

The Elks

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DECEMBER, 1927

Magazine

20 CENTS A COPY



Features for this Month: "America Takes to the Air," by Burt M. McConnell; "Those Good Old Minstrel Days," by Earl Chapin May, and Some Splendid Stories

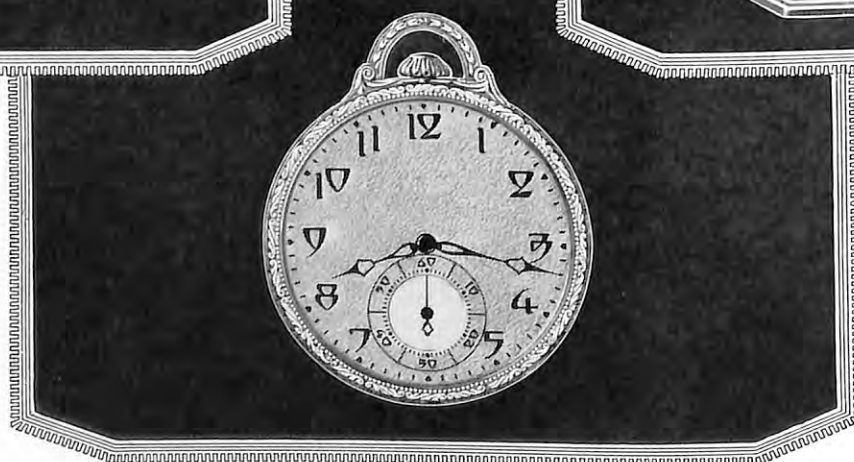
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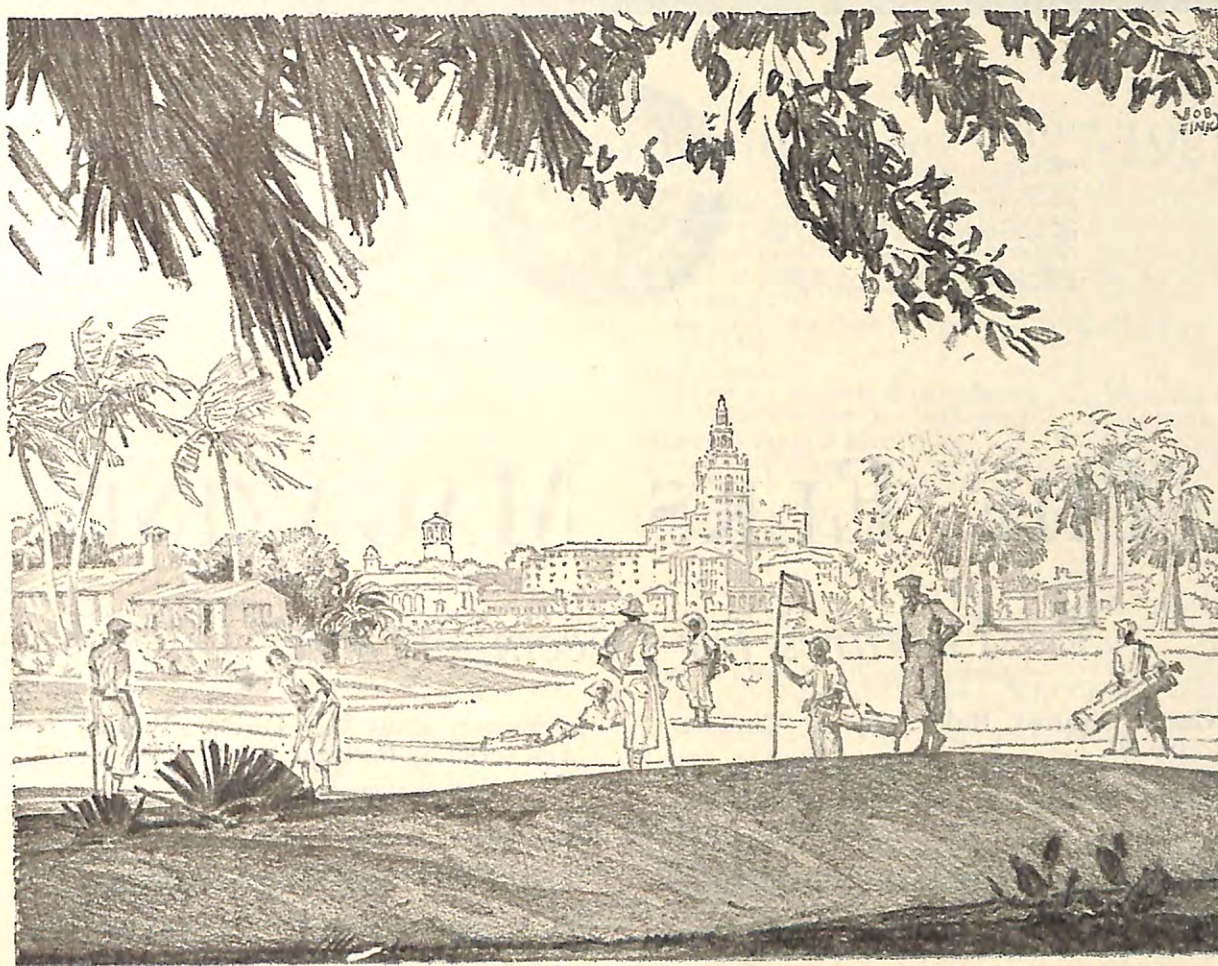
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No spot in Florida presents more advantages for a happy winter vacation than Coral Gables. Just west and south of Miami—the two cities contiguous as to boundaries—contributing to and enjoying all of the rare advantages of Miami—Coral Gables has great attributes of its own not possessed elsewhere. You may bathe in the ocean at Tahiti Beach, or at the beautiful pools of the Venetian Casino and Biltmore Country Club. Golf on three fine courses. Tennis on eighteen courts. Enjoy saddle pony riding on shady bridal paths. The motorist has a hundred miles of paved and parked boulevards for

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"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 Seven

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

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

Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Clyde Jennings, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 321, Lynchburg, Virginia.

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Four

Boston, Mass.,
 November 5, 1927

*"We tread the paths their feet have worn,
 We sit beneath their orchard trees,
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees
 And rustle of the bladed corn;
 We turn the pages that they read,
 Their written words we linger o'er,
 But in the sun they cast no shade,
 No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor!
 Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."*

*To the Officers and Members of the
 Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:*

MY BROTHERS:

In this verse Whittier expresses the belief in immortality which is held by all men who, like the Elks, acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being. This thought, "somehow, somewhere, meet we must," underlies the customs and practices of our Order. At the eleventh hour of the day we pay tribute to our "Absent Brothers"; at the eleventh hour of the year we assemble to honor the loved ones who have been summoned to the Eternal Lodge.

Under command of our law, as well as by the urge of love, the first Sunday in December of each year is dedicated as a day on which shall be commemorated by every Lodge of Elks in sacred session the memories of departed brothers, and shall be known as "Elks Memorial Day."

Let us make these ceremonies most impressive by the exemplification of our beautiful ritual, by appropriate music, by eloquent eulogies. Let us invite the public to attend, for at no time does our Order merit more favorable commendation than when the members are convened for Memorial Day Services.

The thought of the occasion should not be sorrowful, "Life is ever lord of Death, and Love can never lose its own." Reverently, lovingly, my brothers, let us place memory's garland of amaranth and ivy.

Fraternally,



Attest:

J. E. Masters
 Grand Secretary

D. F. Macey
 Grand Exalted Ruler

THE SECRET OF BUSINESS PROGRESS

IS SO SIMPLE MOST MEN MISS IT

Here it is:

WHY do some men become independent while others stay poor all their lives? Why do some men rise easily to highly paid positions while others slave and get nowhere?

Answer: Because the secret of business progress is so simple most men miss it. That secret can be compressed into a few words. Here it is: You need to know only a *little more* than the average man in order to make a *lot more* out of your life.

This may surprise you, but it's perfectly true. You need to be only a few inches taller than the average man in order to stand out in the crowd.

The man who makes twice as much money as you has nowhere near twice as much brains as you have. The man who makes \$10,000 a year hasn't five times the brain power of the man who makes only \$2,000.

Thousands of intelligent, hard-working men never get into executive positions. Why? Because they are just average. Because there are so many, many men just like them. These men miss success by inches.

Why some men never get promoted

Put yourself in the shoes of the President of your company. Look at the promotion question from *his* point of view for a minute.

You have hundreds of men working for you. A vacancy higher up occurs. Which man will you promote?

All your employees seem to be average men—intelligent, hard-working,



Has the man who makes \$10,000 a year five times as much brains as the man who makes only \$2,000? No. The \$10,000 man simply has a little extra training. In the matter of salary a little training makes a world of difference.

Perhaps any one of them could fill the vacancy. Yet you are anxious to pick the best man.

You study your men closely. Finally you make your choice. You announce the name of the new executive. Whom did you choose? The man who was always asking for a raise? The man who had been with the company longest? No. You chose the man who, in your opinion, knew most.

Good news for salaried men

This should be encouraging news to you if you are a salaried man. You should realize that this is *your* opportunity. You should say over and over to yourself—"I need to know only a *little more* than the average man in order to *make a lot more*."

For 19 years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been helping earnest, ambitious men to gain the little extra knowledge that brings such big returns. The Institute has put 300,000 men on

the road to more rapid progress. 38,803 corporation presidents have taken the Institute's Modern Business Course.

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Five

*Boston, Mass.,
 December 10, 1927*

*"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"*

*To the Officers and Members of the
 Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:*

MY BROTHERS:

There is no time like Christmas. Then, even the most selfish of men feels the yearning for companionship and the impulse to be generous. It is the great day of rejoicing. The family spirit pervades the world. Unselfishness is king.

Certainly it is needless for me to prompt to generous action the members of this great fraternity, who exemplify daily the virtue of unselfishness, and to whom "good-will to men" is an axiom of life. Nevertheless, with profit, I may recall to your minds the fact that this year has been marked by distressful events which have left a heavy toll of misfortune. It is not unlikely that many who have not been upon your list of beneficiaries at Christmas time, and who indeed have never been within the class of those usually reached by your philanthropy, will be in need this year, actually though secretly. Therefore, may I not urge your committees to extend their investigations, and to broaden the scope of their activities so that their distributions may reach the most deserving cases.

I have a thought which I wish to pass on to you. It has come to me during my travels about the country. I find many members who are interested in the more serious purposes of our Order, but who have withdrawn from Lodge meetings because they discover too much of the play-boy spirit in the Lodge routine. I find many members who on the surface are interested only in play, but who, nevertheless, respond to the call to useful service when it is not too somberly presented. May we not unite these two factions during this season of good-will, of generous impulse, of universal rejoicing, and send them out together to do welfare work which is tremendously serious and yet is so pregnant with the joy of service that it appeals to every one. I urge you to try the experiment of recruiting your Christmas committees from all classes in your Lodge, whether heretofore active or inactive. I believe it may be the means of arousing new enthusiasm which will encourage your Lodge to undertake additional worthwhile endeavors, and to move up into the front line of "Elkdom's Army of Service."

The spirit of Christmas and the cheerful response of you, my brothers, impels me to repeat—let us give and do and play, bringing joy to each accomplishment, finding a bit of heaven in each day.

Merry Christmas to you and yours,

Fraternally,



Attest:

J. E. Masters
 Grand Secretary

[Signature]
 Grand Exalted Ruler



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ARKANSAS
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Grass Valley, No. 538
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Pasadena, No. 672
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Chicago, No. 4
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Quincy, No. 943
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Pendleton, No. 288
Portland, No. 142
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PENNSYLVANIA
Bloomsburg, No. 436
Coatesville, No. 1228
Du Bois, No. 349
Erie, No. 67
Hazleton, No. 200
Lancaster, No. 134
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Walla Walla, No. 287
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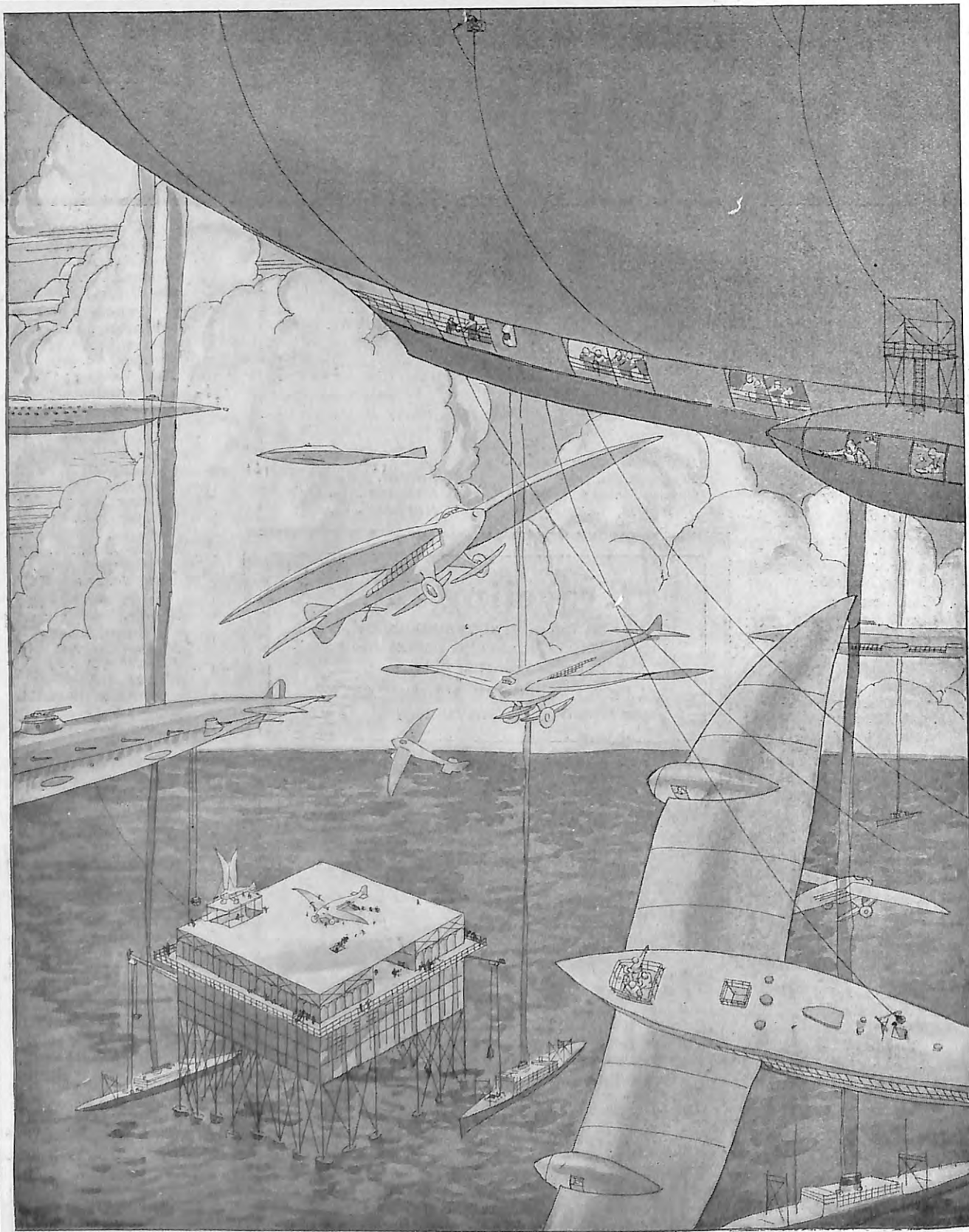


A few prominent Elks Clubs that accommodate traveling Elks.
Other clubs will be shown in subsequent issues.

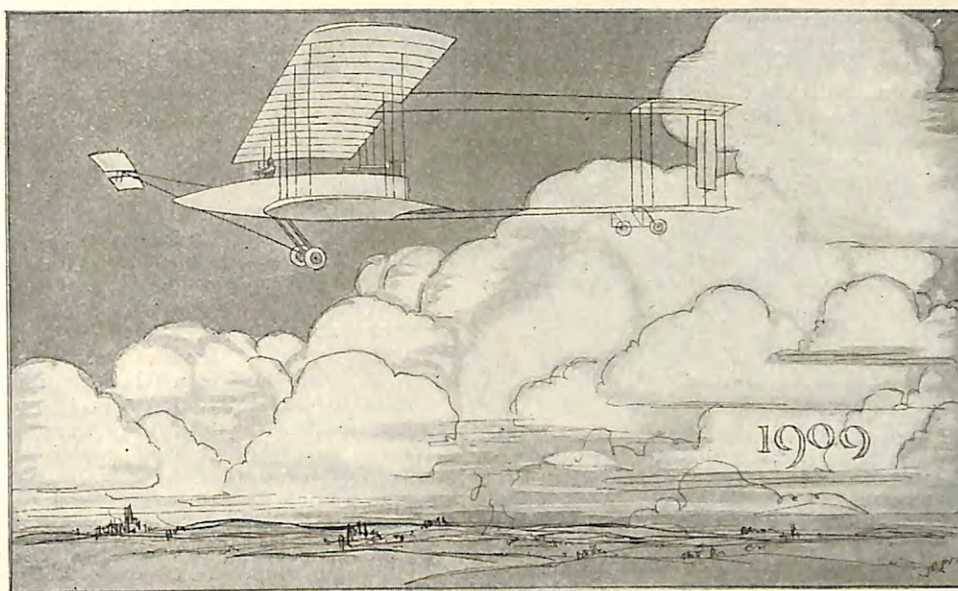
If any Lodge has accommodations, but is not listed here,
The Elks Magazine will be glad to include it without charge.



Boston, Mass., No. 10



*We Are Leading the World
in the Air—and the Future
Development of Aviation in
America is Anybody's Dream*



America Takes to the Air

By Burt M. McConnell

Drawings by Louis Fancher

SO SWIFTLY that millions of Americans scarcely realize it, this country is becoming one of the world's outstanding nations in the air. There was a day, soon after the war, when comparatively little flying was done in the United States. Army and Navy aviation faltered, while the two services wrangled over the merits of battle-ships *versus* bomb-dropping airplanes. Congress was dazed by the display of verbal pyrotechnics, and confused by the technical problems presented. By 1926, when the badly needed Air Commerce Act was passed, we had lost many of our hard-won records. The French had set new marks for sustained flight, for distance-flying, and for altitude. We failed to win the Schneider Cup for seaplanes. But we were busy laying the foundation for what has been the most amazing year in American aviation. The Air Mail Service was training such men as Lindbergh and others now making aviation history. Air transport was reaching out. New aircraft factories were being started, and old ones reopened. The Government, with direct and indirect appropriations of more than \$100,000,000, was reorganizing the Army and Navy flying services.

The Air Mail Service was being made ready for its transfer to private air-transport companies. The Ford reliability tour was being scheduled. Technical devices and new navigational and other instruments were being invented and perfected. Planes with unprecedented lifting power were being built. The factors of safety and the commercial potentiality of the airplane were being greatly increased. Some 4,500 men were learning to fly. The air-cooled engine was being groomed for its hop across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The earth-inductor compass had been tested on the second Ford tour, and was waiting to guide Lindbergh to Paris and Brock and Schlee around the world. Fog-piercing lights were being developed.

Since January first, 1927, men have flown

farther, flown higher, and flown longer than ever before. And the heroes of nearly all these exploits were American. To begin with, the Army's "good-will" fliers made a remarkable international air voyage of 20,000 miles. Then came De Pinedo's flight of 30,000 miles for the glory of Italy. Lindbergh's one-stop flight from San Diego to New York in 21 hours and 20 minutes set a new transcontinental record. There followed the pioneer transatlantic and transpacific voyages of Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd, Maitland, Smith, Goebel, Jensen, Brock and Schlee, and Haldeman and Miss Elder. The achievements of the first eight months in the field of aviation—the record-breaking endurance flight of Chamberlin and Acosta; the successful transatlantic voyages of Lindbergh, Chamberlin, and Byrd; the mastery of the San Francisco-Honolulu route by Maitland and Hegenberger, and later by Smith, Goebel, and Jensen; the flight of Brock and Schlee from Newfoundland to London; the 2,600-mile hop of Miss Elder and Captain Haldeman; the National Air Tour for the Ford Trophy, during which twelve airplanes visited twenty-four cities along a route 4,000 miles in length—these have raised the United States to a position of proud preeminence in the navigation of the air.

Brock and Schlee, in almost daily flights in the eighteen days following August 27—flights of from 485 to 1,075 miles—covered 12,295 miles, from Harbor Grace to Tokyo. Miss Elder and Captain Haldeman, in a similar type of machine, landed in the Atlantic, some 2,600 miles from their starting point, thus ending the longest flight over water ever made by an airplane, as well as the longest hop ever made by a woman.

There have been some failures, but the achievements have outweighed them by such a large margin that 1927 is likely to be set down as the year in which the first real forward strides in commercial aviation were made by this country. The country has be-

come air-minded. It has embarked upon an unprecedented development of commercial and military aviation. The United States, birthplace of the airplane, has at last awakened to the possibilities of air travel. Who can safely say there is a limit on what the next year may bring in the way of amazing performances in the air?

There are in this country to-day more commercial aircraft manufacturing plants than automobile factories. Five railroads are now considering augmenting their rail passenger service. (The railways were confounded by the rapid development of the motor-truck; they are not going to be caught napping again.) Aviation schools are springing up all over the country. Virtually all of them report plenty of students, and some have been unable to take care of all the applicants for training. More than two thousand civilians have applied for aviation pilots' licenses, and more than fifteen hundred applications for plane licenses have been received by the aeronautics branch of the Department of Commerce. Judging from the advance orders received by airplane manufacturers, the number of airplane licenses issued at Washington will exceed 3,000 within the next four months. Hundreds of cities and towns all over the United States are establishing, or planning to establish, airports. Air-mail planes are flying regularly, day and night, over 18,000 miles, and by the end of the year the daily mileage is expected to exceed 22,500 miles. In 1926 the value of all aircraft and air materials produced in this country was \$24,161,752, or almost twice as much as the total production during the previous year. There are fifteen air-mail airways over which systematic flights are conducted, seven contracted for, but not yet in operation, while bids had been opened on two others. There were, in addition, four non-mail airways: Between Detroit and Buffalo; New Orleans and Biloxi; Detroit and Grand Rapids; and Louisville and Cleveland.

Big business, which in years past has been compelled to take to the tall timber, is taking to the air. The American Railway Express, for example, inaugurated on September 1st a transcontinental aerial express service. This indicates the faith of at least one large corporation in the future of commercial aviation. The activities of Henry Ford are well known. The Royal Typewriter Company, Standard Oil Company of Indiana, United Cigar Stores, and other large corporations have their aerial trucks and limousines. Within the next two months we may see in operation a new airline out of New York that will take passengers comfortably to Chicago in seven and one-half hours. The fare is higher than the passenger fare on railroads, but there is in this country a large and growing class of people who find time more valuable than money. There is already evidence that the great steamship companies are preparing to make the airplane serve as an auxiliary at no very distant period. That this is perfectly feasible was demonstrated by Major Chamberlin in August, when he hopped off in an airplane from the deck of the steamship *Leviathan*, 200 miles out at sea, and flew to New York.

Whatever the explanation of the awakened public interest in aviation may be, there are innumerable proofs that the curious indifference of the American public to flying is at an end; that the United States, after years of unaccountable apathy, is on its way to world leadership in aviation. The use of airplanes for commercial and passenger traffic has become so wide-spread that the International Aviation Alliance is compiling a register of planes, designed to serve the same purpose as Lloyd's register of shipping. In the new register will be listed and classified every aircraft in the world. The book will also give the name of the maker, the machine's size, age, power, and cruising radius. Moreover, the American Air Transport Association, with a membership including every licensed airline in the country, has been organized to promote better public understanding of the uses of aircraft. Pennsylvania and other States have their State Commissions for the regulation of flying. In Pennsylvania, for example, pilots are required to take out State licenses, unless they are in possession of Federal permits to fly. Realizing that the airplane has ceased to be a novelty, the State is setting about in a businesslike way to control aerial traffic much as it controls travel on the highways.

THE ease with which Europeans travel by air from one city to another has led to the general impression in this country that we are far behind those countries in the matter of commercial aviation. It is therefore encouraging to learn from no less an authority than Secretary of Commerce Hoover, in charge of civil aviation in the United States, that this country (where aviation subsidies are unknown), leads all European

nations, with their subsidized lines, in commercial aviation, with the exception of passenger traffic. Department of Commerce figures show that in 1926 commercial flights in France totaled 3,293,000 miles; in England, 840,000 miles; in Germany, 3,816,131 miles; and in the United States 4,428,772 miles. No other nation approaches the

volume of mail and express transported over American airways, and even with a smaller passenger-carrying business, the commercial aviation mileage of the United States is expected by the end of the year to be almost equal to the total commercial flying mileage of all Europe. More than 12,000,000 miles were covered in civil flying in the United States in the first six months of 1927, and over 395,000 passengers were carried. Airway operators alone covered 2,642,364 miles.

There is every reason to believe

that the session of Congress which is meeting this month will be more sympathetically inclined than ever toward requests for funds for aviation purposes. Moreover, President Coolidge has indicated that he will recommend the appropriation of a much larger fund than has ever before been set aside for the development of Army, Navy and commercial aviation. In his last budget measure, the President recommended appropriations for air defense in excess of \$85,000,000, which included the launching of the five-year expansion program for both the Army and the Navy, and the charting of air routes and the building of hangars and beacons to promote commercial aviation. At the end of the five-year program, the Army Air Corps will have 1,650 flying officers, 555 reserve officers on active duty, and 15,000 enlisted men. The flying equipment will

consist of 480 fast pursuit machines, 95 attack, 185 bombardment, 59 transport, 412 observation, 72 amphibian, and 479 training planes, together with 10 other aircraft of various types. The Navy, at the end of its five-year program, expects to have a thousand different types of aircraft in serviceable condition.

The Naval Academy, at Annapolis, already has become the largest aeronautical school in the world. The class of 1927, in training last summer, covered 30,502 miles in the air, and about one-half the entire class have qualified as fliers. By the time the four classes are fully enrolled, some fifteen hundred midshipmen will be undergoing flying training. The Navy believes its future Admirals should be air-minded. It does not seek to qualify its aviation students as actual pilots; it merely wishes the graduates of Annapolis to have an understanding of the fundamentals of aviation, as a part of their general naval education. In the year which ended June 30th, naval aviators flew more than 8,000,000 miles, with 750,000 miles of safe flying for each air fatality. In other words, there was but one fatal accident in a mileage thirty times the circumference of the earth.

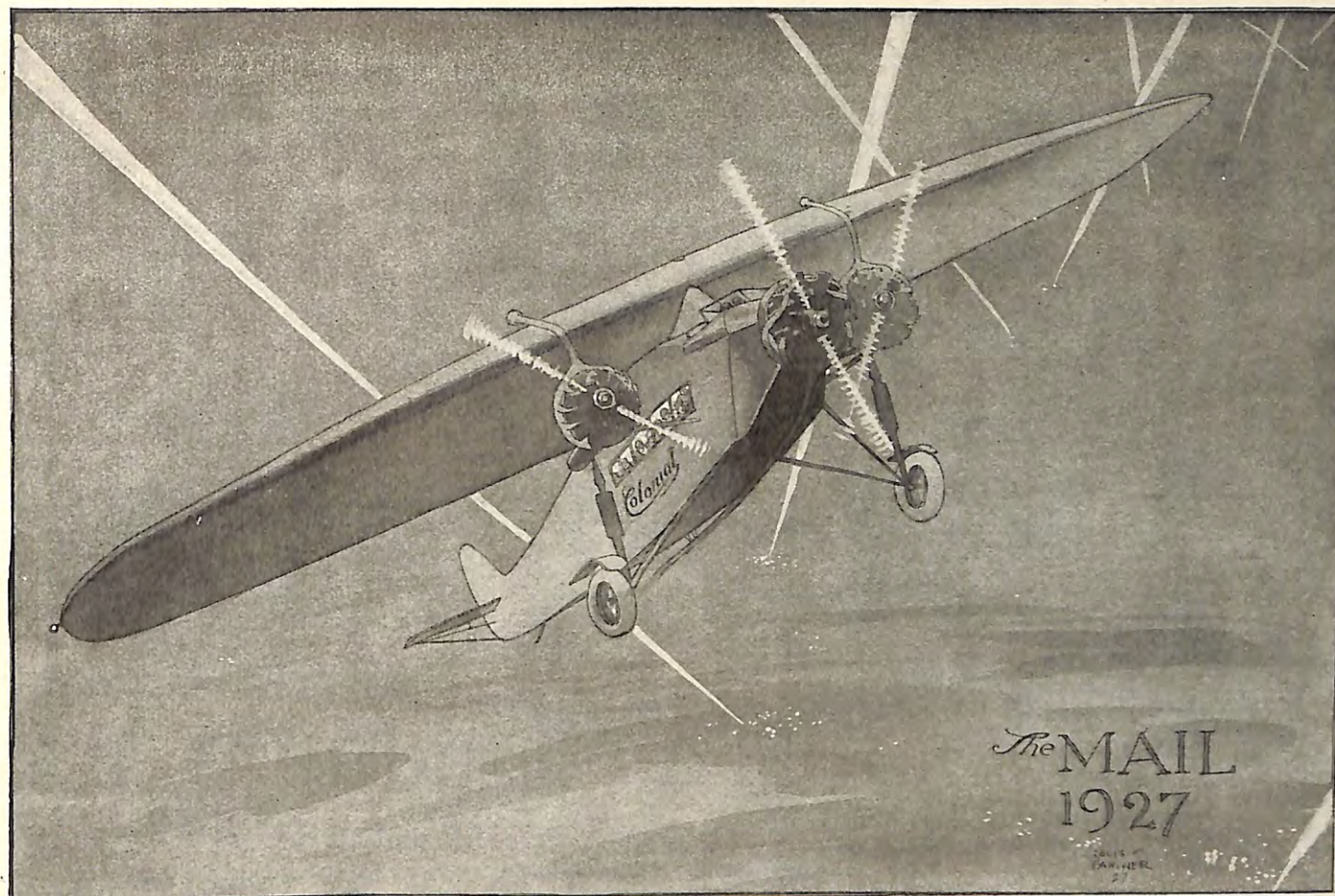
During the National Air (Ford) Tour last summer, fourteen airplanes flew a total of more than 2,000,000 passenger-miles—without a serious accident. In 1926, commercial aviators completed more than 96 per cent. of scheduled flights of more than 14,000,000 miles. In his tour of the country, covering 22,350 miles and ending at

New York October 23, Colonel Lindbergh visited eighty-two cities, and was late but once. This was on account of a particularly heavy fog at Portland, Me. He made the complete tour with the same Wright Whirlwind engine that carried him from San Diego to New York, and thence across the Atlantic to Paris.

There are, in the United States, fifteen air-transport companies holding air-mail contracts. Of these, the National Air Transport, of Chicago, capitalized at \$10,000,000, is the largest. It has the contract for day and night air mail from New York to Chicago, and from there over the route to Dallas, Texas. The Chicago to Dallas route will be operated at night, and the New York-Chicago service both day and night. The total mileage flown by these planes each day, seven days a week, is approximately 5,000 miles, the greatest in the United States, and second only to the German Lufthansa, an amalgamation of forty air-transport companies.

The Boeing Airplane Company, of

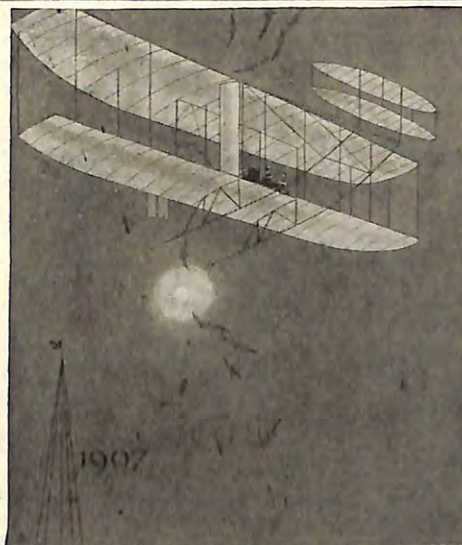




Seattle, also has entered the commercial aviation field, with planes of their own design and manufacture. They carry both mail and passengers from Chicago to San Francisco. Connections may be made at Salt Lake City with the Western Air Express, which operates an air-mail-passenger-express route between that city and Los Angeles.

These are but two of the fifteen companies. According to an announcement of the aeronautics division of the Department of Commerce, 84 cities, with a total population of 24,000,000, are being served by air mail. Every day some fifty planes take the air with letters, passengers, and express. Along the transcontinental route, between New York and Salt Lake City, there are twelve airports and ninety-two intermediate fields, connected by more than six hundred electric and automatic gas beacons. It is the youngest, straightest, safest, and fastest of all the great modern arteries of travel. In 1926 there was but one death in the Air Mail Service for 2,292,000 miles flown. The lines operating at the present time are carrying as much mail in a day as the European lines carry in a month. A year or two ago, night flying was the biggest problem in aviation. This year more than \$260,000 have been spent in setting up beacons and landing lights at emergency fields. Next year more than \$3,000,000 will be available for extending these safeguards to other mail routes and airways. Eventually ten thousand miles will be lighted.

In bringing the Air Mail Service to its present state of development, the Post Office Department has spent in round figures \$17,000,000, part of which it got back in air mail postage, and part of which it recovered last summer through the sale of its planes and other assets to private air transport companies. It has taken nearly ten years and the lives of thirty-three mail pilots to make what is generally recognized



as the soundest contribution to commercial aviation. Since 1918 there has been stretched over the nation a network of 10,370 miles of air mail lines. The Post Office Department has speeded up the mails, and thereby quickened the nation's business. This service was the first in the world to keep the mails moving at night. At present it is the longest, best equipped, and most modern air route in the world. Since July 1st, 1924, it has been bringing east-bound planes from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic in about twenty-nine hours, and moving mail from New York to San Francisco in about thirty-four hours. Day and night, in sunshine and shadow, through rain and fog, wind and snow and hail and sleet, the air mail planes keep to their schedule.

In putting its air mail lines under contract to commercial companies, the Postmaster General is placing them in the same relation to the Post Office Department that is borne by the railroads of the country and

the ocean-going steamships which carry mail. The Department has done more than speed the mails. It has shown the way for aerial express and passenger service. On July 1st the Post Office Department turned over to the successful bidder—the Boeing Air Transport Company—that part of the transcontinental route lying between Chicago and San Francisco. On September 1st it turned over to the National Air Transport the day and night routes between New York and Chicago. Its pioneering work was finished. The time had arrived for the Government to step out, and to turn the mail service over to corporations prepared to make the carrying of mail, passengers, and express a business. For passengers must be carried, not only to produce added revenue, but because there is a growing demand for air transportation.

Perhaps the most significant move in commercial aviation since the Government established its air mail lines is the inauguration by the American Railway Express Company of a transcontinental express service by air. This cuts the time of delivery between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts from four days to two, and between New York and Chicago from two days to one. The venture of this great corporation is a most encouraging sign. The Post Office Department is operated primarily for service, but the express company is operated for profit. That its able and conservative management has decided to go into the business of carrying express by air is strong proof that commercial aviation is a definite, tangible, and present fact.

At the present time, the transcontinental air mail route and certain other airways are marked over portions of their courses by powerful beacons and searchlights. These have accomplished much in making night flying safer and navigation more certain, but they are useless in foggy weather.

(Continued on page 68)

"You're a hopeless, worthless, shiftless dawdler, that's what you are!" she stormed. "If I was your mother I'd sell the house and go off to your Aunt Ady, that's what I'd do, and let you rot in your idleness!"



Tradin'

By Ferdinand Ryher

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

"NATHANIEL," wailed his mother, on the spring morning after he had traded his grindstone for a shotgun, "ye'll bring your 'heritance down to a postage stamp in the end, mark my words!"

Nathaniel rarely did mark her words but for some reason this sentence employed him as he wandered about the woodshed looking for the bucksaw he believed he might trade for one of Ollie Beddoes' hound pups.

He lifted his head and sniffed the soft breeze puffing into the shed.

"Ma!" he called.

"What's it now?" his mother cried in quick panic, staring at the saw in his hand.

"I want you should go on a visit to Aunt Ady in Boston."

She rounded her lips in stale refusals, but her bosom heaved and lowered.

"You ain't been out of this village for thirty years. Yearly Aunt Ady writes for you to come, and yearly you mean fer to go, and never do you step fur'er than the Miller turn, and rarely thet fur."

An extraordinary wistfulness filled her eyes. She shook her head stubbornly and drew herself tight.

"An' leave you to trade every movin' thing away behind my back!"

Nathaniel stared at her. "Make not idols of yer household gods, Ma," he said absently, moving away.

As he reached the Miller turn Nathaniel met Emily Miller.

"Lo Em'ly," said Nathaniel. "I was wond'rin' what yer father would trade his skiff fer?"

"Nathaniel Hope!" she exclaimed. "Have you no better to do this fine day than thinkin' up a trade?"

"I didn't think et up," confessed Nathaniel, "et jes' come to me."

"I declare!" she snapped. "And how much ploughing have you done? Have you mended your pasture fences yet? Is your cart wheel fixed? Have you trimmed the

fruit? What about those poor hens? I know you haven't a decent nest for one of them to set upon. Have you even repaired your harrow? Or pump? Or your churner? Or set out your peas? Or anything?"

"Don't that beat all, Em'ly," he said reverently, "the way you do keep track and remember things. Most of 'em clear went out of my mind long ago."

She made a movement of acute pain, and turned away. At the same moment a handsome roadster rounded the corner and stopped beside them. A plump young man leaned out.

"Hello, Emily!"

"Hello, Lloyd," she answered, taking his hand.

"Well, Nat, how are you?" His eyes, that were too closely set together, attacked Nathaniel jealously.

"Fine, jes' fine," beamed Nathaniel. "Et's a fine day."

"See you got an idle saw there," the other laughed sarcastically. "Still tradin'?"

"What you got to offer?" said Nathaniel instantly, coming a step nearer.

"After I get the old Hope place all turned into the new Hull home I'll have time for tradin'," Lloyd retorted. "Hop in, Emily, and I'll take you down."

The sway of her body as she stepped into the automobile darted an emotion through Nathaniel.

"A sweet girl," he murmured to himself, "with jes' the proper dash o' tart. I think I'll marry Em'ly."

He stood for some minutes in thought. His mother was feeding the hens when he returned home much later.

"Ma," announced Nathaniel, across the hen yard. "I got George Miller's gunning skiff fer—"

Her fat arm waved aloft with a dish in her hand quivering as a tamborine.

"What ye need a gunnin' skiff fer?" she squawked above the squawking of fowls. "What can you hold on to? Yore pore pa!

There was a man could hold on to what was his'n."

"Now, Ma," protested Nathaniel friendly, "you know well's I do pa came to his end jes' by holdin' on to what was his'n."

This was grotesquely exact. A year before he had come by death from pneumonia. He had come by pneumonia from standing for two hours in two feet of salt Maine water in November pulling at one end of a boat. At the other end of the boat was another man, also pulling. They were pulling in opposite directions. There was no doubt that Nathaniel's father had the right, but the other man had the hip boots. People advised him to let go. As well ask him to let go of his heart. He was temperamentally unfitted to relinquish what he considered his own even for a moment. The heated condition of the top of him combined with the chill at the bottom did for him. His son eventually recovered the boat, but that was the only recovery connected with the case.

IT RAINED gently during the night and early morning. When the sun came out the air steamed with sweetness that was dizzying. Nathaniel stared steadily up the road. As though evoked, Emily stepped into it.

"Your skiff is still waiting for you to come and get it," she said bitterly. "I have no doubt you miss it sorely in putting your corn out."

"I'm goin' to see ef I can notice any diff'rence in the old Hope place," he said. "C'mon."

On the hill behind the house a rock arched out of junipers. It was shaped like a sofa, there was even a back to it where a piece of an old wall still adhered. He settled lovingly into place, and after a moment's hesitation she lowered herself primly beside him.

Cove and bay lay like a lazy eyelid on half a village. His gaze skimmed timbered shores, passed with unerring registry over

four weirs and three moored boats, and lingered on the Mount, a peninsular hill extending like a crooked finger to shut in the big bay and divide it from the littler of its own name behind. An old broad house crowned the smooth-clipped curve of the hill. A faint hammering reached them from it.

He had been born there. It was the old Hope homestead, once the finest in the region, built and occupied by them when the Hopes had been sea merchants and sea captains. He had been born there. His father had sold it and put the money into sardine factory shares, a little too late. It had been impossible for him to part with money expeditiously. For the last seven years it had been untenanted, and three months ago Lloyd Hull had bought it.

"If I was a man," Emily suddenly flung at him, "I'd have been man enough to get back the place my own people built and I was born in, and put it to right for myself again, and not seen it go into somebody else's hands."

"Allus liked the old home, didn't you, Em'ly?"

"It's—it's beautiful up there," she evaded.

"Wal," chuckled Nathaniel, "it'll take more'n a Hull livin' in et to be called the Hull place."

"You'd be content to wallow in the past glory of the Hopes. Well, the Hopes, all that amounted to anything, have been buried long ago, and there's only a worthless one left, just as there's a different breed of Hulls around now."

"I don't know 'bout the Hopes, Em'ly, but I mistrust there's any great difference in the Hulls," he offered impersonally.

"Take Lloyd—"

"You take him, Em'ly," Nathaniel suggested.

She tossed her head angrily, a shade disconcerted.

"He went to High School, and worked in Bath all the time he was there. He ran a stand at the ferry for tourists, and he tended furnaces in the winter. He won a scholarship to college and studied law and went right into one of the biggest offices in Portland. When his Uncle Amos died he didn't start trading his inheritance away, did he? No, he came back and took care of it. People said he was a fool to come back, but all the same in two years they made him selectman, and he's got as much law business in Bath as any one, and he'll be in the legislature, everybody knows. Twenty-eight years old, only two years older than you, and ready for the legislature. And you could have had a shingle out, too, just as well."

"I aim to have one yet," said Nathaniel.

She laughed bitterly. "And what will you have on it?"

"I'll have on it," said Nathaniel enthusiastically:—"Nathaniel Hope: Trades Anything."

Her eyes snapped and she jumped to her feet.

"You're a hopeless, worthless, shiftless dawdler, that's what you are!" she stormed. "If I was your mother I'd sell the house and go off to your Aunt Ady, that's what I'd do, and leave you rot in your idleness!"

"Don't tell her thet, Em'ly, please," he entreated, in panic.

"I will! I certainly will tell her. It's the only way to make you come to your senses, Nathaniel Hope, I see it now!"

His eyes followed her down the hill. He listened to a sudden excited bubbling of voices below him.

"Funny," he murmured, "how a woman tries to forgive a man anything long's he jes' gits on. There's Lloyd. He cheated in every game at school. He got out of thet scrape time they cut the Massachusetts fellows' nets in the Little Sheepsfoot and the Portugee got shot, by tellin' on Cliff Harper. He swindled thet one-legged boy at the ferry out of his peanut stand, and he set old Amos Hull against all his other kin, includin' his own sisters. They made him selectman 'cause he gave all the derelicts to the Corners to b'lieve he was goin' to build a new road from the State Road into the old Hull place, and the cases he takes in law not even Alex Moore would touch."

HE HEARD the door shut behind Emily leaving the house, and rose with an unwinding movement at once gawky and graceful. The querulous despair of his mother, dramatic before an empty woodbox contained a considering ring now like a trump card up a sleeve.

Lloyd strutted to and fro in the village scene. An inherited antagonism to the Hopes, so deep that it was an instinct, had crystallized in him imperceptibly into downright hatred of Nathaniel. He found it necessary for his peace of mind to despise Nathaniel, although he remembered things.

Nathaniel reaching into a coon hole and dragging out thirty pounds of thick-pelted greased ferocity with his bare hands. Nathaniel going overboard in the Fury Gates after Cliff Harper in February. Nathaniel . . . and Emily. He saw the old school-house, the playground outside, the road Nathaniel and Emily took home, as he himself went the other way, and he remembered, so vividly that the recollection was physically painful to him, her round blue eyes fixed with steady idolatry on Nathaniel's silver blond thatch.

He could not forget the picture of little Emily Miller in pigtailed adoring a gawky boy with silver blond hair.

May came in with a heady exultation that was overpowering. Nathaniel raised the hoe at arm's length back over his shoulder, brought it forward easily, and down, faster. The instant the fly struck a trout leaped to it out of the wheelbarrow. The reel twirled. He leaned—a disdainful snort sounded behind him!

"Haven't got a good fishin' pole to trade, have you, Lloyd?" he asked, unperturbed.

Lloyd raked him with an inimical eye.

"Put a shoestring on that hoe and try your corn patch, that needs a little yanking," he advised, and walked on. Nathaniel went to the edge of the ditch to speak to Emily.

"Hay's coming up fine!" she greeted enthusiastically.

He shuddered delicately.



"Know anybody's got a good fishin' rod?" he pleaded.

The pleasant light in her eyes faded, and she marched on.

"Wal," he said slowly, "et ain't fer want o' tryin' I haven't located a good fishin' rod."

An automobile swung into the village road, and stopped beside him. The door opened and huge twin inverted stumps in warm brown worsted issued groundward, followed by the fruits of a still portable lower bosom that was embowered in the brilliant foliage of a saffron and blue waistcoat with three pearl buttons and a rolled collar. A noble cutaway, of rippling looseness and grayish hue, dropped sectionally into sight, and then a triangle of stiff shirt and dark batwing tie, while two hands fluttered forth important with two fat rings, and, lastly, presenting a perfect circle foremost, a flat-topped derby. The foreshortened visage identifying all this abrupt magnificence canted upward and Nathaniel faced Mr. Cyril Kirkpatrick, auctioneer and purveyor of antiques.

"Howdy, Mr. Pat!" he welcomed. "How are you?"

"Elegant, Nathaniel," said the noble creature, with a moist metallic unction. "Jes' elegant. Jes' on my way to the Corners, but I sez for the sake of a old neighbor I'll drive in, havin' heard ye needed a fine fishin' rod."

"By all thet's wonderful! Not more'n a minute ago I was wonderin' where I was goin' to find me one."

In the parlor stood a small dark bureau drawer desk. Upon the desk stood a model of the clipper ship Flying Hope. Mr. Pat's eyes protruded and moisture gathered in the corners of his mouth. Nathaniel glanced from Mr. Pat out of the window, and lovingly petted the cork handle of the rod. The antiphonal croaking of Nathaniel's mother was like a chorus of frogs in a distant marsh, and imparted sylvan variety to the transaction.

THE old burey drawer desk was yore grandpa's ma's, and I ain't goin' to see et go out of this house. And, furthermore, ef et's wuth a fishin' pole to Mister Kirkpatrick et'll be wuth as much to us, ef not more!"

"Now, ma," said Nathaniel patiently, "how can I ketch a trout with a burey drawer desk?"

Nathaniel encountered Lloyd on the road. "Hear you traded your old bureau drawer desk for a fishing pole?" he said, with a derisive merriment.

"Et's a purty good pole," said Nathaniel.

Lloyd laughed raucously. "I understand, it was a pretty good desk, too. By the way, that woodlot that comes up to my line, that's all yours, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, Lloyd, I heired thet direct from Grandfather Nat. Our house though, and the lot thet's behind et is ma's, but nobody could persuade ma to sell you her house."

Lloyd cast a glance at the house, his eyes lingering on it as though seeing it for the first time.

"I couldn't, eh?" he said drily, as though his cleverness had been disputed. "Listen," he began, but broke off seeing Emily approach.

Gil Bennet was alone in his store.

