. They were all on their toes now, those interested and those uninterested, eager to serve. Davy saw deep into the hearts of the black people that day.

But there was no answer to all this calling. Nor was there any reward for the quick and

(Continued on page 76)



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## Shadow River

(Continued from page 75)

thorough search of the camp and environs that followed. Tumba was not there. Tumba had gone away, and apparently a dozen of the boys had gone with him.

Davy called all the searchers back, and ordered everybody to wait in the camp until his return. He had a little walk to take.

"You will not go away, Mondele?"

"I will not go away, capita."

Davy walked into the forest, and went directly to the spot which only he and Tumba and three of the boys had known. These three were among those missing now. It was the spot where the tusks of Londelengi had been hidden during the previous night.

They were gone too.

Much went through Davy's mind in the two minutes that followed. There were thoughts which he dared not think again. He was remembering the words of Franck: "I have a hard time trusting niggers, Davy. . . . Their skins are black after all; this is their country and we have taken it from them. They've all got a spark of that memory in them somewhere. If a big chance would come, you can't tell how they'd be—"

Davy returned and called his men together. He paid them a week in advance, and placed Bolenge as capita. "Wait here a few days," he said. "Bolenge will sell the meat. Then come to Coquilhatville the best way you can. Talk to Monsieur Franck there. He will tell you what to do."

"Shall we take all your things there, Mondele?"

"Yes. Be very careful with the guns. I am taking only one with me."

Davy had the necessary supplies and equipment put together for his long journey. Only Esoko and Madibanga, his personal boys, went with him. The soldiers picked up his tipoy and the new safari passed into the forest out of sight. Davy did not look at Londelengi again. No man would ever see him now.

#### IV

THEY came into Stanleyville in the middle of the morning. Davy refused to allow himself to hide in his tipoy. They had planned a little play, and he would let them have it. He moved up at the head of the soldiers and went ahead on foot. He was dressed in a clean blue shirt and white trousers. His body was lean and hard and brown and active. His face was covered with a beard of several weeks. He placed his helmet a trifle to one side and walked very erect like a returning conqueror with his soldiers. They marched through the center of the town, straight up to the office of the governor of Stanleyville. No one stood in their way. Just behind Davy walked Esoko, bearing his rifle. Davy kept his eyes straight ahead, and was guided by whispers from the sergeant behind. The soldiers were in heaven. They loved it, and played their parts as though drilled for months.

The procession took on an air triumphant. Little black children ran along the edge of the road beside them. Everybody stopped whatever they were doing and looked. Business was paralyzed. This was hardly what they had expected.

It takes a considerable amount of what is sometimes called personality for one individual to make a large audience feel ill at ease, especially when the audience is ever changing. This is what Davy did. These people had known of his arrest and that he was to be brought here. They hoped he would come in the daytime. They were like children, anticipating the advent of some rare sight. They got it, but they hadn't thought to see it in this way. Why weren't the soldiers around him? Why was a dangerous man of this kind not handcuffed? Why should he carry his head like that? They felt a little bit foolish.

Davy proceeded past the sentry of the governor's office without a word. He did likewise to the vociferous secretary, and he stood in front of the governor's desk. This gentleman had been talking on the telephone, hearing of the triumphal march. He was discomfited.

"Monsieur Jones, n'est ce pas?"

"Do you speak English?"

"But I understand that Monsieur speaks French very well."

"Do you speak English?"

"Yes."

"In English, you are what is known as a pin-head."

The governor of Stanleyville rose.

"Be seated, please. You were about to call more black soldiers. I wanted to tell you that you have got yourself into a small jam, Monsieur le Gouverneur. I am going to prove very shortly, some way or other, that I am innocent of what rumor has accused me of. The arrest by blacks will look even worse then. There is an office in Washington in the United States called the Foreign Office, and there is one in Brussels called the Ministère. This episode which you have started will end in those offices. It will be of interest to them."

The governor resumed his chair and smiled. "That is impressive, Mr. Jones, but your crimes are impressive also. The Belgian Government does not arrest without proof. We will not argue that now."

"It would be a waste of time."

"Precisely. I might mention, however, your recent summons to Coquilhatville. Do you deny that you received it and ignored it?"

"No. I had some little difficulty in receiving it, however."

"So I understand. Why did you ignore it? That is a crime."

"One for which a white man is arrested by black police?"

"It is a crime. We said we would not mention the others. Why did you ignore it? You could have gone free then."

"I ignored it because it was based on injustice. And speaking of going free, I shall shortly do that now."

"I'm afraid not."

"When may I expect this preliminary hearing?"

"You saw that the Kigoma was at the beach, did you not?"

"I did not. I didn't look at the beach as I passed."

"She sails for Kinshasa this afternoon. You are to go with her—thence to Matadi and thence to Moma, where you will be tried on several counts."

"And the preliminary hearing?"

"Is over."

"Then why was I brought all the way to Stanleyville?"

"Because it was the nearest."

"It was not the nearest from where I was. Coquilhatville was much nearer."

"We didn't know where you were."

"I beg your pardon. I'm afraid what you are saying is not true. You knew quite well where I was. My whereabouts have always been known to some of your friends. A moment ago you said I was impressive. That is the reason you brought me here—to be impressive. All this petty nonsense will not be forgotten in connection with my arrest. Am I to go aboard the Kigoma now?"

"Your guard will conduct you there."

"Ah, more guards."

"You are a prisoner, Monsieur, until you have proved yourself innocent."

"And when that is done, what will you be?"

"In connection with your passage to Kinshasa, I regret to say that there is no available space either cabin or deck aboard the Kigoma. Made-moiselle Dujardin, fiancée of the incoming Substitute of the Equator District, and some other State people, have been obliged to go down-river at the last minute. It has filled the boat, and naturally they take precedence. However, a baleinere has been placed alongside, and a palm-leaf roof put on it. You will have that to yourself."

Davy burst out laughing. It was all too rich. "Good of you not to put anybody in it with me," he said.

"You are welcome. The guard is waiting, Mr. Jones."

"Au revoir, Monsieur le Gouverneur."

"Adieu, Monsieur."

"I shall be sorry to disappoint you."

The whistle of the Kigoma was blowing and the crowd around the gangway parted to make way for the prisoner. Davy walked forward on the lower deck, around the boilers and over to the



other side. His baleinière was there. Overhead was a jam of humanity, saying goodbye and trying to find a chance to look at the American.

In a little while the whistle became insistent and the people were turning away. Davy felt the eyes leaving him like a lifting weight. The *Kigoma* would sail in a minute now, and there appeared to be a source of even greater interest. He was looking out toward the other bank of the river, but he heard the whisper above him. "Mademoiselle Dujardin. Avec Monsieur LeKeuche."

So this famous person was coming aboard now? And with LeKeuche. This would be a triumph for LeKeuche. Davy wondered if he had planned it this way—timing his arrest, and so forth. He didn't look around. He hoped LeKeuche would take her safely to Van Loo. There had certainly been enough talk about it. Franck had been right. She was more of a public character than he. They weren't looking at him now, and he was grateful.

The crowd was shifting to allow her to walk across the upper deck to greet the captain. The whispering and chatter stopped.

"Charmé de vous voir, Mademoiselle," he heard the captain say.

Then Davy Jones sprang to his feet and whirled like a dervish in the air, lighting facing the throng above. He had heard many startling sounds since he had come to Africa. He had had many sensations from these sounds. But this sound came to him like a blow on the head. This sound robbed him of all he had fought to preserve.

