

The Elks

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Magazine

MARCH, 1928



Russell Sambrook

Ben Lucien Burman, Boyden Sparkes, W. O. McGeehan, Octavus Roy Cohen, and others

THERE'S A NEW TOUCH OF GAYETY IN TOPCOATS



The spirit of Spring—of color and gayety—is expressed in these new Adler Collegian Top Coats.

There's grace and beauty in the long sweeping lines, and dashing brilliance in the new color combinations. Arab Grays and Sand-dune Tans are here in profusion. Rich

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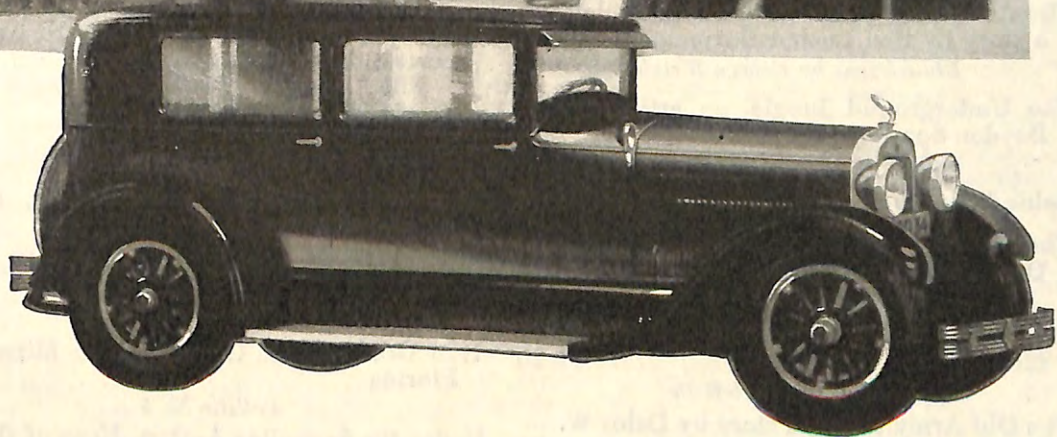
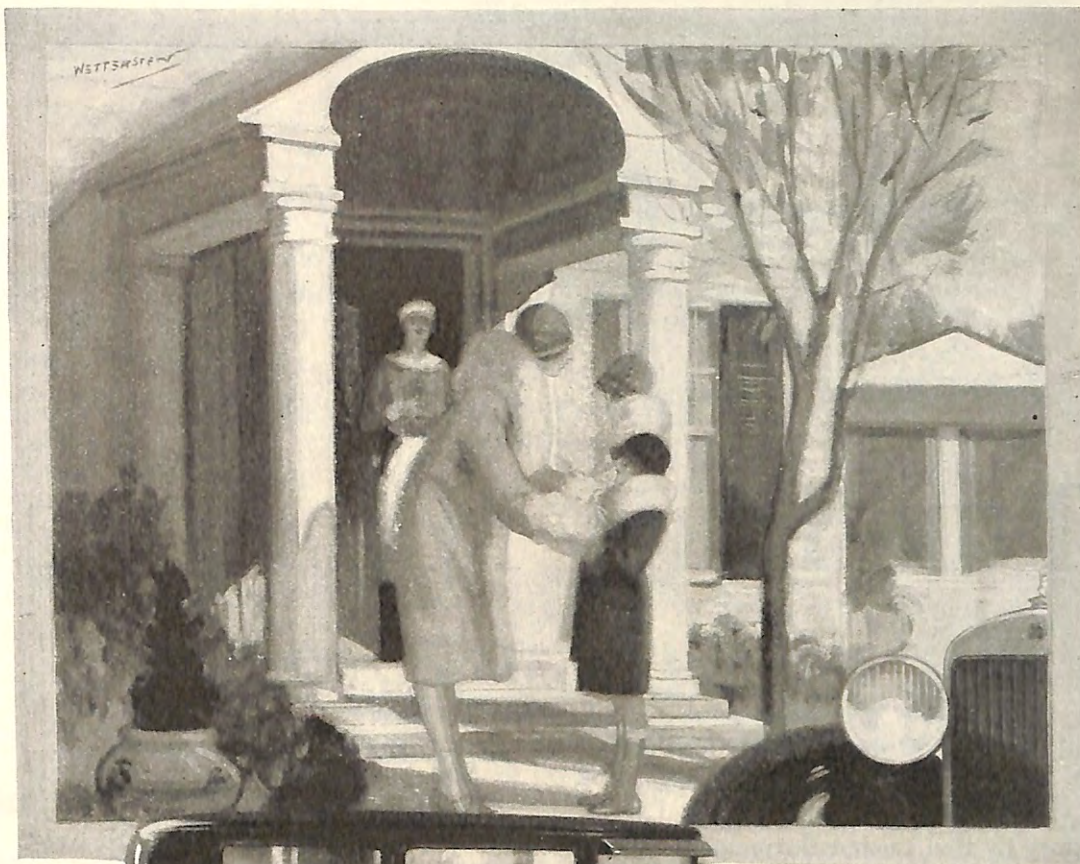
Your Adler Collegian dealer is a style authority on men's clothing. He invites you to inspect the Spring models. Ask to see the new Wedgeback suits and the latest box coat styles now on display at his store.

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ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

they Keep you looking your best





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Coupe - \$745

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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 Ten

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Features for March, 1928

Grand Exalted Ruler Official Circular No. 7	4	How Well Do You Know Your Country— at Night? a questionnaire compiled by Charles Phelps Cushing	26
The Adventure of the Mysterious Eyelets, a story by Ben Lucien Burman	7	The Light Shines Through—Part III, a ro- mantic novel by Octavus Roy Cohen	28
<i>Illustrations by George Wright</i>		<i>Illustrations by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge</i>	
The Underground Jungle, an article by Boyden Sparkes	11	Editorial	32
<i>Illustrations by W. D. White</i>		Addition to the Elks National Home	34
Behind the Footlights	15	The Economic Stability of Florida, an article by Peter O. Knight	34
The South Wakes Up, an article by Edwin Dial Torgerson	18	Grand Exalted Ruler's Southwestern Trip	35
<i>Etchings by Ralph Boyer</i>		Grand Trustee Louis Boismenu	35
On Going Stale, an article by W. O. McGeehan	20	1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, Florida	36
<i>Drawings by Herb Roth</i>		<i>Bulletin No. 3</i>	
The Old Army Game, a story by Delos W. Lovell	22	Under the Spreading Antlers, News of the Order	37
<i>Illustrations by Henry B. Davis</i>		The Strength of the Utilities, an article by Paul Tomlinson	72
The Sunny Side of Darkness, stories col- lected by Fred Harper	25	Cover Design by Russell Sambrook	
<i>Sketches by Arthur G. Dove</i>			

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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 Seven

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

15 State Street, Boston, Mass.
 February 3, 1928

MY BROTHERS:

I regret that I cannot visit all of the subordinate Lodges, and thus have the advantage and pleasure of personal contact with the membership of the Order, of interchange of ideas, and of first-hand knowledge of conditions. I appreciate more than ever that a visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler not only renews the interest and arouses the enthusiasm of the membership in the principles and work to which we are dedicated, but also is of incalculable value to him in the performance of the duties of his very responsible office.

Will you not regard this and my other official letters as personal communications, and give their messages your serious thought?

The Grand Lodge will meet in annual session at Miami, Florida, next July, to consider propositions of most vital importance to our Order. No doubt you are making plans to attend,—pleasant trips are being arranged, bands, march squads and drill teams are being assembled. That is as it should be.

Prepare Your Minds for Miami

More important than all, however, is that you *prepare your minds for Miami*. We are to consider the report of the Elks National Foundation Committee which will formulate and present plans for fostering and financing nationwide welfare activities through the medium of a Grand Lodge Endowment Fund; also, the report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, relative to Junior Elk organizations, authorized by the recent amendment of the Constitution of the Order. In respect to each proposition we are seeking the best thought of the Order.

The Elks National Foundation Committee has sent out a letter to the subordinate Lodges inviting suggestions. This letter contains a most illuminating review of the origin and history of the epoch-making events of Elkdom. Read it and be proud of your membership in this great American fraternity. Read it and let your enthusiasm prompt you to give your Order the benefit of whatever constructive ability you possess.

Later the Social and Community Welfare Committee will send out a letter giving you tentative plans under which the Junior Elks organization will operate. The policies to be adopted in respect to this innovation require great vision and sound judgment. We must approach any problem dealing with the youth of America with solemn appreciation of the responsibility involved.

In the consideration of both propositions, we need you, my brothers, to "build the ladders by which we rise, from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies."

Lost Membership Cards

The secretaries of the subordinate Lodges complain that they are being imposed upon in the matter of cashing checks, and other accommodations, by persons, not members of the Order, who have in their possession membership cards which have been lost by the rightful owners. I suggest that these occurrences may be minimized by requesting the holder of the card to sign his name for comparison with the signature on the card, or to identify himself by letters, clothing markings, and the other methods of identification usually resorted to by alert bank officials in lieu of responsible introduction.

Jurisdiction—Application for Membership

There are too many controversies between subordinate Lodges concerning jurisdiction of applications for membership. Usually these arise from the fact that questions 9 and 10 of the official application for membership are not answered by the applicant. An application is not properly before the subordinate Lodge for action unless all material questions are answered. If the answers bring the application within the provisions of Section 150 Grand Lodge Statutes, the Lodge must not act thereon, unless and until permission has been obtained from the rejecting Lodge.

If the applicant has residence in the jurisdiction of a Lodge other than the one to which he has made application, the said application is not properly before the Lodge for action, unless and until a dispensation has been obtained from the Grand Exalted Ruler in accordance with the provisions of Section 149 Grand Lodge Statutes. Under our laws there is no waiver of jurisdiction.

Strict adherence to the procedure outlined in the Grand Lodge Statutes will relieve the Lodges and the Grand Exalted Ruler, as well as the applicants, from embarrassments caused by these controversies.

"Elks Magazine" Mailing List

The subordinate Lodge secretaries have not been sending to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, regularly and promptly, the mailing list corrections as required by Section 125 of the Grand Lodge Statutes. Without this cooperation on their part a correct mailing list can not be maintained. Many names have been carried on the magazine mailing list that should have been cancelled, and many names on the subordinate Lodge membership rolls have not been sent in to be added to the magazine mailing list.

It is apparent also that some of the secretaries are not entering on their records the post-office address corrections that have been sent to the magazine, and each month forwarded from the magazine office to the secretaries of the respective Lodges. The publishers of the magazine are required to accept these corrections under penalty of the postal laws, and therefore, it is important that the secretaries should note the corrections upon the Lodge address records, unless they have reason to believe that a mistake has been made, in which case they should send notice to the magazine. Let us have the very best team-work in this important matter.

Announcement

I announce the appointment of Brother Cassar R. Adams, Olean Lodge, No. 491, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, New York West, to succeed Brother Emory B. Pratt, of Olean Lodge, who has resigned.

Fraternal yours,


 Grand Exalted Ruler

Wanted—Your Services

As a Real Estate Specialist

Make big Money—I made \$100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn how I did it. Use my successful system. Begin at home—in your spare time. Make money my way. Start now. Free book tells how.

Are you in the same hole I was in?
 Are you stuck in the rut of *hard work* and *poor pay*?
 Are you dissatisfied with your job, your *income* or your *prospects*?
 Are you having a struggle to make both ends meet?
 Are you putting up with the *crumbs* of life while others are getting all the cake?
 Then you are the man I want to talk to.

Listen!
 When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of \$100 a month.

I was doing work I was not fitted for and which I thoroughly disliked.
 I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.

In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly *one thousand dollars a month*. And in less than five years I cleaned up a net profit of *over one hundred thousand dollars*.

To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains *my history* and *your opportunity*.

Follow in My Footsteps

If you want to learn the secret of my success—if you want to use my money-making methods—if you want to follow in my footsteps—this is your chance. And *now* is the time to get started.

I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.

Furthermore, my experience satisfies me that there is no better business to get into. It is more healthful than most indoor jobs—you can start in spare time—you can begin with little or no capital—it does not require years of study like medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, law, engineering, electricity, architecture, etc.—the beginner is paid the same rate of commission as old-timers—the business is practically unlimited—it is estimated that there are thirty million properties in the country and that ten million of them are always on the market—it is a permanent business, not affected by fads or fashion—it is constantly growing as population in-

creases—it puts you in touch with the best people—it is a dignified, pleasant and worthy occupation with great possibilities for big profits.

If you want to make big money as a Real Estate Specialist—if you want to use my amazingly efficient system—let me hear



Put Your Name Before the World

from you at once. I will send you—*without cost or obligation*—my free book, which fully explains how you can get started—in your spare time—just as I did—in a new kind of real estate business that is as far ahead of the old, moss-covered methods of the average real estate agent as the automobile is ahead of the ox cart of our forefathers.

What Others Are Doing

As positive proof of the success of my modern methods, read the following brief extracts from some of the letters that come to me from those who are using my scientific system—following in my footsteps—making money my way:

"It may astound some to know that I have made between \$8,000 and \$10,000 over a three-month period, which may be directly attributed to your splendid Real Estate System."—A. W. Fosgreen, New York.

"One year ago my husband died, leaving me as the breadwinner for a daughter and mother. Have paid all my bills and have supported my family, thanks to your wonderful instructions which showed me the way."—Mrs. C. L. Reeves, Ohio.

"I was a Ford salesman earning \$300 a month. Your Real Estate System increased my earning power 200%. I now own a

Chrysler Sedan, up-to-date office equipment and have increased my bank account."—Alfred J. Bennett, Mich.

"Your system is wonderful. Without giving up my job as stationary engineer I made \$900 in three months in my spare time."—Matthew J. Stokes, Penna.

"I have sold many thousand dollars' worth of Real Estate and have deals pending that will go beyond the \$300,000 mark. Owe all my success to your comprehensive System."—Carrie Marshall, Miss.

There isn't room here for any more such letters, but send for my free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It is filled with stories of success. And it makes plain how you—too—can use my money-making methods to build a profitable independent business of your own—just as others are doing.

Act Promptly

Investigate this splendid business opportunity at once. Learn how easy it is to follow my methods and get big money for your services as a Real Estate Specialist.

The business needs you. It offers rich rewards for trained men.

So, mail the coupon *now*—before you lay this magazine aside—and receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of my new book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." From it you will learn how you can use my successful system to make money my way—how you can get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—and establish yourself as a Real Estate Specialist, in a high grade, money-making business of your own.

Be prompt! Your opportunity is here and now. "Wise men act while sluggards sleep." Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it at once to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 33-3, 18 East 18 Street, New York. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you have opened the way to a profitable business career for yourself as a Real Estate Specialist.

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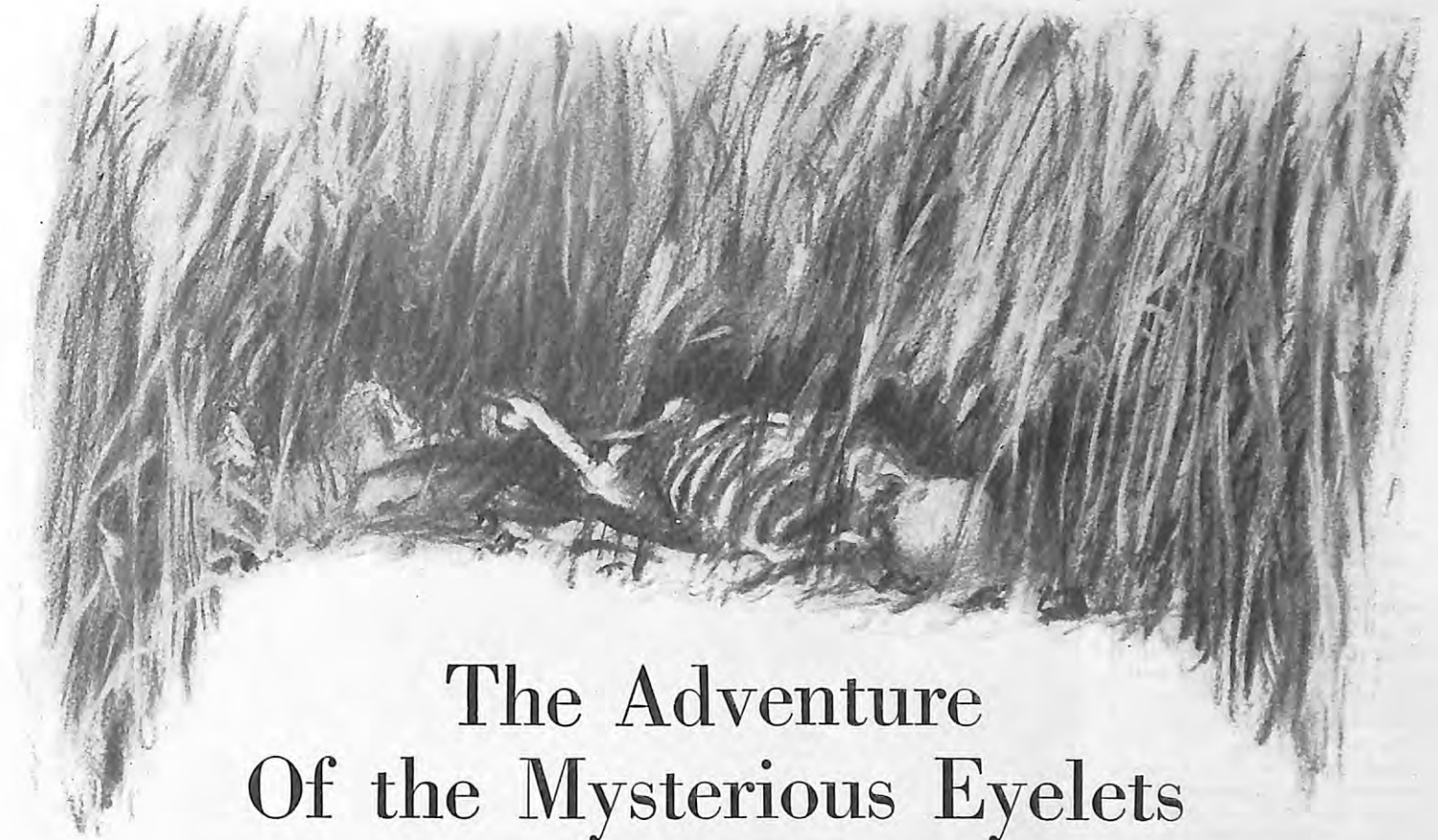
City..... State.....

H A V E A C A M E L



*One of life's great pleasures
is smoking*

Camels give you all of the enjoyment
of choice tobaccos. Is enjoyment
good for you? You just bet it is.



The Adventure Of the Mysterious Eyelets

By Ben Lucien Burman

Illustrated by George Wright

THIS is the second of a series of true detective stories gathered by the writer on an extended European trip from which he has recently returned. He reports that the science of detection has been brought to a particularly high point of development in Vienna, the preparation for this branch of the police service being so intense that every important officer is not merely a college graduate but is a Doctor of Philosophy! Through the courtesy of the brilliant Chief of the Criminal Police, Hofrat Doctor Schultz, he was able to learn the details of many extraordinary cases. This story, narrating an adventure of Dr. Franz X. Velters, State Councilor of Police, is marked by a series of deductions so masterful they may be truly called astounding.

HERR DRUKANI bit his lip. Irritably, daintily he flicked the ash from his gold-tipped cigarette; daintily he began mincing his way over the newly mown wheat field along whose borders the Danube, like a green-spotted snake, twisted on toward the horizon. "This is annoying. Most annoying," he said in a high pitched, effeminate voice to the burly foreman who strode beside him. "I suppose we must call the police."

The foreman made no response.

The two men proceeded in silence. Soon they neared a house whose red domes showed like inverted beets above a row of low trees. Here they turned into a path, and, mounting the single step of the spacious dwelling, disappeared inside.

A short time after an automobile sped up the shaded driveway leading to the manor and halted. One of the two passengers descended, a tall individual with penetrating black eyes and sensitive, unusually kindly mouth. It was Doctor Velters, State Councilor of Police.

Herr Drukani and the foreman now reappeared and walked forward. The newcomer began to ask a few quiet questions. As he spoke, he interestedly studied the two men before him. They were in marked contrast, this landed proprietor and his

employee. The foreman was huge, blond, with eyes crossed unpleasantly and half hidden by squarish, heavy blue glasses; Herr Drukani was short, black haired, and rather bluish of complexion, with lips which seemed curved in a perpetual sneer. Obviously he was one of the many foreigners who cause the environs of Vienna to rank among the most cosmopolitan quarters of the globe. His nails were carefully manicured; his shoes were extremely small and delicately polished; his expensive clothes fitted him so perfectly as to cause the observer to think instantly of the corset-wearing dandies of the Balkans.

Quickly Dr. Velters ended the interrogation. He rejoined his youthful, gravely mustached assistant who was waiting at the automobile; escorted by the foreman, the two officers walked over the farm toward a group of peasants gathered at the edge of a field of uncut wheat. The motley garbed rustics ceased their excited chatter at the detectives' approach, and stood aside to let them pass. Dr. Velters had scarcely time to peer into the wheat and glimpse a skeleton lying in the green shadows when a young, gypsy-like woman wearing a scarlet flowered shawl and enormous ivory earrings trudged toward him from behind the knot of spectators. Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"You are from the police, Herr?" she asked, bowing her head respectfully, for in Austria an important police officer is one of the highest officials of the state.

The detective nodded courteously. "What is it, Frau? Why are you weeping? You were related perhaps to the . . . dead person?"

She wiped her eyes with a corner of the shawl. "He was my husband, Herr."

"So." His quick glance swept her face; he led her off a few steps from the watchers. "Tell me," he said in a low voice.

The woman's breast heaved tumultuously

under her brilliant bodice. "They have killed my Jascha," she sobbed. "And I know who it is has killed him. You will catch them, Herr? You will kill them as they have murdered him?"

"Tell me what you know," the officer repeated gently.

She made a vain effort to master her emotion. "I am Ileana Tartarnik," she murmured. "Six months ago I worked here. For many years had I worked here, Herr. And my husband also. Then comes a night in December, three nights before the Christmas. My husband kisses me. 'I am going to the city,' he says. It is the last kiss he gave me; I never see him again. Not in the morning nor the month after nor the month which follows. I am sad. But I say nothing when they ask me questions, only that Jascha has gone to work on the farm of his mother. For I am ashamed and think he has run away with one of the smiling girls in the town. I leave here and go to work on a farm near by. Then one night I have a dream. And I know that he is dead. Murdered. And in my dream I see who has murdered him."

"What was this dream, Frau?"

SHE clutched his arm with throbbing fingers. "It was a dream of the night he went away. Snow is on the ground. All is white, white. My Jascha walks down the road toward the city, singing, for he is going to buy me a new shawl for the Christmas. Along the road are three trees, white, white like the ground. Behind them waits a man, a man who at this moment, Herr, stands near us. This man is not singing. No. He is silent as the fox, as the wolf. In his hand he holds a club. Jascha passes. The wolf leaps out, strikes him down. From behind, Herr, not in front. My husband was strong, brave. He would not strike him from the front. With the club he strikes until Jascha is dead. Then he lifts the body onto his shoulders and carries it

away to a field. At first I did not believe the dream, Herr. A dream is but a dream. And even when I believed I said nothing about this man who waited behind the trees. For still each day I hoped to hear again the footsteps of my Jascha as he hurried to me in his high boots. Beautiful boots they were, Herr. I kept them shining like the mirrors in the Franz Josef palace. But to-day when I have heard them say as I work how they have found a skeleton on the farm of Herr Drukani, I know that my dream is true. And I have come to you to speak."

HER sobbing had ceased. Her face became tense, her words whispers. "There is the man, Herr." Her gaze rested upon the burly foreman whose eyes were shrouded by the heavy blue glasses. "Adolf Heller. It is he who waited behind the trees. He hated my husband. All the days my Jascha was here, he hated him. For he was jealous. My husband was a worker whom all men praised. Not often these days are such workers on farms. Herr Heller feared him. Feared that one day my Jascha would be made the foreman, and he would be told to go away. Often has my husband told me that Herr Heller might one day try to kill him. You will say that it is only a dream, Herr, and that dreams are like the air. But in my veins is blood of the Czigane, the gypsy, and the Cziganes know when dreams do not lie."

The officer twirled his gold watch chain thoughtfully in his fingers. "So?" he said. He looked a moment at the foreman who shifted uneasily under his glance, then spoke to his assistant. The latter immediately set up a large camera he had carried from the car, and photographing the skeleton from five or six different angles, set the apparatus so as to picture each detail of the field and the near-by houses. This was the customary Viennese procedure; when the prints were developed, they would form a complete visual record of the scene and exactly preserve details which in the end might prove vital. The camera work completed, Dr. Vettters knelt and began closely examining the skeleton. He raised a white segment and studied the soil beneath a moment, then he looked up at the gypsy who stood watching him hypnotically a few feet away. "When did you say your husband disappeared, Frau Tartarnik?" he asked sympathetically.

"In December, Herr. Three days before the Christmas."

"Then this probably isn't your husband."

She stared at him dully, uncomprehendingly. "What do you say, Herr?"

"This is probably not your husband. This body was placed here in the spring. Probably in May."

"But how can you know this, Herr?" Her words were incredulous. "You are not a Czigane who reads the cards or the palms."

"It is my work to know," he returned simply.



The assistant detached the camera from the tripod. "I don't see quite either, how you arrive at the month, Herr Doctor," he declared in an undertone so that the gypsy might not hear.

Dr. Vettters scooped up a little of crumbly soil lying under the bones. He stretched out his hand. "Do you see those bits of leaves there?"

"Yes, Herr Doctor."

"If you look hard enough you'll also see bits of spring flowers which the body crushed when it fell and which of course stopped growing at once. Look at the size of these blades of wheat too. They were very young when this broke them off. Out of the ground a very short time. Which of course puts the date in the spring. Yet it wasn't the earliest days of spring because this spot is fairly near the road and the body would have been seen if the vegetation hadn't been high enough to somewhat conceal it. So combining these two facts, May would seem about the proper month."

The assistant smiled in eager agreement.

THE gypsy shook her head doggedly as she saw the conversation had ended. "You are of the police, Herr," she murmured to Dr. Vettters. "And you are wise. But here, here I am also wise." She pressed her hand to her breast. "And here in my heart I feel, I know it is my Jascha."

The officer was patient. "Did your husband have an accident a short time before you saw him last, Frau Tartarnik?"

"No, Herr."

"Did he limp?"

Her sad eyes flashed with pride. "Straight as an arrow he walked. A strong, a beautiful man was he."

"Most certainly this isn't your husband then. Unless he had an accident after he left you." He showed her a jagged line running across a flat bone. "This man had recently broken his hip. He could not have walked two steps without limping. I cannot say that your husband is not dead. But from what you have told me I can say that so far you have no reason to believe this is he."

He watched thoughtfully while she plodded away, whispering to herself, still unconvinced. He requested the foreman to disperse the crowd of onlookers and when the field was deserted except for himself and his companion, again bent over the white frame. It was no easy task which faced him, he reflected. To trap a murderer even when the identity of the victim is known, when motives can be advanced and friends or possible enemies interrogated is in itself a grueling, bitter labor; to find the murderer of a skeleton is an undertaking which might well appal a magician.

Along some of the bones ran a series of narrow, deeply indented scratches. These puzzled him. He passed over them for the moment and looked about for bits of clothing or papers which the dead man might have had in his pockets. The bones were bare; not a trouser button or scrap of shoe leather remained. Under a leaf, however, near one ankle, he found what appeared to



The woman's breast heaved tumultuously under her brilliant bodice. "They have killed my Jascha," she sobbed. "And I know who it is has killed him. You will catch them, Herr?"

you fight with knives I'll get rid of you both. Cut men can't work."

"Later I learned that he had told the others Ileana Tartarnik and her husband had tried to steal his money while he slept and he had wakened and fought them. Whether this was true I don't know. Anyway, a few days later, Jerenyak walked up to me. 'You'll need a new man for the stables,' he said. 'I'm going away.' I never saw him again."

He swept his sleeve over his unshaven face. "I heard of him though. Four or five months ago. One of the workmen told me he had come back and was on one of the farms near here. And said how Tartarnik was getting ready to go bear hunting once more. After that he seemed to disappear. Went away again maybe. I don't know. But it's my idea somebody killed him. Tartarnik maybe. Maybe Ileana Tartarnik herself, if the story about the money was true. She's clever that woman. She could lie to St. Peter himself and make him believe night was day and day was night." His mouth twisted sardonically. "Oh, well.

What's the difference anyway? One gypsy more or less. What does it matter?"

The officer took a tranquil puff of his cigarette. "So?" he said.

They reached the house. The foreman vanished; the officer stepped into Drukani's study ablaze with gorgeous draperies. The dandy was pacing restlessly up and down the rich carpet. He turned sharply as the officer entered. "Have you learned anything?" he asked in his high, raspy voice.

The officer shrugged his shoulders. "It is early."

WITH a gaudy silk handkerchief the proprietor polished the diamond set in a silver picture frame on his desk. "I asked you to come here, Herr Doctor, because I wished to request a favor."

"So?"

"I wished to ask if it is necessary that the finding of this . . . skeleton become public."

The officer's black eyebrows arched slightly. "Why do you ask this?"

"Business reasons, Herr Councilor. . . . Business reasons."

"And these business reasons?"

"I wish to sell this property. I'm going away from here. Leaving the country. And if the story about this skeleton gets out it'll keep away buyers. I'm not superstitious. But a thing of this sort gives property a bad name. A bad name."

The officer shook his head slowly. "I'm sorry. It's not in my power to make an exception."

Drukani bit his lip.

be a moldy piece of heavy cloth two inches wide and three or four inches long, pierced with six rusty eyelets. Through two of the eyelets ran a piece of twine. He continued to search and soon came upon three other fragments of similar twine lying in the soil near the waist. One of these was tied in a bow knot. Carefully he placed the discoveries in a small leather case he took from his pocket. Next he took a folding rule and stretched it along the ground; from it calculated that the dead man must have been about five feet nine inches in height.

Ceasing his investigations temporarily he left his assistant standing guard in order that nothing might be disturbed, and strode off toward the house of the proprietor. He had proceeded perhaps halfway when he saw Adolf Heller, the burly foreman, coming to meet him.

"Herr Drukani would like to see you before you leave, if it is possible," he announced when they met.

"Excellent," the officer replied. "I was myself on the way to see him."

They walked on a moment in silence. The foreman removed his blue glasses and wiped the sweat from the lenses. His crossed eyes began to twitch uglily. He replaced the glasses, fumbled with his handkerchief, then with a puffy finger began nervously tracing the scar on his chin. He glanced at the officer hesitantly. "Did that Tartarnik woman say anything about me to you?" he demanded suddenly.

The officer took out a cigarette, lit it placidly. "Why do you ask me that?"

"I saw her talking to you. And I thought she might be talking about me. She's got no use for me. Like to get me in trouble if she could. She tried to loaf from the day she came here and I made her work. Finally I kicked her out. So she hates me. And when a gypsy hates you, look out." His thick lips worked doggishly. "I think I've got an idea who that dead man is."

"So?"

"It's only an idea. I'm not saying it's right. But it's a pretty good idea. I remembered about it when I saw her talking to you. If it's the man I mean his name was Jerenyak. Something like that anyway. He was a gypsy too. Drifted in here last winter asking for a job. I gave him some work in the stables. The Tartarniks were working here then and he began boarding with them. They were staying in a little house on the other side of the Danube. Said he knew them when he was a boy. One morning after he had been here about a month Tartarnik came in with a face all cut up and arms tied with rags.

"What's the matter?" I asked him. 'Have you been trying to fight that new threshing machine just came from America?'

"He grinned. 'I was hunting a bear in the Koenig Wald,' he answered. 'I missed my aim and the bear clawed me.'

"I grinned also. There hasn't been a bear in the Koenig Wald for thirty years. A little while later I saw Jerenyak. His face was scratched too; his arms were tied up with rags. This time I didn't grin. 'That's enough of bear hunting,' I said. 'Next time

"You have no idea who this dead person might be?" the officer went on.

The proprietor's fixed sneer seemed to heighten. "None."

Dr. Vetter's glance rested on the picture in the jeweled frame, the photograph of a fine molded, smartly gowned woman. "You live here alone, Herr?"

"Yes."

"You are not married then?"

"I am . . . divorced."

"So." He peered out the window at the scarlet stable squatted between two giant oaks. "Please have a few of your more intelligent servants and workmen come here. One by one. I wish to talk with them."

DRUKANI vanished. The officer took a seat on a chair. Soon an awkward, rawboned individual, from his clothes apparently a sort of gardener, appeared in the doorway. The officer questioned him a moment; dismissed him. A second workman followed, then another and another. Fifteen awed peasants he thus interviewed, one instant asking them who might be missing in the region, the next whether in the spring they had noticed anyone carrying an unusual bundle, now delicately trying to elicit the current neighborhood gossip.

When the fifteenth had made his solemn exit, Drukani reentered. "I trust these are enough, Herr?" he asked with frigid politeness.

"For the time. I am going to leave you now." He stepped into the hall and strode toward the entrance. The door of a bedroom in which the proprietor had evidently been waiting during the officer's interviews was open; the officer caught sight of a magnificently carved bed. Near it hung two crossed dueling swords; above these four different types of rifles. "You are a sportsman, Herr," he said.

The other nodded.

The officer left the house and rejoined his assistant at the edge of the wheat. He reflected; recapitulated his scanty evidence. The skeleton was that of a man; of a middle-aged man; of a man who had limped from a recent fracture of the hip. On the bones were deep scratches. Beside the ankle he had found a piece of cloth containing six eyelets and a piece of twine; near the waist three similar twine fragments.

Who was the murdered man? Was he indeed Jascha Tartarnik as the weeping gypsy had insisted and the murderer the scarred, puffy-eyed foreman? Or were the gypsy's tears a mask to hide her guilt and the dead man in reality Jerenyak the boarder

whom she and her husband had slain for the few groschen in his pocket? Was the criminal the elegant, tight-waisted Drukani and the victim some offending neighbor? Well the officer knew how these effeminate appearing creatures sometimes committed the most brutal crimes. Or did the act arise out of some seething well-spring of human motive which he had not yet tapped, some burning hate in a life he had not yet glimpsed?

He theorized. Vienna was seven or eight miles away; therefore this was almost certainly a suburban, rather than a city murder. Had the crime been committed in the city, it would have been necessary to transport the body over this considerable distance; in Europe where the automobile is still somewhat of a rarity, the eyes of the police are particularly fixed on all transportation and detection would be likely. Moreover, if the crime were Viennese in origin, there was no need of going to the labor of bringing the body here; Vienna had cellars and Vienna had a river. Probably then the victim had come from one of the near-by farms or had lived in one of the neighboring towns. This conclusion did not promise to be much of an aid, however, for the adjoining towns were numerous, while their populations, large

(Continued on page 56)



"Why do you make my Gerta weep?" the old woman screamed furiously



The Underground Jungle

The Hidden Labyrinths That Coil Beneath Our City Streets

By Boyden Sparkes

Illustrated by W. D. White

ALL of the concrete makers, save one, had climbed from the underground passageway to the street. They were gray with dust and in the harsh gloom of late afternoon their working clothes seemed as shapeless as the cement sacks from which, all day, they had taken the principal ingredient of their magic stone making.

Suddenly they heard a wild shout echoing in the crude stairway of heavy, splintery, dirty planking. It was the voice of their companion who had remained below. He was the foreman and had stayed behind to attend a little "salamander" stove. The fire in it was intended to offset the decline in temperature at the surface. The foreman had feared that concrete poured that day into forms designed to shape a subway platform might freeze before it could "set." But now his shouts told of other fears more worthy of attention.

"What's 'at he's saying?" One of the workmen had paused and cupped behind a dusty ear a stubby, thick hand.

"He's yelling about something, all right."

They heard the thump of booted footfalls at the bottom of the pit containing the stairway. Then more cries, this time easily distinguishable.

"Fire! Fire!"

"At's a hot one," commented one of the workmen, entirely unmoved by the foreman's cries. "What's Shorty think he is? Boss of a coal mine? Yelling fire in a concrete tunnel! He's a sketch."

Just then Shorty's pounding feet drowned out further comment. He was too nearly breathless to call "fire" again, but there was an expression in his face that told the

workmen his alarm was intended to herald a real emergency; and there was something more. A cloud of acrid black smoke was rearing itself ominously over the cluster of workmen.

"Fire!" gasped Shorty. "Pile of planks caught fire from that salamander." One of the workmen turned then and trotted along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, until he came to a policeman.

At the mouth of the shaft the workmen were milling uneasily in efforts to respond to a series of orders from "Shorty," orders that were quite futile with respect to bringing the fire under control. Thin wafers of smoke were lifting themselves through the surface of the street, so that each plank of the decking was outlined plainly. That decking is the usual way in which New York streets are kept in service while workmen underground are driving new subway tunnels through the rock of Manhattan Island. Most subways actually are deep trenches driven along the streets and then roofed over; but because of tremendous traffic congestion New York cannot afford to have a street put out of service for so long a time. Therefore a wooden deck is built over the trench, a deck that carries a normal traffic load, heavy trucks, taxicabs, limousines, flivvers, in an unending procession.

Presently the red vehicles and the strident clamor of arriving fire-fighting apparatus served to shove the concrete laborers into the background. Now heavily built men encased in rubber coats and stiff helmets

were plunging down the stairway taking with them a line of hose that soon began to swell with the living pulse of water under pressure. Other firemen poured down that hole in the ground with axes, pike-poles, brass cylinders containing chemical fluids, and more mysterious tools of their craft.

The long, cylindrical cavern of the subway route was a devil's caldron of black smoke and sheets of orange fire, and the air was a choking, biting gas that fairly seemed to claw at lungs it invaded. What was burning in that hole in the ground with its concrete lining? For one thing planking used for making the forms into which the liquid concrete was poured was helping to make a satisfactory fire; for another a draft was whirling along that tube with as much enthusiasm as if it had been designed as a flue instead of a right of way for an electric railroad; but there was another element that was adding just a trace of fuel to the fire, an element which was the only thing that made the fire important.

SIXTEEN thick telephone cables swollen as large as pythons had been robbed of their protective sheathing of lead and were contributing their paraffin-coated paper wrappings to the fire, not much fuel, but what a cause of confusion above ground!

Along the street above in scores of apartment houses fronting on the new subway frightened families were asking excitedly about the pungent, lung-biting smoke that was pouring up from the cellars. Those cellars were additional flues for the underground furnace, because the walls of the subway had not been completed and the front of each house still rested on false work

that looked two ways—backwards into the cellar and forwards into the subway trench.

Even before the firemen had responded to the first two alarms that underground conflagration had made itself a punishing force in the life of the city. In quick succession confusion had succeeded electric sputterings in half a dozen telephone exchanges in upper Manhattan. One after another these units, each representing ten thousand telephones, had been shut off from contact with the rest of the city.

All over New York telephone users were responding with the usual outbursts of impatience to reports of "There's some trouble on that line." Indeed there was trouble. The thick cables that linked the Billings, Audubon, Washington Heights, Morningside, Edgecombe and Bradhurst exchanges with each other and the rest of the telephone system had been burned through. Mr. Katz, whose telephone number is Audubon 9927, might call up his mother-in-law's home, which is Audubon 8735-J, but he could not call any number through another exchange. It was as if he were besieged in a small village. And Mr. Katz was only one of hundreds of thousands who were being inconvenienced by the result of that fire underground, a fire that had burned itself out almost before Mr. Katz knew his telephone was out of order. Other telephone exchanges had been crippled also so that persons trying to reach the outside world through Bingham, Davenport, Kingsbridge, Marble, Jerome and Raymond were suffering disappointment and annoyance.

UNDERGROUND at that frontier established by the fire fighters, a spectator might have regarded the fire as no great disaster, and yet it had crippled the nerve center of a big segment of the most valuable little island in the world. It may be that any message Mr. Katz might have wanted to telephone to the world outside the Audubon exchange was trivial, but what about the messages to be carried by any one of the wires linking 300 fire-alarm boxes with the city's central system? What about the police department under the necessity of keeping contact with a city harassed by swarms of criminals?

Immediately after discovering that telephone lines as well as fire department wires had gone out of service, one of the gruff-voiced captains of that valiant force issued orders that caused a large part of Manhattan's firemen to revert to the old-fashioned system of fire patrols. Some men were dispatched to the towers of tall buildings in the affected region to stand solemn watch like those that were the common lot of firemen in olden times.

The police department also altered its accustomed manner of "keeping in touch." A hundred foot-patrolmen were added to the regular force in the nerveless area. Motorcycle men, and men who bulged out over the sides of solid-tired fivvers were hurried up-town and assigned to patrol duty there. Police headquarters is perpetually ready for such an emergency as a breakdown in the normal methods of communication and transportation, and some of the reinforcements carried signal flags with which to wig-wag should it become necessary to talk about a thief in such a manner.

Telephone linemen and splicers, gas company employees, electric light company technicians and a host of others stood about in the icy atmosphere until the firemen had completed their work underground with hose and chemical tanks. Then they descended, each variety of worker concentrating on the particular kind of conduit, or cable, or pipe which to him represented that holy thing, "the job."



That which had happened to a thickly settled section of New York when that fire broke out underground, is just one of the many things that might happen, just one of the things that cause all large cities of America to be very touchy about allowing anyone to dig down through the surface of a street. Cities are about the most delicately adjusted mechanisms known to mankind. Their "innards" to which most of us give so little thought, are as sensitive to the roughness of an alien hand as any human in the care of a playful ape.

Perhaps the best possible simile is one that was given to me by a medical man at the headquarters of the New York Telephone Company, which is a new thirty-two-story building down near the toe of Manhattan on West Street, looking out over the Hudson.

"Every break in your own skin," said the doctor, "is a break that is perilous to your existence. It is the point of attack for all kinds of alien-enemy germs. It is the same with the myriads of lead-sheathed cables of this institution. Each of those cables, rooted underground, is protected from moisture—the great enemy of telephone lines—by that sheathing. The slightest break means trouble, trouble for subscribers and trouble for the company. It means crossed connections, tangled conversations, literally 'trouble.'"

At that moment I was more curious about the seeming necessity that suggested that the telephone company required a doctor in attendance on its employees in the heart of New York. I asked a question.

"A doctor?" he exclaimed, "a doctor? Boy, you haven't seen anything. We've got a hospital in this building; a darn good hospital."

I was taken through that hospital and



discovered it was that Utopian institution about which medical men have been talking and talking for a great many years. It was a hospital designed to prevent sickness, rather than the mere cure of it, a place of elaborate X-ray machines, laboratories, examination rooms.

"But why?" I persisted.

"Remember the flu epidemic of a few years ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, it darned near broke down our service. Calls increased because of the anxiety of millions of people about friends and relatives; and the plague also swept hundreds and hundreds of our employees away from their posts. Telephone switchboard operators, linemen, testers, splicers, engineers, administrative officers, high and low, were stricken. We finally had to appeal to the public to restrict their telephone calls as much as possible.

"The point is this: our service is only as good as our employees. When they fail the service fails. Therefore we examine any employee completely once a year, and any other time during the year if they are troubled by some specific ailment. If one of them seems to be developing a cold, we take steps to stop it. If another complains of headaches we hunt for the cause of those headaches before the cause has had a chance to rob that employee of the ability to work. It's better service to keep good and experienced employees at work than to break in new ones. Incidentally it's cheaper."

After all, I had gone to the telephone company to learn how they had managed to repair within a few days all of the damage wrought to their system by that underground fire in the new subway construction job. I renewed my request to my guide for light on that subject.

"We're going to have luncheon with a man who can tell you all about it. He's the superintendent of maintenance."

ACCORDINGLY I met a man who appeared to have been out of college about ten years, perhaps not so long. We had our luncheon in a huge room below the level of the street, a chamber of tile walls and floor as handsome as the grill rooms of representative New York hotels. All around us were telephone company employees lunching in a clublike atmosphere and leaving the luncheon tables to wander—for the space of time necessary to consume a cigarette, in a room nicely carpeted and otherwise appointed like the library of some club.

As we chatted, I began without any mental effort on my part to get a picture of the underground fabric of copper wires that makes it possible for all city-dwelling Americans, and most rural ones, to talk at any hour of the day or night with any other American, quite as though they two lived in the same village. The picture began to grow. I found myself recalling those bird roosts that disfigured every American city when I was a small boy, an overhead tangle of telephone and telegraph wires, slung from poles, some with as many as fifteen cross arms, each supporting eight thick lumps of green glass.

"All of that is underground now, except



in the country, and some of those have been laid in conduits," said the maintenance engineer. "These conduits are the speech highways."

"There is vastly more to it than that," he went on. "Can you see in fancy a great copper-wire net, covering the floor of San Francisco or New Orleans or Chicago? Can you visualize the ten thousand blocks of houses called Brooklyn? Can you imagine all of the streets that form that grid of ten thousand squares laid open to the lowest depths?"

I replied, weakly, that I thought I could. "Can you picture those deep, wide trenches that we normally call streets, as being filled with crystal-clear glass so as

Changes are being made every day in every large city by thousands of engineers, of pick-and-shovel men, of steam-shovels and dynamiters who dig and blast beneath the streets

to give an X-ray picture of sewers, gas mains, water mains, steam power mains, electric conduits, telephone conduits, subway tunnels, pneumatic tubes, carrying mail, fire alarms and police department wiring systems, catch basins, various kinds of underground workrooms called manholes? Can you see that?"

I said, not altogether truthfully, that I could.

"Come along, then," he said, "and I'll give you the next degree."



He led the way into a room where seven men were seated in front of desks that were not unlike, in general outlines, the switch-board of any private branch exchange in a business office. Seven desks and seven men. There were a half dozen other men there working at ordinary flat topped desks. But I was concerned with those seven

switchboards. The men wore receivers clamped to their ears and spoke softly now and again into mouthpieces that hung before them. There were dials and gauges on these boards, however, that would puzzle any ordinary telephone operator.

"These men," I was told, "are finding trouble underground. Manhattan Island is their hunting field."

"They seem like modern witch-doctors."

"Not a bit of it. If you remember all of your high-school arithmetic, I'll undertake to explain just how they find the location of the cause of trouble on one of our lines."

I ASKED for a more simple explanation, and got it. I was told that all baffling cases of trouble in the city were shifted to one of these switchboards. The switchboards were just that, but in addition to being equipped to "plug in" on any exchange in the city, there were built into their surfaces delicate meters and gauges for the measurement of electric currents.

Arithmetic no more complicated than that which is employed by mariners to find their position on the high seas serves, in company with the instruments for the measurement of electric energy, to indicate the precise spot in a telephone circuit that has been giving trouble. Trouble is located first in terms of ohms and then ohms are translated into feet.

The instruments literally feel the strength of a current of electricity on the two sides of the break, and then translate that strength into terms of distance.

"What do you mean by trouble? What causes trouble?"

"Well, recently, a large business organization near Times Square complained of cross talk. One of the important executives would attempt to converse with his wife or some one else over the telephone and would be disturbed, from time to time, by fragments of conversation that would pour into his ear, the conversation of strangers.

"The complaint came from the chief operator of that company's private exchange. Certain tests were made by the trouble operator at the exchange to which that company's lines led. The trouble operator was able to fix the location of the difficulty as somewhere in the complaining company's own switchboard. The skilled workman who was sent there to investigate, found a tiny bit of waste solder had been responsible for the condition. That tiny drop of metal, that is such an excellent conductor of electricity, had dropped unseen from the soldering iron of one of our workmen. Then it had hardened in a spot where it served to form a link between two wires that should not have been linked. That's what we mean by trouble.

"But the school vacation season also means a tremendous increase in trouble. It happens every year. We expect it and know what causes it. Millions of young adventurers, released from school all over the country, start in to build forts and caves and club houses or just shacks. In places they encounter one of our cables strung along the top of a board fence that seems, by them, to have been designed for no other purpose than to serve as one wall of the structure they have planned. Some of their inexpertly driven nails penetrate the lead sheathing that was intended to be a water-tight coat for our cables. Then it rains. The very dryness of the paper wrapped about the silken-coated wires inside that cable, causes it to draw in water. Water is the principal enemy of wire communication. Sometimes the boys decide that our overhead cable would make a dandy ridge

pole for a tent, and sometimes they use it for a trapeze bar.

"Sheath breaks are caused by the workmen of other companies who dig carelessly, and they are caused by a variety of other forms of thoughtless attack. The trouble does not come, though, as a rule, until a rain. Whenever a long dry spell is ended by a rainstorm, the telephone companies get a big increase in complaints of trouble because the rain water soon seeks out those sheath breaks.

