

The Elks

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Magazine

MAY, 1928



In this Issue:

Stories and Articles by John R. Tunis, John Peter Toohey, W. O. McGeehan, Octavus Roy Cohen, Conrad Richter, and many others

acceptable

Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone can you be considered a fastidious person, acceptable socially.



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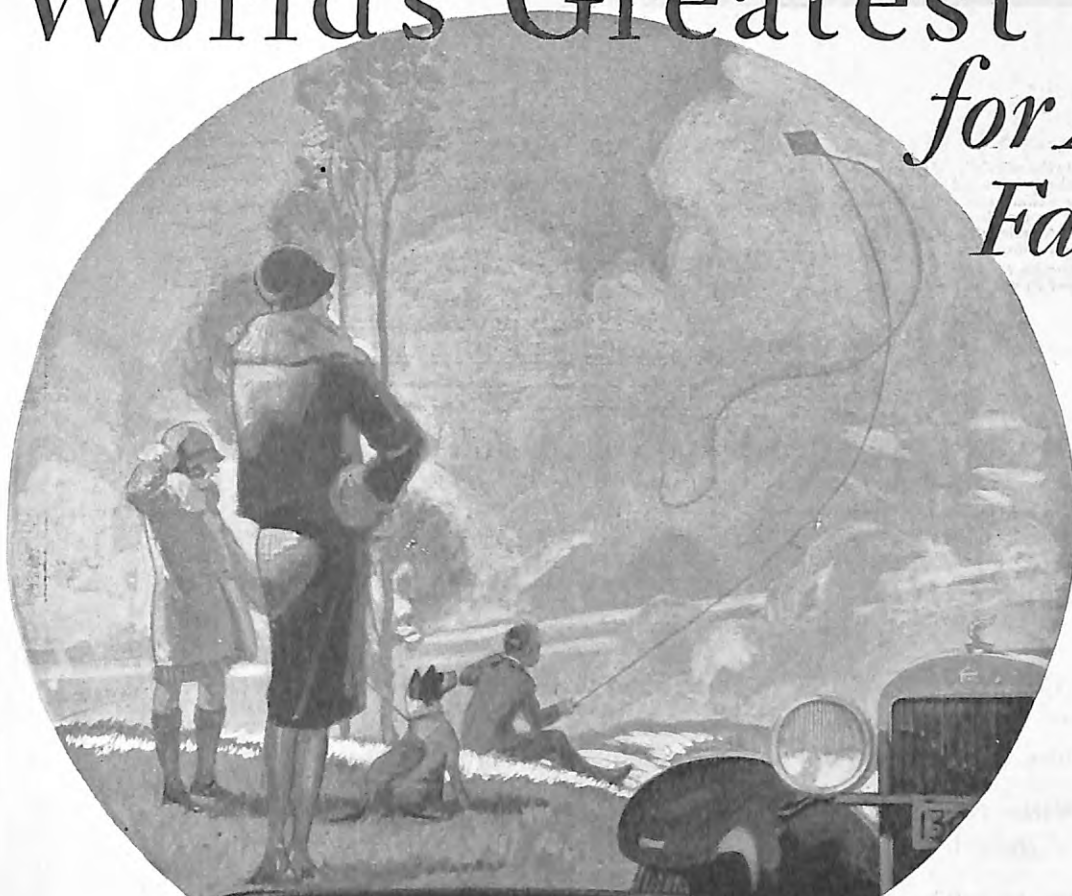
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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Six
Number Twelve

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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

Boston, Mass.
 May 1, 1928

Mother's Day

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned
 To warn, to comfort and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light."*

Every man enshrines his mother. No matter how reluctant he may be to give outward sign of his deepest feelings, the thought of the dearly beloved woman who offered her life for his birth and made hourly sacrifices for his well being, draws from his heart and mind all the richness of love, of loyalty and of tender devotion. Ours is a human Order, profound in its wisdom of the compelling impulses of life, and of the power and lift of the finer sentiments. It fosters the attributes which make for nobility of character. Therefore, let every Lodge assemble its members and friends on the second Sunday of May to pay a tribute of love to Mother by exemplifying our beautiful Mother's Day ritual. Let us make it a day of joy and spiritual exaltation, whether our flowers be given to a smile or to a memory.

Memorial Day

*"Your silent tents of green
 We deck with fragrant flowers;
 Yours has the suffering been,
 The memory should be ours."*

The nation recognizes the thirtieth of May as the day when all citizens should place wreaths upon "the hallowed spot where Valor proudly sleeps." Our Order, reacting to this sentiment, has established the custom of decorating the heroes' graves. May every lodge participate in this reverent and patriotic expression of appreciation of the sacrifices which have been made by the noble dead. But I urge you, my brothers, also to give thought to those victims of the World War who, wounded in mind and body, now lie in the hospitals. Do not permit them to think that they have been forgotten. They will be extremely sensitive to what is going on about them on Memorial Day. Let us send our committees to them with the little gifts which brighten and cheer.