And it was only a voice, saying "Bon jour, Monsieur le Capitaine." It was only a woman's voice, very softly and very beautifully saying simple words of greeting to another man.

Davy threw up his hand. "No! No! NO!" he shouted, so that every one turned in astonishment. In his face there was terror.

"NO!"

But the vision would not go away.

There was Mademoiselle Dujardin up there talking to the captain. Davy was looking into the eyes of Marcella Moore.

(To be concluded)

## Dog's Ears

(Continued from page 18)

but the book of law that is writ in the soil is only for keen eyes."

"In my view, the great opportunities of the future are in the country and the village, and largely because they have been neglected for more than a generation."

### Concerning morality:

"Is it not true that morality comes as near to being an absolute thing as any creation of the wisdom and the spirit of man? It is not made of rubber. It is not, like a lady's skirt, subject to indefinite abbreviations. . . . Either we have the old morality or we have none. The new school of fiction will give itself no worry over that alternative, I fancy."

### Travel remark:

"The Moslem wears a turban . . . even in the warmest weather. In this way he keeps his head hot and ready for a quarrel."

### On love:

"It is like every other thing that has life. It must be fed. When you get a wife, don't expect the ravens to feed her love for you."

We had not read, as they appeared from time to time in some of the leading magazines, these fifteen ambling essays overflowing with Irving Bacheller's peculiarly American brand of wit and sagacity. We are intensely grateful for them in book form and urge you to read them. Bacheller, as you know, will forever be remembered for his "Eben Holden," "Father Abraham," and other sterling works.

## Upper Night

By Scudder Middleton. (Henry Holt, New York.)

WHY have some of us—just nice ordinary folk—such an obsession against poetry? Many of us would walk that famous mile rather than be found with a volume of verse in our hands. This is all very nonsensical, of course. A good deal of current, and ancient poetry for that matter, is *blah*, but then a good deal of

(Continued on page 78)



## Go-where the Fish are Striking

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## Dog's Ears

(Continued from page 77)

everything is. But if a preconceived ban against the mere word is going to prevent our acceptance and enthusiasm for such a clear voice calling across a lonely world as Mr. Middleton's, then are we dull indeed.

Mr. Middleton's poems are quite faultless—in form, in texture, in passionate sensitiveness.

The golden moment, the searing thought, the common human anguish—all are here.

There are some unforgettable passages in this new book by Mr. Middleton.

### Kit O'Brien

By Edgar Lee Masters. (Boni & Liveright, New York.)

**Y**OU all know the Illinois of Edgar Lee Masters and the slow picturesque lingo of the inhabitants of Petersburg—that pioneer town, familiar to us in "Mitch Miller." It will be like going back for Old Home Week to take up this delightful story about Kit O'Brien, the youngster who stole a pie and—as old-fashioned books used to say—what happen afterwards.

Any boy will glory in the tale as a tale, but it will remain for the more mature to really read deep of Mr. Masters' subtle faying of the slimy, savage narrowness of mind that flows through most small communities like an ugly and infested stream that poisons man and boy alike.

Under the tale of Kit, we hear the murmur of these waters, but the sound is relieved by the vivid belief of Mr. Masters in the ultimate kindness of humanity.

We turned down, in this Department, something like thirty dog's-ears in this book, so it may be worth your looking into.

### Advice on the Care of Babies

By a Bachelor Who Can't Bear Them. Jerome S. Meyer. (Albert and Charles Boni, New York.)

**C**RYING in young babies is ridiculous, says this foolish little book somewhere on its (baby?) jacket, but it isn't half as ridiculous as our convulsed faces were when we found ourselves reading aloud Mr. Meyer's snappy ideas on infant-feeding. At this point, he drops into verse:

"Keep your infant's stomach free from olives,  
Try to keep the child away from ink.  
Artichokes and shad  
Are particularly bad;  
Iodine will put it on the blink."

There's lots more where this came from.

### To-morrow Morning

By Anne Parrish. (Harper Bros., New York.)

**W**ARM, human, tender—the little family housed within Anne Parrish's latest book meets disappointment and defeat always with the belief that "to-morrow" holds the solution and the fulfilment of their lives.

A gentle, fatuous hope—used effectively by the author to accent the characters of her novel.

Mother-love has rarely appeared more unaffected and satisfying than here, in the character of Kate Green.

### The Adventures of an Oaf

By Herb Roth—Text by Frank Sullivan. (Macy-Masius, New York.)

**O**NE of the maddest, merriest brains extant does its daily dozen tom-fool stunts under the hat of Mr. Frank Sullivan of the New York World. His brilliant lunacy and nimble satire can make you laugh out loud while waiting in a doctor's reception room. We often spend two cents for the World, just to read him.

His text accompanies "these here" equally side-splitting drawings of our old friend, Herb Roth. Together, they have fashioned a scream of a fairy story for the youngsters of all ages—from Johnny to his grandfather.

There are the Oaf, and Edna, the duck (who is a tremendous snob and a cheat), and Fido, the onion, who was stolen in his babyhood by the redskins and never heard of again. Indeed, he himself says, "I often wonder just what became of me!"

These three priceless companions go off for a day's adventuring. They meet the famous Asp,

who "grown old and respectable, talked freely of the Cleopatra incident." They run into certain darling lambs who are always taking swigs out of a bottle labelled "mint sauce." The Oaf says there ought to be a law against it.

Oh, what's the use! One could go on indefinitely with quotations—give the whole thing away in fact. But just remember that here is a book in caps and bells, an affair scheduled to make any rainy day clear up at once.

### Guess Again

Compiled by James Monahan & Tom Davin. (Duffield, New York.)

**L**OOKING back upon our own effort of last month, we feel competent to judge in a small measure another fellow's question book. The new fad has been great fun, and immense profit. "Guess Again" supplies some quizzes that have hitherto escaped the other merry compilers.

And now, the next thing that the Messrs. Monahan and Davin should do, must be to get out some kind of a book, telling us how to hang on to all the perfectly magnificent information they've given us.

### The Marriage Bed

By Ernest Pascal. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

**T**HREE gentlemen in this bursting novel (we hesitate to call it romance) get into serious difficulties with their three wives. Then add the three ladies who have caused the mischief or who, at least, have offered solace after it was caused—and there you are. Shake well, and what's more, keep shaking furiously—and there you are again.

It does seem a pity that a man who can write so brilliantly should not search around in a better world for something to write about.

However, it must have its points. Thousands of very nice people seem to have read the thing.

### Wild Animals

By Wynant D. Hubbard. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

**H**ERE is the really he-man record of three years spent hunting wild animals in the African jungle. Mr. Hubbard is a captor, trainer and shipper to zoos.

### From Man to Man

By Olive Schreiner, author of "The Story of an African Farm." (Harper Bros., New York.)

**T**HE story of two sisters, which has been hailed as a remarkable book, by one now dead, whose fame still seems to grow year after year. A somber, beautiful novel, with wide thoughts and moving incidents. The scene is laid, for the most part in South Africa, a country known, heart and herb, by Olive Schreiner as we know the towns and fields of our own State.

### Barnum's Own Story

The Autobiography of P. T. Barnum. (The Viking Press, New York.)

**A** YANKEE boy, who first saw the City of New York in 1822 when he drove some cattle down from Connecticut to sell in the metropolis.