"Want to trade thet old oil-burner stove o' yourn, Gil?" Nathaniel asked. "I'll give—"

He started as the door opened behind him and Emily came in. "Got any lean pork, Gil?"

July. Ship model, some rugs, a maple table, a sofa, four rush

bottom chairs, a pair of yellow tinted glass candlesticks and some other old Hope glass vanished with Mr. Pat in one fell haul. Nathaniel reclined on his rock reading when a shadow fell on the page.

"Oh! Oh! Reading!" Emily gasped. "On a morning like this and all the work you have to do!"

It was a trifle difficult to answer a tone so puritan in a posture so easeful, and Nathaniel sat up.

"I stopped in and found your mother in that hot kitchen front of a broiling stove baking and cooking for you—you!" she stormed on. "Haven't you even a little decent pity for her?"

"Why, Em'ly," Nathaniel remonstrated, "ma's right fortified against pity."

"OH!" SHE exclaimed aghast. "You're almost wicked. If I was her do you think I'd stand this for a minute?"

Rage ignited inspiration. She flounced about and ran down the hill bristling with abrupt determination. Twenty minutes later he heard his mother's voice.

"Yore dinner is set out fer you," the tone was that of guilt buttressed by a stronger spirit, "and I'm agoin' to Em'ly Miller's for some sewin'."

He sat perfectly still for some minutes, his head cocked, thinking. By and by he went down and ate his dinner. When he was through he sat back in his chair, and stared at the old kitchen stove.

"Ef et abeen a man now," he said to the stove, "thet hed been stanin' thirty years in front of you, we could relieve him with a torchlight percession and brass bands with speeches, and he'd smile clean down to his boots, and set fer the rest of his days in a plush chair happy. But you'd on'y insult a woman by any such contrivin's, and ef you pushed a chair under her she'd take et to mean you didn't think she was necessary any longer. They're a breed thet has no power of enjoyin' themselves out of the odor of righteousness and doughnuts."

He rose and went out. Late in the afternoon he tinkered a little on a little car that made up in sound what it lacked in soundness and took a small pleasure ride. When he reached home his mother had not returned from Emily's. He put the car in the barn and wandered up to the rock, and watched the gulls wafting in and out of the lilac gauze of evening.

"They spin not neither do they toil," murmured Nathaniel enviously. "Still et's good to feel the restful earth underneath you arter a hard day, and the soft purple air above, and the darkenin' waters straight before. The earth bringin' forth sweet smellin' fruits," he went on lyrically, "and elegant victuals in general, and the waters yieldin' the juicy flounder and succulent trout, and the air bringin' to us the plump black duck and now and then a wild goose big as a barn door. What," apostrophised Nathaniel, abandoning his senses to a swoon of delight, "a wonderful arrangement creation is to cater to all the variety of a man's app—"

The scream of a soul in pain rent the lavender moment and fetched him upright. "There, now!" he said. "Ma's back from helping Em'ly sew, and discovered the cook stove's gone!"

He descended reluctantly but manfully into the inferno raging in the kitchen. Sight of him silenced Mrs. Hope but only because the need for utterance had instantly become so transcendental that she was not up to it. Her mouth opened and closed convulsively, and she goggled at the niche where her range had stood for thirty years and where Gil Bennett's decrepit oil burner now sat like a number three head in a size ten hat, and no words came. And then they did! But she did not make sense because she could not control the sounds.

Hands over his ears, ducking his head, Nathaniel slithered out into the starry night and made his way to a familiar clump of junipers. Here he could still hear her plainer than the crickets. He listened almost with awe.

"Ain't she the old humdinger

"Before you ever think of ever living here, look at that desk. There's not another one

though!" exclaimed Nathaniel, in worshipful admiration.

By and by, after two hours, maybe three, and quietness again owned the house, Nathaniel stole back. He tiptoed in, but he could have foregone this caution. His mother had sunk into impermeable somnolence on the downy bed of a job well done with, and her breathing was deep and regular, as of a sleeper to whom visions are vouchsafed.

The stillness as morning matured became unbearable, and Nathaniel dressed and went down. Not a sign of his mother. He knocked at her door.

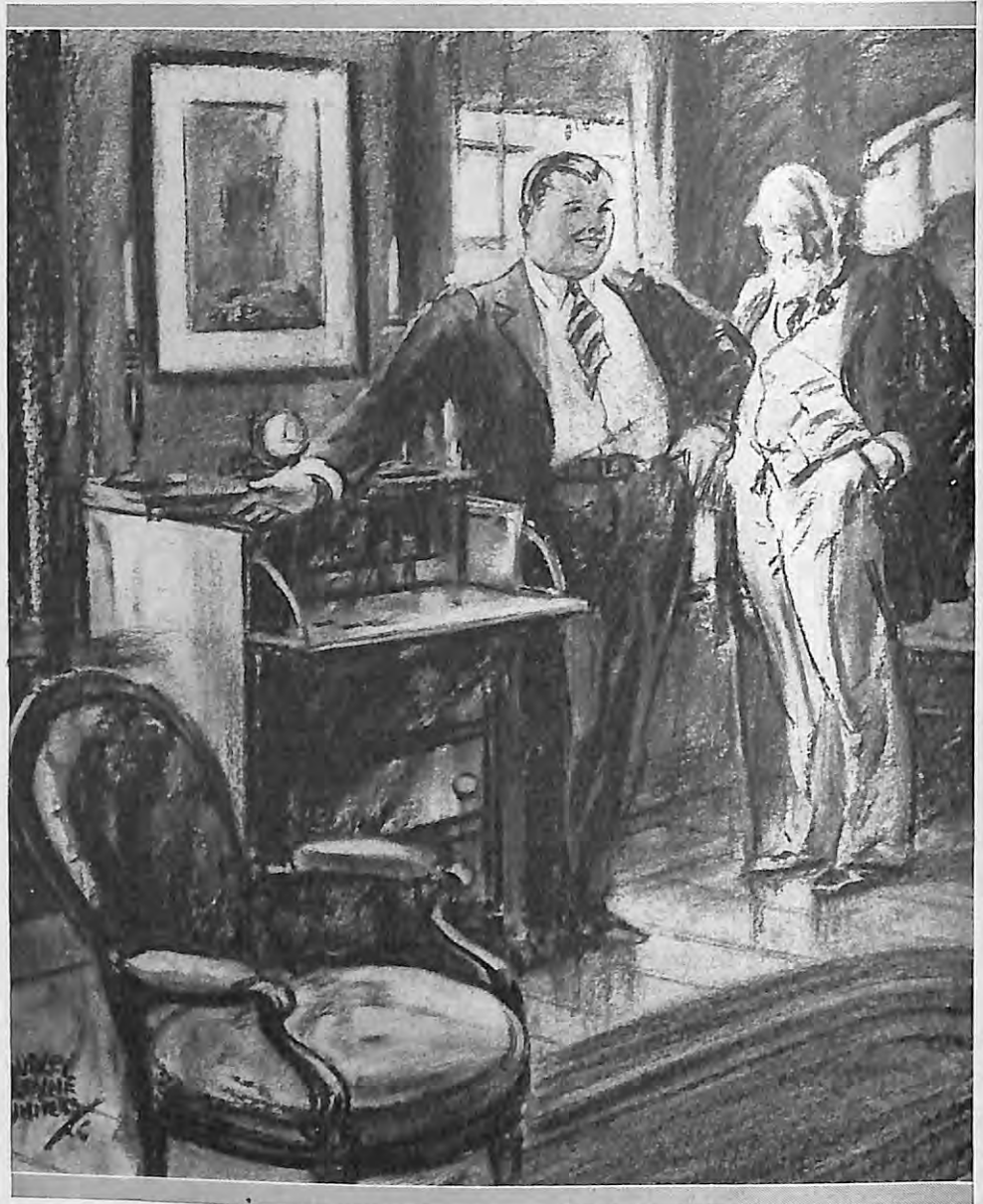
"Ma," said Nathaniel. "Be you there?"

"Intendin' to stay!" came the answer promptly; indeed, triumphantly, as from one who has conquered the vice of a lifetime.

"But, Ma," protested Nathaniel, "what 'bout breakfast?"

He could hear the bed creaking as she got up on her elbow to do the moment justice.

"Breakfast!" she shouted, and her tone was almost magnificent. "Did you say breakfast? And did you think o' breakfast when ye traded my stove, did you? For thirty years I cooked for yore father on thet stove and he was content, and he was not the man thet made a habit o' thet either. For thirty years I've slaved here and now





again, Nat Hope," said Lloyd, "take a long like it in New England. I was offered \$500

I'm goin' to lie abed, too. Now, let's see ye trade thet!"

Nathaniel snatched two doughnuts and a jar of milk, and took a long, long drive.

The house was dark when he reached home.

"Ma!" he called.

No one answered. He held the lantern aloft. The kitchen clock pointed to a quarter past ten. He saw something white lying on the table. He stood there in the kitchen, holding the lantern over it perfectly motionless for a long time.

"I STOOD for your taking this house apart under my eyes as long as I can. It was my house and I sold it and I am going to spend it myself on myself and I am going to have a good time too unbeholden to none for it not even my own sister because I earned this old house a hundred times over and if it don't mean nothing to you it don't mean nothing to me neither."

He blinked once.

"Thirty-two years in one village, in one house, purty near in one room!" he whispered. "Kneelin' in front of a black altar with a scorchin' breath and a roarin' insides, hungry, askin' fer more and more—and me out in the barn cuttin' et up."

He heard a tapping at the window. He raised the lantern. A white face peered in at him. He hurried to the door.

"Why, Em'ly, is that you sure enough?"

"I—I heard you coming past the turn. I've been waiting for you. I did it! I told you I would, and I did, so there!" she burst out with faintly remorseful defiance.

"Lloyd Hull bought it—in ten minutes—and I saw she didn't get cheated."

"Of course," he said slowly, looking sideways, "et's a blow to have yore own mother git up and elope like thet, and leave a fellow all alone, but I'll try an' bear et fer a little while."

Lloyd seemed to be at the Miller farm as much as on the Mount, where he was opening the unceasing succession of boxes and crates and barrels that came for him by boat and truck, and putting the finishing touches on his house. Nathaniel met him in the store at mail time the day after he had bought the house.

"Take your time packing, Nat," he blared out. "You got thirty days."

"Reckon won't take thet long, Lloyd," Nathaniel answered unruffled.

"Anyhow," Lloyd went on with a grin, "don't you forget that Saturday a week, August the first, I'm formally warming over the old Hope house into the new Hull residence. It would be a big disappointment

to me if you weren't present. That is, unless you've got some important business engagement, like swapping a bureau drawer desk for a fishing pole. Still, I've kept half a dozen old books out of the fire to trade so that the day won't be a total loss to you."

"Why, no," answered Nathaniel politely, "I haven't any engagement I know of. I'd be real glad to come, Lloyd, thank you."

In one final orgy of swap he disposed of old kettles, pots and pans, old earthen mixing bowls, the old clothes-wringer and kitchen clock and table and cabinet and rugs and the considerable miscellany of house and barn that Lloyd had not bought with the property, for twelve sets of decoys, two boxes of shells and a highpower rifle. On the Saturday when he walked up to the house of his fathers that Lloyd Hull had invited the curious village to inspect in its new Hullish perfection, Nathaniel could have put all his worldly possessions save his woodlot into his small car, and still maintained passenger service.

A dozen villagers were gathered on the Mount outside of the house waiting for Lloyd who had driven over to George Miller's to fetch Emily and her father in state. The hired man said, "Mester Hull asts would ye wait till he git back afore comin' in." They itched with piqued curiosity, feeling a little awkward. Al Boone had helped unpack most of the freight, consequently they had an accurate working knowledge of what the house contained and how it was arranged up to noon of the previous day, when Lloyd had dismissed Al with the brief explanation that the couple



he had brought down from Bath as housekeeper and handy man could finish the remaining crates alone.

Lloyd's automobile was heard and then seen as it passed between Jedcomb's and Al Boone's. A few moments later it dipped abruptly out of the oaks just beyond the charred remains of the Hollybushe cottage down to the little crescent where the bay lapped the road's edge in the spring tides, and roared up the Mount towards them.

"Hello, folks!"

Lloyd led the way to the ell door, opening into the laundry. Nathaniel overtook Emily and her father as they entered. There was an aura of excitement about Emily, and an air of expectation about her father. She gave Nathaniel a straight challenging look in answer to his greeting. The women hovered round her with unspoken congratulations.

(Continued on page 52)

May We Suggest for Christmas—

That a Good Book Makes One of the Best Gifts?

Here Are Some of the Season's Finest

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Some High-Spirited Novels

Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

ANOTHER romance about a lot of young people trying to find their way around in the spiritual chaos that all very new and exaggeratedly youthful authors firmly believe exists. Well, perhaps it does. At any rate, the reaction to it is responsible for some extraordinarily good novels. This is one of the most sensitive and exquisite. The craftsmanship is delightful.

My Heart and My Flesh. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. (Viking Press, N. Y.)

Those who plunge themselves into the rich life of this new novel by the author of "The Time of Man," will experience a unique adventure of mind and heart. It is as native as its Kentucky mountain setting.

The Mad Carews. By Martha Ostenso. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Good dramatic action and authentic psychology combine to make a truly fine novel of the prairies. Miss Ostenso, you will remember, made her bow a few years ago with "Wild Geese." "The Mad Carews" is even better than that.

Lost Ecstasy. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Geo. H. Doran Co., New York.)

Charming romance—delightful writing—and a ticklish question. Can a sensitive, cultured, spirited girl from the East love and marry a crude though forthright young fellow from the Great Open Spaces?

Jalna. By Mazo De La Roche. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

An absorbing Canadian family in vivid action. Unusually good, and that is a wonderful thing to say about any "prize novel"—cynic that we are.

Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York.)

Miss Cather has gathered together the legends and folklore of the Southwest and wound them into a charming tale set in the simple surroundings of a Southwestern monastery.

Gilman of Redford. By William Sterns Davis. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

This is mentioned for that friend of yours who simply must read an historical novel once in so often or go flat. Gilman is a young American patriot of Revolutionary days. A student at Harvard, and a brave lad with his musket and his sword.

Gallions Reach. By H. M. Tomlinson. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Adventure of a high order told in a high way. There be those who now call Tomlinson the new Conrad—but that is because this story takes one plowing down through troubled waters from England to the Malay jungles. We like to think that Tomlinson is just Tomlinson—which is good enough for us. We've been keen about his quick, dramatic, quiet yet living yarns and essays ever since we discovered—quite by accident

several years ago—his little book of essays called "Junk." Just remember that title and get it some day. Good stuff.

In a Yun-Nan Courtyard. By Louise Jordan Miln. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

Modern China. A tale of banditry and love. Mrs. Miln always makes her East and West meet very entertainingly.

The Quest of Youth. By Jeffery Farnol. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Romantic drama dressed up in early nineteenth-century costumes. A bored gentleman goes forth to recapture his lost illusions. Can it be done? At any rate, he has a large time of it, and Mr. Farnol tells his tale with expertness and beauty.

The Canary Murder Case. By S. S. Van Dine. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The "Canary" was a famous Broadway singer. Some one killed her. The rest means that you'll sit up all night with this to find out who that "some one" was. Meanwhile—just a word to the wise—tell the folks not to turn all the lights out down-stairs. A bit of illumination will help you bear it.

Forlorn River. By Zane Grey. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Grey may put another notch in his gun. He certainly does hit the mark each time with these unfailing tales of the West. A bit monotonous, perhaps, but we ought to be glad of that. This idea that a novelist has to give us a fresh plot every time he publishes a book is just so much nonsense.

Bugles in the Night. By Barry Benefield. (The Century Company, New York.)

Only one person out of six seems to know and admire Benefield. The other five are missing a rare author. Here is a moving, tender, human story. Tears and laughter bumping elbows. Try it.

The Aristocratic Miss Brewster. By Joseph C. Lincoln. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Cape Cod folk. And one of America's best loved and best known writers. A sure-fire combination.

Biography and Its Near Relations

Trader Horn. By Alfred Aloysius Horn. (Simon & Schuster, New York.)

Another old friend. They say the author—an aged peddler in South Africa—is getting rich from this "accident" of literature. He deserves his luck, for he wrote a book steeped in the spell of Africa and rich with the quaint wisdom of his many dramatic years.

Circus Parade. By Jim Tully. (Albert & Charles Boni, New York.)

We spoke last month of this account of the adventurous and wandering Tully who, as a roustabout, joined a circus in the South and viewed from the side-lines the sordid, crude human drama of the troupe. But a book so full of throbbing blood and sand can stand more than one pat on the back.

My Life as an Explorer. By Roald Amundsen. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

There were moments, believe us, when we would have been glad to have sent Amundsen the monetary return from such sterling work as our book reviews in this magazine—if there had been any of it left—just to help him along. Seriously, though, this is infinitely good reading. Don't miss it.

The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles and Mary Beard. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Two volumes of as consumingly interesting stuff as you could ever find. Our country—our growth—our civilization, culture, energies, enterprises, industries, history, art, faith and ideals. A splendid work—indeed a whole library of thought in itself—and one that will provide glorious reading for the entire winter.

Our Times. By Mark Sullivan. (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

The picture of "America Finding Herself"—her ideals, education, diversion, discipline, industry. Mr. Sullivan—Washington correspondent of national affairs—views the course of events with an impartial eye.

Bismarck. By Emil Ludwig. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Here is biography straight from the shoulder. And writing straight from a master hand. Magnificent.

John Paul Jones. By Phillips Russell. (Brentano's, New York.)

Paul Jones!—man of action!—bright particular star of our early history! What a thrill the old boy's very name conjures up. Let's all read this chapter of true American romance and courage, and gloat a little about ourselves.

Up the Years from Bloomsbury. By George Arliss. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

A famous actor tells how it is done.

Commodore Vanderbilt. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. (Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.)

The founding of a fortune. And splendid glimpses of early days in New York, and thereabouts. A fascinating atmosphere pervades this life story, due, no doubt, to the author's delightful style.

Genghis Khan. By Harold Lamb. (Robert M. McBride, New York.)

You'll have to know a lot about Marco Polo and Genghis Khan this year—literary winds blow that way—so you had better get started on this narrative of the old Tartar Emperor.

Four Excellent Biographies

Andrew Jackson. By Gerald W. Johnson. (Minton, Balch & Co., New York.)

My gracious, this is a good book! "Old

(Continued on page 77)



George M. Cohan and Polly Walker

"THE Merry Malones" is billed as Mr. Cohan's newest "song and dance show," and is good of its kind. Polly Walker, loveliest of the Malones, who wants to marry the soda fountain clerk and has her own way, even though the young man turns out to be the son of a

billionaire in disguise, does most of the dancing and a good bit of the singing with very pleasing effect. It's hard to pin Mr. Cohan's facile charm down in words, but it's all there, together with an amazing amount of agility in a gentleman who wears gray locks—E. R. B.

FLORENCE VANDAMME



As the convict on the run from punishment for an accidental killing, Leslie Howard (above) gives the finest performance of his career in "Escape." With delicate subtlety he puts over Mr. Galsworthy's theme that the world in general bears a forgiving kindliness toward a man condemned by its own machine of legal justice

The scene below from Alice Duer Miller's bright comedy, "The Springboard," might well be titled the prodigal's return. Sidney Blackmer is the prodigal and he reclines in the arms of Madge Kennedy, of piquant beauty and disarming charm, who, as the curtain falls, finds herself forced to remarry this suave Lothario who makes such a perfect lover and such an exasperating husband

Mary Lawlor (below) is one of the assets that has placed "Good News" among the most popular of Broadway's musical successes. With good dancing and lots of it, a number of unusually tuneful songs and plenty of punch and pep, this comedy, all about college girls and boys, is certainly very excellent entertainment



PHOTOS
BY
VANDAMM





PHOTO BY
VANDAMM

It took George M. Cohan to discover the latent theatrical possibilities of the Pekingese Spaniel. His farce "The Baby Cyclone" circles around one small specimen of this breed, which, in its supine way, comes near to wrecking three happy homes. Pictured above are the hound and four of the principals involved, Spencer Tracy, Nan Sunderland, Natalie Moorhead and Grant Mitchell

Captions by
Esther R. Bick

Some extra fine acting in the male rôles, a sprinkling of good lines and a dash of prussic acid so freshen up the good old blackmailing plot that "Interference," concocted by Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden, seems a better and more thrilling piece than it really is. Below, A. E. Matthews is pouring the poison dose for the eager and unsuspecting lady, played by Kathlene Macdonell



Thrills and lots of them, is about all you can say for "Dracula," by Hamilton Deane and John Balderston. But when they are as unusual and as blood-curdling as in this play, dramatized from Bram Stoker's famous novel, any other interest would probably be an emotional waste. Bela Lugosi (above) is all you could ask of a vampire



With a flourish he exposed to the delighted Mess a back as broad, and round, and smooth, and free from blemish as ever man was born with. "Now, you, Blivvins!" he trumpeted. "What 've you got to say?"



Care to Lay a Little Wager?

By Norman Reilly Raine

Illustrated by Herb Roth

PROBABLY this is as good a place as any in which to explain that it was not Harold's wish to be wrenched from the bosoms of his pals of the Supply Base and posted to the repulsive activities of the North Sea Patrol. It simply wasn't. He much preferred the feeble flesh-pots even of such a hole as Merwinbury, to the wrack and grind and damp discomfort of a submarine-hunting destroyer. This was not at all noble of him, of course; but then Harold, though young, was vastly disillusioned. Heroic eye-wash, after three years of war, aroused in him no audacious thrill. His adventurous experiences of the past had engendered in him an ardent desire to survive; and the placid life of the Supply Base gave far brighter promise of this laudable end than did the active patrol out of Edgewith. Still, he had no choice, and when at length he tore himself away, Heale, the Port Captain at Merwinbury, drew his breath, and Harold's fellow-officers drew their pay.

An ingenuous, open-faced youth was Harold, totally without guile. His roving blue eye—he had only one, the other having been evicted in an unfortunate affair between an armed trawler and a U-boat—met yours with the bland innocence of a dealer in antiques. He had an urbane tongue. He was nice to old ladies, who loved his curly hair, and was respectful to their husbands, calling them "sir." He was nice, too, to young ladies, who also loved his curly hair, and was doubly respectful to their husbands, calling them upon occasion, even more wonderful things. He was a dear—everyone said so; he really was. And in addition, Harold had a passion and a gift. The first was betting. The second was luck.

This unique combination, for a period of months, had provided the high lights of an otherwise rather anchorite existence at Merwinbury. The psychological effect of a consistent winner in a group is far-reaching. Fate itself seems to succumb. And no matter what Harold bet on, or what the odds against him, continually he turned up trump. Accidental, of course, but as E. V. Lucas once cleverly remarked, few accidents occurred so frequently. Far better bestow

one's wealth upon a lame beggar, or, more practical thought, buy one's self unlimited beer, than wager against Harold, said the Mess. But they didn't; they wagered and lost.

So that is why, when Harold almost tearfully removed his talents to the unsuspecting active patrol, there preceded him a letter from Heale, to the Officer Commanding at Edgewith—Old Hogarth, D.S.O., and half the alphabet, and the terror of his officers. Some of the nicer portion of the letter said:

"He's a cheeky young sweep, but a thorough sailor. Knows his job backward. But his mania for betting, and his infernal luck, are such that for months my officers have not had a pay day they could call wholly their own. He is quite without grace, and would invite the First Sea Lord himself to have a flutter, without hesitation. So take him down a peg or two. If anyone can administer the *coup de grace* you can!"

It was firmly believed by many that the phrase "a barnacle of the old school," was invented for the express purpose of ticketing Old Hogarth. He was fat, choleric and formidable, galloped roughshod over the tender susceptibilities of the less resolute, and his irascible eye spitted his inferiors and instantly reduced them to a proper servility. His fetich was obsequiousness, his by-word, "Get it done!" The Second-in-Command summed him up for Harold, when the latter reported for duty, as a "bad-tempered old wart, who flies off the handle in a second, and will say and do any damn thing when properly roused. He loves spit and polish, and says his prayers to Seniority. So—" concluded the Second-in-Command, "if you have any idea of becoming chatty with him, wash it out. It can't be done."

"Would you care to lay a little wager—?" began Harold instinctively. "Sorry, sir," he amended, as the Skipper stiffened. "Where'll I chuck my gear?"

Shore Headquarters of the patrol flotilla was a large commandeered hotel much

favorable by summer trippers, the lower floor of which had been converted into a comfortable Mess for officers between patrols, and those who had not yet been attached to their ships. It was also a favorite spot of Old Hogarth's, who loved to exhibit himself there, at some time during each evening, for the edification of the juniors. "Keeps their tails up! Shows I take an interest in 'em, damn 'em," he confided to the Skipper.

This night, Old Hogarth had a particular purpose in view. He was about to indulge his favorite pastime of puncturing the youthful ego. With Heale's letter fresh in his mind he steamed into the Mess, waiting a majestic moment or two before waving the rising officers back to their seats. Then, again thinking of Heale's sound tribute—"If anyone can administer the *coup de grace*, you can!"—he glared confidently about for Harold, the cocky. He did not appear to be there.

"Damme," growled Old Hogarth, "then where is he?"

AGAIN he surveyed the room—more minutely this time. No one to correspond with the mental figure the letter had placed in his mind; only a curly-haired stranger in a corner by himself, idly turning the leaves of "La Vie Parisienne."

"I wonder," thought Old Hogarth, his heart leaping to the lesser victim, "if this young man has been trained to a Proper Appreciation of Things?" Oh, yes he did; Old Hogarth was always thinking things like that. He drew near.

"Har-rumph!" snorted Old Hogarth.

"The hell you say?" murmured the innocent lazily. Then he sprang to his feet. His heels clicked. He exuded respect.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered, in pretty confusion. "I didn't know it was you!"

Old Hogarth passed that by as too obvious for comment. Then, mollified by the offender's patent abjectness, he relented somewhat. We all have to learn.

"Um! Don't let it happen again. You're a newcomer, I see. You got in—? This morning. Quite so—quite so. Your name—?"

"Stivvins, sir. Stivvins, Lieutenant Harold. Royal Navy. . . . God bless it, sir," he added artlessly.

Old Hogarth's brows fused again. "A noble sentiment, Stivvins—er, in its place," he growled. So it was he, after all. And was the young beast trying to pull his leg? Surely not. He looked harmless enough; modest, quiet, rather a decent sort, and with a proper appreciation of rank, for his head was bent deferentially to hear the oral manna that fell from the great man's lips. Old Hogarth's suspicion was lulled. Perhaps Heale had been mistaken—or prejudiced. Heale had a predilection for hair-raisers among his young devils. Possibly this chap had been too much the little gentleman for him.

"WHY don't you walk about and become acquainted?" he asked oracularly. "Lots of nice young chaps here. Want my officers to enjoy themselves—within bounds, of course," he amended cautiously. "Now Blivvins—"

"Stivvins, sir," ventured Harold mildly. "If—if you'll excuse me though, I'd rather not."

Old Hogarth became touchy once more. His suggestion opposed?

"Why not?"

"Well sir, it's—" Harold hesitated. "The fact is, I—I have a vice."

"A vice?"

"Yes, sir. A vice . . . a secret one," he added, giving a touch of cachet.

"A secret vice!"

"Yes, sir."

Harold waited respectfully, with downcast eye.

"Well, get on with it! What is it?"

Harold hung his head.

"It's betting, sir,"—in the tone of one who has now told all.

By this, a number of others in the Mess, though not venturing too close, yet managed to slide within appreciative earshot.

"Betting—"

"Yes, sir. And as I generally win, I really think it best not to—er—mingle with the lads, just yet. At least, not until they know me better," Harold ended virtuously.

Old Hogarth felt a bit stunned. He was unaccustomed to such frankness. The avowal, he felt, robbed Harold's presumption of half its offense. A thought enlightened him.

"Ah, I see, Blivvins—"

"Stivvins, sir."

"Blivvins. You are—um trying to overcome this unpleasant—this noisome habit—"

"I am endeavoring to improve it, sir," said Harold modestly.

Old Hogarth's subliminal self revived.

"A praiseworthy course, Blivvins. I shall make it my aim to help you," he com-

mended. "On the submarine patrol there are few opportunities to indulge in the—um—more frivolous side of life of course. While on duty we demand of our young officers—"

Away sailed Old Hogarth on his favorite tack; for an hour Harold listened with flattering attention and ingenuously admiring comment to his superior's prolonged anecdotes of life on the ocean wave. And when a fleeting break in the monologue occurred Harold grew genteely enthusiastic.

"Then you must have it too, sir," he commented hopefully.

"Eh?"

"You must have it, too."

"Have it? Have what?"

"Why, that, sir!"

Judging from his superior's expression that all was not clear, Harold saw he must be patient.

"You've been to sea for forty years, sir, I think you said?" he reminded.

"Thirty-nine. What of it?"

"Ah! Then of course you have it!" cried Harold triumphantly.

Old Hogarth lost his temper.

"Have what? What are you driving at, you silly young ass?" he shouted.

The onlookers crept nearer.

"Why, the broad brown stripe, sir."

"What broad brown stripe?"

"Across your—" Harold prompted, gesturing delicately,—"your back, sir."

"My back—"

"Why, yes sir. Across your back, you know. It's a well known fact that anyone who has been to sea for more than thirty years develops a broad brown stripe across his back, sir. Surely you have—"

Old Hogarth exploded.

"Absolute damn nonsense! Utter puling drivel! Who the devil told you that?"

"Why—" said Harold, surprised and hurt, but sticking to his point, "I have it on very good authority. In fact, well—very good."



"What authority?"

"Er—thingummy—er, what's—his—? Name's escaped me for the moment, sir. I don't wish to appear impertinent, but everybody knows him. And he said that, well, the effect of prolonged subjection to salt air, of the delicate tissue of the lumbar epidermis, resulted in a broad brown stripe across one's back. A form of dermatopathy, sir, if you'll excuse my mentioning it."

"Positive . . . utter . . . confounded rot!" thundered Old Hogarth, beside himself with rage.

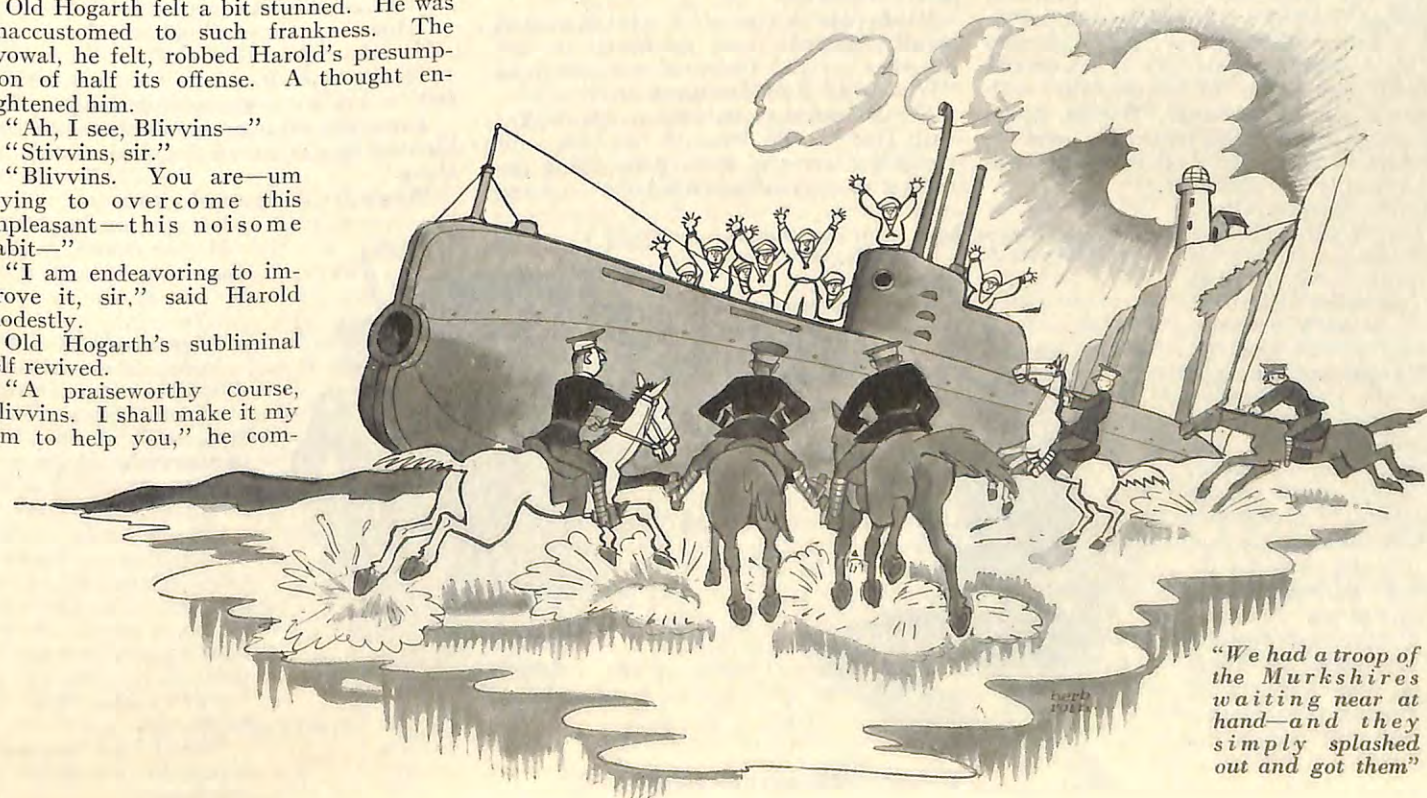
"Sorry to disagree, sir—I mean no disrespect, of course—but I really must repeat," he drew a deep breath "that if you have been to sea for more than thirty years, you have a broad brown stripe across your back. Furthermore, sir," Harold went on firmly, "I will wager you the small sum of two pounds that I am right."

Violent incoherence grasped Old Hogarth's larynx. The young swine was incorrigible. Hardly in the Mess five minutes before he began his confounded tactics with him, the terror of the patrol, as though he were a pup of a snottie. Suddenly through the red cloud of his wrath flashed a saving beam. The *coup de grace*! He had not expected the luck to administer it so soon, but—!

"**DONE**, you jackanapes!" he bellowed. "I'll take your wager and overlook your insolence for the pleasure of proving you a fool! Here—hold these, someone—" and off came his gold-buttoned jacket, down came his braces, and with a flourish of lighter canvas he exposed to the delighted Mess a back as broad, and round, and smooth, and free from blemish as ever man was born with.

"Now, you Blivvins!" he trumpeted. "What've you got to say?"

Harold was lost in crest-fallen admiration.



"We had a troop of the Murkshires waiting near at hand—and they simply splashed out and got them"

"White as a lily, sir," he murmured. "I—here's your two pounds, sir—I really don't know how to apologize. I—I—it leaves me quite speechless. It really does."

As the victor triumphantly made good his disarray, and under all plain sail cruised out into the night, the curly-haired boy retired, abased, behind the pages of his neglected periodical.

(But before he had left the Supply Base at Merwinbury, Harold had wagered every one of his pals there ten pounds apiece that he'd make Old Hogarth show his bare back in his own Mess, before he'd been in it twenty-four hours. He could afford to appear abased.)

AFTER making the acquaintance of his superior under such auspicious circumstances Harold displayed a commendable reluctance to press his advantage. He suspected nay, was convinced, that in Old Hogarth's eyes he occupied a plane of existence slightly inferior to that of the more lowly order of lepidoptera, which sagacious entomologists pin to cards and lay away in catalogued drawers. But there was this difference: that, whereas the lepidoptera were warm and dry, Harold, swaddled in oilskins and mufflers, and standing on the bridge of his destroyer a month later, intercepting the more discouraging fragments of the North Sea, decisively was not. Submarine potting may have its waggish side—its more whimsical aspect—but not in late November, when the grey gales scream down from between the frosty stars, and the knifing destroyer buries herself to the funnel crowns in icy smother. The weather was such that no self-respecting U-boat would chum with it, but rather, from the snug security of Cuxhaven or Zebrugge applauded the comical antics of the hunting flotilla.

Still, there are exceptions, even among those methodical souls, the U-boat captains. Of such, a notable example was Herr Kommander, Baron Manfred von Blum. And when Manfred, with regrettable disregard both of the elements and the proprieties, deposited one large-size torpedo within the protesting vitals of a laden Newcastle collier twenty miles off Lambora Head lightship this bleak November day, then submerged to fortify himself for further drolleries with a hearty jolt of *schnapps*, Harold, three miles away, and dwelling pleasantly upon the imminence of similar refreshment, was forced hastily to reconsider.

Harold was revolted. He hadn't expected this of Manfred. In fact, to be quite frank, he had not expected Manfred at all in such weather. It was, he felt vaguely, hardly sportsmanlike; not quite the thing; and as he scurried through the smashing seas to the scene of the explosion, his signal mast tating unpleasant arabesques against the snowing sky, he felt the urge to interpret his vexation in tangible form. It was no good, however, popping off his guns at snowflakes and sea wrack, and that, at the moment, was all that was to be seen.

Having picked up the

survivors, including the collier's master, a picturesque individual whose uncomplimentary but highly artistic profanity caused scandalized delight among the naval ratings, Harold swung his ship in a wide cast about the settling wreck, dropping depth charges in earnest though belated effort to obliterate what wasn't there. And Manfred von Blum, nestling cosily on the sea bottom, felt the distant detonations and smiled indulgently. "*Hoch!*" he said, or whatever Teutonic quaintness is appropriate to such occasions, and absent-mindedly ordered up more *schnapps*.

This, Harold instinctively felt, was not a promising method of winning the esteem of Old Hogarth. And lest there remain in his mind a lingering doubt, Old Hogarth went to laudable pains and eloquence to remove it.

"And now," roared Old Hogarth, as Harold, feeling rather moth-eaten, faced him on his return to Edgewith, "see that it doesn't happen again! Your job out there is to destroy submarines, not to enjoy yourself. This U-11 has been a thorn in our sides for long enough and it's time he was scotched. The weather is clearing a bit, and we may get it fairly decent for a few days. That's U-11's juciest season. We had several goes at him before you infested us, but he's been too wily. Seems to have a hiding-place along the coast from which he operates at most unexpected and inconvenient times. The shore has been combed without result. Air patrols have spotted him and—um—have lost him again—generally off Lambora Head lightship somewhere. Now you are such a clever young man—"

"Oh no, sir," disclaimed Harold deprecatingly.

Old Hogarth glared, then went on.

"You are such an extremely brilliant young ass, that I'm going to withdraw you from convoys and other duties, and detail you to blot out U-11."

Harold was charmed by the simplicity of it.

"And I'll give you just ten days to do it in. Perhaps," Old Hogarth concluded, grimly ironical, "you'd like to have a bet on this thing too!"

"Why, thank you, sir!" cried Harold instantly, surprised and gratified. He produced a small, black-covered notebook. "What shall I jot you down for?"

Was it made plain, that in his dealings with Harold, Old Hogarth had fallen into the grave error of misunderstanding that earnest young man's psychology? A wager,

to Harold, was something sacro-sanct; a thing far, far removed from persiflage. It was a stern business; and Harold's single-mindedness, ignoring the satire as mere chaff, leaped woofing upon the kernel—the actual words, shorn of all nuances of meaning. Old Hogarth wanted to bet. Good! Fine! He should!

Harold's prompt acceptance left the venerable salt, so to speak, all aback. And in this dazed state he fell under the uncanny spell of one who, in a situation of this nature, must be likened unto a race-horse in his home paddock. Afterward, to the intense discomfort and annoyance of his servants, Old Hogarth realized what he had done, but now, intent upon teaching the young animal manners, he irrevocably committed himself to the tune of two hundred pounds, even money.

"There, sir!" said Harold brightly, stowing away his notebook and patting the pocket. "That, if you don't mind my saying so, is *that!* Anything else, sir?"

"Good God, no!" snapped Old Hogarth testily. "Isn't that enough? You will find this U-11 within ten days and wash him out. That's your job. Get it done!"

Harold lingered.

"Well?" bellowed Old Hogarth, "What the devil are you waiting for?"

Harold slowly recovered from a strange fit of abstraction, wherein he had smiled blissfully, while doing intricate computation on his fingers. And when he spoke, it was with an assumption of heartiness that was perhaps a trifle strained. His one eye might have been observed, too, calculating the distance to the door.

"I was wondering, sir—"

AT THIS point Old Hogarth sneezed. It was really a soul-satisfying kind of sneeze, and the jump that it occasioned Harold brought him at least a yard closer to the exit.

"I—I was wondering, sir," he persevered, "Now that I'll have this extra two hundred to add to the bit I've got put by, if I might mention another little matter. It—in a way it concerns both of us. It's been on my mind for some time. Ever since the night after I came here, in fact, and—"

"Hurry up, then. What is it?"

Harold coughed placatingly.

"I—well, the fact is, if you have no objection, I'd like to marry your daughter."

There was silence; one of those stunned kinds of silence, in which nobody says anything.

Presently Old Hogarth came to.

"Marry my daughter?"

Harold licked his lips. They didn't taste nice. No, not at all.

"Yes, sir."

"You marry Maida?"

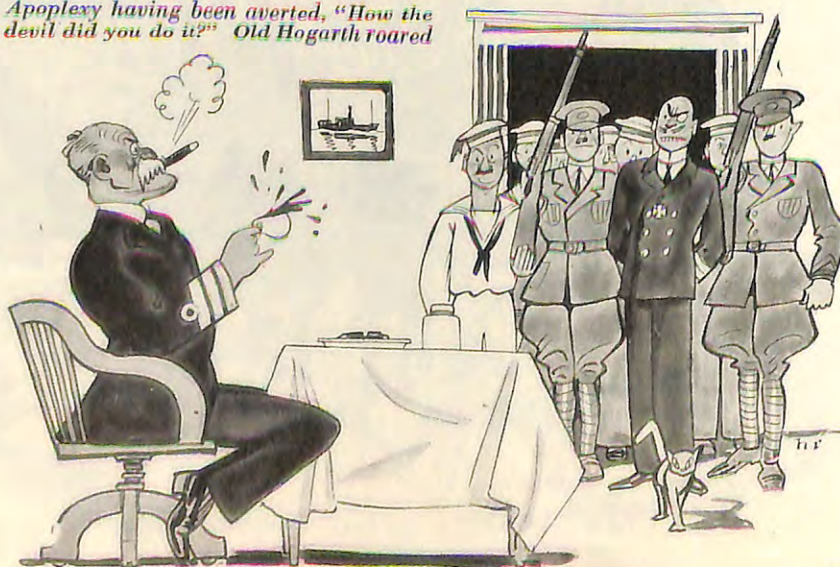
As Maida was an only child this struck Harold as rather unnecessary. Still, with one's prospective father-in-law—

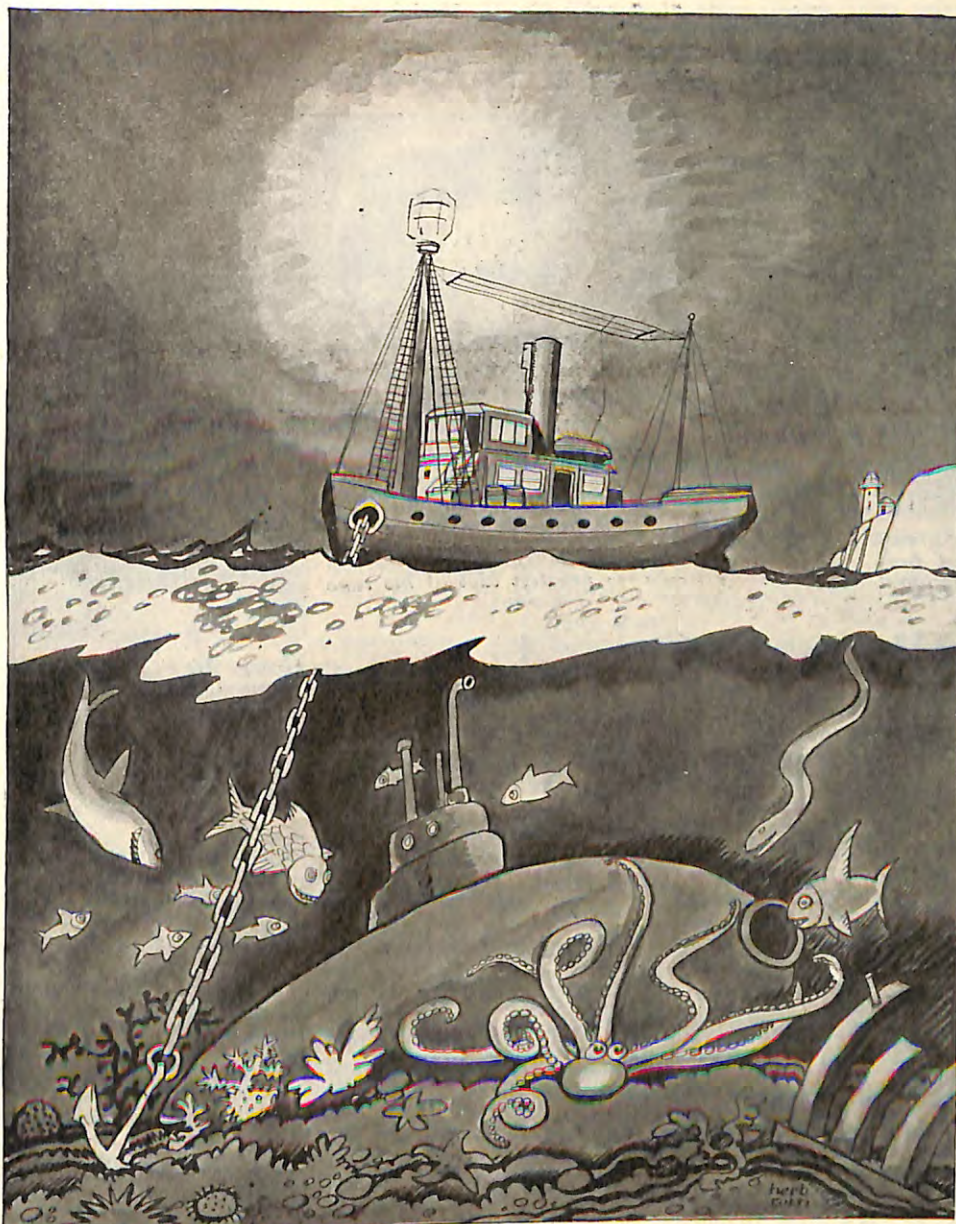
"Yes, sir. Maida," he confirmed.

Old Hogarth swelled to proportions really awesome. Harold didn't like his color a bit. There are occasions wherein the human frame, unless rigidly controlled, is likely to go "pop!" This appeared to be one.

"Shall I get you some water, sir?" asked Harold solicitously.

Apoplexy having been averted, "How the devil did you do it?" Old Hogarth roared





The lightship under which Manfred used to take his nap was in deep water off the edge of a submarine bank about a mile and a half from shore. It was really very brilliant of him to choose it.

she burst upon his firmament at a ball given by the officers the night after his arrival at Edgewith, his curly hair quivered with indignation. His chivalry was aroused. Beautiful? The dolts had grossly understated the case. Harold hastened to tell her so.

His reception, after a frenzied scramble to be presented, was not of the warmest. So he was Lieutenant Stivvins? Oh, yes. She had heard of him—from her father; and the sudden torridity of Harold's complexion failed to temper the chill that coasted along his spine. But that, as anyone with average acumen will understand, was all on the surface; for secretly, and in common with other more frankly eager beauties, she was consumed with a not unnatural curiosity about the youth who, less than twenty-four hours on the station, had become celebrated. Anyone who could utilize her formidable parent as a tool was celebrated; and Maida, knowing her father's peculiar gifts much better than anyone else possibly could do, did not for long withhold the accolade.