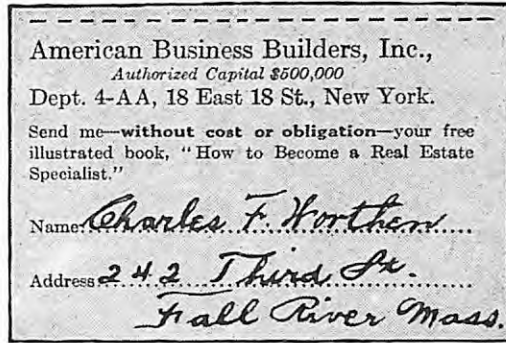
Faternally,


 Grand Exalted Ruler

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C. F. Worthen deserves success.

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"Bill" Dakin, of Buffalo, N. Y., worked in a steel mill before he got his copy of this free book. Now he is a successful Real Estate Specialist. Owns his own business. Has a new automobile. Making more money than he ever dreamed he could.

E. G. Baum, ill and discouraged, past 50, lost his job as a bookkeeper. Sent for my free book. Made \$8,000 his *first year* in real estate.

H. D. Van Houten, Passaic, N. J., formerly a grocery clerk, got my free book, followed my advice, and did a gross business of over \$100,000 his *first year* in real estate.

But I have no more room here to tell you about the many remarkable stories of

amazing business success that are coming to me from readers of my free book. So, send for a copy of it today. Don't be skeptical. Don't say "It's too good to be true." Don't cheat yourself. It costs nothing to learn the truth. So mail the coupon *now!*

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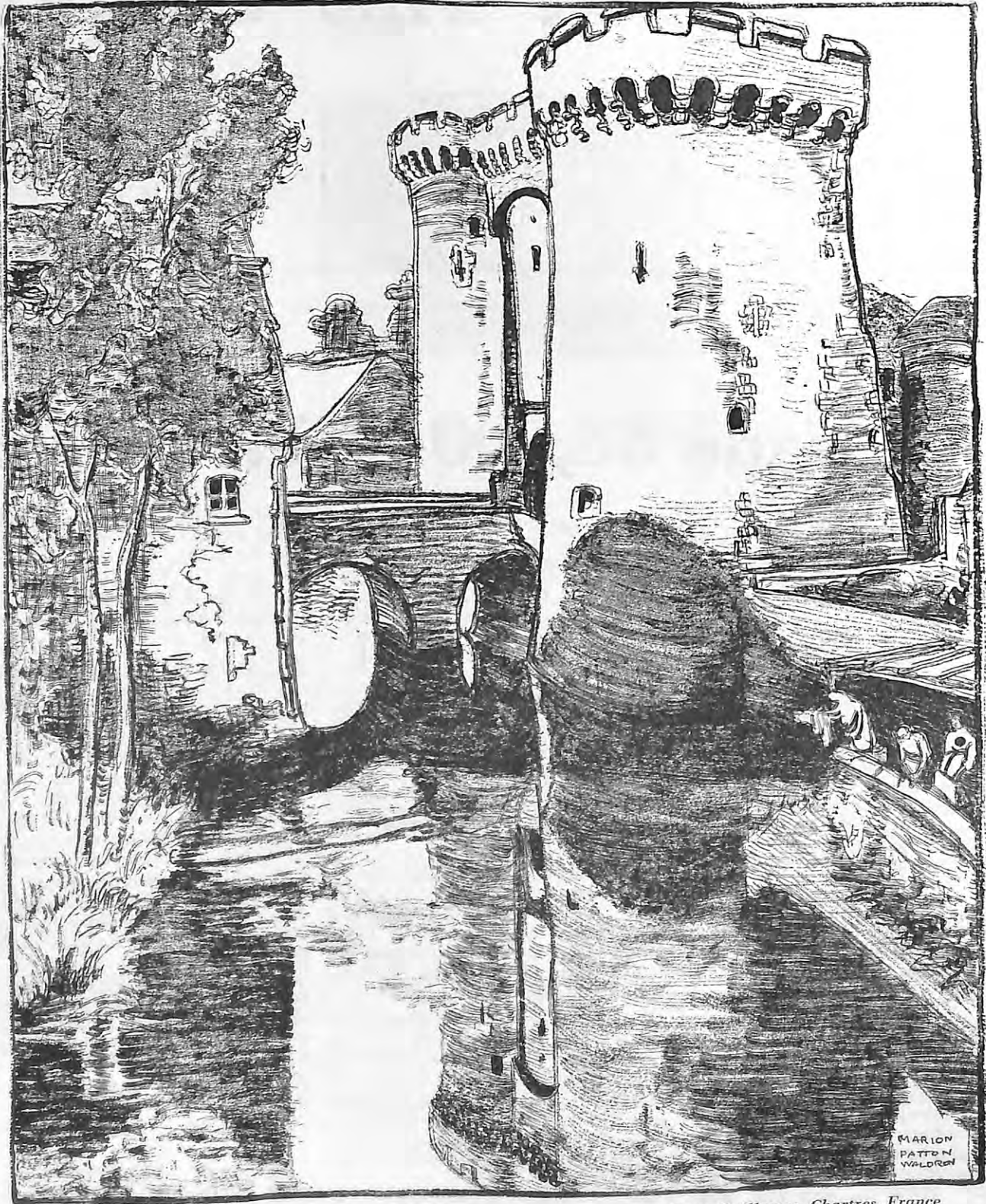
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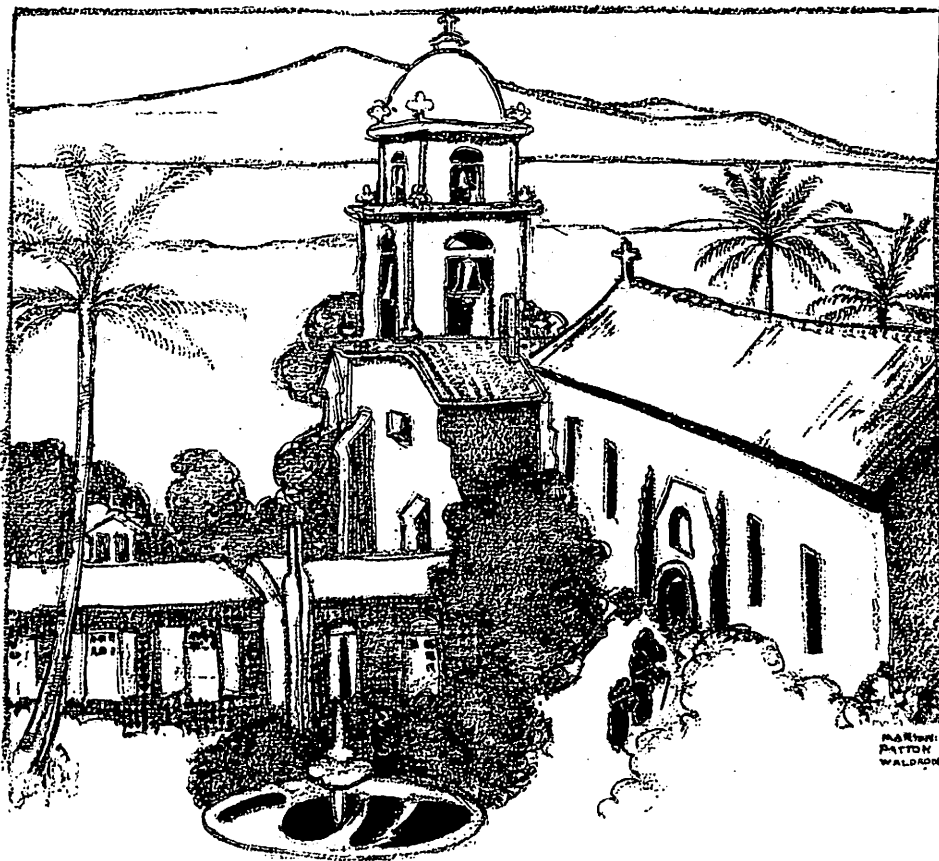
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Porte Guillaume, Chartres, France