Shopkeeper, ticket-taker, traveling showman, owner of a circus boat in the Mississippi, proprietor of the American Museum and finally owner of the "Greatest Show on Earth."

Such were some of the activities of Phineas Taylor Barnum, who was dubbed by many a humbug and a charlatan. Those were pretty early days in little old New York and the rest of the country when Barnum was first trying to win a fortune. Yet here was a man putting over some truly modern advertising and publicity.

At one time he was taken for Stephen A. Douglas in Boston and, pleased as punch and knowing he could turn the incident to his own account later, took off his hat and bowed to fifty thousand cheering fellow countrymen.

Well, he certainly had a colorful life, my hearties, and his book is the story of a great old traveler and a great old showman.



# "Watch him make a fool of himself"—*I heard someone whisper*



## —then I started to play!

IT WAS the first big party of the season and the fun was at its height. The room fairly rocked with laughter as Jim finished his side-splitting imitation of a ballet dancer.

Tom, who was giving the party, turned to me and said, "And now our young friend here will give us his well-known imitation of Paderewski!"

Instantly all attention centered upon me. Feigning reluctance, I made as if to beg off, but was forthwith dragged to the piano. Admonitions of "Come on, old timer, do your stuff!"—"Don't be bashful!"—came from all sides.

They expected me to do my usual clowning—but I had a surprise up my sleeve for them. Just as I was about to begin, I heard some one whisper, "Watch him make a fool of himself—why, he can't play a note!"

They thought I was going to give them my one-finger rendition of chop sticks. But instead I swung into the opening bars of "The Road to Mandalay"—that rollicking soldier-song of Kipling's. You should have seen the look of amazement that spread over their faces. This was not the clowning they had expected! Then Tom began to sing. One by one they joined in, until soon they were all crowding around the piano, singing away at the top of their lungs.

Once started, there was no stopping them. Song after song was loudly called for and as loudly sung. Each time I wanted to stop playing they'd beg for "just one more." My little surprise was certainly going over big!

It was almost an hour before they let me get up from the piano. Then a deluge of questions: "How in the world did you ever do it?"—"Where did you study?"—"When

did you learn to play?"—"Who was your teacher?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Let us in on the secret, will you?"

### How I Learned to Play

"One at a time, please," I begged, "I'll tell you all about it. To begin with, *I didn't have any teacher.*"

"What! Say, you don't expect us to believe that, do you?"

"Sure thing. But I don't blame you for not believing it. I wouldn't have myself. As you know, I've never been able to play a note. But I always liked music, and many a time when I was pepping up a party with my clowning I would have given anything in the world to be able to sit down at the piano and *really* play.

"But it never occurred to me to take lessons. I thought I was too old, for one thing—and besides, I couldn't see my way clear towards paying an expensive teacher—to say nothing of the long hours I'd have to put in practicing.

"But one day I happened to notice an advertisement for the U. S. School of Music. This school offered to teach music by a new and wonderfully simplified method which *didn't require a teacher*, and which cost only a few cents a lesson.

"Well, boys, that certainly sounded good to me so I lost no more time but filled out the coupon immediately and sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it arrived I found that it seemed even easier than I had hoped.

"Right there I made up my mind to take the course. And believe me that was the luckiest decision of my life! Why, every lesson was almost as much fun as playing a game! Almost before I knew it I was playing simple tunes. And I studied just whenever I pleased, a few minutes a day in my spare time. Now I can play anything I like—ballads, classical numbers, jazz. Listen to this!"

With that I snapped right into a tantalizing jazz number. No wonder they kept calling for more and more! All evening I was the center of a laughing, singing, hilarious group. And it's been that way at every party I've attended since.

### You, too, can learn to play this easy way

This story is typical. Over half a million men and women have already learned to play musical instruments through the U. S. School of Music system.

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# Something About Preferred Stock

By Paul Tomlinson

# IF—

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in investing your funds  
safely—

if you want to know  
the difference between  
stocks, bonds, mortgages,  
debentures and other  
securities—

if you would like to have  
defined the technical  
terms met with in the  
financial world—diver-  
sification, marketability,  
equities, amortization,  
segregation of funds, and  
many more—

if you would be able to  
distinguish between the  
purchase which is purely  
speculative and that  
which is prime invest-  
ment—

if you want to discover  
for yourself the reasons  
why one particular type  
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NOT long ago a man remarked to the writer of this article that he thought Blank preferred was a good investment. "You know," he said, "they're obligated to pay 7 per cent., and with the stock at its present price it looks like a good buy." As a matter of fact, they are not obligated to pay 7 per cent. at all, but there are many people who persist in sharing this same misconception. Simply because an issue is "7 per cent. preferred," or "6 per cent. cumulative preferred," there are people who think that 7 per cent. or 6 per cent. must be paid. All the *must* there is about it is that dividends must be paid on preferred issues before any distribution can be made to holders of the common shares. If a corporation has an issue of 6 per cent. preferred stock outstanding, and earns only 1 per cent., the directors may authorize payment of the specified amount out of surplus, if surplus can stand it, and they think it good business; they are under no obligation to do this, however, and the chances are they won't do it.

If interest is not paid on bonds the bondholders can foreclose the mortgage which protects their investment, but there is no mortgage drawn for the protection of the owners of preferred stock. A preferred stock is one that has precedence over common stock, but it is a stock just the same, and its owners receive dividends only if they are earned; and bond interest must be paid before preferred dividends, just as preferred dividends must be paid before common dividends. If a company has \$1,000,000 of bond interest to pay each year, has a dividend requirement of \$420,000 on an issue of \$6,000,000 of preferred stock, has \$10,000,000 of common stock outstanding and earnings, before interest, amount to \$3,420,000, this means that the bondholders will get their million, the preferred stockholders their \$420,000, and \$2,000,000, or 20 per cent., will remain for the holders of the common shares. If in another year earnings are \$1,420,000 there will be nothing left for the common stockholders. If in still another year earnings are \$1,000,000, there will be nothing left for the preferred stockholders. In other words, preferred dividends are limited to a fixed percentage, and while they must be paid before common dividends, they are not paid unless earned, and the owners of this class of stock can do nothing about it. Also, in case earnings are very large, the common-stock holders are liable to receive larger dividends than the preferred stockholders, for the rate on common stock is not fixed or limited, except by the earnings of the corporation. The preferred stockholder occupies the middle ground; his investment is not protected the way a bond issue is protected, yet his dividends are limited.

In the case of cumulative preferred stocks, dividends are paid only if earned, but in case nothing is paid one year the amount that would have been paid if earned is carried over and double the amount must be paid the year following before there can be any distribution on the common. Sometimes several years elapse without any preferred dividends, and cases are not unknown where there is an accumulation of from 30 to 50 per cent. due on an issue of preferred stocks. This means that the common stockholders can expect nothing until this accumulation is paid up in full—in some cases a situation which, if not hopeless, demands a considerable degree of patience.

A comparison of the advantages of buying bonds or preferred stocks shows that while the bondholder has greater protection, the preferred stockholder receives a higher yield. This is another illustration of the elementary law of investing that the higher the yield the less protection there is for the investor. Stocks, both preferred and common, are free of the normal income tax, which is not always true of bonds, and this increases the net yield of a stock investment. It would be difficult at the present time to find many high-grade bonds yielding 5 per cent., and yet the majority of preferred stocks yield more than that. No one objects to high yields on the money he invests, and a preferred stock sometimes offers the investor an opportunity to occupy a middle ground—something less

safe than bonds, safer than common shares, a higher yield than he could get from bonds, and a surer yield than common stock offer.