Having managed, by a studied and callous disregard for the rights of others, to monopolize the greater share of her society during the evening Harold felt that he had done himself rather well. Not even the pointed hostility of his rivals in the Mess next day could quench his singing spirits. Harold was in love. The full realization had come to him while tugging at an obdurate boot on going to bed the night before—and though he conceded that probably she did not know it, Maida, he felt, was in love too. Harold determined to make that point clear to her at the first opportunity. As a demonstrator he proved a marked success.

When he returned to re-fuel and take stores and ammunition aboard in port, thereafter, Harold might have been seen warming the inward man with an excellent brand of Hogarth brandy, and toasting the outward man with cheery Hogarth coals at that unsuspecting despot's comfortable fireside. He strove, with the instinct of the born strategist, to time his visits so as not to emphasize his presence upon the head of the house, wherein he was nobly abetted by Maida. That he should be forced at some time to reveal it, unfortunate as that time proved to be, was inevitable. That he should be well told off was, we know, a natural corollary; and that the night of the lamentable interview with Old Hogarth should find him once more basking upon the Hogarth hearth, discussing the calamity with Maida, was a foregone conclusion. Maida was stirred, to a quite satisfactory degree.

"Let's get married straight away, then," said that practical-minded girl.

"I'd love to, darling," replied Harold, with confirmatory gestures, "but I've tied up most of my ready cash with your pater; just temporarily, of course. In the meantime, I've only got my pay, you know."

Maida rubbed the end of a really extraordinary nose.

"Money hardly matters, does it? Father's got stacks."

Remembering his standing with that formidable mariner, Harold felt that this observation had hardly the proper tang.

"No—we'll wait till I nick this U-boat blighter. I'm going out after him at dawn to-morrow. When I bag him it'll bring your

(Continued on page 71)

Old Hogarth performed marvels of repression. He became coldly ferocious.

"So it's you who've been cluttering up my drawing room lately, is it?" he demanded. "Thought I sensed something infernally unpleasant about the place. It was you! And now you have the confounded cheek to..."

He gave that up as inadequate, and tried another tack.

"It's no good analyzing you," he shouted, "for you wouldn't believe it. Nobody could. But I'm not going to have it, d'ye hear? I'm . . . not . . . going . . . to . . . have it!"

"No," put in Harold, with the air of a man who is fair-minded, and candidly likes to hear both sides. "No—I didn't really suppose you would."

Old Hogarth took no notice.

"In fact," he went on, "I forbid you to see my daughter again, or to communicate with any of the members of my household! Damn your impertinence! Who—who—who? (gulp) I don't want to see you around there again!"

Harold was stricken.

"Don't want to see me around again, sir!"

"No!"

"No?"

"NO!"

"Oh!"

In the pause, Harold dredged up his courage.

"Are—are you quite sure, sir? I—I have my points, you know," he said hopefully.

"So has a donkey!"

"So has a—ha! ha! Jolly good, sir," Harold pronounced, edging toward the door. "Er—very good indeed! So has a donk—ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"Get out!" screamed old Hogarth.

The door closed with a gentle click.

IF THIS affair of the heart in these chronicles of Harold has not been accorded the prominence which is its due, it is only because of the exigency of more stirring events. As may have been surmised, Harold was not one of your shy, retiring violets. Rather, he was a weed, with that lusty vegetable's faculty for getting there with the least possible waste of time. And nowhere was this better illustrated than in the way he had implanted himself in the affectionate but not too susceptible heart of Old Hogarth's daughter.

Having been at once accepted by the scapegoats of the destroyer patrol as a knight outstandingly *sans peur* of brass hats, if not altogether *sans reproche*, Harold's receptive ears immediately had been regaled by glowing details of the charm and complete desirability of that bright star upon what, otherwise, was felt to be the rather spotty Hogarth escutcheon. Maida, he learned, was—well, she was absolutely IT; and here, one gifted narrator becoming breathless, the pæan was carried on by others, even more inspired. To all of which, Harold, as became his wide experience, listened with studied scepticism; but when, like a sparkling comet,



George Thatcher, famous when minstrel shows vied with circuses in popular appeal



Lew Dockstader, the greatest and best loved fun-maker minstrelsy produced



Billy Rice, who made his name with Newcomb's, Hooley's and Emerson's minstrel troupes



Billy Emerson, a genuine comedian, and the greatest idol of his time



George H. Primrose, of the inspired, rhythmic, soft-shoe dance, favorite of thousands

Those Good Old Minstrel Days

By Earl Chapin May

Photographs from the Edward LeRoy Rice Collection

THROUGH the schoolhouse window in a mid-western town comes the "tr-um, tr-um, tr-um tum-tum" of a snare drum. The pupils stir uneasily. Small boys fidget and look anxiously at the big wall clock. The hour, they know is 11:45. Silently they pray for the swift flight of time. They know, those kids, that a traveling minstrel show is making its free street parade. Will the plagued school let out before the minstrel men have passed?

Closer and closer comes that thrilling "tr-um, tr-um, tr-um tum-tum." The languid Indian-summer air is pierced by a significant "to-toot." Little Freddie Jones is reciting from McGuffey's Fifth Reader. He drops the book. He knows the band leader is signaling the "sound-off" for a tune. There is a moment of intense suspense. The snare-drum rolls. The base drum thumps. And, four blocks away, the minstrel band blares into "Capiscola's March." No village band could ever play that march like the visiting minstrel men. Schoolboys' feet scrape impatiently on the wooden floor. Schoolgirls' necks are craned to view the passing show. Then boys' and girls' eyes focus on the slowly ticking clock. Will high noon never come?

Nearer and nearer the blaring minstrel band approaches the throbbing school. There is mutiny in the pupils' ranks. How high that cornet soars on silver wings! How sharp the clarinet's squall! How brashly the slide trombones attack the counter melody! Oh, God! Will high noon never come?

Around the corner struts the minstrel band. Minute and hour hand meet at twelve. In the tower overhead the great school bell rings out the welcome hour.

"School is dismissed for noon recess," the teacher calls above the din. And ere her words are uttered, forth the school kids pour, feet flying, hats in hands, to greet the noble knights of minstrelsy.

A handsome lot those minstrels are, in white silk hats, dove-colored Prince Albert coats and patent-leather shoes. Each knight in lieu of a lance, to joust with quip and jest, swings a gold-headed cane. A mighty drum major, in the van, twirls his baton, tosses it high among the street's shade trees, then

deftly catches it behind his back. Oh wondrous man!

At the corner of Main and Cherry Streets the minstrels circle, then halt while the silver-plated band regales the gathering throng. All stores are closed in honor of the annual minstrel day.

That night, after the band has made the local welkin ring during its grand free concert in front of Bain's Opera House, boys, girls and older folks rush inside for favorite seats, then wait itchingly. In time the curtain rolls aloft, a black-faced "circle" greets the happy villagers. Back of the "circle," on its long throne, the orchestra bursts into a stirring tune, the "circle" bursts simultaneously into joyful song. The song ends. The audience waits expectantly. An imposing person on a dais at the center of the stage, commands, "Gentlemen, be seated." The tambos thump; the bones click. The "gentlemen" sink gracefully into

red plush-covered chairs. The annual minstrel show is on.

This is a picture of thirty or forty years ago. Old-timers will recognize it readily. It will recall the golden age of minstrelsy when no town was so poor that it did not have its yearly traveling minstrel troupe. That was the age when minstrel shows vied with circuses in popular appeal; when Jack Haverly, George Thatcher, Lew Simmons and Banks Winter strode our grateful streets—the age when Billy Emerson and Billy Manning played our town.

Most of our young folks look rather blank, unless they sympathetically smile when one of us refers to those good old minstrel days. You can't blame these youngsters for their ignorance. The golden age has surely passed for minstrels and for minstrel fans.

Plenty of amateur shows are to be seen but one rarely sees a professional minstrel company now. Movies, and theatrical entertainments in which girls predominate, have replaced the well-planned first-part, olio, and after-piece. Jiggers, cloggers and stump speakers in burnt clog are largely on our vaudeville or musical comedy stage. Where fifty mammoth minstrel aggregations once scintillated in the Beau Brummel street parade or filled the local opy house with rattle of bones, thump of tambos and exchange of song and joke less than a dozen companies now tour the minor towns as bona fide exponents of the only typically American art our theatre has brought to life.



Hi Henry

MODERN Manhattan, where minstrelsy was born, knows nothing of it in its true sense. Other big cities are almost equally bereft. Philadelphia, alone of our metropolises, boasts a regular minstrel show and that is a modest though persistent enterprise. One finds his genuine minstrels, if at all, only in rural communities. But what splendor these last of our true troubadours recall! They visualize the good old days of minstrelsy!

Although impersonation of our Southern darkey types had its genesis in 1831, one need not be of more than middle age to remember the glory that was "Honey Boy"

George Evans or the grandeur that was "Billy" Rice. The dullest of thrills in thinking of the comicalities of "Happy Cal" Wagner, or the contra tenor of Richard J. José.

Myriads of movie palaces may arise on the ashes of town halls where Cleveland's Minstrels once sat in their magic circle. Spectacular revues may fill the Broadway eye near where Birch, Wambold and Backus' Minstrels were for years the favorites of New York's theatre habitués. Dainty girls with fairy feet may intrigue thousands of unfortunates who did not see graceful George H. Primrose do his inspired, rhythmic, soft-shoe dance. Choruses with passing pulchritude may tintabulate the benighted ears of those who never heard big-mouthed Sam Devere pluck the banjo or sing about "The Whistling Coon." Corps of ballet maidens may intrigue mere youngsters who never laughed at funny Barney Fagan's tantalizing feet and hands. But in the memory of many of us the merry minstrel men go marching on.

THEIR'S was the heritage of generations, and they left a priceless legacy. For they furnished a form of entertainment based on something springing from our soil. We owe them a debt of gratitude mere mention of their prodigies cannot half repay. They spread happiness throughout the English-speaking world.

Some say that black-face minstrelsy is dead. That is only half the truth and therefore nearly all a lie. The spirit that enlivened it will certainly survive while this nation lives. For half a century it flourished radiantly in our midst. For all we know it may burst into full flower soon again. If it does the shade of Thomas Dartmouth Rice will doubtless lead a glad refrain, for "Daddy" Rice was the discoverer of true American minstrelsy.

Daddy Rice and Old Jim Crow

Of course one William Shakespeare put the negro on the Elizabethan stage when he wrote and produced "Othello" at the



Billy Manning, who belonged to the golden age of minstrelsy

Globe Theatre in 1610. Some years prior to that a team known as Cain and Abel also did something in the Ethiopian way. And then, coming down the halls of time, a certain Mr. Graupner, otherwise unknown to fame, sang a black-face song called "The Negro Boy" in the Federal Theatre of Boston, Mass., on or about December 20th, 1799. But "Daddy" Rice was the real father of the negro minstrel which, until twenty years ago, held first place in the hearts of his countrymen.

Rice got his idea from hearing an old darkey chanting something about a mythical person called "Jim Crow" on Cincinnati's streets. Rice was an obscure, provincial actor but he saw possibilities in "Jim Crow." Three months later he saw further possibilities when he fell in with a ragged negro known as "Cuff" who carried trunks for a Pittsburgh theatre. Borrowing the Cincinnati negro's song and the Pittsburgh negro's clothes, Rice went on the Pittsburgh stage and sang:

"Oh, Jim Crow's come to town as you all mus' know.

An' he wheel about, he turn about, he do jes' so.

An' every time he wheel about he jump Jim Crow."

Song and costume made a hit. "Jim Crow" was the talk of the town. "Daddy" Rice was "made." He stayed in Pittsburgh with his song and his original negro farces—of which "Oh, Hush" is still in use—for two years. Later he drew more money in the old Bowery Theatre than any performer of the time. Following this New York triumph Rice carried his unique characterization to England where he went just as big. Everybody sang or hummed "Jim Crow." But it was a dozen years before genuine negro minstrelsy was born. Daniel Decatur Emmett, who reigns immortal as the author of "Dixie," was a member of our first negro-minstrel company.

"Dan," as he was then known, had been doing black-face songs, dances and fiddle playing with circuses for many years prior to the eventual fall of 1843, when he and Billy Whitlock, who set type for the New York *Herald* by day and did odd jobs as a variety performer by night, began to amuse themselves with fiddle and banjo in Mrs. Brook's "professional" boarding house at 37 Catherine Street, on New York's lower East Side. Frank Brower, a song and dance man, dropped in to see his friends. He was persuaded to contrive some bone castanets. While an attaché of John Robinson's circus touring throughout the South, Brower had seen negroes "play the bones." Dick Pelham, whose real name was Richard Ward Pell, and who had played in "Oh, Hush," and danced against the great jigger, John Diamond, also dropped in, as actors will do. He was urged to try his hand at a tambourine. The impromptu quartette went so well that a few nights later it adjourned to Bartlett's Billiard room, in a hotel known as "The Branch," opposite the old Bowery Amphitheatre, and there, for the first time in history, put on a regular minstrel show.

The First Minstrel Show

The try-out so encouraged the young quartette that on February 6, 1843, an announcement was made that the "novel, grotesque, original and surpassingly melodious Ethiopian Band entitled 'The Virginia Minstrels'" would appear. "Being," the announcement made clear, "an exclusively minstrel entertainment combining the banjo, violin, bone castanets and tambourine, and



Billy Birch made his minstrel company a top-notch both in San Francisco and New York

entirely exempt from the vulgarities and other objectionable features which have hitherto characterized negro extravaganzas."

WITH faces blackened by burnt cork and dressed in exaggerations of plantation darkey garb, the Virginia Minstrels made good not only at their première, but also at No. 28 Park Row, where Cornucopia Hall stood, at the Park Theatre, New York, Melodeon Hall, Boston, and at the Concert Rooms on Concert Street, Liverpool, the Adelphi, London, and elsewhere in England, after which the members of the world's first negro minstrel company went their separate way.

Doubtless encouraged by the Virginia Minstrels' success, The Buckley Serenaders, consisting of James and his three sons, R. Bishop, G. Swayne and Fred, appeared in Boston, first as the Congo Melodists and, later, under the name which carried them through many American and English engagements.

Edwin P. Christy

In the meantime one Edwin P. Christy, who specialized in banjo playing and in singing Stephen C. Foster's songs, launched his own Christy's Minstrels in Buffalo. Whether this company held the boards before or after the Virginia Minstrels had their beginning was long a moot question. It is probable that Christy followed the lead of Whitlock, Emmett, Pelham and Brower. At any rate the Christy organization appeared in New York in 1846, opened at Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, in 1847, and remained there until 1854—the first permanent negro minstrel company in the world.

Negro minstrelsy broke out like a rash ere the Original Christy Minstrels were firmly established. Before lantern-jawed, bearded Billy Whitlock, round-faced Dick Pelham, heavily mustached Dan Emmett or curly haired and chin-whiskered Dick Brower had returned from their European expedition, and before the four Buckylys had started across the ocean with their wide, low collars and large, black flowing

ties, the Virginia Serenaders were bidding for applause. Jim Sanford, "Ole Bull" Myers, Jim Carter, Bob Edwards and Cool White were the members of this minstrel band. They "worked straight" in white face and evening clothes, but they also did their black-face stuff in grotesque plantation garb and furnished their own music, on violin, banjo, tambourine and bones.

FIVE was about the numerical limit of the first minstrel companies. And out of the mass of names famous in those days were many which showed the close kinship between minstrelsy and that distinctly American institution—I mean distinct in the matters of mobility and size—the circus. Dan Gardner, one of the first of wench portrayers, was also a well-known circus clown. John Washington Smith, whose delineation of plantation negroes really antedates minstrelsy proper, clowning with a circus before he contributed the song "Old Bob Ridley" to the reigning black-face repertoire. Joel Walker Sweeney, "father of the banjo," in the minstrel sense, was among many who traveled under canvas with old John Robinson, while P. T. Barnum, hopeful impresario of a little tent show in the Southern States, blacked up and sang, "Such a Gittin' Up Stairs," and other songs popular in 1836.

The Jim Sanford (Blandford) who thus compelled the future proprietor of "The Greatest Show on Earth" to double in black-face was one of our earliest jig dancers and one of the first minstrel men who believed that "one good front on the street is worth two in the spot." In other words, Jim was a "swell dresser on and off." Minstrelsy had its traditions even then. But one had to go almost as far back as Jim Sanford to learn that Ned Harper wrote and sang, "Hi, Jim Along! Jim Along, Josey," as a feature of his drama, "A Free Nigger of New York," during the year 1838.

Working Toward Modern Minstrelsy

Sam Sanford, who built the first theatre especially for a minstrel company, at Twelfth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, began life in a circus. "Pony" Moore, another of the early minstrel argonauts, was with Frank Brower when the latter, a black-face performer with Rogers's Circus in New York, conceived the idea of making a "set of bones." Hundreds of old minstrel men turned readily from burnt cork to clown white, and in many ways the technique of clown and black-face comedian was much the same. But even in the early 'forties American negro minstrelsy was developing a technique of its own.

To E. P. Christy is given credit for



Lew Benedict

originating the first-part circle, without which impressive alignment of interlocutor, ballad singers, dancers and end men doing stunts on bones and tambourine none of us would recognize a minstrel show. This circle was introduced about 1850. At any rate it marked a broadening of the minstrel field. Numbers as well as talent began to count. Ballad singers still warbled some of Fred Buckley's touching things about "We Are Growing Old Together," "I'd Choose to Be a Daisy," "I See Her Still in My Dreams," and "I'm Turning Gray, Dear Katie." That was long before any of us grew moist-eyed when listening to "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Even though we erase from the records of the years the classic jokes about why the hen crosses the road and the one ending with, "That wasn't no lady; that was my wife," and hundreds of others of that ilk, there still stands to the credit of negro minstrelsy a long list of imperishable songs. "Dixie" is at the head of these.

Famous Songs of Negro Minstrelsy

This song of songs in our southland, during the Civil War, is and has been for forty years the one song to which northerners and southerners invariably and enthusiastically respond. It has an irresistible appeal. And it was written in 1859 by Dan Emmett,

for Dan Bryant's Minstrels, while that stellar organization was holding forth at Mechanics' Hall, lower Broadway, New York.

Dan Emmett had "traveled some" since, in 1843, he had been one of four to found the first true negro minstrel troupe. He had followed his successful tour of the British Isles by returning to America and his first love, the tented caravan. During 1853-4, he had been a partner with the veteran minstrel, Charley White. In 1855, he had sponsored Chicago's first minstrel hall, at 104 Randolph Street. Emmett's Minstrels opened at St. Paul in 1858, but soon expired for lack of patronage, and in that same year Emmett joined the Bryant Company with which he remained until Dan Bryant's death in 1875.

There were giants in those days and Dan Bryant, whose real name was Daniel Webster O'Brien, was not the least of them. Following his first appearance as a black-face artist at a benefit for his brother, Jerry, at Vauxhall Garden in 1845, he had made his mark with Charley White in the metropolis and with Tom Maguire in California. Then he had settled down at the head of his own company for a nine years' run at Mechanics' Hall. Bryant had been a fixture at that stand for nearly two years when Emmett brought "Dixie" into the world.

EMMETT was under contract to write a "walk-around" for Bryant upon demand. A walk-around was the forbear of the after-piece of the seventies. Bryant knew his business when he hired Emmett for such a job. Bryant, although a king in black-face minstrelsy, was also an Irish comedian of international renown. His minstrel fame largely rested on his "Essence of Ol' Virginny" dance, which he improved although it was not original with him. He also achieved prominence when putting on the popular "Shoo Fly" song and dance with Dave Reed. Edwin Forrest never wearied of seeing Bryant play the hungry negro who "had a peanut last week," in "Old Times, Rocks," but Bryant was primarily an impresario of the burnt-cork field. So he had Dan Emmett on his staff.

Dan Emmett had a shrewd, though temperamental wife, but, as he had little worldly wealth to shower on her, she did the weekly washing in their humble New York home. One day she rowed her spouse so vigorously while she soused the family wash that Emmett, recalling how the circuses tramped toward the sunny South each fall, exclaimed, "I wish I was in Dixie!"

The lady of the Emmett house, who had much sense as well as temperament, ceased



Jack Haverly, king of managers, and J. W. McAndrews (left)



"Happy Cal" Wagner, whose comicalities made countless audiences rock



William H. West, a famous interlocutor, and Al. G. Field (right)





St. James Theatre

Vol. I. No. 152

W. H. LEAKE...LESSEE

CORNER WASHINGTON AND HARVARD STREETS

C. D. RICHMOND.....TREASURER

PARENTS
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BOYS'
Clothing
in great

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Lowest
Prices!
ALWAYS.
AT
RICHARD'S
"OLD
CORNER,"
24 & 25
Dook Square.

This Monday Evening.... June 3rd, 1872

BIRCH, WAMBOLD & BACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

PROGRAMME:
Entertainment à la Salon - Part Premier.

Overture, arranged by J. B. Donniker.....Orchestra
Ballad, "Little Darling, linger near me,".....C. Templeton
Tryolean Song.....J. F. Oberist
Comic Ditty, "It's hard to love,".....Charley Backus
Ballad, "My Little One's waiting for me,".....D. S. Wambold
Comic Song, "Liza Jane,".....Billy Birch
Ballad, "When the Moon with Glory Brightens,".....E. Markham
FINALE, imitations of Birds, Locusts, Frogs, &c.....SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS

PART SECOND.-Cotton Pods.

WHEN THE BELLS ARE RINGING!
Song and Dance, written by BOBBY NEWCOMB

Bertha, the Sewing Girl
Bertha.....J. Cheever
Mrs. Hemmer.....J. F. Oberist
Rufus Stitch.....C. Gibbons
Cutter.....Billy Birch
Hemstitch.....E. Kennedy

FAVORITE BALLAD, - - - E. MARKHAM
BACKUS' PICTURE BOOK.

The Inimitable Plantation Festival Dance.
KUM AND KISS ME!
Newcomb, Gibbons, Cheever and Kennedy.

CORKOGRAPHALITIES
BILLY WEST.

The whole to conclude with the Seasonable Bon Mot.
GOOD BOYS;
OR, CHILDREN OF THE PERIOD!
Miss Clara Cummings, a Modern Belle.....J. Cheever
Mrs. Clementina Johnson, a Loving Mother.....J. F. Oberist
Johnny Johnson, her eldest Son, a perfect Screamer.....Billy Birch
Jimmy Johnson, the youngest Son, a regular Teaser.....Charley Backus
Charles Martel Smart, a Devoted Lover.....Chas. Gibbons

The Speaker will call the House to order at.....8 o'clock

NOTICE.
During the Summer Season the regular Wednesday Matinees will be discontinued. Matinees on Saturdays, Doors open 2 P. M.

WE ARE
receiving from
New York
each week
THIS SPRING
Stylish
Suits!
FOR



YOUNG
MEN!
equal to
Custom Work
at the same
Less Cost!
RICHARD'S
"OLD
CORNER!"

her ministrations at the tub long enough to reply, "That's a good title for a walk-around." Emmett had to furnish one for his employer two days hence. He wrote the words and music to "Dixie" overnight. Bryant's Minstrels scored with it. One year later, in New Orleans, John E. Owens, the famous American comedian, featured it in a spectacle called "Pocahontas," as a

musical setting for a drill and march of forty female Zouaves. The southland adopted it for its own. It has been the nation's favorite song since 1865.

The annals of minstrelsy are illuminated by other songs which had long and fervid vogue, although few of them are found outside old albums now. But when minstrelsy was in its prime no show was com-

plete without one rendering of Bobby Newcomb's ode, the chorus of which began,

"And I feel just as happy as a big sunflower."

The quiet hamlet of New Milford, in northern Illinois, has no other claim to fame than that is the birthplace of Billy

(Continued on page 48)



The Mystery Of The Axes

By Bertram Atkey
Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Part V

IT WAS not until they were smoking a cigarette after the meal that Prosper spoke again of the mystery.

"What do you think of Byrne's manservant—the Japanese, Major?" he asked.

"Well, he's a good valet and all-rounder, I believe; he seems attentive to Byrne and I imagine he's trustworthy enough. A little thick with that ruffian Dillon Mant—at least, I used to think so, but I gather that, when Mant comes here, as he does occasionally, it's mainly to see that housekeeper, Mrs. Grey. They are some sort of distant cousins, I believe. Maybe she's an old flame of his. But I think Asana's pretty good—reliable—as manservants go."

The Major eyed Prosper curiously.

"Any particular reason for asking?"

Prosper nodded.

"Yes . . . By the way, Major—how's the nerve trouble now?"

His eyes twinkled, and the Major laughed ather awkwardly.

"Well—better. Much better. Er—practically gone." He hesitated, then went on. "As a matter of fact, Fair, now that we understand each other, I haven't any particularly desperate nerve trouble—though my nerves aren't quite what they should be. But I exaggerated it a good deal as a sort of—call it disguise. I am a pretty rotten detective at my best—and it seemed to me that if I assumed the part of a nervous wreck it would help blind people to the nature of my work, the work Lady Crystal engaged me for, down here. Looking after Byrne. I know now that I'm not cut out for this particular way of earning my daily bread, but, on the whole, I've not done too badly, I think. Byrne's been well looked

after, and he's improving—" he broke off as Crystal Sheen rode up to the camp.

But now she was very different from the almost feverishly gay and high-spirited girl who had cantered away with Alan Byrne so joyously. She threw herself off her horse and came to Prosper, her face pale and troubled.

"Why, Crystal—aren't you lunching at Alan's?" he asked.

"No. I've just sent him off to bed. We had a lovely ride, and he was so much fitter and jollier up to the moment we were nearly back at Tufter's Wait again. Then he began to—be queer again—to cloud over in that blurred way I hate. I could see that he was going to have another of those queer, tranced, blindish attacks of his. So I got him to promise that he would go to bed and just rest and think of nothing. He was quite good. I've told Asana and Mrs. Grey, and he will be well looked after. And Asana will send Peter Light over to King's Halt Hall to-night to say how he is. . . . Oh, I think I've seen to everything—only I'm so wretched, Prosper."

Prosper slipped an arm round her shoulders.

"But, my dear, this won't do. This isn't complimentary at all. Didn't I—not three hours ago—specifically promise you that all will be well! Do I break my promises, Crystal Sheen, or do I not? Are not those Devides idiots every conceivable kind of idiot but the kind that tells lies—liars, in fact? Yet you begin to worry! Why? Supposing Alan does have a—bad spell? He is, improving nevertheless. He has had them before—will have them again. But he will gradually cease to have them. You've got to face that, my dear. Old Prosper is truly sorry for you, and everything shall be done to help Alan—and presently all will be well. As I observed before. But you must be patient. Why—at the very moment you rode up, the Major and

I were perfecting our plans to make quite and absolutely and definitely certain that Alan Byrne should be cared for as no other man in this Forest is cared for! Is that so, Major!"

"Certainly it is so," said Major Giles Wakeling, V. C., D. S. O., in a semi-parade voice that was more convincing than pretty.

The girl's face lit up again.

"Oh, thank you so, Major, and you, Prosper dear. Of course if you say you will do a thing, then it will be done. Everybody knows that. I am a fool—I know very well that I am a fool to fuss about Alan so—and I shall steady myself somehow or other—only—it's rather wretched for anybody, you see—I mean, when they forget for a moment that you and Major Wakeling and so many good friends are—are—"

"Standing by," suggested Prosper.

"Yes—that's it, standing by. That's exactly it—that is what you're always doing—standing by. You go about doing it! Oh, I know. . . . It's all right, now."

"WHY, of course! Don't fret. Just enjoy your little dance at King's Halt tonight—and say to yourself: 'Alan wouldn't mind—and he is all right, and even if he weren't the Major and Prosper are standing by looking out for him!'"

"I will, I will—and thank you both with all my heart!"

She slipped on to her horse and was away, blowing them a kiss as she went.

"Well, that's that," said Prosper. "We can't fail her after that."

His eyes were bright with some secret excitement.

He crossed over to the Major.

"Forgive me, Major, if I say that you have not had the good fortune—the sheer luck—to gain the insight into the character of Byrne's Japanese that I have gained—through no particular cleverness of my own!"

"Eh!" The Major was startled.

Prosper continued tranquilly.

"This man Asana is the vilest, most treacherous, cold-blooded and cunning

The dreadful, stained figure lurched the whole length of the room through the recoiling people, stood staring wildly for a moment, then turned blindly to a girl who cried in a heartbroken voice . . . "Alan!"

scoundrel I have ever encountered in my life—and we have to deal with him to-night, Major. Later than to-night will be too late. His confederate, Mant, has been arrested, and Asana will vanish the instant he learns of the arrest! It is absolutely vital that he does not vanish—that he is pinned."

Prosper was smiling upon the Major and his voice was serene, yet with a steely tone underlining his words that made the Major stare.

"And yet it is equally important that Detective Inspector Meek is not permitted to blunder in and arrest Asana!" said Prosper.

"That is to say—the man must be in our power but safe from the law! . . . And that is vital and desperate. For the sake of Alan Byrne—of Crystal Sheen and—in a kind of way—" he laughed quietly, "for the sake of my word given to Lady Crystal . . . Old-fashioned that, Major?"

"Not at all," growled the Major.

"Well, well . . ." Prosper conceded the point and continued:

"I would be grateful—and you would be doing a tremendous thing for all concerned—if you could contrive to make a prisoner of Asana to-night, Major. . . . The woman Grey—a confederate—Peter Light, the groom, will deal with. I have spoken to Peter. He will not fail."

The Major's face had changed oddly. It was no longer jovial. On the contrary, it was set in lines of such complete and inflexible determination that it was almost cruel.

"I want you—if you are agreeable—to make a prisoner of the Japanese to-night. We will go together to Tufter's Wait just before moonrise. Peter Light will be awaiting. Some time about moonrise I shall leave you. That will be your signal to take the Japanese—as best you can. You will have the whole of the night to work in, if you need it—and Peter will attend to the woman. . . . Be careful of the Japanese, Major—he is quick-witted, physically swift, entirely unscrupulous, and he will be extremely dangerous. It may even be your life or his. I want you to hold him until I come—or send for him."

He ceased, relighting his cigarette.

The Major thought for a few moments, then nodded.

"Please repeat that—the instructions! Never mind the warnings—they're noted. Fair. But I must be clear about the orders. Don't mind putting 'em bluntly. I've commanded men, and I've always succeeded in exacting obedience from them, because I have learned how to obey. Just repeat, please."

Prosper repeated in cold, unadorned language that seemed, oddly, to please the Major.

"VERY well," he said flatly. "I will see to it."

"I am sure that you will," said Prosper. "Just as I am sure that you will not overlook the fact that if Asana shows fight, he will not attempt to fight fair—as one expresses it. Don't expect anything but tricks—deadly ones from Asana when he's cornered, Major."

"Yes, I understand," said the Major. "That all?"

"Oh, quite," smiled Prosper.

The Major relaxed, and selected another cigarette. He was happy now. He knew where he was. He was required to effect a definite, clear-cut order. That was good. There were no frills, no side-issues, nothing complicated, no possibility of interference, of badgering, of bewilderments from H. Q. or elsewhere. He was instructed to get Asana the Japanese—and he could "get" him in his own way at his own time during the night.

That was the sort of thing the Major understood.

He beamed on Prosper, and thought well of him. The fact that to "arrest" Asana would probably prove to be about as safe and easy a matter as arresting a wounded leopard did not seem to bother the nervous V. C. to any extent. Like most Majors, what Giles Wakeling appreciated was that which most folk love so well and are given so rarely—"a free hand."

Prosper's face was grave when, at nine o'clock that evening, the Major, punctual to a second, rode into his camp.

"Something wrong?" asked the Major, quick-eyed and alert—strangely altered from the nerve-racked man he had appeared to be a few days before.

Prosper nodded.

"Nothing wrong—though things may be just a little more awkward than I expected. But—" he laughed—"one expects the unexpected if one is wise—and sufficiently a conjuror. I had rather banked on having the Inspector with us to-night. There's a task for him after his own heart. But he's not to be found. Apparently he has not returned from town yet."

He stared absently across at the pony Charleston which stood ready, saddled and bridled, by the caravan.

The Major waited. He was concerned with tactics to-night and not with the general strategy.

"You see, Major, the axe-thrower will be out on the moor to-night. I am quite sure of that. He would ride to-night even if the Forest were packed with watchers—even if those watchers were armed and instructed to shoot him at sight. I think he suffers from a superiority complex, don't they call it? And I hope to be able to ride him down—I must. It's almost as important as the taking of Asana—"

"ALMOST?" The Major lifted an eyebrow, surprised.

Prosper nodded.

"Not quite so urgent—but still urgent enough! The difficulty is that I want to be in a place some distance away from where I should expect to meet with the night-rider. At moonrise I want to be in two places at once—when the moon rises, in about an hour's time! I had banked on Meek's return from town to-night."

The Major said nothing, waiting.

For some time, Prosper thought. The



gray dusk was closing down on the Forest, darkening fast. Back in the denser parts of Wolf's Hold it was already dark, and the owls were awake and weirdly talkative.

"I must be in Wolf's Hold at about moon-rise to-night—but I must also be at the place where I am sure to meet the night-rider. In any case you must be at Tufter's Wait, Major. Your part is still exactly as we arranged it after lunch. . . ."

He rolled himself a cigarette, scowling at the embers of his camp-fire which glowed more and more redly in the increasing darkness. The pony fidgeted, his bit jingling faintly. Plutus, sensing where he would spend the night, stared at the caravan with distaste, and the Major stood by his old hunter, absolutely still, waiting.

Prosper decided.

"THERE are three men to be detained to-night. All three are really dangerous. We can only be sure of taking two. Well, so be it. The third—and that's the murderer of Molly O'Mourne, Major—we will take in company with our friend from Scotland Yard to-morrow. He will not run away."

"Right!"

Prosper sighed with the relief that a definite decision usually brings. He glanced at his watch.

"I come with you, Major, though I shall probably leave you quickly enough when the time comes."

He consigned the disgusted Plutus to the caravan, mounted Charleston, and, with the Major, rode out into the falling darkness.

They headed down the strip of turf that led past Tufter's Wait, one following the other, and both keeping well in the deeper dark immediately under the line of trees, walking their horses. By the time they arrived at the clump of thorns before Tufter's Wait—a clump that Prosper had used as cover once before—the moon was rising.

"I wait here," said Prosper.

The Major nodded, appreciatively. It was a good choice, for the long strip of comparatively clear ground was, in spite of the risk of trouble with the rabbit holes, a favorite route of the night-rider.

"Whichever direction he comes from, he must pass you—if he uses the strip of turf at all," muttered the Major.

He waited a moment counting the lighted windows in the bungalow.

"Let's see—three windows—Byrne's bedroom—the lounge hall—kitchen—and the stable light. Right. Well, I'll be off, Fair."

"Right! Good luck, Major," said Prosper. "Forgive me if I remind you that you're not dealing with a man who obeys any rules of—say—war. He's a wild animal when the mask's off—teeth and claws—Listen!"

From somewhere back along the route they had just ridden came faintly the soft, distance-muffled thud of hoofs.

"My man! He's cut in from the heather!" said Prosper; listened a second longer to assure himself from the hoof-beats whether the rider was approaching or going away.

The thudding died out.

Prosper pulled his pony round and rode out. Somewhere in the moonlight ahead of him was the night-rider—the man he had sworn himself to ride down.

He pressed forward at a gentle canter, as quietly as possible. Not till the black block of woodland that was Wolf's Hold loomed near did he see the man he was hunting, and even then, only as a dark moving shadow in the moonlight. He might not even have caught that glimpse but for a sudden, pallid flicker of light that flashed for a second and was gone—a pale glitter that might have been the swift ray struck by the moon reflected in some article of polished steel. For example, the blade of a sword—or the head of an axe.

Prosper pressed nearer until the shadow ahead was more definitely visible.

That was well, for a moment later the rider turned almost at right-angles, and vanished down a rough track which led through the heart of Wolf's Hold.

In the steady and inexorable light of a splendid autumn moon the entrance to this track yawned under the overhanging tree-tops like the black mouth of some dark cavern seen in a dream. The heavy foliage of the ancient oaks which stood like pillars on each side of this entrance to Wolf's Hold arched, merging and intertwining, some fifteen feet above the ground. It was remotely like the entrance to some region of dreadful mystery and untellable things—or like some colossal and fantastic jaw opened to receive that which the fates sent it out of the moonlight.

Any man on a mission devoid of danger might excusably have felt a qualm at the thought of passing into the all but blind blackness that lay beyond the mouth of this track, and Prosper's mission within this wood was appallingly dangerous. He was following, with the resolve of capturing him, an armed and formidable prowler of the night whom even the simple but, within their limits, clear-sighted forest folk of the neighborhood united in declaring a dangerous madman. And there was another peril. Prosper knew that within this wood was the murderer of Molly O'Mourne—also armed and ready to receive intruders.

Two of them—an armed madman and an armed murderer, prowling somewhere in the gloom beyond the great arch of ancient oaks.

But Prosper tightened his off rein a little, the pony turned, and at an easy canter passed in on the trail of the night-rider.

In the overgrown wood it was only possible to keep to the track by watching sharply the loom of the solid walls of blackness on each side of him.

He rode easily, knowing that the man in front could not hurry or turn off to the right or left without instantly losing himself in a tangle of pathless undergrowth. On the far side of Wolf's

Hold was an area of short heather, and plain-like country, on which when he emerged from the wood the night-rider must be visible for some distance.

For some minutes Prosper rode through the darkness. Then a tiny square of pale light swam on the gloom ahead—the glow from the window of Hambleton the forester's cottage, set in a big clearing in the heart of Wolf's Hold.

Evidently Hambleton was at home, though at this hour he was usually out on his night round.

Prosper reined his pony to a walk, listening.

That was as well, for even as he did so the square of light was temporarily eclipsed by a blur.

"Peering in—" said Prosper, moving nearer. "Dismounted! He must be."

He slipped off his horse, roughly knotted the reins round a sapling that had struggled to life between two great oaks, and ran softly forward.

Even as he ran the door of the cottage was flung violently open. In the outpouring of light Prosper saw Hambleton rush out throwing his gun to his shoulder. There was the roar of an explosion, a thick jet of pinkish flame. Then almost simultaneously with the report something flashed for a second in the light from the door. A deep yell of pain jarred across the darkness; a hoarse shout that held something like brutal triumph; a flurry of hoofs and two pistol shots in swift succession.

PROSPER, guided by the flashes, ran at the man who fired these shots—but even as he seized him, recoiled at the sound of his voice.

"The rider—he's hit! After him, Jackson!"

It was the voice of Detective Inspector Meek. He wheeled on Prosper.

"All right, Inspector—I'm following the rider," he said swiftly. "But who's this?"

"Hambleton! It's Hambleton—and the rider's got him! Look!" He snatched something from the writhing figure.

There gleamed in the light the haft of a small axe—a haft that looked like steel heavily damascened with polished silver. The head of this axe had been buried just above the left breast of the groaning forester. Prosper snatched up Hambleton's gun, broke it open and pulled out an empty shell.

"Mark that, Meek—the axe was used after Hambleton's first shot—I'll come to you here again as soon as I can or send aid. Meantime, I'm after the rider!"

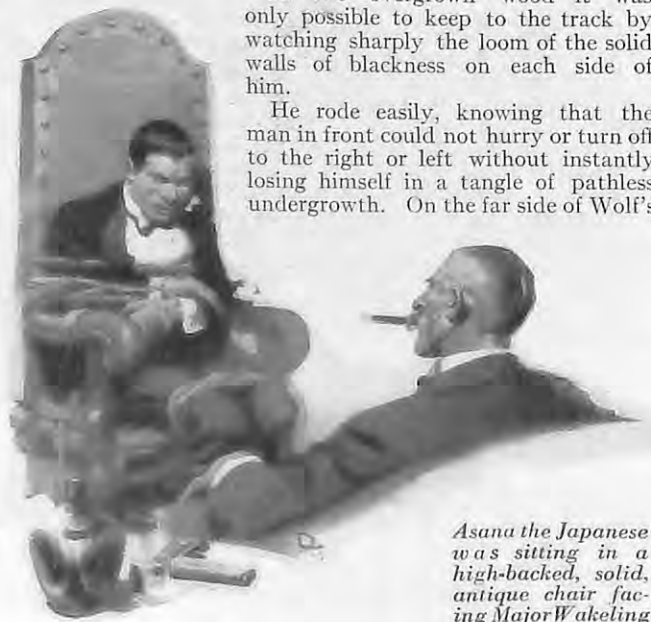
He ran back to his pony, tore the reins free, flung himself into the saddle, drove in the spurs, and vanished at a crazy gallop down the dark track that led out to the open plain.

The night hunt had begun.

It was to Prosper Fair as if the flying Charleston shot out of the far end of the tunnel-like track through Wolf's Hold into broad daylight—for so, by comparison with the black gloom which they had just traversed, the silver-blue moonlight seemed.

He was not ashamed of the sigh of relief that escaped him as the hoofs pounded at last on clean turf on the south side of the wood, and it was with the feeling of a man who has escaped destruction by no more than a hair's-breadth that he strained his eyes over the open moorland before him.

It had not been due to him that the clever, quick-witted pony he rode had escaped destruction in the wood. A false step, an error of judgment, one second's faltering or failure of the instinct which had



Asana the Japanese was sitting in a high-backed, solid, antique chair facing Major Wakeling



kept the pony from collision with the gigantic oaks between which he had galloped, and nothing could have prevented them from crashing into disaster so ugly that it might have meant their deaths.

Prosper crouched forward to pat the neck of the courageous little animal as they drummed out into the open.

Far ahead, dim yet perceptible, moved a little shadow. It was the night-rider.

Even as Prosper tightened rein he saw with an icy thrill of horror the pony in front rise at the desperate leap

"There he goes, pony! After him! We've got to get him before he does any more mischief!" said Prosper—the reins so loose that Charleston knew he could go at his own pace—which, with him, always meant his fastest.

But, good as he was, the night-rider was mounted on a pony that seemed almost his equal, and he was riding with no less complete disregard for his own neck than Prosper.

Fortunately the area of open country on this side of Wolf's Hold was extensive and, by riding dead straight for that moving shadow, with complete disregard for any and every risk, Prosper was able to gain

ground. That was as well, for, aware that he was pursued, the night-rider, to make himself safe, need only reach any one of the blocks of timber—the plantations started centuries ago when the Forest was expected to be the main source, forever, of oak for the British Navy—on the dark horizon.

If he were far enough ahead then, he could enter the wood to the depth of a few yards and there stay perfectly still and silent.

It would be impossible to find him without dogs.

But Prosper was alive to this danger, and Charleston was equal to his task. The pony's frantic burst of speed across the clear country brought him within forty yards of the night-rider.

Prosper saw him turn as the pounding of Charleston's hoofs mingled with that of his own pony.

In the silver flood of light Prosper saw the man's arm fly up as he shook his fist, yelling a hoarse word of defiance and contempt. Then the fugitive seemed to crouch lower, driving his pony even more desperately than before.

Prosper could gain no more now than perhaps a yard here and there.

But that was enough apparently to rattle the man in front. He had been heading for a distant block of trees, but suddenly he began to swing to the left.

Prosper swung, too, trying to cut the wide sweep of the turn just a shade finer.

But before he had gone far he had to pull out again to avoid racing into a herd of forest cattle that were lying, like shapeless dark mounds, by a small shallow pool. Only a wild swerve by Charleston that all but swung him out of the saddle, saved them from crashing into a cow on the edge of the herd.

Prosper's lips tightened a little—as it were in acknowledgment of the trick which had nearly succeeded.

This man knew the Forest, or at least this part of it, better than he did, and he had eyes that were better accustomed to the night. Prosper, his brain cool and quiet, realized that he would have to be very quick and very alert. The night-rider continued his swing to the left. In this direction the ground began to fall away in a long gradual slope at the foot of which gleamed water.

That meant marshy ground—perhaps a bog.

Prosper attempted no cut here, though a little further along the night-rider wrenched his pony round almost at right-angles. He seemed to reel in his stirrups as he turned. Prosper, thirty yards behind, followed his track exactly.

THAT was well for him, for as he whirled round on the patch of softer turf, deeply scarred by the first pony's feet, and raced on along the new line, he saw from the tail of his eye a pallid green gleam from a roughly circular patch of smooth, level turf. It was only a few yards to his left. But that smooth green circle was not turf—it was a bog, dangerous as the most deadly quicksand. Nothing could have saved Prosper if he had attempted to cut this corner. He saw the sinister green surface quiver as Charleston's hoofs splashed on the firmer ground bordering it.

The night-rider jumped the narrow brook, to firmer ground on the rising slope of the other side and gained a little.

Prosper spurred for the first time since they had shot away from Hambledon's cottage, and Charleston flew the stream like a hunted cat.

At the top of the slope only fifteen yards separated them.

And now Prosper could see plainly that, with ordinary luck, he would win this midnight race.

There was something wrong with the man ahead. He swayed as he rode, and twice he turned to scream something indistinguishable. But it sounded now as though these cries held more of terror and panic than of anger and defiance.

A few yards on they struck one of the better grade roads that cross the Forest. The fugitive raced along this at a pace ruinous to the legs of any horse.

But now the slight difference in stamina between the two ponies began to tell.

BEGINNING next month: Octavus Roy Cohen's new serial, "The Light Shines Through." Readers of The Elks Magazine who remember his "Iron Chalice" and "The Outer Gate" will find in this new story another original plot and characters that grip the attention. "The Light Shines Through" is one of the finest things Mr. Cohen has written. Don't fail to begin reading this New Serial with the January issue.

Charleston had the measure of the flying animal just ahead.

He was stealing up foot by foot.

The man in front was yelling as he rode. Prosper's face paled and his brows knitted at the wild fear so plain in this outcrying.

"Something must happen at this pace!" he said—aloud, though he did not know it. "He'll be out of the saddle in a minute! Hambledon must have hit him hard."

Then, ahead, the lights of a big country house danced and wavered through the shrubberies screening the front of the house from the road.

"King's Halt!" muttered Prosper, recognizing the white painted gate that, owing to a sharp curve of the road, seemed to face them almost squarely.

It flashed in on Prosper that the madman in front would attempt to jump this gate! Although it was not the main entrance gate, nevertheless it was high, heavily built, considerably higher than the ordinary five-barred gate of the countryside—and Prosper knew that to drive a tired horse of polo-pony size at it in the tricky shadows thrown by the trees at each side of it, was sheer suicide.

The death of this man was the last thing Prosper desired and he began to pull up his horse.

But it was too late.

Even as Prosper tightened rein, he saw with an icy thrill of horror the pony in front rise at the desperate leap.

It hit the top bar and spun over in a shocking somersault, flinging the rider far into the thick shrubs just clear of the road.

Prosper just swung clear of disaster at the gate, pulled round and leapt down. He was over the gate, past the groaning, writhing pony, in a flash.

But the shrubs had saved the life of the night-rider.

With the frenzy of one mad with terror he had struggled clear of the shrubs and was reeling across the wide lawn towards the big door of the mansion, shouting wildly as he went.

Prosper raced after him, but the check at the gate had given the fugitive a few yards' advantage.

He seemed to aim himself blindly at the blaze of light from the open doors. It seemed somehow shocking to Prosper that the sound of music should be issuing from those doors at this moment.

The hunted man reeled into the light—a strange and fantastic figure, clad only in a great, furry skin. He was crying out hoarsely as he ran, and his right arm and leg were almost scarlet with blood.

The servants in the hall shrank back appalled and, even as Prosper ran over the threshold of the main door, the hunted man darted through the open door of a big room on the left. It was in this room that people were dancing.

A woman screamed and the music stopped short.