*Our American Urge to See the
World Has Made Globe-Trotting
a Possibility for All of Us—*



Not all the picturesque ruins of bygone days are to be found in Europe. This old Spanish mission of Buena-ventura in California is a fine example of what may be found in America

This Travel Business

By John R. Tunis

Drawings by Marion Patton Waldron

TIME: October of 1923. Place: the bar, smoking room, and lounge combined of the hotel in the little town of Fedhala on the western coast of French Morocco. We were asking for information about the tribes to the north, those natives scattered along the main highway between Casablanca, the great French port on the Atlantic, and Tangier, which sits looking across the Straits at the British searchlights playing after dusk upon passing steamers from the peak of the Rock of Gibraltar. The barman—he was also the maitre d'hôtel, concierge, and valet-de-chambre of the hotel—points out across the room a gaunt, tanned Frenchman in high boots and a wide-brimmed hat who is downing with great success a vermouth cassis.

"Monsieur Dubois, he inhabits the country up there. He will give you all the information."

Monsieur Dubois, who it transpired had come out from a little town in the center of France eighteen years before to live among the *bled* of northern Africa, was short and incisive, like all colonials.

"La Grande Route? H'm, armés?"

We looked at each other.

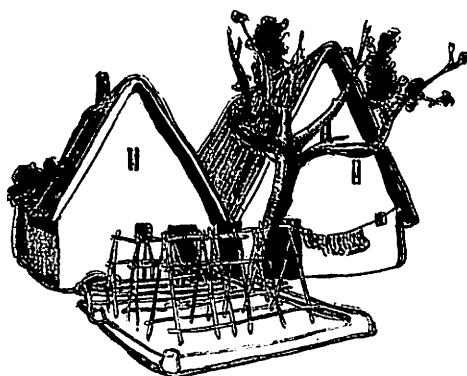
"Yes, a revolver in the valise."