In a comparison with common stocks, preferred issues show up better in some respects, and yet are not so attractive in others. As we have already pointed out, dividends must be paid on preferred stock before any distribution can be made to the holders of common, and preferred dividends therefore can be counted on with greater confidence. On the other hand, preferred dividends are limited to a fixed percentage, and common dividends are not. If a corporation becomes exceedingly prosperous, it often happens that dividends on the common stock will be very much larger than on the preferred. If this happens, it means also, that the selling price of the common will advance very much further than the preferred. Compare, for example, the quotations for Union Pacific preferred and common, American Tobacco preferred and common, just to take two cases at random. Of course, large earnings on a common issue mean added protection for the preferred, and in the case of some corporations the preferred dividends are so well safeguarded that the preferred stock sells at prices to yield scarcely any more than the very best bonds.

A study of industrial preferred stocks recently appeared in Barron's under the heading, "Are Industrial Preferred Stocks a Good Investment?" An examination of 1479 issues was made and the material classified. The period covered was from 1890 to 1920 inclusive, and the price of each stock at the time it was originally issued was then compared with the price at the end of 1922. The investigation showed that \$4,869,799,000 was the *issue value* of these stocks, and that at the end of 1922 40 per cent. of them showed a gain in price over the price of issue of 9.7 per cent., while 60 per cent. showed a loss of 49.1 per cent. The figures also disclosed the interesting fact that over the thirty-year period the price at which preferred stocks have been first offered to the public has been almost exactly par. This information was contained in the first of four tables, and the final summary showed that the aggregate of all issues showed a loss of 25 per cent., the total valuation at the end of 1922 standing at 75.

IN THE second table, the 1479 companies were divided into thirty-four groups, the companies in each group being engaged in businesses of similar character. The smallest group was tobacco, with 21 issues; the largest, rather naturally, miscellaneous equipment, with 94, including manufacturers of chains, heating equipment, stationary engines, and fifty-nine manufacturers of tools and heavy machinery.

When a preferred stock sells for less than 25 the hope of ultimate recovery is slight, and Table II showed that 440 of the 1479 issues were in that column. The quotations were for the year 1922. There were 251 issues selling between 26 and 75; 355 between 76 and 99; 329 from 100 up, and 104 issues had been called. The price range of 76 to 99 should include the moderate successes, and in every case investigated a stock selling over 75 was still paying dividends. Issues selling at over 100 could of course be termed successful, and as the call price is practically always above the issue price those issues called could also be termed successful. In all, 29 per cent. of the issues were in the last two categories compared with 38 per cent. selling under 75, and therefore classed as practical failures.

The third table presented the figures differently, and in a way designed to give a truer picture of the whole situation. Here again there were thirty-four classifications, but the groups were arranged according to the *total par value* of the issue price instead of the *number of issues*. This showed that 19.8 per cent. were selling under 25, 20.5 per cent. between 76 and 99, and 42.2 per cent. either above 100 or had been called. These figures, in other words, presented preferred stocks in a rather better light. For example, 29.8 per cent. of the *total issues* were shown by Table II to be selling under 25, but Table III disclosed the fact that only 19.8





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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

per cent. of the total capitalization were in this situation. When we compare the number of issues called and those selling at 100 up with the total capitalization of these two columns, we find 29.2 per cent. of the total issues and 41.2 per cent. of the total capitalization. These figures point to a very important and a very interesting fact: that the larger companies are the ones which make the greatest successes. This is, of course, a generalization, but after all it does seem reasonable to expect that in the keen and heated competition of the modern business world the corporations with money behind them are going to win out in the long run. The strong company wins in business and the weakling falls by the wayside.

THE last step in Barron's discussion of preferred stocks was to arrange the various industrial groups in the order of the ratio of their 1922-1923 value to the issue value. To explain: the twenty-one companies in the tobacco group showed in 1922-1923 a total principal amount of \$166,381,000. Of this total, \$116,885,000 principal amount showed a gain, while only \$49,526,000 showed a loss. The actual losses, however, amounted to \$23,517,000, while gains were only \$5,320,000. The group as a whole, therefore, showed a net loss of about \$18,000,000, and the group average is 89.2 per cent. In other words, the 1922-1923 value of all the preferred stocks in this tobacco group amounted to 10.8 per cent. less than their value when issued. And of all the thirty-four groups investigated, there is only one which as a group was of greater value in 1922-1923 than when issued. This is the iron and steel manufacturing business, where, of course, there have been outstanding successes made by the concerns representing the largest percentage of capital; but at that the ratio of 1922-1923 value to issue value was only 104.8 per cent.

Ranking thirty-fourth in the list of thirty-four industrial groups was brewing and distilling, which because of certain untoward circumstances affecting that business is not to be wondered at. It may, however, prove a surprise to some people to learn that automobiles and trucks rank no better than twenty-eighth, with a ratio of 1922-1923 value to issue value of only 59.9 per cent. Up to the end of 1922 the large companies in this group had been really only moderately successful, and 35 per cent. of the capital represented in this business was in the price range from 76 to 90. Casualties among the smaller automobile companies had been very heavy.

Of the whole 1479 issues of preferred stocks investigated, 29.8 per cent. proved to be practically failures, 29.2 per cent. what might be termed successes, with the remaining 41 per cent. somewhere in between, some moderately successful, and others not quite failures. In the final summary the total valuation of the 1479 issues was almost exactly 25 per cent. less at the end of 1922 than at the time they were issued. This is another way of saying that if every one who owned preferred stocks at the end of 1922

(Continued on page 82)

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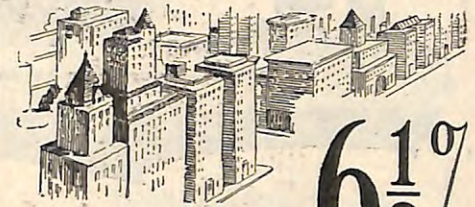
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## Something About Preferred Stock

(Continued from page 81)

had bought his stock when issued and held it ever since, the average loss was twenty-five cents on the dollar. Also, if one were trying to draw general conclusions from generalizations, he might be led to say that preferred stocks have proved themselves poor investments. Which would not be exactly a fair statement. Many people, for instance, have bought preferred stocks at prices considerably lower than their issue price, and had them appreciate in price later. What the investigation did show pretty conclusively was that the preferred stocks ranking highest in the list were issues representing corporations engaged in essential lines of industry. After all, this is merely further evidence that it pays to invest in that kind of business, and that over a period of years the man who confines his purchases to securities of that class is going to do best for himself.

This investigation of preferred stocks we have referred to also demonstrates another fact, one that we have tried to emphasize so often before. Investing money in securities is one of the most intricate and difficult of undertakings. Unless a man is possessed of plenty of knowledge of the subject himself, or has luck, he is in the vast majority of cases only going to accomplish success if he seeks the aid and advice of an expert.

## This Amateur Squabble

(Continued from page 17)

articles on golf, Jones is "writing his own stuff" as they say. One of his ambitions was to be a writer. I have no doubt that he will write well, but I do doubt that the articles would sell as well if Robert Tyre Jones did not have some reputation as a golfer.