"Electrical burns, lightning, electrolysis and contact with foreign wires or trolley poles are all causes of trouble, and altogether

"GET the News and Get It First," is a fascinating account of how big news stories are gotten to press. Also Arthur Chapman tells you in this article the inside story of a number of famous scoops. Coming soon. Look for it; you'll be interested

there were listed about 300 separate causes at one time. Most of these have been guarded against, but one that still makes work for the trouble men is fire."

Again I asked about that fire in the subway construction pit.

"It mean a lot of splicing," acknowledged the superintendent of maintenance. "Our men were there almost as soon as the firemen. They were not allowed to go down into the hole, though, until the fire was out. Then in icy water they set to work. A man who makes 300 splices has done a good day's work. The men who repaired the damage caused by that recent fire had to splice the wires carried in sixteen big cables. Altogether they had to make 26,976 splices before they had restored service to normal.

"It requires two tests to make the identification of wires before a splice is completed. In this job with 26,976 threads fanned out like so many raw nerves, the first splicer to begin simply seized hold of one of the severed ends. A head set of ear phones kept him in communication with an assistant working in the exchange which had been put out of service. He touched that wire to a small box that set up electric impulses in it. At the distant exchange the splicer's assistant, with a small metal rod touched, in the manner of a boy dragging a stick along a picket fence, a row of binding posts. When one of these gave forth a high pitched note, the assistant read the number of that line and telephoned to his splicer off in that fire-blackened tunnel. The splicer then puts the identified wire in a hole in a test board. One wire of the 26,976 had been identified! Add several days of similar labor to that single operation, a swarm of splicers, plenty of "know-how" and there you are—a big repair job completed."



I still was unsatisfied.

"How do you find any of these cables buried, as they are, without a lot of aimless digging?"

"How did a division commander keep track of all his forces during the war? How did Pershing keep track of his divisions?"

"That's easy—maps."

"That's the right answer for the telephone company, too. Maps."

Then they invited me to mention a telephone number, pretending for the sake of our discussion that it was out of order. I named Beekman 4000, which happens to be that of the New York World.

"Get Map No. —." In response to the command, one of the men at the flat-topped desks scurried off to a cabinet and soon returned bringing several maps.

When these were unrolled they offered such an excellent plan picture of the conduits between the New York World Building and the Beekman Exchange that a child could have been guided by them.

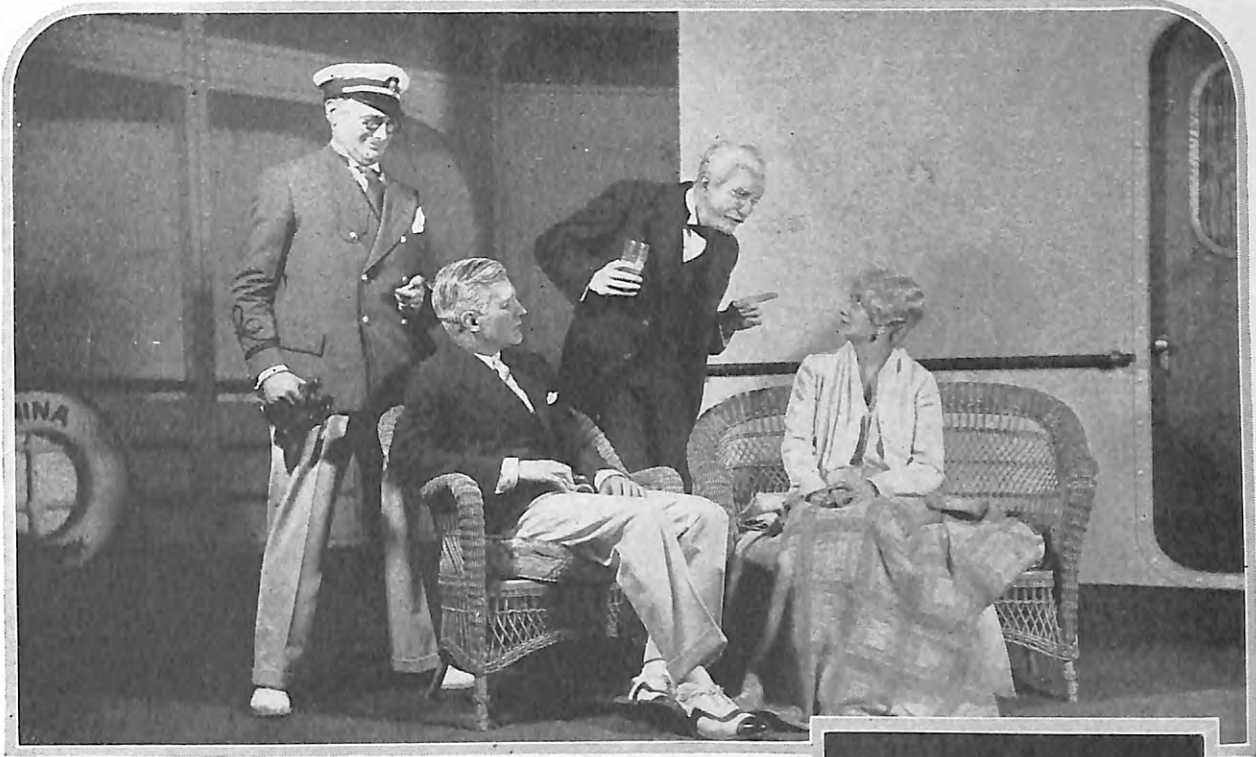
Communications—ultra swift—make the modern concentrations of humanity possible and, for most who dwell in the large cities, desirable; but there is one underground service, as old as civilization, without which men could not endure city life. That service is rendered by the sewers.

Few of us even think about the sewerage system until it goes wrong. Then we think about nothing else until—in our immediate vicinity—it has been repaired.

IN PITTSBURGH a few years ago, one of the principal downtown streets blew up like an overgrown Chinese firecracker. Some idea of the extent of that mysterious explosion may be gathered from the fact that temporary repairs alone cost \$250,000. The cause was said to be similar to that which has caused New York's streets to erupt from time to time, blowing manhole covers high into the air as if each were a volcano. A contributing factor is waste gasoline, draining into the sewers concealed under the surface of our streets, from the waste pipes of countless garages, dry cleaning establishments and other industrial enterprises using gasoline.

A two per cent. mixture of gasoline is what is burned in the cylinders of our automobile engines. Imagine then, how effectively an eight-foot sewer main may pose as a gigantic engine cylinder when hundreds of garages are discharging uncountable gallons of gasoline into the humid, confined atmosphere! There was a time in New York when explosions of this powerful gas in sewers occurred with an alarming frequency. Invariably it was an explosion several miles long, one that hurled scores of manhole covers high into the air. The victims of those accidents, the persons whose skulls were crushed by the heavy iron discs, falling like meteors, would make a long list of dismal reading. For a while those accidents were regarded as mysterious, but they were not mysterious to the fire department. The heads of that canny force only wondered why the explosions did not occur more frequently and cause even worse disasters. In the end, New York and other cities passed laws, requiring large garages and all cleaning establishments to equip themselves with separators, designed to extract the gasoline and other explosive fluids from their waste before releasing it into their drains. In spite of this ordinance and the watchfulness of the fire department, New York still experiences the excitement now and again of a rainfall of manhole covers

(Continued on page 48)



Glimpses of "Strange Interlude"

THERE is no space here to adequately review Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." This drama, in nine acts, which is played with an intermission for dinner, is by way of being the most interesting experiment made either by The Theatre Guild which had the courage to produce it or Mr. O'Neill who had the genius to conceive it. Unstinted praise goes to the five chief players pictured here: Lynn Fontanne, Tom Powers, Earle Larimore, Glenn Anders and Helen Westley, for their brilliant performances and their mastery of the technique of what might be called the modern aside. This is the device used by Mr. O'Neill to allow the characters to express their true processes of thought in contrast to their social utterances. Thus over a period of twenty-five years you watch not only the outward drama of Nina, O'Neill's central figure, in relationship to her son and the three men who love her in their various ways, but also glimpse the hidden motives that make these puppets dance to Nina's playing. "Strange Interlude" is the most provocative play you are likely to see in a long season. — E. R. B.



PHOTOS BY
VANDAMM



The scene to the left might be entitled the dance of death. To explain that explicitly would spoil for you the suspense in Tom Cushing's story of the young Spanish orphan abducted from her Mexican convent by a New England whaling Captain, and transplanted to his cold, inhospitable home in New Bedford, Mass. Suffice it to say that the fine performances of Claudette Colbert (left) as the beautiful and fiery Spaniard, and of George Nash (left) as the sea captain, are the making of "La Gringa"

Captions by
Esther R. Bien

PHOTOS BY VANDAMM



In the circle are Cathleen Nesbitt and Richard Bird, a pair of talented English players who have made their mark here and are now appearing in "Diversion," by John Van Druten, who wrote "Young Woodley." This tragedy of youthful passion is absorbing, but exhausting in its demands on your emotional endurance

From left to right they are Margalo Gillmore, Baliol Holloway and Dudley Digges in "Marco Millions," the saga of Marco Polo, that mediaeval traveller and money-grubber, who spent some very profitable years in the service of the Kaan of China, and returning to Venice, was thought a boastful liar. This is far from being one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, but it is so exquisitely set by Lee Simonson, and so finely and beautifully acted by this group, and a score of others, that you cannot afford to miss it



The latest exposition of the drama of back-stage life comes from the hands of John McGowan in a piece entitled "Excess Baggage." The story centers around Miriam Hopkins and Eric Dressler (right), small-time vaudevillians with high ambitions, but there are also several other groups of stage folk, drawn with keen insight and warm humor. It has all-round good acting, and there is an acrobatic stunt in the third act that can't be beat under any big top



PHOTOS BY VANDAMM



Whether "Paris Bound," by Philip Barry, has attained its present overwhelming success wholly on the basis of good drama spiced with plenty of comedy, or whether its well-presented theory that marriage can happily surmount some of the conventional stumbling-blocks accounts in some measure for its favor, you can most pleasantly determine by personal inspection. Madge Kennedy and Donn Cook (left) acquit themselves splendidly as the happy couple



That Mr. Robert Emmet Sherwood did not exhaust the fountain of his wit when he produced "The Road to Rome" is evidenced by his second play, "The Queen's Husband." Not quite so caustic in its wit or well rounded in plot, this piece is still rich in keen satire and gentle drollery and profits highly from the performance of that very capable actor, Roland Young (right). Gladys Hanson (also right) plays his masterful consort quite convincingly



The South Wakes Up

By Edwin Dial Torgerson

Brockton and Haverhill, important manufacturing cities which are not, however, pre-eminently textile centers, also have suffered a decrease in population, according to the Census Bureau's estimates.

In North Carolina there are no cities having a population as great as 100,000, but there are 90,000 wage-earners in the cotton mills, and 40,000 individuals own stock in cotton mills. Within two weeks, recently, a dozen Eastern manufacturing concerns announced their forthcoming removal to the South. These industries included not only cotton mills but processing and dyeing plants, an artificial silk plant, a full-fashioned hosiery mill, a mill to manufacture tile fabrics and a prints plant.

Three companies manufacturing artificial silk are expending \$40,000,000 for the erection of extensive plants in Tennessee, a state which within five years has noted an expansion in its textile industry of 250,000 spindles. Tennessee also has the largest aluminum plant in the world and the largest wood-pulp paper-book plant in the world.

Similar encomiums backed by the customary statistics might be paid *seriatim* to all the other states which "went broke" after the War of Secession. Florida alone would fill an encyclopædia with its record of progress and several books might be written about Georgia, even omitting Bobby Jones.

PRICIPALLY it is hydro-electric power that has energized the gleefully athletic New South. Current caught from the shoals and torrents of Southern mountain streams is flashed over the acres of cotton in the plains and valleys—at "nothing a ton" for cost of fuel transportation, as compared to the expense of hauling coal. Sequestered little towns in the very center of the Cotton Belt become factory towns—not factory towns with the slums and congestion of old-fashioned mill centers, but industrial sites brought bodily to the farm; cottages instead of tenements for workers, with all of nature for the children's playground, and truck gardens for the industrial hands to farm. It is Henry Ford's dream coming true—industry and agriculture brought together.

Not alone in iron and steel and cotton manufacture has the South leaped forward, for its progress comprehends a score of industrial fields; but to gain a true perspective of the section's advance we must take a look, first, at the Old South.

If you use the term with a slighting intonation, your present-day Southerner will bristle with facts and figures, and not a little choler.

He will tell you that in 1860—and he will cite the United States Census to prove that he is not provincially biased—the South was the richest section of America, richer and more progressive than New

YOU hear a great deal of "The New South."

Southerners don't like the term much. It seems to involve an invidious comparison of a new, booming, enterprising South with an old, lazy, backward and illiterate South.

Southerners are touchy about it, and when you consider the true facts of the old South and the new, you can't blame them much.

There has been a tremendous recrudescence of energy in the South during the past fifteen years; a wave of promotion, exploitation and development that is just now reaching its crest. It has not been a process of reformation, but a process of recovery—recovery from war. It has taken the South five decades to fight down the effects of the titanic Civil War, a struggle so devastating in its consequences that we of the present generation who say nonchalantly we have "forgotten" it, cannot conceive of its evils.

The progress of the last half century in the South has been principally industrial. Secondly, there has been a change for the better in Southern agricultural methods, but the most significant phase of the section's recovery has been in the growth of its manufactures.

To say the South at a time not far distant will be the center of the iron and steel industry in the Western Hemisphere seems a broad statement. Yet it is borne out by the oft-quoted views of such men as the late Judge Elbert W. Gary, who was chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation, and Roger W. Babson, the economist and business expert. The only industrial section on the face of the earth where the three constituents of iron-mak-

ing—coal, iron ore and limestone—may be mined within gunshot distance of each other is Birmingham, Alabama. Coal is native to the Pittsburgh district, but ore and to the fluxing materials must be imported. Ore is plentiful in the Middle West, but coal comes from a distance. Limestone is abundant elsewhere, but there is no coal or ore. This basic fact will explain to you how Birmingham, with a population of nothing in 1870, has grown to be the center of a metropolitan district numbering 350,000 souls.

Twenty years ago, the man who said the South would rob New England of its predominant rank in the textile industry would have been laughed out of countenance. Yet it is true to-day, starkly true to New Englanders. The southward removal of textile mills has amounted almost to a procession. In one county of North Carolina there are 100 cotton mills with a capitalization of over a million dollars each. One county in one state of the South has filched \$100,000,000 from New England.

Is it true! New England Chambers of Commerce are crying "wolf." Begging New England to "wake up!" To wake up because the sleepy South is stealing its stuff.

Three of New England's foremost textile centers—Lowell, New Bedford and Lawrence, Mass.—show a decline in population, instead of the increase almost universally boasted by American cities, in the 1927 estimates of the Federal Census Bureau. Lowell, once known far and wide as the "Spindle City," and the "Manchester of America," employed 30,111 wage earners in 1919, and in 1923 found that number had dwindled to 27,155. New Bedford gave employment to 41,630 in 1919, and four years later statistics showed a drop to 37,926.

The Traditional "Land of Cotton" Is Turning Out to Be a Land of Industrial Leadership

Etchings by Ralph L. Boyer

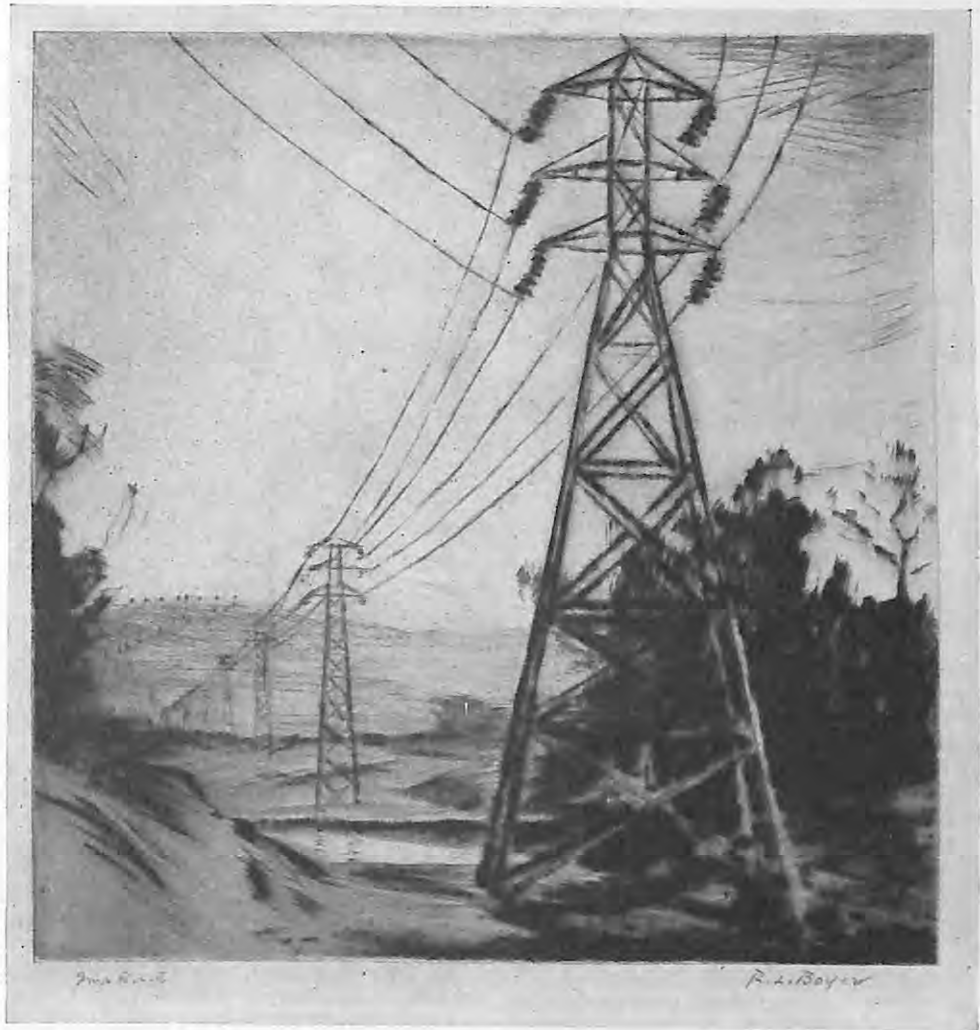
England and the Middle States. For in that year the true valuation of property in the Southern States was \$6,332,456,289, as against \$5,591,607,424, for the New England and Middle States.

The extent to which the devastation of war and defeat affected the South industrially and commercially may be judged by the comparative figures in 1870, ten years later. For then the true valuation of property in the South dwindled to \$4,401,462,507, and the New England and Middle States had increased in wealth to \$15,290,032,687. The South has never caught up—but it is catching up.

MORE staggering than the loss of property and commercial prestige during the war was the South's loss of its young men. Hundreds of thousands of them were killed and invalided, and after the war a tide of emigration set in which removed from the South 5,000,000 of its white residents between the years 1865 and 1910.

The soldiers in tattered gray who came back from the front were hardly to be blamed for succumbing to discouragement and despair. They found such chaos as few other vanquished armies had encountered on their return to the homeland. Not only had there been stupendous loss of life and property, stagnation of agriculture and all other gainful pursuits, but the economic and social system of the South had been torn up, root and branch. An army of slaves, two or three generations out of the jungles, outnumbering the white population in many sections two to one, had been freed. And not only had they been set free politically, they had been made the political masters of the South. Ex-slave governors, ex-slave legislatures, enacting the most weirdly ridiculous of "laws."

Fortunes of war. The blacks suffered as much as the whites in the cataclysmic shift of relations. The wonder is that the rehabilitation of the South commercially, and the restoration of harmony between the races, were accomplished in a time so incredibly short. Harmony is a fact, and not a figure of speech. As one distinguished investigator found, after living in the South for a number of years, the South does not worry about its race problem because no such thing as a race problem exists. Negroes in the South own their banks, their skyscraping office buildings, their chains of theatres, their tremendously developed insurance companies, their manufacturing projects. The poor negro boy has as much chance to get ahead as the poor white boy. And they do get ahead. If you don't believe it, go to Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Nashville. The colored race has had an important part in the South's economic upbuilding, and the white race applauds their success.



This reference to race relations may seem a digression from the topic of industrial development in the South. But it is not; it has a direct and fundamental bearing on the theme of the section's progress.

"Birmingham base" pig-iron means pig-iron at Birmingham prices. The prevailing Birmingham price is the basis upon which iron quotations of the whole United States are based. Why? Because Birmingham produces cheaper pig-iron than Youngstown, Pittsburgh or any other American manufacturing center.

Why is Birmingham pig-iron cheaper? Several reasons. We have already noted the propinquity of raw materials—iron ore, coal and limestone, the latter the fluxing material essential in iron manufacture, are found in the earth virtually side by side in Birmingham; the only manufacturing center in the world with such an overwhelming natural advantage.

ANOTHER reason—a big one—labor. The mining of coal, iron ore, limestone and the manufacture of iron require an abundance of unskilled labor—strong men, huskies, and, moreover, men who are at home in the Southern climate. The unskilled negro workman fills the bill. He takes to industry almost as readily as he takes to agriculture. He is tractable, good-natured, easily managed, inclined to happiness by disposition, and—most important of all—he turns a deaf ear to Bolsheviks and labor agitators. Foreign propagandists have tried to seduce him, but he laughs them off.

Labor is cheaper in the South. That is an item of prime interest to manufacturers. Relatively, the Southern laborer earns as much as the laborer in the North and East,

because living costs are lower. There are respectable cottages in Southern cotton-mill villages that rent for *fifty cents a month!* How far will fifty cents a month go in Fall River, Mass.? It will probably buy two chews of tobacco.

Food, shelter, clothing, medical attention—all the necessities, and a great many of the luxuries—are cheaper in the South than in the congested industrial centers elsewhere. You may say that congestion will come with further intensive industrial development in the South. Perhaps it will, but indications are headed the other way. The trend is toward decentralization of industry, a process that is being made possible by the comparatively recent perfection of the long-distance transmission of electric power.

That is a subject more intimately connected with the problem of fuel than with the problem of labor, but the problems are interlocking, as a closer investigation will show. The abundance of capable, tractable, unskilled labor in the South is one of the items that have given the section a tremendous advantage. It is probably the ruling factor in the low cost of pig-iron production in the Birmingham district, though fuel, transportation facilities and accessibility of raw materials are also of utmost importance.

Birmingham is not only the master of the iron situation, but it is the nation's "basing point" for products such as cast-iron water pipe. Many great pipe foundries are established in Northern Alabama, and it is significant that fully 85 per cent. of their labor is negro labor. Birmingham fixes the pig-iron and cast-iron pipe prices of America very largely because of the

(Continued on page 42)

I have heard the English system commended by athletes



On Going Stale

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by Herb Roth

ATHLETES, particularly American athletes, will go stale, and when they do it happens at the most inopportune times. My own notion is that American athletes are more likely to go stale than those of the other countries because of the deadly seriousness with which Americans take all of their sports, amateur and professional.

Of course there is every reason in the world why the professional athlete should regard his game with some amount of seriousness. But the contradictory part of it all is that the amateur athlete, who is supposed to be playing the game for his own amusement, is more inclined to be over-serious than the professional. Such statistics as are available will indicate that as a consequence the amateur athlete is more prone to going stale.

It is not only the individual athletes who go stale. Track teams, baseball teams and football teams go stale, which makes this business of going stale, as it is called, all the more difficult to comprehend. Obviously there are no two individuals exactly alike mentally and physically, and yet you hear of athletes in a single group going stale simultaneously. The thing must be largely mental when it happens to a group.

There was the case of one team of Giants, which afterward was spoken of by John J. McGraw as one of the best baseball teams he ever had under his management. They started the season in whirlwind fashion. Then they slumped. They could not win baseball games.

They had the "class," they had the inspiration, they certainly had the desire to push through to a pennant and the chance of winning a world series. They were adhering strictly to their training rules. There were no temperamental or careless athletes in the collection. They simply had gone stale.

At this time Wilbert Robinson, who had played on the Old Orioles with McGraw, had retired and gone into business in Baltimore, confided in a letter to McGraw that he was restless for the road and the baseball game again. The manager of the Giants had an inspiration. He wired Robinson to join the team as soon as he could as a coach.

Wilbert Robinson had his grip packed an hour after the wire. A ball player con-

stantly is ready to move when the first robins start north, and itching for the "rattler" and the sound of baseball talk. Mr. Robinson arrived at the Giant's hotel in the West when the slump was at its climax. Things probably could not be worse.

Now a losing ball club, especially a ball club that knows it should be winning, is a melancholy aggregation. This club had got far beyond the stage where the alibi would cheer or where they could blame it on that mysterious factor which is called the breaks of the game.

Wilbert Robinson rolled into the lobby where the athletes were sitting in that silence which only baseball players in a sad frame of mind can maintain.

"What is the matter? Is anybody dead around here?" demanded Robinson.

He immediately started curing the staleness. This was in the pre-Volstead era. As I understand it, Mr. Robinson took some of the elder athletes to a tavern and plied them with beer in homeopathic doses. The younger ones he "salved." That is to say, he spoke cheerily with them and made them feel that the end of the world was not impending. Robinson is a past master at the art of "salving," especially when the patient is a baseball player, old or young.

The slump was broken in a few days' time. The athletes were no longer stale. They were as fresh as they were at the start of the sea-

son, and they won back their lead and, as they say, "breezed" through to the pennant.

Now it is hard to comprehend why a team of baseball players should grow stale. You cannot figure by a process of reason that the physical strain on a baseball player is so great in the course of the playing season that it should break him down. In fact it would seem that the average professional baseball player gets just about enough exercise during the day to keep him fit.

The ball players, unlike most athletes, are not restricted to a training table diet. They are not up with the lark doing road work. As a matter of fact the ball player is not expected to rise until a little before noon. That is because he eats only one meal, breakfast, before the game, as a general rule, which prevents him from starting his work loggy and overfed. He gets the best of food, and his accommodations certainly are better than those afforded most of the amateur athletes.

The going stale of a baseball team is purely a mental state. Some will contradict this, insisting, "What has a baseball team to think about that would result in any disturbed mental state?" Nevertheless, I insist that since there was no physical reason for this team going stale it must have been a mental state.

MUCH of the credit for curing this must be given to Wilbert Robinson, who probably would insist that the staleness just wore off by itself. As a matter of fact there is no general cure for going stale because, when you cannot diagnose an ailment, you cannot prescribe a cure. Different trainers have their own notions for curing the sickness of going stale. The most general treatment is to have the athlete or the team break training.

But you cannot do this too often with certain types of professional athletes. They will come to like the cure so well that they will imagine that they are smitten by staleness when they actually are not.

There was a time in the good old days at Yale when a certain trainer, keeping an eagle eye on the football squad, would single out the players he felt showed signs of becoming stale because of too constant application. He would call them out of the dressing-room after the practice and hand them certain tickets.

"Take these and you may use them tonight," he would say. These tickets could be cashed for ale at "Morry's." I have not the statistics or the proof to show that this remedy actually staved off the staleness,

but the Yale man who told me about it insisted that there were no cases of individual or team staleness while he was in college.

"Of course," said this Yale old grad, with a light of pleasant retrospect in his eyes, "we were always very sure to make it evi-



At the same time her French opponent was sipping champagne

dent when we felt that there was an attack of staleness coming on. Still, we felt we were drinking the ale for Yale."

Any training regime becomes monotonous, particularly in the United States, where training is even more rigid than any military or monastic discipline. I have heard the English system commended by athletes who are in no way Anglo-maniacs. They simply are commending it on the results.

When English crews or teams are in training there is more of a variety of diet and certainly no athletes ever grow stale for the lack of ale. They are not even deprived of their pipes. Best of all they are not made to feel that the school will be disgraced, and that they will be slackers or worse in the event that the team loses. I do not mean that they are taught to go into the game predisposed to losing; but they feel that, after all, it is only sport.

The trainer of a team of cross-country runners from the United States told one instance of this. It was just before a race over a particularly gruelling course. Just before the start one of the members of the English team appeared smoking his pipe.

NATURALLY there was great amazement among the members of the American team. Here was a man violating all of the principles of training, and just before the start of the race. Tobacco was not for a distance runner, who first of all must take care of his wind.

It was a spirited race. The pace was rapid from the start. Long before the finish runners began to drop, panting and exhausted. My informant tells me that the pipe smoker was the first to finish, and the only one who was not absolutely spent. Now he is not an advocate of tobacco for runners himself, and he would not argue that the race was won by a few puffs of the pipe. What might be one athlete's meat might be another's poison.

His point was that this man approached the start absolutely relaxed and not under the mental depression and over-excited by the strain of long and too serious training. He was fresh and relaxed because of his attitude of mind. The pipe before the race was merely a symbol of that. He did not strain himself until the gun was fired, consequently he had more nervous energy to give to the race.

Just before the start of the British Amateur on the links at Muirfield, I saw Jess Sweetser in his room at the hotel where the American golfers were staying. He was

a sick young man; nobody realized at the time how sick he really was.

He had a high temperature and seemed to be suffering from congestion. In addition to that he had strained a knee during the long journey, the same knee that had been hurt in playing football. It looked as though he should not even start in the tournament.

"I am quite sure that I haven't a chance of lasting very far," he said. "I suppose that there is no use of me even going out there in the morning. The way I feel I hardly care whether I last a round or not."

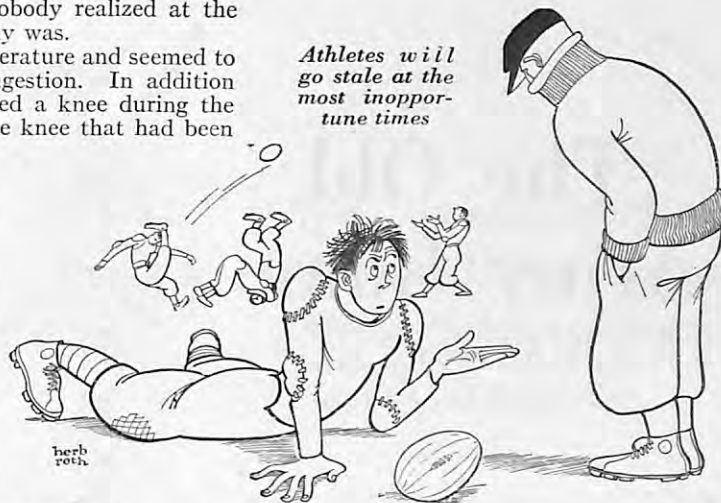
They remember still in Muirfield that this same Jess Sweetser brought back the British Amateur Cup that year. I have a strange theory to the effect that his illness (and how ill he looked, as he half limped around that first day) produced a mental state that kept him relaxed. He might have won merely because he did not care whether he won or not.

In a game like golf I insist that such a thing could happen. He was so dulled by his illness that every symptom of over-eagerness was suppressed. The game had no excitement for him. He was going through a routine simply because he was too game to take to his bed where he belonged all through that tournament.

When Gene Tunney started to Chicago to finish his last few weeks of training before the fight with Jack Dempsey at Chicago, I rode with him in the same drawing-room. When the last of the visitors had departed Tunney said, "To tell the truth I have already done too much training. I am stale right now."

It was a very strange admission from a prizefighter just about to enter the last lap of the routine before a heavy-weight championship bout which was to involve something in the neighborhood of three million dollars. Of course it was not made for publication.

Athletes will go stale at the most inopportune times



"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"Don't tell anybody," he grinned. "I am going into that upper berth and I am going to read all night. But never let that secret out. I am sick and tired of being accused publicly of being a secret book-reader."

Evidently this system of curing staleness is efficacious with the heavy-weight champion. He was still reading when I wrapped the drapery of the lower berth around me and lay down to dreams pleasant or otherwise.

THE staleness was gone the night before the fight with Dempsey, for, while the attendants of the heavy-weight champion were pacing the floors of the training quarters and were wakened even by the chirp of a cricket, Gene Tunney slept the sleep of a perfectly relaxed athlete. If Tunney had not staved off the impending staleness that seventh round of the second Tunney-Dempsey fight might have been different.

A man is the best judge of his own condition and as to when staleness is approaching,
(Continued on page 69)



Warming up, just before the start of the race

The Old Army Game

By Delos W. Lovelace

Illustrated by Henry B. Davis

LOOKING out for Number One, that's what those bozos from the Regular outfits called the old army game. And this guy, this Connell, he certainly knew how to play it. He certainly did. He wasn't old, thirty or maybe thirty-five, but he'd enlisted when most of the guys who got caught in the draft were just learning how to tease for bread and brown sugar. And he knew it all. He couldn't have known more if he'd had whiskers down to his ankles.

And, of course, when he came into that draft division he thought he was coming to a seat right on top of the world. Because he figured that a guy who knew as much as he did would stand ace-high with whatever ninety-day wonder he got for a captain.

He thought all the better of himself because of the way he'd put it over on the last court-martial. And, at that, a bird who can talk off a ninety-day guardhouse plaster has a right to pat himself on the back. That's what he'd done. With a hooch party, and a ride with the galloping dominoes right on the adjutant's desk, and a sock on the nose of the guard who came to make the pinch, all staring them in the face, the court-martial had swallowed his song and dance about wanting to help Pershing capture the Crown Prince. He wouldn't ask to be kept in the old regiment; but please couldn't they just take away his sergeant's stripes and send him somewhere else so he could do his bit?

Do his bit! He didn't any more burn to do his bit than an aide burns to park the general's auto and do a maneuver on foot. That was just hay for the horses, just something for the court-martial to chew on. He was burning a lot more to get away from guardhouse grub.

And also, of course, he wasn't forgetting the soft snap he'd have with a draft outfit where he'd be just about the only guy who knew a rifle from a roll-call.

He certainly knew that. And then some. One reason why the court-martial let him off was because when he left the hooch alone there wasn't a better all-around non-com between Hawaii and Alaska. If it hadn't been that a couple of sniffers always made him try to lick the first seven guys he found bunched, he'd have been a sergeant-major. But they did.

So about a month after the draft division started to fill up, he came along. His Service Record said he'd been to a machine-gun school once, so they sent him over to one of the three machine-gun battalions. And the adjutant there gave him to "B" Company.



Getting the assignment down in black and white that way seemed to make everything jake, and Connell shook hands with himself when he went over to report. "Some swell dish," he said to himself. "I'll be a sergeant again before I hang up my hat." Well, he was. But the dish turned out to be not so swell.

What's more, Connell knew it wasn't going to be swell before he got his other foot inside "B" Company's orderly room. He took one look at the big bum with the captain's bars, and the half-portion jaw, and the carrot hair, and the egg-ends for eyes, and the pink face, who was sitting on the other side of the room, and he wished the court-martial had slapped on the three months' sentence and made it six. Because he was a wise guy and he knew that a bum company commander is the worst thing in a soldier's life. And one look at the bum across the room was enough to tell him here was the prize bum in Pershing's whole basket.

RIGHT then and there he knew he was going to get a transfer. But for a couple of days he'd have to make the best of it, so he snapped to attention and he clicked his heels and he flipped up a bird of a salute, and he said, "Sir! Private Connell reports."

Well, this bum, this Wylie, squinted at him as much as to say, "Lay down, door-mat!" And then he stood up. He was so much bigger that he could look down at Connell along his pointed beezee. After a minute he squeaked, "Well, fella! Where do you come from?"

Now that fella' is a funny word. When the Battalion C. O. called a guy fella' it sounded like a promotion. But when this bum, this Wylie, said it Connell felt just as if somebody was using him to wipe off a pair of shoes. He'd have got sore if he hadn't had to work so hard to keep from laughing. What made him laugh was the voice of this bum, this Wylie. A great big bum Wylie was, but that voice of his wasn't

out of knee-pants. It was funnier than a soldier trying to salute on a motorcycle.

"Private Connell's your name, hey?" this bum, this Wylie, went on without even waiting for an answer. "Well, Private Connell, let me advise you to learn the proper salute. Another half-baked rookie I've got to make a soldier out of, I suppose. All right! Hand over your Service Record so I can see how much I've got to show you."

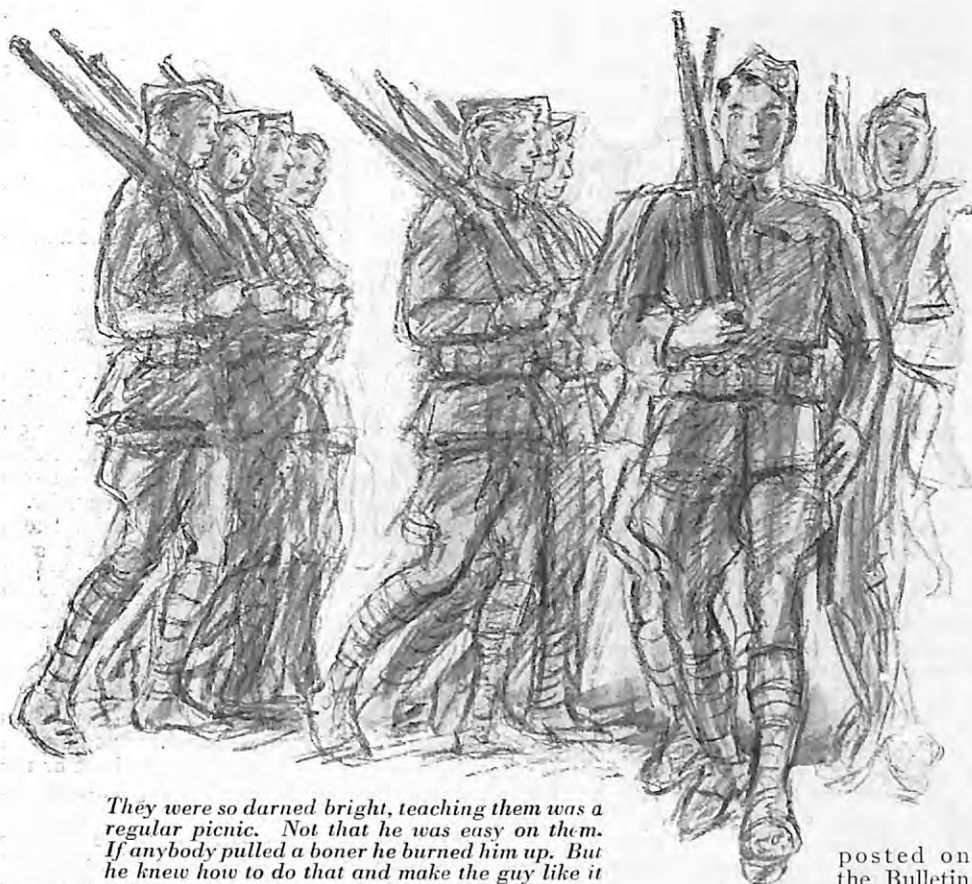
Hollering for a Service Record! Can you tie that? The big bum's eyes were all right, even if they did look like a couple of egg-ends. Why didn't he use them? One squint would have told him here was a soldier he couldn't show anything. Just that salute should have told him. Because even if the forearm didn't cut a perfect forty-five degree angle, and even if the fingers did cover the eye instead of sticking out above it, it was the snappiest salute "B" Company'd ever seen.

"Come on!" he said when Connell didn't jerk out a paper. "Didn't you hear me? Hand over your Service Record."

"Sir," Connell said, "it ought to be in the clerk's basket. At least, an orderly brought it over just before the adjutant told me to report." He was pretending he'd just as soon as not have his Service Record read. But inside he was worried. In the old Regular Army, when he got a new captain, there never used to be any talk about Service Records. Of course, sooner or later the captain got around to read them; but he never used them as a Bible. If he was any good he always let a guy start with a clean slate. And that was the kind of deal Connell figured he was going to get here.

"Oh, it's in the basket, is it?" this bum, this Wylie squeaked. And he rummaged around. And after a minute he found it. And he began to read, without so much as giving Connell a decent, "Stand at ease!" After a couple of minutes his face turned as sour as a Camp Inspector's. "Say!" he squeaked. "How many kinds of a criminal are you, anyway?"

Well, of course Connell didn't answer that. How could he? Besides he was thinking of something else. He was thinking, "Well! This bum'll be through with me soon, I hope."



They were so darned bright, teaching them was a regular picnic. Not that he was easy on them. If anybody pulled a boner he burned him up. But he knew how to do that and make the guy like it

A Ten-Minute Egg Of a Regular Forgets His First Principles to Make Soldiers Out Of Rookies

And just as soon as he is I'll throw some chow into me and make a break for Division Headquarters. I ought to find anyway one Regular Army officer with a pull. And when I do I certainly'll get out of this outfit faster'n a mule kicking out of a forage cart."

Well, this bum, this Wylie, read on a ways. All of a sudden his sour look changed. "What's this?" he squeaked. "You've been a sergeant?" He read on a ways farther. "And a First Sergeant?" he squeaked. And then he began to read in earnest.

And then, finally he took a chair, leaving Connell still standing at attention, and he pulled out a pack of humps and he lit one, and he looked down that long nose of his for four, five minutes. "I'll do it," he squeaked.

"Connell," he squeaked, "sit down to that typewriter and make out a Company Order appointing yourself First Sergeant, effective this date."

WELL, say! If anybody'd given him a shove Connell would have gone over the hill right then and there. And that just goes to show. Here he was, getting just what he'd hoped for, and all it made him think of was deserting. But of course when he'd hoped for it, he'd never figured on running into a bum like this bum Wylie.

For a minute he stood there, cussing his luck. But then his head began to work again and he said to himself, "Don't be a sap. What diff does it make? You'll find some old Regular Army officer up at Headquarters. And he'll snake you out of here in a week or less. Go ahead. Take the job. Better be Top Soak under a bum like this than a poor buck private he can give all the dirty work to."

So he sat down and started to peck-and-hunt. And when he finished pecking he handed it over.

"It has to have the Battalion Commander's approval," this bum, this Wylie, said. "Give it to a runner. And see it gets

he brings it back. And get yourself some chevrons. And have the Company formed for machine-gun drill at one-thirty."

"Yessir!" said Connell. And he started through the door as if being made Top Soak happened to him so often it wasn't worth talking about. Though what he really had on his mind was chow.

"Now don't be in such a hurry," this bum, this Wylie squeaked. "You and I have got to come to an understanding. I've made you First Sergeant because I think you're just the hardboiled, wise-guy I need to hammer some know-how into the dummies I've got in this company. But don't get it into your head that the appointment gives you any extra privileges. I mean you can razz the outfit all you want, because the boobs need it. But you'll jump whenever I say the word or we'll have a show-down. You can boss the outfit, but I'll boss you, understand? And if ever you have any different ideas just remember a soldier with a record like yours would have a sweet time before a court-martial in this camp where all the officers are new and strong for discipline."

Connell, he made his face as blank as a poker chip. "So that's the idea," he said to himself, "I'm to bully the outfit. But I've got to take anything he hands me, or he'll railroad me."

Right there is where he ought to have been sore. But something funny happened inside of him. And instead of being sore he was mostly sorry, all of a sudden. He was sorry for the poor, green rookies who had to take all the razzing from this bum, this Wylie, without being able to do a thing about it.

About himself he didn't worry because he was so sure he'd have a transfer in no time at all. He just said, "Yessir!" and when this bum, this Wylie, squeaked, "That's

all!" he flipped up a snappy salute and shut the door behind him.

"Zowie!" he said to himself when the door closed. "What a bum! I'll bet the poor dumb rookies under him are too scairt to ask for an extra plate of chow."

He found a buck private in the hall to take the order over for the Major's signature. And then he went into the Supply Sergeant's store-room. Another buck private was there, doing what a buck private is always doing in a supply-room. He quit wiping off cosmoline when Connell came in and jumped to attention. And even when he saw Connell wasn't an officer he didn't seem to know what to do.

That, all by itself, was enough to tell Connell how ragged this bum, this Wylie, must have run the outfit. "The poor dummies," he said to himself and hunted for the chevrons. In any outfit that pretended to be an outfit a strange guy snooping around in the supply room would have been thrown out on his ear. The bird wiping off cosmoline, though, he didn't let out a peep. "Scairt!" Connell said to himself. "And I'll bet they're all scairt. Zowie! Am I going to get a transfer in a hurry? I should say I am."

He found the chevrons and went into the squad-room and sat on a bunk to sew them on.

"What's happened?" somebody said. "Have we imported a First Sergeant?"

Connell looked up. A guy was standing in front of him. And on the guy's sleeve was a little diamond-shaped spot

lighter than the rest of the sleeve and three light stripes above it where a Top Soak's insignia had been

Connell knew that here was the guy whose place he was taking. "Yeh," he said, "I just landed. Is the cook any good?" He brought the cook in because he wanted to make it plain he wasn't looking for trouble.

"The cook's a wow!" the guy said. And then he said, "My name's Blackman, Buddy. I just got thrown out of the job you're taking. I hope you get along better'n I did."

Well! That was making it plain enough that the guy wasn't looking for trouble any more than Connell was. "This is a pretty good guy," Connell said to himself. He didn't warm up though. There were a few things he wanted to find out first. "Well!" he said feeling his way. "If this outfit is as good-for-nothing as I've been told, I don't expect to get along any too good."

"Listen, Buddy!" said Blackman, and his face turned the color of a new pair of leather leggins. "I can see you've been



posted on the Bulletin Board when

talking to the one dirty bum this company's got. But don't let him kid you. This is the best company in the whole division."

"Well!" Connell said, "I'm just repeating what I got from somebody who ought to know."

"Well, listen, Buddy!" said Blackman, and he pulled his mouth to one side until he was talking out of one ear, almost, "I don't know much about this army racket. I'm an auto mechanic. But I know this much. Whoever told you that is a dirty liar. And I'd tell it to him before one of these here court-martials."

CONNELL looked at Blackman, and all of a sudden he began to feel sorry again, for this poor bunch of rookies who had to serve under this bum, this Wylie. Back in civilian life they were probably wise enough. But here, in uniforms, they didn't even begin to know the ropes. And they certainly were in tough luck. But when he'd thought it out that far he stopped.

"Here!" he said to himself. "Don't be a sap. What's all this to you?" And he said to Blackman, "Well, probably you're right." But he wasn't going to get into any argument, so after that he said, "I guess I'll go and chow."

All the time he was throwing a plate of hash into him, though, he was wondering just how far Blackman was right and this bum, this Wylie, was wrong. And when it came time to form for drill he was out on the company parade ground as soon as he'd blown his whistle. Because he figured he could find out a lot just from looking the outfit over.

Well! Every look he took made this bum, this Wylie, out to be a worse bum. Because there wasn't any getting away from the fact that "B" Company was a good-looking outfit. Farmers, of course, and clerks and steam-shovelers, and candy-makers and what-have-you. As different from a Regular Army outfit as anything you could find. But one swell bunch of guys! And a captain with men like this ought to think himself a lucky stiff instead. . . .

Right here, though, Connell stopped again. "Now what's it to you?" he said. And after he'd reported All Present or Accounted For; and had turned the company over to this bum, this Wylie, and had been told to spend the afternoon seeing the clerk didn't ball up the payroll, he started for the orderly room, saying to himself that it wasn't anything to him and he was certainly going to get that transfer in a hurry.

He stopped, though, on a line with the file closers because this bum, this Wylie, was razzing a soldier whose blouse had one button unbuttoned.

"So it pulled out when you lifted your tripod, did it?" this bum, this Wylie, squeaked. "Well, I'll just pull out a confinement to the company area for you over the week-end." And then he gave Squads Right, MARCH! Forward MARCH! That sent the Company in column past Connell. And as the guy who'd been razzed went by, Connell heard him saying, "The blinkety-blanked, blankety-blinked Whoozis."

"What's that?" Was that man talking in ranks, Sergeant?" somebody squeaked. It was this bum, this Wylie. It was one of his stunts to sneak along the column hoping to catch somebody.

"Talking, Sir?" Connell said. "Was anybody talking?" Just like that. And he looked this bum, this Wylie, right in the eye. Because he knew the poor guy hadn't been to blame, and he simply wasn't going to give him away.

The minute that he got back in the orderly room, though, he was sore at himself. "You poor sap!" he said. "Now the whole outfit'll think you're for them." He lit a cigarette. "Come on," he said to the Company Clerk. "Let's shake a leg." Because, of course, now the only sensible thing for him to do was to get the payroll out of the way and pike up to Division Headquarters and find out could he fix up a transfer. The sooner he did that the better.

But they hadn't any more than got their cigarettes lighted when a major came in. A slim little guy, built about like the Prince of Wales, or maybe Charlie Chaplin when he's dressed up.