Prosper reached the threshold just as the dreadful, stained figure lurched the whole length of the room through the recoiling people, stood staring wildly for a moment, then turned blindly to a girl who cried in a heartbroken voice—

"Alan!"

The hunted man swayed, staring, reaching out to her with trembling hands, with something oddly and most movingly akin to the gesture of a child reaching out to someone it trusts utterly, and then collapsed slowly on to his knees, moaning, clutching at Crystal Sheen, so that her frock was smeared with a frightful stain, then toppled forward on his face and lay still.

FOR a second the girl stood over him, staring fiercely at the man who had hunted Byrne to her. For a second she seemed unable to recognize Prosper. Then she broke free from her bewilderment.

"You, Prosper—you!" she said in a quivering voice, and then forgot them all, falling on her knees beside the unconscious man at her feet.

Gently she raised the bespattered head, slipping her arm under in an action of infinite compassion and tenderness, and kissed the white lips.

"Alan—oh, Alan!" they heard her whisper. Then she looked up, almost glaring.

"Help me to care for him, someone—to lift him—"

Prosper stepped into the room, glanced round, then closed the door and very deliberately locked it.

Sir Gatsby Thorburn stepped forward.

"Fair! . . . Good God, what's this?"

"A complicated business, my dear Thorburn!" said Prosper quietly. "I shall explain."

He stepped quickly to the side of the unconscious night-rider—Alan Byrne. A gray-headed man, with a thin, intellectual face was probing hastily with long, white fingers at the red shoulder of the senseless form on a couch by the wall.

"I can feel nothing serious—" he was saying—

"Byrne was wounded by a shot-gun—fired by the murderer of Molly O'Mourne," said Prosper.

The room was suddenly silent.

"The murderer of Molly—" said Thorburn.

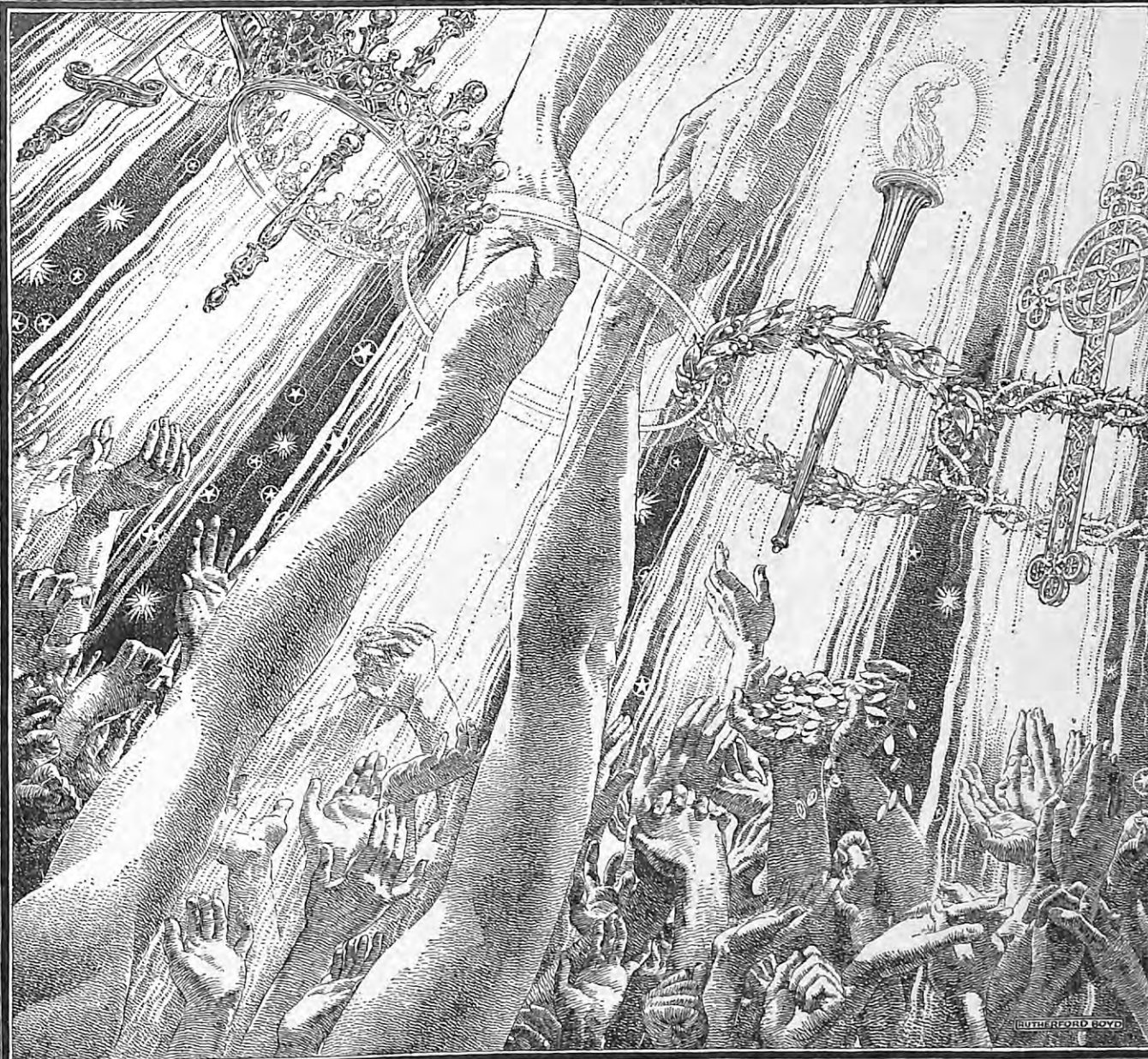
"Yes! Hambledon, the Forest ranger!"

"Hambledon! Hambledon! but where is he—why didn't you pursue him?"

"Because," came Prosper's voice, cool and clear, and very steady, "because, before he could fire his second barrel, Alan felled him! It was sheer self-defense! Detective-Inspector Meek was a witness!"

There was a flash of silk and Lady Crystal was facing Prosper, her eyes blazing with excitement and wild relief—

(Continued on page 60)



Lifted Up

By Douglas Malloch

Decoration by Rutherford Boyd

LIFTING my head I heard a song,
Lifting my eyes I saw the sky.
I wonder is this world so wrong,
Or only I?

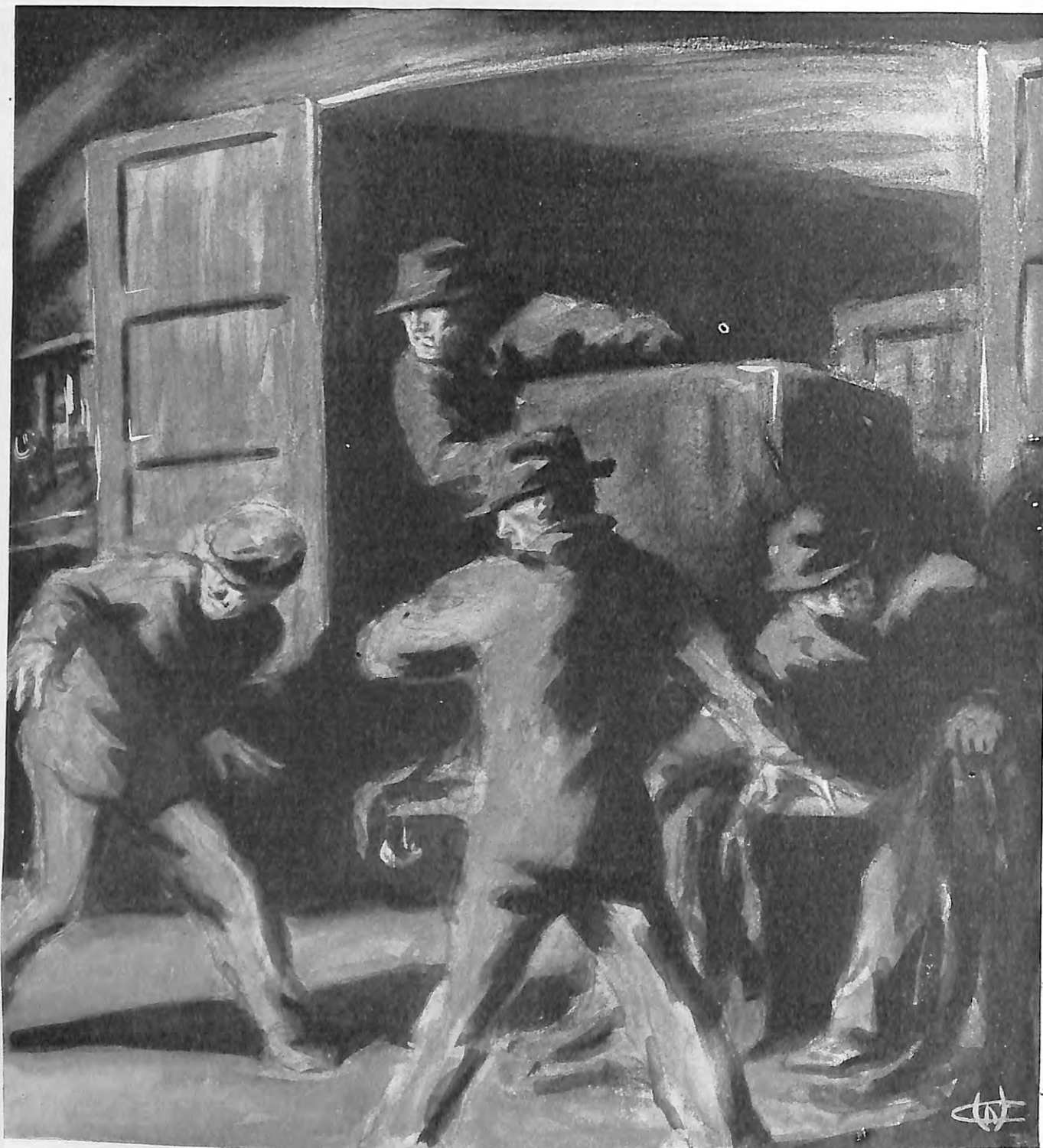
Giving my hand I met a hand,
Acting the friend a friend I found.
Have I been walking through the land
Eyes on the ground?

And, had no other hand met mine,
No soul befriended proved a friend,
When love itself receives no sign,
Is that the end?



For who upon the hearth can start
A fire, and never warm the stone,
And who can cheer another heart
And not his own?

I stilled a hungry infant's cry,
With kindness filled a stranger's cup,
And, lifting others, found that I
Was lifted up.



The three helpers emerged from their packing boxes and thereafter things happened smoothly and swiftly

The Vanishing Safe

By Garret Smith

Illustrated by Charles A. Winter, Jr.

"YOU double-crossing Judas! You've gypped me out of a good three grand at least! And you know I can't do a thing about it!"

The big, clerical-looking, iron-gray caller half rose and leaned threateningly over the bare-topped mahogany desk. The swart, short lump of a man in the opposite seat drew back like a toad hit on the nose. His right hand twitched toward a drawer on his desk. There, the other had reason to know, lay a loaded automatic uncorrupted by rust. But the little man's reply was suave to the point of oiliness.

"Now! Now! Hogan!" he protested, with an eloquent flip of his left palm.

"That ain't any way for one gentleman to bite at another."

"Gentleman!" sneered Hogan, dropping back to his chair, however, and sitting tensely on its edge.

The butt of contempt let his right hand join his left in a gesture of relief.

"I tell you, Hogan, we hardly break even on the last six cars you sold us, counting the one the cops found here and was a dead loss, an' we're both lucky we didn't get into trouble, thanks to me."

"Thanks to you!" Hogan sneered again.

"You know damn well, Gildersleg, you couldn't prove I had anything to do with lifting that car and you wouldn't dare try to prove it if you could!"

Gildersleg shrugged.

"That's things better not said, Hogan. I conduct my business so the police got nothing on me. I been assumin' you done the same or I wouldn't take chances dealin' with you up to now. But that's neither here nor there again. We can't either of us take any chances. The cops are watching this place and we both got to lie low for a spell. They can't prove a thing against me, but I'm goin' to be damn sure about the cars I buy till they get satisfied."

"I see!" Hogan commented acidly.

"Meaning you don't want any more from me."

"Not for a spell, Hogan. And meantime there's three grand in the safe there for you, three thousand good dollars to close accounts. You can take it or leave it. All or nothin', an' nothin' you can do about it."

Again Gildersleg's hand indicated the gun-drawer. A moment Hogan glared, then shrugged his shoulders with a short, harsh bark of a laugh.

"All right, you yellow little sneak! You've got me. Let me have the money and we'll call it quits."

Hogan watched with a cynical smile while the garage-owner rose and crossed to the locked safe by the big front window. Hogan knew Gildersleg was taking no chance of attack when he turned his back and began twirling the combination of the safe, in which, the caller felt sure, was kept a comfortable fortune.

"The automatic was not Gildersleg's only defense. The door of the office was open. In the outer room, commanding a complete view of his employer's sanctum, sat Mike Fenton, huge, dour; ostensibly Gildersleg's assistant manager, in fact his alter ego. Mike was the only employee in the confidence of the head of this precarious business. He never left his protective post from office opening to closing.

HOGAN glanced at this vigilant guardian, then at the formidable strong-box. It was one of the so-called burglar-proof portable safes, with a time-clock attachment. Across the front ran the owner's name, "The Gildersleg Garage and Motor Sales Company," under that the safe's makers, a well known New York concern.

Hogan, for a long time, had wondered about that safe.

The bolts clicked. The doors swung open. But the interior was hidden behind Gildersleg's broad back. Again Hogan glanced at the vigilant Mike. Then he leaned forward and seemingly fixed his gaze on the floor back of the kneeling Gildersleg, in reality watching the man's every move.

Gildersleg drew a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked an inner door, then a drawer beyond. At the same moment, Hogan, with his eyes apparently on the rug back of Gildersleg's heels, rose from his chair, took three swift steps forward and picked up a coin he had palmed for the purpose.

"Dropped something," he commented, putting the coin on the desk and returning to his chair. Gildersleg glanced around suspiciously, but Hogan was idly returning the pointed gaze of Mike.

In that brief instant the caller had photographed on his brain, over Gildersleg's shoulder, the interior of the safe.

A few minutes later Dirck Hogan went out into the dusk of early evening, his money in his pocket. In his active mind there was budding a complicated plot. Slowly he climbed into his car, parked across the street. His eyes studied the lighted windows of the garage office.

The Gildersleg Garage and Motor Sales Company was one of the largest concerns of its kind in New York. Here was a big, legitimate business, both in routine repair work and in buying, rebuilding and selling used cars. Its headquarters stood midway of one of the busiest blocks in the night club and theatre district, a thoroughfare awake twenty-four hours a day. The gleaming Gildersleg show-room was visible from one end of the block to the other.

In one front corner of this show-room was the private office of the proprietor, its street

side all glass to the floor; two others set off by half-partitions of mahoganyed pine. The safe stood in the full glare of electric light kept going all night.

"A tin box would 'a' done the old boy just as good," one of the helpers had remarked when the new thousand pound strong-box was first moved in. "A yegg could just as easy swipe a pimple off a cop's nose as crack this crib right out on the sidewalk like this."

Dirck Hogan had some such thought as he drove slowly away through the crowded traffic. But he knew, too, that Gildersleg had good reason to protect that safe to the limit. It stood in the place of both bank and safe-deposit company. For Gildersleg's main business was of a nature demanding ready cash in hand; and, moreover, might at any moment call for a quick getaway. In such a case bank entanglements or unwieldy investments might prove a serious handicap. The legitimate garage and sales departments, profitable after their fashion, served as camouflage for a much more highly lucrative fence for stolen cars. For five years now, Dirck Hogan, king of motor pirates, had found it his best-paying market.

But if Dirck had needed further proof that this connection was best ended, it came as his car drew from the curb. He glanced at the passers out of the tail of his eye, a professional habit of Hogan's. A single face separated itself from the welter. It was the nondescript countenance of a man loitering by a shop window. But the fellow's eyes were focused at the instant on Hogan.

"Clafie' from Headquarters, or I'm a Chinaman!" Hogan muttered. "That's one bull with something in his nut besides banana-oil and I've got a hunch he knows me. Guess I'm about through doing business at the old market at that!" he added thoughtfully as he slid into second speed. "But not quite through with Gildersleg—not quite!" His jaw was set. When the King

MILTON BRIGGS, shoe dealer, of Butler, Illinois, was lonesome. His wife, in the next room, had succumbed to a headache. The stuffy little parlor of the New York hotel suite depressed him. He decided to take a walk, look over the white light district, and perhaps stop in at a movie before turning in. John Peter Toohey, who knows New York as you know the back of your hand, has written the story of that evening. It is called "A Walk Uptown." Not to tell you too much, we'll just say that it belies its quiet title. Look for it in an early issue.

of Motor Fences decided to "gyp" the King of Motor Pirates at the wind-up, he had started something instead of stopping it.

II

IN a private room at the Club Turina, four well-dressed young men, not unpersonable in appearance except for a certain hard wariness about the eyes, sat awaiting their host. They might have been four successful young brokers.

As a matter of fact they were a quartette of graduate chauffeurs advanced from the menial occupation of driving other people's

cars to the more lucrative profession of appropriating the same.

Into this group came Dirck Hogan some thirty minutes after his stormy interview with Gildersleg. He took his place at the head of the table with a wordless nod. His face told the rest something was wrong.

Not till the waiter had withdrawn did Hogan speak—then in the cool, silken tones and careful diction that always marked his working out of a plot. Before he went into the motor-lifting business, Hogan had been a high-class "con" man.

"Well, Mr. Gildersleg has deemed it advisable to sever connections with us for the time-being. He has also thought best to hold out payment to the extent of three grand—for the time-being."

Four puzzled expressions regarded him for a moment.

"Hold out! Hell!" Jack Freeman broke silence. "What's he mean, hold out?"

"Did he get cold feet over the cops turning up that Lenhard roadster in his place?" Flash Doane wondered.

"But he came clean on that, and got away with the spiel that he bought it off a strange guy that put one over on him!" Pete Raynor demurred.

"But what's this 'time-being' stuff?" demanded Whitey Graham. "What's he mean, stopping business for the time-being?"

"Not necessarily what I mean," Hogan assured them. "In fact he only used the first 'time-being.' The second is mine. Stopping business with us for the time-being means forever and then some. Holding out payment for the 'time-being' means until I can complete arrangements for collection, not only of the principal and interest but some very liberal damage money, amounting, unless I figure wrong, to something like a hundred grand."

"Listen, Dirck," Peter Raynor voiced the bewilderment of the company. "We ain't got that far in night-school yet. Put it in United States. This hundred grand stuff, now, when it comes to that we're the four Sweeney brothers."

"Any of you ever crack a safe?" Hogan demanded.

Four startled faces waved negation.

"You know damn well none of us know the front end of a crib from the back," Pete Raynor protested.

"Sometimes gentlemen of our profession hide some of their talents," Hogan commented dryly. "However, it doesn't matter. I think I can get the job done satisfactorily."

"Say, look here, Dirck," Jack Freeman objected. "You ain't plannin' to take up with a new lay an' give us the go-by!"

"I'm taking up a new lay," Hogan admitted. "But you'll all be in on it with the usual split, if you're agreeable."

"But you say it's a safe-job an' needs a safe-cracker," Freeman persisted. "That means splittin' six ways instead of five—I know a good guy to turn the trick if it comes to that, but I ain't ready to split with him."

"No. Five ways as usual. We won't have to split with the expert. We're going to hire an honest man to do the job."

The four looked incredulous but waited for the chief to go on.

"You see," he continued finally, "I stumbled on to the fact about a year ago that Gildersleg did most of his banking right there in that office of his. He does a cash business only, as you know, just keeps a small checking account in a bank for incidentals. One time, and another, too, when I've been in with him, I've doped out from 'phone calls and letters I've caught sight of on his desk and so on, that he puts all his surplus in unregistered bonds and I've got

a hunch he keeps 'em in that safe. From a slant I got at the inside of the box to-day I feel sure of it. He wouldn't have gone to the expense of buying a high-priced box, that tightwad, if he didn't keep it pretty well loaded over night."

He looked impressively.

"So," Freeman remarked sarcastically, in spite of his respect for his chief, "you're goin' to hire a good straight expert for a little piece o' change, to go around an' open the safe right in that window, light as a window in hell, with a cop or two an' a lot of other straight guys standin' by on the sidewalk cheerin'."

Dirck Hogan looked at him pityingly.

"So you think you see something damp back o' my ears, young fellow! Well, I'll have a job for you birds in a few days that'll line your socks right. We'll just take a little lay-off till I'm ready to spring the dope. I'm going to pull something new in the line of safe-cracking."

III

AT five-thirty on a night two weeks later I. Gildersleg, head of the Gildersleg Garage and Motor Sales Company, arose from his desk as usual, his day's work over, and turned to the big safe in the corner by the window. Spinning the dial, he swung open the heavy door. He unlocked and opened the inner door and two of the drawers behind it. From the left hand drawer he took a bundle of certificates and rapidly thumbed them over. They tallied with the last count, \$103,000 in unregistered securities. Then he checked up the cash in the right hand drawer, \$15,297 in all.

This was a rite performed twice daily. Contented, he locked up the formidable strong-box again, setting the time-lock for nine in the morning.

Mike Fenton was closing his own desk as his chief came out locking the inner office door behind him. The girls had already gone and the mechanics and other helpers would presently be on their way, leaving the place in charge of burly and efficient Ted Granger the night man.

Gildersleg and Mike made the rounds of the shop, parking space and sales-room and saw that everything was in order as usual with all windows and doors locked. As they emerged Ted Granger had just come on the job and was serving his first customer for the night with oil and gas.

"Evenin', Ted. Keep a sharp lookout on things. Good-night," was Gildersleg's hail and farewell to his night man, an invariable formula.

"Good-night, sir," Ted replied. "I'm on the job."

Thereafter that faithful guardian of the night went on with his usual routine, attending an intermittent and diminishing stream of calls for gas and other minor service, transients parking for the night, regular renters of garage room bringing in their cars, the usual number of callers with car-troubles, disgruntled because there would be no mechanic on hand till morning, all in the night's work, nothing unusual.

At midnight, he ate supper from his tin box in the inner office. Then he locked the big, rolling doors into the garage runway and settled down in his chair by the night bell to smoke a good cigar a customer had handed him that evening. The rest of the night passed undisturbed except that Ted developed an annoying sick headache in the course of it. As usual he alternately dozed and read the evening papers till the day force came on in the morning, with an occasional round of the place to see that

everything was all right, as it invariably was.

And out on the street, night traffic ebbed and flowed as usual. Even at low ebb this thoroughfare was never entirely empty. And no passer could well fail to focus attention for at least an instant on the big safe in the brilliantly-lighted, full-length window of Gildersleg's office.

Kelly, the officer on beat, went his regular rounds trying doors. And loitering inconspicuously across the street, Claffie from Headquarters never, through all the night, let his eyes wander from the suspected premises for more than a minute or so at a time. All callers received his close scrutiny. He had a theory that this was the hour when misappropriated cars found their way to Gildersleg's, but as usual, found nothing to prove it.

At nine A. M. sharp, Gildersleg himself entered his office as usual. Then, as usual, he went direct to the safe whose time-lock should at that moment have released the combination. Confidently he twirled the dial the correct number of times right and left. Nothing happened.

"Himmel!" he grunted. "My fingers must have the shakes!"

He tried it over more carefully. Again no answering click.

Gildersleg stood up and swore. Sweat beaded his fat face. He ran over the combination in his mind. He'd certainly got it right. But repeated efforts brought no results. In the course of a half hour the little man was frantic.

"Maybe the damn thing's jammed some way!" he concluded, and called up the makers of the safe.

The experts at their office had other work ahead and couldn't come till later afternoon. Gildersleg fumed in vain. He ran an eye over the pages of the classified telephone directly under safes. There were several advertisements of expert safe-openers who might possibly give him quicker ser-

vice. But, on the other hand, he reasoned, they'd charge more, might damage the safe, and in the end take longer for the job than a man who had specialized on that particular make of safe. So he waited for the maker's man.

When the expert came at last there was more trouble. He tried the combination Gildersleg gave him and when it failed looked at the safe's owner sceptical y.

"Sure you haven't got mixed up on those numbers?"

"Positive sure," Gildersleg asserted, but suddenly feeling very uncertain. Maybe his own brain was jammed instead of the safe's lock.

Unfortunately the makers had no record of the present combination, only the original one on the safe when it was sold was kept recorded. The canny Gildersleg had ordered the combination changed after buying it.

"May have to drill into the combination," the expert suggested at length, but Gildersleg insisted noisily that it should not be damaged unless the safe company stood the expense.

So the fellow fumbled for a while longer trying to make Gildersleg's combination work and at the same time experimenting with other combinations.

"One thing's sure," he said finally, "you haven't kept your lock cleaned and oiled. There's dust in it. I can feel the grit and the tumblers don't drop right."

"Positively not," Gildersleg denied. "I have it cleaned and oiled every week. Did it day before yesterday already."

The expert shrugged and fumbled on. Finally at 5:45 that evening, the door swung open.

"I told you you had the wrong combination," he said, putting down a set of numbers quite different from those Gildersleg remembered.

The owner looked at them in bewilderment.

"I'm ready to take my Bible oath I never had

those numbers before. I tell you, mister, your safe went wrong. You should come in the morning and fix it for sure. I'm not crazy in the head yet."

No sooner had the expert turned his back than Gildersleg whipped out his keys and went at the inner door, to check up the contents of the treasure drawers. Mike stood by, a little bored at being kept late.

But the key Gildersleg thrust in the lock got no results. Impatiently he examined it. That was certainly the right one. But repeated attempts failed. Then in a panic he tried all of his keys. Not one would stir the lock.

Eyes bulging in terror he stared at the refractory bunch of keys, then whirled on his assistant.

"Mike! Mike!" he stormed. "Somebody switched my bunch of keys on me! Call the police. They're plannin' to rob the safe!"

Gildersleg paced the floor tearing at his hair until a bored plain clothes-man arrived.

"Looks like you got your keys mixed up all right," the officer admitted grudgingly after trying them and questioning Gildersleg. "You don't need to lose any sleep over that. It's a cinch nobody can crack this crib here in this window. An' your keys won't open the combination anyhow."

He left, cynically ignoring Gildersleg's frantic demand for a special police guard.



Loitering inconspicuously across the street stood Claffie from Headquarters

Privately the detective suspected Gildersleg of inventing this clumsy and rather mysterious pretext for calling on the police to make it appear that he had nothing to fear from the authorities.

But Gildersleg sat up all night watching his safe, keeping the thoroughly disgruntled Mike with him as a bodyguard.

Early in the forenoon the safe expert returned, in response to urgent calls, and forced open the inside locks.

He made way for Gildersleg who pounced on his treasure drawers like a thirsty animal at a waterhole, tore them open, stared into their depths for a moment, then staggered back against the wall, ghastly pale. He was past speech, only succeeded in pointing dumbly at the open safe. Mike and the expert peered in curiously.

"Good God! It's—" and Mike's voice failed too. The safe was as empty as the day it came from the factory. One hundred and eighteen thousand dollars in securities and money had vanished!

IV

MEANWHILE, a week before this startling climax, a well-dressed, suave man giving the name of Daniel Mercer, leased a small office in a decadent building in the lower wholesale district. He wanted it for a month only, he explained to the not too particular renting agent, as he was carrying on a temporary mail campaign for the sale of Arkansas Gusher Oil Stock, and presented seemingly satisfactory credentials.

Then he consulted the superintendent as to where he could secure some second-hand office furniture, including a safe.

Taking the addresses thus obtained he started out ostensibly on a shopping expedition. But he ignored the list completely, going instead direct to the offices of the safe manufacturers from whom Gildersleg had bought his ill-fated strong-box.

To the salesman he gave the name of Thomas Gunther of Philadelphia. After some study of the stock he purchased an exact duplicate of Gildersleg's safe, paying for it in currency.

"You may hold it till I call for it," he directed. "I'm moving my office from here to Philadelphia and am engaging a truck to take it down. The truck will call here for the safe."

Two days later Daniel Mercer entered the office of the superintendent of his building with a triumphant smile and a neatly made story.

"I struck a bargain in second-hand safes," he remarked. "Advertised and found a crack-a-jack out in a hick Jersey town. It belonged to a real estate man who dropped dead during office hours one day. They cleaned out the safe and locked it. Then it turned out the dead man was the only one who knew the combination. So I bought it cheap, as is, and have got to get an expert to open it. Know anybody that's good?"

"If the makers are here in New York, they'd be the people to go to," the superintendent suggested.

"Hanged if I know," Mercer said after a moment's thought. "All safes look alike to me, and it didn't occur to me to note who the maker was. There must be men who do safe-opening on any kind of a safe, aren't there?"

Again they went to the classified directory and found a number of such experts listed. After several telephone calls, Mercer struck a man who agreed to be at his office promptly at four o'clock the following Thursday afternoon. Mercer then made the necessary



Hogan peered cautiously out of the truck. Through the office window, in the distance he could see Ted Granger drooped in deep sleep

arrangements for a hoisting outfit to lift the safe into his office window at three o'clock on the same Thursday afternoon.

This settled, Daniel Mercer left his office for the day and repaired to the Club Turina and the private dining room dedicated to the Hogan gang. Mercer had barely removed his wig and false mustache and resumed the personality of Dirck Hogan when Jack Freeman arrived, followed shortly afterward by Flash Doane, Pete Raynor and Whitey Graham.

"Well," Hogan told them, "everything's all set. We'll pull the trick Wednesday night. Now let me tell you the dope. This can't be any fly-by-night job. The bulls have got a mean eye on us. They're watching Gildersleg's place close. We've got to get away without any suspicion and have a day's start at least before the job's discovered or they'll track us sure as hell. It would take hours and a lot of noise to smash that box open and we couldn't risk that, even if we got it out of the building O. K. And we don't want the expense and risk of taking on a sixth man to work the

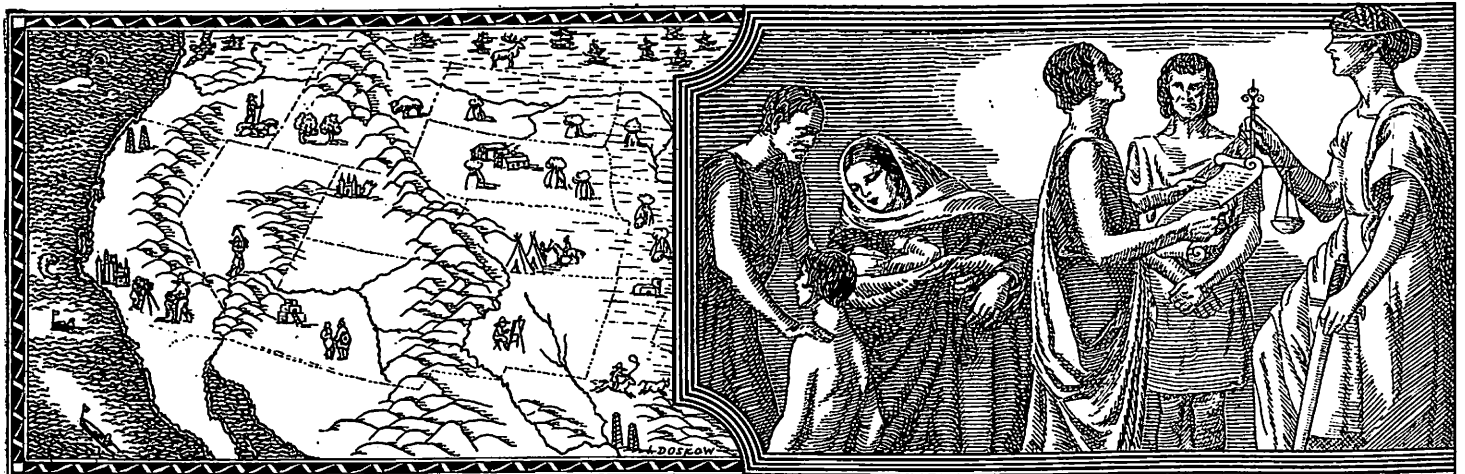
combination. Nobody outside you four has anything on me or ever will. And we've got to take no chances on the night man giving the safe the once-over and getting wise long before morning, nor of Gildersleg coming around unusually early. So listen to this."

It was midnight before the party broke up with Hogan satisfied that his gang was thoroughly posted and that no detail of the complicated plot had been overlooked.

On Wednesday afternoon a big covered truck drove up to the establishment where the supposed Thomas Gunther of Philadelphia had bought the duplicate of Gildersleg's safe. The truck, formerly used by the Hogan gang for making way with stolen cars, had undergone certain disguising, and was now nearly filled with various crates and bundles supposed to be office furniture. On the driver's seat were Hogan and Freeman dressed as driver and helper.

The new safe was loaded aboard. The doors of the truck were closed and bolted. Freeman and Hogan took their places on

(Continued on page 58)



EDITORIAL

MEMORIAL SERVICES

AT THE risk of seeming trite in repeating the suggestion that members of the Order are under the obligation of a fraternal duty to attend the Memorial Services held by their respective Lodges, attention is again directed to that occasion, now at hand.

The Order of Elks is a very practical organization. It strives to do worth-while things, not merely to extol abstract virtues. But it is also an organization that believes in cultivating those wholesome and elevating sentiments that soften and sweeten the heart and exalt the spirit of its membership. And there is no ceremonial of the Order that is so splendidly expressive of those sentiments, no fraternal occasion upon which their exercise is so assuredly effective, as the annual Memorial Service on the first Sunday in December.

Those who participate in these services in proper mood, if only as attendants upon the ceremonies, inevitably experience an uplifted soul, a cleansed and softened heart that is freshly attuned to the finer things of life and confirmed in the confident faith of what lies beyond.

The fact that one is a better Elk for such an experience should be a sufficient incentive to participation in the occasion. But beyond this is the implied obligation to attend a fraternal ceremonial, the observance of which by the subordinate Lodges is mandatory.

The Order is at its best upon these occasions only when the members display a real interest in them and attend in the true spirit of loving fraternal remembrance. Recognition of this should prompt every Elk who can do so to unite in paying this annual tribute to the memory of our Absent Brothers.

WILL YOU NOT HELP—YOURSELF?

EVERY member of the Order is directly interested in the success of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Apart from his interest in it as a literary periodical and as the official journal of the Fraternity, he has a definite interest in its financial success; because to the extent that its earnings are available for appropriation to meet Grand Lodge expenses,

his personal liability for assessments, through his Lodge, to meet those expenses will be proportionately reduced.

The only source from which those available earnings can be realized is the advertising matter in its pages. To insure a satisfactory revenue from this source, the Magazine must prove its value as an advertising medium. And the best proof that can be given of this, aside from the mere circulation figures, is the display of a real interest in the advertisements by its readers.

It is to be confidently assumed that those who read THE ELKS MAGAZINE give as much attention to the advertising columns as do the readers of any other periodical. But it should be remembered by Elks that they have a personal financial interest in giving evidence of that fact to the advertising patrons. When advertisers are convinced that their advertisements are read and noted by our readers, they will the more freely make use of the medium thus offered, to the mutual advantage of all concerned.

It will be observed that many of the advertisers use coupons upon which inquiry may be made as to their wares and products. Others do not. But in either case, where the display has attracted your attention, it would be but little trouble to advise the advertiser of your interest and that your attention has been attracted by the advertisement in THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

This is not intended as a suggestion that an interest should be feigned when it does not really exist, but only that definite evidence be given of that which is felt. It is a fraternal service which may be properly expected from the membership as a mere matter of loyalty. But it is also a service that will prove directly beneficial to themselves.

May the Magazine not have your help in this matter? Will you not help—yourself?

THE ELKS NATIONAL HOME ENLARGED

FOR the past several years the capacity of the Elks National Home, at Bedford, has been sorely taxed. Every available space was in use for the accommodation of those who had been actually received at the Home; and yet there were



numerous applicants whose admission had to be deferred for lack of room.

It is pleasing to know that this condition has now been remedied and that there is no longer any waiting list of those seeking the privileges of this fraternal sanctuary. The Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, in an address before the last District Deputy Conference, stated that the recently authorized additions to its buildings and equipment had been completed and put into commission, thus providing accommodation for approximately one hundred additional residents. At the normal rate of increase in the number of these, the existing plant will meet the needs of the Order for some years to come.

The new buildings referred to are a large dormitory, a modern laundry and a power plant. They have been so designed and located as to harmonize with the general architectural scheme and not to detract from the beauty and symmetry of the original structures.

There are now two hundred and fifty of our brothers who reside at the Home and whose comfort and happiness are ministered unto through generous provisions therefor by the Grand Lodge. It is a fraternal service of real magnitude and one in which every Elk feels a keen interest and a very natural pride. It is an undertaking which has had the wholehearted support and approval of the entire membership.

There is nothing, perhaps, which contributes so much to the pleasure of our brothers there as to have members of the Order visit the Home. One of their chief delights is in the fraternal contacts naturally incident to such visits; and all who can do so are urged to perform this service of Brotherly Love and Fidelity. They will not only bring happiness to the aged brothers, but will themselves derive a very real happiness from the experience. Every Elk visitor to the National Home comes away a more loyal and enthusiastic member of the Order.

THE ORDER'S GROWTH

TO THOSE who unthinkingly estimate the real strength of the Order by calculating the number of its members, there may come some feeling of disappointment, and mayhap of apprehension, because the statistical reports from the

Grand Secretary's Office indicate that there has been no increase in membership during the past three years. But to those who look beyond mere numerical tables, who see the character and loyal devotion of that membership, and who study the ever-widening range of the Order's benevolent activities, the growing aggregate of its charities, and the increasing effectiveness of its service to humanity and to our country, there can come only a feeling of satisfaction and pride.

And this true growth of the Order of Elks, as a great, practical, efficient, humanitarian agency, is not only apparent to such thoughtful students of its history and its records among its own members, it is being recognized more and more generally by those outside its ranks. A pleasing evidence of this is to be found in the fact that last year the Grand Exalted Ruler was invited to address the legislative bodies of three great States.

With due consideration of the popularity, personal charm, and eloquence of the then incumbent of that office, it is to be safely assumed that those invitations were not extended to the individual, but to the chief executive and spokesman of a great fraternity which has proved itself to be an increasingly potent factor in the welfare work of the nation. He was thus honored not merely as the titular head of more than eight hundred thousand American citizens, but because he was the leader of that great army as an organized agency of uplift, patriotism and beneficence, effectively promoting its declared objects.

Contemplation of the Order's accomplishments, its prestige, and its high place in public esteem is a source of gratification to every loyal Elk. And a realization of its capacity for even greater achievements, its possibilities as an instrumentality for a more splendid service, must inspire every member to greater zeal in the endeavor to insure its continuing growth as a power for good.

There is nothing in the whole history of the Order upon which a pessimist may feed. Certainly its present status, as an outstanding leader among benevolent fraternities, maintaining its leadership by its practical achievements, justifies only enthusiastic optimism. The Order of Elks is growing in every way material to its success in accomplishing its noble purposes. Its further growth in membership is a matter of minor importance and one that will take care of itself.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Western Trip

In His Speeches Mr. Malley Stressed the Importance of the Elks National Foundation

MAKING his first public appearance in his official capacity in California at the annual convention of the California State Elks Association, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley made a tour of visitations to West Coast Lodges, in the course of which he inspired thousands of Elks with his own high ideals for the Order. Mr. Malley arrived in San Francisco on October 5, staying at the northern metropolis only long enough to deliver a radio address, after which he was motored south to Monterey and the convention. Here, he and Mrs. Malley were greeted by State and local officers, and remained throughout the three days of the meeting. As stated in the account of the convention, published on page 41, the Grand Exalted Ruler's address to the delegates and visitors so impressed all who heard it that it was unanimously voted to reprint his words and distribute copies to every Lodge in the State.

Following the adjournment of the State Association Convention the official party motored, on Sunday, October 9, to the Home of San Luis Obispo Lodge, where they were entertained at luncheon. Members of Santa Maria Lodge joined with those of No. 322 in greeting the Grand Exalted Ruler. That evening the visitors enjoyed the hospitality of Santa Barbara Lodge, in whose beautiful new Home members of Oxnard and Ventura Lodges had been invited to meet Mr. Malley.

Monday found the party in the Home of Los Angeles Lodge, where a ladies' committee entertained Mrs. Malley, arranging theatre parties and trips through the orange groves, and to the beaches and moving-picture studios, while the Grand Exalted Ruler visited the Lodges of Santa Monica, Riverside and Los Angeles, where joint meetings were held with the twenty-nine Lodges of Southern California. Noon-day visits were made to Pomona and Anaheim, and the Lodge rooms of San Bernardino, Redlands, Orange and Santa Ana were visited, and addresses made to the Elks who had gathered to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Wednesday evening was spent in the magnificent Lodge room of the Los Angeles Home, from which the address of the evening was broadcast for the benefit of the thirty-five or forty thousand Elks in Southern California who were unable to attend the meeting.

On Thursday the Grand Exalted Ruler entrained for San Francisco. Here he was received, and tendered a luncheon, by San Francisco Lodge, in its new building. Representatives from Eureka, Santa Rosa, Petaluma, San Rafael,

San Mateo, Palo Alto and San José Lodges were present. The large dining room was filled to overflowing and the Grand Exalted Ruler's speech was enthusiastically received. Friday evening Mr. Malley was the guest of Berkeley Lodge at dinner. In the evening a joint meeting of Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Pittsburg, Richmond and Vallejo Lodges was held in the Home of Alameda Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler was motored to Sacramento on October 15, where he was entertained at dinner by Sacramento Lodge and a joint meeting of Sacramento, Chico, Nevada City, Grass Valley, Marysville, Woodland and Oroville Lodges was held in the Lodge room of Sacramento Lodge on Saturday evening, October 15. Throughout his California trip Mr. Malley was accompanied by various State Association and Grand Lodge officers, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, Grand Trustee Ralph Hagan, Past State Association President Mifflin G. Potts and others.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left for Portland, Oregon, on Sunday morning, October 16, where Portland Lodge received him at a banquet and special meeting. Following the adjournment of the Lodge session, refreshments were served in the crystal ball-room of the Lodge Home, a function to which all members of the Order were invited.

Arriving at Tacoma, Wash., the following day, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party was met by the officers of Tacoma Lodge, and a committee of ladies to greet Mrs. Malley. Mr. Malley was the guest of the Lodge at luncheon, after which he inspected the fine Home and held an informal reception. In the evening, escorted by a distinguished committee, headed by Walter F. Meier, Justice of the Grand Forum, he was the guest at dinner of the officers and members of Puyallup Lodge, afterwards addressing a large gathering in the Lodge Home. From here he went to the Home of Seattle Lodge, where some 700 Elks had gathered to hear his address. Many distinguished guests were present, including the Governor, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, both of whom are members of the Order, and the Mayor of Seattle.

On the following morning the party was driven to the Home of Bellingham Lodge, where the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at luncheon. An afternoon meeting at Anacortes Lodge, followed by a dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Malley and a meeting in the Home of Everett Lodge, completed the day.

On the morning of October 20, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Malley arrived in Spokane, where they spent the entire day. Mrs. Malley was the guest of the wives of the officers of Spokane Lodge during the stay, while the Grand Exalted Ruler enjoyed a morning of sight-seeing and an afternoon of golf. In the evening he was the guest of honor at a dinner attended by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Spokane Lodge and the delegates sent to greet him by surrounding Lodges. Following the banquet Mr. Malley addressed more than 800 members of the Order gathered to hear him in the Home of Spokane Lodge.

ON OCTOBER 21 the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Butte, Mont., where he was met by a delegation of members from Butte Lodge. Here he was the honor guest of the Butte Exchange Club at its weekly luncheon, after which he was escorted to Anaconda, where he visited the world's largest copper smelter and was the guest of Anaconda Lodge at a banquet and Lodge session, witnessed an excellent exemplification of the ceremony of initiation by the officers, and addressed a large gathering of Elks. On October 22 the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of Butte Lodge. A banquet was held in his honor at the Silver Bow Club at seven o'clock and a social session followed in the Lodge room, attended by delegates from Glendive, Helena, Virginia City and other Montana Lodges. At Fremont, Neb., he participated in the dedication of the new home of Fremont Lodge, and, continuing to Des Moines, he spent a day and a night in the Iowa State capital. There was a splendid noonday meeting, at which were representatives of all the departments of the State government, and, in the evening, a great banquet in the Home of Des Moines Lodge, attended by delegates from Lodges in every section of the State. Later, at Marshalltown, Iowa, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed three gatherings, the last of which, on the occasion of the dedication of the monument erected by Marshalltown Lodge at the Elks Rest in Riverside Cemetery, numbered upwards of 3,000 persons. In his Iowa visits he was accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Pickett, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Grand Esquire Lloyd R. Maxwell.

The Grand Exalted Ruler concluded his Western tour with a visit to Chicago Lodge, which was the occasion, on the evening of October 29, of one of the finest Elk gatherings, (Continued on page 73)



A Candidate for Grand Lodge Office

**New York Lodge Presents
Murray Hulbert
For Grand Exalted Ruler**

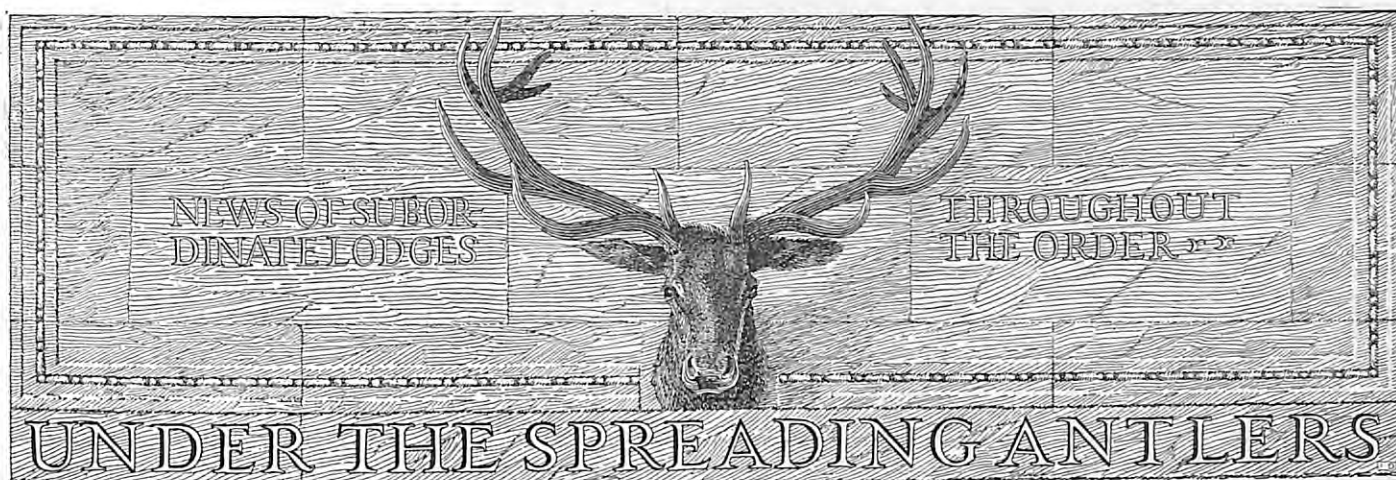
New York Lodge, No. 1, at its regular meeting held November 6, 1927, voted unanimously to present Murray Hulbert, P. E. R., as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler in the annual election to be held by the Grand Lodge at its Convention in Miami, Florida, next July.