"Keep it handy." He stalked over to where a faded map was hanging upon the wall. "Here—here are the Ouezzane. No, not Riffians; but dangerous just the same for one traveling in a car like that one of yours there." And he jerked his thumb at our new Renault sitting outside the hotel door. "Sometimes they shoot merely for amusement. Now, then, between Rabat and the Spanish zone—here—one should march at a fast speed. And stop, you understand, for nothing. Once past the ford beyond the village of El Debilla, it is not on this map, you have little to fear. But keep your revolver to hand, not in your valise." He tossed off the last of his vermouth cassis, raised his hat—

"Alors, Messieurs, bonne chance!" Again with wide strides he stomped across the room, banged open the door, slung his legs over the side of his Arabian mustang and was off down the main and only street of Fedhala in a furious dust storm, barefooted native children scattering at the sound of his horse's hoofs.

Now jump ahead five years. Time: the winter of 1928. Place: the square outside the imposing five-storied Moorish structure which is the hotel at Casablanca, thirty-five kilometres from the same little town of Fedhala and down the Atlantic coast. This establishment, with its elevators and oriental lounges, its suites with baths, its grill rooms and cafés and restaurants and *dansings*, is almost new; its white bulk glitters and shines with electric lights in the soft, warm twilight of an African evening beside the sea.

"En voiture, messieurs, 'dames, en voiture! L'Express Nord Africain pour Rabat et Tanger! En voiture!"



Barracas, at Valencia, Spain

A tall, imposing Arab in gold and red uniform is warning us to get aboard. At the curb a huge Pullman limousine with revolving, adjustable arm chairs and places for twenty people trembles as the waiting motor turns over gently. The chauffeur clammers into place and pulls on his gloves. A big Arab *souk* in a richly embroidered burnous gives his ticket to the conductor at the door to be punched, and gathering his robes about him climbs inside. At our right is a lady from Denver, Colo. Behind her is another lady from a London suburb. Suddenly the horn sounds. The hordes of begging natives in front of the car scatter; slowly the big machine pulls away from the hotel like a liner leaving a pier. We are off on identically the same journey taken five short years before in fear and in trembling. All this difference in so brief a time!

A MINUTE or so and we have left the white houses of Casablanca, "Casa" the natives call it, far behind. Now we are humming at seventy-five kilometres an hour down an avenue as wide as Michigan Boulevard and just as smooth, the rollers from the Atlantic breaking upon the beach to our left. All at once we whirl past gigantic signposts in big electric lettering:—

"ALGIERS, 1850 KILOMETRES."

"TUNIS, 2300 KILOMETRES."

2300 kilometres! Nearly fifteen hundred miles. About the distance from Raleigh, N.C., to Santa Fé, N. M.

"TANGER, 1800 KILOMETRES."

The land of magnificent distances. Here they do not think in terms of hundreds of miles; but in terms of thousands of miles. They send not trains but huge express Pullmans on journeys not of hours but of days. We sink back upon the deep cushions of the specially adjusted seat, watch our lights pick up an Arab caravan ahead, see it flash past us in a silent, hooded procession, inhale the soft breeze from the sea, doze

off to the comfortable swaying of the big car for a minute or so, when the motor slows down, lights appear and once again we are in the midst of an African city.

"Rabat, Rabat," calls out the Arabian who opens the door of the Pullman. We descend.

This journey of sixty miles that five years previously had taken a whole day over the most precarious of roadbeds, that had been accomplished in a constant state of anxiety with a revolver wedged in the seat between us, among an unfriendly and scowling people in the villages, through rough and deserted countrysides, all this we had done with the maximum of ease and comfort in a couple of hours. Beside us sat the dignified Arab *souk*, chieftain of goodness knows how many of those wandering tribes that inhabit the region between Casablanca and the vast reaches of the Atlas Mountains, this fine old Berber with his patrician face and aquiline nose, descendant of a people already ancient when our earliest forefathers were young. There he was throughout the entire journey, a distinguished proof of our constant security as we rolled quietly along the well paved highways, down a road that had formerly been little more than a caravan trail. We descend from the now silent motor.

"A room and bath? Assuredly, Monsieur. A chamber has been reserved for you, a superb view of the sea and the minarets of the Residency of the Cheerif from the balcony." He claps his hands and an eight-year-old bellboy in slippers and the inevitable burnous takes possession of our bags, and we enter yet another great hotel situated in the heart of northern Africa.

This is travel in the year 1928!