This transaction is legitimate enough, and it may seem like quibbling to even consider it a case of an amateur athlete capitalizing his fame in his particular branch of sport. But the sticklers for amateurism at any sacrifice will point out that it is just as bad as his becoming a salesman of golf instruments. His drawing power as a salesman of golf literature comes from his prominence in golf, just as the drawing power of a salesman of golf clubs would be enhanced no little if he happened to be holding the amateur or open championship, or both.

But looking at the case of Jones in a practical light, which is the popular light, here is a young man who has the brains to write and who certainly knows his subject, doing the obvious thing. The popular retort to any questions in the case of Robert Tyre Jones and his writing on golf will be, "What of it?"

But there are other athletic authors who will, as we might say, "get away with murder," and who actually will not "write their own stuff." They will retort that Jones does it, and what is lucrative and proper for Jones should be lucrative and proper for all of the amateur athletes, and you will not be able to go behind the returns.

One might ask, "Why all the bother concerning amateurism?" For one thing there ought to be some clearer distinction between the amateur and the professional, or no distinction at all. Perhaps it would be simplest to make no distinction. The more I ponder over the problem the more I am for taking down the bars altogether. It would end all of the hypocrisy, and it would democratize all sports. We may have to come to this in time.

In the meantime the matter of amateurism will have to be between the amateur and his maker.

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 49)

### Tri-State Convention at Daytona Beach, Fla., a Great Success

The first combined convention of State Elks Associations ever to be held proved a great success, when Elks from Florida, Georgia and South Carolina gathered at Daytona Beach, Fla., for four days of business and pleasure. Under the chairmanship of David Sholtz, Past



Exalted Ruler of Daytona Lodge, No. 1141; the Convention Committee had perfected arrangements for the entertainment and comfort of the visitors, and the more than 1,000 persons who rolled into the city by automobile and train found everything in readiness for a thoroughly good time.

Chairman Sholtz presided at the opening session at the Daytona Beach Auditorium, and Exalted Ruler H. O. Watson, of Daytona Lodge, extended formal greeting to the delegations who filled the Auditorium to capacity. Responses were made by Louis Ludwig, President of the Georgia State Elks Association, and President H. A. Bennett of the Florida Association, and by E. M. Wharton, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, on behalf of President Henry Caughman of the South Carolina Association, who was unable to be present. Addresses were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, representing Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, and by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who spoke of the success of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The following morning the various Associations met for their first business meetings, though that of the South Carolina Association had to be postponed, as there was not a quorum of members present. Mr. Price and Mr. Fanning made brief addresses at the Georgia and Florida sessions, and Mr. Fanning read a telegram from Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, urging the necessity for immediate contributions for the relief of the Mississippi flood sufferers. In the Ritualistic Contest held that afternoon, West Palm Beach Lodge was awarded first prize. In the evening, following the initiation of a composite class for the various Lodges by the famous degree team of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, there was a reception for Grand Lodge officers among whom were Mr. Fanning; Mr. Price; William H. Reinhart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; Walter P. Andrews, Justice of the Grand Forum, and G. Phillip Maggioni of the Grand Lodge Special Activities Committee.

Officers for the coming year were elected the next day. They are, for the Florida State Elks Association: President, Judge John W. Du Bose, Jacksonville Lodge, No. 221; First Vice-President, L. F. McCreedy, Miami Lodge, No. 948; Second Vice-President, W. A. Joughin, Tampa Lodge, No. 708; Third Vice-President, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold Colee, St. Augustine Lodge, No. 820; Secretary, L. F. Chapman, De Land Lodge, No. 1463; Treasurer, Henry G. Pollitz, Daytona Lodge.

For the Georgia State Elks Association: President, E. Foster Brigham, Augusta Lodge, No. 205; Vice-Presidents, Joseph L. Lumpkin, Athens Lodge, No. 790; W. H. Beck, Jr., Griffin Lodge, No. 1207; Charles H. Smith, Macon Lodge, No. 230; A. B. King, Columbus Lodge, No. 111; William Dooner, Savannah Lodge, No. 183; I. G. Ehrlich, Albany Lodge, No. 713; Secretary, B. C. Broyles, Atlanta Lodge.

Automobile racing, theatre parties, a golf tournament and a band contest, won by West Palm Beach Lodge's Band, with the musicians of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, a close second, were the entertainment features of the day.

The convention closed the next day with a parade and grand ball. In the huge, gaily decorated procession, the Florida State Elks Association won first place for Association floats, with South Carolina second. To Tampa Lodge went the first prize for the best Lodge float, and to Daytona Lodge the second. Many bands, drill teams, uniformed marching clubs and comedy groups lent color and hilarity to the occasion, while the good-will of the citizens generally was evidenced by the large number of civic and commercial entries.

A number of the visitors extended their stay to include a four-day trip to Havana, Cuba, while others accompanied a delegation of Florida dignitaries to the dedication of the beautiful new Home of De Land Lodge, No. 1463, among the latter being Past Grand Exalted Ruler Price, who delivered the principal address.

#### **Pennsylvania Southwest Association Meets in Home of Pittsburgh Lodge**

Delegates from twenty-one Lodges of the Pennsylvania Southwest Elks Association met  
(Continued on page 84)

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Don't let a change in food and water rob you of one single glorious vacation hour.

When you pack for the "Vacationland Special" throw in a package of Feen-a-mint, the Chewing Gum Laxative.

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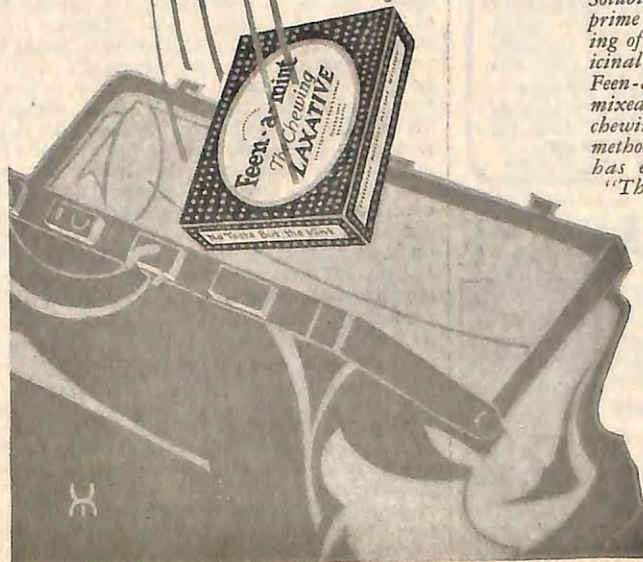
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**AGENTS**

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 83)

in the Home of Pittsburgh Lodge, No. 11, a short time ago to hear reports and make plans for future activities. It was brought out that 868 persons had attended the recent annual dinner of the Association in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and that it was the most successful and enjoyable occasion of its kind yet held. Arrangements were made to present a resolution at the coming meeting of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association at Easton, in August, urging that body to erect a suitable monument to Pennsylvania's soldiers at some suitable point on one of the State's highways. The next meeting was to be held on May 15, in the Home of Allegheny Lodge, No. 339.

### Medford, Ore., Lodge to Initiate Large Class This Month

What promises to be the largest event held for many years by Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1168, will take place some time this month, when more than 100 candidates are initiated. A Greater Elks Committee has been hard at work for some time in securing the applications of desirable citizens, and the occasion will mark an important step in the growth of Medford Lodge.