Mr. Hulbert became a member of New York Lodge in March, 1908, and was

Exalted Ruler for the year 1912-13. He was delegate to the Grand Lodge in 1913. In 1919 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Special Committee on the reception to General Pershing in New York at the time of his return from France. He served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Distribution in 1920 and was appointed to the Committee on Judiciary in 1921 and in 1922. The following year, Mr. Hulbert was appointed a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, on which he served for two years. He is a Justice of the

Grand Forum, to which he was appointed in 1925.

A member of the New York Bar, Mr. Hulbert was a Representative in the 64th and 65th Congresses. He resigned in 1918 to become Commissioner of the Department of Docks of the City of New York. In 1921 he was elected President of the Board of Aldermen (vice-mayor) of New York, for a four-year term. Mr. Hulbert has resumed the practice of law. He is President of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States and Vice-president of the American Olympic Association.



California State Elks Association Convention at Monterey a Success

THE California State Elks Association held its thirteenth annual convention in Monterey, with President Mifflin G. Potts, of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, in the chair. The Del Monte Hotel was headquarters, and registration of delegates, alternates, officers and other officials totaled close to 1100, while the families and other Elks in attendance numbered many more.

Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and Mrs. Malley were guests of honor during the three days of the meeting, being received with acclaim by the local and visiting Elks.

The first day was marked by the opening of the business sessions, which continued through the two following days. The closing event of the first session was a beautiful memorial service in charge of Past State Association President John J. Lermen, of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3. The address was made by Newton Rutherford, Past Exalted Ruler of Stockton Lodge, No. 218.

The afternoon and evening witnessed a spirited ritualistic contest between the officers of Lodges from each of the five districts of the State, each group of contestants having previously been returned the victor in its district elimination contests. The final results were: Los Angeles, 99.8235 per cent.; San Francisco, 99.2812 per cent.; Tulare, 99.0347 per cent.; Anaheim, 98.6322 per cent.; and Oroville, 97.0226 per cent.

The annual baseball supremacy was also decided that afternoon when the Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, team defeated the team representing Alameda Lodge, No. 1015, in a contest that was not decided until the last half of the ninth inning.

The next day saw the opening of other competitions in such sports as golf, trapshooting and bowling. These contests continued through the succeeding two days, with the following results: Long Beach Lodge was returned winner in the low gross score in golf, and Pasadena Lodge in the low net. Many individual trophies were awarded in this competition. In trapshooting Merced Lodge, No. 1240, won the five-man team contest, breaking 236 targets out of a possible 250. Long Beach Lodge won in the open division of the bowling contest, and Glendale Lodge, No. 1289, in the 850 division.

In the evening a new and interesting feature of State Association gatherings in California was introduced—a program put on by the various glee clubs of the Lodges in the State. Many of the California Lodges support excellent singing organizations, and this year many of them were sent to the State gathering. In addition to the Thursday evening program, one club assisted at each of the business sessions, two at the Memorial services, one at the annual Hi-Jinks, and two at the banquet.

The morning session on the second day marked a high point of interest. Grand Exalted Ruler Malley made his address, and so thrilled his audience that, by unanimous vote, it was decided to reprint his speech and distribute it to every Lodge in the State.

Another matter of great importance was the adoption of the report and recommendations

submitted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, who for two years has headed a committee to study the question of a major objective for the Order in the State. The adoption of this report placed the Association on record as favoring the establishment, somewhere in the State of California, of a sanatorium and school for underprivileged boys, with emphasis on those with tubercular tendencies, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one. This is a work carried on by no other agency in the State, and one that fits in with the proposed endowment fund of the Grand Lodge. It met with hearty acclaim and was unanimously adopted, and a commission authorized to study the question and report back one year hence.

The afternoon witnessed a spirited contest between the bands and drill teams of the State. Oakland Lodge, No. 171, won first place, with Pasadena Lodge second. Glendale Lodge won the Class A band contest, Pasadena Lodge the Class B contest, and Eureka Lodge, No. 652, the Class C. A special award was made to the Taft Antlers Band. The latter organization was one of the hits of the convention, coming from a Lodge only fifteen months old, and representing the Antlers of Taft Lodge, No. 1527—the only Junior Elks band in America. Not a seat was vacant that evening at the Hi-Jinks, which for years has been directed by Edward L. Culin, of Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002. This year's effort was acclaimed his most successful, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the huge crowds.

The final business session was graced by the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the

South Central District, Ross Porter, Inglewood Lodge, No. 1492; Southern District, Dr. George W. Foelschow, San Diego Lodge, No. 168; Trustees: Arthur C. Verge, Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906; Fred B. Mellman, Oakland Lodge, No. 171; Claude DeMaris, Chico Lodge, No. 423; Secretary, James Taylor Foyer, Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99 (reelected); Treasurer, C. W. Haub, Sacramento Lodge, No. 6 (reelected); Chaplain, Rev. Dr. H. H. Powell, Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002 (reappointed); Sergeant-at-Arms, Glenn Moran, Tulare Lodge, No. 1424; Tiler, Thomas Abbott, Los Angeles Lodge (reappointed).

Reports of committees reflected an active year. Notable work has been accomplished by the Social and Community Welfare, Big Brother, Forestry, Lapsation and Fraternal Association committees. The Speakers Committee, headed by Past President Dr. Howard B. Kirtland, of San Luis Obispo, made progress in developing an educational program.

All records of attendance having been broken, the finest parade in the history of the Association having been held, and much constructive legislation enacted, the reunion closed with a brilliant banquet arranged by Michael F. Shannon, a past member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, at which more than one thousand persons were served. Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott acted as toastmaster, and the speakers were Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Thomas of San Jose Lodge, No. 522.

Gallup, New Mexico, Lodge Dedicates Fine New Home

With Exalted Ruler J. P. Gribbin conducting the ceremonies, the splendid new Home of Gallup, N. Mex., Lodge, No. 1440, was dedicated a short time ago. Of modified Spanish architecture, the new building is a dignified and appropriate structure. Its main section is 50 x 72 feet, with a wing 38 x 27 feet, and it contains ample Lodge and club features. The beautiful Lodge room, spacious and handsomely furnished, will be used for large social events, as will the banquet and club room on the floor below. The kitchen, secretary's office and a large lobby occupy the remainder of the space. The completion of the Home was a community event of considerable importance, for Gallup Elks have always taken a leading part in civic affairs, and expect to make the new structure a center from which even wider activities will radiate.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Herrmann Resigns from Important Post

Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann, President of the Cincinnati Baseball Club since 1903, recently resigned from the post which he has held for the past twenty-five seasons. C. J. McDiarmid, Secretary of the Club, has been named as his successor.

Mr. Herrmann, who resigned owing to poor health, has been known for many years as one of the most ardent of baseball men. He entered the game during the war between the National and American Leagues, and he was

ALL ELKS will be interested in the announcement of the Miami Elks National Convention Association that binding contracts have been made with all hotels and apartment hotels in the Greater Miami district during the Grand Lodge Convention next July. Rates to be charged range from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per room for one person; and from \$4.00 to \$8.00 per room for two persons. Hotels will be operated on the European plan and contracts with restaurants are all made on a schedule of popular prices.

State of California, Buron Fitts, who addressed the assemblage on Americanism. Mr. Fitts made a special trip by aeroplane to be present.

Officers for the ensuing year were selected at this session, and Santa Barbara was chosen as the 1928 meeting place. The officers are: President, William E. Simpson, Fresno Lodge, No. 439; Vice-Presidents: North, Fred Heinken, Marysville Lodge, No. 783; Bay District, Hall C. Ross, San Mateo Lodge, No. 1112; Central District, C. C. Niete, Visalia Lodge, No. 1298;

among the men in the National League who brought about the end of the war and the formation of the famous National Baseball Commission. He was Chairman of the Commission until the abandonment of that form of ruling government for baseball in 1921, when Judge Landis became Commissioner of Baseball.

In appreciation of his work done for the club, President McDiarmid announced that Mr. Herrmann's salary as President will be continued for the rest of his life. The club also intends to present the retiring President with a bonus of \$25,000 in recognition of his twenty-five years of service in the cause of baseball in Cincinnati.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge Has Large Class Initiation

Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517, recently initiated a large class of candidates at a meeting attended by more than 140 visitors, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. McCready, Secretary of Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948; Will A. Otter, Exalted Ruler of that Lodge; Exalted Ruler A. J. Burgun, with a delegation of seventy-five members from his Lodge, Lake Worth, Fla., No. 1530; Exalted Ruler L. R. Baker, with a delegation of 30 members from his Lodge, West Palm Beach, Fla., No. 1352; and a large representation from Miami Lodge. This ceremony was the culmination of the reorganization of Fort Lauderdale Lodge, and marked the installation of Arthur O'Dea, who was elected to succeed Lucian Craig, who resigned recently as Exalted Ruler to devote his attention to business interests.

Other classes are being formed and Fort Lauderdale Lodge promises to be even more active than it was before its heavy losses in the Florida hurricane. As the Home of the Lodge is only twenty-five miles north of Miami, the scene of the 1928 Grand Lodge Convention, the members are making elaborate plans for participation in that great annual event of the Order.

Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Second Anniversary

Attended by some 400 members and visiting Elks, the celebration of the second anniversary of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515, was the occasion of a happy evening and of much fraternal good-will and rejoicing. Among the visitors from nearby Lodges who congratulated No. 1515 at the dinner held in its spacious Home on the Merrick road were Past Exalted Ruler Gustav Papenmeyer and Exalted Ruler Eugene P. Parsons of Hempstead Lodge, No. 1485, which took part in the institution of Lynbrook Lodge. Other speakers of the evening included Toastmaster James Capie, Exalted Ruler Edward Birmingham and Past Exalted Ruler Horace Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan was the first Exalted Ruler of Lynbrook Lodge, and in recognition of his devoted service in carrying the Lodge through its difficult first year, he was presented by Mr. Papenmeyer, on behalf of the members, with a life membership card.

Excellent Work Being Done by Clinics Maintained by Mother Lodge

The three pre-natal clinics conducted with funds provided by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, under the direction of the Bureau of Child Hygiene of the Department of Health of Manhattan, have achieved excellent results

Make Reservations at Once for Elks Magazine Cruise

ON February 11, 1928, the *S. S. Megantic* will sail from New York on the Second Elks Magazine Cruise. You should make your arrangements to go now.

The cruise membership is limited to 480 passengers—Elks, their families and their friends—and remembering the great success of the first cruise, last year, Elks from all over the country are now eagerly making their reservations.

For the second cruise, under the management of James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., the *Megantic* has been chartered. She is the most popular vessel for tropic travel, and offers every conceivable comfort feature. And the date of the cruise—February 11 to March 3—is more convenient than the earlier date of the first one.

The cruise will take you, at the most unpleasant stage of our own winter, into the glorious warmth and sunshine of the West Indies, Panama and Caribbean South America, visiting some of the most romantic spots in the new world.

For further information fill in and mail the coupon on page 63 of this issue.

since their opening some three months ago. The following tabulation, taken from the first report submitted to the Lodge, shows not only the amount of work accomplished by the staffs of the three centers, but also something of the methods employed in giving advice and care to recent and expectant mothers: Total number of cases received to September 30, 45; Attendance of mothers at centers (total visits), 182; Attendance of babies, 3; Clinics held, 8 (attendance, 36); Mothers' meetings held, 3 (attendance, 8); Visits by nurses to mothers, 189; Visits by nurses to babies, 2; Visits by nurses to secure cooperation, 59; Visits by nurses to canvass for expectant mothers, 432; Individual instructions to mothers, 757; District cases, instructed but not registered, 105; District cases dropped, 20; District cases transferred to clinic and registered, 14; District cases carried forward to next quarter, 85.

Willard, Ohio, Lodge Dedicates Large Addition to Home

The handsome new addition to the Home of

Willard, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1370, was recently dedicated with impressive services by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. R. Perrin, a score of other distinguished members of the Order assisting in the ceremony. Following the dedication in the evening there was a large banquet attended by over 300 Elks, their wives and families, and visitors from various other Lodges of the State. Judge A. W. Overmyer gave an interesting talk, sketching the history of the Lodge and complimenting it on its fine achievements. Following the banquet there was a delightful vocal program, which in turn was followed by a dance.

The addition is built on the rear of the present Home and consists of a large Lodge Room which can be converted into a ballroom with stage and balcony; a banquet room and kitchen facilities.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Holds Impressive Initiation

Some fifty candidates were initiated into the Order at an impressive ceremony performed a short time ago in the Home of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906. Exalted Ruler John J. Doyle and the officers of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, assisted by the drill team, glee club and orchestra, conducted the services for the Santa Monica Elks, and large delegations from many other Southern California Lodges brought the attendance up to many hundreds. Among the well known candidates were Ralph Ince and Monte Blue, motion-picture director and actor respectively. Mr. Blue was spokesman for the class, and created a fine impression in his eloquent address. The occasion was one of the largest and most successful yet held in the magnificent new Home of Santa Monica Lodge.

Hon. Murray Hulbert Guest of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge

Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, will be the guest of honor at a banquet in the Home of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, on the evening of December 3. The occasion will be a gala one, with many distinguished members of the Order present to greet Mr. Hulbert. Among them, it is expected, will be Judge John C. Karel, of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, a past member of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare and Good of the Order Committees, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John E. Regan and Dr. A. K. Cohen. Mr. Hulbert will deliver the Memorial Day address at the services in the Home of the Lodge on the following day.

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Has Record Attendance at Meetings

Enthusiastic meetings, varied programs and spectacular initiation effects are resulting in record attendance at Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 503. The average attendance at the first 11 fall meetings has been 373, with most of the meetings running between 275 and 425. Several meetings have seen crowds of over 500. Contest programs between the orchestra and the glee club; between the Entertainment Committee and the Zero (funmakers) Committee have helped attendance. Attendance also has been large because meetings always start promptly at 8 o'clock and seldom last over two hours.

Tableaux exemplifying Brotherly Love, Justice, Charity and Patriotism are a regular feature of every initiation. The Glee Club and orchestra officiate at all meetings, making every scene from opening to closing as much like a drama as possible.

The Lodge is now engaged in raising a charity fund of \$5,000; is sponsoring a boys' band and a city symphony orchestra of 60 pieces.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Has Children's Dancing Class

The recent announcement of the formation of a children's dancing class in Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, was received with great interest by the members, and a large enrollment resulted. Alexander Oumansky, the famous instructor, who has successfully conducted classes for Los Angeles and Pasadena Lodges, Nos. 99

New addition to the Home of Willard, Ohio, Lodge



and 672, will teach the young Santa Monicans and plans to present, around the first of the year, a special performance by the pupils, such as he has put on with his other classes.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Plans for Large Membership Increase

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, has begun its winter activities by adding many new members to its rolls. It is the determination of the Lodge to increase substantially its membership during the current Lodge year, and efforts are being made to hold large initiations regularly during the coming months.

The well known degree team and orchestra of the Lodge are scheduled for many events at home and in the service of sister Lodges of the neighborhood.

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge Stages Festive Outing

The annual outing of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, held recently at Oakwood Heights, on the grounds of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, was a complete and unqualified success. About 200 members attended the event and took part in the various competitions, games and sports, the lucky ones winning valuable prizes. A feature of the day was an exhibition of stunt flying, aeroplanes, through the courtesy of Lieutenant Elliott, Commandant of Miller Field, entertaining the crowd during a large part of the afternoon.

Jersey City Lodge is also fully prepared for its elaborate program of winter festivities. Its handsome Home has been completely renovated and redecorated in a most attractive way.

Prominent New Yorkers Proposed For Membership in Mother Lodge

Applications for membership in the Mother Lodge were recently presented for two prominent New Yorkers: George Herman ("Babe") Ruth, and Hon. Charles H. Tuttle, United States District Attorney for Southern New York. Both applicants were proposed by Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum.

Kenosha, Wis., Lodge Celebrates Its Silver Jubilee

The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge, No. 750, was in the nature of a tribute to the charter members, who worked so well in laying the foundation for the Lodge's present position of importance in the State and in the Order. Following the regular meeting, conducted by the officers, during which a class of candidates was initiated, the chairs were turned over to the original members, with Past Exalted Ruler Otis L. Trenary, second Exalted Ruler of No. 750, presiding. In assigning his assisting officers to their chairs, Mr. Trenary spoke of the devoted service of Rouse Harrison, the Lodge's first and only Tiler, who, he said, had never, so far as he knew, been absent from his post of duty during the Lodge's twenty-five years of existence.

A feature of the program was an address by Past Exalted Ruler John W. Owen, of Racine Lodge, No. 252, who installed the first Kenosha officers. Other speakers, among them several Past Exalted Rulers, paid tribute to the work of the early members, special mention being made of the late John M. Kehlor, first Exalted Ruler. At the conclusion of the formal program a buffet supper was served and an enjoyable social hour passed.

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge to Have Program of Winter Entertainments

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, has a program of winter entertainments which promises enjoyable times to Elks of every turn of mind. Realizing the varying tastes of the members, the committee is planning to diversify the program in such a way as to provide pleasure for the largest number. Music, vaudeville, interesting lectures and athletic performances are some of the treats which will be enjoyed under the auspices of the entertainment committee.



The ritualistic team of Tulare, Calif., Lodge who won honors in the state contest

Pennsylvania Northwest Association Meets in Home of Meadville Lodge

Sixty-six delegates from the eighteen Lodges of the Pennsylvania Northwest District Elks Association met in the Home of Meadville, Pa., Lodge, No. 219, a short time ago. This was the largest business meeting ever held by the Association, which is explained by the fact that the next annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association is to be held at Conneaut Lake Park, under the auspices of Meadville Lodge. Many ideas and suggestions were discussed, and preliminary plans were laid by No. 219 for the successful conduct of its large undertaking of sponsoring a State Association Convention at which between 3,000 and 5,000 visitors are expected.

Meadville Lodge has for some time been busy on the redecoration of its Home, the last of such work to be completed being the refinishing of the entire third floor, which includes the Lodge room and ladies' dining-room.

Bronx, N. Y., Members Pay Fraternal Visit to Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge

More than 100 members of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, including the officers and drill team, paid a visit to Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323, sixty miles away, a short time ago. Greeted by Exalted Ruler Joseph F. Acker and his officers, the visitors were most cordially entertained throughout the evening. The Bronx officers, assisted by the drill team, conducted the initiatory ceremonies for a class of twenty candidates in an impressive fashion. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Exalted Ruler P. Joseph Conroy extended an invitation to the hosts of the evening for a return visit which was accepted by Exalted Ruler Acker, and on December 15 a class will be initiated for Bronx Lodge by the Patchogue officers.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates Elks Rest Memorial

The life-size figure of an American elk, moulded of bronze and mounted on a huge boulder of Minnesota granite, in the Elks Rest of Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge, No. 312, was recently dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, with impressive ceremonies, at 11 P. M., in the presence of nearly 3,000 persons. The tolling of a bell in a distant part of the cemetery was the signal for the opening of the services. At the stroke of eleven, flood lights were turned on the veiled statue, the speakers' platform and a large clock dial at the rear of the plot, and the scene, shadowed in darkness a moment before, became one of dazzling light. Dr. J. A. Walser, Past Exalted Ruler of the

Lodge, opened the ceremonies, in which he was assisted by Exalted Ruler Arthur P. Lee, and other officers of the Lodge.

Previous to the dedication there was a large banquet to the distinguished visitors at the Elmwood Country Club, nearly 200 being present. Among those at the banquet were the Grand Exalted Ruler; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Pickett, Grand Secretary and Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters; Grand Esquire Lloyd R. Maxwell and many Past Exalted Rulers and former officers of Marshalltown Lodge.

Following the banquet at 10:30, members of the Lodge and their guests marched to the cemetery, headed by a guard of honor from Company H, 168th Regiment, Iowa National Guard, where the dedication exercises were conducted by the Grand Exalted Ruler.

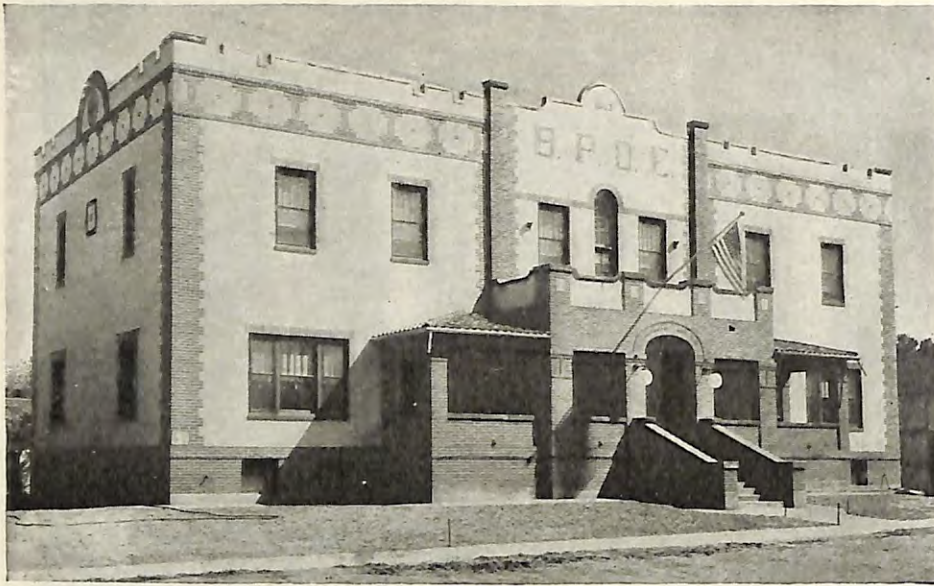
Arizona Lodges Assist Girl Reserves Organization

In line with resolutions adopted at the last convention of the Arizona State Elks Association, Arizona Lodges are showing increased interest in welfare work among the young girls of the State. Phoenix Lodge, No. 335, has been particularly active in this field. Recently the members donated a bus for the use of the Girl Reserves, a junior organization within the Y. W. C. A. The bus was used by the girls, who gathered from all over the Salt River Valley, to take them to their summer conference at Iron Springs. Not only did the Lodge furnish the transportation, but in the case of several girls, it also supplied the necessary expense money for their share in the conference.

Elks have also given splendidly in the State-wide campaign directed by Mrs. S. G. Bailie, National Girl Reserve Committeewoman and wife of a Past Exalted Ruler of Phoenix Lodge, for funds to establish Girl Reserve workers.

Vallejo, Calif., Lodge Cares for Naval Hospital Patients

The activity of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, has been pronounced for the past six months, their efforts being somewhat centralized on the patients of the U. S. Naval Hospital at Mare Island, California. The summer season was closed with a 70-mile tour of Contra Costa County and a picnic for 65 patients of the hospital. The machines for the ride as well as the drivers were all from Vallejo Lodge. For those patients who were not able to take the long ride, a theatre party was given at Crockett a few weeks later.



The new Home of Montrose, Colo., Lodge, No. 1053, which was recently dedicated

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge Active In Varied Welfare Work

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, is one of the most active Lodges in the State, and has been especially interested in helping the children of its community. Recently the Lodge conducted a large outing at which close to 3,000 youngsters were the honor guests of the members. The party was staged on the sands of Pass-a-Grille, and bathing, water and beach sports filled the day.

St. Petersburg Lodge has also sponsored the Mother Goose Day Nursery of its city. It has paid the outstanding obligations of the nursery and reorganized it so that it is now on a self-supporting basis. The Lodge is also interested in the Florence Crittenden Home for husbandless mothers. It has furnished over \$1,000 and has used its influence to raise additional funds for maintenance of the institution.

Madison, N. J., Lodge Purchases Building It Occupies

At a recent meeting of Madison, N. J., Lodge, No. 1465, the Trustees were authorized, upon their recommendation, to exercise the option which the Lodge held upon the building which it had been occupying. By the time this issue of the magazine appears, the members of No. 1465 will own the fine structure in which they have carried on the affairs of the Lodge. This considerable undertaking is but one evidence of the progressive spirit of Madison Lodge, which, since its institution in 1923, has played an active part in the life of the community.

Boston, Mass., Lodge Shows Appreciation of Hospital Nurses

The Visiting-Sick Committee of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, recently tendered to the nurses of the hospitals in Greater Boston an Appreciation Night in recognition of their efforts in behalf of the sick members of Boston and other Lodges. One thousand and fifty-eight nurses, representing 51 hospitals, enjoyed a thoroughly wonderful evening, in the beautiful auditorium of Boston Lodge. They danced until midnight, listened to a good vaudeville entertainment and had a buffet luncheon provided by the committee. The chairman of the committee was Walter McLean, deputy chief of the Boston Fire Department; honorary chairman, Nelson I. Southwick; and Vincent F. Crowley, secretary.

Death of Secretary Louis Heymann Of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, in the death of Louis Heymann, has lost one of its most devoted and tireless workers, and the members a genial and beloved companion. A charter member, and for many years Secretary, which office

he held at the time of his death, Mr. Heymann was active in all the work of his Lodge. Fearless, sincere, devoted to duty, warm-hearted and generous in all his contacts with his fellow men, his death is a real loss to his Order and to his community.

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge Opens Home To Women of Members' Families

At a recent meeting of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, a motion, inviting the ladies of members' families to make use of the ground floor, porches and gardens of the Lodge Home, was unanimously adopted. Weekly receptions are being held for the ladies, and they are encouraged in every way to make full use of the privileges extended to them.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Entertains Orphans

Seven hundred San Antonio orphans were given a day full of pleasure when San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, No. 216, conducted its eighth annual orphans' picnic. Early in the morning members of the Lodge called at the various Homes and saw to the transportation of the youngsters in the special street-cars provided by the Public Service Company. Arriving at Koehler Park, the little guests were turned loose to enjoy the burro rides, see-saws, chute-the-chutes and other pleasures of the occasion. Following a bountiful luncheon there was a concert by the Lodge band, and a program of

athletic events, with prizes for boys and girls, wound up the happy day.

Old-Time Members at Meeting of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge

A recent regular meeting of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, turned into an "Old-Timers" night, when it was discovered that among those present were holders of membership cards Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Joseph G. Enzensperger, No. 1, a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge; George Morgan, and Bert W. Raybould, a Past Secretary, were the members whose presence brought about a delightful discussion of old-time days of the Lodge.

Ensley, Ala., Lodge Enjoying Active Social Season

Members of Ensley, Ala., Lodge, No. 987, are enjoying an active social season. Weekly dances are held in the Lodge Home which draw large crowds, and the masked Hallowe'en ball was a great success. Prizes awarded for the most interesting costumes, and other special features, made the evening a notable one. Early this month an elaborate minstrel show, with a cast of 35, will be given under the auspices of the Lodge, and a number of other entertainments for the holiday period are planned.

North Adams, Mass., Lodge Visits Disabled Veterans

Members of North Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 487, paid one of their periodical visits last month to the patients at the U. S. Disabled Veterans Hospital at Leeds. The Social and Community Welfare Committee had arranged a splendid program of entertainment, and distributed generous quantities of cigars, cigarettes, candy, fruit, and so on. North Adams Lodge takes a close interest at all times in the welfare of these veterans, and it was a large and representative delegation which made this visit.

New Home of Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge Is a Beautiful Building

The new Home of Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge, No. 260, which was dedicated during the convention of the West Virginia State Elks Association, furnishes beautiful and roomy quarters for both Lodge and club features. As it stands now the Home is the western half, entirely remodeled, of the whole building which was formerly owned by the Lodge. The exterior has been so changed and modernized that it no longer seems a part of the old structure, and the interior, in decoration and arrangement, is that of a well-to-do and thoroughly up-to-date club and Lodge Home. The entrances on the first floor are generously proportioned, of dignified and beautiful design, and open into a spacious lobby. Two handsomely fitted stores occupy the remainder of the



The comfortable, attractively situated Home of Ridgeway, Pa., Lodge, No. 872

street-level space. A grand staircase leads from the lobby to the second floor where are the library, buffet, kitchen, game room, the 40x20 billiard room, and a splendid outside balcony.

The Lodge room, on the third floor, has a height of 20 feet, and is treated with arched openings and panels, and has a heavy beamed ceiling. The windows are of stained glass, and the furniture is of the finest African mahogany. The hangings and decorations of the room carry out the impressive effect of the fine proportions, and the whole is one of the handsomest Lodge rooms in the State. Other features of the third floor are the secretary's office, and candidates' and paraphernalia rooms.

Constitution Day Celebrated by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

The 140th anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States was appropriately celebrated by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, in its beautiful Home. The address of the evening was made by Buron Fitts, Lieutenant-Governor of California, who is a member of No. 99. Mr. Fitts made a stirring appeal to his hearers actively to support the Constitution by taking an interest in the political life of the State and country and doing their part at all elections by casting their votes after a careful scrutiny of the questions and needs involved. Following Mr. Fitts, Princess Tsianina, of the Creek-Cherokee tribe, a singer of international reputation, gave a brief talk on the original Americans, and told of her efforts to bring about better understanding between her people and the white citizens of the country. The program was concluded with a number of entertainment features.

All-Elk Legion Post Wins Praise in Paris

The only all-Elk post of the American Legion, Fidelity Post, No. 712, sponsored by New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was the subject of much interest at the Legion convention in Paris this summer. On the caps of the members attending was lettered "B. P. O. Elks," and at the peak of the staff on which they carried their standard was mounted an elk's head. These fraternal insignia attracted the attention of other veterans who are members of the Order, and from their inquiries and the tone of their comments it is more than probable that other Lodges will adopt the practice of sponsoring all-Elk posts. Returning on the *Leviathan*, Fidelity Post conducted the ceremony of the 11 o'clock toast in mid-ocean.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Takes Blind Children for an Outing

The Crippled Children's Committee of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, varied its activities a little a short while ago by devoting a day to the amusements of the little inmates of the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind. Some 130 youngsters were taken for a drive in four buses, each bus having an announcer who described the points of interest along the route to the sightless passengers. A stop was made at the Home of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, where the children were received and entertained by the officers and members, after which the little guests were returned to the Institute, happier for the day of change and interest which the Committee had provided.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates Home of Fremont, Neb., Lodge

Before representatives of many Western Lodges and distinguished members of the Order, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley recently dedicated the new Home of Fremont, Neb., Lodge, No. 514. Mr. Malley complimented the Fremont Elks highly on their progressive undertaking in his dedicatory address, which was delivered before more than 350 members of the Order. Among those who assisted Mr. Malley in the dedication services, and who later were present at the large banquet celebrating the event, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter C. Nelson; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers A. G. Christensen and H. P.

This handsome and beautifully equipped building, centrally located, is the Home of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275



Zieg; President of the Nebraska State Elks Association, Thomas B. Dysart; Past Presidents of the Association, Robert Patrick and August Schneider; and L. L. Turpin, Secretary of the Association; John L. Cutright, Exalted Ruler of Fremont Lodge, and John Sonin, Chairman of the Building Committee. A stirring feature of the exercises and banquet was the band from Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, which played many selections.

The new Home is notable for its beauty, roominess and comfort. It is a brick structure, 44 x 120 feet, and covers the entire lot at the corner of Military Avenue and D Street. The ground floors are admirably laid out, equipped and furnished. The spacious Lodge and ballroom takes up the greater part of the upper floor. It is 44 x 100 feet, attractively decorated, and has colorful lighting fixtures. At the rear of this room is located a large balcony. Just outside the Lodge room, at the front of the building, are the men's and ladies' lounging rooms, all richly furnished. On both sides of the Lodge and ballroom are arched windows with beautiful drapes. In the downstairs rooms are double windows, also attractively draped. A feature of the basement is the large dining-hall, 44 x 66 feet. Double doors in the front and at the bottom of the stairs give access to the main banquet room.

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge To Have New Home

The members of Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1508, recently voted to purchase, at a price of \$11,000, the Egan property on Olive Street as a site for their new Home. Two proposals came before the meeting, one to buy the Egan site and the other to purchase the old Vandorian Hotel property at the end of Ampersand Avenue, just outside the city corporation.

Saranac Lake Lodge was instituted in 1925, and its growth and activity have made the erection of a new Home most desirable.

Alameda, Calif., Lodge Holds Its Annual Kiddies Night

One of the great events on the program of activities conducted by Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, is the annual Kiddies' Night, when the youngsters of the community are given an evening of entertainment and festivity. The crowds turning out for this event fill to overflowing the capacious auditorium of the Alameda High School, and for the little guests it is a night of nights. This year the program consisted of

showings of special motion-pictures, distribution of favors, and many other entertainment features. The evening was, as always, a tremendous success, enjoyed almost equally by the little guests and the members of the Lodge who turned out to watch them.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates New Home of Montrose, Colo., Lodge

Following a reception to the general public and an inspection of the building, the handsome new Home of Montrose, Colo., Lodge, No. 1053, was formally dedicated recently by Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George W. Bruce; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. E. Wheeler were speakers on the program, and Mr. Malley delivered the dedicatory address. Following the ceremony there was dancing, and a buffet supper was served to the many guests.

The beautiful new Home of Montrose Lodge, located at South First and Cascade Streets, is a two-story structure with basement. The main building is 85 x 43 feet. There is also an addition on the southeast corner for the heating plant, coal storage, etc., 25 x 37 feet. Entering the main entrance one comes into the lobby, 18 x 58 feet. This is a very spacious, airy and well-lighted room. To the rear is the pool and billiard room. At the rear are stairways leading down to the basement and up to the large Lodge room. The basement room, known as the banquet hall, is 40 x 58 feet with a wing at the south end, 12 x 24 feet. This was arranged for the installation of a bowling alley whenever so desired. On this floor is also the kitchen. The Lodge room on the second floor is 64 x 41 feet. The whole building is handsomely furnished and first-class equipment has been used throughout, making it an ideal Elk Home in every respect.

Ridgefield Park, N. J., Lodge Opens Large New Home

Elks from Lodges all over northern New Jersey and southern New York, accompanied by many bands and marching units, took part in the celebration attending the formal dedication of the handsome new Home of Ridgefield Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 1506, by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond J. Newman. Distinguished members of the Order who assisted in the dedication included Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum; Richard P. Rooney, member of the Board of Grand Trustees; William T. Phillips, Past Exalted

Ruler and Secretary of New York Lodge, No. 1, who made the dedicatory address; many Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of the State and Past Exalted Rulers of New Jersey Lodges. Mr. Hulbert, representing Mayor James J. Walker of New York City, who was unable to be present, extended his congratulations to the Lodge on its achievement.

At the banquet in the evening following the dedication, several hundred Elks, their families and friends, listened to speeches by William R. Driver, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, acting as Toastmaster; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Gilhaus, who instituted Ridgefield Park Lodge; Mayor Hugh McGowan; Commissioner Arthur Kneerim; John A. Baldwin, Vice-President of New Jersey State Elks Association; and Charles T. P. Wolfe, Chairman of the Building Committee.

The new Home of Ridgefield Park Lodge, erected at a cost of about \$100,000, and handsomely furnished for a trifle less than \$50,000, is situated on Spruce Avenue, occupying all the space between Cedar and Hobart Streets, in the heart of the town. It is one of the finest buildings in the section.

"Doc" Carver, Famous Western Pioneer Character, Dies

Elks throughout the nation will regret the passing of Dr. W. F. Carver, who died recently at Sacramento at the age of 87. "Doc" Carver had a conspicuous place in the gallery of real Western characters. For many years he was the undisputed champion rifle shot of the world. His marvelous feats in shattering glass balls, with single bullets, never have been equaled. In early days he was an Indian fighter and buffalo hunter, the Indians naming him "Evil Spirit of the Plains." He was Buffalo Bill's first partner in the show business, starting out with "Cody & Carver's Rocky Mountain & Prairie Exhibition." He gave exhibitions of shooting in foreign countries and received decorations from kings and other notable figures. In a recent letter to THE ELKS MAGAZINE from Omaha, which was his home for years, "Doc" Carver wrote: "There are only three of the old scouts living whose history dates back to the Indian War in Minnesota in 1862-63. They are Captain Lute North, Boney Earnest and 'Doc' Carver." In this letter he called attention to the fact that he was one of the oldest living Elks in America. "Doc" Carver was a friend of Wild Bill Hickok, and was credited with teaching Wild Bill many of the tricks with the gun which made Hickok such a menace to evildoers. He knew all the old celebrities of the frontier, and with them played his part in making the West, as "Doc" himself put it, "a fit place for human beings to live in."

Fairmont, West Va., Lodge Leads In Life of Community

That Fairmont, West Va., Lodge, No. 294, is a leader in the life of its community is attested by an editorial which was recently published in *The Fairmont Times*. We wish we had space to print it all, but the following excerpts will convey its spirit: "The Elks have been in this town since 1894 and the Order has grown until it dominates community social life. We mean by this, that more people depend upon the Elks for their sociability than upon any other organization. . . . They care for their sick, relieve the destitute, and when they bury their dead they place a sprig of forget-me-not on the grave of the departed brother as a symbol that he will never be forgotten. . . . Every class of human endeavor as represented in a growing community can be found in the membership of the Elks. It is about the only place we know of where they mix perfectly."

Woburn, Mass., Lodge Purchases Comfortable New Home

Members of Woburn, Mass., Lodge No. 908, are now enjoying the comforts of a new Home. Some weeks ago the property located at 29 Salem Street, consisting of an 8-room house and about 4,500 feet of land was purchased and the necessary alterations begun at once. The Entertainment Committee of No. 908 has ready a splendid program of events for the winter

months and much satisfaction and happiness in the new Home are looked forward to by the members.

Providence, R. I., Lodge Erects Memorial to Anthony Mungiven

Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, recently erected a beautiful granite monument in Saint Francis Cemetery in memory of the late Anthony Mungiven, who had been a member of that Lodge for 25 years, and who served as chairman of the Building Commission that erected the Elks Home in Providence in 1914. Mr. Mungiven died about one year ago. The committee in charge of arranging for the monument included James F. Duffy, Michael J. Sullivan and Charles Benz.

Officers of New Jersey State Elks Association Meet with Exalted Rulers

All of the Exalted Rulers of New Jersey Lodges and Past Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the New Jersey State Elks Association were invited to a beefsteak dinner and conference by President Henry A. Guenther a short time ago at Clympic Park in Newark, when the winter schedule was discussed. President Guenther said he expected to pay an official visit to every Lodge in the State during his term of office, and hoped to find each one of them engaged in some social and community welfare activity. He especially urged the Exalted Rulers to see to it that their respective Lodges take the lead in local charity work and that the meetings are made interesting and attractive.

Other speakers at the dinner and conference were Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney; Thomas S. Macksey, John H. Coes, Fletcher L. Fritts, all Past Presidents of the State Association; and John A. Baldwin, Daniel J. Kerns, Peter Eichele and Albert E. Dearden, Vice-Presidents of the Association. All of the speakers pledged their fullest support to President Guenther, and predicted the biggest year in the history of the State Association, during his administration.

Mr. Guenther announced that he will be accompanied on his official visits by members who are experienced in Elk Lodge social and community welfare work, and who will be able to advise the different Lodges in the matter of interesting their respective communities in such activities. He will also have with him a small "caravan" selected with a view to including members who can inject a spirit of enthusiasm into the members present at his meetings, as well as provide entertainment of a lighter character.

Oswego, N. Y., Lodge to Make Improvements to Home

Alterations and improvements to the Home of Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, which will include the installation of a new heating plant, all to cost in the neighborhood of \$15,000, were authorized by the members at the annual roll call meeting held recently. The improvements will give the Lodge a Lodge room 40 x 41 feet, which will be ample for the needs of the membership, and in great contrast to what the Lodge had at the beginning of its career in 1893.

Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge Plans to Erect Seashore Club

The plan of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378, to erect a huge memorial beach club and hotel for the exclusive use of Elks and their families is arousing much interest throughout Southern California Lodges. While details of the financing and construction problems were not complete at the time of writing, it was expected that these would be presented shortly for the approval of the membership. A club of the kind projected at the famous beach resort would be an innovation in Lodge undertakings and should prove extremely popular among the members of the Order in the west.

Rutherford, N. J., Lodge Extends Its Work Among Needy Children

The Crippled Children's Committee of Rutherford, N. J., Lodge, No. 547, has added

new duties to its self-imposed task of caring for the deformed children of its jurisdiction. Aware of the increased importance which physicians are attaching to the condition of eyes and teeth in determining the whole bodily welfare, the members are now seeing to it that the needy youngsters of the community receive proper dental care, that their eyes are examined and, where necessary, providing glasses.

Recital by Children's Dancing Class of Los Angeles Lodge

Children of the members of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, under the direction of Alexander Oumansky, have been rehearsing for a number of weeks for their presentation at Christmas time of a dance program. Jazz dolls, French dolls, Oriental dolls, rag dolls and a real Jack-in-the-Box in character dances will be among the features of the colorful recitals. Mr. Oumansky, a member of No. 99, is known both in Europe and this country as a great teacher of dancing, and the Christmas performance of his pupils is being looked forward to with interest.

Georgia Elks Engaged In Important Welfare Work

More assistance for the feeble-minded children at Gracewood Home, Augusta, Ga., in the form of a completely equipped playground will be given by the Georgia State Elks Association, it was decided at the October meeting of the executive committee held in Macon.

This playground, with the very latest equipment, swimming pool, and all play paraphernalia to help the inmates of this state institution back to normality, will be formally dedicated on the last Sunday of January. It is planned to have a Grand Lodge officer address the assembly, which will include all officers of the State Association and delegations from Lodges all over Georgia.

G. Phillip Maggioni of Savannah, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, and Past President, is chairman of the committee which will buy and install the equipment. He is also arranging details of the ceremony with the assistance of E. Foster Brigham of Augusta Lodge, No. 205, President of the State Association. On Mr. Maggioni's committee are: Louis Ludwig of Brunswick, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Georgia South and Past President of the State Association; J. Turner Fitten, Exalted Ruler of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78; Exalted Ruler I. G. Ehrlich of Albany Lodge, No. 713, and B. C. Broyles, Secretary of Atlanta Lodge and Past President of the State Association.

Actuated by President Brigham and others who saw the necessity for assistance, the Georgia State Elks Association was largely responsible for Gracewood Home getting an appropriation for \$60,000 maintenance from the Georgia Legislature last summer. This amount is double the yearly fund heretofore provided. The Association is working now for a \$100,000 appropriation for additional buildings.

Dates for the 1928 State Convention will be selected at the January meeting in Augusta.

Meeting of Board of Grand Trustees at National Home

A meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees will be held at the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., December 2-3. On December 4, Memorial Sunday, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley will deliver the Memorial Day address at the Home. Following this, the Grand Exalted Rulers accompanied by members of the Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Secretary, will visit Miami, Fla., to inspect the city and to arrange for the annual Grand Lodge Convention to be held there next July.

Hoboken, N. J., Lodge Holding Clinics for Crippled Children

The Crippled Kiddies Committee of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, is in the full swing of its winter work among the little unfortunates of its jurisdiction. Clinics are being held every other week at St. Mary's Hospital, and the nurse employed by the Lodge makes daily visits to the patients, of whom there were 67 under the care

(Continued on page 79)

M E R R Y C H R I S T M A S F R O M

LEE of Conshohocken



You find, as you grow up, that after all, the best thing about Christmas is giving, rather than getting. The pleasure you get largely depends on the pleasure and benefit you give.

We here of Lee of Conshohocken try to put so much honest care, and careful workmanship into our product, that it gives us a sort of Christmas feeling toward the people who use our tires. We've given something more than rubber and fabric; we've put a little of ourselves and our spirit into them.

When you ride on Lee Tires you're riding on good will toward men; it's in the tires.

If every car given as a Christmas gift could be equipped with Lee Tires, the gift would have a new quality.

But we choose not to bid for equipment business. Lee Tires are "owners' choice". Some day, maybe, the manufacturers will see the wisdom of—

Oh well, let's forget that—Merry Christmas to you.

Lee Tire & Rubber Company Conshohocken, Pa.



LEE Shoulderbilt
"Heavy Duty" Balloon tire of unquestioned merit, to fit any rim and any car. The Lee dealer will show it to you.

COST NO MORE TO BUY - MUCH LESS TO RUN

"Just notice the fine skins
of the men who shave with
Williams"



HERE'S A
CAP YOU
CAN'T LOSE

The Cream that
keeps **FACES**
FIT!



Many days of smooth, comfortable shaves, of keeping your face FIT, are packed in every tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

ABSOLUTELY PURE—

its major ingredients triple distilled

ABSOLUTELY MILD—

as millions of sensitive skins can testify

ABSOLUTELY UNCOLORED—

of an ultra purity that needs no mask

Behind it lie 87 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin.

The drug clerk knows. He'll tell you. "Oh, yes . . . sometimes they change . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

The J. B. Williams Company,
Glastonbury, Conn.
Montreal, Canada

Next time say

Williams
Shaving Cream
please!

Those Good Old Minstrel Days

(Continued from page 27)

(A. T.) Courtright who gave to the world the "Flewy, Flewy" song, in 1875, about the elephant that walked a rope, the snail that drew a rail and the camel that climbed a tree. A joyous ditty it was. It kept its vogue for twenty years.

It was quite as popular as "Sally, come up! Oh, Sally, go down," which Dave Reed immortalized when, after eight years of floating up and down the Mississippi with Spaulding & Rogers's Circus, he purchased a gorgeous suit of rainbow clothes, and in a Cincinnati theatre put on the first neat song and dance ever seen in America. That was a long way back, when Buckley's Serenaders were on the road. The Serenaders seized upon Dave Reed, and he sung "Sally" with them throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Dave sang "Shoo Fly," just as well. In fact, while end man with Bryant's Minstrels, when that troupe held forth in the Tammany Building, Fourteenth Street, New York, Dave made such a hit with it that the title was emblazoned from every billboard on Manhattan Island, and during the four hundred nights the song held sway, speculators waxed fat, selling tickets to belated customers. But Dave did not originate "Shoo Fly." T. Brigham Bishop wrote that classic, while commanding a company of colored soldiers in the Union Army during the Civil War.

ONE day in camp, Captain Bishop heard one of his colored troopers say to a dusky companion, "I's feelin' like a mo'ning star." The other ducky, not quite so exuberant, replied, "Well, I'se feelin' like a frog that's lost its ma." To which a third compatriot of ebony hue retorted, "Go away, coon. Shoo fly, don't bother me." Thereupon the white Captain Bishop, who had brought forth many comic, sentimental, and patriotic songs, created "Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me." And, although Dan Bryant sang it first, in his Broadway theatre during the season of 1869-70, it continued to dominate the negro minstrel stage until well into the 'eighties.

An old, old timer which bobbed up perennially was "Lucy Long," written by T. G. Booth for Mr. W. Whitlock, as a "walk-around." The "Mr. W. Whitlock" was "Billy" Whitlock, one of the original four Virginia Minstrels. It began,

"Oh, I just come out before you to sing a little song,
I play it on the banjo and I call it Lucy Long."

"Lucy Long" survived the vocal attacks of black-face artists for generations. You'll find it in many a venerable collection to this day.

As late as the romantic 'nineties the veteran minstrel, known affectionately as "Add" or "General" Weaver, could and would sing on request his original conception beginning,

"The monkey married the baboon's sister,
Smacked his lips and then he kissed her."

And Tony Hart—who does not remember with genuine joy Harrigan & Hart in "Mulligan Guards' Ball?"—The Tony Hart who gave old-timers so much real pleasure, and whose declining years were so filled with tragedy, began his theatrical career by singing his first song with Arlington's Minstrels, the chorus of which was,

"Come, sister, come kiss me 'goodnight,'
For I, my evening prayer have said;
I'm tired now, and sleepy, too,
Come, put me in my little bed."

It was the sentimental side of minstrelsy as well as the low-comedy element that endeared it to the great American public. Untold hundreds of balladists have been introduced by such Chesterfieldian interlocutors as William H. Brockway, William H. West, E. N. Slocum or James J. Corbett, and have risen in the first-part circle to increase the popularity of Stephen Foster's "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," while dozens of basso profundos have taken us with them down deep into the cellar or have rocked us in the cradle of the deep.