Done mostly on account of, and thanks to, Americans. For it was Americans who, tired of the constant round of Paris, London, Rome and the capitals of Europe, began journeying down into Northern Africa, penetrating further and further into regions that were by progressive stages uncertain, unsafe, and dangerous for travel. It was American pressure that made the French develop Algiers and Morocco; made the British open up Palestine and Syria to



Arcade at Portofino, Italy

wandered through Arizona and New Mexico when they were totally unprepared for visitors. It was at the demand of Americans that the first World Cruise was run in 1911, due solely to them that the idea has grown until at present there is hardly a land anywhere in the world at which their cruise ships do not touch. If the travel business has prospered until in some countries it is one of the greatest of all industries—in Switzerland in 1927, for instance, the hotel business alone amounted to five hundred millions of francs and was the second largest industry in the nation—it is due to Americans. If travel both here and abroad has increased 60 per cent. in the period from 1919 to 1927, Americans largely are responsible for the increase. And it is because of Americans that the travel profession to-day is a commerce involving countless millions of dollars yearly, employing hundreds of thousands of people both in this country and Europe, with untold reactions in all sorts of directions. For instance, it stimulates the manufacture of aircraft, it helps and assists the steel business, it affects the book publisher through the ever increasing number of travel volumes, it touches directly banking, industry and trade of all sorts over the entire globe.

LOOK back thirty years. Your father, if he took a vacation at all, got away for two weeks in the summer. And thought he was a lucky man. Years of a panic, years of bad times he took no vacation and didn't think of such a thing. To-day the average business man not only takes a vacation in summer, he not only harnesses up the car and goes across the line into Canada or out to the Yellowstone; to-day he also finds the time (and money) to get away from the pressing worries of the world of

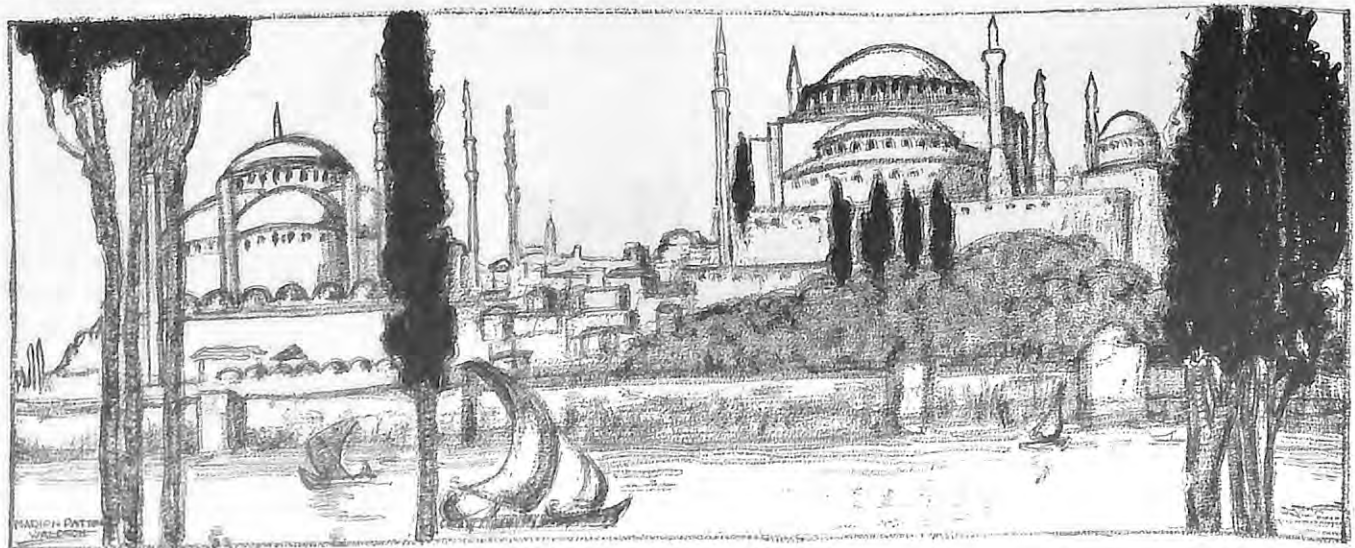
tourists and run trips from Damascus into the Holy Land; it was the American who insisted that his government take charge of our great National Parks and make them possible for tourists to see in something less than six weeks; it was the American traveler who discovered the southwestern portion of the United States, who

affairs for a short time in winter also. Not every business man, it is true, takes a vacation every winter. But more and more business men are finding it possible to leave the office during the months from October to May, more and more are stealing a week for a little golf in the South, or a fortnight for a trip somewhere or other. Because the American to-day is sold on travel. In a word, he is travel mad.

The reasons given me for this by the head of a world wide travel organization were threefold.

First of all, he pointed out that travel, despite the increased cost of living and the general rise in the price of all commodities since before the war, was now comparatively the cheapest thing you could buy. In this country it is possible to purchase a second-hand car for a hundred dollars, and with the aid of the tourists camps which have sprung up in the past few years all over the land, journey across the country for less than you could go by train and in hotels twenty years ago. Thanks to the government the great National Parks in the northwest have been opened up to tourists and accommodations furnished at unusually reasonable rates in the camps and hotels throughout the region. Eleven millions of people toured this country in automobiles in 1927, according to figures furnished by the A. A. A. Travelers who go to Europe first class on a de luxe liner can pay anything up to several thousand dollars for the rooms that shelter them not over seven days. Yet the man who wishes to go cheaply can engage a berth in tourist third class and reach the shores of England and France and return for something less than a hundred dollars each way. Pensions and boarding houses on the Continent that were unknown twenty years ago are being used by tourist agencies for this class of traveler who wishes to see the Old World at a minimum cost. The comparative cheapness of travel throughout the world is then the first reason for its phenomenal growth in the decade since the war.