### Lebanon, Pa., Lodge Helps Fire Sufferers

When an early morning fire in the city's biggest hotel drove more than 100 scantily clad guests from their rooms, Lebanon, Pa., Lodge, No. 631, came promptly to their assistance. Members occupying the living rooms in the Home turned over their quarters to the women sufferers, while a score or more male guests were provided for in the lounging rooms on the first floor. Many of the strangers thus sheltered remained through the next day, awaiting new clothing, and all were loud in their praise of the Lodge's hospitality.

A short time before the Home of Lebanon Lodge had been likewise crowded, but under different circumstances, the occasion being the initiation of a large class of candidates. The officers of Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134, who were accompanied by their fifty-six piece band and a drill platoon, performed the ceremonies for their hosts, after which there was an old-fashioned social session with vaudeville, music and supper.

### Secretary's Report to New York, N. Y., Lodge

In rendering his report for the fiscal year just ended, Secretary William T. Phillips, of New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1, with pardonable pride, drew especially the attention of members to the splendid charity record of the Mother Lodge. The year was an unusually active one in all departments, but that relief of distress was ever uppermost in the minds of New York Elks is shown by the expenditure of \$98,600.30 for this purpose. Hospital treatment was provided for thirty-three during the year, eleven of whom were members of sister Lodges. Three hospital beds were endowed, two from funds of the Social and Community Welfare Committee and one, in the name of the Lodge, by John J. Schmitt, a member who has many times manifested his feeling for and devotion to the Order. The sum of \$5,000, was contributed to the fund for sufferers from the Florida hurricane, and nearly \$6,000 was spent on funerals, many of them for members of other Lodges. These are manifestly but the outstanding individual items of the report: a vast amount of money and effort was spent on miscellaneous assistance difficult to detail.

### Missoula, Mont., Lodge Will Have Past Exalted Rulers' Association

Missoula, "Hellgate," Mont., Lodge, No. 383, will have a Past Exalted Rulers' Association. The decision was made at the banquet given recently at the Hotel Florence, in honor of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Archie McTaggart. G. L. Steinbrenner, Ronald Higgins and W. J. McCormick were appointed a

committee to perfect the organization and to call the first meeting. It is expected that with this cooperation of the past officers, the Lodge will show a decided gain in all of its departments.

### New Orleans, La., Lodge Stages Easter Auto Fashion Show

Some three thousand persons attended the colorful Automobile Fashion Show sponsored by New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30, on Easter Sunday. The crowd at the Fair Grounds was enthusiastic and the many entries made a brave show as they paraded in the Spring sunshine, competing for the fifteen beautiful loving cups offered as prizes. This was the ninth annual show of the kind to be held by New Orleans Lodge, and one of the most successful, a substantial sum being realized for the Beauregard Memorial Association.

### Dover, N. J., Lodge Expresses True Elk Spirit

An expression on the true Elk spirit which knows no sectional bounds, was recently given by Dover, N. J., Lodge, No. 782, in the case of Harry M. Barnard, Past Exalted Ruler of Madison, N. J., Lodge, No. 1465. Mr. Barnard moved from the jurisdiction of his Lodge to Dover, where a few months later he was taken to the hospital ill with pneumonia. Members of Dover Lodge visited him daily, looked after his wants and communicated with his fellow members in Madison every day by telephone. When death finally came to him, Dover Lodge offered the use of its Lodge room for services, and Madison Lodge members came there for the funeral. The unselfish and kindly spirit of Dover Lodge and the attention paid to their Past Exalted Ruler when he was far from his fellows was deeply appreciated by members of Madison Lodge.

### Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge Owns Very Attractive Home

Although Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge, No. 1380, has only a small membership, it owns a Home that compares very favorably with those occupied by much larger Lodges. The building is 42 x 82 feet. It has a semi-basement in which is located the dining-room, showers and game-room. On the main floor is the Lodge room, 40 x 45 feet, which is arranged so that it can be used also as a ballroom. A handsomely furnished ladies' room and large comfortable lounge are additional assets of this very attractive Home.

### Bemidji, Minn., Lodge Actors Play to Crowded Houses

The three performances of "The Family Upstairs" presented by local talent under the auspices of Bemidji, Minn., Lodge, No. 1052, were played to packed houses. A well-balanced cast presented this comedy of modern American life in a manner worthy of professionals, and that the production was fully enjoyed was evident from the enthusiasm of the audience at all performances.

### Greenville, S. C., Lodge Moves Into Its New Home

In keeping with its growth and increased activity is the recent acquisition by Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858, of greatly enlarged quarters for its Home. A five-year lease has been taken on the entire second floor of the Bruce building at the corner of East North and Brown Streets, in the very center of the business section. Among the Lodge features which the new space makes possible are a fine Lodge room 25 by 75 feet, a ball room, billiard room and lounge and reading and writing rooms, while it is expected to install a battery of three bowling alleys. There is a kitchen with complete modern equipment and competent cooks which serves two dining rooms, one reserved for ladies, who also have special reception rooms at their disposal.

Greenville Lodge is looking forward to an

(Continued on page 86)



# I smiled when the butler spoke to Donovan in French

*... but I gasped with surprise at my friend's reply*

"CAN you speak French?" I asked Donovan one day.

"Yes, indeed," grinned Donovan, who was one of the best salesmen in our office and who hated to admit there was anything he couldn't do. "I speak it like a native Frenchman."

I could hardly keep from laughing at the idea of Donovan speaking French. But I gave no sign that I doubted his word.

"Why, you're just the man I want!" I exclaimed. "I'm going to call on Alphonse Leroux, the French perfume manufacturer, and I want you to come along and help me persuade him to sign a contract."

"Fine!" replied Donovan. "I'll be delighted!"

Donovan had the spirit of a true salesman. A mere matter of being unable to speak the same language as a customer meant nothing to him.

But I, on the other hand, was worried. I had been told that Alphonse Leroux could speak English. But if he couldn't! . . . I shuddered at the thought! Donovan would be useless to me. And I would have to depend entirely on the smattering of French I had been taught in high school.

I was nervous when Donovan and I climbed the steps leading to Leroux's home on Park Avenue. It was a fashionable place—a sort of combined residence and business office which the Frenchman used during his visits to America.

I rang the doorbell. Fervently I prayed that Leroux would be able to speak English. The door swung open and a butler appeared.

## An Unexpected Shock

"Is Monsieur Leroux at home?" I asked in my friendliest manner, little expecting the shock I was to receive.

To my horror the butler replied in French! My heart sank.

"Of all things—a French butler!" I exclaimed to Donovan.

I turned to the butler again.

"Is Monsieur Alphonse Leroux at home?"

Instead of answering me in English, the butler continued in French. He spoke so fast I couldn't understand a word he said. "I'm lost!" I thought.

"Let me talk to him," whispered Donovan.

My friend stepped forward. "What did you say, my man?" he inquired of the butler.

The butler again rattled away in French. Donovan listened attentively, as if he were following every word.

## Then Donovan Spoke Up

When the butler finished, Donovan spoke up. To my everlasting amazement he answered that butler in *fluent French*! I could scarcely believe my ears! Donovan speaking French! It seemed incredible!

But his words had a magic effect on the butler, who suddenly blossomed into smiles, bowed low, and welcomed us into the house.

Half an hour later Donovan and I descended the steps in front of Monsieur Leroux's home. I was happy as a bird, for in my pocket was the contract, signed and sealed.

I slapped Donovan on the back. "You made

a wonderful impression on Leroux!" I exclaimed. "Where on earth did you learn to speak French like that? Why . . . Why . . . !"

Donovan laughed. Then he told me an interesting story.