There are those among ardent minstrel fans who will maintain that if negro minstrelsy had not paved the way we would not have had the incomparable female impersonator Julian Eltinge adorning our stage in gorgeous costumes. For Mr. Eltinge, foremost and most artistic female impersonator of our time, was born a Dalton in old Boston town, and as a member of the now historic First Corps Cadets, played masculine juvenile roles until cast for the soubrette of "My Lady," in 1899.

Young Dalton, assuming Eltinge as his professional name, promptly became a premier impersonator of the gentler sex. He has played that rôle successfully in every capital of the world. Except when featured with the Cohan & Harris Minstrel Company, and during brief engagements in certain music halls, Eltinge, as he is best known, had worked in straight white face. But whether in that makeup or behind burnt cork he has merely followed in the wake of the Great Leon, William Henry Rice, "Eugene" and scores of others who brought fame to early minstrelsy, and themselves, by playing prima donna parts.

"Leon"—in private life Patrick Francis Glassey, if the truth must be known—was impersonating females with George Christy's Minstrels as early as 1860. With his partner, Edwin Kelly, who was a vocalist and actor of unusual ability, they staged elaborate operatic burlesques in America, Europe and Australia until 1880, after which "Leon" continued as a lone star for another decade. You'll find him featured on programs of Billy Emerson's Minstrels in 1889. He had a beautiful operatic voice, a figure over which women grew green eyed, and a lavishness and artistry in costuming that gave many a Broadway modiste sharp pangs of jealousy.

"Eugene" (Eugene D'Ameli) like his contemporary, "Leon," won fame and fortune as a female impersonator throughout most of the English speaking world. Christy, Bryant, Hooley, Campbell, Carncross, Billy Manning and Billy Emerson made much of the silver-voiced singer of French descent. He was a favorite with minstrel patrons from 1853 until 1884.

The Famous Name of Rice

The name of Rice runs through American minstrelsy from the singing of "Jim Crow," by "Daddy" Rice, before a Pittsburgh audience in 1831, down through the black-face turn by Dan Rice (McLaren), most famous of American clowns, at Palmo's Opera House, New York, in 1843. Much later still, came Billy Rice (William H. Pearl) who, after making his name with Newcomb's, Hooley's and Emerson's minstrel troupes, became part owner of Rice & Hooley's; Sweatnam, Rice & Fagan's, and Rice & Sheppard's companies. But William Henry Rice, who began professionally as a boy singer in Pittsburgh, was not only a first-class female impersonator in the better minstrel organizations from the early 'sixties until twenty years ago. He was also cordially accepted in London as "the star burlesque prima donna of the world." Although New York papers in 1873, acclaimed him as "an excellent singer and conscientious actor," the gowns he wore did most to hypnotize the critics, for we find *The Era* saying editorially, "His dress could not have cost less than nine hundred dollars. Neither Morris, Davenport nor Ethel can boast of such rich apparel."

But William Henry Rice fixed his hold on fame when he and his co-artists gave a private performance of their burlesque on "Camille," for Sarah Bernhardt, then touring "the States." They called it "Sarah Heartburn," so there would be no mistake.

Rice played "Camille," and his imitations of Bernhardt's stage style so convulsed the great French actress that she nearly had hysterics. The Divine Sarah literally laughed until she cried when Rice, as "Camille," threw himself on the sofa much as a diver would start for the bottom of the sea. And when George Thatcher appeared as "Victor," and blew lustily on a horn, the great tragedienne burst her gloves in rapturous applause. In public the "Sarah Heartburn" burlesque had—to quote Frank Dumont—"Bernhardt beaten a mile." In private it was an unqualified "wow."

But that did not surprise Rice, Thatcher et al. American negro minstrels kidded everything. One of them even kidded a British Queen.

The Kidding of Queen Victoria

J. W. McAndrews (Walter James Andrews) turned that trick while playing London with Haverly's Mastodons. After the Mastodonic Haverlys had become the talk of the town, the Queen commanded them to appear before her privately. A command performance in the palace appealed to the merry minstrel men. McAndrews had unconsciously been preparing for it nearly thirty years. Starting with singing "Jim Along, Josey" in black-face before his fellow citizens of Richmond, Va., the lad celebrated his thirteenth year by joining out with a circus with which he did "nigger acts" for weary seasons. He had been in England with Buckley's Serenaders in 1860. Returning to his own country he had, at Cincinnati in 1866, participated in the first performance of "Pastimes on the Levee," which soon thereafter became a skit almost synonymous with minstrelsy. And for two decades he had been bowling over audiences with his original bit, "The Watermelon Man."

Posing as the driver of a team of mules hauling a load of watermelons, McAndrews would do his monologue, assisted by a bull whip and a quaint costume, and finish with a song the burden of which was,

"Den, oh dat watermelon,
Lamb of goodness, you must die;
I'se gwine to join de contraband children,
Gwine to git a home, bye and bye."

Part of McAndrews's business in his single act was to remove, fold and lay carefully on one corner of the stage, his picturesquely ragged and faded coat before he started to do a dance. During the command performance he laid his worthless coat in front of the stage box occupied by her majesty, Queen Victoria. After walking away a few steps he turned, gazed suspiciously at the queen, retraced his steps, picked up the coat, and, still viewing her majesty with undisguised suspicion, laid the coat far from her—and went on with his dance.

Much to the surprise of the shocked official audience Queen Victoria threw back her head and indulged in one of her very rare real laughs. McAndrews had kidded the queen and gotten away with it. Instead of being shot at sunrise he came back to America with a watch presented to him by her majesty.

THIS was several years before Lew Dockstader began to kid President Roosevelt so killingly. Lew was undoubtedly the greatest kiddier that minstrelsy produced, because he had more originality than most of his brothers of the burnt cork. Billy Emerson was probably the greatest idol of all the men who came before the footlights in kinky wigs and curious clothes. Women idolized him as much as did the men. He was a real comedian, with a charming personality. But Lew Dockstader from the time he left his native Hartford, as George Alfred Clapp, was keen on keeping up to date. In witticisms at the expense of prominent personalities Lew was the Will Rogers of his day.

After graduating from the "varieties" in 1877, he accepted minstrelsy as his own, and he loved the game as well as any man who ever sat on an end. In all his years, some of which were rather joliant, he never missed a performance. And he only missed his mammoth, enormous, patched, dyed, faded and repatched dress coat once. That was when he sent it out to a cleaner in New York and never got it back again. Lew could never be reconciled to that great loss. He bought another coat and added yards and yards of cloth to it, just as he added yards to his voluminous trousers and his far-reaching shoes.

But no coat was like the one in which he had joshed his way to fame, and in which he first began to tell that end-man story about the Easter services. You remember it. How, in the hush of the sacred hour, "little Mary Kelly walked down the center aisle and laid an egg on the altar." No one but Lew could tell that one without giving offense. And no one but Lew could mimic Grover Cleveland's habit of putting one hand on a coat lapel. No one but Lew could do a Roosevelt monologue, big

(Continued on page 50)

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When wearing these Walk-Overs with the built-in Main Spring* Arch, a man puts his best foot forward wherever he goes.

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Those Good Old Minstrel Days

(Continued from page 49)

teeth and all, so faithfully that Teddy laughed as hard as the most ardent Democrat. Only once did the inimitable Lew overplay his comedy. That was when he composed and sang a song about being pickled more than fifty-seven times. He was almost pickled in a damage suit by that.

The Passing of a Minstrel Prince

When Lew died in 1924, sad heads were shaken and it was generally declared that minstrelsy had died, also. It was pointed out that while in its halcyon days four or five minstrel companies held open house in New York from year to year, not even the resourceful George M. Cohan, with his assemblage of "Honey Boy" Evans, George Thatcher, Eddie Leonard, Julian Eltinge and eighty other minstrel stars could revive the minstrel fever, which was abating as far back as 1908. They recalled the efforts of debonnaire "Hi" Henry, to invade the one-time black-face metropolis, with his silver cornet and his nifty minstrel boys. They told how "Hi," after starving for three days and nights, resorted to desperate measures to get publicity and business by indulging in an illegal and unprecedented minstrel street parade down Broadway, and how the resulting heavy fine still left the minstrels' theatre as empty as a drum.

The mourners recalled how the favorites of most other towns, Al. G. Field—now gone to his reward—had also tackled old New York, and at the end of a most expensive week had appeared before the curtain with his valedictory, "Take a good look at me, folks, because you'll never see Al G. Field in this old town again." The crepehangers also pointed out that, whereas at one bright time permanent minstrel companies enlivened Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, and a dozen other municipalities, only the Emmett Welch Minstrels in Philadelphia maintained the traditions of departed John L. Carncross, E. Freeman Dixey and of Frank Dumont.

'Tis true that less than a dozen minstrel companies now annually hit the road; that only in the lesser towns do the boys in high hat and Prince Albert coats turn out for the 11:45 A. M. street parade; that only in the few good spots, mostly in the south and east, where it is possible to hire a hall, do the bones still rattle and the tambos thump when the handsome interlocutor requests the gentlemen to be seated before the magic circle bursts into impelling song. But there remain a few of us who believe that minstrelsy may be coming back. It doesn't seem logical that an institution which drew so heavily on our thespian talent, and that developed so many managerial as well as histrionic stars, could be shelved, permanently, by a change in public taste.

Great Ones Who Entered Minstrelsy

A YEAR after his dramatic debut in Boston, Edwin Booth did a black-face turn in his native town of Belair, Md., singing darkey songs and accompanying himself on the banjo and the bones. The late James A. Herne, whose "Shore Acres" endeared him to so many of us, played black-faced "Samson" in "The New South," at the Broadway Theatre in 1893. P. S. Gilmore, greatest bandmaster of his time, sat on the end and thumped the tambourine with Ordway's Æolians, in Boston, back in 1851. Joseph Jefferson danced "Jim Crow" with "Daddy Rice," in Washington. Edwin Forrest played "Cuff," a Kentucky negro part, at the Globe Theatre, Cincinnati, in 1823. Tony Pastor (Antonio Pastorius) was a minstrel in his early theatrical days. Neil Burgess was a minstrel man before he piled up a fortune as "Aunt Abigail," in "The County Fair."

In a New York Clipper—the bible of the showman in the early days—appears the following from Kansas City dated June 30, 1877:

"We left the main road at Sedalia, Mo., for the lead-mining districts of Missouri, being directed thither by 'parties who knew' we would find a bonanza there. We didn't. The recent heavy rains made the mines unfit to work, and the miners were very poor. At Galena the sudden taking off of the notorious Tiger Bill by a 'companion in arms' on the day of our arrival was a topic that needs must be discussed in the open

air, so the minstrels did not thrive. But we are a most harmonious little concern and our gentlemanly deportment is everywhere the topic of conversation. We are perfectly independent and under such little expense that we move anywhere and with very moderate income and without any serious embarrassment. Our company consists of Mackin & Wilson, Charles Sutton, 'Bernando,' J. S. Stout, Levino Bros. and Prof. Froude and orchestra."

Charles Sutton (Leman) was a black-face comedian; "Bernando" (Thomas White) was a female impersonator; J. S. Stout (Shafer) was one of the best known singers of minstrelsy; Mackin & Wilson were "one of the premier song and dance teams of minstrelsy." I have this on the authority of Edward LeRoy Rice, author of a history of minstrelsy from "Daddy" Rice to date. Jimmy Mackin and his partner worked together seven years. Their first appearance in New York was at the Comique in 1872. Wilson was called "Frank" by the other boys. Later he was more generally known as Francis Wilson, his true name. Perhaps you remember seeing him in "Erminie."

Forty—Count 'Em—Forty

AMONG the several geniuses developed in the managerial field, minstrelsy will always point with pride to Haverly. The Christys, H. P. and George, set the pace in pioneer minstrel days, so much so that for decades all minstrel shows in England, France and even Germany were "Christy's Minstrels" whatever else they were. Billy Birch, Dave Wambold and Charley Backus made their company top notchers in San Francisco and New York. Their "San Francisco Minstrels" was a title to conjure with. Dan Bryant, as we have seen, had much to do with developing American minstrelsy. Ben Cotton, Sam Sanford, Charley White and scores of others rolled the minstrel ball along. But Christopher Haverly, better known as "Jack," set a new pace when in 1878 he organized his Mastodons and coined the super slogan by which he called attention to the group's record-breaking size—"Forty—Count 'Em—Forty."

Between that year and the finale of his spectacular career, when he briefly ran a small museum in Brooklyn during 1911, Jack Haverly was the king bee of all black-face followers. He made and lost fortunes with sangfroid. His generosity was proverbial. His daring compelled admiration from those who fought to tear the laurels from his brow. Simmons & Slocum, Charley Reed, Skiff & Gaylord and other great managers rose and fell, even as Haverly had his ups and downs. But none exceeded him in willingness to spend money on scenic investiture, on advertising, or on talent. The list of those who attained prominence while on Haverly's payroll is almost like a directory of who-was-who in minstrelsy.

In the heyday of his prosperity small fortunes were squandered on elaborate scenery, first parts were embellished by the finest silks and satins, special cars were required to transport wardrobe and properties; vast amounts of energy and stage directors' skill were drawn upon to perfect elaborate marches and drills "by the assembled company"—and the sky was the limit on salaries.

Undoubtedly minstrelsy declined with the decline and fall of Haverly. Al G. Field, after many years with Sells Brothers Circus and after organizing the Hagenbeck-Wallace show, returned to his first love and put out a minstrel company which eventually carried its own complete stage setting and scenery on its own train of cars. William S. Cleveland, whom William H. West once described as "the greatest executive minstrelsy ever knew," graduated from the management of Haverly's to the ownership of four companies, all under his name. George Wilson was his partner at one time. At another time he opened a theatre on Wabash Avenue, Chicago. But he left his favorite field for the encroaching vaudeville game nearly twenty years ago.

There still remain on the road Guy Brothers' Minstrels, which have been touring more than a half century and are owned and managed by George R. Guy, the oldest living minstrel man; J. A. Coburn's, which has been playing over the same chiefly rural routes for fifteen years or more; Al G. Field's, managed by the late Al's son, and a few others of more recent launching. But minstrelsy as most of us see it, if at all, is

(Continued on page 52)

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Those Good Old Minstrel Days

(Continued from page 51)

represented by those veterans of the older guard, McIntyre & Heath, Bert Swor, Neil O'Brien, Banks Winters, and Lassies White, although Lassies is not quite a veteran yet.

The Old School and the New

McIntyre & Heath, whose "Georgia Minstrels" was and is the greatest of all delineations of darkey character, have been in blackface, in and out of minstrelsy for more than fifty years. They headed their own minstrel show at one period of their long life work. They claim that minstrelsy has declined largely because the Southern darkey type began to disappear with "too much prosperity" and with the northward trek of colored folk who left the plantations to copy the whites in manner and in dress.

Al Jolson, discovered by Lew Dockstader, has become one of the most prosperous performers on any stage partly because he really portrays negro characters he has met in touring the South, and partly because he is an unusual combination of singer, comedian and showman. Eddie Leonard, who began his career with Haverly, continues, in vaudeville, to "wah wah" in true plantation darkey style. Bert Swor and Neil O'Brien still do their black-face bits in vaudeville with pronounced success, and Banks Winter, next to George R. Guy the oldest of the old-time genuine minstrel men, can still warble his "White Wings" with charming clarity. But he no longer blacks up to do his stuff. He's in vaudeville or pictures most of the time, which is the case with that unctious comedian, Willis P. Sweatman. Although he is unexcelled in his darkey dialect and characterization, "Billy," as he is fondly called by several million minstrel lovers, has been identified with straight comedy or moving pictures for

the past decade. In fact minstrelsy has hardly known this artist since George Ade's "County Chairman" drafted him for the legitimate stage. And so it goes.

The only form of theatrical entertainment developed in America appears to be threatened with eclipse. The dusky army which at various times enlisted the talents of Lotta Crabtree, Trixie Friganza, Chauncey Olcott, Raymond Hitchcock, Corse Payton, John L. Sullivan, Richard Carle, Otis Skinner, Willie Collier, Charles and Daniel Frohman, William H. Crane, Jeff DeAngelis, Charles K. Harris, and Weber & Fields, to say nothing of Montgomery and Stone, Eddie Foy, Edna May Spooner, Maude Raymond and Beverly Sitgreaves—for these all blacked up or had some active association with negro minstrelsy at various times—is badly in need of new recruits.

Will this burnt-cork army coax into its depleted ranks the new blood and sinew it so badly needs? Possibly the wish is father to the thought, but many old minstrel fans believe it will. And I'm one of those who cling to the hope that real American negro minstrelsy is only marking time. It may be that within the span of one man's life each city street will once more resound with the smashing march of minstrel band and that once each year, if not oftener, each opera house in this fair land will be crowded by folks who are never too old to feel a tickling down their spines when the curtain goes up on the magic circle and the handsome interlocutor, gazing with pride on ballad singers, dancers, tambos and bones, utters that historic command, "Gentlemen be seated." Anyhow, there are many more than a million of us who'd like to see the good old minstrel days return.

Tradin'

(Continued from page 15)

And the house in which Nathaniel was born was different!

It was dazzling. There were set-in tubs in the laundry and running water hot and cold, itself a miracle in the region, and an array of patented appliances that could make a woman moan for envy. The kitchen gleamed in enameled ivory, a great new cabinet stretching over the north wall, a vitreous sink with drain board and spray under the window that faced the bay and had been widened until it reached across the room. The floor was laid with rubber tiles; pots and pans hung in appointed places, a new door led to a new rear piazza enclosed in glass. Lloyd threw the cellar door open and the cellar shone up to amazed eyes white and cemented.

Whistler Cove trod reverently behind the prideful master of ceremonies into the long living-room, dining-room, where the ten-foot fireplace had been newly painted, where the old cranes and andirons had been reinstalled, where triple casement windows gave out on one side to the big bay and on the other to the little. But the visitors made no pretense whatever of admiring the view.

Some fifteen persons stood transfixed by a number of objects and an astounding surprise.

Round an old maple table were placed four familiar rush-bottom chairs; in front of the fireplace extended a well-known sofa; a corner cupboard enshrined sundry notable old glass; certain braided rugs lay on the polished floor. And, all sails proudly set, the beautiful clipper ship *Flying Hope* again sped before the wind over the mantel, at each end of which stood, like a fairy lighthouse, a yellow tinted glass candlestick.

Not a person in the room failed to recognize them in a glance. The village of Whistle Cove stared from them to Nathaniel, and from Nathaniel to Lloyd. Lloyd threw wide his arms.

"The Hulls begin where the Hopes leave off!" he proclaimed. "Well, Nat, my friend, what do you think of the old house now?"

"Why, Lloyd," said Nathaniel, looking round contentedly, "et's jes' elegant. I dunno but what I wouldn't like livin' here myself."

A roar of laughter filled the old house.

"Come here!" gasped Lloyd, when he was able, and he led the way to the old Hope parlor.

Against the wall stood the old Hope bureau drawer desk gleaming with ancient beauty newly rewon.

"Before you think of ever living here again, Nat Hope," said Lloyd, "take a long look at the desk. There's not another one like it in New England. I was offered \$500 for it. I paid two dollars for the fishing pole, and two hours on a point of law paid for Kirkpatrick's time getting me that desk and all the other things he got from you. When you get to the stage," he expounded instructively, "where you would just naturally hesitate about exchanging a bureau drawer desk worth \$500 for a fishing pole worth two, it may be a sign that you've begun to grow up after all."

"Now, Lloyd," protested Nathaniel amiably, "thet's somethin' could happen to anyone."

"Happen to anyone!" hooted Lloyd. He turned to them. "Can anybody here imagine a thing like that happening to me?"

The question was sheer rhetoric. It was obvious that it was beyond the united local powers in the imaginative field.

"Why," said Nathaniel evenly, "I could."

"You could imagine me trading something worth \$500 for something worth two?" exclaimed Lloyd outraged. His face fell into creases of downright malevolence. "I suppose you'd be the party on the other end of that trade?"

"Me," said Nathaniel, "or anybody."

"If," said Lloyd with an overweening spite, "you can ever put through a deal like that on me, I'll—" words failed him momentarily—"I'll give you anything you can name."

"Wal," said Nathaniel seriously, "I wouldn't want you should give me anything, but I'd like to have you put a reasonable figger on this house."

Lloyd stared at him.

"Reasonable figger!" he mimicked. "You pull off a trade like that on me and I'll sell you the house as it stands—lock, stock, and barrel, furniture and furnishings, land and timber, well, pasture and laundry tubs, for what the place cost me in the raw—\$6,000."

"Would you put that in writin'?" asked Nathaniel.

"Put it in writing?" mocked Lloyd. "I'd engrave it!"

"All right," said Nathaniel gently, "put it down then, and give me my copy now."

Just for a second Lloyd paused, but he had a position of infallible slickness to keep up.

"Come up to my study!" he cried.

The study overlooked the Bay up the cove and to the east beyond Fox Island. A pile of six musty books lay, as if by design, on his desk next to the telephone.

"There," he said to Nathaniel, pointing to them, and winking at Gil Bennett, "is a trade you can cut your eye teeth on, as soon as I get this little writing down."

His mind was churning; his busy cleverness prodded him. He sat down.

"The way I figure it," he said, with smooth contempt, "in about thirty days you won't have stick or chip left to trade and so I'll make this document good for just that long. That's the first thing. But," he paused ever so slightly, "if in that time you don't come through, what do I get out of it?"

"Why," said Nathaniel, and he, too, paused ever so slightly, "I hadn't thot of that. What d'ye think'd be right, Lloyd?"

Lloyd's narrow eyes roved over him quickly.

"If you don't put it over me, two hundred and fifty to one, during this month of August," he said slowly, "you'll give me your woodlot for ten gallons of gasoline, and agree to go just as far away from here as that will take you."

Nathaniel's lips opened in company with that of all the others.

"Why, Lloyd," he answered quietly, after a moment, a peculiar look in his blue eyes, "I reckon I might like a little trip in that case, ef you say so."

Lloyd wrote. Nathaniel was suddenly aware that Emily was not in the room. He idly picked up the six scarred, mutilated and dog-eared books and carried them to the window and glanced at their fox-marked title pages. First Lessons in Geography and Astronomy with Seven Maps and a Plate of the Solar System. Stevens on Stowage. The Sad Mistake, by the American Sunday School Union. Pastor's Hand-Book, together with Select Formulas for Marriage. Two copies of Lindley Murray's Pieces in Prose and Poetry. One of the latter opened as though of its own accord, and four lines sprang out at Nathaniel.

"Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground."

HE REPLACED the books on the desk. A document was thrust at him.

"I, Lloyd Hull, . . . hereby covenant and agree . . . the said Nathaniel Hope . . . if in fair trade . . . sell forementioned house, land . . . contents . . . consideration herein-after . . . State of Maine. . ."

"Well?" Lloyd prompted, with a twinge of author's pride, after Nathaniel had had time to read it over.

"Et's kind've windy," said Nathaniel, "ain't et? And I sort've don't like that expression 'fair trade,' 'cause a trade where I beat you 250 to one couldn't hardly be fair in the nature of things."

"You're right there," said Lloyd grimly.

"Furthermore," continued Nathaniel, handing it back, "et's kind've tender."

"Do you mean to imply this wouldn't hold in court?"

Nathaniel regarded him a moment. "You know et wouldn't, Lloyd," he said quietly.

Nathaniel fixed a spot on the ceiling. "I hear say," he said mildly, "that though a witness testifieth with the tongue of angels et ain't possible to fill out a written contract with the spoken word."

Lloyd suddenly had a peculiar sensation, like a warning. An impression that a very neat and invisible job of trepanning had been performed on his skull, lifting the top of it cleanly and permitting a comparative stranger to gaze upon all the little notions and contrivings lying so tidily arranged therein. It gave him a most unpleasant feeling of nakedness. He was savage at the gall of this gangling yokel lessening a

(Continued on page 54)

This Habit Pays Dividends

Of those you see in a dentist's waiting room only a very few are there of their own accord. The others are seeking relief from pain. As a simple health measure, let your dentist prevent trouble. It is far easier than correction. See him at least once every six months.



Pyorrhea's grim record is 4 out of 5

Stealthy in its attack and ruthless, Pyorrhea poison always wins if let alone. Forming at the base of teeth it seeps through the system. Health is ravaged. And very often it causes such serious troubles as rheumatism, neuritis, anemia, facial disfigurement and nervousness. Its price is paid by 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

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Never pit health against this foe at such uneven odds. Provide protection. See your dentist at least twice each year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, daily.

If used regularly and in time, Forhan's for the Gums, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, safeguards precious health. It wards off Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course. It firms gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay and keeps them snowy white.

As a simple preventive measure that pays dividends in good health, use Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll like the taste of Forhan's.

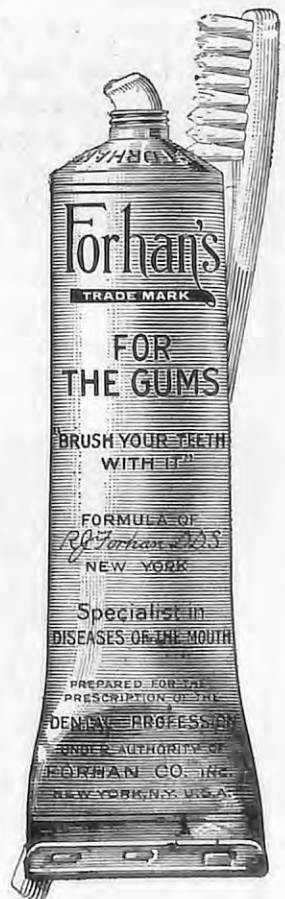
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At all druggists—in tubes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
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Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it. 35c and 60c, all druggists.



Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

Tradin'

(Continued from page 53)

Living on

The
Shoulder blades

"Want to go out tonight, honey?" "Let's stay with the fire. What would you like to hear?" And with a turn of the wrist they are in a concert hall a hundred miles away.

LIVING on the shoulder blades" some indignant authority has called this modern life of ours. It's true. But we weren't built for it—and so sluggish intestinal muscles have become a universal problem.

That is why millions of men and women have hailed a delicious little mint flavored tablet as one of the greatest triumphs of the modern laboratory.

Feen-a-mint—apparently just a bit of chewing gum. You chew it two or three minutes at bedtime, until the flavor is gone.

That is all. Yet notice

how you feel next morning! Fresh—buoyant—clear-eyed, for the deadening poisons of constipation are gone. And gone with no violent "flushing" of the system—with no injury to the digestion—with none of the unpleasant after-effects ordinary laxatives may have for you.

Follow the example of millions of intelligent men and women, and try Feen-a-mint tonight yourself. Your favorite druggist has it.

Made only by Health Products Corporation, Newark, N. J. Branches in Toronto, Canada—London—Frankfort, Germany and representatives in all principal countries.



practicing legal expert on a point of law, but he controlled the outside of himself passably well while the inside ran acid.

"Nor is there anything pertainin' to the sale of the woodlot."

"Oh, that," said Lloyd, "I thought we'd just shake hands, and I'd take a chance on your living up to it."

"I see," said Nathaniel thoughtfully. "Yeh, thet would hold me right tight down, with the proper witnesses and a real smart lawyer."

"Can you think of any other way it can be done?" Lloyd rasped.

"Why, yes, a right simple way, Lloyd." Nathaniel spoke slowly, with a quaint distinction. "We'll each make out an agreement of sale for our property, datin' et September first, on one of those reg'lar blanks you got, with the proper considerations specified and titles guaranteed, and an acc'rate description of the boundaries and contents to be included in the sale, and each paper to be regarded as an option to purchase any time within a year from date. Then we'll let Gil put his seal to et and Al Boone sign as witness, and give 'em to George Miller to keep. At the end of the month winner takes all.

"To clinch et we'll make us a little paper between ourselves that says: 'Ef durin' the month of August, 1925, Lloyd Hull hands Nathaniel Hope any article in a trade wuth 250 times or more what Nathaniel Hope hands Lloyd Hull in the same trade, then Nathaniel Hope gets the agreements held by George Miller, and ef thet don't take place Lloyd Hull gets 'em; the winner to be decided by Al Boone, Gil Bennett, and George Miller.'

"Now thet all seems simple enough, don't et?"

A rigid silence held the room. His hatred for Nathaniel flared up in a blaze of triumph in Lloyd.

HE BROUGHT out the forms and filled them in hastily, while Nathaniel wrote out their informal agreement in exactly the words he had spoken it. Gil Bennett sealed the contracts, Al Boone signed for witness, George Miller put them all in an envelope, and the envelope in his pocket.

And then Lloyd whirled on Nathaniel.

"Let's start it right!" he cried, and shoved the pile of books at him. "Make it snappy! What'll you give me for these six fine books?"

It took Nathaniel off his feet.

"Wal, I dunno," he mumbled. "I guess I c'd find somethin' to home."

"What!" flouted Lloyd. "You can't tell me a swapper like you would have to go that far. I never saw you yet you didn't have something about you to trade."

Nathaniel mechanically felt through his pockets. He pulled out a couple of hookless spinners, several No. 4 shells, a cartridge, a broken gut leader, a few pencil stubs, a new combination knife—

"Here, what's that?" barked Lloyd. "Let's see that."

"Why, thet's a new knife," said Nathaniel, reluctantly releasing it, "I got from Gill yesterday. Et's wuth a dollar seventy-five."

"What'll you give to boot with it for these books?" demanded Lloyd, opening the knife so that its multiple glory of screw-driver, bottle and can opener, punch awl, blade and stag handle was apparent to all.

"Why, Lloyd," Nathaniel said in an aggrieved tone, "those books ain't wuth a knife's good's thet one."

"Not worth this knife!" cried Lloyd. "Six fine old books, containing God knows what, not worth one common ordinary knife? Now, come, Nathaniel, be reasonable if you expect to do business with me." He lifted the top book. "Remember, all the contents go with these rare volumes, everything included between the front cover of the first and the back cover of the last. Now, speak up, what'll you throw in with the knife?"

Nathaniel looked a little dazed.

"Why, I might trade the knife straight," he fumbled, "but I couldn't think of givin' anything to boot."

"Only trade straight, will you?" Lloyd appeared to think hard for a moment, and abruptly

thrust the knife into his pocket. "Don't!" he said. He picked up the books and lodged them into Nathaniel's arms with a thump. "It's a trade!"

And Nathaniel stood there, holding his swap like a pedestrian left with the dust two miles behind.

The panes rattled with Lloyd's laughter. "That's the damned fool," he gasped, "who's going to outsmart me! Did you get it, folks? In two minutes I got a knife worth \$1.75 for some trash dear at taking away!"

Nathaniel stared from one to the other bewildered and shook his head.

"You are a cute one, Lloyd," he sighed begrudgingly, and shifted awkwardly from foot to foot. "And no mistake!"

"Cheer up, Nathaniel!" cried Lloyd generously. "Who knows what wisdom you may find in those books."

And with that he clapped Nathaniel so hard on the shoulder that the books tumbled out of Nathaniel's hands. With exaggerated solicitude, he bent to help gather them up. Suddenly Al Boone spoke.

"Here!" ejaculated Al. "What's this?" From The Sad Mistake by the American Sunday School Union he extracted an old envelope that had been partially exposed by the fall.

"Nathaniel Hope, Whistler Cove, Whistler Island, Sagadahoc County, Maine," he read slowly, and Nathaniel took it out of his hand.

The envelope was postmarked Baltimore, 1847. He opened it, and drew out some closely written pages. They were signed Nathaniel Hull!

"Why!" exclaimed Nathaniel scanning the date line, "Et's a letter that was written by my great grandfather Nat to his father, from aboard the *Flying Hope*!" He stepped nearer to the window and bent over the faded script. And as he despatched the tiny neat bygone handwriting of one dead Nathaniel to another, the living Nathaniel gave a long low whistle.

"Why, now, ain't that somethin'!" he exclaimed softly.

"What is it?" demanded Lloyd nervously. Nathaniel raised his head and looked him in the eyes.

"Et's an ancient Hull," he said slowly, "come to light."

"Let me see it!" snapped Lloyd, snatching. "Easy, Lloyd," said Nathaniel, quietly holding the letter away from him, "jes' a minute, ef you please."

And, turning the first page, he read aloud, as if by so doing the faint old chirography were easier decipherable, and as he read a crystalline stillness came into the room.

"... and so this evening I learned from the Overseer of the plantation that the two blacks had been sold to him with the connivance of Lloyd Hull, albeit I had been so set against, inasmuch as I regard it to the peril of my conscience to traffic in the bodies and souls of beings who like ourselves are made in the image of the Creator howsoever black the color of their skins be. Striking to me yet nearer home was the following speech of the Overseer. 'My friend,' he saith to me, 'I should not trust your friend too closely, if I were you.' 'What right have you to say this?' I asked him. He laughed and for a space would not reveal why he spake thus, but upon my pressing him strongly, he answered with another laugh: 'In the affair of those sails and rigging for your vessel the *Flying Hope* your friend made a separate bargain against your interest with the sailmaker and chandler. He persuaded you to pay the price you did for them, and for this persuasion, he being your business partner, the merchants allowed him personally 300 dollars. ...'"

THE crystalline stillness took depth as Nathaniel turned the page. As he did so a little rectangle of newer paper fluttered to the floor. George Miller pounced on it.

"Be careful not to destroy," said Emily's father, "the postage stamp on this envelope. It is valuable."

For a second a tensity pervaded them as terrifying as a hawser's just before it snaps. "Give me that letter!" shouted Lloyd, beside himself, rushing at Nathaniel.

Nathaniel's shoulder checked him, letter and envelope were clapped back in the book from which it had fallen, and the book reposed in the middle of the pile of six which Lloyd Hull had

(Continued on page 56)

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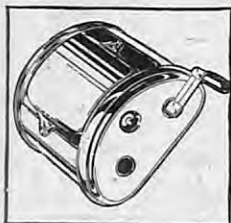
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THE first is a gift that smooths the trouble from his one never-ending source of irritation—the daily shave!

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Until Christmas these two fine gifts are being offered in combination. Here's your chance to get him both a Twinplex Red Flash Stropper and a Twinplex Fountain Shaving Brush at a real bargain price—\$4.98. The regular price for the two is \$7.50.

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FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

Tradin'

(Continued from page 55)

traded to Nathaniel Hope for a combination knife worth \$1.75 almost anywhere. The pile lay as between a vise in Nathaniel's big hands. He held it out at Lloyd as steady as an outcrop of granite.

"Six fine old books, containin' God knows what. The contents to go with them, everything included between the front cover of the fust to the back cover of the last. Why, Lloyd," said Nathaniel, "you want to be reasonable ef you expect to do business with me!"

Lloyd gagged. "You got—prove it to me—it's valuable!" He wrenched out hoarsely. "I don't believe it! Let me see that stamp!"

NATHANIEL hesitated a moment. He advanced to the desk and laid the envelope down. They crowded in a knot of fascination around it. Lloyd, bent, rigid, remained staring at it minute after minute, making no move to touch it. Suddenly he tore himself loose, as from a spell, and grabbed up the telephone. He called a Portland number. When he got it he asked for a man whose name even the farmers of Whistler recognized. It was that of one of the great judges of America.

"Hello—Judge Kittredge?"

"Yes." The cool, aloof syllable was distinct to each.

"This is Lloyd Hull—Lloyd Hull—yes, sir. I want to ask your opinion—"

"Yes?" Even cooler, more judicially aloof.

"—about a postage stamp—"

"Yes!" It was a request, alert, alive, warm.

"There's a stamp here—a ten-cent stamp—issued in Baltimore—in 1847—"

"What!" The excitement of the voice at the other end of the telephone flickered electrically around the room. "What's the color?"

Lloyd looked at the stamp as though he had not seen it before.

"The color, man, the color!" chafed the voice at the other end.

"It's a sort of black and blue—"

"Black on bluish paper!" the stamp collector's voice throbbed with an ardor that no man had ever heard in the lawgiver's. "Baltimore—ten-cent denomination! Great God, man, it's the James Madison Buchanan postmaster provisional! Where are you? How can—"

"What's it worth?" bellowed Lloyd into the mouthpiece against the uproar at the other end.

"Ten thousand dollars if genuine!" screamed the jurist. "Where—"

Lloyd hung up. He looked exactly like a magnificent balloon which, after lording it all day over a County Fair grounds, has disputed the right of way with a cannonball.

"I wish," he said hoarsely, "I wish you folks would let me—let me have a word alone with Nat." They stirred, unwillingly, stupefied. "You don't mind—mind, do you, Nat?" he whimpered.

"Why, Lloyd," said Nathaniel thoughtfully, "I sort've do, now you mention et. Et wouldn't hardly be fair to the folks for you and me to shut 'em out've our business arter you educated 'em into a sort've committee on et."

"If—if I've ever ever humiliated you," Hull burst out in desperation, "I apologize."

"Why, now, there ain't no need your apologizein', Lloyd," Nathaniel assured him, moving to the door. "You ain't never humiliated me, not a mite."

"Nat, old man—wait!" he whined.

Nathaniel turned and stood looking at him steadily. Lloyd was not a pleasant object. Hatred, vindictiveness, frenzy, panic, cupidity, modeled his face into a mask of obsequious wheedling.

"Lloyd, you see et's this way," Nathaniel said simply: "yore great grandfather was named Lloyd like mine was named Nathaniel, jes' the same as us now, and thet sort've means somethin' to me. Jes' now George Miller has got all the business there need be 'twixt us in his pocket and ef you'll excuse me, I'm a rite in a hurry to find out what's become of Em'ly, as

well as to ask her how she likes the house thet was built by the man thet letter was writ to."

Somehow he had known that was where he would find her. Now they sat in silence again and gazed at the house on the Mount. There was no better view of it than from Nathaniel's rock.

"It's—it's lovely!" she whispered.

The bay turned mauve and magenta. A violet star ensued. He suddenly said:

"When Mr. Pat come thet fust time I knew right off he come for Lloyd. I made sure and then I knew thet the on'y things I wanted would be where they belonged. The rest I wanted to be rid of. Pa grabbed and sweated and hung on to 'em so they was poison to me. But ma in a way give me the ideal. 'Nathaniel,' she said in spring, 'you'll bring yore 'heritance down to a postage stamp.' Won't ma think she's ridin' a moonbeam when she hears!"

She started and twisted out of his arms to look at him.

"How could your mother know anything about a postage stamp hid in a book of Lloyd's?"

"She didn't," he said drily. He drew her to him again. "You jes' keep yore purty blue eyes on thet house yonder and listen, I'll tell you."

"When Grandfather Nat got sick ten years ago he sent fer me to come up to the Mount. 'Nathaniel,' he said 'I got somethin' fer you.' He pulled a book out from under his pillow and took an old letter from et. 'You read that sometime,' he said, 'and draw yore own conclusions. The stamp on et's val'ble. There's folks'll give real money fer et. When the right time comes let some Hull know thet 'cause they cheated one Hope out've \$300 another Hepe gained twenty-fold. And don't tell yore pa 'bout et, 'cause he's the fust Hope thet was ever tight-fisted and the on'y pore one, but see thet yore pore ma gits a week's vacation. She's earned et. She had more spunk then I had. She put up with yore pa. On'y don't let on to her, nuther. I made yore grandma take a vacation, and et killed her to think I'd up and called her a 'old woman.'"

"Then—then," gasped Emily, staring at him, "you put that letter in the book yourself! You didn't get it in a fair trade!"

"Not in what you'd call a 'fair trade,'" answered Nathaniel with a grin, "fer that warn't called fer. I was very partic'ler 'bout thet, Em'ly. What Lloyd did was to 'hand' et to me in a trade, as was specified most carefully in the writin', fer with a lawyer, Em'ly," explained Nathaniel, "you can't be too careful."

HER blue eyes widened and her lips parted. He put his hand over hers.

"Don't say et," he forestalled her. "I am goin' to tell him. There ain't nothin' can take our house from us. He's a Hull and he'd far rather've been outlucked then outfoxed. A smart one like Lloyd can live down a fool finin' a diamond in his rubbish pile, 'cause life's too short for anybody to sift all the litter, but he couldn't live down a fool trickin' him. Why, Em'ly, fer a cute lawyer lookin' to the legislator and even higher, a trap's a powerful sight more fatal then a accident. So I'll let him work a little slickness on me till he wins me round to promisin' to yip nary a word o' the truth, and et'll set him all up in his cunnin' again, and the truth'll be only 'twixt you and me and Lloyd and this old rock of ours."

She flung her arms round his neck, and then held him off.

"Did you think I ever had thought for Lloyd Hull, Nathaniel Hope?" she asked fiercely, gripping his coat and trying to shake him. "Answer me, did you believe that for a minute?"

"Wal," he answered, keeping his face serious, "there was a minute now and then you had me sort've—kind've—doubtin'."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she exclaimed. "For that you promise me right now you won't do any more of your tradin'."

"Tradin'!" repeated Nathaniel, "Why, Em'ly, thet warn't tradin'—thet was jes' practicin'!"





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The Vanishing Safe

(Continued from page 37)

the seat and the big vehicle lumbered off on its way to the ferry and the road to Philadelphia.

But an hour later out on an open stretch of the Lincoln Highway in New Jersey, Hogan peered back along the road to make certain that no suspicious-looking vehicle was following them. Satisfied that all was well, he had Freeman turn off on a quiet country byway. A mile from the main road they stopped behind a bit of woodland and, finding they were unobserved, they gave the truck another disguise. Over the side on which was painted "Crosby's Express," they tacked a battered canvas with the lettering, "Henderson Brothers, Trucking." They then switched the number plates. Turning about they started back to New York.

Meantime inside the truck certain activities had been going on. They had barely left the safe makers when Doane, Raynor, and Graham emerged from the supposed packing boxes next to the new safe and fell to work. First they opened the safe door and one of them, taking a bottle of fine sand with a blowpipe attachment, carefully worked a liberal supply of this grit into the combination lock, then closed and locked the door. Next, Raynor took a paint pot and a stencil carefully prepared beforehand and lettered, above the makers' name on the outside of the door, "Gildersleg Garage and Motor Sales Company."

On the upper right-hand corner of the safe had been painted at the factory its true serial number "8952." That identification mark the artist erased with some paint remover and substituted the number "6521," the serial number of Gildersleg's safe. This did away with the chance that a factory expert sent to open the safe would check up with his office records and reveal the substitution, before he had opened it.

This done the performers were ready for the next act. The three inside men returned to their packing cases and Hogan himself joined them there just before the truck got back on the Lincoln Highway for its return trip to New York in its new disguise. Freeman on the driver's seat had also undergone a transformation as to wig, mustache and clothing.

So it came about that just before the faithful Ted Granger, night-man at the Gildersleg Garage, decided that the rush of business was over for the evening, Freeman and his truck drove in.

"Wanta park for the night, brother," Freeman told Ted, climbing stiffly out of the driver's seat. "I'll be after her at eight in the morning, an' will you have a man go over the spark-plugs and fill her with oil and gas before I come in. Got to make the run to Philadelphia in the morning and want to be sure she runs pretty. Have a cigar."

"Thanks," Ted acknowledged the gift smoke, shoving it in his pocket. "We'll have her ready for you at eight sharp."

Freeman went on his way and Ted, after waiting on two or three more customers, settled down for the night in his chair in the office.

A half hour later the head of Hogan peered cautiously out of the truck. Through the office window in the distance he could see Ted Granger drooped in deep sleep. The body of Hogan followed his head. He tiptoed cautiously to the door of the office and studied the sleeping night-man. The butt of the drugged gift cigar lay on the floor where it had fallen from Ted's limp fingers.

Satisfied that the guard was out of commission for the next two hours at least, Hogan returned to the truck.

"All right," he called.

His three helpers emerged from their packing boxes. Thereafter things happened smoothly and swiftly.

The outer office where Ted was sleeping, like the inner office in which the safe stood, was surrounded by a partition of pine panels screwed together. The door between the runway into the parking space and the outer office was directly opposite the locked door connecting the outer office with Gildersleg's inner office. But these doorways were only three feet wide. The big safe in the office beyond measured five feet three inches across its front. It took only a few minutes work with screw-drivers, however, to remove the locked door and double the width of both these openings by detaching adjacent panels.

Hogan backed the truck around so that its rear squarely faced the opening into the outer office. The rear doors of the truck were open and out from beside the array of packing cases within was drawn a gang-plank of heavy boards which the car-thieves had formerly used for rolling stolen cars into the truck. One end of this was fitted into the rear of the truck floor, the other resting on the floor of the outer office. Down this gangway the four men rolled the new substitute safe.

Inside the outer office they pushed it to one side out of the way. Fortunately the flooring was of cement and left no telltale marks. In all this they ran no risk of observation from without. No window opened on the street from this part of the building.

Just as they were turning back to the truck the quartette were suddenly frozen in their tracks by an ominous alarm. Some one, probably a belated customer, was ringing the night bell.

AGAIN and again that damnable clamor pealed forth in the very ear of the slumbering Ted. Hogan and Raynor tiptoed over to his side. All four watched him breathlessly. But repeated rings failed to arouse the drugged man. At last the caller gave it up and went on his way.

Then the four again sprang into action. Out of the truck they drew a three-panel screen of thin pine boards cunningly painted on the outside of the panels to represent the three exposed sides of Gildersleg's safe. Hogan's three assistants carried this screen to the door of the inner office and paused just out of the range of vision from the street. Hogan himself got down on his stomach and wriggled across the inner office to the front window and from behind a convenient radiator beside the safe studied the street.

It was past three o'clock now, the quietest hour of the night. Vehicles and pedestrians passed intermittently. Hogan saw the officer on the beat come along trying doors as he went and presently pass out of sight. Across the street in the shadow of an area-way he made out the dim figure of Claffie, the Central Office Man, still keeping a watch on Gildersleg's place.

Presently Claffie grew restless and started to stroll a little way down the street, gazing here and there into the show windows. The fellow's back may have been turned for a space of three minutes. The uniformed officer was out of sight.

Just before the plainclothes-man turned about again, there was an interval of a few seconds when no vehicle or pedestrian was actually opposite the Gildersleg window. That was all Hogan needed. He gave a low whistle. His three carefully coached assistants dashed forward, slipped the camouflage screen around the front and two sides of the safe and dropped to the floor just as the plainclothes-man turned about to retrace his steps.

Waiting a few moments until Hogan, watching behind the radiator, was satisfied that the maneuver had attracted no outside attention, they rose to their feet behind the shelter of the screen and slowly drew the safe across the floor into the outer office, and on up the gangplank into the truck. At the end of another five minutes they had pushed the substitute safe into place behind the screen.

After another period of watchful waiting for a brief instant when no eye was turned inward from the street the screen was whisked away and returned to the truck. The gangplank followed it. The truck was then driven back into the exact parking space where Freeman had left it at Ted Granger's direction. The partition-panels were screwed into place and the marred screw-heads touched up with paint. Thereupon the conspirators crept into their hiding-places inside the truck and closed the door.

A half hour later Ted Granger came out of his drugged sleep groggily unconscious of the time he had slept and went on his usual round of inspection, noticing nothing unusual but his own sick headache, which he laid to the salmon sandwich his wife had put up for his midnight lunch.

The rest of the night passed uneventfully. At eight in the morning the disguised Freeman returned, paid his bill and drove away on the truck. By the time Gildersleg was beginning to suspect something was wrong with the com-

bination of his safe, the truck with another shifting of names on its side and with Freeman and Hogan occupying the driver's seat, was again out on a quiet by-road in New Jersey.

Before the truck had crossed the ferry the other three men of the gang had one by one dropped off unnoticed and gone quietly to their several lodgings where they had deftly established alibis for the night.