"S the Battalion Commander," the clerk whispered, ducking his cigarette.

The Major took a seat and pulled out a pack of humps and lighted one. "I take it," the Major said, "that you are Sergeant Connell."

"Yessir!" Connell said. He was keeping his face as blank as a poker chip; but underneath he

was worrying. Had this bird been looking into that Service Record, too? Were all the officers in this here National Army like this bum, this Wylie?

"Sit down," the Major said. "I think we've observed all the military courtesies that this occasion requires."

"Yessir!" Connell said. Of course, he didn't sit down. But he felt a little better. Because the Major sounded just like a Regular Army officer.

The Major looked at the end of his cigarette. "I've just had a talk with Colonel Groom, up at Division Headquarters," he said.

Well! Now Connell didn't know whether to go on feeling better or to start feeling a little worse. Finally he decided to go on feeling better. Because with old Four-Eyes Groom up at Headquarters he certainly ought to be able to work a transfer.

"The Colonel," the Major said, "tells me you hold an army record. He says you've been promoted to a sergeantcy and reduced oftener than any soldier he knows." And the Major put a hand over his mouth and looked out of the window.

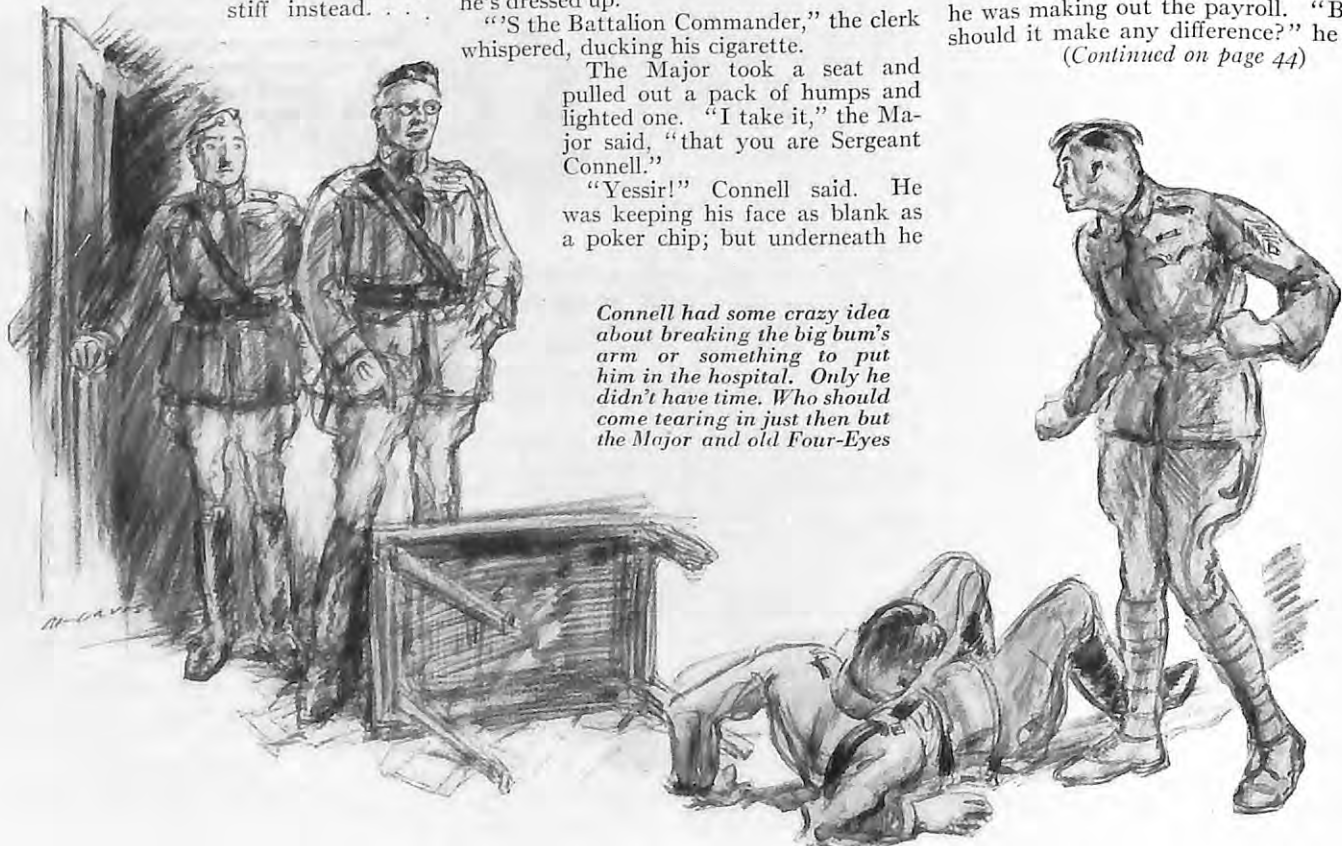
Connell wasn't fooled, though. He went right on feeling better. Because he knew the Major was kidding. Old Four-Eyes had probably said just that. But he must have said a few good things to boot or the Major wouldn't have acted so good-natured.

THE Major got up, and walked to the door. "The Colonel," he said, "and I," he said, "agree that you're not likely to be busted in this outfit. In the first place," he said, "the stuff they bootleg in Des Moines is an insult to any man's stomach. And in the second place, you'll be so busy whipping 'B' Company into shape you won't have time to look for it." And he went out.

Connell watched him go. And he said to himself, "Now this is a swell dish!" Because the Major had as good as told him that he was glad to have him around. And, of course, that made asking for a transfer different, sort of.

Connell did some heavy thinking while he was making out the payroll. "But why should it make any difference?" he said to

(Continued on page 44)



Connell had some crazy idea about breaking the big bum's arm or something to put him in the hospital. Only he didn't have time. Who should come tearing in just then but the Major and old Four-Eyes



Natural Science

"PAPPY," said a small colored boy to his father one winter day, "teacher tole us ter day dat cole contracks things and heat 'spands 'em. Did you know dat?"

"Oh! Yes, I knowed dat," replied the father. "Didn't she splain it to you all."

"No, Sir, she didn't. But Reverent Simpson's boy said he knowed it was true, 'cause las' Saddy night, when it was so cole, his daddy's pile of oakwood swunk up sumpin terrible. An' I tole him I knowed it was true too, 'cause dat same night our oakwood pile here in de kitchen, where it was warm, swelled consider'ble."

So Soon?

JIM EUBANKS, a notoriously desperate negro down in Nottoway County, Virginia, had again been caught in the toils of the law. He had been convicted of murder and was before the Court for sentence.

Throughout the trial he had maintained a stolid demeanor, as if little interested in what was going on. He perhaps thought that some fortunate circumstance would again enable him to escape punishment as he has so many times before. He evidently did not realize the seriousness of his situation.

"Jim Eubanks, stand up," directed the Clerk. Jim arose and stood at the bar.

"Jim," said the Judge, "you have been found guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree, by a jury of your peers. It is now my painful duty to pronounce the sentence of the law upon you. To-day is June 26th. It is the judgment of the Court that you be delivered into the custody of the jailor and be confined in the county jail until August 4th. On that date you shall be taken into custody by the Sheriff and hanged by your neck until you are dead."

Jim was at last startled out of his stolidity. "My goodness, Judge," he said, "does you mean dis comin' August?"



The Sunny Side of Darkness

Stories Collected
By Fred Harper

Sketches by Arthur G. Dove

Tempting the Court

JUSTICE WHITAKER, who presides over the Municipal Court of Lynchburg, one day noticed a vivacious young negress sitting on the front bench in the Court room reserved for spectators. She had crossed her knees, and the fact that she "rolled her own" was so obvious as to attract undue attention from those about her.

"Young woman, pull down your dress," ordered the Justice sternly. "You are making an unseemly display."

"I'se quite comf'table, Judge; an' I ain't makin' no mo' display dan de white ladies does," she replied with an impertinent toss of her head.

"I fine you five dollars for contempt of Court," said Justice Whitaker. "Go in the Clerk's office and pay your fine."

She seemed to be rather pleased at thus occupying the center of the stage; and she frisked coquettishly out of the Court room into the Clerk's office across the hall.

"De Judge done tole me ter come in hyuh an' pay you fi' dollars," she said to the Clerk.

"What for?" enquired he.

"I don't know zackly," she replied. "But he said it was for temptin' de cote."



One day a stranger, noting Uncle Zack's futile efforts to start the animal said: "Uncle, that is an old army mule, isn't it?"

"Yassir," replied Zack. "He was turned adrift hyah endurin' of de war by de Yankees; an' he tuk up wid me."

"Well," said the stranger, "then you must drill him like a soldier. Watch me!"

And he climbed into the buggy and took the reins.

"Attention!" he commanded sharply. The mule stiffened; his head went up, his ears erect.

"Forward march!" was the next command; and Pompey promptly started off at a brisk walk.

"Double quick, march!" ordered the stranger; and the old mule broke into a trot that soon took them to town.

"Halt!" commanded the driver when they had reached the main street. Pompey immediately halted.

As the fare alighted he carefully instructed Uncle Zack as to the proper commands, receiving the old negro's profuse thanks.

"I ain't never knowed befo' dad dis Pompey mule was a soljer," he said. "But fum now on he sho is a high private in de rear ranks, an' I is his Cap'n."

Next day Uncle Zack picked up another fare in the town, in a great hurry to catch the train that was even then approaching the station. He gave the remembered commands, Pompey responded nobly and was soon galloping down the road.

When they arrived at the station, Uncle Zack said: "Whoa!" But Pompey didn't whoa.

"Stop you fool mule private, don't you hear your Cap'n?" yelled the negro. But the mule kept on at a gallop across the tracks and up the road beyond. Uncle Zack sawed on the reins and yelled every peremptory command he could think of, except "halt," but without effect.

"Boss," said Uncle Zack, "ef you wan't ter ketch dat train, you better jump. I done forget de word what make dis mule whoa."

Whoa!

THE railroad station at Amherst, Virginia, is a long, down-hill mile from the town of that name, which is the county seat. Zack Wilson, a "befo de war" negro, made a precarious living there by transporting passengers to and from the station in a ramshackle buggy, drawn by a decrepit mule named Pompey. The mule was an inveterate balker and Zack not infrequently lost a fare because of the impossibility of getting Pompey under way until he was pleased to move.

How Well Do You Know Your Country—at Night?

Compiled by Charles Phelps Cushing

The answers to this questionnaire will be found on page 54



BURTON HOLMES—FROM EWING GALLOWAY

1. Your nickels for chicle have built th's tower, the gleaming landmark by night of one of our biggest cities. Which one?



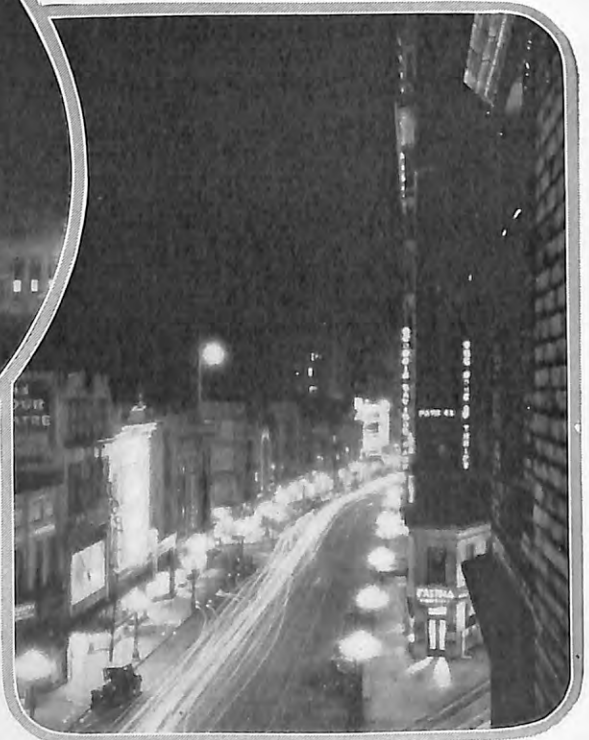
WIDE WORLD

2. The world's biggest searchlight, from three miles away, illuminates this famous Colonial mansion. Where and why? Democrats may guess this one more quickly than Republicans



ANDERSON

3. "A cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night" is this new \$2,000,000 Liberty Memorial, built by popular subscription in a city "at the heart of America." Where's that?



EWING GALLOWAY

4. Just because you see a big Flatiron building at the junction of two bright lanes, don't be too sure it's New York. If you are, you miss this one by 876 miles!



WIDE WORLD

5. Don't mistake these fireworks bursting in the skies for palm trees. Now can you guess what resort city this is?



EWING GALLOWAY

6. This isn't Piccadilly Circus, London, nor Columbus Circle, New York, but the heart of a mid-west literary capital. Where?



WIDE WORLD

7. Without any further reflection, how quickly can you guess what celebrated cast-iron dome this photograph shows?

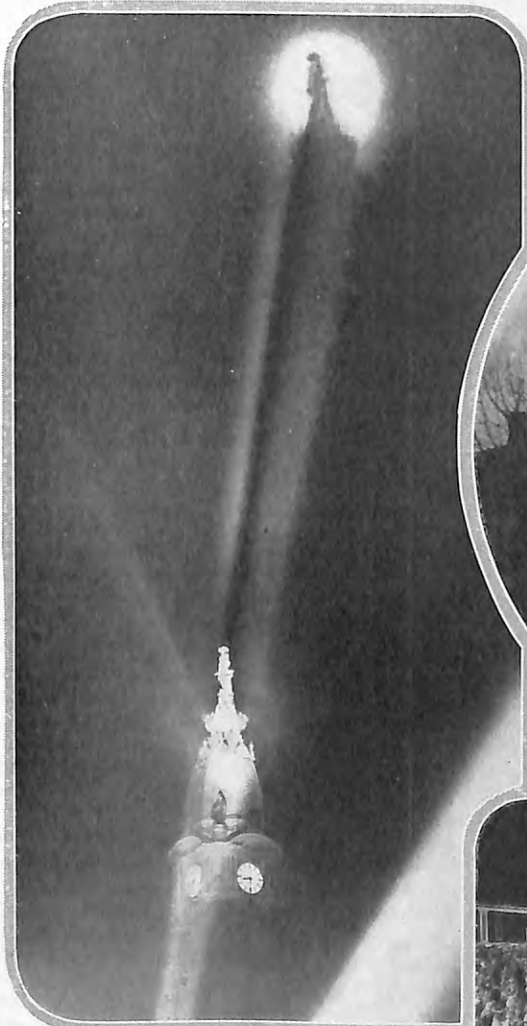


FOTO IRAMA

9. A mammoth old city honors its founder with this statue topping City Hall. Name city and founder.



EWING GALLOWAY

8. Governors from this curious domeless state capital building often become Presidents. Now can you name the city?

10. The opera auditorium at the right, in the open air in a city park, seats three times as many as the Metropolitan. Where is it?



MUNICIPAL OPERA CO.

*Deprived of Legal
Redress, Love Takes
Counsel with Cunning
to Outwit its Enemies*

The Light Shines Through

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige

Part III

"GOOD!" Logan was smiling. He had hoped for victory without anticipation that it would come this easily. "I thought you'd see things that way."

"There's no other way that I can figure, Logan."

"Of course not. The first order is this: You are not, under any circumstances, to see Naomi or let her know that you are alive."

Avery frowned. "Why?"

"Because where so-called honor is concerned, she is demented. In spite of all the misery it would mean to her and to Hilda, she'd insist that you take back the money you left."

"I see. . . . But how would that bring unhappiness to Hilda?"

"Because," snapped Don, "I'd warn her that the minute she took any such step, I'd get in touch with the authorities at Wintersburg, Iowa, and have Hilda dragged on the carpet. She'd know I wasn't bluffing, but she'd do it anyway."

"And you?"

Logan's bleak eyes fixed unwaveringly on Avery's face.

"I'd do what I threaten."

The big man nodded. "I believe you would," he murmured. "You're just about that type."

"I'm not a bluffer, and I'm going to carry this thing through. It means too much to me. . . . But enough of that. You are not to see Naomi. . . ."

"Suppose I run across her by accident?"

"Makes no difference. The result will be the same. Once she knows you're alive, there'll be no stopping her." He was quiet for a moment: "The second order is that you lay off me. I don't want any private detectives trailing me."

"You're very explicit at any rate, Logan."

"It's my time to be. If a single thing goes wrong I'm entirely out of luck—"

"And my position?"

"I'm not thinking of you. I'll give you a reasonable amount of money to get out and stay out."

"No-o." Avery shook his head quietly.

"I'm afraid I couldn't let you pay me with my own money, Logan. I'd feel a sense of embarrassment. As for doing what you ask: I rather think that I shall so long as conditions remain as they are. I am sufficiently intelligent to realize that you have the upper hand. If it were simply myself. . . ."

"It isn't. I wish I could really make you understand the bond between Naomi and Hilda—"

"You have made me understand it. For once in your worthless life, I actually admired you. You tell a story exceedingly well—and very graphically. If it's any satisfaction to you, I'll give you my word of honor that you have convinced me."

Don's face flushed with the compliment. Always susceptible to flattery, this tribute from a man whom he respected in spite of himself caused him to tingle with pleasure.

"I'M not trying to be unreasonable, Avery. But I'm desperate. I couldn't go back to where I was. It was hard enough before. It would be impossible now."

"But the thing might be arranged," suggested John. "You certainly don't plan to remain married to Naomi?"

"I certainly do. Why should I divorce her? And she can't divorce me."

"Not even for parties such as I glimpsed here to-night?"

"Not even for those," grated the smaller man. "There are no grounds for divorce in those parties. And if there were, it couldn't be proved."

"I suppose not. . . . You would be careful."

"You're mighty right I would. No, Avery: the situation boils down to this: I've got things where I want them and I intend to keep them there. The only way out would be for you and me to make a deal whereby you would give me a certain sum of money—"

"No." Avery spoke frigidly. "I'd like to do that, but I'm afraid it's impossible.



On the second evening he saw a couple leave the house and walk toward the neighborhood movie theatre. The woman was Hilda — the man Avery

I couldn't quite bring myself to buy out. I'm content to lose . . . but I wouldn't have a lot of self-respect left if I dickered with you in dollars and cents."

"The more fool you! At any rate, if you ever change your mind (and you will) you'll know where to find me. Meanwhile, I want to warn you that the first intimation I get that you're snooping around, or having me shadowed—or that Naomi has learned you're alive . . . I'll start in. It will be suicide for me, Avery—but it'll put Naomi a long way out of your reach, and I know that she's the one you're thinking of."

The cheeks of the big man were pallid. "Can't we leave that angle out of the discussion?"

Logan shrugged. "If you wish," he said in a half sneer. "I'm not naturally as chivalrous as you. But before you go I want to repeat one thing: in case you question the strength of my position—go to some person and put the case up to him hypothetically. Give the details of the Wintersburg situation. Let it be suddenly discovered after all these years that the mysterious boarding-house killing was committed by the sister of the woman who is now the wife of the wealthy Donald Logan. Let the story break in Wintersburg and watch the wild scramble to get onto the first page and stay there. See it, Avery. And put yourself in front of twelve dumb jurymen. Try to fancy yourself attempting to convince those twelve good men and true that a woman was justified in killing her husband because he whined at her. Try to

explain why she ran away and has hidden out for all these years. Think it over, Avery—and you'll see that if Hilda got less than twenty years in the penitentiary she'd simply be lucky. Then figure what that would mean to Naomi."

Avery rose. "You make it quite clear Logan. I appreciate your somewhat brutal frankness."

"And you'll do as I wish?"

Avery smiled a slow, twisted smile. "As I said before—I really have no choice in the matter."

He bowed formally, and was gone. Once on the street he walked with great space-eating strides toward a nearby park. Then, under the trees, he bared his head and drew a deep breath as though to free his lungs of the apartment's fetid atmosphere.

"The thing to determine now," he reflected grimly—"is what I shall do first."

CHAPTER XIII

DURING the ensuing twenty-four hours, John Avery gave himself over to a siege of intensive thought. Strangely enough, he did not doubt Logan's story.

Of course he intended to check up on it as far as he could. Meanwhile, he accepted it as fact. Another thing he recognized was Logan's desperation. The man was weak, yet he possessed a contradictory vein of strength. He was selfishly unyielding. Avery did not doubt for an instant that he would not hesitate to bring misery on Naomi as revenge for anything he—Avery—might do.

During the interview with Naomi's husband, John had appeared to acquiesce. Yet he was not of the supine type. He had no idea of quitting; no thought of sitting back and permitting another man unworthily to enjoy his fortune and at the same time cause everlasting misery to the woman Avery loved.

He knew, however, that he dared not make a single misstep. Admitting that Logan had stated honestly the situation in the Iowa city, there was no question that his conclusions were soundly drawn. There would be a fanfare of rotten publicity and the public would discover that it had been outraged. Ten or twenty years in the penitentiary for Hilda. Misery unutterable for Naomi.

Eventually an idea came to John Avery. He sent for the effervescent little detective whom he had previously employed. Ellis Wasson breezed into the hotel room, his chubby, round face beaming, his fat little body quivering with friendly excitement.

"Aaah!" he murmured in his ridiculously extravagant manner—"The great capitalist, once more in need of information, sends for the world's greatest sleuth. 'I am in trouble,' he said moodily, 'and must needs call upon you for help.' 'It is my pleasure, retorted the detective. 'The world is my oyster and I'm fond of stew.' And now, Mister Avery—what will you?"

"This time, Wasson, it's very simple and even more confidential—"

"I never told anybody anything in my life . . . and they wouldn't understand it if I did, I'd be so discreet."

"Good. In the first place, I'm leaving for a brief trip to New York. Taking the morning train. I'll be back in a week or ten days. While I'm gone I want you to locate for me a Miss or Mrs. Ethel Prentice who boards in a modest place somewhere downtown. I merely want her address and the name of the firm which employs her. No one must, under any circumstances, suspect that inquiries are being made about her. That is vital. When I get back here you can give me the dope."

"Okay! The info shall be awaiting you and nobody won't know nothing."

They chatted a few minutes before the breezy little man departed. Avery found himself grinning. Queer chap—but unquestionably efficient.

He made his reservation through the hotel porter, and packed his suitcases. That night he telephoned Don.

"Just wanted to let you know I'm pulling out in the morning, Logan."

"That sounds sensible." Avery detected the note of vast relief in the man's voice. "Where to?"

"New York probably."

"And then?"

"I don't know. Merely called because I figured you'd like to know."

Logan's voice came back cheerfully. "I knew already, Avery."

"You knew?"

"Certainly. I have ways of finding out."

Avery was puzzled as he replaced the receiver. He believed Logan was lying, but he wasn't sure. It was reasonable to suspect that Logan would have his every move watched. The man was playing for tremendous stakes. And yet. . . . A grim smile came to the big man's lips. He knew he'd have to watch every step.

As a matter of fact, Logan had lied. The idea of telling Avery that he was being shadowed was inspirational and he was chuckling with satisfaction as he left the telephone.

A ravishing blonde creature was sitting on the couch gazing at him with big, sleepy violet eyes. He strutted before her, excessively well pleased with himself.

"I just pulled rather a neat coup, Marcella," explained Don.

Her eyes unveiled slowly and caressed him with a queer, catlike glance. "It has something to do with your wife?" she asked jealously.

"My! How observant you're getting." He rested his hand on her mass of golden hair. "You're keen, Marcella. But this time you're only half right."

She did not look directly at him. She did not want him to see that her eyes were blazing. "I hate her!" she flashed.

"Why?"

"Because she is your wife."

"Silly puss! I haven't seen her for two months."

Avery's train left for the East the following morning. During the long, tedious journey across the country, he had plenty of time for thinking.

And there was considerable food for thought. He weighed the situation from every angle, and found himself moving out of one cul-de-sac and into another. But above all of his doubt and worry and uncertainty, a single thought flared triumphantly.

NAOMI and Don were not in love with each other. He gathered from Logan himself that Naomi's infatuation had turned to hatred. No, worse. She evidently despised the man—held him in contempt.

Avery could not stifle the feeling of triumph which that knowledge brought him. He had nothing to do with it. They had married . . . and they could not be happy together. For the first time since he himself had fallen in love with Naomi, he felt that there was a genuine chance for him.

He realized now that the chance was remote. He himself cared nothing for money. He would have liked to go to her and agree that Logan was to be permitted to keep what he had in exchange for a divorce. But he knew that she would never agree to such a course. He visioned her tiny, regal figure; the proud carriage of her dainty head; the flashing brown eyes. Not Naomi! She would not accept halfway measures. The fortune was his—and she'd see that it was returned to him regardless of whether or not she suffered.

An odd situation. Every factor in Logan's favor. Even the fact that he was Naomi's husband. Of course he wouldn't divorce her. That was his most powerful weapon. . . . John's teeth were pressed tightly together. He was oppressed by a sense of desperation—and futility. He must be



He put her bodily out of the apartment

careful, he must be content to make haste slowly. But he must do something.

Ezekiel Brewster listened to his story with gimlet eyes boring into the tanned young face of his client. At its conclusion he fired a single terse question:

"What are you going to do about it?"

Avery spread his hands. "That's what I came to New York to ask you."

"Humph! A fine mess it is." The thin face of the attorney grew bitter. "What in God's name did she ever see in that conceited ass?"

"I don't know. . . . But she saw something and if she's been cured—"

"Oh! for goodness sake—don't start prattling sentiment again. I abhor it. Sure, an idiot like yourself would be happy to know he had a chance. Even if it did cost him a million dollars and a world of worry. A man like you doesn't deserve anything."

"I'm apparently about to get my deserts then."

"Don't be funny, young man. Let me see. . . . I can check up on that Iowa affair, of course."

"Quietly?"

"WHAT do you think I am: an absolute jackass? Sometimes I believe this Logan has more brains in his little finger than you have in your head. It's a certainty that he has been pretty keen in sizing up the situation. Try that woman now before such a jury as you'd get out there, and she wouldn't have a chance. Not a chance."

Avery watched the wizened old fellow for a few moments. He saw the thin hands jerk spasmodically. "Only one thing to do," snapped Brewster. "I've got friends in New York—and they've got friends. I'll work through those channels to get an introduction to the district attorney at Winterville. I'll make him appreciate the equities. Have the case nolle prossed. Then Logan can go to the devil."

"I figured you'd do something of the sort."

"Don't think it will be easy. It won't! Hard as all tarnation. Maybe the district attorney will prove to be a cheap political spellbinder. If so, all bets are off. He might be r'aring to get a little national publicity. But the chances are, if we go

at him right, he'll see which side the bread of justice is buttered on. And I don't mean bribery. We'll make him see that the woman was justified. Might do that in private—where we'd never make anybody understand it in court. Think I can succeed if he's the right sort of fellow. And I wouldn't tackle it if I didn't think it was honest and ethical. Lots of cases like that—acquit where a conviction ought to come. Vice versa. Out of court—that's the way to fight this thing."

"And meanwhile we must see that Logan doesn't suspect."

"Exactly. If he found out there was anything in the wind, he'd fire the first broadside. It would make all the difference in the world. District attorney couldn't keep it quiet then. Public would get blood-thirsty. Everything would be ruined. And she'd deserve it—Mrs. Logan, I mean—not her sister. Any woman who could marry a man like Logan. . . . Anyway, she did. Got no sympathy for her. Not much, at any rate. Uh-huh! That's our plan. I'll start the ball rolling. Keep in touch with you. What you planning?"

"I want to discuss that. I have Ellis Wasson checking up on the sister. I understand she's a stenographer and that she lives in a boarding house. She and Naomi naturally are letting the Iowa affair prey on their minds and they're afraid to live to-

gether for fear detectives are watching Naomi to find out where Hilda is."

"Of course they'd think that. Guess anyone would who had killed a person."

"I think I'm going back to Los Angeles. Quietly. Try to keep Logan from knowing I'm there. And it was my idea to try to beg board in the same house Hilda is living."

"Aren't you afraid of meeting Mrs. Logan?"

"No-o. I don't believe so. She wouldn't go there. And I'll take an assumed name. No one will suspect who I am. I'll probably pose as an insurance salesman. And I'll try to become friendly with Hilda."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I can't be definite at this stage of the proceedings. The principal thing though, is that I'll be rather on the inside track. I'll be able to watch and if Logan tries anything, I'll be on the spot. What do you think of the idea?"

The lawyer studied reflectively. "It doesn't sound so bad. I rather agree with you that that is the last place in the world you'd meet Mrs. Logan. And, of course, so long as this Hilda person wasn't worried you'd know pretty well that Logan was not pulling anything funny with her. Yes, young man—it seems that perhaps you've had an idea that is worth something. I'd say go ahead."

"Fine! I'm awfully glad you agree—"

"—Because you were going to do it anyway, eh?"

"No-o. Perhaps not."

"Fiddlesticks! You couldn't keep away from that city. Not you! Fortunate for



you you've got a soft-hearted sympathetic attorney."

"It is," agreed Avery seriously. "I knew you'd understand."

"Rot! All I understand is that you're a fool and she is a bigger one. Meanwhile, get on back there—send me your address and your assumed name, and I'll keep in touch with you. To-morrow I start pulling wires."

John Avery rose, a huge and impressive figure in the half light of the private office. Ezekiel Brewster looked up at him quizzically.

"One question I'd like to ask you, John."

"What is it?"

"How in the devil did you keep from spanking Logan?"

Avery threw back his head and laughed—

"To tell the truth, Brewster—restraining myself was the hardest thing I ever did in my life."

CHAPTER XIV

MRS. HILDEBRAND'S boarding-house was respectable. Mrs. Hildebrand herself admitted the fact. It was so aggressively respectable that a person of acute sensibilities could readily become oppressed with the air of implacable decency prevailing.

Balancing the scales—Mrs. Hildebrand set an excellent table and kept the rooms immaculately clean. Vacancies were infrequent in her establishment, and it was therefore a sheer matter of luck that a certain young gentleman who called himself Arthur Keyes should have been admitted to the third floor front within three days after filing his application.

Mr. Keyes, who was very large and distinctly prepossessing, stated that he repre-

sented a large New York law firm which was interested in a real estate development near Los Angeles. He told the distinctly ample Mrs. Hildebrand that he'd be in Los Angeles for two or three months—and perhaps longer.

In the privacy of his room Mr. Keyes wrote a long but guarded letter to Ezekiel Brewster in New York. He signed it "John Avery."

IT WAS John's initial boarding house experience and he found it interesting. Among the paying guests were two young musicians: one a violinist and the other a pianist, both of whom aspired to great things and actually eked out a meager existence by functioning as orchestra in a very small neighborhood picture house. There were two girls—who appeared at dinner only—from Ohio. John thought that they were two of the prettiest girls he had ever seen. They had invaded Los Angeles with the idea of becoming screen stars. They were fresh and unspoiled and possessed of ample—if limited—means. Later he learned that they occasionally landed work as extras. He was amazed that their ambition never flagged, and that daily rebuffs served only to whet their determination.

At first these two girls became quite excited over the new Mr. Keyes. They appraised him as one fired by their own ambition and were distinctly disappointed

to learn that he was a mere real estate man. "It's a shame," averred one with disconcerting directness: "A big he-man like you should be in the movies."

John maintained that he wasn't interested in becoming an actor and didn't believe he would be very good at it. In response to which, in the privacy of their room, the blonde girl exclaimed to her brunette friend:

"Did you ever see anyone more ravishing! So big and powerful and tanned—and everything. And what a smile! It would screen like a million dollars . . . so slow and gentle and spreading gradually to his eyes. . . . Couldn't you just see him playing the part of a tolerant husband whose wife is living beyond their means and running around with cookie-pushers and his heart is breaking and all he does is stay at home and play with the baby because he yearns for a home, and—"

"U-huh! But I'm sleepy. And anyway, he's a dumbbell."

"Oh—Agnes! How can you even think such a thing!"

"Because I've watched him for an entire week—and he doesn't seem interested in anybody in the house but that washed-out Miss Prentice. And I'm simply saying that a man who can lose his head about that funny woman is no he-man."

"She isn't funny. She's real nice."

"Sure. Nice and old. And with all the pep of a cold, half-eaten hot dog. I haven't got a thing against Miss Prentice. I guess she's an awfully competent stenographer. But as man-bait she's Q-minus."

The other girl sighed deeply. "She can't be. Not if that gorgeous Mr. Keyes is interested in her."

Avery would have been amazed to know that his interest in Hilda had aroused any comment. He was not adroit. But from the first dinner. . . .

His initial glimpse of Hilda brought with it a distinct shock. The dining table had been half filled when he entered the room. Mrs. Hildebrand punctiliously introduced him to each person present. And then, as each of the other boarders came into the dining-room, the ceremony was repeated.

ALMOST the last one to enter was Hilda. John, considerably embarrassed by the attention paid to him, knew instantly that it was Hilda. There was no mistaking the fact that she was Naomi's sister. They were alike—yet startlingly different.

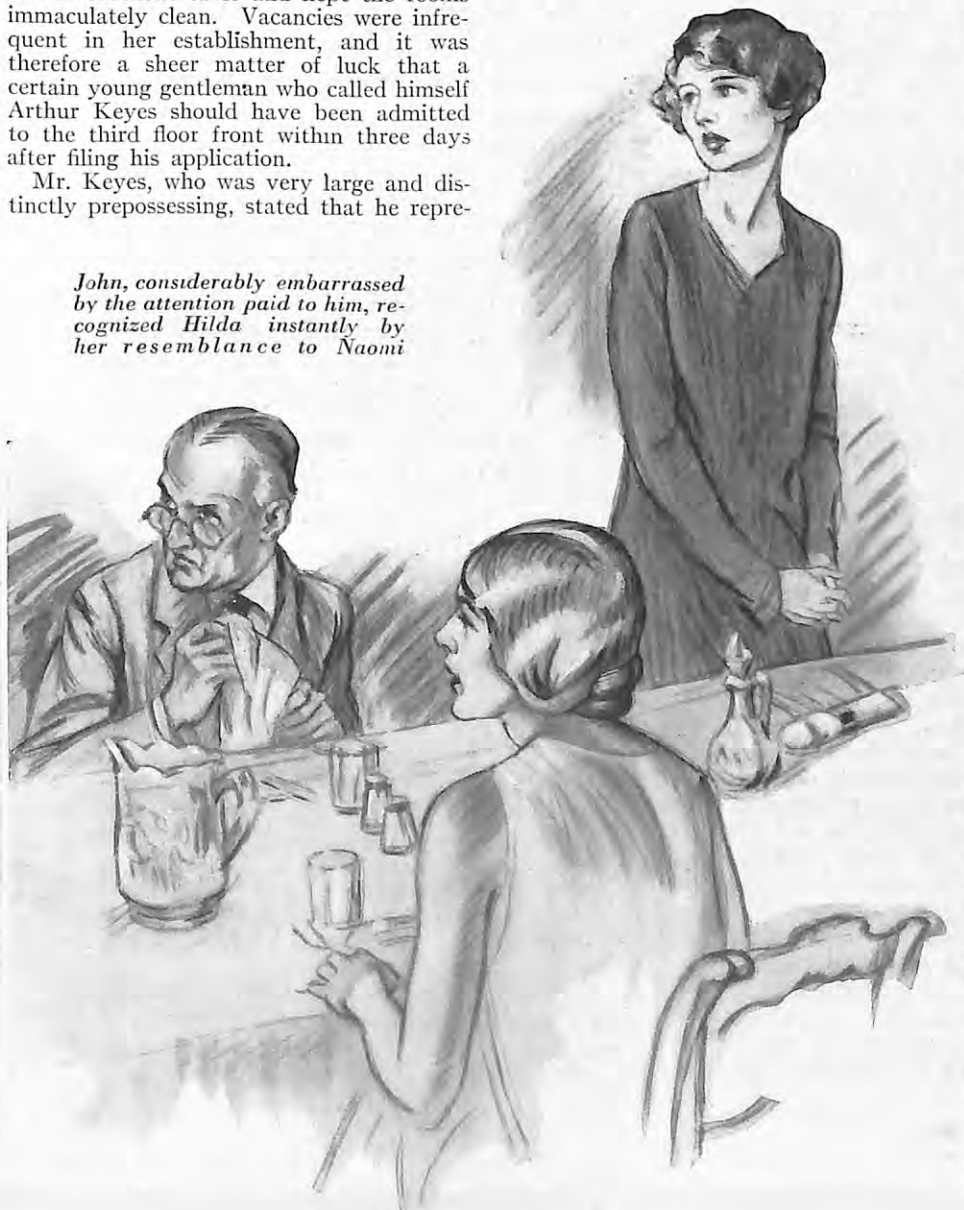
He knew that Hilda was only two years older than Naomi. She looked ten. She was slightly taller, and her figure was inclined to angularity—yet it required little imagination to see that originally hers had been the same exquisitely delicate curves which made Naomi so delectable.

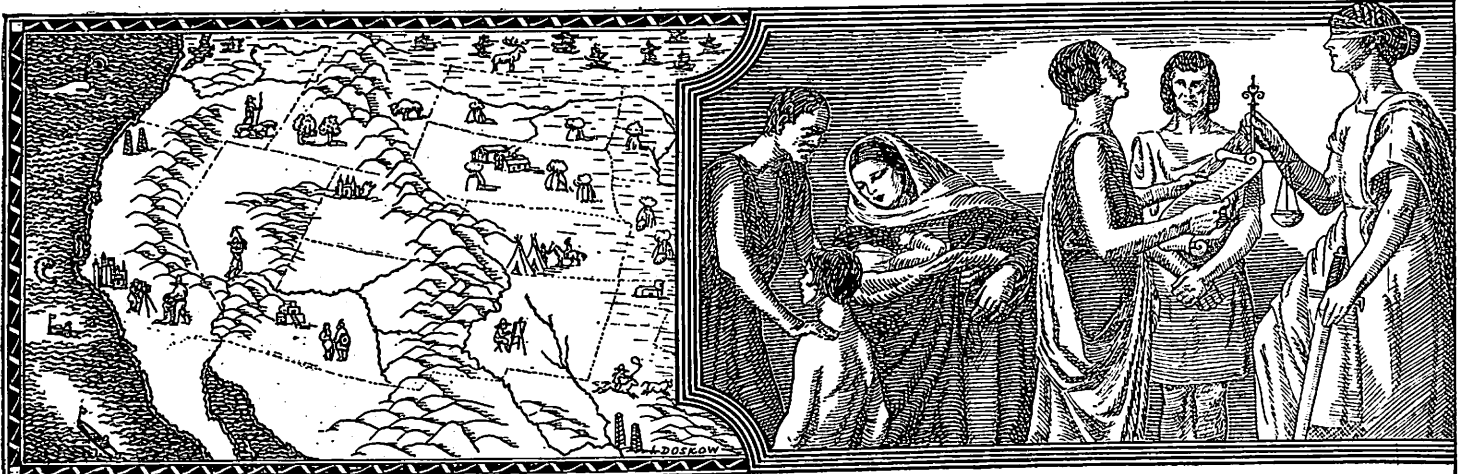
But chiefly it was the eyes which riveted his attention. They were Naomi's eyes: big and round and a deep brown. Yet where Naomi's eyes flashed and danced and reflected every emotion: Hilda's lacked lustre. They were not dead but they were tragic, as though they had gazed upon life and found the sight unpleasant. They were human and understanding . . . but one gathered that they had seen too much and were tired. Very, very tired.

She was dressed with painful neatness. A blue dress of so dark a shade as to appear black. A touch of white at the collar and cuffs. No jewelry of any sort save for a simple and unpretentious wrist watch. She was not drab, and was not—as the little movie girl had dubbed her—"washed out." John fancied that she had been, but now

(Continued on page 61)

John, considerably embarrassed by the attention paid to him, recognized Hilda instantly by her resemblance to Naomi





EDITORIAL

CHOOSE REAL LEADERS

THE time is at hand for the annual elections in the Subordinate Lodges. It is pertinent, even if trite and, in the language of the day, bromidic, to state that the exercise of the right to vote in these elections is a duty that rests upon every member who can attend his Lodge meeting. It is one of the most important functions of membership; for the degree of success to be achieved by the Lodge during the coming year, depends upon the fidelity and wisdom displayed in the performance of that duty.

Each of the offices to be filled has an importance all its own. No one of them has been created simply to provide a place for some member whom the Lodge might wish to honor. Each one has assigned to it definite duties that call for special qualifications in the official. Each one affords a fine opportunity to its incumbent to contribute materially to the effective administration of the business of the Lodge and the conduct of its fraternal affairs. And the selection of those who are to occupy these several positions should be made with due regard to the special requirements of each.

But it is recognized that the most important of all the Lodge officers is the Exalted Ruler. He is the responsible head to whom is delegated unusual powers and upon whom is imposed grave responsibilities. He is the titular leader. He should be a real one, in equipment and disposition. And he, above all the others, should be chosen primarily because of his ability and his purpose to serve as such a leader.

Far too often the members have elevated men to this station merely as a compliment, or as a reward for loyal service, or as an expression of fraternal regard. These reasons sometimes happily combine to indicate the right man. Indeed, the real leader is certain to be entitled to the compliment, he is likely to have so earned the reward and to have won that regard. But unless the elected official be properly qualified to perform the exacting duties of that particular position, and be willing to perform them faithfully throughout his whole term, no amount of popularity, nor length of service in other stations, can

supply these essentials. And his administration will fail of success for lack of them.

It is to be hoped that these considerations, no less important because so obvious, will control the results of the elections so soon to be held; and that each Lodge will choose a real leader for its Exalted Ruler. It is only to the extent that this is done throughout the Order that success for the ensuing year will be assured.

THE FOUNDATION PROJECT POPULAR

IT IS doubtful if any project ever submitted for the consideration of the Grand Lodge, except those incident to the Order's patriotic service during the World War, has ever been accorded such general approval by the membership as the proposed establishment of the Elks National Foundation. While the Grand Lodge has as yet, only authorized the thorough study of the proposition by a Special Committee, to be followed by a comprehensive report and definite recommendations, it is quite apparent that the members of the Order generally are expecting, and desire, the adoption of some well-considered plan for the creation of such a fund.

And the reason is obvious. It is well expressed in the recent official Circular of the Grand Exalted Ruler, as follows:

"The Elks National Endowment Fund plan for fostering all Elk humanitarian endeavors, has given us a new objective which we can visualize. It is so practical and real that it arouses enthusiasm even in the most prosaic. It holds possibilities of greatness which fascinate the most idealistic. In my opinion its outstanding value is the urge it will give to the entire membership. It will furnish 'something to do' worthy of the best effort of every one."

The appeal of the project is two-fold. It will enable the Order to vastly enlarge the volume, as well as the scope, of its humanitarian service; and it will give every member of the Order a more definite consciousness of his personal share in all the Order's activities, a feeling that he does not now have except as to those of his local Lodge, or, perhaps, his State Association.

The proposed Foundation cannot, of course, be created in full effectiveness and power by a mere legislative act. It must be a matter of growth, depending upon the sources from which



accretions can be drawn. But it may well be anticipated that in a few years it will become of such magnitude as to be a real potent factor in the benevolent accomplishments of our Country.

The committee appointed for the study of the many-sided problem, for such it is, is composed of men splendidly equipped for the task. And it is to be expected that their report will be such as to receive not only the hearty support of the Grand Lodge, which must finally determine the matter, but also the approval of the whole membership of the Order, from whom must eventually come the necessary funds.

THE LODGE SPIRIT

THE Order of Elks is facing a real danger, one against which it must watchfully guard. It is clearly recognized by thoughtful members and is a frequent subject of comment among them. It should be understood and appreciated, for the real menace it is, by the entire membership. And it is a proper theme for frank and open discussion. That danger is our tendency to drift away from the old fraternal Lodge spirit and toward the social club spirit.

Not only is this tendency apparent, but the cause of it is equally plain. It is to be found in the elaborate Homes that so many of the Subordinate Lodges have erected and in which a number of them have all too unwisely invested.

No fault can properly be found with the desire of a Lodge membership to own their own Home. No just criticism can be directed against their building a completely adequate structure, if it be soundly financed within the limits of their ability to maintain it as a true Elks Lodge. Such a Home is a recognized fraternal asset, a physical instrumentality that can be made tremendously helpful in carrying forward the real purposes for which the Lodge is chartered.

But where there has been an extravagance of outlay, and worse still, where there has been an undue burden of debt assumed, or when the attractions of the social quarters have become the paramount interest of the membership, the Lodge is essentially weakened as a fraternal organization. From necessity, the business aspects of the enterprise become of dominating importance. There is a definite commercialization of the club features. The need for income to maintain the expensive establishment forces the Lodge to

special efforts to make those features financially profitable. And this necessarily makes it more difficult, if not impossible, to keep the Lodge idea supreme, as it should be.

There is a growing tendency to exaggerate the mere social fellowship incident to the common enjoyment of the provided club facilities. True good fellowship is the very life of the Order of Elks. But that sentiment is best nurtured in the atmosphere of the Lodge room where it is softened and sweetened, even as it is strengthened, by all the attendant influences of the ceremonial meetings and the fraternal associations there experienced. It is a different thing from the fellowship of the social club. The latter lacks that fundamental fraternal tie that creates the Brotherly Love that has made our Order distinctive.

The Subordinate Lodges may not be running too many hotels and cafés and bowling alleys and swimming pools. But in many instances they are giving a disproportionate attention to these activities. They are thinking too much in terms of net income to meet bonds and interest and maintenance expenses, and not enough in terms of true fraternity, charity and benevolence. Club House entertainments are too frequently regarded as more important than Lodge meetings.

And there is only one way to deal successfully with this danger that confronts us. Get back to the Lodge room. Make that the true center from which the activities and influences of the Lodge shall radiate. Subordinate the social Club to its proper place. It is not necessary to abandon its admittedly very desirable features. But make them dependent upon, not dominant of, the Lodge itself and its true fraternal activities. That is the remedy. It is as obvious as the disease.

This is not to be understood as an indictment of the whole Order, nor as intimating that it has ceased to function as a great fraternity. Not at all. It is merely an effort to frankly point out conditions that exist in some Lodges and that do present a menace to the Order as a whole.

If the new officials, soon to take charge of the affairs of their respective Lodges, wish to perform a real service to the Order, let them set themselves the task of rebuilding the Lodge spirit among their respective memberships. No more valuable service can be rendered by them.



Addition to the Elks National Home New Dormitory and Power House Are Now Completed

THE original group of buildings at the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Va., consisted of the Administration Building and a number of cottages on the east and west sides, all being connected with a covered arcade, the floor of which was carried level with the main floor of each building. In the Administration Building were centered all the community activities, such as the Dining Hall, Kitchen, Laundry, Tailor Shop, Hospital, Library, and Social Hall.

In considering the location of additional buildings it was thought proper to place them as close to the Administration Building as possible, so that residents occupying rooms in the additional buildings would not have very far to go to get to the point of central activity.

The entrance driveway to the Home circles in front of the original group of buildings and in front of the Administration Building.

There is also at the rear of these buildings a driveway which is used for service purposes, which was susceptible of being improved to the extent of making an attractive approach for any buildings that might be added at the rear of the

original group. It was therefore decided to place the new cottage, now known as Cottage G, directly in the rear of the Administration Building, facing on this driveway, and with provisions made so that additional buildings could be built to the east and west of this first unit for further expansion and connected to each other by arcades.

These additional cottages would all face on this driveway and yet be placed in such a position that they would have a partial view of the plaza in front of the Administration Building.

It is also contemplated that Cottage G and any additional cottages would be connected by an arcade with the Administration Building or at some other convenient point at the level of the ground floor of the original group of buildings, so that residents in the new cottages could reach the point of central activity without undue exposure to the elements.

The original boiler plant for heating purposes was contained in the basement of the rear wing of the Administration Building. The laundry was also in the basement of this building.

In the general problem of enlarging the accommodations, it was impossible to increase the capacity of the boiler plant and still retain its original position. The amount of work the laundry was called upon to do had so congested the operations that larger and better quarters than could be provided in the basement of the Administration Building had become a necessity.

In locating the new boiler house, it was thought desirable that this building should house the heating plant, and, if possible, the new laundry; and be in such a position as not to detract from the attractive appearance of the original cottages, and yet be sufficiently close so that proper and economic operation of the plant could be maintained. It was therefore decided to locate this boiler house on the low ground, directly back of the new Cottage G.

The new cottage and the boiler house are built in conformity with the architectural appearance of the original buildings, using the same materials and color scheme as in the older group.

The new cottage is built on a U plan,
(Continued on page 70)

The Economic Stability of Florida

By Peter O. Knight

Editor's Note: The following article was originally prepared by Mr. Knight for our January issue. Due to a misunderstanding, we published in that issue a rewritten version, bearing the signature of Mr. Knight, but not actually written by him.