## How to Master French Without a Teacher

"Did you ever hear of the Hugo Language Institute?" he asked me.

"It's a School of Languages located over in London isn't it?"

Donovan nodded. "It's one of the oldest language institutes in the world. They recently did a remarkable thing. Guided by their expert knowledge of language instruction—their years of experience in teaching languages—they put the secrets of their quick method into a set of printed lessons—a set of lessons any one can study at home!"

"That's how I mastered French. I took the Hugo French Course. That course is wonderful! It's called the 'At-Sight' method—and is far ahead of all the old-fashioned methods we used to study in school. A short time ago I didn't know a word of French. Now I can speak French, read French, and understand spoken French."

"And I studied only in my spare moments. None of those tiresome exercises or classroom drills to do. It was fun. Everything was made so clear, so simple, so easy."

"Honestly, the Hugo 'At-Sight' French Course is a marvelous achievement in language instruction!"

This story is typical. You, too, can now master 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 acquiring 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 wonderful thing about this simplified Hugo method is that it makes you *your own*

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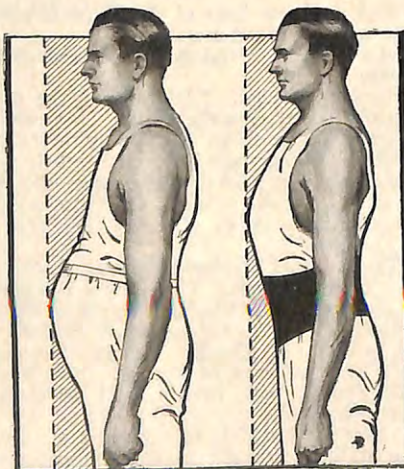
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 84)

active year, with a considerable increase in membership in consequence.

### Globe, Ariz., Lodge Sponsors City's Golden Jubilee Celebration

A four-day program reenacting pioneer life in Globe, Ariz., was the way in which the city celebrated its Golden Jubilee. The event, sponsored by Globe, Ariz., Lodge, No. 489, was participated in by the whole community, and included parades, stage-coach hold-ups, Indian attacks and a reproduction of the pioneer village. Indians, old prospectors and original settlers were among those who took part and added verisimilitude to the old-time scenes staged in the modern, business-like little city.

### Elks Honor Amon W. Foote, Secretary of Utica, N. Y., Lodge

Twenty-five years of continuous service, twenty-five years without missing a Lodge meeting—that is the record of Amon W. Foote, who recently completed a quarter-century as Secretary of Utica, N. Y., Lodge, No. 33, and who was tendered a testimonial dinner by his fellow members a short while ago. The dinner, attended by over two hundred Elks from all parts of the State, was served in the handsome dining room of the Home which was specially decorated for the occasion. After the dinner a program of excellent musical numbers, addresses and other features were carried out. City Judge John T. Buckley, Esteemed Leading Knight of No. 33, was the toastmaster, and Hon. Murray Hulbert, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, No. 1, and Justice of the Grand Forum, was the principal speaker of the evening. Others who spoke were: District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward B. Manion; Miles S. Hencle, Secretary of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31; Judge William H. Sullivan of Norwich, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1222; Judge James J. Barrett and John W. Dorsey, Past Exalted Rulers of Syracuse Lodge; James H. Mackin, Past Exalted Ruler of Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271; Leroy M. Kellas, Past Exalted Ruler of Malone, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1303; William H. Deshon, a charter member of Utica Lodge; Col. George J. Winslow, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight and Past Exalted Ruler of Utica Lodge, and H. J. Raskom, a member of Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge, No. 412.

Exalted Ruler Robert J. Blake, Jr., in behalf of the Lodge, presented Mr. Foote with a handsome testimonial in the form of a leather-covered book containing a finely worded tribute with the signatures of the surviving charter members of the Lodge, the Past Exalted Rulers, the present officers and members. In addition to this beautiful volume, Mr. Foote was recipient of many other handsome gifts and scores of telegrams and letters of congratulation.

### Lawrence, Mass., Lodge Will Initiate Large Class

Lawrence, Mass., Lodge, No. 65, is planning to initiate a large class of candidates at its meeting of June 3. An elaborate program has been prepared, a feature of which will be an old-time minstrel show presented by the Entertainment Committee of the Lodge. Extensive arrangements are also under way for the celebration of Flag Day on June 14.

### New York State Elks Association Meeting June 5 to 8

As this issue of the Magazine goes to press, Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, is putting the finishing touches on its elaborate plans for the entertainment of the delegates and visitors to the annual convention of the New York State Elks Association. From June 5, through June 8, the city will be in the hands of the Empire State Elks and their friends, who will find a warm welcome awaiting them from No. 141 and citizens generally. The complete program of the meeting was published in these columns last month.

(Continued on page 88)



# He held the spotlight by sheer cleverness



*—everything he said was interesting*

**R**OBERT BLAINE, a leading figure in the financial world, sat back comfortably and listened to young Hartley. He was proud of him.

It was at his suggestion that Hartley, a department manager in his brokerage firm, had been invited to the Gaynor dinner. He liked Hartley and wanted him to have this opportunity of mingling with distinguished business men.

And now he was more than justified. For Hartley was unquestionably holding the spotlight by sheer cleverness.

He was quiet, unassuming. Yet he seemed to have an appropriate remark for everything. He seemed to have garnered all the brightest thoughts of the wisest men and women of all ages; he quoted Horace or Walt Whitman with equal ease; he seemed to possess a mental storehouse of classic and cultural lore.

You couldn't call Hartley a talkative fellow, by any means. But whatever he said was so unusual—so pertinent—that even Blaine, his employer, was impressed.

No wonder that later, as the party separated into scattered groups, Blaine took Hartley to one side.

"Let me congratulate you, Roy! I'm mighty proud of you. Having you here has certainly been a treat. Ordinarily these dinners are dull affairs, but you certainly brightened things up. At the office it's the same way," continued Blaine, "I've noticed you putting life in a business conference. Tell me, how the dickens do you get the time to do all the reading you must

do to talk so judiciously about so many subjects?"

Hartley laughed. "Well, Mr. Blaine, you know how my time is spent during the business day. And my spare moments in the evenings are limited. However, I try to make them count. The daily newspapers keep me in touch with current events, but for real inspiration and mental stimulus in the briefest reading period—give me the Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book!"

"What's that?" his employer asked.

## A Whole Library In One Volume

Hartley briefly gave him the history of this success-compelling book. Elbert Hubbard, a many-sided genius, began early in life to gather the choice bits of inspiration and wisdom from the literature of all ages—the ideas that helped him most. The collection grew and these little masterpieces became an unfailing source of inspiration—until at the time of Hubbard's death it represented a whole lifetime of discriminating reading.

"Imagine it," added Hartley, "this Scrap Book has now been published and any one can have a copy. You can absorb in a few minutes' reading each evening what it took Elbert Hubbard a lifetime to collect! You can have the finest thoughts of the last two thousand years in one wonderful volume."

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 87)

### Attendance Record Broken at Elks Bowling Tournament in Milwaukee

All attendance records of the Elks Bowling Association of America were broken at the National Tournament held on the alleys of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, this Spring. Three hundred and forty-three 5-men teams, 531 two-men teams and 1,068 individuals competed in the various events, exceeding by 148 teams the largest previous list of entries. At the business meeting it was decided to hold the 1928 Tournament in Louisville, Ky., and the following officers were elected for the coming year: John J. Gray, Milwaukee, President; William Bauer, Louisville, Secretary, and Martin Schmidt, Louisville, Treasurer. Art Williams and Louis Stollberg, Secretary and Treasurer of this year's tournament, were made honorary life members.