In a secluded spot on this by-road Freeman disappeared inside the truck while Hogan ostensibly tinkered for a half hour with the engine. On the inside Freeman was doing some fancy stencil work on the safe. When he had finished, the Gildersleg name had disappeared. In its place was "Daniel Mercer." The serial number had also been changed. Then the truck retraced its course back to the city with still other number plates and side lettering, and Hogan transformed back to his role of Daniel Mercer.

"And the beauty of it is," Hogan gloated to Freeman, "If things work smooth we won't even be out the full price of the new safe. I've got a second-hand safe man coming around this afternoon to take it off my hands at a third off what I paid for it."

They reached Mercer's temporary office on schedule. The safe-hoisters were waiting. By the time the expert safe-opener arrived an hour later, the safe was in place and the other four members of the gang had drifted in to be present at the grand opening.

As Gildersleg had asserted, he kept the locks of his safe clean and well-oiled. It took the expert a scant half hour to find the combination and open the outer door and another half hour's work with skeleton keys had turned the locks of the inner doors and drawers.

The expert was paid and went unsuspectingly on his way. Five expectant crooks gathered around gloatingly for the grand finale. With a dramatic flourish Hogan drew open the treasure drawers.

They were empty!

V

LEAVING the five amazed and enraged members of the Hogan gang to a noisy session of mutual suspicions, accusations, and complete failure to solve this mystery, the counterpart of which was to be enacted twenty-four hours later in Gildersleg's office, let us turn back a few days and consider the private doings of Mr. Jack Freeman of the Hogan gang.

It will be recalled that when Hogan first hinted to his henchmen that he was planning a raid on the Gildersleg safe, Freeman had remarked that he knew a man who was a good safe-opener in case they wanted to take a sixth in on the deal. Jack, however, had been strong against splitting six ways and the rest had agreed with him.

But privately, Jack had also been strong against splitting five ways. As the plot had been unfolded by Hogan, he secretly pondered this objection. When he finally got the drift of Hogan's plan, he saw a way of reducing the split two ways.

The crooked expert to whom Jack Freeman had referred was one known to the police as Shifty Dale. Dale happened to be in the city at the moment hiding out after a safe opening job pulled in San Francisco. Freeman hunted him up and the pair had much converse.

Jack's first idea had been to organize with Shifty a little coup of their own, modeled, with some modifications, on Hogan's scheme, only pulled a day sooner. But Hogan kept too close a watch on his men during the week preceding his break. And there was no way in which two men unaided could pull the trick in such a way that it wouldn't be discovered almost immediately. The safe-substituting phase of it would be thus impossible. So they decided to let Hogan do the dirty work for them.

Fortunately for Freeman's plans, he had been assigned to the job of getting the truck ready, including loading it with dummy crates. In one of these crates Shifty Dale was hidden just before the rest of the gang assembled to take their places in the truck. Shifty had an uncanny ability to open safe combinations by the feel of the falling tumblers against his sensitive finger tips made more sensitive by filing the nails down to the quick. He was also equipped with duplicates of Gildersleg's bunch of keys, among which

(Continued on page 60)



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The Vanishing Safe

(Continued from page 59)

were those to the inner door and drawers of the safe.

Two nights before the grand coup Shifty had burglarized the apartment of I. Gildersleg but had taken nothing except wax impressions of the keys he found in a pocket of the garage man's suit.

When the truck was resting out in New Jersey with Hogan pretending to tinker the engine while Freeman repainted the name on the safe inside the truck, Shifty Dale was also busy. Shifty finished his job by the time the painting was done and returned to his crate with Gildersleg's Hundred and Eighteen Thousand Dollar fortune in a convenient handbag.

While the truck was on the ferry returning to New York, Shifty watched his chance and slipped quietly out of the rear door, bag in hand. He began unostentatiously working his way back along the vehicle runway, aiming to slip into the passenger cabin. From there, when the boat docked, he would proceed to the rendezvous where he and Freeman planned later to divvy the spoils.

The only trouble with this little plan was that Detective-Sergeant Claffie of the Central Office of New York City, was on that boat. While the Hogan gang had operated for five years without being caught, the police had their descriptions and were on the lookout for them.

A state trooper had thought he recognized Hogan out on the road in New Jersey that morning. A car had just been reported stolen in Hackensack. The trooper noting that the truck was headed for New York had 'phoned

headquarters there and men were sent to watch the ferries.

Claffie was home asleep after his night's vigil at the Gildersleg place, but he was routed out as he was the one man at Headquarters most likely to recognize Hogan. He had suspected this particular truck on sight but had no definite clue to go by and was simply keeping an eye on it. Consequently his interest was greatly aroused when he saw Shifty with his satchel slip off the rear end.

In fact, it was this diversion to Shifty that allowed the truck to leave the ferry untrailing.

Just before the ferry entered the slip on the New York side, Shifty saw Claffie, recognized him, and started to wriggle away through the crowd. Claffie followed. Shifty, in a panic, dodged here and there. No use. They came together near the forward rail. Shifty made a wild dash for the rail but the detective's grip closed on the crook's wrist.

"So Mr. Shifty Dale," Claffie said coldly, "we meet again. Now, let's see what is in the little bag. A little souvenir from San Francisco?"

Shifty did some fast thinking. He was in the jurisdiction of the Baumes Law. If they mixed him up in this Gildersleg safe-cracking trick, it would be his fourth conviction and he would go up the river for life. This bag was the only evidence. Claffie's other hand reached for the handbag. Desperately Shifty snatched it back and threw it over the rail into the deep-racing tide.

While Claffie swore futilely, Shifty Dale gazed sadly at the muddy current where \$118,000 had just sunk forever.

The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 32)

"Then Alan has done no harm—no harm!"
"None—unless it is harm to defend one's self,"
said Prosper.

She darted back to Byrne, half laughing, half crying.

Someone began to knock insistently on the door.

Thorburn threw it open. It was the butler. His discreet voice was heard by everybody in that still room.

"There is a person enquiring for you, Sir Gatsby. He brings a message from an Inspector Meek requesting that you should go to Hambleton's cottage in Wolf's Hold where a dying man wishes to make a confession in the presence of a magistrate!"

"Very well," snapped Thorburn. "Tell them to get a horse saddled!"

He hurried out. Prosper followed him. It seemed no more than a few seconds before the hoofs of his horse went pounding down the main drive.

Almost immediately after a muffled report thudded from across the lawn.

But that was only Prosper and the head groom putting Byrne's pony out of its pain. The courageous little animal had broken its back in its frantic effort to clear the white gate.

Prosper had found Charleston whinnying anxiously on the other side of the gate.

For a moment he stood by the pony, thinking. Promising that everything should be explained, he had obtained a promise from the guests there—all belonging to the small circle of the Thorburns' more intimate friends—that they would keep secret the events of the evening, the identity of the night-rider, and particularly of his strange nocturnal activities.

Alan Byrne, in his panic, could not have fled to a better haven than King's Halt. For Crystal Sheen was there and a doctor, many good friends, and sympathetic servants.

Prosper smiled, shrugging, and yawned a little.

He had a right to yawn—for he had not had a real night's rest from the day he had emerged from the thunderstorm to camp at Wolf's Hold.

Then he mounted Charleston and faced towards Tufter's Wait.

"Oblige me by entering into the spirit of the thing, old man," he requested the pony as they headed over the heather. "I'm not anxious

about the Major—but I shall be glad to see without delay how things went with him. . . ."

Charleston obliged him.

PROSPER need have felt no anxiety on behalf of his aide. Major Giles Wakeling, V. C., was a man with some experience of the form of physical enterprise which he had been committed to carry out that night. And he was thorough by nature as well as by training.

Prosper found him sitting in Alan Byrne's lounge, smoking one of Byrne's cigars (military folk on duty are prone to commander according to requirements), looking with severity upon Asana the Japanese who was sitting in a high-backed, solid, antique chair facing the Major. He was attached to the antique by means of a cat's cradle of stout cord—so generously enwound and ingeniously knotted about him that it would be impossible for the human mind to devise any greater futility than an attempt to escape.

For a moment Prosper watched them through the open door, smiling a little. He observed that they were not talking. The Major was not a man of much blandishment with prisoners that deserved their fate. Prosper had not a shred of sympathy with the Jap—but, in the Major's place, he would have been chatting to the man, trying to get at his point of view.

He went quietly in.

"Ah, Major—it's all right, then?"

The Major signed with the requisitioned cigar at the mute captive.

"All perfectly in order—as you see, Fair!"

"No trouble?"

"None. I knocked at the door, Asana opened it, and I knocked him out as he opened. I thought it best—after your hint. I took those things from him while he was groggy!"

He indicated a small but effective looking pistol, and a short, stumpy, broad-bladed, heavy-looking dagger, sharp at both edges—an evil thing capable of inflicting a bad wound with considerable shock, but unlikely to kill unless it struck an artery. Clearly a weapon designed to stop a man rather than to kill him.

"I see . . . What about the woman?"

"Light has reported that he has her safe—locked in the harness-room. How did you get on?"

"Oh, fairly well. The business is finished, I think. Alan Byrne was the night-rider—

Hambledon murdered Molly O'Mourne. The forester is dying, and Byrne is in the care of Crystal Sheen and a doctor at King's Halt Hall."

Prosper took an extremely illegal-looking bunch of skeleton keys from his pocket, and, with even more unlawful-looking ease, opened the central drawer in Byrne's writing desk.

He took out a cheque book, and ran swiftly through the stubs, nodding.

Then pocketed the cheque book.

"This prisoner of yours, Major—in partnership with the woman and Dillon Mant has blackmailed Byrne to the tune of nearly five thousand pounds in the last two months. Most of that we shall recover, Asana."

The Japanese did not answer, and his face was expressionless as yellow stone.

"From you, Asana," explained Prosper pleasantly. "Dillon Mant is already in jail in London on another charge."

The black eyes gleamed with amazement, but the man remained silent.

Prosper turned again to the drawer and lifted out a thick packet of manuscript paper. He showed the Major the first few sheets. These were covered with minute, beautiful handwriting.

"This is the opening of the first act of the great play which drove Alan Byrne to the edge of a nervous breakdown. It deals with a prehistoric age—the Neolithic. I fancy Byrne intended it to be his masterpiece—a play with a purpose—revolving round the first faint gleam of the idea of religion—interwoven with the daily life of the Neolithic man. It's complicated—but I suspect it's great. Or might have been. But his tremendously tense and exhausting study of that period broke—no—tired Byrne's mentality—look!"

He showed the Major the last few pages of the unfinished manuscript. The neat writing had degenerated into a scrawled maze of corrections and incoherencies.

"That's where he stopped—on the edge of breakdown. The other drawers of this desk are crammed with notes. And at his town house he has dozens of books dealing with prehistoric subjects."

He went over to the big carved cupboard which he unlocked, swinging back the door to display the contents.

It was full of weapons of all the early ages—mostly prehistoric, flint axe-heads, spear- and arrow-heads, flint knives and scrapers, bronze weapons and tools, arrow- and spear-heads of obsidian, antler tips, and quartz, a small collection of such things, but one that was without order or method. Some of the things were genuinely prehistoric, some were as nearly modern as the heavy little silver inlaid axe, the work of some Indian armorer a century dead, which had struck Hambledon down.

"He collected these things—at first carefully, then, as his strained mind became over-saturated with the 'prehistoric' idea, more aimlessly. When he came from London for his rest here, he brought this collection, too. Nobody in this locality knew of them except, perhaps, Crystal Sheen, Asana, Mant, and the housekeeper, Mrs. Grey," continued Prosper. "I picked up a tiny label from one of the axes which had become entangled in the fringe of a carpet in Byrne's London house. One of these—" he pointed to the small label on a flint spear-head, familiar to all visitors to museums or curiosity dealers. "I discovered on the same day, that Byrne had paid large sums to Mant—and I knew that Mant shared with Asana."

Prosper broke off.

"I am inflicting all this on you, Major, in order to clear my brain a little. It's all rather interesting. Do you mind?"

The Major was emphatic in his desire for more. He knew Prosper well enough now to understand that this was probably the only detailed explanation of his part in the affair that Prosper would ever give—except, perhaps, some day privately to Crystal Sheen, and maybe, if necessary, to the Scotland Yard authorities. For, in spite of his knowledge of the world—or perhaps because of it—Prosper could never be otherwise than modest about himself. It was entirely characteristic of him that he should choose for his audience the quiet Major Wake-ling, in this quiet room, in preference to the crowd of curious people at, for example, King's Halt Hall.

(Continued on page 62)



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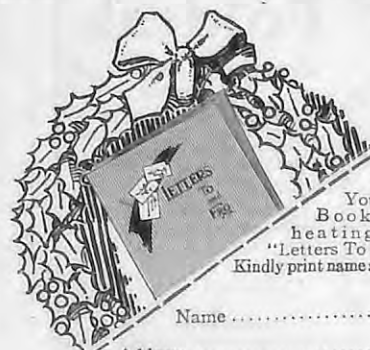
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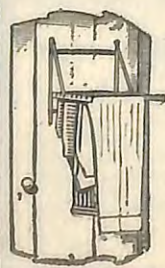
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The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 61)

"It is kind of you to listen, Major," said Prosper, politely and continued. "Now we will go back to the beginning—to the murder of Molly O'Mourne. I found, on that night, the flint axe, the carcass of the dead goat, and I caught a glimpse of the night-rider. The same night, not far off, that poor girl was murdered. (You will find that Hambledon's confession will probably make it clear that she had finally rejected him in favor of the little poet Berkeley Morris, and that he had seen red when she had the courage to tell him so. She may previously have gone too far with him—unwisely, but does one look for wisdom, for the nicest calculation, in a child of her age?) Next morning he seemed to accuse me. He was a good—a desperate actor, and he succeeded in throwing suspicion off himself. Temporarily only, for Meek must have been on his trail—to be watching his cottage to-night. Hambledon was a man of iron nerve—for example, he helped with the bloodhounds who were brought out to find, if they could, his own trail! Leave Hambledon, for a moment. Nobody could have suspected him then—everybody must have suspected the night-rider... Meek suspected me for a short time... On the morning after the murder Asana visited secretly the scene of the crime, and was watched by me. Quite how he knew so soon where the crime had been committed, I don't know. He must have gleaned it from Byrne—perhaps from some almost incoherent mutterings in his sleep—for Alan Byrne witnessed the murder!"

The Japanese whispered an exclamation. "Asana's manner was odd, his looks seemed to express conflicting emotions, and his actions were—illuminating. He thought himself alone—and his mask was off."

Prosper was talking as if the Japanese were not present.

"I received an impression that Asana was an admirer of Molly O'Mourne, and that he was shocked at her death—and his actions persuaded me almost that he intended to avenge her. He took from a bush a few horse hairs and went away. Then I, in my turn, found a few horse hairs on the same bush—and also went away....

"THAT afternoon we visited Alan Byrne in Company, Major. I was fortunate enough to get an opportunity of learning that, in conspiracy with Dillon Mant (whom you were watching, Major) Asana purposed not to avenge Molly O'Mourne, but to profit out of her death. But how? That puzzled me, I assure you. But I have watched Alan Byrne very carefully when he went into the peculiar trance-like state which was an unusual accompaniment of his mental illness—stress, shall we say, and, Major, I formulated a very wild—almost outrageous—theory."

He laughed a little.

"Yes, a theory—exactly like a fiction detective. I theorized that Alan Byrne was the night-rider—who dressed himself like prehistoric man."

"Do you follow that, Major? It was a sufficiently far-flung theory, was it not?"

"I think it was Crystal Sheen's queer reserve and obvious uneasiness about Byrne that helped me to evolve it. She gave an impression that there was something odd—unexplainable—unconfidable."

"I was well prepared to abandon it, I assure you, but, first, I played about with it a little. After all there was a prehistoric-like man—with a fast pony and a dog. It had to be somebody. And, obviously, whoever he might be, he almost certainly was—a little queer mentally."

"That was all dim—blurry—out of focus—at first. I looked in at Byrne's stables one day. He had two ponies there, several dogs. There never was any secret made of these. Most residences in the Forest have horses and dogs... I found that the horse-hair on the bush matched the hair of the tail of one of the ponies (it was killed to-night). That made it look as if Alan Byrne might have been very near the scene of the murder that night. I knew already that the night-rider had killed goats and dropped his flint axe near by at about midnight....

"All that helped a little."

"Berkeley Morris left a note at my camp before

he shot himself. It did not help much, but it mentioned Asana. And I was becoming interested in Asana."

"I went to town and learned things there which brought everything leaping into focus. Byrne had paid Mant and Asana much money; Byrne had made a collection of prehistoric weapons, possessed many books on prehistoric times. (I bribed his old butler heavily to get this.) It began to look as if the play which had broken Byrne down dealt with a prehistoric subject."

"If so it seemed conceivable that Byrne might be mad on the subject—that is to say to be liable at intervals to a species of hallucination—as of self-hypnosis—whatever you like to call it, Major. How say you?"

"I had guessed that Byrne was the rider," said the Major. "But I had put it down to—well, just queeriness. Lady Crystal guessed it too. Neither of us quite knew what to do about it—except to try to keep him out of harm, until he got fit—and rid of it again."

"Quite so. What else was there to do?" said Prosper.

"What else? Well, if I'd had the brains and imagination I might have done what you did!" Prosper waved that aside.

"You're too modest, Major. . . . Well, I had arrived at something that looked like truth—namely that Byrne at intervals believed himself to be a prehistoric man—the trick of a tormented brain—and acted so. He would slip on a skin cloak, take a weapon, a pony, and range the Forest looking for prey. He killed Lovell's goats—that must have been an adventure. Later, he encountered my elephant—picture the thrill of that, Major. No doubt his temporarily disordered mind figured Stolid Joe as a mammoth of olden time. Certainly he had the courage to attack the elephant—there was no cruelty, for he was acting in—well, in good faith. I marvel that the elephant did not smash him. The dog must have saved him. Joe tore a bunch of hair from the pony's mane—just missed his grip, I suppose, owing to the dog worrying. I have the hair and patch of skin—and you can see the place it came from on the pony in the stable now. Joe turned on the dog and smashed the poor brute."

"Well, things were clearing. One saw, of course, that Byrne could not range the Forest so without the knowledge of Asana, the housekeeper, or Peter Light. None of them spoke of it to a soul. But Asana drew large sums of money from Byrne—through the bolder rascal Mant."

"That made blackmail seem obvious. In his normal moments Byrne was probably grateful enough to be allowed to buy the silence—even the aid—of the Japanese. A famous playwright would not care to have such dubious nocturnal adventures made public....

"The focus was becoming clearer still, Major, and the broken, hurried conversation I had overheard between Mant and Asana suddenly took on a new significance—a rather terrible one."

"Suppose the gold-mine of which they spoke was to be found in blackmailing Byrne more heavily yet—accusing him of the murder of Molly O'Mourne and selling him their silence. Remember the horse-hairs and the goats—the goats proved he was near the scene of the crime, the horse-hairs seemed to prove that he had been actually on the scene—they would be easily caught in the thorns if a horse were backed sharply, for some reason, into a thorn clump."

"Suppose further that Byrne's recollection of what he did when under the influence of his hallucination was hazy when he was lucid! That would make him an easy prey for these blackmailers. What would he answer to Asana if Asana came to him and said 'Last night during your ride—your expedition—you killed Molly O'Mourne. Pay me to be silent.'"

"What could Byrne do but pay? They did that, and he paid. Only this morning he wrote a cheque for a thousand pounds payable to Dillon Mant—no doubt it was posted by Asana to-night. Fortunately Mant is in gaol—we can stop that cheque, Major."

"It looked now as if Alan Byrne really had committed the murder—even though he had no motive—at least, not in his lucid hours....

"I think it was the arrival of the second axe—the one with the polished obsidian head, which set me thinking of another possibility. (That axe, by the way, started my suspicion that the wielder of these axes had a collection of old weapons—and the bronze axe, later, merely confirmed it.)

"The response to the hurling of that obsidian axe came out of the darkness about the camp almost instantly in the form of a shotgun report. Neither Meek nor I saw who fired it. But as nobody could have missed either of us, sitting in the firelight as we were, obviously it was fired at the thrower of the axe. By whom?

"Well, the name of Hambledon occurred, fairly easily.

"ASSUMING for the moment that it was Hambledon who fired, didn't that rather imply a feud between Hambledon and the axe-thrower—some business of tracking, dodging, hunting, evading, maneuvering for an opportunity in the dark, Hambledon, believing that the prehistoric man killed Molly and grimly determined to avenge her, the prehistoric man defending himself from, even attacking—as with the obsidian axe—his relentless pursuer... It seemed feasible.

"And next night Hambledon shot at me, believing me to be the night-rider.

"Hambledon was obviously a good deal too ready with his gun—even though he used it on the night-rider. He was shooting at sight—but he knew quite well that one must not, in this country, shoot on sight, even a suspected person. Even an ignorant person would not do that—and Hambledon was an official forester well acquainted with the rules about firearms.

"It seemed to me that Hambledon was much more anxious to kill the night-rider than to capture him. Why? He was bound to be caught sooner or later, and if he were guilty of the murder of Molly O'Mourne, he would be hanged. Surely Hambledon could content himself with that. I thought a good deal about that during that quiet spell of sunny days.

"Even now I am not definitely certain why Hambledon wanted to kill the night-rider outright—though for some days I have suspected that my theory about this is correct. (The confession will probably make it clear.) The theory I tried out was this: Suppose Hambledon had killed the girl—silently with his gun butt—and discovered a few seconds later that his crime had been witnessed—by a mounted man who had come up quietly through the moonlight—the rider. He reaches for the gun lying on the ground near his victim, but the rider tears his pony round, ramming it back into a thorn-bush—the hoof marks tally with that idea—and gallops away! If that were so, then it furnishes a perfect reason for the grim intensity of Hambledon's purpose to kill the rider. He does not know the rider's identity—to-night's events prove that theory right. Byrne, in a prehistoric—'fit,' shall we say?—went to the forester's cottage either to ascertain where he was and so be more easily able to avoid him—even, maybe, with intent to attack him. But Hambledon was too quick. He got in the first shot—hitting Byrne. And Byrne retaliated before Hambledon could pull the second trigger. Major, he buried an axe-head in Hambledon's chest! If he had not, the forester would have shot him dead with his second barrel.

"Meek appeared—amazingly. He is cleverer than I thought. He must have had a purpose there—watching Hambledon, I imagine. I left the wounded man to Meek and went after Byrne. It was rather a wild ride—stupid, perhaps, to press him so close—certainly it was more than sufficiently risky. I did it for three reasons. I was afraid he might kill himself. He had been entertaining the idea—there's a scrawled note about it in his desk. I wanted to be quite sure he had no more freedom to-night—freedom to do harm. He had given Hambledon a death wound—and in his condition it was not safe to leave him free to-night; and further, I hoped that being ridden down fairly would come in the nature of a shock to him—a shock that would startle his mind awake from the prehistoric obsession—somewhat, say, like waking a sleep-walker. Risky, perhaps. Yes, perhaps I shouldn't have done that. But I did not want him shot—nor, above all, did I want the detective, Meek,

(Continued on page 65)

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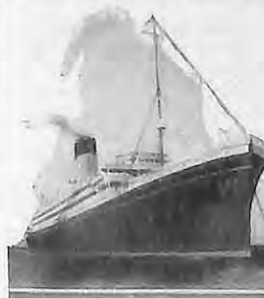
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I poked fun at this new way to learn French

*and then—
what a jolt I got!*

I WAS scarcely inside the office when the 'phone rang.

"That you, Jim?" came an excited voice over the wire. "This is Phyllis. Listen, old dear! Hop into your car and run out here quick. I can't explain now, but it's terribly important. And you'll have to hurry. Will you?"

Would I? Is there anything on earth I wouldn't do for Phyllis? Thirty minutes later I pulled up in front of the Lansing residence and found Phyllis and her sister Miriam awaiting me at the curb. Both were inside the car before I could say "Hello."

"To Pier 54, Jim," cried Phyllis. "Step on it. We've got less than an hour."

As we sped along, Phyllis explained the meaning of this extraordinary adventure.

A Frenchman named René Jardine appeared to be at the bottom of it. The girls had met him during a lengthy sojourn in Paris two years before; and according to a wireless just received, he would disembark from a French Line boat at eleven o'clock.

He did. The girls gave him a joyous welcome, and for a minute or two there was a rapid three-cornered interchange of musical French. Then I was brought forward and introduced.

An Embarrassing Moment

The visitor—he was a handsome fellow—smiled his pleasure and grasped my hand. "C'est un grand plaisir, Monsieur," he said.

For a moment I was tempted to play a mischievous prank on Phyllis. But my nerve failed me; so I simply stuttered lamely:

"Er—er—yes, how—er—how do you do?"

Phyllis' face fell. "Oh, I'm so sorry," she apologized to the visitor in his own language. "I had forgotten. Jim's a darling—but he doesn't speak a word of French."

That changed the situation somewhat. I grinned broadly, addressing Phyllis.

"Pardon, ma chère," I said, "mais c'est une petite erreur." Then to Jardine: "Je suis charmé de vous souhaiter la bienvenue en Amérique."

Phyllis and Miriam stared at me, momentarily speechless with astonishment. Then Phyllis burst out: "Why, Jim Hawkins, you mean old fraud. Where did you—"

But just then an officer kindly suggested that we take ourselves out of the line of traffic, and we returned to the car and started for René's hotel.

All the way up town I kept up a running fire of French with Monsieur Jardine, to



C'est un grand plaisir, Monsieur

Er, er—yes, how—er—how do you do?

the evident delight of the visitor, and to the even more evident amazement of Phyllis and her sister.

At the hotel, Phyllis seized the first opportunity to draw me aside and "call me to account."

"Now explain yourself, young man," she demanded. "When and where did you learn to speak French?"

"From Hugo—in odd moments," I replied soberly.

"From Hugo!" Phyllis scoffed. "Don't try to be funny, Jim. Tell me now, honestly—"

"I've told you. I took up the course in French advised by the House of Hugo, foreign language experts. I used to poke fun at that course myself, but—well, you've kidded me a lot about my shortcomings in that direction—and with you and Miriam and so many of our friends speaking French, it's been sort of—sort of embarrassing at times. So I decided to go after it."

And while Phyllis sat there, her amazement growing at every word, I told her the whole story. I admitted that I had thought it was going to be dull business—learning French. And how I got the surprise of my life when I found it the easiest most fascinating course of study I had ever encountered.

"Fifteen minutes a day did the trick," I concluded—"fifteen minutes that ordinarily I'd have spent in idle conversation or browsing through a newspaper or doing nothing at all. I honestly believe a child could learn to speak French, the Hugo way."

Whereupon Phyllis admitted that, strange and almost incredible as it all sounded, the Hugo Course had certainly done a good job for me. Confidentially, it helped things along for me in another matter concerning Phyllis. But, as the saying goes—that's another story.

* * * * *

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The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 63)

to capture him. Everything would have had to come out; now, with a little luck, it needn't—I mean, the truth about his hallucination. You see, *he has done no harm*—except to kill Eli Lovell's goats, for which Eli will be charmed to receive double their value, and, in defending himself, to kill a self-confessed murderer. That will be dealt with at the inquest, of course. The coroner will probably accept the evidence of the Inspector, his assistants and myself without inquiring too closely, for example, how Byrne was dressed at the time, what kind of axe was used, or where it came from. Meek will get the full credit of the discovery of the murderer. The confession probably will be in Meek's writing from Hambleton's dictation. Meek is not likely to complicate what his superiors will naturally consider a very clean-cut bit of work. So all should be well."

Prosper smiled and twisted himself a cigarette.

The Major who had been listening intently, nodded slowly.

"You know, to my mind, you've done rather a brilliant bit of detective work. I couldn't have done it for a fortune."

He paused, thinking.

"But what about that dog collar? You didn't explain that. And how about Peter Light? He must have known the ponies and one of the dogs were being used at night. And how did you know that the night-rider would be out to-night?"

Prosper nodded.

"Yes, those are all good points, Major," he said. "Well, the dog collar bore a completely fictitious name and address. Asana no doubt had that done. He did not want Alan Byrne tracked down or identified as the night-rider. He simply substituted the false collar for the right one when Byrne looked like night-riding. As regards Peter Light, he knew all about Byrne's nocturnal jaunts. He knew that it was not a thing to be made public—Asana and Dillon Mant had no trouble in persuading him that it was to Byrne's interest to keep things quiet. Which was true—though not in the way Asana meant it. Peter is loyal and can keep his employer's secrets. But I guessed the rider would be on the moor to-night when Crystal Sheen told us at lunchtime that Byrne was in for another of his attacks."

"Yes, I see. That's all clear. But Byrne's bedroom was lit up to-night when we reached this house."

"By Asana, who naturally preferred that any one—Meek, or you, or myself—who knew that Byrne was ill should see that he appeared to be in bed."

The Major nodded.

"Yes. It's complete. Absolutely complete. A fine bit of work, fine! I congratulate you—"

"Me! No, congratulate Byrne," said Prosper. "I have a hope that his experience to-night will frighten his prehistoric complex clean out of him. . . ."

He rose.

"What about these people—Asana and the woman?" asked the Major.

"I THINK we'll leave that to Crystal Sheen and Byrne—if he's well enough. It may be better to let them go. If Asana will disgorge I may be able to arrange for him to get out of the country with a clear start before putting the police on his trail. That will serve to keep him out—won't it, Asana? . . . You will not be anxious to return to a country in which your description has been circulated to every police station, every police constable, will you? If you don't mind hanging on for a little longer, Major, and will continue in charge of these two prisoners until I can get back here again—"

The Major settled, solidly comfortable, in his chair.

"Keep an eye on 'em for a week, if you like. Whatever you say."

Two minutes later Prosper was on his way to Wolf's Hold.

Sir Gatsby Thorburn and Inspector Meek were just about to leave the cottage in the clearing when Prosper rode up.

"Well, I have just been congratulating the Inspector here on a very fine piece of work, Fair," said Sir Gatsby. "I shall state as much to the people at Scotland Yard. There is no longer

any possible doubt about the murder of Molly O'Mourne. Hambleton, before he died, confessed in detail. It seems that she had definitely rejected him in favor of that boy Morris and he—saw red. It's not for me to speak ill of him, but he was just that kind of man. Morose—brooding—liable to break out. Still, the less said now, the better."

"I am sure of it," said Prosper and turned to Meek.

"I congratulate you with all my heart, Inspector," he said, smiling faintly. "I really had begun to fear that you suspected me—"

The Inspector laughed a shade apologetically.

"Oh, that!" he said. "That was just a—um—a sort of blind, Mr. Fair. I was always aiming at—" he jerked his head at the bedroom of the cottage.

"It was a tremendous surprise to me to see you and your assistant spring apparently out of nowhere to-night," said Prosper.

"Oh, we were watching, waiting to search the cottage when he went out. I was pretty sure of him some days ago."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And the confession explains the whole thing better than I could do it myself."

PROSPER suspected that the detective was extremely glad about that, but he only said that he was quite sure the Inspector deserved all that would be coming to him as a result of his efforts and success.

Prosper asked what would happen about the night-rider. Sir Gatsby had already told the detective who the rider was. The Inspector did not take the matter of the night-rider very seriously.

"Well, he killed Hambleton in sheer self-defence. That's easily proved. He simply saved me the trouble of arresting the murderer. There will be an inquest and I don't suppose the coroner will fuss about anything much in face of the confession. It was pure self-defence. As it was in the matter of that other axe that was flung across your camp. Hambleton admitted that he feared the night-rider saw him commit the murder and so he was always trying to silence him. It's all in the confession. And that boy Morris shot himself. Perfectly plain sailing. Mr. Byrne will have to appear if he's well enough—if not—if it's a long illness my evidence and yours and Detective-Sergeant Jackson's will probably be enough. I don't want a lot of irrelevant detail dragged in—nobody does. This is a fine, clean-cut case, topped off with a confession, and there's no sense spoiling it with outside detail."

That, to Prosper, was good news—good enough to part on.

He rode as far as the high road with Sir Gatsby, giving him an abbreviated version of his adventures and the facts concerning Alan Byrne, as they went.

Thorburn was amazed.

"But it is astounding—all that. Why, do you know, that detective literally hasn't an atom of knowledge about all that. Why—why; my dear chap, it's to you that all the credit should go. Why, if Meek hadn't got that confession from Hambleton he would have no case—no case against him at all. I believe he only intended to search the cottage on the off-chance of finding some clue—on the strength of a faint suspicion—"

"Oh, hardly that, surely," demurred Prosper.

"In any case, what does it matter? He's not a bad fellow under his rather savage manner. Let him have what credit there may be in the business. Any credit due to me I present to him with great cheerfulness."

He laughed so gaily and infectiously that Thorburn joined him.

"The fact is, Fair, you make people forget rather easily that you're a Duke, you know. Many people would love the notoriety which a successful bit of amateur detective work like this would give them—"

"Why not—if they happen to care for that sort of thing? It's very human to imagine notoriety means something to its possessor. It just doesn't happen to be one of my many failings I suppose."

(Continued on page 66)



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The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 65)

He stopped.

"Well, I'll leave you here. You'll have Byrne on your hands for a time, I'm afraid."

"Oh, that will be all right. Crystal Sheen will revel in helping to nurse him back to health—and incidentally my brother will be staying in the house for a month, which will be useful. He's that gray-haired chap who looked at Byrne's shot-wounds—George Thorburn of Harley Street. A goodish doctor, George, so they tell me. He's down for a rest and some riding. Soon put Byrne on his feet again. . . . Well, good-night!"

"Good-night," said Prosper and turned back to the Wolf's Hold camp. He gave the pony a rub down and feed, found a snack for Plutus, released at last from the caravan, cooked himself some breakfast, washed up, shaved and so forth—and turned to greet the sunrise with eyes that glittered with fatigue.

"Time to relieve the Major, methinks, oh, Plutus mine," he said, and strolled off to Tufter's Wait.

"CONFESSIONS seem to be fashionable, tyke," he said, as he went. "So we will accept a confession—and a return of his loot—from Asana, in full settlement. I will leave him in charge of the Major and Peter until I can arrange for him to deport himself—with assistance. . . . The woman can go—probably she'll fly to aid the entirely unaidable Dillon Mant, whose dupe or victim she rather obviously has been, God help her. And then, Plutus, we shall have little more to do—which will be rather jolly for us, don't you think. . . ."

"We must try to contrive something for the Major, though. It is not good that a V. C. who has had the misfortune to lose his money should have to get a meager living as a private detective—quite the last business the Major is cut out for. There should be something for him somewhere—what say you, Plutus?"

He thought for a few moments, then nodded smiling.

"That place of ours in Argyll, Plutus. Perhaps he would care to take on the management of that. See that the shepherd sees that the hill-sheep behave themselves; see that the loch trout don't increase too greatly in size and numbers; keep an eye on the keeper that keeps an eye on the grouse and salmon; and to study the stags on the hill-top. Quite frequently, go down South to report and enjoy a little dry weather for a change! Yes, that ought to suit the Major better than waiting in an office in the Strand for unattractive cases that never come!"

He laughed, charmed as a child about to give a present to some one he likes.

"Something in being rich—sometimes—between ourselves, old gipsy. Nothing like having a little sinecure to spare for a friend, Plutus—eh, or a rat or two to hand over to a pal! Half the battle of life—this giving. Or, would you say the whole of life—eh? Whisper it then, tyke, for if they hear us say things like that they'll put us in one of the homes provided at great expense for the likes of us!"

So, enlivening themselves with jest and idle fancy, they came to Tufter's Wait.

As was to be expected Asana leaped at the opportunity which Prosper's anxiety to spare Alan Byrne and Crystal Sheen painful and useless publicity gave him. His guarantee to disgorge and quit England forthwith was so sincere that it was almost frantic. Dryly, Prosper quieted him, promising him that the private department should be promptly and very faithfully attended to.

The woman took her freedom without enthusiasm.

Prosper gleaned from the Japanese that she was Dillon Mant's wife—one of them, poor soul. Asana ventured to advise Prosper that she had no plunder to disgorge, and, elated at his own fortunate escape, he went so far as to say that she was more to be pitied than punished. . . .

It was while Prosper was talking to the Major that he saw her passing down the pathway towards Normansrood village—a forlorn and lonely figure, quietly dressed, walking like one weary, carrying a suit-case. No doubt she had asked Peter Light to have her trunk sent on.

Prosper sprang up and hurried after her, caught her up, and they talked for a long time.

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The Major, watching from the veranda, saw Prosper proffer something, saw her decline it, hesitate, accept it, and pass on.

The Major shook his head, wisely.

"Weak—very weak—fear she's no good—" he muttered. Maybe the Major was a judge, but he said nothing about the five-pound note—one of his last—which he had given her not a quarter of an hour before, to pay her expenses back to town. One of these strong, silent men, Major Giles Wakeling, V. C.

Though, indeed, he seemed far from strong when, a little later, Prosper proposed his acceptance of the Scotch stewardship. His hands trembled just a mite as he recapitulated.

"But—do I understand that you wish—that you *really* wish me to go to the moor, supervise the shepherds, the keepers, look after the grouse, the trout in the locks, the deer on the hills, at the salary you suggest—"

He was incredulous.

"I do, indeed," smiled Prosper. "You see, the place happens to be in need of somebody like yourself and it occurred to me that you would prefer it to—Savoy Chambers?"

"Prefer it! Man, you're offering me a pension in Paradise! I accept it with both hands, Fa—, Your Grace!"

"Fair, please," said Prosper.

"Pardon me, *Your Grace!*" said the Major firmly. For he was a regimental man.

"So be it, Major," smiled Prosper, and went back to Wolf's Hold. . . .

Crystal Sheen was sitting on the caravan steps waiting for him.

"Gatsby told me all that you told him, Prosper," she said, her eyes shining. "I just wanted to say that I knew somehow you would put things right the moment I met you the first time with the elephant. . . . You'll tell Alan and me the whole story some day, won't you? It was a great thing you did for us, Prosper. Dr. Thorburn says the shock of last night will wash out the other thing—the dual personality—hallucination—whatever it was. The prehistoric play will be abandoned and we shall go on a long sea voyage. He is sure Alan will be well soon—and so am I—and thank you, Prosper, thank you with all my heart—it means so much to me—you don't know how I have dreaded things—"

She was holding his hands but now she released them, to cover her face with her own hands.

"Why, Crystal, what's this? . . . Emotion!" There was a species of affectionate rallery in his tone, but it was very gentle. "Is it possible that my cousin Crystal Sheen weeps because by sheer good fortune something useful seems to have been achieved by the peculiar person—that gypsy-minded vagabond—the lazy Duke—isn't that what they call me!"

Her head was up in a flash—queer, how well Prosper understood them.

"The lazy Duke! Who says that? How dare they say that! Only an ignorant or envious—"

She saw the twinkle in his eyes and laughed with quivering lips.

"Oh! . . . I might have guessed you would be like that. But all the same you oughtn't—no, really—seriously, Prosper—with your gifts, you oughtn't to decry yourself so—"

He caught her hands and drew her close.

"A secret, cousin—" he whispered. "My own opinion—strictly between ourselves, and only that because I must defend myself—my own private opinion is that I am a truly remarkable young cove!"

He drew her closer still, and kissed her very carefully.

"There, cousin! Alan will never grudge me that one! And that pays for all!"

Somewhere out in the bracken Plutus nearly laughed his head off—though, naturally, he pretended he was merely barking at a rabbit that had the insolence to arrive at its hole one inch ahead of the semi terrier.

IT WAS at noon, exactly a week later, that the new forester, appointed in the place of Hambleton, stepped into Prosper's camp.

All had gone well. The inquest on Hambleton had produced nothing more awkward than the possibility of great glory for Detective-Inspector Meek; Alan Byrne was progressing perfectly; and the Major had dealt well and truly with Asana.

(Continued on page 68)

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The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 67)

Prosper and his gypsy friend, old Eli Lovell, had just finished a farewell lunch together, and were hitching to the caravan the horses which had been sent from Derehurst for Prosper.

Patience, the donkey (well-named), was waiting, close to Prosper, and Plutus, was, as usual, out in the bracken breathing a few kind words of farewell down the hole of an ancient and craftsman rabbit he knew of. . . .

He was a brand new forester in that district, having been transferred from somewhere down by the Lymington edge of the Forest, and nobody had told him anything about Mr. Fair.

"Shall have to trouble you to show me your permit?" said the new forester—a youngish, smartish forester.

"My permit?" repeated Prosper.

"Your permit to camp and light fires in the Forest. No camping or lighting fires allowed

without permission—except in the gypsy sites, and then only for two days."

"I see," said Prosper, mildly, and felt in his pocket.

He produced a rather dirty and crumpled slip of paper, which the brisk forester examined with sharp eyes.

"This permit expired yesterday," he said, eying Prosper without much admiration.

"Shall have to trouble you to move on."

"I beg your pardon?" said Prosper.

"I say I shall have to trouble you to move on!" repeated the forester, a shade more loudly.

"Move on!" echoed Prosper, his eyes twinkling.

"That's it," insisted the new forester. "Move on."

"Very well," said Prosper. . . .

THE END

America Takes to the Air

(Continued from page 11)

Realizing this, a twenty-six-year-old inventor, Raymond Machlett, of New York, has invented a beacon, the glow of which is visible for fifty miles in clear weather, and for twenty miles in fog. This light consists of a glass tube, built in the shape of a hairpin. Neon gas, one of the rare and inert gases of the atmosphere, is electrically agitated within the tube. In each tube is a reflector made of caesium, a rare mineral. The tubes glow with a brilliant orange light when alternating current is forced through the gas. This light differs from other lights in that it does not grow dimmer as the distance from the light to the eye increases. For all distances between five and twenty miles the light seems to remain the same size.

Many efforts have been made during the last few years to dispel the fog menace. Some have given unusual promise. One experiment consisted of forcing electrified air currents into the fog, thus causing condensation. But no experiment has yet proved completely successful. Perhaps the most promising of all aids to aviators who must find their way through fog is the radio beacon. By this system a radio beam is sent constantly along the course the pilot is holding. By listening in ear-phones for certain signals, the pilot may hold a straight line to his course, and by hearing yet other signals, learn when he veers either to the right or to the left. If the new fog-piercing neon light proves itself more effective, it will have performed an incalculable service for commercial aviation.

Another problem that is engaging the attention of aeronautical engineers is that of fuel. In seeking an airplane fuel which will give a wider flying radius and do away with the fire risk, experiments are being made with Diesel engines, designed for airplanes. These experiments have been under way for several years, and recent ground tests have been so successful that there is every indication that Diesel engines will be in use in the air within a year. Advancement must also be made in the design of flying-boats, if ocean-going planes are to cross the Atlantic and Pacific, not only with profit, but safety. Artificial floating islands for landing-fields, anchored at strategic points to serve as commercial aviation bases, must be established if ocean flying is to be made safe. Both French and American architects have drawn plans for such islands. The best-known American design, that of Armstrong, contemplates anchoring the island to the sea bottom. The French designs uniformly call for power plants to manoeuvre the island, much as a sea-going tug manoeuvres an unwieldy barge, to hold it in position. The French believe anchors to be impracticable.

The Du Pont Company has already begun work on the first Armstrong seadrome. It will be 1,200 feet long, 400 feet wide, 320 feet deep, and will be moored 550 miles due east of New York, where the ocean's depth is three miles. The seadrome will present a stable surface, for the center of gravity will be above the center of buoyancy. Stormy seas will therefore not disturb it. A base of water-tight tanks underlies the seadrome. Above this line there will be a second line of tanks with a diameter of 36 feet.

In the two lines there will be a total of 144 tanks, on which the super-structure will stand. The landing area will be 100 feet above the normal waterline. A hotel, workshop, and gasoline storage tanks will enable transatlantic passengers to rest between hops—or to stay over in case of bad weather. The plane can be refueled at each station, the motors inspected, and pilots exchanged when necessary. Perhaps there will also be towers equipped with directional radio for the guidance of aircraft.

The adventure of Commander Ryrd and his companions emphasizes the importance of perfecting this invention. On the device of C. Francis Jenkins, of Washington, a tiny electric light on the instrument board burns brightly when the aviator is flying straight and true to his destination, but becomes dim as the pilot leaves his course. Thus the pilot, by watching the small indicator lamp on the instrument board is warned when he is not on the course. The light becomes brighter as he turns back to the right or left. The radiotelephone suggests still greater possibilities, for by this device it is possible for the pilot to keep in constant communication with ground stations, and to be informed of weather conditions and other facts necessary to proper navigation.

Mr. Jenkins has also perfected a device to enable airplanes to land on the roofs of large buildings. It is a brake based upon a reversible propeller, a device used heretofore on ships and motor boats. In order that the pilot may not reverse his propeller by mistake, thereby making it impossible to avoid a crash, the Jenkins device is so geared that it can not be moved when the plane is in the air. When the machine strikes the ground, however, a spring automatically releases the safety guard on the reversing control, and the aviator is able to bring his ship to rest within twice its length. Equipped with this arrangement, planes can land on mother ships with ease and safety, and can land at a greater rate of speed than has heretofore been possible.

One of the fascinating possibilities of the future is an air train, with a powerful airplane for a locomotive and motorless gliders as cars, rushing passengers and freight across the sky. It was demonstrated in Germany last July that flying trains can be made to work. In a test there a biplane took the air, towing a full-sized glider. While in flight at an altitude of 100 feet, the pilot of the glider cut his machine loose and swooped down to a safe landing, the "locomotive" landing near by. It is only a question of time when we shall see an air train, consisting of a number of gliders, carrying passengers and freight bound for several points along the line of flight. At each of these points one of the gliders will be uncoupled from the train, and will descend with its passengers and freight, much as railway cars are cut out of a train and switched to a siding.

Another development, predicted by Dr. Nicola Tesla, a pioneer in wireless development and the inventor of the induction motor, is the wireless transmission of electric power from generating stations to airplanes. Thus it will

be possible for airplanes and airships, equipped with light electric motors and unhampered by heavy engines and tanks of fuel, to proceed under electric power from one end of the country to the other. When this epoch-making device has been perfected and seadromes have been established across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, it will be a comparatively simple matter to fly around the world.

With the perfection of radio direction-finders, fog-piercing aerial beacons, radiotelephones, and stabilizing devices will come additional uses for the airplane. There are already 124 different and perfectly legal uses for commercial machines, according to the civilian aviation branch of the Department of Commerce, and thirty-two military and naval functions. For example, airplanes have been used in the pursuit and capture of law-breakers, the discovery of smoke-nuisance violators, the location of wrecks and other hindrances to navigation, the photographing of cities, timber tracts, real-estate developments, and parks; the search of flood areas for refugees, and surveys of similar situations; scouting for schools of fish, transportation of mine, and other, pay-rolls, and the exploration of otherwise inaccessible areas. Airplanes have also been used in architecture, city and suburban planning, police and fire department work. They have been of use in the transfer of patients from vessels to hospitals, the transportation of physicians and medical supplies in emergency, in locating forest fires, mapping and surveying large tracts of undeveloped land, in crop surveys, in mine rescue work, map-making, studies of river traffic and dredging work, transportation of Post-office Department and other officials, the study of tides and currents, life-saving service for the Coast Guard, anti-smuggling patrol, chasing rum-running ships and smugglers' airplanes, and the valuation of forest-fire damage. They have been used in transcontinental, interstate, and international mail service. Airplanes are also utilized in carrying express and passengers, in crop protection, landscaping, engineering, newspaper work of many kinds, mining, exploration, delivery of merchandise, publicity, astronomy, advertising, meteorology, forestry, ranching, motion-pictures, sight-seeing, news-reel production, fishing, in aviation schools, and on vacation and business trips. In the sporting world, flying activities include week-end trips, transportation of hunting parties, racing, cross-country touring, the establishing of new records, and transportation to sporting events. In the scientific world, planes are used on astronomical and meteorological studies, especially on eclipses, when clouds frequently prevent a clear view from the earth, and in studying upper air currents.