IT WOULD be superfluous to write about Florida as a tourist State, because golfing, fishing, yachting, swimming, hunting, and outdoor sports of every kind and character can be indulged in in Florida more days in the year than in any other spot on earth.

It is unnecessary to write of Florida as a health resort, because insurance statistics show Florida to be the healthiest State in the Union.

I want to write about other things.

The marvelous development and growth of Florida are due not so much to its matchless climate and its incomparable soil, its wonderful natural advantages, and its resources, but to the fact that it is the most conservative State of this nation, and that it has an entire absence of radical legislation.

While the remainder of the States of the Union have, for more than a quarter of a century, been busy butchering, penalizing, and harassing business, Florida has been inviting capital into this State and protecting it after it has been invested. While the remainder of the States have been busy creating bureaus and commissions, and increasing taxes, Florida is to-day administering its State affairs in the same simple manner that it did a quarter of a century ago. It has a Governor and his Cabinet, a Supreme Court, a Railroad Commission, a State Highway Commission, and a State Health Board, nothing else. And so economically and splendidly have

the affairs of our State been administered that, although we have more paved highways and more public improvements than any State in the Union per capita, Florida has no State bonded indebtedness of any kind or character, and has in the State Treasury at the present time approximately five million dollars in cash. The only method of raising revenue for State purposes in Florida is by an occupational tax, a gasoline and automobile tax, and an ad valorem tax on real and personal property. And, although all the property of the State is worth approximately six billion dollars, it is assessed—railroads, public utilities, real and personal property, everything—at the insignificant sum of seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars, only about 12 per cent. of its value.

So it can easily be seen why Florida does not have and does not need a franchise tax, or a corporation tax, or a corporation stock transfer tax, or a severance tax, or a tax on intangibles, or an income tax, or an inheritance tax.

Florida as a State stands in a class by itself. No other State in the Union is in the same financial condition that Florida is in.

During 1926, when such false propaganda affecting the solvency and credit of Florida and its institutions was being circulated throughout the United States as no other State has been subjected to in the history of this nation, there never was a time when all the banks of Florida combined borrowed from the Federal Reserve Bank of this district as much as seven millions of dollars. And there never was a moment during that entire time when the Florida banks

had deposits in the Federal Reserve Bank of less than fifteen millions of dollars. The published statements of the banks of this State on the last call of the comptroller of the currency showed Florida banks to be in more liquid condition and to have more cash as compared to total resources than the banks of any other State in the Union. To-day Florida banks as a class are lending money on call in New York City.

Last year, in the payment of income taxes, Florida had gained more in percentage than any other State in the Union, and was ninth in point of size. Although it has less population than any State in the South, it paid the extraordinary sum of \$51,000,000 for income taxes, more than the great State of Texas, more than Virginia and North Carolina combined, more than Maryland and Virginia and the District of Columbia combined, more than Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, and South Carolina combined. And for the same year Florida was due the treasury department for inheritance taxes the extraordinary sum of \$7,300,000, the fifth State in the Union in point of amount, and a greater amount than all the remainder of the sixteen Southern States combined, because all the Southern States—with the exception of Florida—combined did not owe on account of inheritance taxes six and a half millions of dollars.

Florida still stands the wonder of this nation; and its growth and extraordinary development are just commencing.

To me the ignorance of the people of this country with reference to Florida conditions, in view of statistics and official reports, is amazing.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Southwestern Trip

Mr. Malley Carries Word of the Order's Activities to Far Flung Lodges

LEAVING Boston on the first leg of the long journey which took them to the far-Southwestern Lodges, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and his traveling companion, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James E. Donnelly of Lowell, Mass., Lodge, made their initial stop at Baltimore. Here they were the all-day guests of Baltimore Lodge, attending a banquet in Mr. Malley's honor in the evening, and remaining overnight. On the morning of January 15 they entrained for Cincinnati, where, on the following day, they were guests at a breakfast arranged by Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann and other officers and members of Cincinnati Lodge. Mr. Malley, in an informal talk, outlined the purpose of the Elks National Foundation to the gathering, which included many well-known Elks from near-by Ohio and Kentucky Lodges. In Louisville, Ky., that night, the travelers attended the celebration of Louisville Lodge's fifty-first birthday. The occasion was a gala one and included a reception and banquet, a musical program and dancing. Leaving Louisville the following morning, Mr. Malley and Mr. Donnelly arrived at 5 P. M. at St. Louis, Mo. Here they were the guests of St. Louis Lodge.

A meeting was held at 6:30 P. M., at which a large class of candidates was initiated, and at its conclusion a banquet, attended by some 400 Elks, was tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler in the rathskeller of the Lodge Home. Exalted Ruler B. F. Dickmann presided and introduced Colonel Isaac L. Hedges as toastmaster. An address of welcome was delivered by Mayor Victor J. Miller of St. Louis. Short addresses were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Exalted Ruler Lawrence McDaniel of St. Louis Lodge. Mr. Malley was then called upon and delivered a splendid exposition of the principles of the Order and his views of its policies in the future.

On the following day, January 18, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of East St. Louis, Illinois, Lodge at a luncheon at which were about two hundred and fifty members. Mr. Malley was accompanied on this visit by Grand Secretary Masters, Louie Forman, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell, who presided at this meeting in his home Lodge. A short address of welcome was delivered by Mayor Frank Doyle, of East St. Louis, a member of the Lodge. There were no other speeches save that of the Grand Exalted Ruler, whose address of nearly forty minutes was enthusiastically received by the gathering. Mr. Malley spoke of the proposed Elks National Foundation, and in eloquent language pictured the beneficial results that would follow such a movement.

Immediately after the luncheon at East St.

Louis, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Mr. Masters, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Forman, and Past Exalted Rulers R. H. Huschle and Conrad Reeb of East St. Louis Lodge; Exalted Ruler Dickmann of St. Louis Lodge; Past Exalted Ruler Joseph H. Glauber of St. Louis Lodge, and Mr. Morriss of New York, N. Y., Lodge, motored to Marion, Illinois, where a meeting was held by all of the Lodges of Illinois South. Here the party was joined by Dr. C. D. Midkiff, President of the Illinois State Elks Association, and George W. Hasselman, its Secretary.

After a dinner in the Lodge Home, a meeting was held over which Mr. Campbell was asked by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. E. Simons to preside. Speeches were made by Mr. Masters and by Mr. Malley, and other guests were introduced to the assembled members. A class of ninety-two candidates from the various Lodges was initiated by a team composed of chair officers selected from the Lodges of the district, headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler David H. Miller. The Lodges represented by the 500 or more members and candidates present were Murphysboro, Cairo, Marion, DuQuoin, Harrisburg, Herrin, Benton, Carbondale, West Frankfort, El Dorado, Christopher and Metropolis.

ARRIVING at Kansas City, Mo., on January 19, Mr. Malley was met at the station by a reception committee headed by Past Exalted Ruler R. E. O'Malley of Kansas City Lodge. At the banquet that evening the Grand Exalted Ruler again spoke of the National Foundation project. The dinner was made the more enjoyable by a number of vocal solos, while among the other speakers were Exalted Ruler Percy Field and George Foote, the only surviving charter member of the fifteen who formed the Lodge in 1884.

At Topeka, Kans., their next stop, on January 20, Mr. Malley and Mr. Donnelly were met by a reception committee from the Lodge there and escorted to a luncheon at the Chamber of Commerce. In the afternoon visits were paid to Governor Paulen and the Supreme Court Justices. At the dinner that night in the Lodge Home twenty-three other Kansas Lodges were represented by officers and members among the guests, and Mr. Malley, introduced by Governor Paulen, told them and his hosts of his plans for the National Foundation. The next evening saw a meeting in the Home of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted first to the Mayo Hotel by a committee of Past Exalted Rulers of Tulsa and other Oklahoma Lodges. Here he addressed some 200 Elks and their wives gathered at a banquet in his honor. Exalted Ruler Dr. W. W. Woody presided and Charles O'Connor acted as toastmaster. Following dinner the members of the Order adjourned to the Home of the Lodge where Mr. Malley again spoke, after which a reception was held and refreshments were served.

Arriving at Oklahoma City on Sunday evening, January 22, the travelers were met by the officers of the Lodge and taken at once to the Oklahoma Club where some 100 or more Elks and their ladies attended a dinner in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor. Here Mr. Malley again spoke twice, once at the dinner and then at the open meeting in the Lodge Home, which followed. At Wichita, Kans., the next day, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Donnelly were met by Exalted Ruler Glenn Porter and other officers of the Lodge there and taken on a sight-seeing tour of the city. Mr. Malley was much interested in meeting Colonel Arthur Goebel, winner of the Dole prize for the flight to Hawaii last fall who, just as the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived, landed at the airport in his plane, the "Woolaroc," with which he made his prize-winning hop from San Francisco to Honolulu. In the evening Mr. Malley addressed several hundred Elks and their ladies at a dinner in the Lodge Home. At Newton, Kans., on the following day, there was a joint meeting in the forenoon of Newton and Hutchinson Lodges, followed by a luncheon. Among those who attended in Mr. Malley's honor were Mayor Jack Houston, Vice-President of the Kansas State Elks Association, who introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler; E. L. Kreuter, President of the State Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. H. Hower, and many other Lodge and State Association officers.

Leaving Newton that afternoon the long jump to Albuquerque, N. M., was made. Here the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Donnelly lunched with members of Albuquerque Lodge, and were then taken on a sight-seeing trip through the city and surrounding country. The meeting that evening, which followed a dinner in Mr. Malley's honor, was of particular interest, the entertainment program being designed to show the Indian, Spanish, and Anglo-Saxon contributions to the life of the State. There were songs in English, Spanish numbers, and a special performance of a ceremonial dance by five Indians from the Isletas pueblo. Elks from all over New Mexico came to Albuquerque to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler, and the occasion was a stirring one.

THE next stops were at Prescott and Phoenix, Ariz., Lodges. At the former, an evening meeting was held, attended by many members from Phoenix who, the next day, escorted Mr. Malley by automobile to their Lodge. Here an elaborate program had been arranged, including a banquet at the Arizona Club, attended by many distinguished members, including Exalted Ruler R. William Kramer, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers M. P. Mahoney and A. N. Kelly, and Paul P. Correll and Claude Smith, President and Secretary respectively of the Arizona State Elks Association. A

(Continued on page 84)

Grand Trustee Louis Boismenu

ON WEDNESDAY, January 18, at 11 o'clock in the evening, Grand Trustee Louis Boismenu died at his home in East St. Louis, Illinois.

Mr. Boismenu, who was serving the fifth year of his term as Grand Trustee, was one of the most prominent and able members of the Order. He was a charter member of East St. Louis Lodge, No. 664, and from 1901, the year of his initiation, had attended every convention of the Grand Lodge. For two terms, from 1913 to 1915, Mr. Boismenu served as Exalted Ruler of No. 664, and was for many years a member of its Board of Trustees, as well as of the building



*Distinguished Member
of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge
Had Long Record of Service
To the Order*

committee which constructed the Lodge's present Home. From 1920 to 1922 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and at the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlanta in 1923 he was elected Grand Trustee, since when he had served as Secretary of the Board.

Mr. Boismenu was a member of a family which has for generations rendered distinguished service to its community, and much of his own life was given to posts of public responsibility and trust; his death meant a great loss to his community as to his Order. His funeral was held at St. Patrick's Church, and burial was in Mount Carmel Cemetery.

1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, Florida

Bulletin No. 3

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

Greetings!

HERE, where the mystic call of Old Ocean takes the place of the voices of the Forest—where we have no winter, no summer—just one eternal Springtime, your Committees are inspired by the things you have not seen, and by the State in which we live, to do even greater things than we had originally planned.

Climate

We do not criticize any one who has never spent a summer in Florida for thinking he must die of heat prostration, be eaten up by insects and alligators, be driven to cover by the growl of the panther or the fangs of the reptile, but we now wish to show you that all these things are myths.

Ask your secretary to show you the card we sent to every Lodge showing the temperature in each Elks' Convention City during the past five years. What Uncle Sam has compiled for your information, no "Good Elk" can hesitate in believing.

We do not, as Elks, often boast about our City being forty square miles in size, with hundreds of hotels and thousands of apartment houses; nor that our water front, adjacent to our pleasures and our commerce, is more than twenty miles in length; nor that our Causeways are without equal anywhere on the globe.

Away to the west of Miami is the Tamiami Trail, opening for traffic April next, linking Miami on the Atlantic, with Marco, Fort Myers, and Tampa on the Gulf of Mexico and the West Coast of Florida. The Florida East Coast Extension, extending from Miami 155 miles to Key West, on the south, is a wonder of engineering skill of man, with almost 100 miles of travel by rail out of sight of the mainland. Again, only this present week has been opened the automobile road from Miami to Key West, skirting the romantic "keys" of the lower Biscayne Bay, passing by the finest fishing grounds known to the sportsman, the haunts of "Black Caesar," the Spanish Pirate of the years that are past. This Convention gives you the opportunity of enjoying all these wonders. And when you arrive in Key West, the most southern city of the United States, which you can do by steamship, railway, or automobile, you are then only ninety-eight miles from Havana, Cuba.

Havana Tours

We did not go into details about the "Havana Tours" in our last bulletin—a wonderful trip, Miami to Havana and return, all expenses paid, under our own Florida Elks escort and direction—a 3 Days' Tour for \$65.00; a 4 Days' Tour for \$74.00; and a 5 Days' Tour for \$82.50. Make your reservations now, as we have arranged to charter extra boats from Key West to Havana if the regular boats are unable to carry the crowd.

These tours begin immediately after the Convention, and not until then.

A hospitable and kindly people will meet you in Havana and show you the narrow streets, the wonderful shops, the gay cabarets and popular roof gardens, the sidewalk cafes, and beautiful parks. And when that is seen, you will be taken through the dungeons and chambers of the Morro and Cabanas Fortresses. Here you will see the "Punta Fortress" built by De Soto and occupied by his beloved wife, Doña Isabel, while he went away to the northwest to discover the Mississippi. Near this is the "Plaza de Armas," the old slave market. You will see the City Hall, once the palace of the Captains General; the Senate, once the palace of the "Segun de Cabo"; and "The Temple," where the old Council was inaugurated in 1519.

All these you will see on our "Tours," besides many other attractions in Havana and throughout the surrounding country districts. English-speaking guides and lecturers will explain everything. Make your reservations through our Chairman of "Tours," E. R. Tuttle, 36 East Flagler Street, Miami, Florida.

Prizes

You cannot afford to come to this Convention without your band, your patrol, your drum corps, or your marching squad. One thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars will be given as prizes to the best Elks Bands of 35 or more musicians in same: \$500 for the largest band coming the greatest distance; \$250 for the best Boys' Band; \$125 for the best Drum Corps; \$75 for the best Novelty Band; and \$1,000 for the best Patrols.

Represent your State or your Lodge by Floats in the big parade, take part in the Trap Shoot, enter the Golf Tournament, compete for the most unique costume, or the most thrilling subject depicted, and take back the prizes or trophies to your own home Lodge.

Ritualistic Trophy

Miami Lodge No. 948 is offering a trophy for the best Ritualistic work. This trophy, which will cost many hundreds of dollars, will be the property of the winning Lodge until the next

Grand Lodge Convention, at which time it will be again contested for. The Lodge winning in three consecutive contests will then be the bonafide owner for all future years. Although being hosts, our Lodge is barred from competing for this trophy this year, still we reserve the right to enter the contest for it at all future conventions. We want to own it ourselves—are you going to let us do it?

Trap Shoot

Five-thousand dollars in trophies and added cash are to be given away at the Elks National Trap Shoot. Our Committee, headed by George Williams, Chairman, has selected the De Lido Island, the largest of the Venetian Islands in Biscayne Bay, as the place for this shoot. The Island is accessible by boat, automobile or bus, and though its atmosphere is one of remoteness, it is actually one of the connecting links between the cities of Miami and Miami Beach. This shoot takes place July 10, 11, 12, and from now on all trap-shooters will receive data monthly up to June 1. A program will be ready in thirty days—in ample time to make your definite arrangements. The fact that we, in the South, can practice every day in the year, should not discourage you. Your Springtime is opening up, so get your Lodge teams in readiness and show the world how you can shoot.

Surf-bathing and pool-bathing, with suits furnished free, will be available every day and every night to our Elks and friends during this Convention. Our golf courses are open free to all registered visitors.

Hotels

Hotel reservations must be made through our Hotel Committee, 137 Shoreland Arcade, Miami, Florida, as all our hotels are under contract. Your baggage should be tagged with card giving your name and hotel on same. Our committees will handle all baggage from trains and boats; guests coming by auto will deliver baggage to our committee at the Administration building when they register.

If you have not already done so, read now the wonderful "Florida Edition" of THE ELKS MAGAZINE for January, and see there, so splendidly depicted, Florida as it is, and will be when you come.

Organize Now

When our last bulletin reaches you July 1, you will not then have time to make your plans. So organize now, appoint your Miami Convention Committee. Wire us collect, or write us about anything that may not be clear—our committees are here to serve you. Don't hesitate to send in your reservations, we accept no fee in advance for them.

Fraternally,

1928 GRAND LODGE
REUNION COMMITTEE

D. J. HEFFERNAN,
Chairman

L. F. MCCREADY,
Vice-Chairman

CHAS. B. SELDON,
Secretary

and all Committeemen.



Interior view of the Olympia Theatre at Miami, Fla., where the Grand Lodge sessions will be held

W. A. STEINHAUGH



Important Notice For All Illinois Elks

DR. C. D. MIDKIFF, President of the Illinois State Elks Association, has appointed a special Activities Committee, consisting of five past Presidents of the Association, to recommend, at the meeting of the State Association at Moline next August, a definite program of welfare activity.

The committee, consisting of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Chairman; Judge W. H. Crum of Springfield; Walter J. Grant of Danville; Dr. W. R. Fletcher of Joliet; and Louie Forman of Bloomington, met at Moline on January 29, at the time of the midwinter meeting of the State Association.

Only preliminary work was done at this time, as the committee decided that it wished to hear from the Elks of Illinois as to their views on what special welfare activity should be taken up by the State Association. The committee is anxious to get this information, so that, about the first of May, it may begin to consider the suggestions and to formulate the report to be presented at Moline in August.

All Illinois Elks having any suggestions whatever in the matter of the plan to be adopted, or ideas as to details or methods of operation of any plan that they favor, are requested to communicate with the Chairman of the committee, Bruce A. Campbell, Murphy Building, East St. Louis, Illinois.

Communications should be received not later than May 1, in order that they may be given proper attention by the committee.

Massachusetts State Elks Association Banquet for Grand Exalted Ruler

On Easter Monday night, the Massachusetts State Elks Association will give its annual banquet for Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley in the auditorium of the Home of Boston Lodge, No. 10.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, officers of the State Association, and the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers are expecting a large number of Lodges to enter the Nicholson Ritualistic Trophy Contest, preliminaries of which will be held on Sunday, March 11, and the finals on March 25, in the Lodge room of No. 10. The rules governing the contest will be the same as last year; each district will have a contest of its own, the winners to be presented with cups and to have the honor of representing their Lodges in the finals.

George D. Bostock, Secretary of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge Honored

George D. Bostock, secretary of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, was recently the honor guest of his Lodge at a large banquet given in connection with the dedication of the Lodge's recently remodeled hall-room. Mr. Bostock, who celebrated his eightieth birthday on the date of the banquet, in addition to being a Past Exalted Ruler, has been secretary of the Lodge for thirty-five years. This makes him one of the oldest secretaries of the Order in point of service.

Grand Rapids Lodge was also the scene recently of the semi-annual meeting of the Michigan State Elks Association. Considerable work on the Association's educational fund was transacted and plans for the annual meeting at Manistee, June 19-21, were discussed.

Annapolis, Md., Lodge Owns Historic Home

Although not as spacious as some of the Elk Homes in the larger cities, the building occupied by Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, is probably the most interesting, historically, in the Order. The original structure was built in 1756, only sixty years after St. John's College, then known as King William's School, America's third oldest educational institution, was founded. When the charter for No. 622 was granted to twenty-eight members in the fall of 1900, no Home was provided, but a year after its institution the Lodge purchased this beautiful and famous Colonial landmark. The old mansion, one of the most noted of the Capital's historic dwellings, had been the property of Miss Anne Franklin,

carried out in a red, white and blue color scheme, in roses, white carnations and violets and ferns, over one hundred dozen red roses being used. The Lodge's Boy Scout Troop was represented by a handsome entry, and the Order of Antlers entered a car decorated with roses and greenery. No. 672's band of forty-five pieces was selected from the thirty-odd participating in the parade as the official band, and was given a great ovation as it headed the floral pageant. In the afternoon, at the Stanford-Pittsburgh football game at the Rose Bowl, this band represented the University of Pittsburgh and was again applauded as it came on the field.

Pasadena Lodge, as has been its custom in the past had, as its guests, State and Grand Lodge officers, and among its visitors on that day were W. E. Simpson, President of the California State Elks Association, and Exalted Rulers and other officers of neighboring Lodges. Harry M. Ticknor, of Pasadena Lodge, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, is President of the Tournament of Roses Association, and a great many of the members were instrumental in the success of this thirty-ninth annual pageant, which was viewed by over 800,000 people.

Important Notice

SUBORDINATE Lodge Secretaries are again reminded that, when they have members going to Rochester, Minn., for medical treatment, they should notify Roy K. Shaddock, Elks Welfare Worker, Elks Club, Rochester, Minn. They should not address their communications to the Secretary of Rochester Lodge, as this practice results in delay in the transmission of the message to Mr. Shaddock.

aunt of Mrs. Schley, wife of Admiral Winfield Scott Schley of Santiago fame. This outstanding building made a most interesting and satisfactory Home for the members, and the Lodge quickly grew. To-day there are 295 active members on the rolls.

Exalted Ruler Charles W. Tucker, Jr., who is also a city councilman, and the officers and members of Annapolis Lodge, are already formulating plans for the 1928 Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association Convention, to be held in Annapolis next August. The sessions will probably be held in the House of Delegates Chamber of the State House and a fine program is being drawn up.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Plays Big Part in Tournament of Roses

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, participated again in the famous Tournament of Roses held in its city on New Year's Day. Pasadena Lodge entered three floats in the big parade, one from the Lodge featuring George Washington,

Albert F. Kleps is Honored by His Home Lodge, Batavia, N. Y.

Albert F. Kleps, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, was signally complimented a short time ago when his home Lodge, Batavia, N. Y., No. 950, held a reception and dinner in his honor. More than 200 members of the Order, including some of the most distinguished Elks in the State, were gathered at the function, which took place in the Hotel Richmond. Exalted Ruler William H. Coon presided at the dinner, which was enlivened by group singing and excellent entertainment, and followed by a number of brief talks by Miles S. Hencle, President of the New York State Elks Association, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Cassar B. Adams, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers D. Curtis Gano, Aloys F. Leuthe, John B. Bordwell and Oren C. Steele. In addition to these gentlemen there were many past and active officers of the State Association and Subordinate Lodges present to do honor to Mr. Kleps.

Following the speech-making the dining-room was cleared, the furniture from the Lodge room of the Home installed, and a class of candidates initiated.

Los Angeles, Calif., to Add to Its Sunday Concerts

Sibley G. Pease, organist at Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, whose Sunday afternoon recitals have been delighting members and their families and friends for many months, has arranged to add variety to the weekly concerts. With the assistance of Glenn M. Tindall, director of No. 99's Glee Club, he will present, in addition to the organ numbers, numbers by bands, orchestras and singing groups. Mr. Tindall is Supervisor of Musical Activities of the city's Playground and Recreation Department, and the joint efforts of these two enthusiastic musicians are making the Home of No. 99 the musical center of the city.

This historic building, described on page 37, is the Home of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622



Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge Produces Successful Carnival

Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge, No. 1380, recently completed an elaborate three-day Indoor Carnival which was attended by thousands of residents in the community. It was considered a great social and financial success. The entire carnival was operated by the members and every one worked with great enthusiasm. The proceeds will be used to pay off the indebtedness on the Lodge's Home.

Sebring, Fla., Lodge Acquires Handsome New Home

Sebring, Fla., Lodge, No. 1529, has recently acquired a beautiful new Home facing the waters of Lake Jackson. The property is especially suitable for an Elks Home, due to the fact that, at one time a hotel, it has twenty guest rooms in addition to many other large rooms for Lodge and club purposes. It is the plan of the Lodge to conduct a section of the building as a hotel for both resident and transient Elks.

District Deputy Regan Pays Visit to Winona, Minn., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John E. Regan recently paid his official visit to Winona, Minn., Lodge, No. 327. The meeting was well attended, practically every seat in the Lodge room being occupied. Mr. Regan complimented the officers on their fine exemplification of the ritual and the membership on its record of achievement.

Somerville, Mass., Lodge Has Had Highly Successful Year

On Friday, April 13, 1928, Somerville, Mass., Lodge, No. 917, will close one of the most prosperous years in its history. Under the happy and progressive administration of Exalted Ruler Perry F. Nangle, the Lodge has increased its Social and Community Welfare work and added many names to its rolls. An example of its proficient and enthusiastic membership was given, recently, on the occasion of the Lodge's annual Charity Ball, which proved to be highly successful.

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge Active In Child Welfare Work

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, recently held a boxing exhibition in the Lodge Home, proceeds from which were donated to the crippled children's fund. The athletic committee left no stone unturned to put on the best show ever held at the Home, from both the sporting and financial angles.

As this was written, rehearsals were going

forward rapidly for the coming minstrel show, which bids fair to be bigger and better than ever.

New Jersey Elks Bowling League Presents Check for Welfare Work

A check for \$300 has been sent to the New Jersey State Elks Association, with the suggestion that it be used in the work of the Crippled Children's Committee, by the Elks Bowling League of New Jersey. This generous action was taken when it was found that the bowlers' treasury was in an unusually flourishing condition, with more cash on hand than was necessary to carry on its program. The vote to make the contribution was unanimous, as was the wish that it be used to relieve the lot of unfortunate children in the State.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Honors Its First Exalted Ruler

One of the most enthusiastic and enjoyable sessions ever held in the Home of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, marked the visit of Past Exalted Ruler D. L. Mulligan, the father of the Lodge and its first presiding officer. Mr. Mulligan now makes his home in San Francisco, and his coming to Seattle as the guest of the Lodge was due to the members of the Old Timers Committee, who made all the arrangements. On his arrival at the station the honored guest of No. 92 was met by the Band and Honor Guard in full uniform and by hundreds of members, headed by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers. A triumphal march through the business section to the Home of the Lodge followed, where, after an informal reception, the guest of honor was escorted to the suite of rooms reserved for him during his stay.

The fine Home of Bedford, Ind., Lodge, No. 825



At the Lodge session on "Old Timers Night," Mr. Mulligan was received with special honors; Exalted Ruler Robert S. Macfarlane introduced the guest of honor and turned the conduct of the meeting over to the committee composed of members of many years' standing. Reminiscences, the best of good-fellowship, an entertainment and an informal supper went to make one of the finest and happiest occasions the Lodge has ever enjoyed, and marked as spontaneous a demonstration of affection and loyalty as could be wished for.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Sholtz Heads Florida Commerce Chamber

By his election on January 17 to the Presidency of the Florida State Chamber of Commerce, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz was placed in one of the most important and responsible posts in the State. Mr. Sholtz will personally direct the aggressive campaign of the Chamber in its drive to advertise the State and to place its business and industries on the firmest possible foundation.

A few days after his election, Mr. Sholtz was the guest of honor at a reception given by the American Legion Post, of Daytona Beach, and officers of local civic and patriotic organizations, at which he outlined the plans of the Chamber for the coming year.

Susanville, Calif., Lodge Active In Community Work

While social activities play a large part in the life of Susanville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1487, community welfare work is not overlooked in any sense. The Lodge takes a pardonable pride in the fact that in every national emergency it has far exceeded its quota. Its charitable deeds are not confined to holiday periods alone, though naturally they reach the peak upon these occasions, the important fact being that the members are prepared to act every day of the week and every month of the year. The Lodge participates in every worthwhile movement for the good of its city. At a recent meeting it voted a goodly sum of money to aid in the formation of a town boys' band—an example of its many similar public-spirited activities.

Dunellen, N. J., Lodge Host To District Deputy Peter Eichele

Dunellen, N. J., Lodge, No. 1488, was recently paid a visit by Peter Eichele, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Vice-President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Accompanying Mr. Eichele were the officers and a large delegation of members from Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge, No. 1388, and Somerville, N. J., Lodge, No. 1068. The occasion of the gathering was the exemplification of the ritual by the several groups of officers present, in the contest among Lodges in the New Jersey Central District. Following the performances the visitors were served a supper in the Home.

A few weeks earlier District Deputy Eichele had paid the Lodge an official visit. This event was also the occasion of a special meeting and reception. Many distinguished members of the Order attended and spoke at the banquet which was a part of the festivities.

Macon, Ga., Lodge to Help Rebuild Old Fort Hawkins

Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, is cooperating with the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in a movement to rebuild Fort Hawkins, which was a United States Army concentration base over one hundred years ago, a bulwark for the protection of the early settlers. The plan is to rebuild the old blockhouse just as it was originally.

As the time for the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami draws near, Macon Lodge is expecting many visits from Elks who will pass through the city in going to and coming from the convention. It will be its pleasure to extend all such visitors and their families the hospitality of its Home.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Pays Fraternal Visit to Whittier Lodge

On the occasion of their recent visit, a large turnout of members from Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, were accorded an enthusiastic welcome by members of Whittier, Calif., Lodge, No. 1258. Exalted Ruler Eugene W. Biscailuz and his staff, of Santa Monica Lodge, initiated a class of fourteen for their hosts. Their fine exemplification of the ritual was a notable feature of an enlivening and fraternal evening.

Davenport, Iowa, Lodge Gives 30th Annual Settlement Dinner

Over 500 men, women and children were benefited by the fine New Year's dinner given for the West Side (Ned Lee) Settlement by Davenport, Iowa, Lodge, No. 298. This dinner has been financed by the Lodge for thirty years and has become an eagerly looked-forward-to event in the life of the settlement.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge to Receive \$10,000 for Right of Way

At a recent meeting of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, the Board of Trustees were authorized to close a deal, whereby the Lodge is paid \$10,000 for the privilege of closing the right of way running from State Street to the Lodge's property line between Bransford and the Eagle Gate apartments. The Lodge, in turn, agrees to create a right of way running to First Avenue, giving the doctors at the Salt Lake Clinic a right of passage over this strip. The \$10,000, it was understood, will be placed in the sinking fund for the retirement of bonds on the Home.

District Deputy Robertson Makes His Official Visit to Hampton, Va., Lodge

Members of Norfolk, Va., Lodge, No. 38, were special guests of Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, on the occasion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Cecil M. Robertson's official visit there. Mr. Robertson, in a speech before the large gathering, expressed himself as being greatly pleased with the work of the officers, the flourishing condition of Hampton Lodge and the cordial reception tendered him. An excellent talk on the work of the Order was made by Exalted Ruler C. J. Woodhouse of Norfolk Lodge, in which he stressed the importance of being true to Elk principles. Following this enthusiastic meeting, a social session was held, at which refreshments were served. The evening was one of the most impressive and enjoyable occasions in the history of Hampton Lodge.

Lodges are Warned to be On Lookout for This Man

Lodges are warned to be on the lookout for a man using the name of D. A. Ball who is using stolen membership cards from San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, as a means of identification to cash worthless checks. "Ball" is about 32 years old, 5 feet, 10 3/4 inches tall; ruddy complexion, blue eyes and auburn hair. He generally wears a very heavy pair of clear glasses as well as a pair of dark glasses. He claims to be an ex-soldier wounded in France and suffering from loss of memory, and has used this as an alibi wherever he has been questioned. In case of identification, San Fernando Lodge requests he be turned over to local authorities and that



W. A. FRIDAHOOD

The Home of Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948. In the rear is the Hotel McAllister, to be official Grand Lodge Headquarters during the Convention next July

A. E. Eldredge, Secretary of the Lodge, be wired at once.

District Deputy Clark Welcomed By Home Lodge

The first official visit and "homecoming" of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James F. Clark to his Home Lodge, Pawtucket, R. I., No. 920, brought out more than 600 Elks to welcome him. Representatives gathered in the new Home from Lodges in Boston, Providence, Attleboro, Brookline, Newport, Westerly and Woonsocket to show their appreciation of Mr. Clark's work in Rhode Island. The degree team of Providence Lodge, No. 14, joined with the Pawtucket Lodge team in the initiation of a large class of candidates, and many other interesting events on the program contributed to the high success of the evening.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Highly Praised By District Deputy Hay

The members of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, are justly proud of the high compliment paid their officers and their Lodge by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Fred L. Hay, on the occasion of his official visit. After spending nearly the entire day at the Lodge Home, lunching and dining with members and witnessing in the evening the initiation of one of the largest classes of candidates ever presented to the Lodge, Judge Hay said that he had never seen the ritual more impressively performed, and that the activities and condition of No. 53, in every department, made it one of the outstanding Lodges of the Order. Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain accompanied the District Deputy to the meeting and was given a rousing welcome by the splendid turn-out of members on hand for the occasion.

Manila, P. I., Lodge Members Enjoy Their Attractive Home

A splendid spirit of good-fellowship, appreciated by every Elk who has had the good fortune to visit its Home, is one of the outstanding characteristics of far-away Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, and the building which is the seat of this fine Elk spirit is one of the most delightful in the Order. Spacious, cool and airy, it stands on its own large plot of ground, and furnishes the members with all the conveniences of a first-class club. Aside from the Lodge features, there are an attractive dining room with excellent menus and service; a library and read-

ing room; a ladies' section, with a porch 140 feet long; a delightful lounge and music room; a game room, billiard room and barber shop, and many wide verandas open to cooling breezes.

Orlando, Fla., Lodge Pays Visit To Cocoa, Fla., Lodge

A large group of members from Orlando, Fla., Lodge, No. 1079, recently marched over to Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, No. 1532, where they conducted the initiation of a large class of candidates for the "baby" Lodge of the State. Exalted Ruler G. A. Pleus of Cocoa Lodge and Exalted Ruler C. O. Spessard of Orlando Lodge presided at the meeting and over the festivities which followed.

Orlando Lodge is active in all of its departments and is working out elaborate plans to attend the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami next July.

Jennings, La., Lodge Celebrates Its Twentieth Anniversary

More than 100 members of Jennings, La., Lodge, No. 1085, together with their wives and friends, enjoyed a splendid banquet and dance in the Home of the Lodge a short time ago. The occasion was a part of the Lodge's celebration of its twentieth anniversary, and the evening was a notable one. Past Exalted Ruler W. H. Adams acted as toastmaster and in addition to brief speeches by Past Exalted Ruler Dr. E. J. Perrault, a charter member, and Exalted Ruler J. S. Mallett, a musical program enlivened the dinner, which was followed by the grand ball.

Tacoma, Wash., Lodge Busy On New Membership Drive

The prospects of taking in 130 new members, which will push the membership total of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, up to the 3,200 mark, are extremely favorable. The attractive privileges and activities of the Lodge are many and varied and prove strong inducements to candidates. The Lodge gymnasium holds regular classes in handball, volley ball, basketball, boxing, and other healthful activities are part of the selective courses of training that are offered. The swimming pool, steam room and bowling alleys are greatly in favor, and wives, sons and daughters of members are instructed in swimming and gymnasium work in classes held in the mornings and afternoons. Dances are given in the large ball-room, which also has a stage where minstrel shows, Christmas exercises, concerts



This handsome building is owned and occupied by DuQuoin, Ill., Lodge, No. 384

and other like programs are presented, and the dining-room serves lunches and dinners daily.

Gala Celebration by Red Bank, N. J., Lodge in Honor of District Deputy

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Eichele to his home Lodge, Red Bank, No. 233, was the occasion of the largest and most elaborate celebration ever held in the comfortable Home of Red Bank Elks. The halls, Lodge room and other parts of the building were profusely decorated, the national colors and the purple and white of the Order predominating, while delegations from a dozen near-by Lodges brought the attendance to a record figure. It was not possible to accommodate more than half the visitors in the Lodge room. Following the regular meeting, during which Mr. Eichele complimented the officers on their ritualistic proficiency, a dinner was served to the Red Bank members in the Lodge room and to the visitors on the main floor. A fine professional entertainment, and band and orchestra numbers, the first contributed by the uniformed musicians of Plainfield Lodge, No. 285, filled the remainder of the evening. The occasion was a splendid tribute to Mr. Eichele and a memorable event in the annals of Red Bank Lodge.

Mid-winter Meeting of Washington State Elks Association

Nearly 200 members, representing the twenty-three Lodges of the State, attended the annual mid-winter meeting in Centralia of the Washington State Elks Association. The session was devoted entirely to business matters, among the decisions made being that to hold the annual convention of the Association in Spokane on June 21, 22 and 23. Following the conference the delegates visited Chehalis Lodge, No. 1374, and on their return were entertained at dinner by Centralia Lodge, No. 1083. The full complement of officers was present and the meeting was one of the most largely attended and important held for some time.

Red Wing, Minn., Lodge Holds Dance for Young People

Between 150 and 200 young people were entertained recently by Red Wing, Minn., Lodge, No. 845, in the first of a series of dancing parties planned for the boys and girls of that city. The ages of those present ranged from twelve to twenty years. The dance was in the nature of an experiment by the Lodge to ascertain if a large enough attendance could be secured to

warrant undertaking a series of such dancing parties to be held throughout the winter months. The attendance was fully up to expectations and others will be held. These dances are being sponsored with the idea of providing the younger people of the city with wholesome entertainment under proper supervision. Several married couples were present in the roles of chaperones and the dance proved an unusually happy event.

Salem, Ore., Lodge Initiates Class of 514 Candidates

With a gala all-day celebration Salem, Ore., Lodge, No. 336, recently initiated a record class of 514 candidates. The candidates and members were entertained in the afternoon at a theatre where they were shown the Elk picture "Moulders of Men." One of Salem Lodge's famous banquets and an excellent entertainment after the Lodge session were also provided for the new members. During the course of the evening close to \$500 was voluntarily donated to the Doernbecker Hospital for crippled children, a manifestation of fine Elk spirit.

Princeton, Ky., Lodge to Build New Home Replacing One Recently Burned

A modern up-to-date building will replace the Elk Home which was destroyed in the \$100,000

From this Home Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1317, directs its social and charitable enterprises



fire which recently devastated Princeton, Ky. This action was determined at a meeting of Princeton Lodge, No. 1115, held a few days following the disaster.

The burned building was a two-story brick structure and was erected in 1913. The Lodge and club rooms were located on the second story, while there were two stores on the ground floor from which the Lodge realized a rental income. It is planned to erect a more handsome and more fully equipped building than the one burned. Offers have already been made for leasing the store space in the proposed Home.

Hastings, Neb., Lodge Occupies Large New Home

Elks of Hastings, Neb., Lodge, No. 159, are about to settle down in their handsome new Home, which has just been completed. The building, representing an outlay of approximately \$60,000, includes among its facilities bowling alleys, handball courts, exercise room, showers, and billiard room. It has a beautiful lounge and a large Lodge room. The Home was designed in such a way that the ladies may have access to the rooms for various activities.

Ashland, Pa., Lodge Will Have Large New Home

Ashland, Pa., Lodge No. 384, is planning to acquire a very fine new Home through the purchase of a large, centrally located building. The structure will be completely remodeled and equipped with every convenience for the membership.

Lexington, Ky., Lodge Gives \$3,700 to Sanatorium

The entire proceeds of its recent Charity Ball were given by Lexington, Ky., Lodge, No. 89, to the Julius Marks Tuberculosis Sanatorium. It is expected that this sum will be adequate to equip the new operating room of the institution.

The Lodge plans to give a similar ball annually and to donate the proceeds to the most worthy local call for charitable help.

District Deputy F. W. Wiek Visits Clinton, Mo., Lodge

The recent visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. W. Wiek to Clinton, Mo., Lodge, No. 1034, was made the occasion of a special initiatory service at which a large class of candidates was taken into the Lodge. Mr. Wiek praised the ritualistic work of the officers and complimented Exalted Ruler R. L. Covington on the progress of the Lodge. The meeting closed with a social session and a luncheon.

Ada, Okla., Lodge Helps Country Youngsters

Ada, Okla., Lodge, No. 1275, is carrying on with its excellent welfare work. Recently the

(Continued on page 74)

THROUGH MARCH STORMS ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken



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Lee Tire & Rubber Company, Conshohocken, Pa.



COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ MUCH LESS TO RUN

The South Wakes Up

(Continued from page 19)

abundance of labor. Many extensive stove foundries are in operation, too, and Birmingham gas ranges are shipped by the carload to New York City for use in big apartment houses. A thousand-mile differential in freight—but it's done!

Scarcely any negro labor at all is used in the textile industries of the South—for a very interesting reason. It would seem that the negro race, steeped in the traditions of cotton, associated from infancy with the cultivation, production and marketing of the product, would be particularly well equipped to engage in its manufacture into cloth.

The reason is that the rural Southern white seems to have a special aptitude for work in textile mills. It has been called an inherited faculty, and there seems to be abundant evidence that this is so. Before the invention of the cotton gin, the South was more typically industrial than agricultural. The American iron industry had its origin in the Southern colonies, and Virginia produced the first coal mined in America. George Washington's father was an "iron-master" as a sideline. Manufactures flourished, particularly for the production of household goods and appliances. McCormick, a Virginian, invented the self-binding reaper, which did more for the development of the West than the cotton gin did for the development of the South. But the cotton gin, at once the curse and the blessing of the South, completely crushed the early Southern enthusiasm for industrial pursuits. The section was transformed, early in the nineteenth century, into one vast cotton plantation, manned by negro slave labor.

NO GAINFUL pursuit remained for the Southern "poor whites." As small farmers, they could not compete with the owners of lordly estates producing the gigantic "money crop" of cotton by slave labor. There were virtually no factories. The descendants of the English yeomanry, the "poor whites," were forced out of the fertile plains and valleys, into the mountain country of the Carolinas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama. There they remained, tilling the barren soil, while the mighty conflict of cotton, which was to shed the blood of all America in a fratricidal struggle, was brewing in the valleys they had left.

There the reawakened Southern cotton industry found them, nearly a century later. They had perpetuated the purest strain of English descent to be found in the United States to-day—less than 2 per cent. of the white population of the South is foreign-born. And these "poor whites" of the hills, descendants of English and colonial artisans and factory workers, seem born with the knack of operating textile machines. A green farm-hand in the space of a week or two becomes a skilled factory workman. Intelligent, tractable, conservative—and they like their work. They seem to have come at last into friendly relations with the cotton their ancestors hated. The Southern textile industry has no strike problems, no labor agitation. It has satisfied labor, living a rural or village life curiously combined with a factory life.

The Southern textile industry, furthermore, has exerted an enormous cultural influence. It does more for its workers than any factory system in existence. It is stamping out illiteracy—it frequently provides better schools for the children of mill workers than the State provides. It maintains Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Camp-Fire Girl and Boy Scout activities; provides playgrounds, kindergarten facilities, gymnasiums, recreation fields, instruments for mill bands and orchestras. It has taken a people starved physically, mentally and emotionally, rescued them from ignorance and economic slavery on barren hillsides. It has given them the good things of life—good homes, good schools, good roads, flower gardens, truck gardens—a chance to rise above the old environment. As to the improvement of their condition of living, it merely need be said that the misery and benightedness of their former estate in the backwoods and mountainous sections of the South have often been pictured, but never exaggerated.

This is desirable labor, capable of quickly acquiring skill in textile manufacture; and, moreover, abundant labor, for families of ten to

nineteen are the rule, rather than the exception, in the Southern backwoods. It is this great reservoir of labor supply that has made it possible, largely, for the Southern textile industry to flourish to such an extent that to-day nearly 48 per cent. of all the cotton spindles in operation in American mills are to be found in the South. Twenty years ago the percentage was negligible.

Thus the South, with availability of labor, white and colored, that can be matched in no other section, possesses in marked degree one of the foremost industrial advantages.

Availability of raw materials is another factor that some industrialists would rank first. But as all factory owners will attest, labor is the greatest item of cost in manufacture, and the most vital of problems because it is a human problem.

As to raw materials, it is obvious that the South is the world's greatest cotton-producing center. Nothing seems more logical than that the manufacture of cotton into the finished product should be conducted on the spot where the cotton is grown, rather than in some factory town a thousand miles away. All other things being equal, it is logical, and "all other things" in the South to-day are more than equal—they are superior.

The "labor differential," which the South enjoys in its major industries of cotton, coal and ore mining, iron and steel manufacture, also enters in greater or less degree into all the other numerous and increasing branches of factory enterprise south of the Mason and Dixon Line. The very extensive lumber industry, the production of naval stores, the manufacture of paper pulp, the establishment of furniture factories, the building of railroad cars and steamships, the expansion of the chemical and fertilizer industries, and scores of additional lines of related or unrelated endeavor, have all profited by the favorable labor market in the South.

Next in importance to labor as a vital factor in industry comes cheapness and availability of fuel—or, to use a broader term, power. Factory wheels are useless, of course, without motive power, and the cost and accessibility of the latter have a very direct relation to the manufacturer's profits.

Soft coal is much dirtier than hard coal when it is translated into steam—as many Northern communities that have burned it during anthracite strike periods will attest—but it is also much cheaper than hard coal, and much more abundant. It is mined pre-eminently in the South. Soft coal and "white coal," the poetic name given to hydro-electric power, are the South's two great sources of fuel, or power. They are both very abundant, and very cheap, and soft coal, moreover, is productive of untold riches in by-products. The "coal tree" pictured in elementary text-books on chemistry, showing the branches, literally thousands in number, that represent the ultimate by-products of coal, is a "soft-coal tree." The destructive distillation of bituminous coal yields tar and tar products, benzol for your motor, creosote for lumber, toluol for explosives, aspirin for headaches, pitch for your roofing, "nitrates" to fertilize farms, perfume for milady's boudoir—a thousand and one commodities and articles that you never associate with coal. Just as cotton yields celluloid combs, and "leather" for your motor car, and a thousand and one other items that you never associate with cotton. And soft coal and cotton, remember, are the South's star industrial products.

Soft coal and white coal—illimitable, inexhaustible sources of power—turn the changing industrial wheels of the South. They are intoning the hymn of Giant Power. In future generations, railroads that haul enormously heavy trainloads of fuel to distant points for use in manufacture, will be remembered as relics of an absurdly wasteful past. So will individual power houses that supply current to individual factories and communities. The power house of the future will be a Giant Power House, a great central plant in the heart of the coal fields or alongside its Niagara or Boulder Dam or Muscle Shoals, where the rushing waters have millions of "horsepower" to be converted for the needs of man. At low cost this power will be flashed in a twinkling to the far places which

never before were thought of as potential manufacturing sites. The small manufacturer will be able to compete with the big one whose private power plant formerly represented an extensive capital investment. Workers will not have to congregate in slum-ridden cities. There will be no need for a concentration of industry at some "favored" point where fuel is close at hand; for power, in large or broken doses, will be conveniently obtainable by everybody everywhere.

This is no dream, for it is already being accomplished in the South and on the Pacific Coast. On the Coast they rely almost exclusively on white coal, hydro-electric power, but the South is fortunate in having both coal and waterways as mutually supplementary sources of power. Great steam plants in the Alabama coal fields are "tied in" with the hydro-electric system, so that in times of drouth, when the supply of hydro-power may be reduced by the lowered potentiality of the streams, there need be no diminution in the load for regular customers. Energy derived from coal may be conveyed over long-distance transmission lines just as effectively as may energy derived from water. It merely so happened that the development of the hydro-electric industry hastened the perfection of Giant Power transmission. Now it is being applied to the "hauling" of current derived from coal—and long strings of coal cars hauled by locomotives are becoming more and more of a novelty in the South. It is so much simpler just to throw a switch!