The second reason adduced by this official was the increased prosperity in the United States during the past five years. With more money to spend, with more time and leisure in which to spend it, the comfortably off citizen is taking his wife across the ocean, or on a vacation somewhere in this country by car. The rise in wages as felt by all classes has broadened the traveling public; teachers, for instance, are now flocking in hordes to see lands they talk about to their classes. People in this



The famous mosque of St. Sophia dominates the waterfront of Constantinople

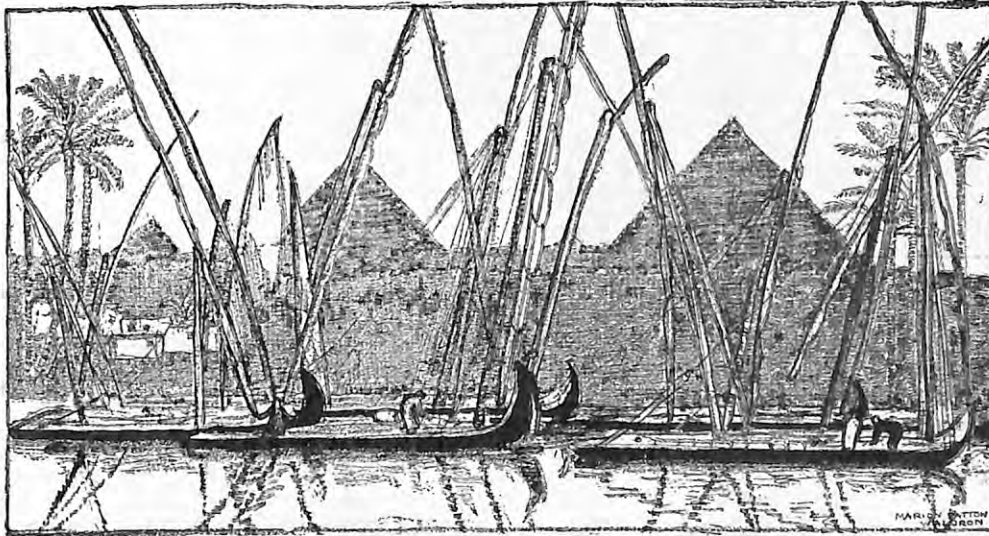
country who formerly never left the old home town now speak of Rome and London, of Paris and Geneva as they used to speak of the state capital and the neighboring town where the county fair is held each fall.

Reason number three. The World War. No explanation of anything nowadays from the high cost of rents in American cities to the drop in birth rate in the Balkans can be satisfactorily explained without dragging in the war. I knew when he started talking that the head of this travel agency would never quit without mentioning the war, and when he left it to the end I was a little surprised. Wanderlust, the desire to get out and see, felt by men in the army has stimulated travel. Those who were in France want to get back again; the boys who never got further East than Camp Merritt, New Jersey, want to have a look at what they missed. It all sounds fair enough, even to an ex-service man.

Now, while deferring to the judgments of those who specialize in the travel business, no inconsiderable time devoted to traveling since the year 1911, as well as a good deal of attention lately given to watching Americans in many different parts of the world, has convinced me that this official omitted to state the chief reason of all which tends to make my countryman the most fanatical of travelers. The real expla-



Above, an English village nestling among the hills of Dorsetshire; and below a flotilla of native boats floating past the pyramids in the Nile



of ten thousand miles, the tour can be made for eight and a half cents a mile, living and transportation included!

The first of all cruises of this sort was instituted as long ago as 1911. It cost exactly six hundred and fifty dollars. This past winter there were ninety-four such cruises, and a man whose business it is to know declares that if booked to capacity these cruises would have carried twenty-five thousand, one hundred and fifty passengers, of whom 60 per cent. were women. He also figures the sum spent for accommodation on cruises last winter alone as exactly twenty-six million, six hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

The war, responsible for so many other things, put a stop to World Cruises. Nor did they resume popularity until 1922, when a big travel company came to the rescue by chartering a liner to go around the world on what they called a "Golden Jubilee Tour" to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of a small tour made in 1872, and conducted by the founder of the firm. This tour was so successful that in 1923 several other agencies took up the idea, and in 1928 there will be well over a hundred cruises going to such varied destinations as the West Indies, Norway, Africa, Iceland and the Mediterranean.

IN 1929 the number is likely to be increased, tours ranging from the Standard Cruise to cruises hunting big game in Central Africa, and cruises on a private yacht in the blue waters of the Adriatic limited to forty people. The so-called Standard Cruise is a cruise run by a number of different steamship lines, usually taking in the same places, stops being made in China, Japan, Java, Siam, Burma, Egypt, Italy, France, and Spain. The detail work on all these cruises is carried out to a fine point. You pay to have someone else do your

(Continued on page 56)

nation why the American man is the greatest traveler of any nationality in the world can, I believe, be answered in two words: his wife.