COL. HANFORD MacNIDER, who was Acting Secretary of War during the absence abroad of Secretary Davis, used an Army airplane for an inspection tour of Army posts and camps in August, in which he covered some 12,000 miles. Will Rogers, the comedian and motion-picture star, flew from Los Angeles to New York and back in air-mail planes, keeping to the regular schedule of approximately thirty hours each way. This is typical of the growing use of airplanes to expedite Army, Navy, and private business. Will says: "If your time is worth anything, travel by air; if it isn't, you might as well walk."

One of the difficulties heretofore experienced by many would-be commercial airplane services has been the novelty of such undertakings and the unwillingness of financial institutions to supply the funds for this business. But in the future it will be possible for an existing company to obtain what is known as an equipment loan for the operation of air passenger lines throughout the United States. These may be obtained through the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, of New York City, upon the same basis that railroad and street-car lines have been financed in the past. Planes bought under the equipment loan provision of this organization must be modern, multi-motored machines, designed to fly even though one of the engines should become disabled. Not only must they be of an approved type, but they must also be operated over routes approved for passenger service by the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce. The Guggenheim

(Continued on page 70)

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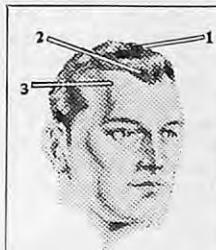
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America Takes to the Air

(Continued from page 69)

Fund is rendering other notable services in the development of aviation. Under its auspices Colonel Lindbergh started out last August on a tour of the country in the interests of aviation in general and air-ports in particular.

One of the valuable lessons learned at the beginning of Colonel Lindbergh's 22,350-mile airplane tour of the United States was the need for more and better airports. His five-hour battle with fog during the early part of his tour also demonstrated the need for equipping landing-fields with radio beacons to guide airmen who may be flying in darkness or fog. In the past year more than fifty new airports have been established, and twice that number of cities have set aside funds or have begun plans for these modern landing-fields. There are now 864 operating airports and airplane landing-fields in the United States, and by the end of 1927, it is predicted, at least a thousand, equipped with lights, hangars, runways, and other equipment, will dot the United States from coast to coast, and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico. There are in addition more than three thousand unequipped landing-fields, where machines can come down in an emergency. Beacon lights to guide planes at night, flood lights to make their landings safe, machine-shops to take over their repair, and supply stations to refuel them, are among the fittings at every modern airport.

The airport of to-day is an expensive and carefully planned affair. In Buffalo, for instance, a recently completed municipal port cost almost \$750,000. Baltimore is going even a step further, and has provided \$1,500,000 for its airport. Chicago, one of the early major centers to get into the field by reason of its central position on the transcontinental air mail route, has a field from which runways radiate out in eight directions. On the Pacific coast, San Francisco, Portland, and Oakland have terminals under construction, and San Diego is developing a large commercial airport. This involves an estimated expenditure of \$800,000, while the airport of Portland will cost approximately \$1,250,000. The Portland airport is being built on an island in the Willamette River, only a mile and a half from the business center of the city. This affords landing space 1,220 by 6,000 feet, the greater dimension being parallel with the direction of the prevailing winds.

All over the country, Chambers of Commerce, business clubs, and other civic organizations are cooperating in the effort to build up a complete airway and airport system. These traffic routes of the air, they maintain, are as necessary for the promotion of air commerce as good roads were for the development of the automobile. The Government has spent many millions in building a national system of highways. The new program of construction on which it had entered will develop the fullest possibilities of aviation along the designated routes at only a fraction of our national highways costs. Where the Government has provided lighted airways, private industry and municipalities may be expected to supply airplanes, airports, and the other essentials of commercial aviation.

When automobiles first established themselves as a practical means of transportation, there was much to be done before travel could be made both comfortable and safe. Thus the good-roads movement, the private and public garage, and the ubiquitous filling station came into being. Now another change is under way, and the country must revolutionize its ideas and appointments to conform with sky travel instead of earth travel. The list of hundreds of airports and landing-fields which have been established during the past three years is an astounding revelation of the rapidity with which the people of the United States are adapting themselves to changing conditions. With the increase of air traffic, cities without airports are finding themselves in the same category as cities on the Pacific, Atlantic, or Gulf coasts without well-equipped, sheltered harbors.

Obviously those cities which have good airports will attract air commerce. They will also be carefully considered as stopping places on our regular airways. Eventually this great network will link up every important city in the

country, and when that time comes, such cities as New Orleans, San Diego, San Francisco, Oakland, Seattle, Augusta, Billings, Lincoln, Jamestown, Louisville, Elizabeth, Newark, Niagara Falls, Wheeling, Baltimore, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Denver, Chattanooga, Kalamazoo, and others, which have established or are establishing airports will be ready for the rising tide of aerial traffic. Cleveland, for example, has a splendid municipal airport, costing \$1,125,000. Buffalo has constructed and equipped an airport at a cost of almost \$750,000. In Chicago, the new municipal airport is to have, besides an eight-direction runway system, complete night-lighting equipment and spacious hangars. Chicago, in fact, boasts fifteen landing-fields, seven of which are municipal, six commercial, one an Army field, and one maintained by the Post-office Department. On the Pacific coast, Los Angeles has eight airports, of which one is municipal and seven are commercial. In fact, 207 cities in the United States have municipal fields completed or under construction, and ninety-three more have them under consideration. California leads the States with a hundred landing fields. Texas is second with eighty-four, and Illinois third with sixty-four. Ohio has fifty; Oklahoma forty; New York State thirty; Arizona twenty-nine; Colorado twenty-two; and Iowa twenty-two.

Besides its municipal and other fields, Chicago is to have a new \$12,000,000 Post-office, with a great flat roof, which will be used as a launching and landing place for air-mail planes. City officials and civic bodies in Los Angeles are discussing a bond issue of \$3,000,000 for acquisition of an airport site before rising property values make the project too expensive. Santa Monica plans early improvements of its million-dollar field. Kansas City is to have a modern airport within five minutes of the center of the city, and Schenectady has a commercial airport in which \$120,000 worth of stock has been sold. Sacramento also has made good progress with its new municipal landing-field.

There are in the United States eighty manufacturing establishments turning out airplanes, while the number of airplane distributors is nearly a hundred. Hundreds of other concerns are making airplane parts and accessories. One of our most successful airplane designers and builders is constructing a new model designed to remain in the air for seventy-two hours. Another has just built a flying battle-ship, with a wing-spread of ninety feet and armament of six machine-guns. The entire ship is made of duralumin, except the struts, and these are built of steel. It is equipped with two 600-horsepower motors, and although the machine with its full load weighs seventeen thousand pounds, it can take off in less than ten seconds. The cruising radius is seven hundred miles. The two duralumin propellers are fourteen feet across, and the plane is provided with quick dumping valves by which, in an emergency, the fuel tanks can be emptied in forty seconds. The plane has a dual control, and in front of each seat is perhaps the most complete instrument board ever seen on a plane. There are more than forty instruments, including an earth-inductor compass. As this machine stands on the ground it weighs 9,000 pounds, but it carries an additional useful military load of 7,500 pounds. The machine has a ninety-foot wing-spread, and is 47.5 feet long. The United States Navy has also in prospect an airship far greater in size than the *Los Angeles* or the ill-fated *Shenandoah*.

The great handicap of the dirigible has been its vulnerability to enemy attacks, and the difficulty of providing proper facilities for landing and taking off. Such a machine is in greatest danger when it is on or near the ground, just as a ship is in greatest danger when it is on or near rocks or shoals. To defend itself against the attacks of hostile airplanes, the dirigible has had nothing but light anti-aircraft artillery. But the newly planned dirigible would carry airplanes which would have an immense scope of service. They could be transported secretly for thousands of miles to make an attack upon an enemy. They could be utilized for reconnaissance over distant areas. They could be used to defend their mother ship.

This dirigible would be capable of crossing and recrossing any ocean, and of remaining in the air for an almost indefinite period. It would carry a formidable armament of guns and bombs, and a swarm of fighting planes. In fact, the new dirigible, when it is finished, will be in effect an aircraft carrier with a speed of eighty miles an hour. The machine will have a gas capacity of 6,500,000 cubic feet, a speed of 50 knots, a cruising range of 12,500 miles, and a crew of 45 men. It will be bigger and more formidable than the two airships now under construction by the British, and the dirigible now being built in Germany. Congress already has appropriated \$4,500,000 for its construction. Secretary Wilbur has approved the design, and there now remains nothing to do but produce the world's greatest dirigible.

The largest airplane in the world, however, is not being constructed in the United States, but in Germany. It is a huge flying-boat, made entirely of metal, and will carry 100 passengers. Loaded, it will weigh 50 tons, of which half will be useful load, passengers, fuel, and equipment. It will be driven by twelve motors developing 7,000 horse-power, and is expected to be capable of remaining aloft nineteen hours.

Great things may reasonably be expected of American aviation within the next decade. We already hold twenty of the land and seaplane records officially recognized by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale at Paris. If airplanes are not as common as automobiles at the end of ten years, as some enthusiasts predict, they will certainly be far more common than they are at present. And the development is bound to be of large significance, not only in the transportation of passengers, mail, and express, but in strengthening the defenses of this country. We have the men, we have the money, we have the marvelously efficient air-cooled engine, we have the earth-inductor compass, and we are making progress in the designing of machines. The one factor which stands in the way of popular flying is the factor of danger. Travel by air is still commonly regarded as disproportionately hazardous. But it is gratifying to note that the hazards of flying are diminishing.

Care to Lay a Little Wager?

(Continued from page 23)

Guv'nor lots of kudos and we'll have plain sailing. Wish I'd bet him five hundred," Harold concluded wistfully. "But I didn't have it."

"Father knew what he was doing, mind. Every one's tried to get him and failed. He told me to-night at dinner, when he said I wasn't to see you again, that he'd given you the job. He thinks you are—" She paused delicately.

"I know," said Harold, full of understanding. "But I'll get him."

"But how?"

"It's something," said Harold, "in the nature of a gift."

Harold was an energetic soul, but solely in the interest of his sport. One never knew what breathless hazard might be lurking just around the next wager. Therein lay the thrill. And a swift but thorough analysis of all the factors bearing upon an issue, more than once in the past had enabled him to gain a comfortable margin on the odds. This habit was not without its uses in his profession, and that the task of locating *U-11* might prove to be beyond him never once entered his head. Old Hogarth's prognostication regarding the weather proved only partially correct. In any event, Harold comforted himself, "decent," as applied to the North Sea in winter, never can aspire to be more than a comparative term at best, so he beat to sea like a huntsman on the scent. Luck, his ancient ally, he felt, was leading the pack.

After four hectic days, spent, it seemed to his harassed crew, mainly under-water, Harold's destroyer, salt-encrusted, and somewhat wave-battered about the superstructure, rolled into port; and Harold himself, looking somehow cheerful, despite chilblains, fatigue, and the dark rims of sleepless nights about his eyesockets, entered the domain of the Second-in-Command.

"Where's Old Hogarth, Skipper?" he asked.

The Skipper, reclining on his spine in a deep leather chair, tore his fascinated gaze from the latest stores indents.

(Continued on page 72)



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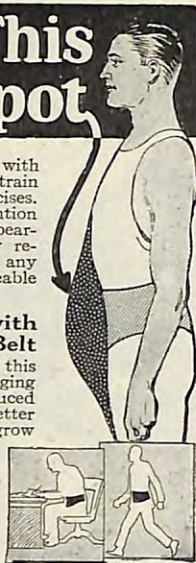
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Care to Lay a Little Wager?

(Continued from page 71)

"Gone to London—Admiralty—for a few days. Hullo...! You're looking rather moldy. Had a thin time?"

"Putrid. But it was worth it. I've found him."

"Not U-11?"

At Harold's nod the Skipper bounced from his chair, scattering happy expletives.

"How? Where did it happen? Did you pot him?"

The Nimrod explained.

"I collared all the old reports on him that I could get hold of, and when we got to sea used them to figure his cruising radius. Then, by the good old process of elimination, and pin-pointing on the chart where he'd been most objectionable, it was easy to bracket the real danger spot. It covered an arc with a radius of twenty-five miles from Lambora Head lightship. That's the area where he'd always been lost track of before, remember? I dawdled about, setting double look-outs, day and night. Then, this morning, the weather slackened off a bit, and just before sunset he gutted a trawler. By good fortune I spotted him and squibbed off a few rounds at him, but he was too far off, and submerged without waving good-by. I might have bagged him with depth bombs, only I was keen to discover his hiding-place. It may be used by his pals too, you see. However, I got the Seaplane Base by wireless, and in less than fifteen minutes they had one of their birds buzzing over us.

"WHEN we last saw the U-boat he was standing in toward the coast just north of the lightship, and headed about two-twenty-five, which would take him into Lambora Bight. It struck me as rather silly of him to corner himself up like that, until I realized that it was only a ruse. He'd lead me in there, polish me off, then skulk back along the bottom and out to sea and safety again, eh? My obvious course, then, was to wait outside the Bight, signal the seaplane to spot him coming out, then drop an egg on him. As I say, that was the obvious move. So I followed him inside. Eh? Well, yes—I did have the wind up for a few minutes. Got a fag? Thanks."

Harold performed a workmanlike job with his match, then went on.

"You remember the lay-out of the Bight? There's no refuge inside; only a sandy bottom which shelves abruptly, just inshore from the lightship, to a smooth beach that's almost dry at low tide. That right? Well, there we were, like two billiard balls in a pocket. And he didn't exterminate me. Why didn't he? I ask you."

"God only knows. You were shouting for it," the Skipper growled.

"You bet—but he didn't. That gave me the clue. When we were pretty little midship-mites—or rather, I was—it was drummed into our youthful craniums that in the center of a typhoon is safety; all hell roaring around a calm spot. Well, there's your answer. He was safe in the center; and if he deleted me he'd give away his hiding-place, which was—bless his impudence—where no one would dream of expecting it or looking for him; on the sea bottom, directly underneath the lightship. That's where he's been taking refuge all these weeks."

The Skipper gasped.

"And you let the blighter have it, eh?"

"No," mused Harold, "as a matter of fact, no. I didn't."

"You didn't? Why not, you silly ox?"

"No," repeated Harold. "I didn't. It would have meant blotting out the lightship too. Besides, I'd had a thought. One of the more fruity types of thought. So I just barged about all over the place, as though I'd been looking for a lost shilling, then pushed off outside. Anyway, we know where he hides, and he doesn't know we know; but he will before long. Just as soon," promised Harold darkly, "as I've had time to make my arrangements with the cavalry."

And neither the Skipper's commands, threats or cajolery could make him utter more.

For part of that evening Harold's curly head might have been seen among the more convivial members of the Mess of the Murkshire Light Horse, a neighboring regiment, and he departed therefrom highly and comprehensively

elated. The balance of the night he put in amid his fellows. The fact that he had drawn his quarry, without straightway destroying it, caused his stock to take an abrupt drop. He was, as his brother-officers assiduously pointed out, a tumor, a wen, or what-not, and deserved to be treated as such. But Harold was bland. This really should have warned them, for when Harold was, bland his intimates frantically thumped their brains to recollect what wagers they had made with him, and, when they had remembered, sought tearfully to lower the odds. But Edgewith was learning.

Harold retired in good order, regretfully stowing away his notebook, and took refuge in sorely needed slumber. His last waking thought, which, curiously enough, caused him undiluted joy, was that in backing incredibly long odds he had compromised his pay for eighteen months to come.

OLD Hogarth, feeling considerably bucked up after his few days in London, returned to Edgewith by an early train and went straight to Flotilla Headquarters. He did hearty justice to the toast and eggs and deified kidneys brought in from the adjacent Mess, and then, with a cup of coffee at his right hand and his formidable countenance wreathed in the smoke of an excellent Macropolo cheroot, tackled the daily round, the trivial task. There was a sudden rap on the door.

"Come in!" he barked.

The response was, to say the least, unusual in his varied experience. There entered:

1. Two armed troopers and a captain of the Murkshire Light Horse.

2. A monocled figure, rather bruised about the nose, whose convulsed lineaments his associates of happier days would have had difficulty in recognizing as those of Herr Kommander, Baron Manfred von Blum.

3. His junior officers.

4. In stolid procession, the seamen, gunners, artificers, engineers and petty officers of His Germanic Majesty's under-sea boat U-11.

5. A dejected feline.

6. Four armed British naval ratings.

7. Harold.

The latter pushed to the front.

"Here you are, sir," he said chattily, and indicated his prisoners with a nod. "All present and correct, including Thomas the cat. There's a bit of paint been scraped off Manfred's figure-head," he remarked critically, and eyed his knuckles, "but that'll grow back. What shall we do with 'em, sir?"

Apoplexy having been averted by a breath, Old Hogarth slumped in his swivel chair a half hour later, vainly endeavoring to sift it all out. Opposite him, Harold waited, hopeful to the last. But his senior was not experiencing that jubilation of soul which the occasion seemed to warrant. The savor of *bonhomie* which tends to sweeten relations as between man and man simply wasn't there. Old Hogarth, sad to record, was a poor loser. His mood at the moment was distinctly *basso profundo*.

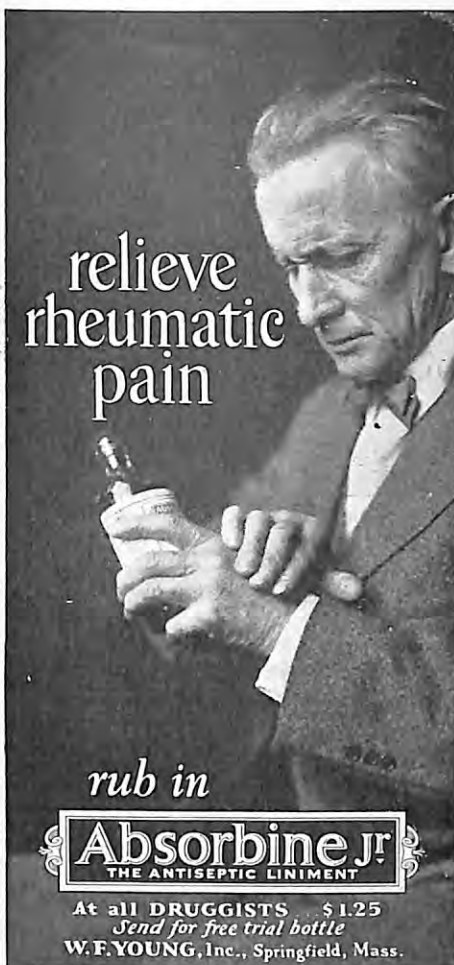
"How the devil did you manage it?" he roared at last.

Harold brightened.

"YOU'VE no idea how elementary it was, sir," he said cheerfully. "You see, no one had ever heard of cavalry capturing a submarine before. The idea is a bit unique; in fact—" he coughed modestly, "—it originated with myself. But because it was unheard of was no reason why it couldn't be done. And when I wagered that I could do it the Mess simply snapped me up. Gave me splendid odds too, sir, you'll be glad to know."

"I didn't ask for the unwholesome details of your private affairs, you young bounder! You know damn well what I mean!"

"Oh, that, sir," said Harold, enlightened. "Well, the Murkschires did the work, really. All I supplied was the brains, you might say. It was like this: The lightship under which Manfred took his naps was in deep water off the edge of a submerged bank, about a mile and a half from shore. It was really very brilliant of him, of course. But at low tide the flats inside the lightship are exposed. So, relying on



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him to be methodical in his habits I simply had the lightship moved a half mile further in-shore. He oozed along just at dark, and settled under her as usual for the night, not knowing, of course, that he was roosting on a shelf, for there's plenty of water at high tide. At midnight we moved the lightship out to deep water again. When the tide ran out this morning there was Manfred, almost high and dry. Really puerile, isn't it?"

Old Hogarth snorted. Harold beamed, and went on:

"We had a troop of the Murkshires waiting near at hand—they're an awfully sporty lot—and they simply splashed out and got them. It was no good the Germans putting up a fight, of course, although Manfred—well," said Harold regretfully, "I'm afraid he rather lost his temper with me. But perhaps that was only natural. Besides, his face, when we rapped on the conning-tower and invited him ashore for breakfast, was worth the price of admission alone. And now, sir, if you'll forgive my mentioning it—" He took from his pocket a small black notebook. "Pity you couldn't have had a bit on this, too. Two hundred, I think it was—?"

Old Hogarth had to face it.

"You've won of course, you whelp," he rasped, "but there's one wager I'll make for any sum you like to name—that you'll never marry my daughter."

Harold shook his head.

"I never, never," said he, virtuously, "bet on a sure thing, sir. You see, Maida and I took the precaution of becoming one, yesterday, while you were in London. By the way—jolly good joke, that, of yours the other day, sir! You know... that one about the donkey having his points. Remember?"

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Western Trip

(Continued from page 40)

aside from Grand Lodge Conventions, ever held in the city. More than 700 members of the Order, including some of the most distinguished men in the city, crowded the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel at the banquet given the Grand Exalted Ruler by Chicago Lodge. Despite the rigorous schedule of visitations and speech-making through which he had come, Mr. Malley was in splendid condition. Following Mayor, William H. Thompson on the list of speakers, Mr. Malley, in an address full of power and sincerity, thrilled the large audience with his vision of the Order's place in the life of America, and outlined his hopes and ideals of accomplishment during his period of office. Among the other notable speakers of the evening were Edward J. McArdle, Jr., Exalted Ruler of Chicago Lodge, and State's Attorney Robert Emmett Crowe, who acted as toastmaster.

Throughout his trip the Grand Exalted Ruler, in his speeches, stressed the tremendous power for good of the proposed Elks National Foundation, and aroused the deepest interest of members in all parts of the country in this huge project of a nation-wide fund designed to assist the subordinate Lodges in carrying on their social and community welfare activities.

AMONG Mr. Malley's important engagements scheduled for November were visits to Lawrence, Mass., Lodge, to Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge, for the dedication of its new Home, and to Newton and Holyoke, Mass., Lodges. He planned also to attend the meeting of the Elks National Foundation Committee in Washington, on November 6 and 7. On December 2 and 3 the Grand Exalted Ruler will attend the meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., and on Sunday, December 4, will deliver the Memorial Day address there.

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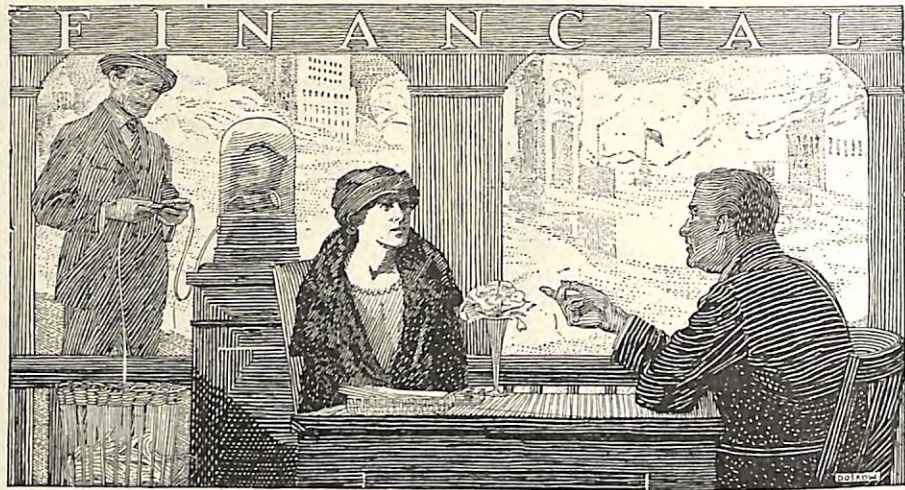
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Profits in Bonds

By Paul Tomlinson

IT IS not usual for investors to think much about profits in connection with bonds. Bonds are purchased for safety and for income; when profits are desired stocks are considered to afford the best chance for realizing them. When a man buys bonds his purpose usually is to provide himself with an assured and steady income, and to eliminate if possible the risk of loss, and if risk of loss is eliminated it would seem as if the chance of profit were eliminated too. As all investors know, however, no investment is absolutely safe, and risk is never done away with entirely. It is on this account that many investors figure that if they are going to assume risks there should be some compensating chance of gain. How, in the case of bond investments, is it possible to have the benefit of such chances?

Speaking generally there are three ways by which the purchaser of bonds may realize a profit on his investments. First, interest rates may fall, and that of course automatically would increase the value of all good bonds; second, a bond issue may be redeemed, in part or in whole, and at a price higher than the one the investor paid; third, in the case of convertible bonds it may be possible to exchange them for some junior security on a basis which shows a profit.

Bond prices and money rates are in close relationship. If money rates are low, the return on sound bonds also is low, which means, obviously, that the selling price of the bonds goes up. Six years ago money rates were high, and bond prices were low; leading municipal bonds could be purchased to yield over $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., while in the early years of this century bonds of that class returned only slightly more than 3 per cent. to the investor. This means, of course, that if a man bought bonds in 1901 and got only 3 per cent. on his money, and sold the bonds in 1921, he made not a profit but a loss. People, on the other hand, who bought bonds in 1921 when money rates were high, have shown a profit on their investments to-day, because money rates have declined since that time. If money rates are to decline still further there are opportunities for bond profits right now.

It should be remembered, of course, that bonds as they approach maturity always tend to move closer and closer to par. For example, a high-grade bond due on the first of January, 1928, and selling now at 106 would not be much of an investment; it would cost \$1,060 now and be redeemed in a few weeks at \$1,000. On the other hand, a bond selling now at 94 and due, and sure to be paid the first of the year, would be a very good buy indeed,—if such a bond could be found. It is, however, obvious that a bond selling at a premium is certain to decline in value as it approaches maturity, while a bond selling at a discount is certain,—provided the bond is sound,—to appreciate in value as its due date draws near. It is clear, therefore, that for the man desiring to make a profit from bond investments and who is more concerned with profit than immediate income—which may be larger in the case of a premium bond—the bond selling at a discount is to be preferred.

No one can very accurately predict a fall in interest rates, which means a rise in bond values. Most investors probably pay no attention to such eventualities; others try to protect themselves against such rises or falls by buying bonds which mature at various dates so that no matter what happens to money rates they are pretty well-protected and strike an average on their losses and gains; still others attempt to anticipate the future, and when prices are high they buy short-term bonds, and long-term bonds when prices are low. Probably the practice of diversifying the maturity dates is the safest method for the ordinary investor to pursue, for it is not good business to ignore this factor, and to try to anticipate what is going to happen is a rather big job for most people.

Sinking funds often present investors with opportunities for profit, and attention given to how and when they operate is usually well worthwhile. Briefly stated, a sinking fund is a device for providing for the retirement of a bond issue in advance of the last maturity date; in most instances a certain percentage of the issue is retired each year, and the retirement is effected by drawing the required number of bonds by lot or by purchasing them in the open market. When the bonds are drawn by lot the owner frequently receives more than par for his holdings. One very large corporation, for example, has outstanding an issue of 5 per cent. bonds due in 1963; each year \$1,010,000 of these bonds are drawn and called for the sinking fund at 110, and as this particular sinking fund is cumulative—that is, the called bonds are held "alive" in the sinking fund, interest paid on them regularly, and this interest added to the \$1,010,000 allocated for bond retirement—the amount of bonds called each year is now nearer three million than one. As bonds are retired the number available for purchase in the open market is naturally diminished, and with a constantly decreasing supply to meet the demand prices are very liable to go up.

If bonds are purchased for a sinking fund in the open market this means a large buying order at regular and rather frequent intervals, and under such circumstances bonds will ordinarily sell at higher prices than if there were no such demand for them. This, incidentally, is an excellent illustration of the beneficial results of ready marketability.

Sinking funds provide an opportunity for profits in bond investments, as do money rates, but the best chances really are furnished by bonds of the convertible type, those which may be exchanged for some other security issued by the same corporation, in most cases common stock. Every one knows that earnings determine the value of common stock, and theoretically there is no limit to the size of earnings, which means that theoretically there is no limit to the price at which shares of common stock may sell. If you bought a bond for one thousand dollars convertible at any time into common stock, ten shares for each one thousand dollar bond, and the stock was worth two hundred dollars a share, your bond, with its convertible privilege, is



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worth two thousand dollars. You could sell your bond and take your profit in cash, or you could exchange the bond for ten shares of stock, and either sell the stock or hold it as you saw fit.

Conversion privileges, of course, are of various kinds. Sometimes they must be exercised before a certain date, the price at which the conversion may be effected may vary from time to time, and frequently the price is less and less favorable as the bonds are converted. It may sound paradoxical, but convertible bonds are usually sold by corporations which wish to finance themselves by means of stock, permanent financing, in other words, for common stock of course is as enduring as the corporation itself. The reason bonds are issued is because at the time the financing is done the business is not in such condition that stock would appeal to the investing public, or perhaps market conditions are unfavorable, so that a definite obligation of the corporation must be offered, which, later on, the corporation hopes will be exchanged for common stock, a partnership interest in the enterprise. And convertible bonds usually appeal to investors who think they afford an opportunity for substantial profit.

Sometimes the issuing corporation employs very clever methods to induce holders of convertible bonds to exchange them for stock. A corporation prefers of course to keep its bonded debt down to as low a figure as possible, and it is a well-known fact that investors usually prefer to own a bond selling, say, for \$1,250 than ten shares of stock selling for \$125 a share. They will go even further than this, as witness the case of the holders of \$121,000,000 of 4 per cent. convertible bonds issued by a certain railroad; the holders of the bonds could have increased their incomes 50 per cent. by converting the bonds into stock, but owners of nearly \$14,000,000 of these bonds failed to take advantage of their opportunity, and this in spite of the fact that the common dividend was just about as safe as any common dividend could be. In another case, of bonds convertible into eighteen shares of stock for each \$1,000 bond, the stock to return \$90 a year as against \$70 for the bonds, very few bonds were converted. Sometimes it is provided that the number of shares to be had in exchange for a \$1,000 bond is less and less as time goes on, and such a provision naturally forces conversion. One company adopted the ingenious device of raising the price per share on each block of \$10,000,000 of bonds presented for conversion; the first ten million exchangeable for stock at \$53 a share, the second ten million at \$56 a share, and so on. Frequently some date is fixed when the conversion privilege expires, so that the bondholders are forced into an exchange. In other words, the corporation's idea in selling convertible bonds is to have these bonds exchanged for stock, and if the bondholders won't effect an exchange of their own accord the companies see to it that eventually they have no choice in the matter.

The redemption value of a bond is an important consideration for the investor who is looking for profits, and obviously the further the selling price is below the redemption figure, the

(Continued on page 77)

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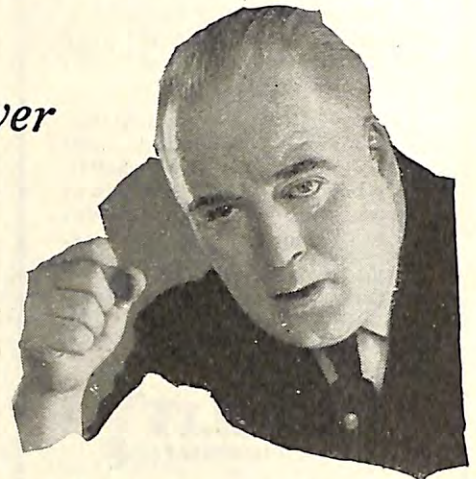
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Profits in Bonds

(Continued from page 75)

greater his opportunity. That is to say there is an opportunity for profit provided the bond interest is paid regularly and the payment due on account of principal is met at maturity. Money rates, and the long-swing movements of interest rates, sometimes afford opportunities for profit. So do convertible bonds. When, however, an investor begins to pay more attention to profits than to the safety of the security he is purchasing, then is the time for him to watch his step, and to proceed slowly; then is the time for him to secure the best of advice, and to be very sure of his ground before he goes ahead. Profits are to be made in bonds, just as they are to be made in all classes of securities, but profits don't just happen. And a thing that is liable to go up is also apt to go down; opportunity and risk often go side by side, something that the man who aims for profits should always remember. Not all investors are in a position to assume risks; no one, whether his financial circumstances are such as to justify his assuming risks or not, is wise to take chances with his money unless he knows what he is doing. The best way to proceed is to lay all the facts before an investment banker, and to follow his advice.

May We Suggest for Christmas—

(Continued from page 16)

Hickory" lives again—the frontier bristles with action—the whole country struggles to be "grown up"—Jackson grieves in silence, after he passes from the White House, that he has neither shot Henry Clay nor hung John C. Calhoun. A brilliant figure dominating a brilliant piece of work.

Uncle Joe Cannon. By L. White Busbey. (Henry Holt.)

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Boss Tweed. By Denis Tilden Lynch. (Boni & Liveright, New York.)

My! My! My! How we ever came out of all this with a state to our backs is more than we can tell. Shocking news!

Life of Sir Arthur Sullivan. By Herbert Sullivan & Newman Flower. (Geo. H. Doran Co., New York.)

A lot of delicious stories in this book about the man who wrote "Pinafore" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Roaming Abroad

Two Vagabonds in Albania. By Jan & Cora Gordon. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Utterly delightful experiences and reflections by two very wide-awake travelers who use both pen and drawing pencil in gathering material for their lovely book.

After You, Magellan! By James F. Leys. (The Century Co., New York.)

A daring modern passage around the Horn.

Highlights of Manhattan. By Will Irwin & W. H. Suydam. (The Century Co., New York.)

That's right. Why go roaming all over the earth when you can take New York and see there all the glories and marvels that the world has to offer.

Mostly Mississippi. By Harold Speakman. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Just what it says. The great river certainly deserves a book all of its own—and gets it.

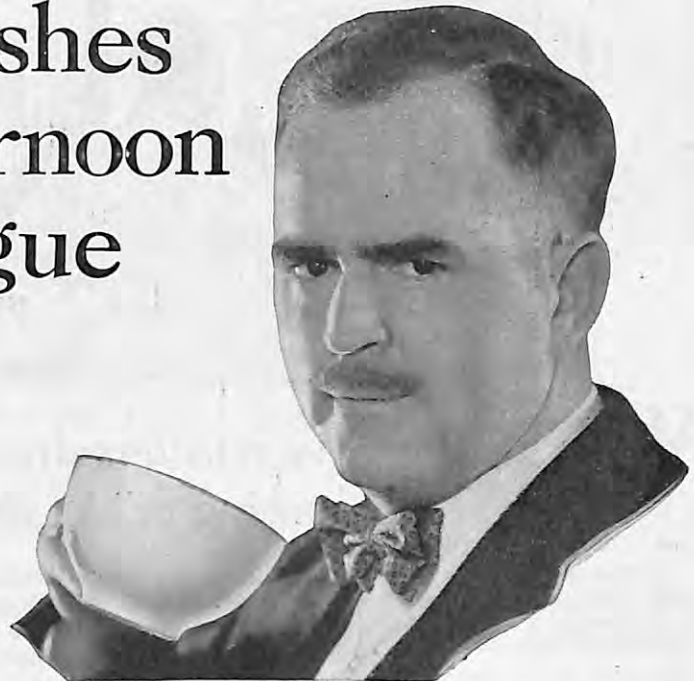
Boys and Girls Will Like These

David Goes to Baffin Land. By David Binney Putnam. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A real boy explorer tells his own experiences in the Far North when he accompanied his father's expedition. You can imagine how it will thrill other kids.

(Continued on page 78)

This new Swiss food-drink Banishes Afternoon Fatigue



Picks you up when you're feeling "low". . . both mentally and physically. This 3-day test will convince you

Do you have "let-downs" during the day . . . times when your mind and body turn logy and drowsy—in spite of yourself?

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DR. LEE GALLOWAY, First Director of the School of Retailing, New York University; a well known authority on Store Management.

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May We Suggest for Christmas—

(Continued from page 77)

The Boys' Life of Colonel Laurence. By Lowell Thomas. (The Century Co., New York.)

Some lad will love you forever if you give him this for Christmas. But warn his mother to tie him to the front door after reading it, or he'll be off to help the Arab tribes build themselves into a nation.

Michael Strogoff. By Jules Verne.

An old faithful standby, refurbished with grand illustrations by Wyeth. Polish courage at its most dauntless.

The Trade Wind. By Cornelia Meigs. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Eighteen years of age—ships as supercargo on a sailing vessel—is pursued by pirates and other sea urchins—and comes back a gallant young hero.

A Picture History of the United States. (Frederick A. Stokes, New York.)

This is an enthralling and exciting illustrated map—a thing to gaze at, study, browse over, thrill over, nail on the wall of a child's room, present to a school, or—just buy and amuse yourself with for hours. We wish some one would send us one of these.

We. By Charles A. Lindbergh. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Why we didn't put this first on the list we can't say, but here it is now, and it is the best book for youngsters that we can suggest.

Old Testament Stories. Retold by Eulalie Osgood Grover and beautifully illustrated. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

These tales were originally reviewed, we expect, with enthusiasm some thousands of years ago. They are still good.

Gay's Year at Harford Hall. By Marguerite Aspinwall. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Miss Aspinwall is taking front rank as a writer for girls with her truly satisfying books. Last season "Gay's Year on Sunset Island" proved a boon for young readers. This year the same "Gay" goes to boarding school—and the story gives her fascinating experiences. Can't say too much for both these stories.

For "Little Pitchers With Big Ears"

Now We Are Six. By A. A. Milne. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

Engaging child verse in which, once more, we meet the author's little son, Christopher Robin, who is quite a character by now. We hope that Christopher (or do they call him Robin?) runs away with Peter Pan some day, and forgets to grow up. We just can't bear the idea of Mr. Milne having to fit his delightful verses into long trousers. But we don't have to worry about that yet.

I Know a Secret. By Christopher Morley. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

An absolutely "adorable" book for an absolutely "adorable" little person—and for yourself, too, if you haven't gone completely to the dogs.

Poetry—Light Stuff—Odds and Ends

Dick Turpin's Ride and Other Poems. By Alfred Noyes. (F. A. Stokes & Co., New York.)

A galloping and exhilarating account of England's popular highwayman, together with some other poems with a more tender and serious appeal. Noyes always gives good measure.

American Poetry—1927. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

A collection of one hundred and forty-seven new poems. Among the names of the well-known authors you will find Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Elinor Wylie, Edna St. Vincent Millay and a dozen others.

Frontier Ballads. Gathered up by Charles T. Finger. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

Songs from lawless lands—and some of their tunes.



Ask for these big, brown, crisp peanuts. Hunt for the glassine bags, with the famous MR. PEANUT on them. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

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De Night in De Front from Christmas. By Milt Gross. (Geo. H. Doran & Co., New York.)

Krees Kringle meekes it a cull from de Feitlebaums. You can guess what good fun it is.

The Art of Photoplay Writing. By E. F. Barber. (The Colossus Pub. Co., St. Louis.)

What to write about and how to prepare the material. Hints about synopses and scenarios. Now go ahead and try to sell one to Douglas Fairbanks.

Young Enough to Know Better. By Fairfax Downey. (Minton, Balch & Co., New York.)

Excruciating verses and sketches (by Jefferson Machamer) full of spontaneity and youthful fun. The flapper gets a crack or two.

Show Window. By Elmer Davis. (Minton, Balch & Co., New York.)

Some mighty fine little essays about subjects that bother all of us. Mr. Davis shoots to kill. If you don't like his way of putting things, he says, you don't have to read him. But you will.

Down the Fairway. By Bobby Jones. (Minton, Balch & Co., New York.)

A perfectly grand book all about golf.

Ten and Out. By Alexander Johnston. (Washburn, New York.)

The complete history of the prize ring in America. Many excellent photographs add to the interest of the book.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 46)

of the Lodge at the time of writing. Various methods of raising funds for the work have been used by the Committee, and it is expected that much good will be accomplished during the coming months.

Past Exalted Rulers of New York, Southeast, Hold Meeting

Some sixty members of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York, Southeast, met for their annual meeting and dinner in the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, a short time ago. The guest of honor of the occasion was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance, Past Exalted Ruler of the Mother Lodge, who had returned from California that day. He was congratulated on his appointment as District Deputy by his fellow Past Exalted Rulers, and in his response outlined his plans for the year, and told of the fine progress of the Order in California. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Leo Fallon, of New Rochelle Lodge, No. 756, was elected President for the coming year, to succeed Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath, of Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22.

West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge Enjoying an Active Season

With their handsome new Home fully equipped and in operation, the members of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, are enjoying a winter of varied activities. Play on the recently renovated bowling alleys has been resumed, a Lodge Glee Club has been organized, and entertainments and other social events are held regularly. A short time ago the officers of No. 1352 initiated a class in the Home of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517, performing the ritual in a way to win the enthusiastic approval of every one present. There were delegations from several Florida Lodges, and following the meeting a delightful social session was held.

Jersey City Elks Go on Pilgrimage To Elks National Home

Headed by Exalted Ruler Dennis A. Hanrahan, about thirty members of Jersey City, N. J., (Continued on page 80)

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 79)

Lodge, No. 211, recently journeyed to Bedford, Va., where they visited the Elks National Home. They were welcomed by Past Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Home, and by Clyde Jennings, Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, who arranged a large dinner for the visitors which was greatly enjoyed by them and the residents of the Home. The pilgrims were most favorably impressed by the Home, the way it is conducted and by the beauty of the country in which it is located. The itinerary of the Jersey City Elks included stops at Natural Bridge, Grotto Caverns, Roanoke and Norfolk, Va. They returned to New York on the S. S. *George Washington*, sailing from Norfolk.

"Stocking Fillers" of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge to Broadcast Again

The "Stocking Fillers" of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, will again broadcast a series of programs from Radio Station KMO. Last year this organization's radio concerts aroused tremendous public interest in the charitable work of the Lodge, and was the means of filling many Christmas stockings which otherwise would have gone empty. Tacoma Lodge's holiday activities are numerous, and a large proportion of the members have been busily at work for some time preparing for the many charitable and social events.

Jamestown, N. D., Lodge To Produce Minstrel Show

On December 15 and 16, Jamestown, N. D., Lodge, No. 995, will produce its annual minstrel show, and is expecting an even greater success than was enjoyed last winter.

Jamestown Lodge is active in the life of its community and has recently increased materially its charity budget, most of which will be expended in the cause of crippled and dependent children.

Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge Visits Bergen Pines Hospital

A large delegation of members from Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, recently paid their annual visit to Bergen Pines Hospital. Accompanied by the forty-piece band of Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1455, they entertained the patients with a number of specialty acts and distributed candy, fruit, toys, tobacco and other gifts.

Third Rail Club of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge Holds Annual Outing

Some thirty members of the Third Rail Club of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, held their annual outing a short time ago. Traveling in buses they paid visits to many nearby Lodges, the first being Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, where they were entertained at luncheon. Following this, they toured New Jersey, stopping at Bloomfield Lodge, No. 788, and at Orange Lodge, No. 135, where they were the guests of the members at dinner. On the return journey they again stopped at Bronx Lodge, where further hospitality was forthcoming.

San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge To Hold Big Charity Show

The Elks Minstrel and 1927 Revue to be staged for charity on December 5 and 6, by San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322, promises to be one of the finest shows ever put on in the community. A large cast has been rehearsing for weeks, and the program will be a varied and brilliant one.

Waterville, Me., Lodge Minstrels Play Before Patients

A successful Charity Minstrel Show staged at the City Opera House by Waterville, Me., Lodge, No. 905, under direction of Past Exalted Ruler Sam Freeman, recently, was repeated at the Central Maine Tuberculosis Sanatorium, Fairfield, Me., the following Sunday afternoon. An exceptionally interesting feature was that all the bed-ridden patients in the different outside houses were enabled to hear the program, for it was broadcast to them from a microphone situated in the main hall.

News of the Order From Far and Near

The officers and committeemen of Providence, R. I., Lodge recently tendered a bachelor dinner to Esteemed Leading Knight Charles M. Thompson at the Home of the Lodge. Ninety members attended the affair and at its conclusion Mr. Thompson was presented with a beautiful chest of sterling silver.

During her vacation, while crossing a Hudson River ferry, Miss Frances Back of Sullivan Lane, Easton, Pa., found an elk's tooth with Lodge insignia. She will be very glad to return it to the owner on proper identification.

Globe, Ariz., Lodge recently staged its fourth annual minstrel show.

Gallipolis, O., Lodge is now permanently installed in its new Home on Second Avenue.

The Lodges in Nassau and Suffolk Counties, Long Island, N. Y., have formed a bowling league and are now engaged in active competition.

Allentown, Pa., Lodge members are enjoying community singing under the leadership of experienced conductors.

Greenfield, Mass., Lodge has rejoined the Massachusetts State Elks Association.

Houston, Tex., Lodge held its annual charity ball in the City Auditorium.

On December 9, 10, and 11, New York, N. Y., Lodge will hold a carnival under the auspices of the Social and Community Welfare Committee.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge will stage performances of its annual charity musical revue on December 7, 8 and 9.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge regularly sends to the 1,000 bed-ridden veterans of the World War, in Los Angeles County, magazines and books contributed by members.

The officers of Berkeley and Pittsburg, Calif., Lodges, accompanied by a delegation of members, visited Richmond Lodge, where they performed an initiation and later were entertained by their hosts.

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge is keenly interested in the Boy Scout movement, and at a recent meeting voted a cash contribution to the funds of the local troop.

Many distinguished visitors attended the thirty-fifth anniversary of Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge.

Denver, Colo., Lodge celebrated its silver anniversary a short while ago.

November 26 to December 3 are the dates of Newark, N. J., Lodge's huge annual Frolic held in the Armory.

Vallejo, Calif., Lodge members, residing in Crockett, recently took some twenty of the Mare Island Hospital patients to the Crockett Theater and afterwards entertained them at the Crockett Memorial Building. Another thoughtful action on the part of this Lodge was to turn over its club rooms to the Santa Rosa High School football team, in order that the members might have a quiet place to rest before an important game.



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Architect—C. Edward Wolfe, Sandusky, Ohio.
Contractors—Engstrom & Co., Wheeling, W. Va.
Russwin Dealers—Greer & Laing, Wheeling, W. Va.



West Philadelphia Catholic High School for Girls
Architects—Hoffman-Henon Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
Contractors—McKenna & Little, Philadelphia, Pa.
Russwin Dealers—Adolph Soeffing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



Tampa Terrace Hotel, Tampa, Fla.
Architects—Hentz-Reid & Adler, Atlanta, Ga.
Contractors—Adair & Senter, Atlanta, Ga.
Russwin Dealers—Knight & Wall Co., Tampa, Fla.



Roosevelt Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.
Architects and Engineers—Widmer Engineering Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Russwin Dealers—Melcher-Schene Hardware Co., St. Louis, Mo.



Saranac Lake Hotel, Saranac Lake, N. Y.
Architects—Scopes & Feustman, Saranac Lake, N. Y.
Contractors—Branch & Callanan, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

The Industrial Bank Building, Detroit, Mich.
Architect—Louis Kamper, Detroit, Mich.
Associate Architect—Paul Kamper, Detroit, Mich.
Contractors—The Otto Mach Co., Detroit, Mich.
Russwin Dealers—The Arcade Hardware Co., Detroit, Mich.

"I'm glad I followed the advice of Mary Garden"

*Said Margery Bailey to Ed Wagner,
between tennis matches at Forest Hills.*



Marvelous Mary Garden writes:

"My teachers, Trabello and Richard Bartelemey, all impressed upon me the solemn warning that I must always treat my throat as a delicate instrument. Yet every artist is under constant strain. Sometimes we get real relaxation in smoking a cigarette. I prefer Lucky Strikes — which both protects the throat and gives real enjoyment."

Mary Garden



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