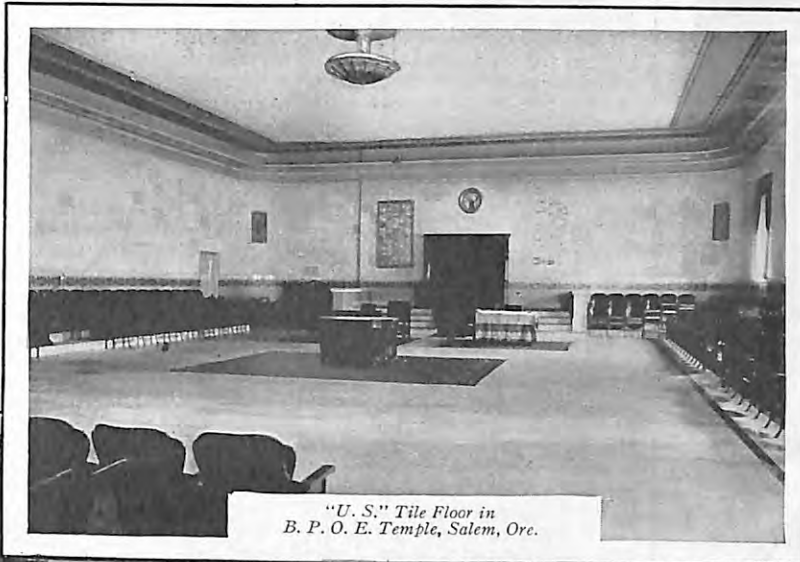
Labor and power—the best kind, the cheapest kind, the most reliable kind—and both in amazing abundance. It hardly seems necessary to look for further stimuli to the South's industrial progress. But transportation facilities also are there, and they, of course, are extremely important in the eyes of manufacturers. The hydro-electric development of waterways makes them navigable. It is conducted under government regulation, so that the interests of navigation are conserved. Locks and dams go with water-power houses, so that the more energy is released for use of manufacturers, the more facilities for water transportation are provided. The complete development of Muscle Shoals will open to navigation nearly five hundred miles of inland waterway—the Tennessee River. The government has expended \$15,000,000 in perfecting a system of locks on the Warrior and Tombigbee rivers in Alabama—the longest canalized waterway in the world—giving the coal fields access by river to the Gulf of Mexico. But the growth of the hydro-electric industry is doing more.

AND the railroads are there. Nearly a dozen trunk lines serve Birmingham, Atlanta, Memphis. Railway mileage in the South Central States during the past fifty years has increased 732 per cent.—in the North Central States only 323 per cent.; in the Atlantic States 188 per cent.—in the whole United States only 374 per cent. In other words, the progress of railroad building in the South since 1874, has been twice as rapid as it has been in the country at large.

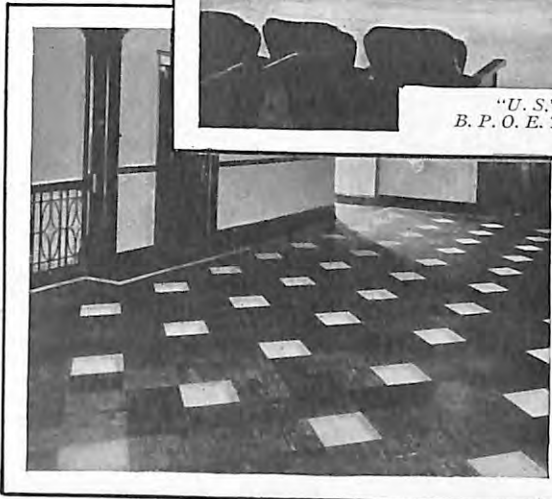
Southern manufactories during the same period have been increased by 1,772 per cent. in value—as against 673 per cent. for the Atlantic States and 931 per cent. for the nation as a whole. It is also interesting to note that a similar differential is shown in the relative increase of population, of wealth, of banking capital, and even of farm livestock.

The song writers still warble of Dixie as exclusively a land of cotton. But it is also a land of mines, quarries and wells; of textile mills representing a billion dollars in capital; of cottonseed-oil mills, furniture plants, iron furnaces, steel mills, fabricating plants, coke ovens, lumber mills, oil wells; a land of tobacco, corn, wheat, oats and live stock; a land of bauxite, phosphate, sulphur, and a score of other mineral products; a land which is the center of the world's market for yellow-pine lumber; a land of shipbuilding plants and busy seaports, possessing *three-fourths* of the total coast line of continental United States.

These are enough advantages, it would seem, to satisfy the most exacting. Yet Nature has thrown in something else—a climate which makes it possible for something to eat to be produced in Southern soil every day of the year; which makes it possible for workmen to work out of doors, if necessary, every day in the year.



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The Old Army Game

(Continued from page 24)

himself after a while. "Why should I be a sap and hang around this bum, this Wylie? I ain't going to do it," he said, "Major or no Major. He's a good guy, and this is a good outfit. But this bum, this Wylie, is poison."

There was just one thing to do, and that was to go and ask old Four-Eyes for a transfer.

"Yessir!" Connell said to himself, "I'd better pull my freight." And he made up his mind he would in a hurry. He'd get up for a talk with old Four-Eyes just as soon as the payroll was done.

Well, that just goes to show. In the army you're foolish to try to figure ahead, because you never can tell. Connell, he started out all right, after chow. But out on the Company parade ground he saw six, seven rookies trying to learn To The Rear MARCH, on their own time; and that flabbergasted him so that he stopped to watch. And they were so dumb about it, that before he knew what he was doing he'd butted in. It seemed to him that guys who were willing to learn on their own time deserved a little help.

Well! In half an hour he had those birds doing To The Rear MARCH better than Germany did it on November 11. When they did it well enough to satisfy him he started off again, but one of the guys wanted to know something. Connell was the first guy with Regular Army experience they'd had in the outfit. And when the first guy got his answer somebody else spoke up. And the end of it was Connell found himself back in the squadroom, with half the outfit sitting around with their mouths open. At first he answered questions; but finally he just yarned.

What tickled Connell was how they all drank it in. In the Regular Army he couldn't have got a cossack post to listen. But here! "Yeh! The Philippines certainly is a funny place; I met a gal there. . . . Sure, I been to Alaska. One day when it froze there, I saw a guy. . . . China? Now there's a country for you; there's a place in Peking where. . . . No, Mexico ain't so bad; once one of our lieutenants got in a jam and a native. . . . Cuba? Sure, I been to Cuba. . . ." They took it all in, whether what he told them was the truth or not.

"I suppose," somebody said, "that you always had pretty good officers, wherever you were?"

"Listen!" somebody cut in before Connell could say anything. "I heard somewhere that when a Regular Army outfit has an officer who's a double-crossing bum they wait till they go into action and then sling a couple slugs into him. Is that right?"

AND back against the wall, where it was darker, sort of, and hard to see who was talking, five, six, maybe a dozen guys spoke up. "Yeh!" they said, in a bunch, sort of, "what do you do when you've got an officer who is a bum and a sneak and a liar?"

Connell sat up. He didn't have an answer on the tip of his tongue, and he wasn't going to make one before he was sure it was right. Because these guys weren't scairt, the way he had figured them. Scairt nothing. They were sore. They were just about ready to blow up and bust in that bum, that Wylie's face.

Well! After he'd thought, he told them as well as he could what they could do and what they couldn't. He tried to lay down the rules for looking after Number One. And later, after the talking was all over and he'd hit the hay, he felt he'd done a pretty good job.

"Just the same, though," he said to himself, "you want to remember to look out for Number One yourself. Because this outfit isn't any place for you." And he made up his mind to go up to Division Headquarters next morning.

He didn't, though. He meant to, all right, but he got tied up with drill and put it off. And that night he got to yawning again, and put it off again. And then he said to himself, "I guess I needn't hurry. This is a good bunch of guys, and I'm enjoying myself. I'll stick around for a week or so." And he did.

Well! That was where he made his mistake. Because by the time the week was up, he was having such a good time he decided to stick around for another week. He'd never been in an outfit like this one. He liked them, and they listened to him as if he'd been promising them

all raises. And they were so darned bright, compared to what he'd had to work with. Teaching them was a regular picnic.

Not that he was easy on them. If anybody pulled a boner he burned him up. But he knew how to do that and make the guy like it.

"You certainly know how to make these men say 'Uncle!'" one of the lieutenants said to him. A nice guy, named Wilson, about nine thousand times a better officer than this bum, this Wylie.

"They're smart, Sir," Connell said.

"Yes!" this Lieutenant Wilson said. "You can't fool them only so long."

You couldn't, either. Connell knew that, too. And that was the only thing that worried him. He was having a good time, but he knew the outfit wasn't being fooled by this bum, this Wylie, and that underneath they were still ready to explode. What worried him was the trouble they'd get into if they did.

Every once in a while he'd say to himself; "Now don't be a sap. Go on and have old Four-Eyes get you a transfer. A guy with a record like you've got wants to be a long way off when this outfit blows up." But he never went.

AND finally he found out he'd waited too long, almost. That was when he got the dope about the Division going across. There'd been rumors before, oodles of them. But this was the real thing; a wise guy could tell.

"Zowie!" he said to himself, "I certainly don't want to go across under this bum, this Wylie." He knew there'd certainly be trouble when the outfit got across. "G'wan!" he said to himself. "Go have old Four-Eyes fix you up." But he didn't like to, sort of. He couldn't get rid of the feeling that these greenhorns would need a wise guy more in France than they did on this side. "Still," he said, "you can't be a sap forever. You've got to look out for Number One."

And finally off he piked, for Division Headquarters. And old Four-Eyes was there.

"Hullo, Connell," old Four-Eyes grunted. He was built like a tub, the way so many of those colonels were, but he carried himself like a ramrod. And he talked way down around his belt. "Glad to see you," he grunted. "How do you like that machine-gun outfit?"

Well, of course, there was Connell's chance. One smooth little line, and the way'd all be paved for a transfer. All he had to say was something like, "Well, Sir! It ain't like being under a Regular Army officer," and old Four-Eyes would have made him some kind of an offer.

But he got all gummed up. What he said was, "It's a swell bunch of soldiers, Sir. I like 'em." As soon as he said it he knew he'd pulled a boner. But it was out and down.

"Well!" old Four-Eyes grunted, "I guess it goes both ways. I hear they think you're a blue chip. And what's more," he said, "it's just as well for you to stay with them. An old Regular Army non-com ought to be useful in a little while."

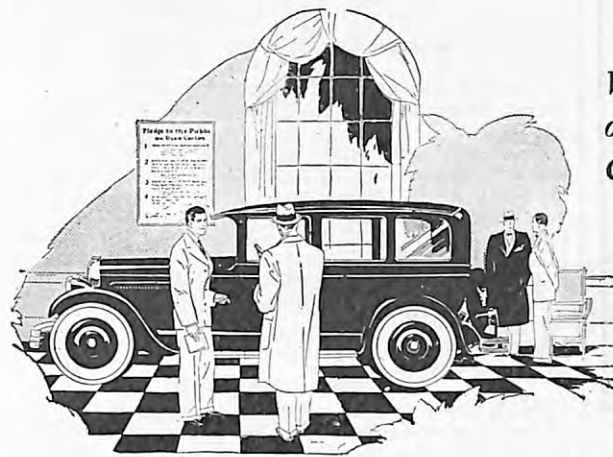
Connell walked out of old Four-Eyes' office with his head going around like a lieutenant on a bad horse. "Well!" he said, "If you ain't the biggest sap in the army, who is?"

Because he was absolutely sure there'd be trouble in "B" Company. And he knew trouble was nothing to have around a guy with a record like his. He was downright worried.

He worried more, too, when he saw how this bum, this Wylie, was acting up over the report that the Division was going across. The bum had been bad before; but now he was poison. Nothing suited him. He burned a guy up for doing it or for not doing it. On the way to Hoboken he put one guy down for a court-martial. On the transport he put down another. By the time the outfit was doing Squads Right! and Mount Gun! in France he had them all run so ragged they didn't know which way to turn.

As if they didn't have enough to keep them on edge! They were near enough to hear the big guns every morning and night; and every afternoon they felt lonesome if a flock of German planes didn't drop some eggs. That business alone kept them on needles and pins. They got to bunching and whispering every night in the barns they slept in. They did more than

(Continued on page 46)



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Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

The Old Army Game

(Continued from page 44)

whisper. One night Connell overheard a dozen of them.

"Nobody'd do anything to us for refusing to soldier under that dirty yellow rat," one guy was saying.

"Sure not," another guy said. "We'll go up and fight without any officers at all, if they say the word. Or let them give us just the lieutenants. But we'd be suckers to go in with a captain who'd kill us all off if he could save his own hide by doing it."

And a little later he overheard another gang. "A swell dish!" one bird in this gang was saying. "Imagine! If all the lieutenants got popped off where'd we be with nobody but this bum, this Wylie, to lead us?"

THEN one day word got out that the whole Battalion was going to start up to the Line the very next morning. That night the explosion Connell had been afraid of got set. Those green dummies bunched together, and pretty soon guys began going from one bunch to another. And the first thing Connell knew the dummies had all agreed that they would refuse to go into action under this bum, this Wylie. When he gave the order to march next morning they'd just stand fast.

Well! For the first time in a long time, Connell was up in the air. He tried to argue them out of it, but they wouldn't listen. He threw a fit at that, just about. Because he knew that no matter how much of a black eye the outfit gave the Captain they'd give themselves a worse one. Half of them would probably get Leavenworth, if they didn't get lined up against a wall.

Connell didn't worry about himself at all. He was past that. He knew he could prove an alibi to save himself. In the first place a wise old-timer like himself would have too much sense to go into any such deal. But he certainly did worry about the outfit. "They're one swell bunch," he said to himself. "And with a captain that was even halfway decent they'd be able to lick the Prussian Guard. It's a darned shame."

He worried all night. Once he thought of going to the Major; but that would mean an investigation and an investigation was what he knew he had to stave off if the greenhorns were to be kept out of Leavenworth.

That investigation was the big bother. He figured out a lot of ways, but they all ended in an investigation.

The next morning he sat in the orderly room he'd fixed up in the front end of a frog house waiting for the outfit to chow, and knowing that as soon as he'd formed them and this bum, this Wylie, had taken charge they were going to make fools of themselves.

This bum, this Wylie, came in. Connell looked at him. "You great big bum!" he said to himself. "A hundred and seventy darned good guys are going to get into trouble up to their necks on your account, and you ain't worth it."

This bum, this Wylie stood there with his hands in his Sam Brown belt.

"Sergeant," he said. "Form the Company at once."

"Sir?" Connell said. And he looked at his watch. "Why, it ain't time yet for a half hour."

"Form the Company, I tell you," this bum, this Wylie said.

And then Connell knew. Some bozo had squealed. This bum, this Wylie, was wise. And he was going to get those guys in line early, and put them on the grill.

Well! Connell knew what would happen then. They'd weaken, or some of them would. And they'd spill the whole story. And this bum, this Wylie, would be a hero. Not a real hero, of course. But at that a sort of one; anyway he'd be a bird who'd stopped a mutiny.

It was that word, "Mutiny," that got to Connell. It burned him up. The idea of this bum, this Wylie, taking a last jump on the necks of these poor greenhorns that he'd kicked all over the lot for six months made him wild.

"Well!" he said, "I ain't going to form the Company. What'd you know about that?" Because he got a notion, all of a sudden, that he had to hold up this formation. Some way the

whole business would straighten itself out if he did.

"What's this?" this bum, this Wylie, squeaked. "Are you in mutiny, too? Get out of my way. I'll go form the Company myself."

"You move toward that door, and I'll break you in two, you great big bum," Connell said. And he thought to himself. "Well! What's the diff? I'll be the goat. Better one guy than the whole hundred-seventy odd. Besides, who knows! Maybe you'll like Leavenworth or wherever they send you."

"What?" this bum, this Wylie, squeaked. And he reached for his pistol. That was when the cyclone struck. Connell was smaller, by fifteen, maybe twenty pounds, and three, four inches. But he was faster on his feet than a squad crossing an open field under fire. That orderly room went around like a squirrel cage for about three minutes. And then this bum, this Wylie, was in a corner, dead to the world.

Connell bent over him. He had some crazy idea about breaking the big bum's arm or something to put him in the hospital. "If he was in the hospital," he said to himself, "there couldn't be any investigation. That's a cinch." And maybe he'd have done just that. Only he didn't have time.

Who should come tearing in just then but the Major and old Four-Eyes.

"What in hell is going on here?" old Four-Eyes grunted.

This bum, this Wylie, came to life then, seeing he had help. He got to his feet about the way a guy would get up who'd been at the bottom of a football jam.

"Mutiny!" he said. "That's what's going on here. Just like I reported to the Major. Call the guard."

Connell jerked. He hadn't ever thought this bum, this Wylie, might have reported what he'd learned.

"Mutiny, nothing!" he said. "I just beat him up a little because I never have liked his face. I got three, four drinks in me, Sir," he said to old Four-Eyes, "and I couldn't keep my fists down."

"WELL, my Mother's Mortgaged Mahogany!" old Four-Eyes said. "Of all the men in this old army!" he said. And then, before Connell knew what was up, he stepped close and sniffed Connell's breath. Then he looked at this bum, this Wylie. "So you say your men are ready to mutiny, do you?"

This bum, this Wylie, started into a song and dance, but old Four-Eyes held up his hand.

"Save your breath," he said. "And listen. I've got a proposition to make. If you think we're going to let you smell up this Division with a scandal about a mutiny you've got another guess coming. You're going to leave the Division, and in a hurry. That's what you're going to do, and that's all you're going to do. Understand?"

"What?" this bum, this Wylie, squeaked. "Well, I'm not. You can't railroad me."

"Oh, yes we can," the Major cut in. "If you try to plaster a mutiny on my battalion, Wylie, I'll see that every officer in it testifies against you."

This bum, this Wylie, turned green at that. He saw he didn't have a chance. And he gave Connell one dirty look. Because he knew that if the Company had been formed, so he could have brought the mess out into the open, the Major and old Four-Eyes would have had to let it go through.

"It's all fixed up, Wylie," old Four-Eyes said. "You're going back to the States. Get to your quarters and pack up."

"I'll have Lieutenant Wilson take over the Company," the Major said.

And there wasn't anything for this bum, this Wylie, to do but walk out.

"Get Lieutenant Wilson," the Major told Connell.

Connell went out and found the Lieutenant, and brought him back. While the Major was laying down the cards to the Lieutenant he tried to figure out what they'd do with him. It wouldn't be as much as he'd been afraid of. Because this bum, this Wylie, was being shipped

(Continued on page 48)



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The Old Army Game

(Continued from page 46)

off, and who else could prefer charges. But it was a cinch old Four-Eyes never would stand for a non-com socking an officer, even an officer like this bum, this Wylie.

The very least they could do would be to bust him. And when he thought that, Connell knew he'd rather have them send him to Leavenworth. He didn't want to stay in this outfit unless he could keep on being Top Soak. He wanted to be able to go right on making this bunch of good guys into something better.

"Well, anyway," he said to himself, "I'll never let these two guys see I care a rap." And he braced himself.

And just as he braced himself, the Lieutenant went out to get this bum, this Wylie's signature on a lot of papers. And the Major looked around and saw Connell.

"Well, what're you doing here?" he said.

"Why aren't you out helping the Company get ready? What kind of a First Sergeant are you, anyway?"

"What, Sir?" said Connell. He couldn't believe his ears. He looked at old Four-Eyes.

"If I really thought you did assault that officer," old Four-Eyes said, looking hard at Connell, "I'd jug you in a minute. But you said you had been drinking and your breath tell me you haven't. So I see no reason why I should believe the last half of your lie."

Connell kept on looking. The Major grinned at him. And old Four-Eyes grunted. And they both went out. Connell watched them go. Then he went out himself. And he blew his whistle.

"On the line, you guys," he hollered. "Come on, shake a leg. I'm going to make soldiers out of you yet."

The Underground Jungle

(Continued from page 14)

American cities began to bury their communication wires about thirty or thirty-five years ago; gas mains were laid in many cities as early as 1820; but sewer systems were old even then. New York's first sewer system was laid by the Dutch, and a system that is still in use was laid in 1835-1840. Many New York streets are still drained by those old sewers of 1840 in spite of the fact that the sewage problem has grown to the degree that skyscrapers have come to tower over pygmy structures of a mere five and six stories in height.

From an office window in the twenty-first floor of New York's municipal building the dimensions of the sewer problem were fixed in my mind graphically by an engineer of the city who has been devoting all his skill to the city's used water supply during about four decades.

"Look," he demanded, and pointed downwards across City Hall Park at a row of cramped, antiquated structures housing a variety of small enterprises, lawyers, rubber-stamp manufacturers, postage-stamp dealers, chiropodists, and others. "There is the sort of structure which most American sewers were designed to drain. Now lift your eyes across the street."

There where he pointed rose the Woolworth Tower, a gothic lace of steel and stone, rising to mountain heights sheer above the street.

"And look there, and there, and there."

The engineer's arm indicated other enormous buildings such as the forty-story Equitable, the Bankers' Trust, the new telephone building, scores of them that on wet days sometimes have their capstones hidden in the clouds.

"Those architectural mammoths measure the size of the sewage problem in the congested areas of American cities to-day."

Once more I was invited to imagine brick and steel and concrete as transparent glass.

"I see the Woolworth Building in my mind's eye," explained the engineer, "as a tremendous geyser shooting hundreds of gallons of water into the air every day, a geyser that falls back laden with tons of waste material that must be carried away underground to the river through a dark passageway that has been buried there since General Grant was a second lieutenant. There is just one fact that has saved us the expense of ripping up all that old sewer and putting down a larger one. It was designed originally for a bigger load than all the skyscrapers make, a much bigger load.

"The fact is we have a combined sewer system, one that was designed to rid the city not only of sewage but of storm waters also.

"New York furnishes 135 gallons of water daily from its many reservoirs for every man, woman and child. Multiply that by the millions of its inhabitants and you get some idea as to the volume of its waste because all of that water is destined for the waste pipes, but twenty or thirty times a year the city is drenched by a rainstorm that pours into the sewer a flood that is one hundred times the volume of the waste that comes from buildings. Naturally that rainfall was just as heavy a hundred years ago as now, and when the aldermen of that day provided

a combined sewage system they served us very well indeed.

"New York had about 260 miles of sewers in 1870; to-day it has 550 miles, the larger part combined sewers into which drain some 7,500 catch basins that collect rain water from the streets. About three-quarters of the mains are brick tunnels through which a man might make his way.

"The largest sewer in New York is sixteen feet wide and eight feet high, plenty big enough to accommodate two streams of automobile traffic if it was ventilated. That one lies under the surface of Canal Street and is actually the bed of the old canal from which the street took its name.

"All our sewers drain naturally by gravity, either into the Hudson River or the East River."

No one is likely to give thought to an American sewer without thinking back to those strange caverns of underground Paris made famous by Victor Hugo and Eugene Sue. For once America has to sing easily when the question of size is discussed. Our sewer systems generally are not proportioned so generously as those of Paris, but even so, men do work in them.

New York keeps from forty to fifty men—not nearly enough according to the engineers in charge—engaged in the task of keeping its sewer passageways free from obstructions such as bits of boxes and barrels that are flushed into them in every storm.

Some of those men who work down there in the foul pits as cleaners have been so engaged for more than twenty-five years and yet, surprisingly enough, the city has no record of any case of disease ever being traced directly to such labor. It may be that these troglodytes develop an immunity or it may be that most of us are too squeamish entirely about such trifles as trillions of microbes.

THERE are more terrifying forms of animal life dwelling in those dark depths, though. A slow rain is not enough to dispossess them from their domain, but let a cloudburst fill the sewer so that the mains are solid columns of water flowing under pressure toward the rivers and they cease to be habitable for any kind of mammals. Some years ago one of the sewers had an outlet on a Hudson River beach at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street.

After any rainstorm of unusual proportions it used to be regarded as good sport in that neighborhood to bring all the terriers that could be mustered, because well in advance of the first big gush of rain water from that sewer opening there was always a great exodus of rats. Not dozens, according to those who used to watch the hegra, and not hundreds, but literally thousands of rodents would swarm out of the black mouth of that sewer outlet and scamper across the wide beach in a mad hunt for shelter. The dogs were kept very busy for days after every storm maintaining gauntlet lines through which all rats had to pass that hoped to regain the rich shelter of their native heath, the sewer.

One of the most gruesome anecdotes I ever

(Continued on page 50)

"Sleep that Really Builds Health

is the sleep before exhaustion" says

J. Edgar Masters

*Grand Secretary
past Grand Exalted Ruler*



J. EDGAR MASTERS

Of an even disposition and geniality that wins friends everywhere Mr. Masters preserves his health however strenuous his days, by sleeping the instant his head touches the pillow. He says: "That Simmons Beautyrest Mattress makes me drowsy the moment I lie down"

THERE is a world of meaning in Mr. Masters' statement that, "The sleep one takes before he is dog-tired is the kind that really builds health."

Medical science confirms this statement by telling us that exhaustion creates poisons in the system. The nerve exhaustion of thrashing about on an uncomfortable bed is injurious even though sleep comes finally.

Mr. Masters continues: "And for this falling asleep *before exhaustion* there is no equipment like a Simmons Mattress and Spring."

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Ace Spring, \$19.75; Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



Simmons Beautyrest—A center of close packed springy wire coils. Hundreds of them. Over this the thick, soft mattress layers. What could give such complete repose

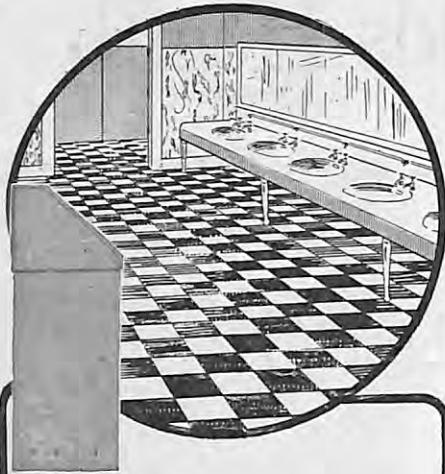
Note in the diagrams the ingenious construction of Mattress and Spring that gives extra sleeping comfort, extra wear

The Simmons Ace Spring—An extra number of resilient spiral springs. The equivalent of a box-spring yet lighter. Less in cost. Slip-cover additional

S I M M O N S BEDS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES
{ BUILT FOR SLEEP }

The Underground Jungle

(Continued from page 48)



Cleanliness Sanitation and Safety

THESE are three important factors to be considered where groups of people meet or are employed.

In every office, factory, club or lodge room, as well as in school and public buildings, the matter of waste disposal deserves serious consideration.

With Utica Utility Boxes stationed in their proper places the problem is solved, because Utica boxes are the only ones that give complete protection and satisfaction.

Cigarettes, cigars or lighted matches carelessly thrown in the Utica Box will smolder and die out. Tightly closed doors prevent escaping odors. Vermin cannot easily gain entrance to build their nests. Rounded corners prevent accident to person, clothing or walls.

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heard in a New York police station concerned a section of sewer in that same neighborhood. A young school girl of excellent reputation had disappeared and after she had been sought for several days the proprietor of a small bicycle shop in her neighborhood also disappeared. It was established that the girl had gone to the shop to get a pair of skates she had left there to be sharpened.

For months the mystery sent shivers coursing down the spines of newspaper readers. Two people seemed to have been wiped out of existence in some unexplainable fashion.

Then a whispered hint started a woman onto a fresh trail of investigation. She was a lawyer and obtained a court order for permission to dig up the floor of the cellar of that shabby little bicycle shop, still being operated by the wife of the missing proprietor. After making several excavations, the searchers exhumed the body of the girl. Next they got on the trail of the bicycle-store man, and it led to Italy where he is now serving a life sentence for his frightful crime. For some time the investigators were puzzled by a mound of earth beneath the sidewalk in front of the store where that crime was committed. The mound was in a small chamber that was connected by a door with the cellar. Someone had spent hours in there sapping downwards toward some object underground. Thinking to find evidence of other crimes the investigators extended that hole until they broke through the brick wall of a dank and musty cylindrical cavern.

The streets of that region are intersected by one or two that run at angles to the normal grid-iron layout of streets. At some time in the past, apparently, that brick passageway had been a part of the sewer. Now it was a disused arm of the system. It became a tradition of that neighborhood that the murderer of the young girl, knowing of the sewer's existence, had tried to reach it by sapping. If he had reached it he might have gone miles away underground with his victim, abandoned the body, and returning, escaped detection.

Even the oldest sections of New York's sewers are recorded on maps of the city's underground works, kept in filing cabinets in the engineering offices of the Borough President of Manhattan.

I SAW some of those maps. So intricate is the underground structure they picture that they might easily be taken for some medical student's attempt at drawing with colored pencils the anatomy of a man. The water-pipes in those maps of New York's street trenches are colored blue, and gas-pipes, steam-mains, mail-tubes, sewers, subways, electric-wire conduits, telephone cables, and other veins and arteries, are variously colored, red, purple, mauve, lavender, green, violet, and yellow. There are so many distinctions to be made in those maps that the legend more than exhausts the primary colors of the spectrum.

A large force of draftsmen is kept at work on those maps recording the changes being effected every day by tens of thousands of engineers, of pick-and-shovel men, of steam-shovels, of dynamiters, and others who are spending their lives digging away below the levels of the streets. That sort of burrowing is going on in every city, in Fort Worth, as in San Diego; in Portland, Oregon, as in Portland, Maine. City engineers who possess good honest maps of their buried responsibilities know they are fortunate, and strive always to throw restrictions about subway builders, plumbers, and others, who wish to cut into that vital structure.

There is one city in the Eastern part of the United States which had until recently no record of the location of its sewers. The old city engineer had been that sort of professional man who might be likened to those old-time doctors who "read" medicine a while, and then began to practice with no more formality than was entailed by hanging out a sign.

This old engineer was a practical person, however, and had a mental picture of every sewer main in his town. If anyone asked him for maps or plans or blueprints, he would wave his hands impatiently and refer the annoying inquirer

to one of the local contractors, his pal, who had built most of the sewer system.

After a few decades the contractor died, his business affairs were closed up, and his papers, including a lot of supposedly valueless blueprints, were destroyed.

Next the old city engineer passed on, and his son, a real engineer, graduate of one of the country's good schools, was given his father's job, largely because his father had imparted to the son all his knowledge of the city's underground works.

EVERYTHING went smoothly until the young city engineer became embroiled in a political squabble with the mayor of the town, and resigned his position. When he resigned he promptly accepted a position with an engineering company, and departed for a big construction job in Bolivia.

The man who inherited his post as city engineer spent about a week trying to find the records of the dead contractor, and then about twenty-four hours in cussing. Thereafter he went to work. For many days he went about the higher levels of that town. He would ring a doorbell and then request the lady of the house to permit him to toss a teaspoonful of a finely ground powder in her kitchen sink. When he had done this and then kept faucet running for fifteen or twenty minutes he would dash out of the house, jump into his automobile and ride as wildly as Paul Revere for the river bank. There he would watch and wait.

Presently he would see the normally yellow water of the stream take on a tinge that altered strangely from red to green, and tracing the color to its source would have located one of the outlets of the sewer system. The powder was a dye often used in detecting the secrets of underground water courses. One part of dye can be seen in three million parts of water. To-day that town has a fairly accurate map of its sewer system. But there are two copies, and one of them is kept under lock and key at the home of the mayor.

The last piece of copy for the six-star final edition of one of the afternoon newspapers of a Middle Western city had been cleared from the editorial rooms, it had been set up and the form of the first page with its racing results was on its way to the stereotyping room when the foreman of the lead-casting department set up a frantic howl that reached through two floors of that fireproof building.

"The gas has gone out," he yelled with as great astonishment as if the flow of gas was a natural phenomenon akin to the shining of the sun. What else he said had best be forgotten, but even so his remarks were mild in comparison with the wild cries of the editor-in-chief, the managing editor, the business manager, the circulation manager.

Without gas that newspaper plant was temporarily as helpless as if printing-presses and linotype machines had never been invented. Ten, fifteen minutes elapsed and the swarm of newsboys were waiting impatiently in the alley behind the mailing room; the truck chauffeurs and the drivers of the wagons began to mutter and swear. But the paper was held up. The six-star final! Fancy an asylum filled with women in various states of hysteria, and you have a dim picture of the condition of that newspaper office. Masculine hysterics are as shrill and violent as the feminine variety.

Eventually it occurred to some genius to telephone to the gas company. The editor-in-chief made the complaint himself, and he made it into the ear of the president of the gas company, which is just one of the advantages of being an editor-in-chief.

"We've already discovered there is a failure of gas-pressure on that main," said the gas company official soothingly. "Our emergency wagon is after it now—left its station ten minutes ago."

About five minutes later there was a whoop of joyous relief from the parched throat of the stereotyping foreman. Gas was flowing once more, and soon the heavy baked paper matrix of that vital first page was molding a semi-cylindrical lead plate, the plate was trimmed

(Continued on page 52)

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NEWLY PATENTED, extra thin model, HALVORFOLD—Bill-fold, Pass-case, Card-case—JUST WHAT EVERY ELK NEEDS. No embarrassing moments fumbling for your passes—just snap open your HALVORFOLD and they all show—each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting them from dirt and wear. NEW, INGENIOUS LOOSE LEAF DEVICE enables you to show 4, 8 or more passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has two large card pockets and extra size billfold.

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MADE OF HIGH GRADE, BLACK GENUINE CALFSKIN, specially tanned for the HALVORFOLD. Tough, durable and has that beautiful soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra heavy, no flimsy cloth lining. 1/10 14K GOLD CORNERS AND SNAP FASTENER. Size, 3 3/4 x 5 closed, just right for the hip pocket (flattens to only 3/4 inch thickness). Backbone of loose leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your HALVORFOLD.

FREE 23K GOLD NAME, address and lodge emblem FREE. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.50 extra. An ideal gift with your friend's name. And now, for a short time, I am making the extraordinary offer of giving FREE TO ELKS my genuine calfskin key-case (illustration at left) merely for the privilege of showing you the HALVORFOLD. NO—NO STRINGS!

Calfskin Key-Case Given to ELKS

This Genuine Calfskin Key-case with your name in Gold for the privilege of showing you the HALVORFOLD. Handiest thing you ever saw for car or latch keys. Keeps 4 keys on strong steel hooks. It's yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not. Don't miss this free offer! Send Coupon. CLIP AND MAIL TODAY.

EXECUTIVES

SPECIAL PRICES ON QUANTITIES. Executives and men in business will want quantities of HALVORFOLD for gifts and premiums. Write for quantity prices.

Send This Coupon NOW



This shows the key case only 2/3 actual size.

AGENTS
We have a few territories still open for live representatives to take orders for the fast-selling Halvorfold and other big val- so leather goods and specialties. Lodges, secretaries find this a source of quick, easy profits. Ask for our special agents' offer. See coupon.

HALVORSEN, Mgr. U. S. Leather Goods Co., Dept. 3EK 564 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me HALVORFOLD for free examination, with name, address, etc. in 23K Gold as per instructions below—also the FREE key case. If I decide not to keep the HALVORFOLD I'll return it at your expense within seven days and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send your special price of \$5.00. Either way key-case is mine to keep free. HALVORFOLD comes regularly for 8 passes. Extra 4-pass inserts—50c.

For protection give here your Member's No. and Lodge. Emblem

Name

Address

5% Off to save bookkeeping, if you prefer to send cash with order. Money back, of course, if not satisfied.

Check square if interested in Agent's Proposition.

The Underground Jungle

(Continued from page 50)



FOLLOW THE GULF STREAM TO MIAMI by the FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY

It's here, waiting for you—a railway route to the Convention that makes your trip a cool and clean luxurious delight.

Down the Florida East Coast from Jacksonville—through a semi-tropic wonderland, along the salt sea water, with the climate softly tempered by the magic of the Gulf Stream—the Florida East Coast Railway takes you smoothly, in comfort, cinderless and dustless.

The big, modern, oil-burning locomotives of the Florida East Coast Railway give no smoke or soot through open Pullman windows. Double tracks and the most improved automatic block signals every mile assure uninterrupted schedules, over a road-bed ballasted by scientific engineering to give easy-riding dustless travel.

Optional Route Tickets—If you desire, you can buy round-trip tickets over the Florida East Coast Railway that will permit you to visit the West Coast and Central Region of Florida, either going or returning, without additional cost. See your local agent for rates and other details, or write direct.

FLORIDA EAST COAST

RAILWAY COMPANY
Flagler System

General Offices — St. Augustine, Fla.
or 2 West 45th Street, New York City

and carried to the pressroom by the foreman himself. The edition was half an hour late, but half an hour was better than not at all.

About the time the first bundles of damp newspapers were being tossed into the waiting vehicles below, the editor-in-chief received an apologetic call from the president of the gas company.

"Some wop working for the city," complained that gentleman bitterly, "shoved a pneumatic jack-hammer into our main about a block from your plant. A gang of workmen have torn up the street there in order to get at the water-main. We have sealed up the break and you won't have any more trouble."

BESIDES cooking the meals of most urban Americans, that gas which flows through the concealed mains in all city streets serves more industrial purposes than could be catalogued in a fair-sized book. A complete failure would be a serious cause of economic loss in any large American city, which is one of the reasons the emergency repair crews of almost any gas company travel to their work with a clanging of gongs like that which heralds the approach of the fire department.

Although not many people realize it, there are about four hundred companies in the United States that serve patrons with steam through meters in pretty much the same fashion that gas, water and electricity is supplied. Most of those steam companies are small outfits, comparatively, engaged merely in the sale of a surplus of steam for heating and power, but some of the large companies are delivering enough power to subscribers through underground mains to drive a fleet of battleships.

In New York the distribution of steam has continued without interruption for forty-six years, which means that it is an older service than the distribution of electricity. In New York now about 2,000 consumers are furnished with approximately five billions of pounds of steam annually. This tremendous force is conducted into the Federal Post Office, the city buildings, the most modern hotels and office structures through some fifty miles of subterranean mains. That steam is used to generate the electricity that lifts elevators, to drive machinery, to provide heat and do all the other chores that mankind has been able to assign it.

It is in considering the use of this steam, delivered through underground pipes from central generating plants, that it is easiest to get an adequate conception of the changes being worked in the appearance of large cities to-day through the multiplicity of energy-making forces that are distributed beneath street surfaces.

For example, the space that was once occupied by the coal, ashes and power equipment of a famous restaurant on Fifth Avenue, is now a polished steel chamber in which are stored the jewels, the bonds, the baby shoes, the wills and other treasured things of the customers of a trust company. The trust company buys its steam and is using the underground space for a money-making purpose. It is just one of the many kinds of waste elimination that constitute what we call management.

Space in the business building of any large city is so valuable nowadays that it must be used intensively if its users are to profit.

Near Grand Central Terminal in New York—the midtown section—the assessed valuations of land have increased 631 per cent. in twenty years. This increase has caused building owners to regard with a jealous eye every cubic foot that is not devoted to some rent-producing purpose. So, in another building in Fifth Avenue, space that used to be occupied by the building power plant has been transformed into a restaurant, the rental of which goes a long way toward meeting the cost of the steam that is delivered into the building through an unobtrusive pipe. There is no more bother there about the delivery of coal nor the worry and dirt attendant upon the removal of ashes.

In the days when it was felt that every skyscraper had to clutter up its roof with chimneys and steam pipes and other outlets from its power plant stacks, architects usually lost interest in their work above the top story. Roofs were just an ugly surface of hideous water tanks and

chimney pots. Now, thanks to steam mains hidden underground, many of the newest and tallest structures in the country are as handsome as any cathedral, and their rentable areas have been increased enormously by the elimination of the monstrous stacks that, formerly, had to be thickened appreciably for every floor that the building rose above the street level. There are other economies, not the least of which is the lessening of smoke in the region of the skyscraper apartments; and because there is very little smoke those roof areas in the heart of our largest cities are slowly being transformed into half-acre country homes of the ultra rich.

New York City already has a considerable population in this new upper class that dwells on skyscraper rooftops, raises flowers, salad greens, and in one or two instances even maintains poultry runs. A thousand dollars a room is a moderate price for these rooftop dwellings, but it is doubtful if the rich folks who can afford to live there ever give much thought to the subterranean jungle of pipes that send them heat and power, minus smoke, and thereby make their eagle nesting places habitable.

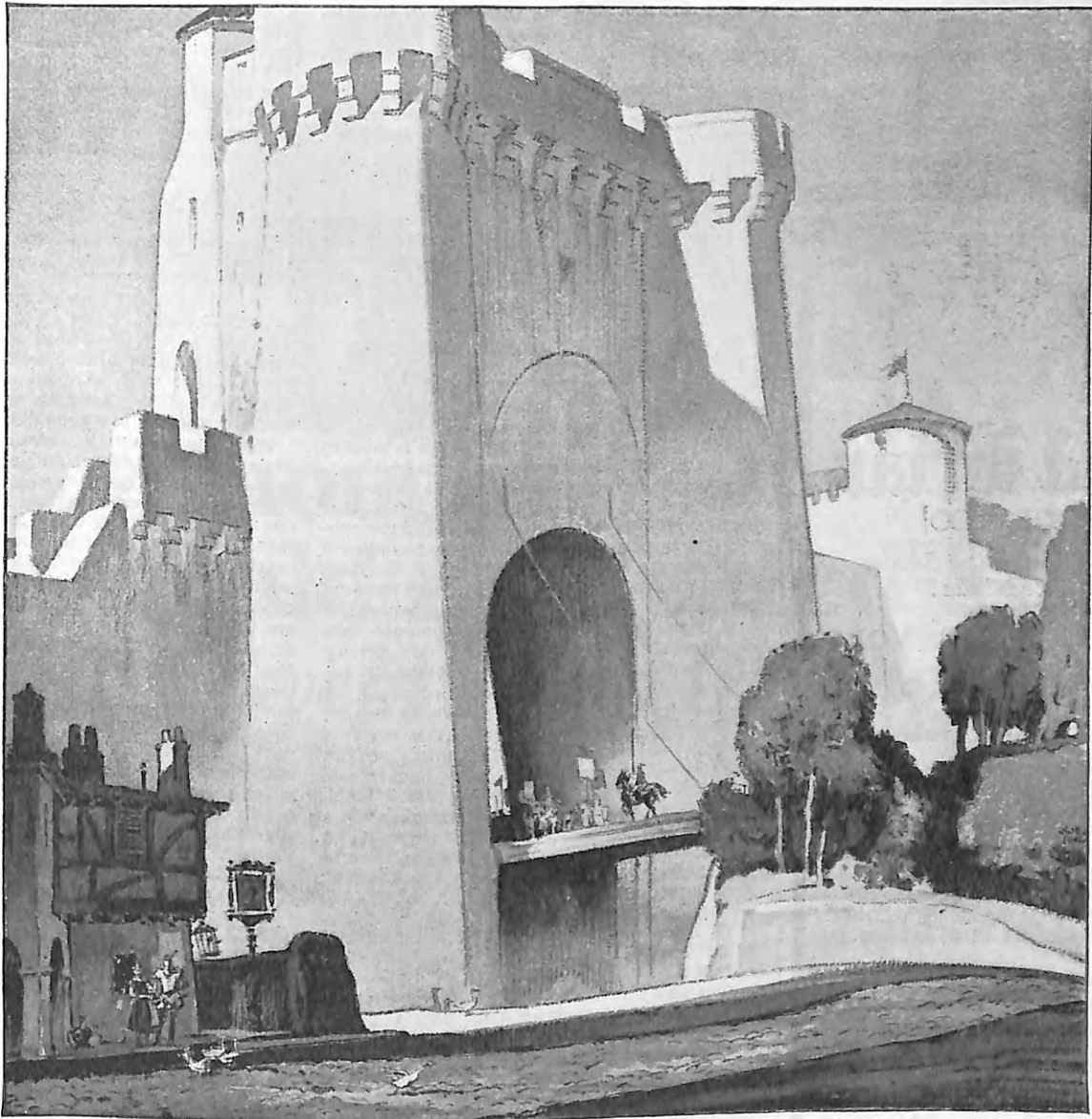
Some of New York's steam mains have been buried, and in constant service for more than forty years, but the new mains being driven underground to-day are calculated to last for more than seventy-five years. Those mains are great steel pipes, made to withstand much more than the pressure of 130 pounds gauge at which the system is operated. The largest which the system is operated. The largest feeder mains are twenty-four inches in diameter; the smallest eight inches. But these pipes are encased in asbestos which in turn is wrapped with a rubberoid covering. Next there is a packing of mineral wool inside a conduit of vitrified tile which is protected by yet another housing of reinforced concrete.

A FEW years ago a sewer repair job near City Hall in New York was indicated. Workmen started to open up the street trench in the customary whole-hearted fashion of pick-and-shovel men. Before long their trench began to grow warm, though they worked on a winter's day. Then it developed a temperature like that which is encountered at sea level near the equator, and as they continued to dig their trench became a fair imitation of the steam room of a Turkish bath. At the point where they were excavating the steam conduit was resting in the earth close beside the sewer, but the heat was coming from the waste steam of a near-by building. That waste is supposed to be handled in accordance with an ordinance that provides that it must be cooled to approximately 100 degrees Fahrenheit, before being discharged into the sewer system. In this case so much heat was stored in the surrounding soil and stone that the sewer workmen spent four days flushing a cold stream of fresh water into that sewer before they succeeded in reducing its temperature to a degree in which men could work. If that was the condition caused by a mild violation of an ordinance dealing with waste steam what, think you, would be the fate of an underground workman who might, inadvertently, drive a jack hammer through the protective coatings of the steam supply while it was under 130 pounds of pressure?

Not far from the spot where that sewer had to be cooled before it could be approached another opening was made not so long ago by men who wished to do some work on an old electric-power conduit. The asphalt surface was ripped up in no time at all; planks and red flags were hung about the hole and a gang of men stood ready to plunge into the excavation with picks and shovels. They never had a chance to use those tools, though. Instead such a maze of tangled pipes, conduits, mains, and concrete housings was encountered that a narrow shaft had to be driven down into that complex trench we call a street; and before that one was done half a dozen holes were started and abandoned. The shaft was dug in the most primitive way as if by some burrowing animal, only not so effectively.

One of the mysterious pipes that human mole had to avoid was the pneumatic tube linking the near-by post office with other branch post

(Continued on page 54)



Welcoming the Convention Guest

Miami will welcome within the next few months two of the world's greatest fraternal conventions—the Shriners in May and the Elks in July. Not Miami alone, but all cities of the Miami district, and, in a special sense, the entire State of Florida, are pledged to make these two notable assemblages successful in the highest degree.

Coral Gables will assume with real delight the role of hostess on these happy

occasions. Her fine hotels, golf courses, bathing pools and beach, Coliseum and Country Club—and all the wealth of beauty and artistry which in six years has been created in this distinctive community—all will be spread before visitors for their enjoyment.

The Spirit of Hospitality opens wide its arms to welcome the best Fraternal Spirit of the Age. Come.

Coral Gables



Miami, Fla

The Underground Jungle

(Continued from page 52)



Old Briar TOBACCO

"The Best Pipe Smoke
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Smoke it in your
old briar pipe—

It makes a perfect combination!

Light up your old briar pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Enjoy its comfort and cheer. Notice the natural tobacco taste. Draw in the fragrance of the slow burning, flavory leaf. Smoke it awhile. Then see how cool and how extra smooth Old Briar Tobacco is.

Every day from everywhere men are sending us the message that Old Briar Tobacco is the end of a long search for genuine pipe pleasure—a perfect combination for the finest old briar pipe.

It has taken experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, and generations of tobacco culture to develop and perfect Old Briar Tobacco. And by the application of quantity production methods, it is possible for you to enjoy Old Briar at such a reasonable price.

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United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va.

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To make you acquainted with all of the genuine pleasure of pipe smoking, we will send you on receipt of this coupon a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco. Send 10c—coin or stamps—for postage and mailing expense.

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Print Name _____

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offices all over New York. Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis streets carry many miles of such tubes, and through them, day in, day out, brass cylinders travel at something like cannon-ball speed carrying the mails between the various branch post offices. If the tubes were to be abandoned, mail that now shoots swiftly to its target through concealed pipes would have to be hipped in ponderous mail trucks that would add to street traffic congestion.

The grand opera of underground operations is, of course, the rapid transportation of human beings. It is called "the underground" in London; "the subway" in the United States. Just as the burying of sewers was designed to relieve the surface of streets of one of the tasks assigned to them since the days of antiquity, so the creation of subways was designed to relieve street surfaces of yet another part of their load. Actually a subway is a distinct highway, just as the underground telephone conduits are a speech highway, and the mail tubes a modern version of the old-time pony express highways, and the underground man-made watercourses are actually a translation of the ways that formerly led to the town pump. But the subways through which thunder train loads, each great enough to recruit a regiment, is the most ambitious scheme of all that have been designed to make city highways equal to their job.