Ten prizes were awarded in each event, and below are listed the winners of first places in each:

Five-Men Team Winners: Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, score, 3024, \$200 and diamond medal. Two-Men Team Winners: C. Rasmussen-L. Wiesman, Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, score 1262, \$125 and diamond medal. Individual Event Winner: G. Schiller, Sandusky, O., Lodge, No. 285, score 682, \$75 and diamond medal. All-Event Prize Winner: H. Ralston, Detroit, Mich., Lodge, score 1914, \$25 and diamond medal. High Single Individual Game: Walter Reinke, Milwaukee Lodge, score 279, \$10 and gold medal.

### Newport, Ky., Lodge Will Be Host To Convention Visitors

Newport, Ky., Lodge, No. 273, is making great preparations to entertain the visiting Elks who will attend the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Cincinnati next month. One of the big features will be thirty-two rounds of boxing, the bouts to be held in Tacoma Bowl which seats 12,000, and which is only twenty minutes' car-ride from the center of Cincinnati. In addition to the boxing, the Lodge has arranged with the management of Tacoma Park for its use for one day when all visiting members will be the guests of the Lodge.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge has entered a baseball team in the Wednesday Night and Sunday Morning League of the Amateur Association of Salt Lake City.

Dixon, Ill., Lodge recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a banquet and special entertainment.

## The Feud of Otter Tail Creek

(Continued from page 27)

### Synopsis of Part I

"BROWNIE," an adventurous otter, decided, just as winter was closing in, to leave his old home and go on a sight-seeing voyage to Buck Lake. On the way he has narrow escapes and exciting adventures with some of his natural enemies, especially Silver King, the fox. Silver King was reluctant to share his burrow with Brownie one bitter night, and the otter, usually most peaceful of animals, was forced to give the fox a lesson in fighting. In the course of the fight Graycoat, the wolf, came in for an unforgettable taste of Brownie's sharp teeth, and from that night dated the long feud of Otter Tail Creek.

within a few yards of the man. What if La Rocque should for some reason take it into his head to back-track himself! He would surely discover the otter's tracks and trace him to any hiding place! Graycoat grew bolder and yet bolder and he became a veritable gray shadow, dodging in and out among the trees with marvelous swiftness for so big an animal.

Once La Rocque paused to inspect a marten set and when he stopped the otter froze in his tracks, while Graycoat slipped quietly behind a big spruce. Thus did the game of hide and

seek last for an hour and all the time as they approached nearer to Buck Lake, Brown Otter realized that only a miracle could save his life. To delay meant a terrible death at the hands of the gray enemy, and to follow the man much farther was certain to lead to discovery and swift destruction. Brown Otter could not hope to elude the wolf a second time.

La Rocque was a clever woodsman and possessed of an uncanny sixth sense which only years of experience give to men who spend their lives in the wilderness. Something told him at length that he was being stalked and he whirled suddenly. Brown Otter was not caught napping, and quick as the man had been the sleek rascal had flattened behind a clump of trees and escaped detection. Graycoat, however, happened to be in full view and La Rocque's rifle flashed to his shoulder; the wolf faded from sight just as a whining bullet flattened itself against the tree behind which he had gone.

La Rocque chuckled to himself and turning abruptly, went on his way satisfied that a certain timber wolf wouldn't be so careless in the future. Trembling in his short, stubby limbs, Brown Otter crept slowly after him.

One hundred members of the minstrel show, and the twenty-five piece orchestra of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, visited Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge, where they entertained, and were entertained by their hosts.

Medford, Mass., Lodge has recently made contributions to the Southern Middlesex Health Association for the care of a Medford child in its camp for underfed children, and to the Medford Girl Scout Council.

Nearly 1,000 Elks and their friends made the annual Charity Ball of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, one of the most successful affairs, financially and socially, that the Lodge has ever conducted.

Portland, Me., Lodge donated the use of its Home for a get-together meeting of the individuals and organizations promoting, and interested in, the coming Citizens' Military Training Camp, to be held next July at Fort McKinley.

Rapid progress on the plans for the new Home of Lockport, N. Y., Lodge is being made and the members expect to move into the building sometime in the Autumn.

Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge celebrated its thirty-third anniversary with a banquet and dance.

The orchestra of Olympia, Wash., Lodge, accompanied by some fifty members, visited Aberdeen Lodge where the two orchestras were consolidated and furnished a most interesting program.

The newly appointed French Ambassador to the United States, Paul Claudel, and the new French consul in Los Angeles, Henri Didot, were honor guests at a banquet given by the French colony of the city in the Home of Los Angeles Lodge. M. Claudel said that he found Los Angeles' chief charm to be its contribution to art, of which the new Lodge building is an outstanding feature.

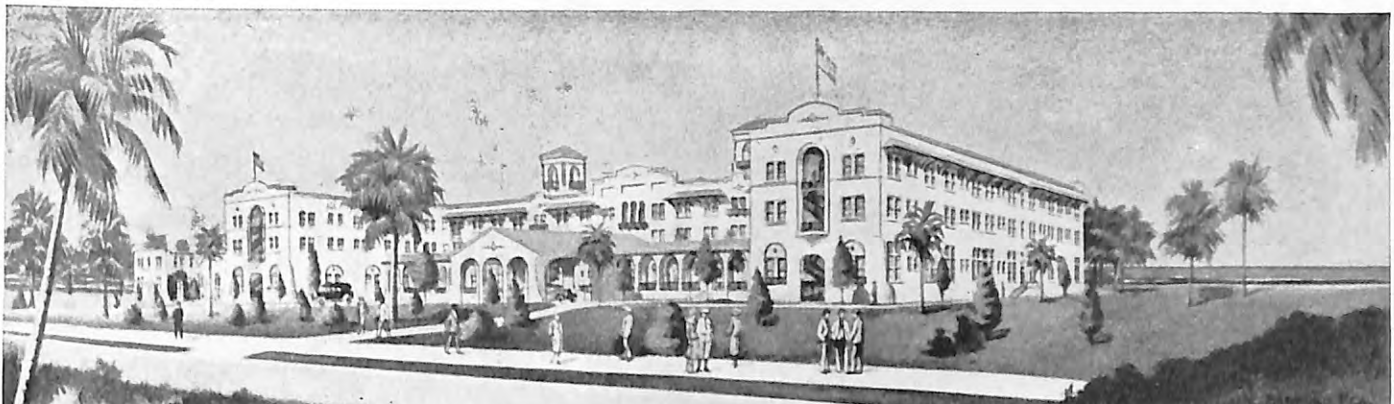
Rahway, N. J., Lodge is expecting to hold its twentieth anniversary some time this month.

La Rocque was a clever woodsman and possessed of an uncanny sixth sense which only years of experience give to men who spend their lives in the wilderness. Something told him at length that he was being stalked and he whirled suddenly. Brown Otter was not caught napping, and quick as the man had been the sleek rascal had flattened behind a clump of trees and escaped detection. Graycoat, however, happened to be in full view and La Rocque's rifle flashed to his shoulder; the wolf faded from sight just as a whining bullet flattened itself against the tree behind which he had gone.

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Note: Further adventures of Brown Otter will appear in an early issue.





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