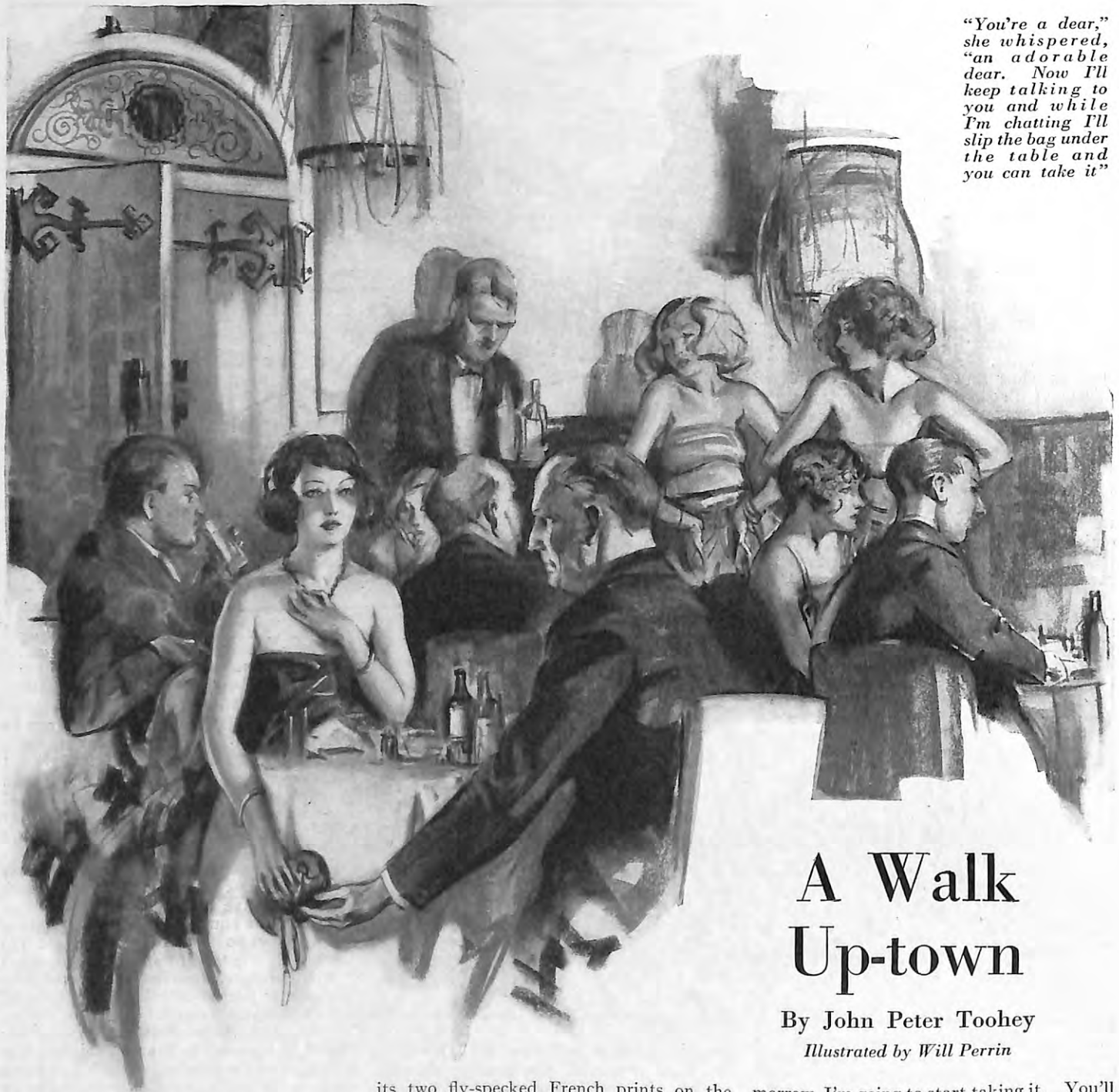
The English travel

"For to admire, for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—"

Germans travel on business only. The French travel when they are obliged to, and that seldom. But the Americans travel on account of the wife. Ask them under pressure, cross-examine them, pin them down to it, the heads of all the great travel agencies, the presidents of the big steamship companies, the passenger traffic agents of our trans-continental railways will confess—sometimes reluctantly—that it is the American woman who makes the American man travel. More than that, they will also admit that she is the one who picks out the route, she is the one who has developed winter travel because she realizes that it is more fashionable to journey in winter than in summer, she is the one who bullies, threatens, kids and cajoles her usually none too willing husband into a trip around the world, a trip to Europe, a trip to Florida, or even a two days' trip in

the family motor to the nearest large city. She it is, in a word, who is responsible for the great increase in travel of the American business man. And in reality she is indirectly responsible—and not so indirectly at that—for the methods of travel that have come into vogue in the past decade.