In New York City, some ten thousand men are working underground every day driving ahead with their work of constructing ten additional miles of subway to be added to the 201 track miles of underground already in service. In the performance of their job that army of troglodytes explodes under the surface of New York every day twelve tons of dynamite, and their labor and the materials they use in building their tunnels costs nine millions of dollars a mile. It is not really tunneling they do, for the most part. The engineers call it a work of "cut and cover." They cut a trench and then place a wooden deck on the trench to carry the surface load of the street. In places, of course, they have to drive through a hill. Such a tunnel has been driven lately through the steep hill, now covered with apartments, that in an earlier day was the theatre of a battle between a force of red-coated Hessians and a ragged army led by a soldier named Washington. New York to-day calls the hill Washington Heights.

Those subway construction jobs are unending nightmares for the engineers whose lives are dedicated to worry on behalf of all other sub-surface structures of the city. A new subway means that sewers, electric conduits, water mains and all the other labyrinthian passageways have to be buried anew, and deeper, and with a minimum of inconvenience to the peevish hordes whose very lives depend on the faithful performance of those mighty arteries. Every contractor who undertakes to build a half-mile section of subway must bond himself to protect and replant all that sub-surface tangle, but he must do more, as a casual reading of any subway contract will disclose.

Every one of the closely set buildings along the streets through which a new subway is bored must be underpinned as the work moves forward. In recent times many great mid-town hotels and many other well-known giants among New York buildings have been supported on false work, while some of that sapping went on among their vitals.

One of the interesting jobs of underpinning was that connected with the Columbus monument at Columbus Circle. Nine different routes of travel pinwheel about that tall granite pedestal. Several of those routes are subways, so that twice the effigy of Christopher Columbus has tottered in the wind on a pedestal supported on temporary concrete and steel girders.

One of the most daring operations of the engineers who supervise these underpinning works was in connection with the building of a subway beneath a street that supports an elevated railroad. That elevated structure lifts its tracks on two rows of steel columns, so high that passengers in its trains may gaze down on the roofs of six-story buildings. Suicides are sometimes accomplished by leaping from its dizzy platforms to the street. Beneath the surface of the street the slender steel columns have their feet set into truncated pyramids of brick. As the subway was pushed along those columns one by one were given new supports. Steel "I" beams were driven through the brick pyramids, directly under the column bases. The ends of the beam were supported on false work and then the brick pyramids were knocked down. That work went on with never a halt, while high above that false work the elevated trains continued to swoop along.

Again and again the subways of New York have had to be driven under the East River, and a succession of tubes also link underground New York with underground New Jersey. On one of those jobs steam shovels can't claw through the soil as in the cut and cover work in the streets. Shields made of 120 tons of steel make a frontier for sand hogs, aristocrats of the pick and shovel, who labor no more than one and a half or two hours a day and get \$7.50 or \$8 for their work. It isn't just labor they sell, though. More often it is their very lives. Many insurance companies regard the sand hogs, the caisson workers, as uninsurable risks. Many times they are required to do their work under an air pressure of fifty pounds, and when they emerge from the chambers in which they have labored they are stricken with a painful and frequently fatal disease called the bends. The bends is just part of the price mankind pays for the privilege of living in such congested areas that rapid transportation is vital to the welfare and prosperity of all.

BECAUSE of the constant necessity of extending the underground structure of cities, of threading new lines through that bewildering tangle, a great deal of inventive thought has been devoted to a hunt for better ways of dealing with it. One man whose mind constantly played with the thought that every bathtub, every electric-light bulb, every gas jet was but a tentacle end of this fabulous octopus has devised an entirely new way of laying concrete conduits for high voltage electric cables. One of his associates explained to me how this invention works.

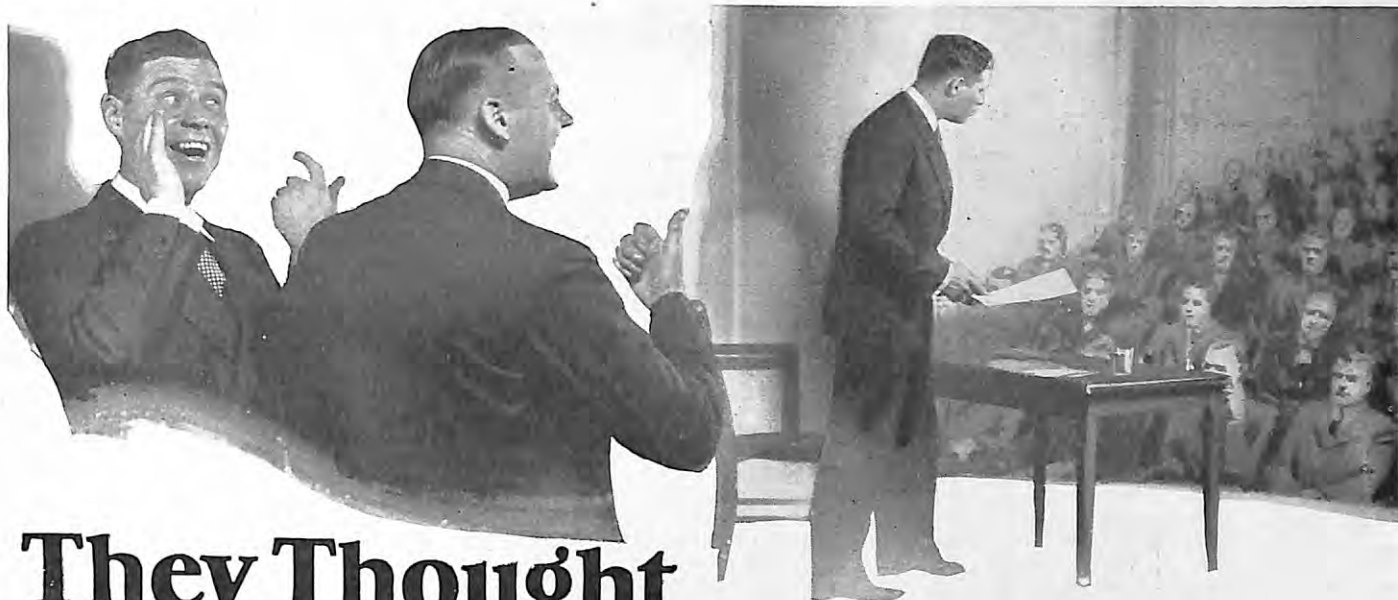
"Frequently," he said, "you will notice men in street trenches pulling from the earth long spaghetti-like tubes of rubber, perhaps a hundred feet in length. If you will watch, you will see those tubes slowly contract in length and expand in diameter until they have assumed the exact size and shape in which they had been used as molds for concrete. The same tubes are used over and over again. They are placed in even strips in a trench. Concrete is poured over them and allowed to harden, and then three men, taking hold of each rubber tube pull out this molding core, leaving in place a smooth tunnel, of even diameter, that follows the course of the rubber pattern over and under obstructions, around corners, up and down steep hills. Later there is pulled through these concrete tunnels a three-inch cable that will carry electric energy at 132,000 volts."

The underground jungle is sending deeper roots into the earth of cities. Each year the tangle is becoming greater, but the greater the tangle the greater the need for men who will accept luxury in return for becoming the gardeners of some part of that jungle.

Answers to

"How Well Do You Know Your Country?"

- (1) Wrigley Building, Chicago.
- (2) Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson, near Charlottesville, Va.
- (3) Kansas City.
- (4) Atlanta, Ga.; view down Peachtree Street.
- (5) Atlantic City.
- (6) Monument Circle, Indianapolis.
- (7) Capitol, Washington, D. C.
- (8) Ohio State Capitol, Columbus.
- (9) Philadelphia; statue of William Penn.
- (10) Forest Park, St. Louis.



They Thought I Would Be "Scared" Stiff —But I Swept Them Off Their Feet!

MY friends had always called me a shrinking violet—they said I was actually afraid of my own shadow. And so when I volunteered to speak before a giant mass meeting in behalf of my lifelong friend, Tom Willert, who was running for Mayor, they looked at me in amazement. In fact, some of them actually tried to persuade me to give up the idea, hinting that I would do Tom more harm than good.

The night of the meeting four or five of my most intimate friends collected on the platform. They frankly told me that they had come to see the slaughter—to watch me make a fool of myself. As I walked toward the speaker's table I could hear them whispering and laughing among themselves at my coming downfall. One of them had even bet \$5.00 that I wouldn't last three minutes.

And then came my little surprise. For I proceeded to sweep that great audience off its feet—I actually made them stand up and cheer me. Once when I was stopped by applause I glanced behind me and got a glimpse of my friends sitting open mouthed with amazement.

After it was all over they crowded round me and demanded to know how on earth I had been able to conquer my terrible timidity—my awful clamishness—so miraculously.

Smilingly, I told them how I had suddenly discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I gave them a brief description of the way in which I had learned

to dominate one man or an audience of thousands—how to say just the right words at the right time, how to win and hold the attention of those around us, how to express my thoughts simply and clearly, yet in a pleasing, interesting and amusing way. And they were actually dumbfounded when I told them that I had accomplished all this by simply spending twenty minutes a day in my own home on this most fascinating subject.

* * *

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Now, through an amazing new training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential speaker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

This new method of training was developed by one of America's eminent specialists in Effective Speech. Through this wonderful training he has raised thousands from mediocre, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence, simply by showing them how to bring out and develop their own individual, undeveloped abilities.

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The advantage of this new method is that it is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier and easier to express yourself to others. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the

privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

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This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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 Button in White Gold **\$2.50**

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Ladies' Platinum Diamond Ring \$380.00

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The Adventure of the Mysterious Eyelets

(Continued from page 10)

and diverse to the point of bizarreness, were constantly shifting.

Painstakingly he examined the structure of the bones, hoping to learn from them whether the victim was financier or farmer, workman or clerk, for a man's body is often an index to his life, particularly in Europe where class distinctions are still strong enough to leave marked physical impressions. An aristocrat has the form of an aristocrat; a workman is a workman from the soles of his feet to the hairs of his head. Here the bones were large, thick, a trifle clumsy. This tended to show that the individual was a mechanic or farm laborer. To arrive at this judgment too quickly, however, was dangerous. Conditions were changing; the war had upset everything; the rich were becoming the poor; the poor the rich.

HE TOOK from his pocket the bit of moldy cloth pierced with the six brass eyelets; decided it had formed the bottom of the long under-drawers worn by many Austrians. A moment later he withdrew the three bits of twine, one of which was tied in a bow knot. He put them together, calculated their length, measured the dead man's waist. He decided that the rope had probably served as a belt for the trousers, the three breaks having occurred in weak spots where the fiber had rotted through. He meditated again. This type of underwear was more common among the working classes than among the rich, a fact which seemed to prove, as the heavy bones had indicated, that the man had been a workman. Moreover, if his theory about the bits of twine serving as a belt was correct, there could no longer be any doubt about the man's station in society; no rich man, unless astonishingly eccentric, goes about with a piece of string holding up his pants.

He reexamined the break in the hip. By the newness of the bone where the two fractured edges had knitted he was able to say the accident had occurred about two months before the man's death; since he had determined by the vegetation roundabout that this had occurred in May, the accident, therefore, had happened in March. This might prove a clue. It was quite possible the person had been injured at his work; if so, he was required by Viennese law to report to a hospital at once for treatment and possible compensation. Was it not then likely that if the officer examined the records of broken hip patients admitted into the hospitals in March he would discover the victim's identity? It was merely a theory, of course, but a theory which promised results.

Pleased to have found a starting point, he brushed off the bits of grain clinging to his clothes, and leaving his assistant behind to care for the arrangements of bringing the skeleton to headquarters, hurried off toward his car. He had not proceeded far when he saw a gaunt, long-eared dog come bounding excitedly toward him; he halted and as the dog came near saw the object of its pursuit, a panic-struck field mouse. An instant later, the single mouse seemed miraculously to change into a thousand; the wheat seethed with a myriad tiny darting bodies. A second later all had vanished. The thwarted dog stared about him indignantly, then slunk off, his shamed tail between his legs. The criminologist laughed quietly. He knew now the reason for the mysterious scratches on the bones and the complete absence of clothing; field mice leave little untouched where they make their nests.

He climbed into his automobile; in a moment was speeding over the high road to Vienna. Arriving at the great police building spread along the Danube Canal, he scrutinized the lists of missing persons, making careful note of those who might answer the dead man's description, then began combing the hospitals in the city and the towns roundabout to ascertain if any of them had been admitted. At the same time he assigned certain of his assistants to make an exhaustive investigation of the Drukani farm and delve deep into the lives of those who now or lately resided there. Day after day he toiled, now quizzing iodoform-reeking nurse or black-bearded doctor, now mounting the stairs of a dismal tenement to seek out some haggard woman whose husband or son had vanished. Several

weeks passed. The agents at the Drukani farm seemed unable to discover any new fact. He likewise in the hospitals could find nothing, nothing but clues which after a rosecate instant collapsed utterly. Apparently the dead man had never been reported as missing, never been treated in an Austrian hospital. Or a hospital record might have been inaccurately written or lost. Any of these circumstances was possible. Conditions were chaotic. The war was scarcely over; the diplomats were carving a new paper state out of Austria each morning; families and even entire races were shifting their homes like insects suddenly gone mad.

At any rate, whatever the reason, the detective had come to the end of the road. And like every expert criminologist when his highway is blocked, he retraced his steps, and looked about for a new path. Back in his office, he took out the album in which the photographs taken at the scene of the discovery had been mounted, peered at the ground and the landscape, then studied the skeleton. Whatever his heavy bones implied as the man's occupation, it seemed likely his trade had been a wandering one. In this way even though he possessed a family he might be away for months without his absence being reported to the police, which would explain the officer's inability to find a record answering his description.

He glanced at the break in the hip; mused over it an instant. An accident of this sort undoubtedly meant a fall; a workman was more likely to have such a fall in the course of his daily duties than when he was at leisure. The victim, therefore, had probably worked in elevated positions. What men labor in this fashion? Sailors, perhaps? Sailors climb the masts of their ship far above their fellows. But there are few sailors in Austria. A carpenter, perhaps? A brick mason? A painter? A roofer? All these practiced their professions at a height, in constant danger of falling; all were seasonal artizans very likely to be away from home for long periods while working or seeking work in some other region. Probably, then, the man had been employed in the building trades.

He leaned back in his chair, stretched, strode up and down the room a moment to clear his head, then came back to his desk, and lighting a cigarette, began to reexamine the bit of cloth with the six brass eyelets which he had decided had formed the bottom of the victim's under-drawers. He pored over the piece of twine which passed through the two lowest eyelets, peered at the three rosy fragments which he had concluded had formed the man's belt. They fascinated him, those twine bits. He had a queer, almost instinctive feeling that they possessed some strange hidden significance which like a baffling code needed only deciphering to bring him far toward a solution of his riddle. He brought them to his nose and sniffed their pungent odor of the field; rubbed them against his palm to learn their texture; took a penknife and parting a minute bit into the threads which composed it, explored each fiber. He extinguished his spent cigarette, began a renewed pacing of the room, sat down once more. He picked up the twine in the eyelets again; held it between two fingers as though weighing it. Almost imperceptibly his slight mustache rippled; he gave a low chuckle. He understood.

He took out a map and on it drew a circle to include all the towns with a radius of a few miles of the Drukani farm, then selecting one which lay quite near, boarded a train and quickly reached it. Strolling down the main street, he began making a tour of the cafés, chatting with the happy peasants over a stein of beer, and declaring he was a lawyer seeking a certain individual for whom he had valuable information and who he had reason to believe was in the neighborhood. The man, he thought, had been a worker in one of the building trades, had broken his hip probably in March, and had gone away soon after. One other thing he knew about the man, he added. He sipped his bubbling Pilsener and told them. They grinned and shook their heads. No, they did not know such a person.

Town after town he combed in this manner and began to fear that this labor like the first would end in utter failure. But late one after-

noon, in a café where an excited gypsy was playing a cymbalon while his little red-hatted son squeaked at his side on a battered flute, he came upon a vast-paunched rustic whose information was interesting.

"Ya!" The peasant roared pleasantly as he shook a cloud of ashes out of his great white pipe. "I know who it is you seek. Well do I know. It is Stefan Zenyek, the roofer. Have I not on a hundred nights drunk with him?" He filled his pipe with coarse tobacco. "You have never seen Stefan, mein Herr? No? Stefan, sometimes he drinks too much. And then is he more funny than the mad ones in the shows on the Praeter, Herr, more funny than the clowns who fight with bladders. He will do a dance of the bear which would make a man of stone put his hands to his sides that he might not break into little rocks with laughter." His ruddy face clouded. "He has not danced though since this fall of which you speak. When he fell from the roof of Herr Krass's house. Soon he will be coming back, for it is autumn. And each autumn he returns. I shall be glad to see him again, Stefan."

"He goes away each summer then?"

"Yes, Herr."

"Where does he go?"

The peasant threw a kiss to a vivacious gypsy girl who had taken a place at the cymbalon and began removing a violin from its case. "To Prague which was his home. But all that you wish to know his wife will tell you. In the winter both live on their little farm which is near my own; in the summer when Stefan goes away they close their house and his wife goes to live on the farm of Herr Krass where she works until Stefan returns. There you will find her now with her aunt, the Tante Anna. It is three miles away. The Herr Ober will get you a wagon." His countenance became serious once more. "About the question you have asked me at first, I do not know. I do not think so. But who can say?"

The officer thanked him and strode out the door.

"Good-by, Herr," the peasant called after him jovially. "Do not make love to the Tante Anna! Her temper is not of the sweetness of honey!"

A FEW moments later the criminologist was in a cart bumping over the country road, and shortly after night had fallen, dismounted at the entrance of Herr Krass's farm where Frau Zenyek had taken up her residence for the summer. Inquiring his way, he walked over the fields, and arrived at a high-peaked cottage through whose single window a lamp shone smokily. He halted; knocked loudly on the stout timbered door. There was no response. He knocked again. A noise within followed. The face of an old woman appeared at the window. The cheeks were wrinkled, bony; the mouth was twisted and empty of teeth; one eye was covered by a grimy patch of cloth.

The window raised a little. "What do you want?" the hag demanded harshly.

"Does the Frau Zenyek live here?" The criminologist's voice was as ever, courteous, unruffled.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"I wish to see her."

The metallic eye hesitated. "Come in," the woman muttered. She opened the door and stood in the aperture, then turned toward the rear of the cottage and shouted, "Gerta! Gerta!"

An answering voice called, "Yes, Tante Anna," and a jolly, shining-eyed little peasant woman came bouncing forward. She received the officer cordially. "What is it, Herr?" she asked, as she ushered him inside.

"I am Dr. Vettors of Police Headquarters," he responded. "I am sorry but I am afraid I must give you a little of a shock. There has been . . . an accident to someone. And it may be your husband. I have come to find out."

Her cheery face went white. "An accident to my . . . Stefan?" Her diminutive body became taut; suddenly crumpled. She saved herself from falling by catching a projection on the porcelain stove near which she stood. Her lips moved stonily. "He has fallen from the roof again? . . . He is . . . dead?"

The officer gently helped her to a chair.

(Continued on page 58)

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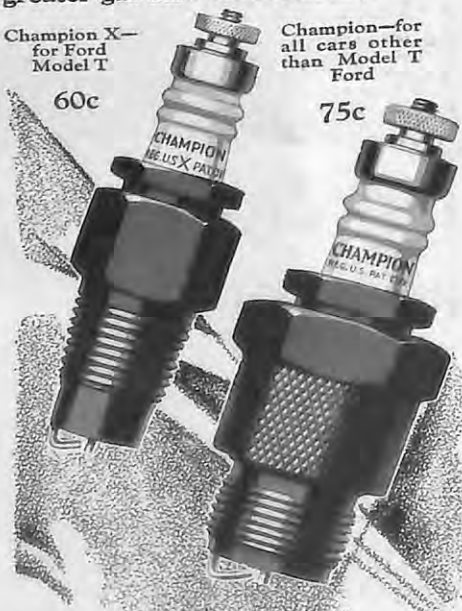
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The Adventure of the Mysterious Eyelets

(Continued from page 57)

"We do not know. A body has been found. We think it may be Stefan."

She let her head sink onto her hand. The officer waited an instant. "I am sorry. I must ask you a few questions."

"Yes, Herr. . . . I know."
"I will not be long. . . . First I will ask you when you saw Stefan last?"

The old woman had been staring at her stricken niece in a malevolent daze. Now she turned on the officer furiously. Her single eye was flaming. "Why do you make my Gerta weep?" she screamed.

Frau Zeynek lifted her head wretchedly. "Tante, Tante, you must not speak so," she murmured. "It is a Herr Doctor from the police."

"The police?" The eye widened with terror, the skinny body began to tremble. "What do the police wish here?"

"They think there may be bad news about Stefan."

The old woman's fury broke out anew. "There is nothing wrong with Stefan! Trouble! That is all the police are good for! To make trouble! It would be better if there were no police!"

"Tante, you must not talk so," the niece repeated, and as the withered creature stormed out of the room, pleaded with the officer: "You will excuse, Herr. Will you not? She is old. Very old. And she has suffered much."

The criminologist nodded. "I will ask you again when you last saw your husband?"

She drew herself up feebly in her chair. "It was in March, I think. Yes, I am sure. The last week. On a Saturday. I remember because I did not go to bed this night as he must start at three o'clock to catch the train for Prague where he goes to work each spring, and I am so sleepy the Sunday morning that I almost fall asleep as I pray in the church. Which would be a grievous sin."

"You have received a letter, perhaps?" She spread out her hands regretfully. "We are poor people, Herr. We cannot write nor read. So I can receive no letters. Once I had hoped to have a son and him I would have sent to the schools. Very happy and proud would I have been to see his letters and listen while the daughter of Frau Bergenyi who has gone five years to the academy in Vienna read their words to me. But alas, I have no son."

For perhaps an hour they continued talking, and as the officer's continuous questioning disclosed some doubt as to whether the skeleton found on the Drukani farm was actually that of her husband, her countenance began to brighten. By the time he was taking his departure, most of the color had returned to her plump cheeks. "It is not Stefan," she pronounced as she stood at the straw-littered threshold of the cottage. "No, Herr. Now when you have told me all, I know it is not he. No one would wish to kill Stefan. All like him as a brother. And they would not kill him for money, for money he never has in his pockets. All his money he gives to me. Or spends with his friends. If you told me his death had come from wine, I would then say yes, this is possible, for sometimes Stefan drinks too much. But murder no. There is the proverb, Herr.

"Who drinks the Danube wine so red
Will happy die and in his bed."

The officer strode out into the darkness, and down the path. He glanced back. Behind the smoky little window was the witchlike face of the Tante Anna, her single eye glaring after him like a torch seen through an evil mist.

Several hours later found him some miles away tapping at the door of the beet-roofed manor where resided the rich and dainty Herr Drukani. That carefully manicured personage did not seem to be about, but the blue-glassed foreman, Adolf Heller, quickly appeared in the drawing room.

"Is Herr Drukani away?" Dr. Vettors asked when they had exchanged the usual formalities.

The other jerked his head in affirmation. "He went away four days ago. Don't know when he'll be back. He's gone down to some of the mountains in the Balkans for a rest. I'm in charge while he's away."

"So. . . . His fingers toyed with his watch

chain. "I'd like to ask you. Did Stefan Zenyck ever work on this farm?"

Heller shot a curious glance at him. Then he turned stolidly and faced the window. He pointed off to a barn rearing itself mountainously against the star-flecked sky. "Can you see that, Herr?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Zenyck did most of the work on that roof."

"Was he a good workman?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "He was a workman. All workmen are alike. All bad."

The officer made a few inquiries concerning the roofer's habits, then returned to Vienna. Early in the morning he set out in his car for the little farm where the Zenycks lived during the winter and which he knew during the summer was unoccupied. He found it without difficulty, a tiny cabin whose front was decorated with bright painted strips of many colors set in the plaster of the wall. With pleasure he noted how it was girded on three sides by dwarfed oak trees, for he intended paying a visit to the interior and did not wish to be observed. He walked up the path, halted at the door, and drawing some keys from his pocket soon unlocked it. He entered and looked about him. It was a combination living- and bed-room in which he was standing; even though he had not been told he would have known instantly that the house had been deserted since the spring. Thick dust was on the wide boards of the floor; dust was on the stout, gaudy furniture; dust decorated the few pictures torn from German humorous weeklies; dust fringed the edges of the accordion which hung as though in the place of honor over the fireplace.

Through a door at the back he caught sight of a small kitchen. He stepped over to it. In a corner was a box containing a great heap of rags. These puzzled him for a moment; the box contained more rags than the ordinary house-keeper could use in several years. Then he remembered. The man was a roofer. It was sometimes the custom of the roofers of the region to bind rags about their knees in an effort to protect them.

He began to search the house, peering into every shadowy corner, opening the drawer of every table and cabinet. Now he glanced at a trivial scrap of paper, now he sifted the ashes of the stove in the kitchen, now he poked his head up the black fireplace. His dissatisfied face showed that he did not find that which he sought.

HE RETURNED to the entrance and again began making a tour, this time devoting his attention to the floor of the living room and the white plaster immediately above the base-board. Inch by inch he surveyed the smooth planks. Then at a spot a few feet from the fireplace his roving glance halted. To the ordinary eye there was nothing, merely a coating of dust as everywhere else, though perhaps a trifle thinner. The officer was impressed, however, for after a moment's reflection, he left the house, drove to Vienna, secured at headquarters three small instruments, and swiftly drove back to the cabin. Once more he unlocked the door, and brought the three instruments inside. These were a mallet, a chisel, and a plane. Kneeling at the spot near the fireplace where his search had halted, he began planing the floor in short, even strokes. Soon a mound of shavings piled up around the edges of the yellowish square he was creating; collecting these as carefully as though they were diamonds, he withdrew a papier-mache container from his pocket and dropped them into it. Next he took the chisel, and setting the blade against the plaster, began gently tapping the tool with the mallet. White chips began to fall. When he had collected about half a cupful, he wrapped them in paper and placed this package also in the container. Then he returned to Vienna.

Once more at headquarters, he made his way to the officers of the Science Bureau, and gave the container to the chemist in charge. Interestingly he watched in the laboratory while chemists dropped the bits of wood and plaster into strange colored liquids which even as he looked rapidly shifted from fantastic to more fantastic hue; patiently he followed their movements while they poured the solutions into test

tubes and let light pass through so that they might study the rainbow-like bands into which the light divided. The chief chemist gave his verdict. The officer thanked him and left the laboratory.

A few hours later he set out again and drove to the high-peaked cottage on the farm of Herr Krass where he had found Frau Zeynek and the grim Tante Anna the night before. He strode to the door; after several ineffectual raps upon it the old woman responded.

She recognized him; her single eye kindled. "Why do you come here again?" she muttered.

"I wish to see the Frau Zeynek."

"The Frau is not here."

"Be so good as to tell me where she is."

The hag hesitated. "She is in the kitchen of Herr Krass," she grunted. "She prepares his supper."

HE WALKED off toward the brown-gabled dwelling which he knew from its size was that of the proprietor. The Tante Anna glanced after him, then began to follow. He paid no attention, however, and nearing the house, saw Frau Zeynek on a sort of open porch, vigorously kneading bread. She came down the single step to meet him, a pan in her hand, her plump arms white with dough.

"You have more news of Stefan?" she asked anxiously.

His kindly countenance became grave. "Bad news," he answered. "The . . . worst."

"He is . . . dead?"

The officer nodded.

Her bright eyes became dull; drearily she scraped the sticky dough from her flesh. "It cannot be, Herr. If he were dead I, Gerta Zeynek, would know it. I am his wife, Herr."

"He is dead, Frau. Murdered. This I know. And I know also who murdered him."

Tears began streaming down her cheeks. "It is not so, Herr. It cannot be so. He was a kind man, a good man. Never did he harm a person. Never did he harm even a beast. Who is it would kill him?"

Dr. Vettters brushed a fly from his hand. "You, Frau Zeynek."

The woman staggered; the pan she was holding clattered to the ground. Stonily, mechanically she stooped and picked it up; stiffly she took a step toward him. Her ripe mouth writhed without emitting any sound; then she spoke. "I cannot understand," she murmured. "No, I cannot."

The Tante Anna had come up as the criminologist was making his last pronouncement. For an instant she appeared about to fling herself upon him; instead, she darted inside the house and swiftly returned in front of a tall white-haired individual whose wistful, sympathetic visage instantly marked him as one of the Viennese who have made the metropolis on the Danube beloved of all travelers. "Tell him, Herr Krass!" the aunt screamed. "You are a rich man! You are a wise man! When you tell him he will believe!"

Frau Zeynek plodded to the newcomer. With eyes full of entreaty she gazed at him, then bowed her head.

Herr Krass looked at her sadly. He turned to the detective. "There must be some mistake, Herr Doctor," he said. "I have known Frau Zeynek many, many years. Always have I found her a worthy, kind woman. I am sure she has not done this which you say."

Dr. Vettters drew him aside and spoke a few words. The other nodded. He made no remonstrance when the officer gently took the woman's arm.

The detective and his prisoner walked slowly down the path. The aunt pursued them, shrieking invective. At last convinced that her outbursts were useless, she desisted. In silence she looked on as her niece climbed into the upholstered seat; like a cruel, forbidding statue she watched while the car disappeared in the dust of the road.

The automobile sped on to Vienna. By the time it came to a stop at police headquarters, Frau Zeynek had somewhat recovered her composure. "You will see," she insisted as she was led into a cell. "I will not be here long. Stefan will come back. And then you will be sorry."

Hour after hour Dr. Vettters questioned her only to receive a thousand times the same

(Continued on page 60)

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"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"



The Adventure of the Mysterious Eyelets

(Continued from page 59)



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monotonous answer; there was no murder; in the autumn her husband would return.

At midnight he left her. He had gained no damning admission, heard no contradictory word. In the morning, however, accompanied by a prison attendant he again paid her a visit. The attendant was carrying a great cup of coffee on a tray. It was Viennese coffee, that astonishing drink made of a rich blend of the Brazilian bean fairly smothered under an enormous layer of whipped cream.

"Take it," the officer declared to the prisoner. "It will rest you."

She obeyed greedily and brought the cup to her lips.

"I've been thinking things over during the night," Dr. Vettors went on. "And I've decided that we're not so sure after all that the dead man is your husband. You may be right. Perhaps there is a mistake. But in order to help us find out it will be necessary for you to come and look at the skeleton."

She took a deep draught of the foamy liquid. Her wan cheeks colored; her tired eyes sparkled with new life. "I do not wish to look at . . . this, Herr. These things . . . frighten me."

"I am afraid you must, Frau. It is quite necessary. We will leave when you have finished your coffee."

She repressed a faint shudder and went on drinking. She wiped her lips with a coarse handkerchief. Another slight shudder shook her. She gazed at him thoughtfully. "I think I would rather tell you the truth, Herr Doctor," she said.

And she did.

IT WAS a simple story, her confession, unfolded between constant sips of coffee, as a second cup followed the first. The tragedy had happened in this fashion. For many years her husband had been spending all his money on drink; she had said nothing. Lately, however, he had not been content with merely using his own funds for his potations; he had begun appropriating the money she earned as well. To her thrifty mind this was a crime beyond forgiveness; she remonstrated vigorously and won a half-hearted promise that he would offend no more. But one night, returning home unexpectedly, she found him with a knife forcing open the drawer where she kept her savings. A fiery argument had ensued; in fury and terror at the possible loss of the fruits of six months' labor she had caught up a piece of wood lying near the fireplace and struck her half-drunken mate over the head.

He fell like a stone; panic struck, she realized he was dead. She had not possessed the slightest desire to kill him; had sought only to protect her property. But now that he was lifeless she knew that she must get rid of the body or face the consequences. She reflected desperately; remembered the wheat field on the Drukani farm which she had often passed when her husband was working on the barn and which she had chanced to see that day. It would be a good place, she decided. The spot was unfrequented except at planting and harvest seasons, the wheat was high enough to hide the body if she placed it carefully, and even if it were discovered she thought the crime would be considered the work of some tramp passing along the road or one of the many laborers of Herr Drukani. So carefully picking up the body she had placed it on her plump shoulders and put her plan into execution. That was all. The Herr Doctor was a kind man. A very kind man. He had given her such beautiful cups of coffee. She hoped the Herr Doctor would not cause her to hang. Or had she not heard that they do not hang wicked people in Austria?

The officer spoke with her a moment longer, then took his departure and, entering his office, sat down at his desk to make his report. He was

sitting at that desk a few weeks later, when the case had just been tried and the woman sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. One of his colleagues was in a chair near by. "Well, that's another case finished," Dr. Vettors declared, as he marked the records for the closed files. "And it certainly was unusual. If I were in the habit of naming cases I think I would call this the episode of the brass eyelets."

His heavily mustached colleague looked up from the newspaper he had been reading. "Why that?" he asked.

Dr. Vettors reached into a drawer and put on the desk the piece of cloth containing the six tiny metal circles. He pointed to the twine passing through two holes. "For the very good reason that this little bit of cord in them became the clue which opened up the whole case for me."

The other officer put down his paper and strode over to the desk.

He peered at the twine interestedly. "That is unusual. Just how did it work out?"

Dr. Vettors borrowed a match from him and lit a gnarled pipe. "Just a simple and very lucky deduction, or rather series of lucky deductions. I decided that the cloth came from the bottom of a workman's undergarment, and then the obvious fact struck me that since the twine was laced through only two of the holes instead of all six, as is the usual and correct fashion, the man was undoubtedly careless and neglectful of his dress. This theory was reinforced, if it needed reinforcing, by the use of a piece of rope for a belt. I puzzled over this a bit longer and then my final idea struck me. The man was either unmarried or was on bad terms with his wife. Every ordinary peasant woman would think it a disgrace to permit her husband to go about in such a state of disrepair. And inasmuch as most workmen are married, I thought I would begin looking for this wife who didn't like her husband. Granted it was only a theory. But I didn't have anything else."

He took a leisurely puff of tobacco. "Well, after elaborate investigation, of course, I found Frau Zeynek. I was only suspicious at first but I became more so when I talked to her and she professed her great devotion to her husband, for I was fairly sure by this time that he was the dead man, whether she knew it or not. So I searched the house he had occupied about the time of the crime. On the floor and wall I saw a patch where the dust seemed to be a little thinner than elsewhere, and since she didn't seem to be a woman who over-exerted herself in cleaning house, I thought this might very well mark a place that had needed a little extra scrubbing. Washing up red stains for example. I took chips from the floor and wall, and the chemists' examinations showed both contained human blood. And there was the whole story. . . . Queer how that simple cup of coffee broke her down after she had been lying to me all the night before. She might not have confessed for weeks otherwise. Certainly proves that a pleasant shock can sometimes be more effective than an unpleasant one. The human mind is a funny thing."

HE STRETCHED his arms lazily and, sauntering to the window, watched a strange shaped boat steaming up the Danube Canal. He drew out his watch. "Hum . . . Six o'clock. It looks as if I can take a night off for a change and go to the opera. They're singing 'Siegfried.' I've been wanting for a long time to hear it again."

He took his hat from a carved stand and was on his way to the door when the telephone rang stridently. He picked up the instrument, conversed briefly.

Slowly his hat returned to the rack. He smiled. "It's another case," he said.



The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 31)

she moved with a certain quiet poise . . . poise utterly different from Naomi's vivacity, yet strangely remindful of her vivid sister.

Hilda gave the impression of being removed from the petty ambitions and hopes of her associates. She was studiously courteous and steadfastly aloof. When she smiled—it was only with her lips. The big brown eyes remained quiet and sad.

There was an appeal about her. John sensed it instantly—and for the first time fathomed the depths of affection which bound Naomi to her sister. He wondered if she would ever smile again. He saw that she was deeply introspective and he appraised for himself the extent of the misery she must have suffered since the Iowa tragedy many years before. He saw points of striking similarity between Hilda and Naomi . . . and he saw that whereas Naomi might have been able to shake off a certain amount of depression, this woman would let it eat into her very soul.

His progress was maddeningly slow. Yet within a week Hilda had roused his interest to the point where he shared Naomi's feelings. Hilda inspired him with the protective urge. Without saying a word, she spoke of cruel buffetings—and he believed that she had stood very nearly all that she was capable of standing. He forced himself to be content with making haste slowly. At breakfast and dinner he addressed occasional remarks to her. Twice, in the evening, when she sat on the veranda he lounged on the railing and smoked a cigarette while he chatted with her about innocuous things like the weather and the beauty of the adjacent mountains.

With the passing of the days he detected the awakening of a shy friendliness. Her guard was down. Her lonely heart could not help but go out to this big, friendly man who—himself—seemed to be utterly out of the picture. One evening he started down the front steps, then turned and called to her—

"I'm just going to the drug store for some cigars, Miss Prentice. Like to go along?"

She flushed—and accepted. She was conscious of a strange elation as she walked beside the massive figure of the man who called himself Keyes. This was the first person with whom she had been on terms of friendship in many years. It was inevitable that she should respond.

They chatted idly. He bought his cigars and invited her to have an ice-cream soda. They returned to Mrs. Hildebrand's and sat on the veranda for another hour. Then he rose and excused himself—pleaded pressure of work. As he passed into the house he noticed that her eyes were brighter. It was almost as though she had suddenly discovered that she was alive.

Avery was delighted. It had been a tedious pull, but it seemed that his efforts were to be crowned with success. He deliberated on the situation and cautioned himself against trying to progress too speedily. And so the next night he went out and did not see her after supper. He sat alone on a park bench for two hours, then returned to the boarding house. The night after that he talked with her on the veranda for a while and the evening following invited her to attend a picture with him.

He saw a startled light flash in her eyes for a moment. Her cheeks flushed—then paled. And finally she gave a nervous little laugh.

"Very well, Mr. Keyes. Only . . . well, I don't go to pictures very often."

"If you'd rather not. . . ."

"Oh! I didn't mean that!" She was afraid she had hurt him. "I want to go—really. If you'll just wait until I get my hat. . . ."

That evening definitely marked the beginning of their friendship. And if its progress was slow it was nevertheless positive.

Under John's influence, Hilda brightened. The change in her came imperceptibly. It was as though she had been out of the sunlight for so long and that she was afraid to trust herself to the glare. There was a reticence about her which Avery scrupulously respected.

He was elated. He knew that he was sufficiently close to her that should anything

(Continued on page 62)

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FEEN-A-MINT

The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 61)

transpire to cause worry, he would be able to detect it. And he was fond of the girl. In a way, it was like being with Naomi . . . only it was inconceivable that there could be only two years difference in their ages.

For nearly a month their friendship ripened. Their conversation was always inconsequential. She told him a trifle of her work downtown, but he studiously refrained from questioning her . . . and on several occasions managed to turn the conversation away from the past. He spoke of himself lightly and casually. He said little and therefore explained nothing. He kept in his rôle of real estate investigator.

For the first time since the days before her tragic marriage, Hilda had a friend; a big, kindly, likeable sort of chap who made her loneliness a trifle more bearable. She was happier than she knew. She had inured herself to the loneliness and now she dreaded to return to it.

There was a ray of sunshine in her life . . . just a meager little ray.
 And then—quite suddenly—it disappeared!

CHAPTER XV

FOLLOWING the first flush of terror which attended John Avery's return, Don Logan experienced a feeling of exultation. He was at the station when Avery departed for the East and watched the big man board the train—although he himself did not leave his luxurious sport roadster.

There followed a fortnight of wild parties. In the course of this continued revelry, another woman took a place in his life—a woman utterly different from the slim and sinuous Marcella Breen.

Lisa Verner was Marcella's antithesis. She was short and plump to chubbiness. Whereas Marcella was stately, Lisa was vivacious. She was not at all pretty, but neither was she negative. Her eyes were twin wells of mischief and wickedness. She had a lightning tongue and a wit to match. She dominated every gathering with her rapier wit and her utter disregard for convention and opinion.

She was frankly and unblushingly a gold-digger. Yet she had a disarming method of approach. She told Don that she loved him for his money. She flattered him by indirection. She was one moment clinging and alluring—and the next aloof and provocative. She was a gamine, but an attractive one. She, too, had tried to break into the movies and with ill success. At present she was earning a somewhat precarious livelihood as entertainer in a second-rate cabaret.

It was a contradiction of the man's character that Don should be attracted to her. Ordinarily he did not like women who refused to bend admiringly before his supposed erudition. Lisa merely laughed at him. Yet he could not banish her from his mind. He and Marcella had more than one stormy scene in which Lisa was the chief subject of conversation.

Marcella was desperately in love with the selfish, shallow Don. In that love she was unselfish. She hated Lisa with a deep and primitive hatred. Her feelings toward Naomi were becoming impersonal. Naomi was Don's wife . . . and besides, they had separated. Therefore Marcella's sentiments regarding Naomi were kindly and tolerant. But each thought of Lisa Verner turned her into a raging, clawing tigress.

Don was a trifle frightened, but highly flattered. It appealed to his superlative vanity that a woman should exhibit so deep an affection for him. He treated Marcella coldly—and thereby succeeded in fanning the flames of her affection into a white-hot blaze. He was really very well pleased with himself.

The situation amused him for a month. Then he found his mind reverting more and more constantly to the fact that his position was not invulnerable.

He believed he was safe. He designated Avery as a sentimental fool and had small fear that the man would risk bringing unhappiness to Naomi. As for the woman whom he had married—she did not worry him. He learned that she had sublet the house in Pasadena

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and taken a modest apartment in Los Angeles. That suited him excellently, inasmuch as it eliminated her last forlorn chance of substantiating a charge of desertion against him. She had lived with him in his Los Angeles apartment, and she had left the home which they shared in Pasadena. Whatever desertion had been done, technically was on her part.

But the passing of time served only to increase his nervousness regarding John Avery. During long hours of solitary thought, he was oppressed by the horror of what it would mean to be stripped suddenly of all the luxury to which he had become so fondly accustomed. The very contemplation of that possibility was chilling. He felt that he had been too lax. He should have exercised greater vigilance. He began to worry about where Avery had gone and what he was doing.

He thought of himself in Avery's position. He realized that the man had acquiesced too readily. Avery wasn't the spineless type—he wasn't the sort of man to permit another to tread upon him without fighting back. The more Don thought of it, the more distraught he became.

He engaged a detective agency to investigate Avery's New York trip. The investigation consumed an inordinate length of time and was not satisfactory. For more than a month he heard nothing—and then merely that a man answering the description he had given, had arrived in New York, and several times visited at the offices of Ezekiel Brewster. Then he had disappeared.

Logan became convinced that Avery was in Los Angeles. He had no way of finding out whether the man had gotten in touch with Naomi—although he was ready to admit that his fear in that line was unfounded, since he knew Naomi well enough to understand that he would have heard of it—most unpleasantly—long since.

He deliberated intensively. And then a new thought came to him—a horrid fear. He had, perhaps, told too much about Hilda. In his effort to impress Avery with the strength of his own position—he had been unnecessarily explicit. He had a private investigation made in Los Angeles.

The report on that investigation was thoroughly disconcerting. He learned that a man of the type described had been a boarder at Mrs. Hildebrand's for more than two months, and that he and the woman who called herself Ethel Prentice had been exceedingly friendly.

Logan put the house under personal surveillance. On the second evening of his vigil, he was rewarded—and frightened. He saw a couple leave the house and walk toward the neighborhood movie theatre.

The woman was Hilda—the man, Avery.

LOGAN returned to his apartment in white heat. Marcella was there and he dismissed her curtly. She was suspicious. She accused him of having an engagement with Lisa Verner. She stormed and raged and he was too engrossed with his own troubles to pay any attention to her. He put her bodily out of the apartment.

He fought down his impulse to carry his story immediately to the district attorney. That, he knew, would mark the end of his own happiness. The strength of his position lay in what he had the power to do. The minute he made a move—his power was gone.

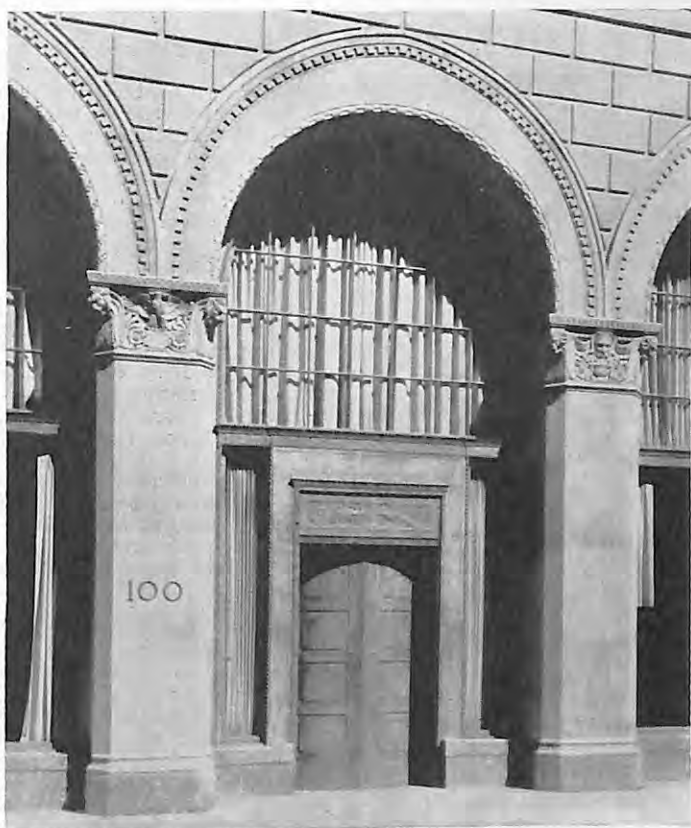
There was one relieving thought. It was a certainty that Avery had not put himself in touch with Naomi and did not intend to do so. The chief proof of that was the use of an assumed name. That, he figured, was a safety factor in the event that Hilda casually mentioned to Naomi her friendship with the new boarder. The name of Keyes would mean nothing to Naomi.

Logan breathed more easily. He at least had time in which to act . . . and he knew that his first move must be to end the friendship between Avery and Hilda.

All during the night he sat alone and wide-eyed; one idea after another pounding through his brain. He smoked innumerable cigarettes and drank cup after cup of black, steaming coffee, which he prepared for himself in an electric percolator. And as the first gray finger of dawn crept over the eastern mountains, the plan came to him. He crept into bed and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

(Continued on page 64)

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- Fidelity Trust Building, Philadelphia
- Provident Life Insurance Co. Building, Philadelphia
- Masonic Temple, Scranton, Pa.
- Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Bridge, Harrisburg, Pa.
- Atlantic City Convention Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.
- Washington Cathedral, Washington, D. C.
- City College, Baltimore
- Union Terminal Tower Building, Cleveland
- McKinlock Memorial Campus, Northwestern Univ., Chicago
- Rockefeller Memorial Chapel, University of Chicago
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The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 63)

It was mid-afternoon when he waked. The valet drew his bath and served him with breakfast. By now his brain was clear. His heavy-featured, sensuous face was hard. The eyes behind his thick-lensed glasses were stony. At four-thirty he was parked outside the office building where he knew Hilda was employed.

Shortly after five o'clock, the building commenced to disgorge its horde of tired workers. Logan waited impatiently, and at length espied Hilda's slender figure in the crowd. He left his car quickly and stopped her.

Instantly he noticed the change that had come over her. Her eyes had lost their haunted look, she walked more alertly and dressed with greater care. It was obvious that her interest in life had been reawakened.

She was frightened by his curtness.

"My car is here, Hilda. I want to talk with you."

Protest trembled on her lips, but fear drove back the words before they were uttered. Quivering under an apprehension of impending disaster, she seated herself beside the man and he turned in the general direction of Santa Monica.

For a long time, as he wended his way with daring skill through the maze of traffic and out toward the residential section, he did not speak. Occasionally, she turned her eyes toward his face. In his profile she saw nothing reassuring. The heavy lips were tight set, the eyes were straight ahead. He had removed his hat and the wind ruffled the long, blond, silky hair of which he was so proud.

They passed through the Wilshire section—mile on mile of stately white houses on lawns of emerald velvet. But to-day she had no thought for the tranquil beauty of the scene. She knew that her meeting with Logan portended evil, and long before he opened his lips in explanation, she had been reduced to a mental state of subjection—her mind dwelling on the nightmare of Wintersburg, Iowa.

When he did speak, it was in a cold, precise voice which cut like a knife.

"Seen anything of Naomi lately?"

"No. That is, Don—not more than usual. I meet her for lunch every Monday."

"Just you two? Alone?"

She looked at him in quick surprise. "Of course."

"What did you talk about the last time you met?"

She bit her lips. "I don't remember. . . ."

"Wintersburg?"

"Oh. . . ."

"Not Wintersburg, eh?"

Terror gripped her and she turned toward him. "What is the matter, Don?"

"Who said anything was the matter?"

"No one said it. But there is. I can tell!"

"How?" he asked brutally.

"By your manner. You're all excited. You didn't meet me by accident—"

"I certainly did not. So you're sure you and Naomi didn't talk about Wintersburg?"

"Harping on the tragedy again!" She answered in a whisper. "No. . . ."

"Well," he snapped cruelly—"You'd better, the next time you get together."

It seemed that ice enveloped her heart. "Why. . . ."

"Because," he snapped, "You're making a fool of yourself. You're putting your head in a noose—literally."

"Don. . . . I don't understand."

"Of course you don't. I'll explain. You've taken a new interest in life recently, haven't you?"

"I don't know. . . . What do you mean?"

His words cracked. "Who is he?"

And then, for the first time, she saw what he meant. The color receded from her cheeks and her eyes widened.

"Mr. Keyes?"

"Yes—Mr. Keyes. Who is he? What is he?"

"Why Don. . . . He's a boarder at Mrs. Hildebrand's. A real estate investigator."

"Who says so?"

"He does."

"A-a-ah! Then you have only his word for it, eh?"

"Yes. But—"

"But nothing. You're a fool. It does seem to me that you'd be able to use a little intelligence when there's so much in the balance."

"Please explain. . . ."

"Very well. You meet this man Keyes. Out of a list of boarders which includes, at least, two very pretty girls, he elects to show a friendship for you. And for you alone! That strike you as funny?"

"No. That is, it hadn't—"

"—But it does now, eh? Think back over your acquaintanceship. You'll see that the man has been very adroit. Trying to make his interest seem casual. True, isn't it?"

"Yes." She thought intently for a moment, then clutched his arm with a fresh accession of terror. "Oh! Don. . . . You surely don't think . . . ?"

He delivered his blow heartlessly.

"This man Keyes is a detective!"

"Good God. . . ."

"You can thank your stars that I have your interest at heart. I heard about him and had him investigated." Don was lying with Machiavellian cunning. "He has been in Iowa. But so far as I can discover, he isn't sure of you yet. He's merely suspicious. He's biding his time. Trying to find out."

"Oh. . . . Isn't there anything—"

"—you can do? Certainly. For one thing, you can disappear from Mrs. Hildebrand's. Pay your board, pack your things—and leave. Not a word to Keyes. I would suggest that you leave Los Angeles altogether. If you need money, come to me for it." His sneering lips curled. "And one more thing: don't tell Naomi."

"But I must."

"All right. Be a fool again. But I tell you not to."

"Why?"

"Because she'll mess things up. A woman always will. The thing for you to do is get out while the getting is good. Disappear. Then write me where you are and I'll tell Naomi. Can't you see that every minute counts and that you mustn't risk any further contact with Naomi? That will absolutely establish your identity."

Hilda had slumped. The past two months dropped from her and she was once again the cringing, frightened, helpless thing that she had been. The old specter had risen once more. . . .

"I'll do as you say, Don."

His heart leaped exultantly. "And you won't tell Naomi?"

"No-o. . . . I'll be guided by you."

CHAPTER XVI

HILDA left Don's car several blocks away from Mrs. Hildebrand's respectable boarding house. She moved slowly along the crowded streets, struggling to grasp the horrid potentialities of the situation.

Don's warning stunned her. It had come just at the time when she was snapping out of her mental lethargy—when she had brought herself to the belief that perhaps the past was really past.

It did not occur to her to doubt Logan's story. In her mind, the tragedy in Wintersburg was a real, scarlet, vivid thing. The thought that it was of no interest to the authorities—and had not been, later than a month after its occurrence—never came to her. It was too vital and personal a thing.

Once more she cringed in flesh and spirit. Years of lonely bitterness had caused her to envision the dank, gray walls of a prison. She felt that death would be preferable. And the man who called himself Keyes. . . .

All that Don said must be true. She was a fool for not having suspected it. She thought of the two pretty girls who boarded at Mrs. Hildebrand's—they were the type to attract such a man as Keyes, and there was no mistaking the fact that they were—to use their own expression—"crazy about him." His very indifference made their interest more keen.

Yet Keyes had passed them by and centered his attention on her. Why? Not because she

was personally attractive. She knew that she was dull and drab. There was an ulterior motive . . . and Hilda understood that there could be no motive for interest in her which was unconnected with the Wintersburg affair.

Avery was on the veranda when she reached the house. He rose eagerly and started forward, but she nodded curtly and hurried by. Sight of him struck fresh terror to her heart. And as for the man—he stared after her in amazement, his jaw dropping and a rather dazed expression on his fine face.

Hilda pleaded a headache and did not appear for dinner. Mrs. Hildebrand sent a tray to her room. It came back untouched. In two hours she had been reduced once more to her craven, shrinking self. The old light of fear was in her eyes. The walls seemed to whisper.

And in her misery, it was inevitable that her mind should dwell on Naomi. Naomi was dominant—and a fighter. She had a ready, fertile brain. Naomi would do something . . . if she knew. Naomi was not one to submit un-resistingly to the buffetings of fate.

SHE feared to tell Naomi—now. Don had been very insistent on that. Yet the more she thought, the more she realized the impossibility of facing this crisis alone. Keyes might arrest her to-night. He might follow her and make an arrest to-morrow. He might . . .

Hilda acted on instinct. She donned her hat and walked swiftly down the steps. Her heart was in her mouth as she crossed the veranda and Keyes rose to greet her. She told him something—made some excuse—she didn't know what.

She walked for six or seven blocks, then stepped into a drug store and used the public telephone. Naomi was home. She'd be glad to see Hilda. What was the matter? Hilda wouldn't say, but begged Naomi to meet her immediately in the park near her apartment.

And there, in the gloomy shadows, the sisters met. Naomi's eyes were bright for she had caught the note of fear in Hilda's tone. She knew that something was radically wrong, and she also knew that whatever it was, she intended to meet the emergency. She had her dynamic self under perfect control and her calmness was as balm to Hilda's tortured nerves.

For a few seconds the sisters clung to one another. Then Naomi suggested that they sit on a bench and talk. Hilda pulled her away.

"Better walk, Naomi. Someone may be hiding near here."

The smaller girl concealed her amazement. She merely said "very well, dear" and fell into step beside her sister.

"Naomi," said Hilda at length—"I'm afraid the end has come."

"What end?"

"Of everything."

"Yes?" Then, soothingly—"What makes you think so?"

It had never occurred to Hilda that Don might be lying. Therefore she spoke with disconcerting positiveness.

"An Iowa detective has been boarding at Mrs. Hildebrand's for nearly two months."

And now it seemed that a dagger of ice pierced Naomi's heart. Hilda was so certain. . . . "Tell me all about it, dear—carefully."

And so, slowly, but with great particularity, Hilda told her sister of the man who called himself Arthur Keyes. She told of his arrival in the boarding house circle; of his quiet, friendly manner which had so effectually disarmed her; of his indifference to two beautiful young girls who frankly worshipped him . . . and of his scrupulous attempt to cultivate her friendship.

"I couldn't help liking him, Naomi," she said defensively. "He's a big, quiet, friendly man—not at all like the young men of to-day. It was impossible to suspect that there might be anything behind it all. . . . I've been so lonely and so in need of a friend. I—I just let myself drift. . . ."

Naomi asked a single, quiet question.

"Are you in love with him, Hilda?"

"No! Oh! no! It's just a feeling of friendship." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "I don't think I could ever regard a man—that way—again. But I did like him. . . . I couldn't help it. We went to the movies together, and we drank ice cream sodas . . . and once when I was all tired out he hired an auto-

(Continued on page 66)



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The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 65)

mobile and took me for a ride to Venice and Santa Monica."

"And you never suspected—?"
 "Why should I?" flashed the taller girl. "I know I've lost my looks and my spirit—but I'm young, Naomi—almost as young as you. I see now what I couldn't see then—that it was absurd for such a man to take a personal interest in me. But it was natural I shouldn't see it. Now that I know—"

"How did you find out, dear?"
 Hilda hesitated—but only for an instant. "Don Logan told me!"

Naomi stopped short. Her fine, even white teeth clicked together. Her amazingly strong fingers closed about Hilda's arm.

"What did you say?"
 "I said that Don warned me. . . ."
 Naomi drew a deep breath of relief. "Don told you, eh? When?"

"This afternoon."
 "Where did you see him?"
 "He was waiting outside the building when I got off from work."

"And then—?"
 "He took me for a ride and told me that he had found out about my friendship for Mr. Keyes and had investigated. He said he learned that Mr. Keyes is a detective and that he came here from Wintersburg, and he urged me to leave immediately—preferably for some other city."

Naomi's mind was working swiftly.
 "Did he offer to give you money?"
 "Yes."
 "Did he suggest anything else?"
 "No. That is—"
 "What?"
 "He asked me not to tell you until after I had gone."

For a long time Naomi said nothing. They walked slowly through the shadows. Through the interlacing boughs overhead they could see the silver moon which smiled benignly down upon the scene. Occasionally they passed other pedestrians—mostly young couples ardently unaware that they were not the only persons in the park. When Naomi did speak, it was in a very positive manner.

"There is something wrong, Hilda."
 "What do you mean?"
 "I don't know. I only know that there is something queer about the whole thing." She faced her sister. "When did Don become so keenly interested in your welfare?"

"I don't blame you for losing your head, Hilda. This thing means more than life to you. But I can't quite place Don in this. God knows I know the man. He's vain and selfish. Chiefly selfish. He wouldn't worry his head about you. It isn't in his character. In some way he's mixed up in this—I don't know how. It could be that he himself hired Keyes to go there and pose as a detective."

"Why?"
 "To get you away—and to strengthen his hold over me. He wouldn't be above that. I don't know what his financial condition is. But he knows that I have about three hundred thousand dollars left. Perhaps he wants to use this as a whip over me." She stood still, a figure of exquisite militancy. "Hilda," she said crisply—"There's just one thing to be done."

"Yes, Naomi?"
 "I must meet this man Keyes!"
 "You must. . . . Oh! Naomi! Suppose he really is—"
 "He isn't," she said positively. "I'm sure of that. And there are certain chances we must take. To-morrow you must act as though nothing had happened. In the evening ask Keyes to take you walking. Come to this park. I will be here."

Hilda was pale.
 "And then?" she faltered.
 "And then," responded Naomi grimly—"I shall meet Mr. Keyes and have a chance to learn a few things for myself."

CHAPTER XVII

HILDA worked as usual the next day, but her mind was not on matters of office routine. Once the head stenographer came over to

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So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio. Letter from V. A. Marini of California reports \$11275 sales in three months. Jacob Gordon of New Jersey "\$4000 profits in 2 months." Alexander of Penna. "\$3000 profits in four months." Ira Shook \$365 sales in one day. Bram bought one outfit April 5 and 7 more by August 28. Iwata bought one outfit and 10 more within a year. Mrs. Lane of Pennsylvania says "sold 8000 packages in one day." J. R. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that equaled advertisement." John Culp says: "Everything going lovely. Crispette wrappers scattered all over town. It's good old world after all." Kellogg, \$700 ahead end of second week.



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inquire whether she were ill. Hilda raised her big, frightened eyes.

"No—I'm not ill."

"Well, you look it. And if you are, you'd better knock off."

"Thank you. . . ." The girl turned back to her work, but her fingers were nerveless.

All of the old horror had returned, though this time there was some slight solace to be derived from the fact that Naomi's dainty shoulders had squarely shouldered the burden.

The minutes crept by on leaden feet. The day seemed never-ending. Stark details of the old tragedy recurred to Hilda—leering from the platen of her machine she could see the thin, weak, sardonic face of the man who had been her husband; she visioned the barren bleakness of the boarding house in Wintersburg; the endless hunger and want and privation; the nights filled with torture beside which the Spanish Inquisition was as child's play.

And now—the man who called himself Arthur Keyes. It was difficult to think of him as a detective. His eyes were so gentle, his manner so kindly. Yet his very gentleness terrified her, because it appeared to mask a steely purpose. She knew that Naomi was logical—yet Don was logical, too. Hilda felt that she was caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. Naomi was unduly prejudiced against Don. She had come to hate her husband and did not credit him with a single decent motive.

After all, Hilda reflected, Don was her brother-in-law. Whatever misfortune befell her would react on him. His name was linked with the family and would be dragged through the mire of pitiless publicity. If only . . . the girl shuddered. She felt that she had been born to suffer and to bring misery upon others. There seemed no laying the ghost of a dead past.

OTHERS in Los Angeles worried that day. Don Logan for one. He felt that he had builded well. He was pleased with his own strategy—yet feared that it would fail. Once Hilda was out of the city he could proceed against Avery. But he was afraid of their contact—afraid, chiefly, because he did not know what Avery was planning. He would have been amazed to learn that Avery himself did not know.

And John was bewildered. Just when he thought that he was established on a firm basis of friendship with Hilda, she had treated him with frigid reserve. He had instantly caught the change in her. She was more the woman whom he had first met—a woman with big, haunted eyes and a reserve of terror.

Most of all, though, Naomi Logan was beset by doubt and fear. She knew her logic was irrefutable—yet she could find no flaw in Don's arguments to Hilda.

Who was this man Keyes—and what? There was the obvious answer that he was what he pretended to be—a real-estate investigator for a New York firm. But that was not likely. Don certainly would not be concerned over Hilda's friendship with a real-estate man—and there was no question of his worry over this condition.

She wondered whether she had done her husband an injustice—whether for once in a grossly selfish life he might not have yielded to a charitable impulse. She walked slowly up and down the dainty living room of her apartment. Doubts and worries raced maddeningly through her brain. She was thinking in circles.

Instinct informed her that she was on the brink of drama. She was not unused to trouble. Hilda's burden had been hers for years. Then there had been her marriage, with its ensuing misery and the awakening to her own mistake. And then had come the bleak knowledge that she had erred in the first place—that she had been infatuated with Don Logan and actually in love with the big, kindly man whom she felt she had sent to his death.

That was what hurt most. Before her marriage, Don and she had been reconciled to the situation. She felt that since she had not loved John Avery she could not blame herself for the refusal to marry him and his subsequent seeking of nepenthe in the Far Eastern tropics. But later . . . when it dawned crushingly upon her that Avery was the man who held her heart . . . in her eyes, too, there was born the deep troubled light of tragedy; of personal tragedy which must always hurt.

(Continued on page 68)

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The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 67)

Even in the throes of to-day's fear her mind reverted to John. How different life would have been had she married him. His deep, placid love . . . which she fancied would have proved volcanic once unleashed; the sense of protection and well-being which his presence afforded; his kindly understanding. . . . And then there came to her, as always, her own picture of his death; of the musty, malodorous little South Sea trader, of howling winds and voracious seas . . . of the end of hope . . . and of John Avery meeting his death with a quiet, courageous smile on his lips. Yes—she had her own tragedy as well as Hilda's; but whereas she shared that of her sister, there was no one to shoulder part of her misery.

All afternoon she sat alone with her thoughts. They were chaotic thoughts which leaped from Hilda to Don and from Don to Avery and from Avery to the man Keyes. She knew that there was an undercurrent in the situation she had not touched. She wondered whether she might learn from Keyes . . . or whether her meeting with him was a mistake. There was the horrible fear that she might precipitate Hilda's arrest.

Yet there was nothing else for her to do. She was fighting a lone battle—fighting it with desperate gameness. She could not trust Don, and Hilda was too stricken to retain any sound judgment. She knew she must meet Keyes—must have it out with him; must fence with him in words and probe for a hidden purpose. She dreaded the interview, yet welcomed it. After all, almost anything seemed preferable to this torturing uncertainty.

She watched the crawling minute hand of the clock. She visualized Hilda's return to Mrs. Hildebrand's. She had advised Hilda to be friendly with Keyes—to pretend that nothing at all had been amiss the previous night; to suggest that they go for a long walk this evening.

Would Hilda be able to carry it off? Would those jagged nerves betray her? Would Keyes's suspicions flare to the surface . . . as they must do if Don's story were true?

Doubt! Doubt! Doubt that grinned and mocked her—doubt that tore her heart! She chafed at the inaction. She dismissed her maid and prepared her own supper—and did not eat it. Seven o'clock. Eight. At eight-thirty (a half hour before the hour she had set) she left the apartment house and sought the welcome shadows of the park.

Couples passed her—openly affectionate couples—couples looking into the future and unconcerned over the past. Young men and girls, their arms about one another . . . she smiled bitterly. Once she had dreamed such dreams. But now—now there was only the future for her; a future unrelieved by rose dreams; a future bleak and drab—a future of worry and doubt and uncertainty. Ashes. Just ashes of the fire long since burnt out.

She tried to take a grip on herself, realizing that she would need poise for the coming interview. If Keyes were really a detective she would need not only courage but cleverness. She knew she must banish her own troubles and concentrate upon the present situation.

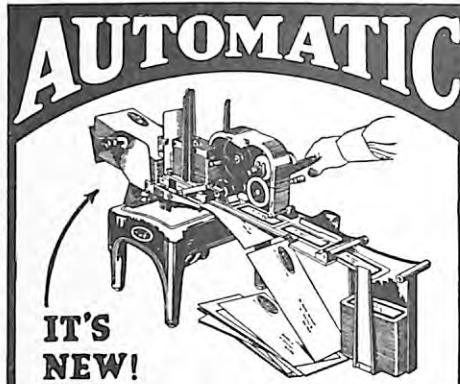
SHE walked a considerable distance along the curving pathways, and she walked faster than she knew as though there were a trifle of quiet to be gained from physical exertion.

She glanced at a jeweled wrist-watch—a honeymoon gift from Don Logan. Five minutes past nine. The zero hour had passed. And now she commenced peering intently through the shadows. Somewhere in the park was Hilda. Alone perhaps. She might have failed! Keyes might not come! But Hilda was to come anyway. To let her know. . . .

Ten after nine! Fifteen! Her hands were clasping and unclasping nervously. Was it possible. . . .

And then, perhaps thirty yards before her, she saw the shadow of a couple. She knew instinctively that it was Hilda. Hilda and Keyes.

Her heart was pounding beyond reason. She knew she was afraid—and despised herself for the fear. Perhaps it was the man's size. In the gloom he bulked like a mountain. She had only known one other man so large. . . .



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She walked slowly toward her sister and the man. She fought to control herself. She wanted the meeting to appear casual. She was to be merely a friend of Hilda's.

It was all working out smoothly. Nothing to worry her—yet she could feel the pulses pounding in her temples. She knew that her cheeks were flushed. It was as though...

And then they were face to face. Hilda and the man who called himself Keyes. And Naomi.

She raised her face to the man's eyes. And she understood now why her heart had pounded.

Her thoughts came swiftly, and without form. She did not question the miracle and did not doubt. Nor did she consider what she did.

For a second she stood like a statue, wide eyes fixed on the face of John Avery. Then her arms went out and she took one step toward him.

"John!" she sobbed!—"Oh! John... you've come back to me!"

(To be continued)

On Going Stale

(Continued from page 21)

if he is of the temperament and intelligence of Tunney. There was much criticism of Tunney's methods of training before the last fight with Dempsey, but after it was over it was admitted that only Tunney's superb condition permitted him to rise and win that fight after he had received the full force of the Dempsey punches flush on the jaw.

Watching a woman's tennis tournament at the Racing Club in Paris, I saw one of the American women players come to the verandah café and moisten her lips with mineral water. At the same time her French opponent was sipping champagne, and not merely moistening her lips with it. I regret to report that the French girl won that match, and in this I am not maintaining that the French girl would have been the worse for using merely water or the American girl better for using champagne.

On the final day of the last disastrous Davis Cup matches at Germantown, William Tilden 2nd, under a terrific strain for the first two days, from attempting to hold the major part of the burden for the American defenders, came into the courts with his face seamed and drawn. A professional trainer might have said, "That man has gone stale." Anybody under the physical and mental strain that Tilden had endured naturally would be stale.

Several times during the match with René Lacoste, Tilden went to the sidelines and drank something. I was told that it was aromatic spirits of ammonia. I am inclined to maintain that a little champagne might have been at least as efficacious, if anything would have saved a man in his condition of staleness, due to burning up all of his energy in forty-eight hours in as exhausting a game as there is.

Let anybody be inclined to believe that I am advocating dissipation as a cure for staleness, or that I insist that long layoffs will bring the best results, it is known generally that Babe Ruth's comeback, as they call it, is due to the fact that he never relaxes physically to any extent of late.

The Babe is inclined to corpulence in his hours of indolence, consequently he indulges in little indolence. He has to do quite as much physical work during the winter as he does during the summer or you will have a stale Babe Ruth, and when the Babe gets stale the entire National Pastime seems to become stagnant.

Here is an athlete for whom the prescription for staleness would be more work. He will never grow stale playing baseball because he likes to play baseball and never feels any tension during the baseball season. The tension comes on him apparently only when he takes the prescription that might be given another athlete threatened with impending staleness.

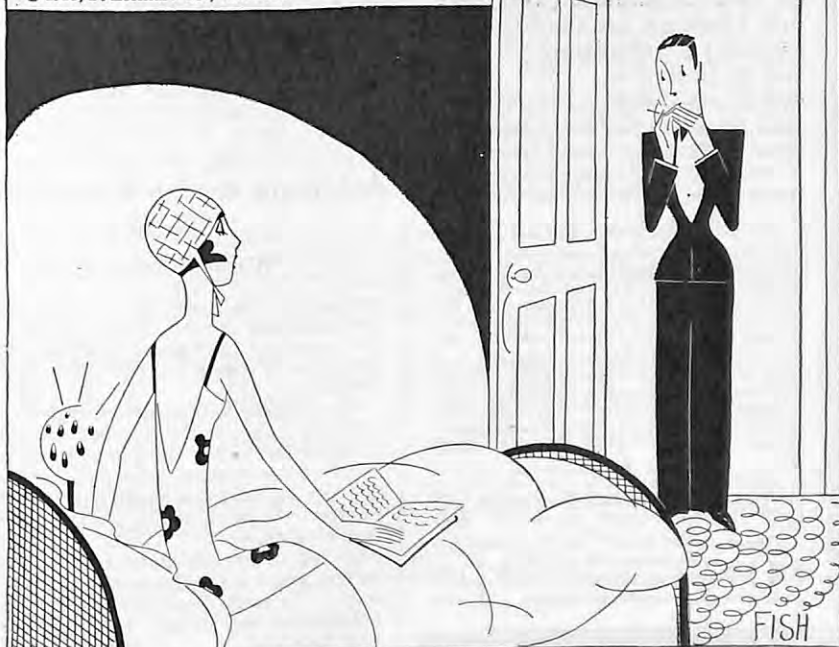
Following the world series of last year, the Babe toured the country with a troupe of exhibition players, and when he was not playing baseball he was on the golf links or in a gymnasium. Any other player doing that might report in the spring "gone stale," but at last writing Mr. Ruth was down to his playing weight. He will not report stale.

(Continued on page 70)

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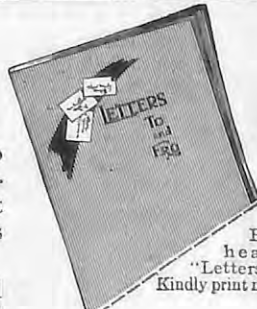
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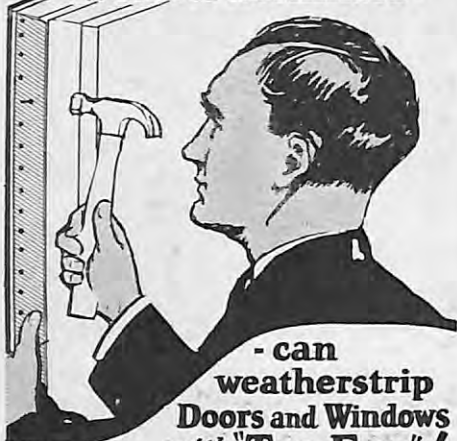
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On Going Stale

(Continued from page 69)

Bernie Wefers, who held the record for the hundred-yard dash about as long as any athlete held any record, now trains sprinters. Naturally, he is qualified from his experience and his intelligence to speak for this class of athlete.

"Sprinters," says Mr. Wefers, "are the most temperamental of all athletes, and when they are in training they probably are the most cranky. The worst part of it is that they nearly always are in training. When they are getting to the edge they will go stale on you as you look at them.

"It's mental, I guess. I used to be that way. There is so much nervous energy required in a sprint that it gets them. The only thing that you can do is to try to soothe them by conversation and sometimes by prevarication. There are different ways for soothing men just as there are for animals. You can not handle an antelope in the same fashion in which you handle a hippopotamus. A hippopotamus might go stale on you but not in the same manner as an antelope."

Mr. Wefers illuminates the subject of going stale quite as brightly as anybody can throw any considerable light on it. Some men go stale from lack of proper training, some from too much of it, but the most of them go stale from over-eagerness. And the matter of going stale seems to be almost exclusively an American problem.

This must be due to the over-earnestness with which Americans take their sports.

Addition to the Elks National Home

(Continued from page 34)

surrounding an open court facing the south, thus affording an opportunity for a majority of the rooms to have direct sunlight. The court may be very much beautified by flowers and shrubbery.

The building is three stories high on the front and four stories on the rear, and advantage was taken of the slope of the ground to have the two lower stories open directly onto grade.

There are 102 living rooms in this unit, and in addition six guest rooms for the accommodation of visitors.

Living rooms are about 12 feet by 12 feet 6 inches, with a large closet and a lavatory in each room. On every floor there are four toilet and bathrooms, and ample toilet facilities have been provided.

The building is entirely fireproof, with brick and terra-cotta block walls and concrete floor construction with terrazzo floors in the stair-halls and corridors, tile floors and wainscot in toilet and bathrooms, and wooden floors in living rooms.

In addition to this every precaution has been taken for the fire protection and safety of the residents. The stairs are of steel with terrazzo treads and with fireproof self-closing doors leading from the stair halls into the corridors. Fire-lines and fire-hose are provided on every floor, and red exit lights are provided to indicate exits and stairs.

Corridors are carried from exterior wall to exterior wall with windows or doors at the ends, thereby obtaining very light and airy passages throughout the building.

The boiler house is a two-story structure, with chimney of proper capacity for present and future requirements; the ground floor accommodates the heating plant and the second floor contains the laundry. This gives large, airy and light quarters for both the heating plant and the laundry.

The equipment in the laundry has been entirely renovated and added to, so that at the present time this laundry will rate with any high-class commercial laundry, and is more than ample in size to take care of the present requirements, and can be added to should the demand call for it.

The heating plant on the ground floor consists of three steel boilers for heating purposes, and one boiler for high-pressure steam for the use of the laundry and kitchen. The heating boilers are more than ample to take care of all the

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requirements of the original buildings, and these two new buildings, and space has been provided for additional boiler capacity, when it may be required.

The necessary pumps and hot-water heaters, which are new, are also housed in this boiler house, and there is a coal-bunker of ample capacity.

The boiler house, Cottage G, and the original buildings are all connected together by tunnels running under the ground and under the various arcades, so that all piping from the boiler house to the buildings is carried through these tunnels and thence connected to the radiators and other apparatus of the buildings.

All mechanical and plumbing work in the new building and in the boiler house is of the highest grade and installed with every consideration for long life and economical operation.

Telephone communications between the office in the Administration Building and all the cottages, and call-bell installation from all rooms to the main office, have been provided.

The architects of the new building were Clinton & Russell of New York City, and the contractors were Deakman-Wells Co., of Jersey City, N. J. Its cost is being paid by a Grand Lodge appropriation, out of the surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Personalities and Appreciations

SEVERAL months have elapsed since the exigencies of space have slackened sufficiently to permit us to publish anything under this heading. And, in the meanwhile, we have been storing up good things for your enjoyment.

There is, in this issue, the second of the splendid true detective stories, the material for which was gathered at first hand in Europe by Ben Lucien Burman. A third, revealing the extent to which the Paris detective bureau employs scientific methods, is in the office awaiting publication. Mr. Burman has just sailed again for foreign parts. While abroad he is going to write the fourth story of the series. He is also going to write a novel for us.

"Murder at Sea"

THAT is the title of a new serial which will begin in an early number. Its author is one of the best known of our younger American writers—Richard Connell. Stories by Mr. Connell appeared in the earliest issues of THE ELKS MAGAZINE and he has contributed to it, off and on, ever since. Though Richard Connell's reputation has been based, for the most part, on his humorous fiction, it has been added to by the occasional mystery stories he has written and in the plotting of which he is exceptionally ingenious. Keep your eye open for further announcements as to the beginning of "Murder at Sea."

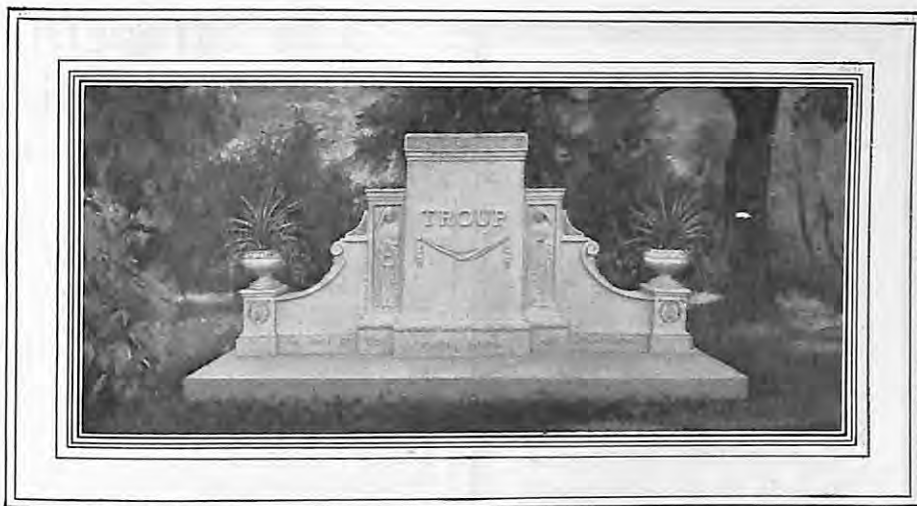
Other Good Things to Come

SHORT stories by Achmed Abdullah, Gerald Mygatt, Carl Clausen, John Peter Toohy, Elizabeth Sanxay Holding, Stephen Vincent Benet, Maryse Rutledge, Myron M. Stearns, and others.

Special articles by Arthur Chapman and John Chapman, his son (neither of them related to the Managing Editor of this magazine), by John R. Tunis and other first-class writers.

"The Sunny Side of Darkness"

THERE is a page in this issue, bearing the title above, made up of negro anecdotes gathered by Hon. Fred Harper, Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order and former Mayor of Lynchburg, Va. We have published similar pages before. On one occasion a vaudeville artist accused Mr. Harper and us of appropriating his material. We wish to make it clear that no claim is made by either Mr. Harper or THE ELKS MAGAZINE that the stories printed on the page in question are original with him. They represent a selection of the best stories current. If some of them originated in the theatre, or in a vaudeville act, we acknowledge herewith our debt of appreciation to their authors. Humorous anecdotes cross the continent so quickly that their paternity is soon lost sight of. It's a wise joke that knows its own father.



Beauty ~ It may be the beauty of sculpture or the simpler beauty of pure line and graceful proportion. Either will appropriately embody your reverent message of love. But, however expressed, the beauty of your memorial must be wrought in a material that is itself beautiful. A material whose clear, clean outline will not crumble in time, and whose

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The Strength Of The Utilities

By Paul Tomlinson



THERE is invested in the public utility industry in the United States the colossal sum of twenty-one billion dollars. Gross earnings of the electric power and light companies alone amount to approximately one billion seven hundred million dollars a year, and capital invested in this branch of the public utility business has, in the past twenty-six years, increased from \$627,000,000 to \$8,700,000,000. Two years ago it was estimated that there were within reach of the lines of the electric power and light companies over twenty million potential consumers, of whom only about twelve and a half million had been developed, leaving approximately eight million prospective consumers to whom service could be furnished at small additional expense.

Less than 60 per cent. of the people of the United States live in homes lighted by electricity. Less than 70 per cent. of the industrial power load is electrically generated. Ninety-two per cent. of the nearly six and one-half million farms in the United States are without electricity. Of our railroad mileage *only about one per cent.* is electrified. Sales of domestic electric appliances have increased enormously, but new customers who are potential purchasers of these appliances have increased still more rapidly. Electric heating and electric refrigeration are two new sources of revenue, refrigeration especially; in 1919, there were three thousand electric ice boxes sold in this country, compared with two hundred thousand in 1926. In 1904, more than 72 per cent. of the electric energy consumed by American industries was generated in their own plants; today less than one-third of this power load is generated in isolated plants, the remainder coming from central stations.

These statistics show, it seems to us, that not only has the electric power and light industry had a phenomenal growth, but that there is plenty of room for further and continued expansion. The population of the country is steadily increasing, and every person here is an actual or potential consumer of electricity; further, the uses for electricity are constantly multiplying. As the country grows the electric power and light industry is certain to grow with it. And if this is so, does it not follow that the securities of electric power and light corporations should attract more and more attention from investors? Certainly the heads of the big electric power and light corporations are optimistic about the future.

One man predicts a consumption increase of four million kilowatt hours in 1928 over 1927. Another man says: "Whatever the course of business as a whole during 1928, the electric industry will inevitably continue to expand." Still another says that, "The electric power and light industry is unique in that it is always reporting progress. It is never necessary for one reviewing its activities to report anything but a favorable growth. No explanation need ever be made as to why the industry has fallen behind. It always goes forward."

And what applies to electricity applies with equal force to water and gas. How many homes, factories, business buildings, hotels, are without water? A large percentage of kitchens are equipped with gas ranges for cooking; in increasing numbers people are using gas to heat their homes. The demand for gas is a constant one; as with water and electricity the problem is largely one of keeping pace with it.

No doubt there have been extravagant promotions in the public utility field of recent years. No doubt excessive prices have sometimes been paid for the control of public utility properties. Holding companies have in many instances pyramided their securities. In spite of certain abuses, however, there has been a steady rise in the market value of utility bonds and stocks. Their record has been a remarkable one, and naturally there must be an explanation for it. It may be worth while to inquire into some of the reasons for strength in these securities, because the growth of the country and our industrial expansion do not tell the whole story. Of course the industry has been showing

a steady growth for the past half century; it started from small beginnings and has progressed almost without interruption ever since. Its growth has not been a mushroom one; it has endeavored naturally enough to create a demand for what it has had to sell, but as we have endeavored to point out, it has grown with the demand, and not anticipated it. This in itself is an element of strength. And if the demand for public utility products, if they can be called by that term, has shown a tremendous increase in the past few years, so much more strength for the public utility companies.

This demand has been especially marked in the case of electricity—for power, for lighting purposes, for cooking, for heating, and for refrigeration. This is an age of electricity, and at the same time the electrical industry is still in its infancy. The investor in electrical securities enjoys the comparatively high rate of return which always accompanies a steady and increasing demand for capital; at the same time these securities have strength because they are based on earnings which increase as additional capital is invested in the industry they represent. High return combined with safety of principal is, of course, the goal of all investors, and this combination is conspicuously present in the case of electric light and power securities, though not by any means lacking in other kinds of utilities securities, either.

Now electric light and power, and gas, and water, securities enjoy not only steadily increasing earnings, but their earning power is perhaps more stable than that of any other class of investments. It is well known that periods of general business depression—panics even—have had small effect on these securities. It is, of course, obvious that in this day and age electricity—like water and gas—is an absolute necessity of life; not more of a necessity than houses, food, and clothing, and yet none of these commodities are produced under anything like the stable conditions that apply to electricity, gas, and water, nor do they produce anything like such stable profits. There must be some reason for this state of affairs.

When business is poor, people do not build new houses; they economize on the food they eat; they buy fewer clothes. It is perfectly possible to wear last year's suit of clothes, but if you want to light your house, and you *must* light it, you are buying a new supply of electricity every time you turn on the switch. Last year's electricity is gone and cannot be used over again, like last year's hat or last year's house. Last year's food too is gone, but it is possible to eat less meat, to eliminate delicacies, to consume plainer and less expensive food. Electricity is bought in small quantities, and each purchase is of vital and immediate importance to the consumer. Electricity, gas, and water are of the same importance in bad times as in good, and are purchased in about the same quantities; this being the case the earnings of utilities are little affected by economic depressions, and dividends and interest on their securities continue undisturbed by the troubles that beset so many other kinds of investments. People drink water and take baths no matter what the state of business may be, and they still cook meals on their gas ranges even if the meals themselves are of simple character.

Another element of strength back of the utilities is the United States Supreme Court,

which has decided that these companies are entitled to a fair return on capital devoted to the public use. Of course no one has ever been able to offer a satisfactory definition of a fair return, but the Supreme Court has assured investors that it will permit no legislation or commission rulings to interfere with the earning capacity of the property behind their investments. The Court, in other words, while it does not guarantee dividends and interest, does promise that the utilities will be given every opportunity to earn a "fair return."

In the automobile business, in 1904, only 10 per cent. of the horsepower employed was furnished by electricity; in 1925, the percentage had risen to sixty-eight. In the baking business the corresponding percentages are sixteen and eighty-three; in manufacturing ice, one-half per cent. and fifty-two; in petroleum refining, one-third of one per cent. and twenty-six. These are only a few examples out of the two hundred and fifty different classes of industries using electricity, but they indicate the adaptability of electric power and its possibilities for future development. In 1869, the figure for horsepower per wage earner stood at 1.14; today it is approximately 4.75, and the greatest increase has come within the last ten years, coincident with the growth of electric power. Electricity has become a fundamental factor in the industrial prosperity of the country; also it is of steadily increasing importance in our home life.

The aggressive development of the country's resources in water power, and the careful coordination of steam and water-power facilities are evidence of efficiency and progress on the part of public utility executives, and another reason why public utility securities are steadily gaining in public favor. And not only has progress been made and great expansion been effected, but tremendous savings in costs have been brought about. The engineers and technicians in the public utility industry are constantly seeking new methods, new processes, new facts which will bring about increased production and lower costs, not only to the producing companies, but to the consumer. Boiler furnaces are improved so as to produce a few more square feet of contact between flames and boiler surface; a better way is found to mix air and fuel so that more nearly complete combustion takes place; steam turbines are built so that they will extract a slightly increased percentage of energy from the steam. Such savings and improvements result from countless small steps; they are cumulative and made effective from year to year as new power

(Continued on page 74)

Investment Literature

"Ideal Investments" is the designation universally accorded Smith First Mortgage 6½ per cent. bonds, which carry attractive tax refund features. A history of the house and information relative to their bonds and the safeguards that surround every issue they offer may be obtained by addressing the home office of the F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Investing for Safety," the newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 505 Fifth Ave., New York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real-estate bond issues.

"Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds Are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail"; The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co., of St. Louis, Mo.

John Muir & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 50 Broadway, New York, are distributing to investors an interesting booklet, "Odd Lot Trading," which contains valuable information to both the large and small investor and shows the many advantages offered to traders in Odd Lots.

In writing for information, please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The Marshall Mortgage Co., 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y., will be very glad to send an interesting booklet dealing with their Guaranteed 6 per cent. Mortgage Certificates. Send for Booklet B.

The Trust Company of New Jersey, Jersey City, N. J., has just issued an interesting booklet dealing with Wills, which they will be glad to send on request.

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We shall be glad to send a copy upon request of your Advertising Manager.

Financial Department
THE ELKS MAGAZINE

The Strength of the Utilities

(Continued from page 73)

plants are built and old ones made over. And they show that the utilities are progressive and alert.

Since the World War the public utility industry has nearly doubled in size. It is still expanding rapidly. It has proved its efficiency. Its field for future development is so great that both capital investment and gross revenues are expected to increase by 50 per cent. during the next five years. It supplies a necessity of domestic life, and makes an important contribution to our industrial prosperity. It is a stable industry, one that goes ahead steadily, and is little affected by business depressions. Is it any wonder that bankers, large institutions, and private investors are convinced that public utility securities are worthy of their investment faith?

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

Lodge invited the Superintendents of all the rural schools to a meeting and obtained from them a list of school children in need of assistance. Approximately \$500 worth of clothing was purchased and distributed to the rural communities in this way.

Ada Lodge has also launched a fine entertainment program in which its newly organized orchestra will play a large part.

Annual State Association Meetings Definitely Scheduled

The following State Elks Associations have definitely decided to hold their annual conventions at the places and on the dates named below. This list, with additions as received, will hereafter appear each month in these columns.

- Alabama, at Bessemer, in May.
- California, at Santa Barbara, October 4-5-6.
- Florida, at Orlando, April 10-11.
- Indiana, at Gary, in August.
- Kentucky, at Lexington, in June.
- Massachusetts, at Northampton, June 5-6.
- Michigan, at Manistee, June 18-19.
- Nevada, at Elko, last week of September.
- New Jersey, at Atlantic City, in June.
- North Dakota, at Minot, in August.
- Oklahoma, at Mangum, September 2-3-4.
- South Dakota, at Rapid City, June 26-27.
- Texas, at El Paso, May 18-19.
- Washington, at Spokane, June 21-22-23.
- West Virginia, at Fairmont, in September.
- Wisconsin, at Oshkosh, in August.

District Deputy Warmly Received By Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge

On the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance, to Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, the beautiful Lodge room of the Home was taxed beyond its capacity by the large attendance. Members not only from Queens Borough but from Brooklyn, Hempstead, Glen Cove, Freeport, Lynbrook, Peekskill and Bronx Lodges, filled the room to overflowing. The District Deputy, accompanied by a large delegation of members from New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, witnessed the exemplification of the ritual, rendered in an exceptionally able fashion by officers of the Lodge, after which Mr. Heermance made his address in his usual happy vein.

Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge Pays Visit to Gloversville Elks

Close to 300 members of Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge, No. 226, were present at their Home to greet the delegation of Elks from Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101, which visited them recently. The guests, headed by Exalted Ruler James E. Aiken, initiated a large class of candidates for their hosts, doing the work in excellent fashion. After the meeting there was an enlivening social session, marked for its fine fraternal feeling, while a varied and entertaining program rounded out a most happy occasion.

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Kane, Pa., Lodge Active In Welfare Work

In addition to generous contributions, to the needy of its community during the holiday season, Kane, Pa., Lodge, No. 329, has supplied shoes and other clothing to poor people of the city, and has donated substantial sums of money to the McKean Tuberculosis Society and to the Boy Scouts.

Devils Lake, N. D., Lodge Stages Big Carnival

Members of Devils Lake, N. D., Lodge, No. 1216, recently staged a three-day Mardi Gras Carnival in their Home, which proved to be one of the best indoor events ever conducted in the lake region. The public gave the carnival enthusiastic support and as a consequence the Lodge netted a large sum for its treasury.

Whereabouts of R. C. Ackerman Member of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge

Eugene Walfrath, a member of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852, is anxious to learn the whereabouts of his fellow member, R. C. Ackerman, who has been missing for some time. Mr. Ackerman was formerly connected with the Owen Construction Company of New York and Binghamton, and his last known address was "Woodmen of the World Club," 53 Main Street, Binghamton. Communications should be sent to Eugene Walfrath, 198 Front Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

Spokane, Wash., Lodge Gives Annual Program for Old Time Elks

Over 500 members gathered at the Home of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, recently, to celebrate the annual Past Exalted Rulers and Old-Timers night of the Lodge. Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge number thirty-two, and of this number nineteen were present, the oldest in point of service being Judge George Turner, a charter member and the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge in 1892. Of the original members twelve are living, of whom six attended the festivities. Three of these were Past Exalted Rulers Judge Turner, N. E. Nuzum and R. W. Nuzum. A varied program of music, a barbecued beef dinner and the reminiscences of the pioneers were enjoyed by the large gathering.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Reports on Work of Good Health Clinic

The report compiled by Miss Anna Lafferty, nurse in charge of the Good Health Clinic, conducted by Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, shows a steady increase in visits and work done, testifying to the clinic's importance in the community. The following is a condensed resumé of the clinic's activities: Number of cases, 270; birth certificates delivered, 17; demonstrations given, 85; referred to other clinics and to doctors, 15; conveyed to clinics, 11; defects corrected, 9; home visits made, 137. Eleven clinics were held, attended by 183 patients; 87 persons came to the clinics for advice.

F. Harold Loonam is chairman of the Clinic Committee and is assisted by Percy Southard, chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Banquets High School Football Team

Following the award to Captain Tom Mallory of its "Most Valuable Player Cup," Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, entertained at a banquet the entire football squad, the coaches and members of the faculty and physical education department of the Pasadena High School. Exalted Ruler Russell A. Stapleton greeted the guests and some 100 members of the Lodge, and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Harry M. Ticknor delivered an interesting address. Other talks were made by a number of the guests and then Captain Mallory was presented, and made a brief speech of appreciation. Following dinner, moving pictures of the University of Southern California-Notre Dame football game were shown.

As reported in these columns last month, the
(Continued on page 76)

"I Had a Waistline Like His. I Got Rid of It in Less Than 35 Days"



"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. My stomach is now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."



LET us prove to you, without you risking a penny, that you can quickly, easily and surely rid yourself of a bulging waistline. Let us prove that you can instantly redistribute the excess fat in such a way that the pulling-down weight is removed from the muscle structure of the stomach and properly placed where it is correctly supported, giving you freedom of movement and natural grace you have not known for years.

Slip the DIRECTOR On—That's All

The Director is made to your measure all in one piece, of finest mercerized web elastic. There are no buckles, laces or straps to bother with. It is light and compact and is worn with perfect ease and comfort. You are not troubled with sagging trousers, vest creeping up and wrinkled coat in business hours. It improves any man's appearance in a dress suit.

With every step you take, with every movement of the body, the Director gently kneads and massages the abdominal muscles, dispersing the fatty deposits until they are finally absorbed. The tension on the stretched and flabby muscles is relieved, for the heavy abdomen is actually supported from the back. The muscle structure in front is held firmly, strengthened and restored. The constant, gentle massaging permits no more fat to form.

You Take No Risk Whatever

"It's comfortable and I like it," is a statement made in hundreds of letters in our files. Let us prove our claims. We will send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing.

Use the coupon below, or just write a postcard asking for our free trial offer, and we will include descriptive literature, doctors' endorsements, instructions for self-measurement and letters from Director wearers.

FREE TRIAL OFFER Mail Coupon



No need of carrying excess fat like this



Waistline is inches thinner with Director

MAIL Coupon Now



This coupon brings details Send for this booklet today

LANDON & WARNER
Dept. 3-D, 332 S. LaSalle, Chicago

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer and free booklet.

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Choose ANY \$20 Musical Instrument

Yes, we will give you free a \$20.00 quality Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Banjo, Banjo-Guitar, Cornet, Guitar, Mandolin or Banjo-Mandolin. Learn to play by note. We teach men, women, boys and girls by mail, amazing new, simplified method. A few cents a day pays for Lessons. Instrument and first lesson sent on FREE TRIAL. Over 500,000 successful pupils. Write today.
CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc.
1632 No. Halsted St., Dept. 608, Chicago, Ill.

New Tonic STOPS Falling Hair and For Men and Women GRAY HAIR

RESTORAL is a wonderful new TONIC—not a dye or henna. One bottle used for all colors hair. Restores exact original shade. Stops falling hair and dandruff. Applied to scalp—not to hair. Works through coloring glands. Will not fade, discolor or wash off. No "gray" at roots. Friends cannot detect use. Not an ordinary restorer, but a new genuine TONIC. Try at our risk. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write today for FREE TRIAL Offer and Free Book on "Care of Free Book Hair." Does not obligate you in any way.
RESTORAL CO., 3905 W. Madison St., Dept 332, Chicago

SHOO FLY PLANT
Keeps Flies Out of the House

Flies will not stay in a room where it is grown. Very mysterious, but tests show such to be the case. Blooms (60 days from planting). Flowers summer and winter. To introduce our catalog, we will give the above with an order for

Japanese Rose Bushes
Five for 10c

The Wonder of the World
Roses on them in 8 weeks from planting seed. We Guarantee this. BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS. Winter and Summer. Bush when 3 years old will have 5 or 6 hundred Roses. Grows in the house in winter or in the ground in summer. Roses The Year Round. Both packages of Seed by mail, for 10c (coin) and 2c postage.
NOVELTY SEED CO., DEPT. 306, NORWALK, CONN.

Get Free Sample Of Amazing New Tire Invention!



Prevents Punctures

Nails are bent against the tough, flexible Coffield Protector. Its thickness prevents smaller articles from ever reaching the inner tube.

Prevents Blowouts

Breaks in the casing fabric cause blowouts. Coffields prevent fabric breaks,—therefore, banish blowouts.

Prevents Rimcuts

When tires are under-inflated the casing flattens out. The side walls weaken, then break. Coffields support the side walls, thus preventing rimcuts.

\$75 to \$125 A Week!

Men, here's the one proposition that 20,000,000 motorists are waiting for—an invention guaranteed to end tire troubles for the life of any car and that also cuts tire bills in half! It's for every car from Fords to Packards. Trucks too. Whole fleets of trucks are already Coffield equipped—and that's where Coffield men have cleaned up \$50 to \$75, even \$100 and more in a few minutes on a single order!

Tire Mileage Doubled

Many of the biggest, hardest tire users in America, have put Coffield Protectors to every test. Yellow Cab, Lyon & Healy, Albert Pick & Company, and hundreds of others testify that Coffields give them extra mileage of 10,000 miles and more! Also cuts upkeep expense over 95%!

Fortunes for Agents

Your immediate cash profit on each Coffield sale is extremely liberal. One sale a day puts you on easy street. Coffields are patented—never sold through stores—so there is no competition.

Cobb sold over \$17,000 worth of Coffields in one year—Oliver made \$28 profit his first day—Richardson made \$57.20 in a few hours! Hundreds of others are cleaning up fortunes with this almost magical device that gives every motorist "two tires for every one he buys!"

Mail Coupon Today

So send today for FREE SAMPLE and learn exactly how this new money-maker is constructed. See with your own eyes why every big profit record is being smashed. Send no money—pay no C. O. D. Just mail the coupon at once.

THE COFFIELD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.

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THE COFFIELD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.,
833 N. E. Harshman St.,
Dayton, Ohio

I want to make \$75 to \$125 a week. Send me a FREE SAMPLE so I can see how the Coffield Protector is made. Also details of your fortune-building sales plan.

NOTE: All Illinois territories are taken.

Name
Address
Town State

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 75)

"Most Valuable Player Cup" is to be awarded annually by the Lodge to the player on the High School team whose sportsmanship, scholastic standing and playing ability are rated the highest.

District Deputy Donnelly Pays Official Visit to Beverly, Mass., Lodge

A splendid turn-out of members was on hand to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James E. Donnelly when he paid his official visit to Beverly, Mass., Lodge, No. 1309. Accompanied by a large suite, including five Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1309, Mr. Donnelly was warmly received and later complimented the Lodge on its fine condition. Another speaker was John Daley, of Lawrence Lodge, No. 65, who discussed the Scholarship Fund of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. Many members of Beverly Lodge accepted the District Deputy's invitation to be present on the occasion of his visit to his home Lodge, Lowell, No. 87.

Officers of Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge Initiate Class of Buffalo Elks

The officers and some forty members of Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1478, paid a fraternal visit some time ago to Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, where they initiated a large class which included candidates for both Lodges.

The work of the visiting officers was highly praised by Exalted Ruler Richard A. Grimm, and a standing vote of thanks and prolonged applause testified to the enthusiasm of the members present. Preceding the meeting the officers of Lancaster Lodge were guests of honor at a dinner presided over by Mr. Grimm, while an elaborate theatrical entertainment wound up a memorable evening.

Treasurer Vossler of New York, N. Y., Lodge is Dead

The sympathy and condolence of every member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was extended to the bereaved family of Treasurer Daniel Vossler, who died some weeks ago. From the time of his initiation Mr. Vossler had taken an active interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the Lodge. For many years, as chairman of the Visiting Committee, he served with efficiency and distinction, calling upon the sick members of New York Lodge, as well as those of other Lodges temporarily in the city, and bringing to them comfort and cheer. In 1919 he was installed as Treasurer of the Lodge, and in that capacity served with characteristic ability and loyalty until his death.

Louis H. Hyman was elected to fill Mr. Vossler's office at a subsequent meeting and was installed by Past Exalted Ruler (now Secretary) William T. Phillips. Mr. Hyman's record of service to the Lodge is an impressive one. He has been Treasurer, Chairman of the Board of Governors and a Trustee of the Lodge, as well as Chairman of the Auditing Committee of the New York State Elks Association.

Pennsylvania, Southeast District, To Hold Ritualistic Contests

Plans to hold elimination ritualistic contests, prepared by the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of Pennsylvania Southeast, have been approved by Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William T. Ramsey. The district has been divided into four groups, and the officers in each group receiving the highest score will meet in competition with the winners of the other groups before the Grand Exalted Ruler in Philadelphia for the finals.

Pennsylvania Lodges Establish Endowment Fund

A student's aid endowment fund to be financed by twenty-two Lodges of the Pennsylvania Northwest District was established at a recent meeting of representatives held in the Home of Butler, Pa., Lodge, No. 170. Any

student of the district who needs money for his education is eligible to borrow from the fund, returning the money by monthly payments.

Columbia, S. C., Lodge Provides Clothing for Unfortunate Families

Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, always active in charity work, recently held a "Bundle Day" for the less fortunate families of the community. Open House was held at the Home, and the members and many citizens who responded wholeheartedly to the Lodge's invitation with gifts of clothing, hats and shoes, were entertained with a program of music and song.

District Deputy G. D. Crary Praises Activities of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge

An initiation and elaborate entertainment marked the occasion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler G. D. Crary's official visit to Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046. Mr. Crary in a speech before a huge gathering, praised Aberdeen Lodge highly for its many varied activities, and thanked the officers, members and visiting Elks for the warmth of the reception tendered him. After the initiation of a large class of candidates, the Lodge's Glee Club and a program of vaudeville acts entertained the record crowd. A fine dinner ended a singularly pleasant occasion.

District Deputy Henry C. Warner Visits Princeton, Ill., Lodge

Princeton, Ill., Lodge, No. 1461, was recently the scene of a large gathering of Elks from Lodges in Mendota and Dixon, the occasion being the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner. In addition to Mr. Warner, the honor guests of the evening included Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Louis Pitcher and Robert N. Crawford. Exalted Ruler A. C. Carlson of Princeton Lodge presided at the banquet which preceded the meeting. Interesting addresses were made by Mayor Thomas P. Gunning and several other distinguished members of the Order. A fine selection of vocal and instrumental numbers added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Another feature was the initiation of a large class of candidates, which brought the total of new members acquired by Princeton Lodge up to 118 for the year.

F. W. Vaile, Charter Member of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Is Dead

Frank W. Vaile, charter member of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, died in his home at Honolulu, Hawaii, during the night of January 9th, or early in the morning of the 10th. He had retired, in apparent good health, at an early hour, but when servants entered his room the following morning, they found he had died in his sleep.

Mr. Vaile, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, and others who have since become prominent in the affairs of the Order and the nation, was a founder of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, and one of its most beloved members. Following his graduation from Yale in 1876, Mr. Vaile joined the United States postal service as a railway mail clerk, and for more than fifty years served the department in many capacities, and many parts of the country and its possessions. At one time he was director-general of the service in the Philippines, the only official to have held this post, and for the last twelve years had lived in Hawaii where, at the time of his death, at the age of seventy-three, he was still in harness as chief clerk of the department in Honolulu.

His death was a sad loss to the many people of the Islands who loved him as a friend and esteemed him as an official, as well as to his fellow Elks of Indianapolis and Honolulu Lodges.

"Greeters Committee" of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge Does Fine Work

The "Greeters Committee," of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, is an extremely active and

able organization, and a great adjunct to the life of the Home. Composed of thirty-five members appointed by the Exalted Ruler, one of whom, incidentally, is on duty every night of the month to greet visitors to the Home, they plan and administer all the Lodge entertainments. One of the most recent and most successful of their efforts was the Lodge's Ladies' Night, at which more than 1,200 persons enjoyed an evening of vaudeville and dancing. During the year, for repairs to the Home and the reduction of sundry indebtednesses, the Lodge spent more than \$22,000, the greater part of which was raised through this very successful committee.

Distinguished Guests to Attend Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge's Anniversary

According to announcements from Charles S. Hart, Chairman of the Executive Committee in charge of the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, the Lodge's birthday party promises to be one of the most distinguished gatherings of the season in the metropolitan district. Among the well-known members of the Order who have accepted invitations to the banquet to be held at the Commodore Hotel in New York City, on March 26, are Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Governor A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey, United States Senator Royal S. Copeland, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, Fred Harper, and Bruce A. Campbell, and Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum.

"Joseph T. Fanning Class" Initiated By Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge

Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, held an unusually inspiring meeting a short time ago when Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who was spending some time in the city, was its guest. The "Joseph T. Fanning Class," named in honor of the guest of the evening, was initiated, and Mr. Fanning gave a most interesting talk. He complimented highly the ritualistic proficiency of the Daytona Beach officers, as did the other honor guest of the occasion, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. McCready, who was making his official visit.

District Deputies and Exalted Rulers In Annual Meeting at Boston

Meeting for their annual conference, the officers of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers and Social and Community Welfare Committee chairmen, together with many Past District Deputies and Past Exalted Rulers, were the guests of Boston Lodge, No. 10, in its fine Home. Thirty-five Lodges were represented at the session, which was given over principally to explanation and discussion of the Scholarship Foundation Fund of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. E. Mark Sullivan, a Past Exalted Ruler of Boston Lodge and a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, outlined the tentative by-laws and articles of incorporation of the body which will administer the fund. Following his talk Mr. Sullivan held a "question-and-answer" hour, in the course of which all doubtful points were cleared up for the delegates, and a fine spirit of cooperation developed.

Dr. B. L. Maienthal, Prominent in The Order for Thirty Years, Is Dead

His many friends in and out of the Order were saddened by the death some time ago of Dr. B. L. Maienthal, of Decatur, Ill., Lodge, No. 401. For thirty years Dr. Maienthal gave his devoted service to the Order, holding many important positions. He was a founder, and the first Exalted Ruler, of his Lodge; was twice representative to the Grand Lodge, in 1898 and 1899; served four terms as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, from 1901 to 1905, following which he became a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. He also organized, and was the first President of, the Illinois State Elks Association.

(Continued on page 78)

LOUIS GEORGE EARNS \$10,000 a year in this great field-



Louis George—Illinois

the field of Fire Prevention!—And no wonder! Never before has the nation been so wide awake to the urgent need for protection against fire. Large insurance companies, Federal, State and City governments are co-operating in the fight against fire which last year took a toll of 15,000 lives and \$570,000,000 in property.

For their services in this field, L. D. Payne, Iowa, earns from \$350 to \$500 a month; Swisher, Arizona, averages \$600 a month; Frank Dupries, Ohio, earns \$7,500 a year. The earnings of our men have gained for the Fyr-Fyter Company the reputation as having one of the highest paid sales organizations in the world. Our men count among their customers such nationally known users as the Diamond Match Co., Ford Motor Co., Chicago School Board, Eastman Kodak Company, Bethlehem Steel Corp., and over 200,000 others. The United States Government alone has purchased 260,000 Fyr-Fyters for use in the Navy, Air Service and other departments.

Startling discovery opens Unusual OPPORTUNITY FOR 100 MEN

Now Fyr-Fyter chemists have again startled the world of science with the discovery of an amazing new fire fighting liquid, Karbaloy, that puts out fire in one-third less time than any other known extinguisher. It is approved by Underwriters Laboratories for both wood and oil fires—operates at 40 degrees below zero.

Our national advertising will furnish you with leads in your territory. We will set you up in a permanent business under conditions that will allow you to sell all classes of equipment on open account . . . we will handle the credit.

Territories are going fast, send coupon at once for full details of representatives' plan.

Permanent Position — Steady Income

The sudden flood of inquiries from prospective customers forces us to make an immediate addition of 100 reliable men to our sales force. The successful applicants will be assigned immediately to open territory—income to start at once. No experience necessary. We will give you a full training as a Fire Prevention Expert—show you how to inspect and recommend equipment for stores, garages, hospitals, schools, factories and homes.

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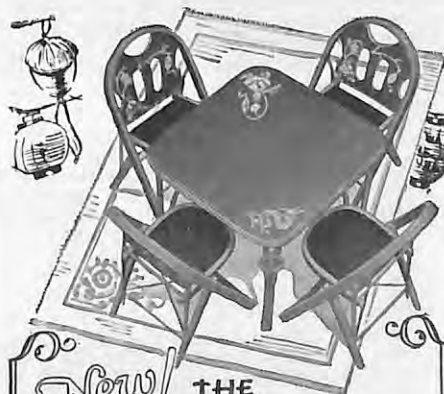
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7-C Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

Send full details of your representatives' plan and application for territory.

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City..... State.....



New! THE MANDARIN BRIDGE SET
Breath-taking Beauty! Quality! Chinese red, decorated, folding bridge set, with Boy and Dragon design in rich oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Dainty loveliness in every line, yet strong and comfortable, convenient and long lived. Set folds into a carton that slips into any closet. Bentwood, round cornered; upholstered seats; decorated leatherette top; two convenient ash trays furnished. Write now for prices on this delightful home equipment.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO: **SOLID KUMFORT**
Louis Rastetter & Sons, 1300 Wall Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Date.....
Send me folder about the Mandarin Bridge Set (tell me where I can buy it, and the price.)
Name.....
Address.....
My Dealer is.....

Most Amazing INVENTION in 25 years "Cleans Up" for Agents

FREE MACHINE FOR AGENTS
\$90
WEEKLY IN SPARE TIME!

Men, here is a wonder—the most sensational invention of the age! If you're looking for a rapid fire seller—an item that nets you 100% profit—an item that sells itself to 7 out of 10 men on demonstration—I've got it in Ve-Po-Ad, the amazing new vest pocket adding machine!

Sells for \$2.95—You Make \$1.65
This most remarkable invention does all the work of a \$300 adding machine, yet fits the vest pocket and sells for only \$2.95! It sells on sight to storekeepers, business men, and everyone who uses figures—and makes you over 100% profit on every sale! Ve-Po-Ad does any kind of figuring in a jiffy, yet weighs but 4 oz. Counts up to a billion. Shows total visible at all times. Perfectly accurate, lightning fast. Never makes a mistake or gets out of order. Over 100,000 in daily use!

Get Your Machine FREE
Live wire salesmen are dropping everything else and hooking to Ve-Po-Ad. Ve-Po-Ad brings them quick money and lots of it. Shapiro out in California made \$475 in one week! You can "clean up" too! Only 10 sales a day in spare time will bring YOU over \$95.00 a week! You need no previous sales experience—Ve-Po-Ad sells itself! If you are really interested in earning a steady, substantial income, write at once for full details of my MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE VE-PO-AD given to new Agents. Do it NOW—TODAY!

C. M. CLEARY, Dept. 383
184 W. WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 77)

Dr. Maienthal was one of the most popular and respected physicians of Decatur, where he had spent the greater part of his life. Run down from overwork, he went to Memphis, Tenn., last April, for a rest, where he died without having been able to return home. Burial was in Louisville, Ky., his birthplace.

Officers of Indiana Central Lodges Meet at Anderson

Presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. F. Smith, and Secretary Don Allman of the State Elks Association, the recent meeting in Anderson of officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Lodges in the Indiana Central district was productive of much interesting discussion. Reports indicated a most active year in all departments for the Lodges of the district, and plans were laid for further undertakings, including the sponsoring of oratorical contests among the high-school students of their jurisdictions. Another meeting is to be held some time in March, under the auspices of Noblesville Lodge, No. 576.

Members are Asked to Send Books To the Elks National Home

The Magazine has received a letter from a resident of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., in which the writer requests that members of the Order be again reminded that books are always very welcome contributions. Individual members or Lodges, having volumes in their libraries which they no longer wish, can bring much pleasure by sending them to the Home.

Akron, Ohio, Lodge Celebrates Its Thirtieth Anniversary with Gift

The outstanding feature of Akron, Ohio, Lodge, No. 363's impressive and dignified celebration of its thirtieth anniversary was the announcement of its gift, to the Springfield Lake Sanatorium, of \$5,000 to defray the salary of a research expert in its tuberculosis laboratory. This laboratory itself was a gift to the sanatorium from Akron Lodge, and its completion, at a cost of \$12,000, was reported in these columns at the time. It was a princely gift and to make this further contribution to its usefulness was a notable and truly fitting way for the Lodge to mark its thirty years of good fellowship, charity and fidelity.

The first event on the birthday program was a visit and tour of inspection at the sanatorium by out-of-town Elks, escorted by the Reception Committee and many members of No. 363. This was followed by a banquet and Lodge meeting which was attended by more than 400 Elks, among them Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, and President James R. Cooper, of the Ohio State Elks Association, both of whom praised highly the energy and spirit of Akron Lodge. Sixteen Ohio cities were represented by the class of candidates in the joint initiation which followed, and in which the ritual was performed by the prize-winning team of Coshoc-ton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 376. A splendid entertainment by professional talent wound up the notable occasion. Exalted Ruler Howard F. Smith, his officers and committees, are to be warmly congratulated upon its success.

Ionia, Mich., Lodge Entertains Grand Rapids and Lansing Lodges

Over 300 members and visiting Elks were present at Ionia, Mich., Lodge, No. 548, recently when membership was conferred upon a class of candidates. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred S. Howard was the honor guest of the occasion, while a record crowd of Elks from Grand Rapids and Lansing Lodges was present.

The exemplification of the ritual was impressively rendered by the officers of Ionia Lodge, and addresses were made by Mr. Howard, Byron O. Smith, President of the Michigan State Elks Association, and Exalted Rulers of the visiting Lodges. Preceding the meeting a banquet was held in the auditorium, and music was furnished by a twelve-piece orchestra.

Bedford, Ind., Lodge Celebrates Its Silver Anniversary

Bedford, Ind., Lodge, No. 826, recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a banquet held in the Greystone Hotel, at which J. C. Hampton, President of the Indiana State Elks Association and Mayor of Muncie, was the principal speaker. The honor guests of the occasion were the charter members of the Lodge now alive, ten out of fourteen of whom were present. Exalted Ruler Walter Glover introduced Mr. Hampton, who responded with a speech complimenting the Lodge on its twenty-five years of important, useful work in the community.

After the banquet a dance was held in the beautiful ballroom of the Home, with the purple and white of the Order predominating in the decorations. A large, silver sphere, symbolic of the quarter of a century which the Lodge has rounded out, hung from the center of the ceiling. Exalted Ruler Glover and Mrs. Glover led the grand march, while a ladies' orchestra furnished the music for the evening.

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Presents Spectacular Vaudeville Program

Members and visiting Elks from every part of southwestern Washington recently enjoyed a monster vaudeville program, staged by Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593. Tacoma, Centralia, Chehalis, Kelso, Longview, Puyallup, Raymond and Hoquiam were notably well represented. The program consisted of fifteen acts of vaudeville, while the Aberdeen Lodge Glee Club and two orchestras contributed to a most spirited evening.

Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Contributes Equipment to Local Hospital

Hospital equipment representing an aggregate cost of \$1,100, contributed by Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, to St. Luke's Hospital, is now in use. This includes four standard hospital beds, a patent orthopedic bed and an Albee table, the latter known as the best obtainable equipment for use in applying casts. There is still a cash balance of \$400 in the Lodge fund for the hospital, and it has been decided to use this money in purchasing a sun-ray machine, if a satisfactory one can be obtained.

Another matter of interest occupying the attention of the members is a proposed new \$500,000 Home for the Lodge. Among the facilities projected for this building are a gymnasium, swimming pool, comfortable living rooms, and an adequate Lodge room.

Newark, Ohio, Lodge Honors James R. Cooper

Newark, Ohio, Lodge, No. 391, honored James R. Cooper, President of the Ohio State Elks Association, at a testimonial banquet attended by over three hundred Elks, including present and past State officers. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry D. Hale of Newark presided as toastmaster and Past Presidents Edward Slough of Mansfield, Clyde Reasoner of Zanesville, John Sherry of Bellaire and Blake C. Cook of Kent paid well deserved tributes to the guest of honor. Other speakers were Secretary of State Clarence J. Brown; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. C. Andrews of New Philadelphia; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Alex Moore of Athens; John W. Ranney of Columbus, Secretary of the Association; Fred W. Maerke of Lakewood, State Association Trustee; and Mayor Edward Wiegand of Lakewood; N. C. Parr of New Philadelphia, Vice-President of the Association and Assistant Attorney-General of Ohio; and Grant Mouser, Jr., a Past Exalted Ruler of Marion Lodge. Mr. Cooper was presented with a huge basket of roses, and in responding to the various speakers outlined plans for the scholarship foundation which the State Association is promoting. Mr. Cooper is a Past Exalted Ruler of Newark Lodge, a Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and at present is serving as Secretary of his home Lodge.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge Active Despite Temporary Quarters

Despite the fact that Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, is occupying small temporary quarters while its new \$150,000 Home is being built on the site of the old one, it is not in any sense having a dull season. It has already initiated one large class of candidates; its officers and degree team have initiated a class for Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, and a selective membership campaign is in progress. As a result of this effort it expects to initiate the largest class of its history early in March.

Bluffton, Ind., Lodge Has Splendid Degree Team

Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, No. 796, has recently organized a degree team which is meeting with great success throughout the district. Its first appearance was on the occasion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis F. Crosby's official visit to the Lodge. Mr. Crosby was much impressed by the splendid work of the team and by the musical features which accompanied it. The enthusiasm and interest already displayed assure the success of the team, which will be glad to render its services to sister Lodges in the district.

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Active In Games and Sports

The athletic activities enjoyed by members of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, are many and varied. The Lodge basketball team recently won a hotly contested and exciting match from the Police team representing Precinct No. 2, while the two-man bowling tournament, held on the Lodge's new alleys, and open to all bowlers of the city, was most successful. The large number of entries started bowling at 2 P. M., with hour squads, and continued until midnight. Attractive prizes were awarded the winners.

Alliance, Neb., Lodge Has Had Successful Year

Alliance, Neb., Lodge, No. 961, has had an active year in all of its departments, staging many successful functions and taking a leading part in welfare work. A minstrel show and a three-day carnival were each highly successful and netted the Lodge a goodly sum for its treasury. Alliance Lodge has also shown a healthy growth, and the initiation of large classes has been a regular feature at all meetings.

Bristol, Tenn., Lodge Opens New Addition to Home

An elaborate ball marked the formal opening of the new addition to the Home of Bristol, Tenn., Lodge, No. 232. The addition consists of a large lobby, dining hall, kitchen, ballroom and auditorium, roof garden, and shower rooms, dressing rooms and many other facilities not to be found in the old Home. Much of the old building has been redecorated and remodeled also.

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge Clinic Benefits Crippled Children

Twelve children, from among those examined some months ago at the clinic held in the Home of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, recently were operated on at the State Hospital, under the auspices of the Schuylkill County Crippled Children's Society. It is believed that the little patients will be wholly reclaimed through the operations.

The occasion for the largest session of the year in Shenandoah Lodge was the recent visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd B. McAlee. Speeches, an entertainment and supper were greatly enjoyed by the capacity gathering.

Fulton, N. Y., Lodge Burns Mortgage On 25th Anniversary

Over 200 members and visiting Elks witnessed the burning of the mortgage which marked the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of Fulton, (Continued on page 81)

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will never fail*

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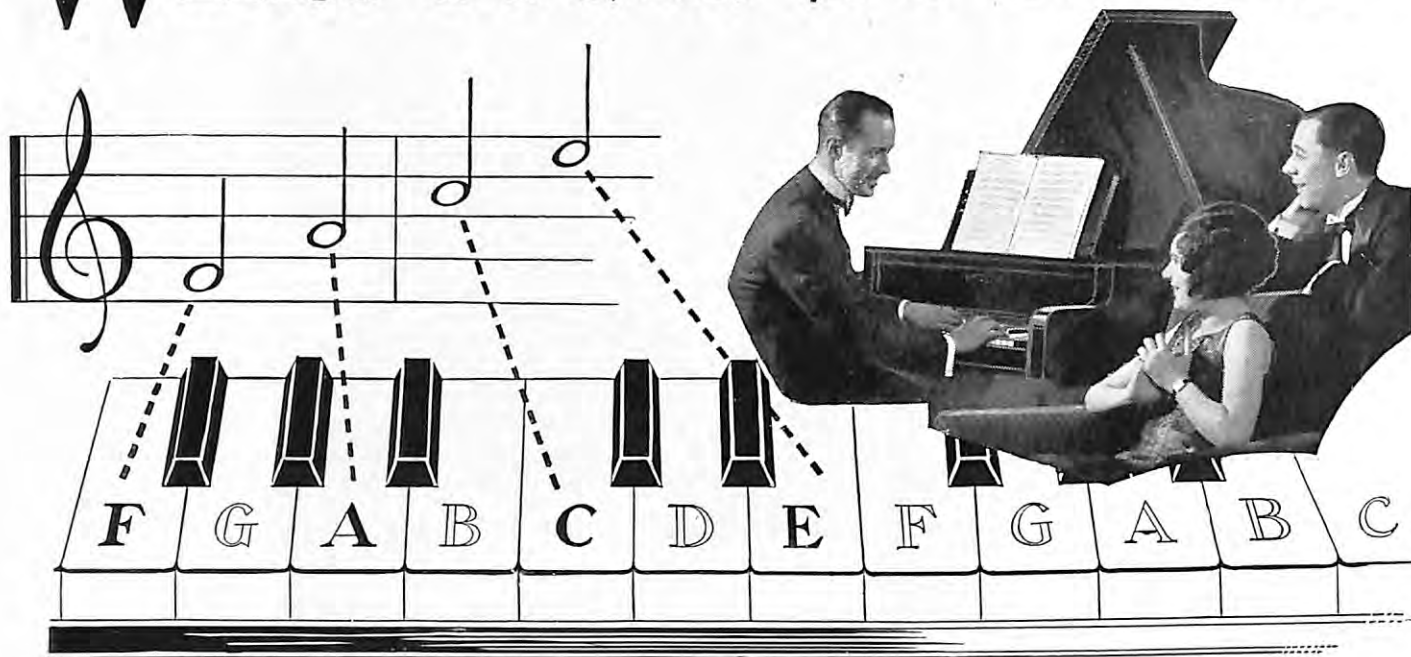
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"I am making splendid progress and can play almost any piece of music I pick up. My friends used to laugh when I first took up music with you, but now when I play pieces of Grand Opera and selections from Verdi, Mozart, Bach, etc., it is I who laugh. I owe all I have learned to the U. S. short-cut method." J. W. R., *Telstad, Mont.*

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 78)

N. Y., Lodge, No. 830. At the completion of the banquet held in the fine Home of the Lodge, Exalted Ruler H. M. O'Brien introduced James E. Lanigan as toastmaster for the evening. Past Exalted Ruler William Rubin, of Syracuse Lodge, No. 31, delivered the principal address of the occasion, a stirring talk on the principles of the Order, in which he recalled that he was present at the institution of Fulton Lodge, and congratulated the members on their success. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James Mackin read a telegram from Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, in which Mr. Malley expressed regret that he could not be present, and extended best wishes for a continued prosperity. Miles S. Hencle, President of the New York State Elks Association, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. Curtis Gano, of Rochester Lodge, were among the many distinguished guests who gave short talks. After brief addresses and reminiscences by a number of the members, Past Exalted Rulers Frank M. Cornell and Edward P. Cole, both pioneers of Fulton Lodge, to the accompaniment of great applause, had the honor of burning the legal document, thus symbolizing the freedom of the Lodge from all indebtedness. A program of entertainment concluded a most memorable evening.

Scranton, Pa., Lodge Active in All Departments

Scranton, Pa., No. 123, is one of the most active and progressive Lodges in the State, its officers and committees conducting its fraternal, social and charitable affairs with great efficiency. During the winter the observance of Memorial Day, the New Year's dance in the Home, attended by more than 300 couples, and widespread charity were particularly notable. The memorial services, conducted in the Strand Theatre, were among the most impressive ever held by the Lodge, the speakers and musical program being particularly distinguished.

In charitable work nearly 900 children were provided with complete outfits of winter clothing, each receiving shoes, stockings, underclothing, a cap and a suit of clothes or a dress. In addition to such serviceable aid, the needy youngsters of the city were provided with other gifts to delight their hearts—candy, fruit and theatre tickets. Six thousand dollars, subscribed by the members in addition to their regular dues, were spent in this fashion.

Members of the Lodge are planning to attend the Grand Lodge Convention, at Miami next July, in large numbers, and expect to make the trip, and return, by boat.

Elks Assist During Course of Three Day Fire at Fall River, Mass.

Early in the morning of February 3, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley wired from Fort Worth, Texas, to his Secretary, S. John Connolly, to proceed at once from Boston to Fall River, Mass., where a gigantic fire had been raging for nearly two days. It was Mr. Malley's wish that Mr. Connolly extend in the name of the Order any assistance that might be needed. First visiting the Home of Fall River Lodge, No. 118, the representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler found Exalted Ruler John V. Riley directing a crew of members who were cooking and serving meals to members of the Police and Fire Departments, State Constabulary and National Guard who were engaged in fighting the fire and maintaining order. Mr. Riley said that this work had been started within two hours of the outbreak of the fire, and that the Lodge was well able to do whatever was necessary. Calling then upon Mayor W. Harry Monks, Mr. Connolly told him of the Grand Exalted Ruler's offer of the Order's assistance. Mayor Monks, while saying that, at the time, he did not believe that there was anything the Order could do, expressed his deepest appreciation of the whole-hearted offer.

The fact that the fire was confined entirely to the business district and that, while it probably entailed a loss of nearly seven million dollars, no lives or homes were lost, made the catastrophe

much less appalling than would otherwise have been the case.

Past Exalted Rulers of New York North Central Meet in Utica

Coming together for its annual meeting, the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of New York North Central was entertained a short time ago by Utica, N. Y., Lodge, No. 33. Excellent reports were received, showing that the eighteen Lodges of the district, all of which were represented at the meeting, are successfully conducting many varied activities. At the election of officers the following were named to serve for the coming year: President: Arthur P. Simmons, Utica Lodge; Vice-Presidents: Eastern District, Thomas McTiernan, Little Falls Lodge, No. 42; Central District, Leo Hamill, Seneca Falls Lodge, No. 992; Northern District, Ernest McCree, Watertown Lodge, No. 496; Western District, Henry O'Brien, Oswego Lodge, No. 271; Secretary and Treasurer: Dan Farrell, Little Falls Lodge (re-elected).

Home of Hartford, Conn., Lodge Scene of Big Children's Party

One hundred and seventy-five children from the Blind Nursery in Farmington, the Newington Home for Crippled Children and the Children's Village were guests at an all-day party in the Home of Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 19, some time ago. This annual affair is financed jointly by the Elks, the Masons and the Knights of Columbus, and regularly held in Hartford Lodge's Home. Motion pictures, with a full theatre orchestra, occupied the morning until time for the bountiful dinner served under the direction of Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter. The afternoon was given over to an elaborate program of vaudeville acts and orchestra numbers. It was a thoroughly successful occasion, and when the busses called to take the little guests back to their various quarters it was a tired but happy troop which boarded them.

Peoria, Ill., Lodge's Home Scene of Many Enjoyable Activities

Among the many activities being carried on in the Home of Peoria, Ill., Lodge, No. 20, is a series of bi-monthly dances which are proving extremely popular with the members and their families. Another feature of the social life of the Lodge was the farewell dinner given to Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler C. B. Vanskike on the occasion of his leaving to take up residence in Pittsburgh, Pa. More than 100 members were on hand to express their esteem for Mr. Vanskike, who was presented with a handsome traveling bag as a parting gift.

District Deputy Had Unique Suite on His Visit to Worcester, Mass., Lodge

A unique feature of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler I. W. Smith to Worcester, Mass., Lodge, No. 243, was the make-up of the District Deputy's suite for the occasion. It was composed of the seven brothers of Exalted Ruler George G. Lavigne, of Worcester Lodge, and Past Exalted Ruler Joseph F. Perault and his three sons, of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847. It is not often that two families can muster eleven Elks to act in such a capacity, and the unusual escort was the cause of much favorable comment. The program of the evening brought out a number of interesting talks, a fine exemplification of the ritual, good music and good fellowship.

Visit of District Deputy Donnelly to Medford, Mass., Lodge a Notable Event

Elks from many far-away Lodges were among the enthusiastic gathering of 500 members which met at the Home of Medford, Mass., Lodge, No. 915, on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James E. Donnelly. Representatives from the Pacific Coast, Texas, Florida and Panama Canal Zone mingled with those of many New England

(Continued on page 82)



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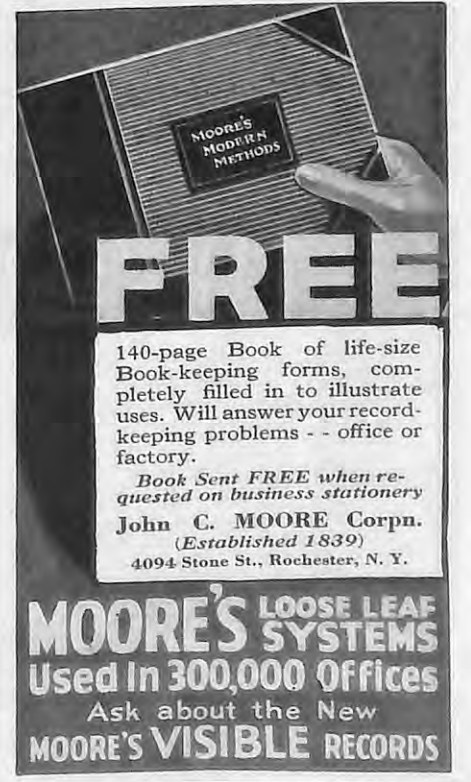
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 81)

Lodges, come to do honor to Mr. Donnelly. The evening was a great success socially, and a fine tribute to the affection in which Mr. Donnelly is held in his jurisdiction.

Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge Holds Successful Dinner for Crippled Children Fund

Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1317, realized more than \$2,000 at its recent dinner for the benefit of the fund of the Crippled Children's Committee. The affair was attended by more than four hundred men and women, and was one of the most successful ever held in the city. The expenses were borne by the Cohoes Rotary Club, and by local friends and merchants. The suggestion to hold the dinner, which is to be an annual affair, was first made by Past Exalted Ruler and Past State Elks Association Vice-President Edward M. Smith, of Cohoes Lodge.

The speakers included Hon. William T. Byrne, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and now State Senator from the Albany County district; Hon. Joseph Endries, chief of the Division of Crippled Children of the New York State Department of Health; Hon. Daniel J. Cosgro, Mayor of Cohoes, and Henry E. Rickman, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of Cohoes Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler Louis A. Buettner was toastmaster, and A. Raymond Van Santvoord, Exalted Ruler, presided.

Letters of regret were received from Governor Alfred E. Smith, Congressman Parker Corning of Albany, Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and others. These officials and friends all extended their good wishes to the committee and Lodge in its work.

The committee chairman, in making his report public for the first time since the organization of the work in 1924, said, in part:

"There has been expended since the formation of this committee the sum of \$6,166.82, of which amount \$5,026.22 was expended by this Lodge, and the balance, \$1,140.60, by outsiders interested in this work. Five clinics have been held, in charge of doctors from New York, Syracuse, Albany and Troy, and in cooperation with the local and State departments of health.

"Five permanent cures have been effected and five other cases are now in hospitals or undergoing special treatments. Our patients have spent a total of 258 weeks in hospitals in New York City, Montreal and Boston, Mass. Clinics were attended by 231 children and three adults. Sixty-three children need aid in some manner at the present time. We have purchased forty-seven pairs of special shoes, sixteen pairs of braces, four sets of crutches, eleven cork soles, three lifts for shoes, numerous medicines, bandages, etc. Eleven X-ray photographs have been taken. For the first eight months of the fiscal year ending December 31, 1927, the Lodge expended for this work \$1,740.60."

Cohoes Lodge, at its meeting on January 23, arranged through Past Exalted Ruler Edward M. Smith, for the presentation to Chairman Rickman of an honorary life membership in appreciation of his services.

Denver, Colo., Lodge Conducts "Get Acquainted" Campaign

One of the most successful "get-acquainted" programs in the busy career of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, was given recently, when the wives and families of members were hospitably entertained. The carefully arranged program included, as an innovation, an open meeting for members and all visiting Elks. The enthusiasm displayed indicated a strong desire on the part of all members to have more such gatherings in the future.

Oswego, N. Y., Lodge Sponsors Boy Scout Troop

The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, recently held its first meeting in the Home of the Lodge. The twenty-one charter members of the troop were present, and Don W. Moyer, County Scout executive, presided, assisted by Scoutmaster Morgan

O'Connor. The charter was presented to the troop and each member received his membership certificate. The troop will meet regularly every week in the Home of Oswego Lodge.

Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge Observes Past Exalted Rulers' Night

Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge, No. 402, recently held its annual Past Exalted Rulers' night, at which many Past Exalted Rulers and charter members were guests of honor. The festivities commenced with a banquet and were followed by a regular meeting and an initiation. The affair was a most delightful one.

In the thirty years of this Lodge's existence it has conducted many social functions and entertainments, the proceeds of which have, to a great extent, been expended in charity. Over \$30,000 has been spent for the purpose during this period. Carrying on the excellent work, the Lodge conducted a minstrel show and revue during January to raise funds to alleviate suffering among the crippled children of its community.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Holds A Gala Meeting

Nearly 1,000 enthusiastic members were on hand for a recent gala meeting of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, when a special program of events provided one of the jolliest evenings of a long time. Following the formal conduct of the regular Lodge session, during which 162 applications for membership, a record number for one meeting, were reported, the band and escort team marched into the Lodge room and the celebration of the success of the membership efforts began. The applications were read; there were boxing and wrestling matches, a turkey carving contest, and the highest enthusiasm and best of good-fellowship. An ample buffet supper wound up the spirited occasion.

Past District Deputy Joseph A. McNamee

His large circle of friends among the members of the Order, including Elks from every State in the Union, will be deeply saddened to hear of the death on January 29 of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph A. McNamee. Since his initiation in 1894, Mr. McNamee had given devoted service to the Order. He served two terms as Exalted Ruler of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, in 1905 and 1906, and one as District Deputy in 1908. In addition to the duties of these official positions, Mr. McNamee performed countless acts of service to his own and other Lodges, and made himself one of the best-known and best-loved Elks in the East. At the time of his death Mr. McNamee held the post of City Clerk of Atlantic City, a position which he had occupied with distinction and dignity for the preceding ten or twelve years.

District Deputy Olsen Makes Powerful Speech at Three Rivers, Mich., Lodge

The officers and members of Three Rivers, Mich., Lodge, No. 1248, are enthusiastic in their praise of the powerful and inspiring address made by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John Olsen on the occasion of his recent official visit. Mr. Olsen outlined the plans of Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley for the advancement of the Order, and his stirring appeal for the cooperation of every member brought forth sincere response.

Ninety-nine-Year-Old Member Attends Meeting of Twin Falls, Ida., Lodge

Horace M. Hart, who will be 100 years old on July 20 next, is a member in good standing of Twin Falls, Ida., Lodge, No. 1183, and recently attended a meeting and initiation in its Home. Twin Falls members believe that Mr. Hart is the oldest Elk in good standing in the country, and certainly the oldest ever to attend a Lodge session. Mr. Hart served throughout the Civil War in the Eighth Illinois Cavalry.

Twin Falls Lodge has enjoyed an extremely active and prosperous year, having refinanced its Home, reduced its indebtedness and materially increased its membership by the initiation of a number of large classes.

District Deputy Montgomery Visits Helena, Mont., Lodge

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. M. Montgomery to Helena, Mont., Lodge, No. 193, was the occasion of a large gathering of members and visitors from nearby Lodges. After the meeting and initiation, Mr. Montgomery complimented the officers of No. 193 on their fine exemplification of the ritual, and in a heart-to-heart talk, deeply impressed his audience. At the close of the meeting a banquet was served, presided over by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. M. E. Gates, of Helena Lodge, as toastmaster.

Fresno, Calif., Lodge Lays Cornerstone for Handsome New Home

Impressive ceremonies attended the laying of the cornerstone for the fine new Home of Fresno, Calif., Lodge, No. 439, a short time ago. Officers of the Lodge, ably assisted by the glee club, conducted the beautiful program before a large gathering of members, their families and friends. After the finely rendered ritual, and the laying of the cornerstone by Exalted Ruler W. E. Simpson, the address of the day was delivered by M. G. Gallagher. After the ceremony a band concert was given in the present Home, followed, in the evening, by a large banquet at the Californian Hotel at which J. J. Lermen, Past President of the California State Elks Association, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry C. Kimball and Grand Trustee Dr. Ralph Hagan delivered brief addresses.

News of the Order From Far and Near

The formation of a Boy Scout troop was the result of a father-and-son banquet held recently by Opelousas, La., Lodge.

Macomb, Ill., Lodge celebrated its twenty-second anniversary with a dinner and entertainment.

Reading, Pa., Lodge has formed a Tourist Club and arranged a well-planned summer trip which will take in Norfolk, Virginia Beach, the Elks Home at Bedford, a barbecue at Lynchburg, a sightseeing trip in Washington and reception by President Coolidge.

Sullivan, Ind., Lodge recently initiated a large class of candidates for Linton, Ind., Lodge. After the Lodge work an enjoyable social session was held at which the Sullivan Lodge orchestra played.

Westfield, Mass., Lodge recently held its fourth annual charity ball, which included a concert, reception, dancing and buffet lunch. The proceeds of the ball will be used in the Lodge's welfare work.

Oak Park, Ill., Lodge gave its annual minstrel show and frolic for the benefit of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare fund.

A great turnout of members from New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge attended the dinner given in honor of Judge Samuel F. Swinburne, First Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, at the Hotel Roosevelt, New York.

Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge gave its second annual Purple Bubble Ball for members, visiting Elks and their wives.

Inglewood, Calif., Lodge recently has organized a band which promises to be a huge success.

The officers of Malden, Mass., Lodge will initiate a class of candidates for Everett, Mass., Lodge at Everett. On the following evening officers of Everett Lodge will return the compliment at Malden.

Hudson, Mass., Lodge is planning to give its annual entertainment at Rutland for the patients of the U. S. Veterans Hospital.

Over 300 members of Haverhill, Mass., Lodge were on hand to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James E. Donnelly on the occasion of his official visit there.

(Continued on page 84)



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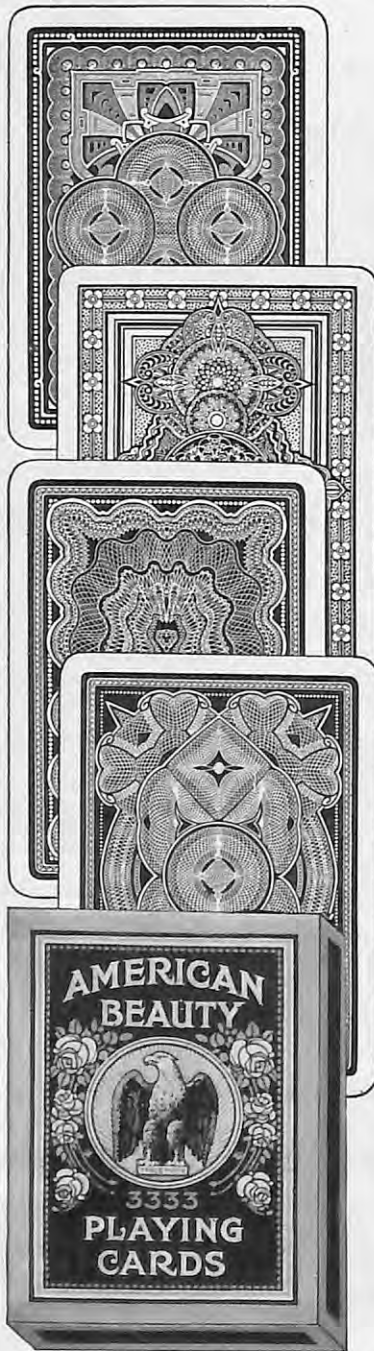
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(Continued from page 83)



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White Plains, N. Y., Lodge has started a large membership drive for 2,000 new members.

Marking its sixth birthday, Arlington, Mass., Lodge recently gave its annual Grand Army Night, at which the presentation of a life membership to Grand Army Veteran Charles A. Brown was the feature.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge recently initiated a large class of candidates on the occasion of its forty-second birthday.

Redding, Calif., Lodge recently put on its play, "Purple Flashes," which was a huge success. The proceeds will be used for welfare work.

The exemplification of the ritual recently conducted by officers of Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge for Berwick, Pa., Lodge, strongly impressed a capacity gathering of members and visiting Elks.

Muskegon, Mich., Lodge recently celebrated its thirty-fourth anniversary with a large party and entertainment.

The officers of Somerville, Mass., Lodge, accompanied by the band and a large turnout of members, recently conducted the exemplification of the ritual for Arlington, Mass., Lodge.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Kelly of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, with a large delegation of members recently paid his official visit to Nutley, N. J., Lodge.

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary with a banquet at the Copley Plaza Hotel. Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley is expected to be present.

Two hundred and fifty members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge recently made their annual winter trip to Lake Tahoe Tavern, where three days of winter sports, games and entertainments were enjoyed.

Grafton, W. Va., Lodge recently gave its annual reception at the Home for members and their families.

According to its custom Newport, R. I., Lodge will give a charity ball on Easter Monday night, April 9, in the State Armory.

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge recently gave a lively Leap Year Frolic, to which members were taken by their wives.

Dixon, Ill., Lodge staged its annual "Big-League Night" recently, a vaudeville show,

dancing and splendid dinner making it a great success in every respect.

Portland, Ore., Lodge reports that it has initiated 268 new members into the Lodge in the last eight months.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge recently gave its midwinter Ladies' Card Party, the first in a series for the season planned by the entertainment committee.

Nashua, N. H., Lodge has started a Bridge Whist Tournament which will continue weekly until April, when the grand prize will be awarded.

A special program and entertainment recently marked American Legion Night at San Antonio, Texas, Lodge.

The "Bronx Elks' Stampede" recently staged by Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, a combined musical comedy and minstrel show, was one of the most completely successful ever given by this Lodge.

As this was written the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Newark, N. J., Lodge was planning a "Mother and Dad" night at which the parents of the members will be lavishly entertained.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Oliver F. Davenport recently made his official visit to Galesburg, Ill., Lodge, where a large gathering was on hand to welcome him.

Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge presented a monster circus recently for the benefit of its building fund.

Franklin, Pa., Lodge has entirely redecorated its Home. Fresh paint, paper, floor coverings and window draperies make it one of the most attractive in the district.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge recently gave its twenty-fifth annual charity ball at the Hotel Commodore. The proceeds from this great social event are used to relieve the suffering and help the needy, both in and out of the membership.

A musical comedy, "Tangle Town," will be given by Kearney, N. J., Lodge at its annual benefit for the crippled children's fund.

St. Louis, Mo., Lodge recently cleared \$20,000 from a week's entertainment. The entire amount will be expended in the work of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Southwestern Trip

(Continued from page 35)

delightful entertainment followed the Lodge meeting. Cowboy songs, several Hopi Indian dances and other scheduled and impromptu features, including a number of songs by Mr. Donnelly, were thoroughly enjoyed.

Tucson, Ariz., Lodge was visited on the following day, where a reception in the dining hall of the University of Arizona was the feature of the occasion. A most distinguished list of guests and speakers was present, including Exalted Rulers C. H. Webber and Harry R. Renshaw of Tucson and Nogales Lodges, and Drs. Byron Cummings and Homer Shantz, president and president-elect of the State University, and Dr. B. Wyatt, head of the Desert Sanitarium. In his speech Mr. Malley urged Arizona Elks to carry through their plan to erect a national tuberculosis sanitarium in the State. A trip to Nogales Lodge and a visit with the members there filled the remainder of the day.

El Paso, Texas, Lodge was next on the schedule to be visited, and from there the Grand Exalted Ruler traveled to San Antonio, where he was met at the train by a committee which included Exalted Ruler Jack R. Burke of San Antonio Lodge, and C. M. Chambers, Mayor of the city. A sight-seeing tour preceded

a dinner, attended by officers of San Antonio and ten other South Texas Lodges. Later Mr. Malley addressed a huge gathering of Texas Elks in the capacious new Home of the Lodge, again speaking of the National Foundation plan. Reaching Austin the following day, February 1, accompanied by M. Burke, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. T. Hoyt, and President J. H. Gibson of the State Elks Association, the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a luncheon attended by a notable gathering. Among the guests who spoke were Governor Dan Moody, President H. Y. Benedict of the University of Texas, Mayor P. W. McFadden and a number of other important state and municipal officers. Exalted Ruler W. R. Armstrong introduced Mr. Malley to the assemblage. A visit to the Home of Austin Lodge, and a brief automobile drive occupied the remainder of the visitors' time in the city.

An account of Mr. Malley's visitations to the other Texas Lodges on his schedule—Fort Worth, Dallas, Galveston, Houston and Beaumont—and of the remainder of the long trip which did not bring him back to Boston until February 20, will be published in the April number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.



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