First of all: the World Cruise. A whole book could be written about the World Cruise. During a World Cruise you journey upon three different oceans in a vast floating caravansary, with swimming pools and grill rooms and squash courts and tea dances in the afternoon, called a liner. This is your home, here you get your laundry done every week, upon this ship you tour from port to port, Aden, Singapore, Shanghai, a day here, a day there, a couple of days at the next place. There is a wide range of prices for these cruises, thus you can get aboard one large ship on a cruise of a hundred and forty days around the world for as little as twelve hundred dollars, something between eight and nine dollars a day, which is certainly anything but expensive. Or you can, if you have the cash, spend as much as twelve thousand dollars for a private suite with bath. The usual cost is around four thousand dollars per person. At an average



"You're a dear," she whispered, "an adorable dear. Now I'll keep talking to you and while I'm chatting I'll slip the bag under the table and you can take it"

A Walk Up-town

By John Peter Toohey

Illustrated by Will Perrin

MILTON BRIGGS was lonesome. He wished Mary hadn't developed that headache. They could have taken in a show and he might have been able to forget that it was lodge night back home. The boys were going to decide on the parade costume to be worn by the Butler delegation at the Louisville convention, and he wondered if Jim Purdy would be able to put that umbrella idea across. They'd worked it out together only the week before—white umbrellas with bold red lettering running around the edge:

"Meet the Bunch from Butler."

Why, with all the boys in white linen suits, white high hats and red neckties under those umbrellas, the first prize for the most novel turnout would be sure to come their way, and the home town would get a little free advertising that wouldn't hurt any. He wished he'd postponed this New York trip until after the meeting.

He sighed, lit another cigar and looked around the stuffy little parlor of the hotel suite with its snuff-colored velours furniture,

its two fly-specked French prints on the wall, and its decayed air of faded primness. Not a decently comfortable chair to sprawl out in, and no radio set. His wife's voice came in a thin wail from the bedroom.

"Milt, come in here please."

He arose quickly and went into the other room. She was lying on one of the twin beds, a damp handkerchief across her forehead. She was a slender woman with an angular face, graying hair and thin, pale lips. He bent over her solicitously.

"What is it, mother?" he inquired. "Anything I can do?"

"I feel kind of sleepy," she murmured. "Think I'll be able to doze off. I'm worried about my heart. Maybe one of those attacks is coming on. I sometimes get a headache like this just before."

"Oh, that's just your imagination, mother. You just get a little sleep and you'll be O. K. in the morning."

"Well, I'm going to be on the safe side anyway. I got Ed Henry to copy off that prescription of Dr. Jackson's, and you can get it filled for me. If I'm no better to-

morrow, I'm going to start taking it. You'll find it in my hand-bag."

He rummaged for the paper and found it. "All right, mother—just as you say. I was thinking of taking a little walk up-town, anyway. This place kind of gives me the willies. You sure you'll be all right?"

"Quite sure, Milt," she murmured, sleepily. "Try and not make any noise when you come in, and don't stay out later than nine-thirty or ten at the outside. You know how bad you feel the next day when you don't get your sleep. Besides, I'm sure it's going to rain. Better wear your rubbers."

"Oh, shucks," he grunted. "There isn't any sign of rain. I don't need any rubbers."

She sat up, galvanized into activity. "Milt Briggs," she snapped, "you do as I say. The paper said rain. You put on your rubbers and take an umbrella. You know as well as I do how easily you catch cold, and if you think I'm going to have you down with grippe or something worse and me with my weak heart—well, you're very much mistaken."

"All right, mother," he said, wearily.



"No need to get all het up about it. I'll wear the darned things, and I'll take the umbrella, too."

He fumbled in the closet for the rubbers and puffed strenuously as he stamped into them. Mrs. Briggs sank back on her pillow with a sigh.

"You're such a trying man," she murmured. "Seems as if you've just got to be told all the time what's best for you to do. I certainly don't know what would have become of you if I hadn't taken you in hand twenty-five years ago."

He smiled tenderly at her.

"GUESS maybe I'd be occupying a little six by three compartment in Lakeview cemetery if you hadn't, mother," he chuckled; "or maybe working in the K. and L. round-house still, tinkering with locomotives and figuring on retiring soon on a pension of thirty-five dollars a month. You get a good sleep now, and we'll go down in the morning if you feel all right and take a look at the Woolworth Building."

He closed the door softly and paused before the mirror in the parlor to adjust his hat and give his necktie the final little twist that habit had made necessary. He wiped a tiny smear of dust off the end of his nose and surveyed his reflection critically. Not

such a bad-looking codger for fifty-two, he told himself. Could pass for forty-five in a pinch. Eyes still clear; flesh pink and healthy-looking; hair just tinged with gray; no sag to the shoulders—life in the old dog yet! He tilted his hat to a jaunty angle, and went downstairs and out into the street. Stars gleamed in a clear sky and a full moon beamed benignly. He grumblingly returned to the check room and handed his rubbers and umbrella to an attendant.

"Wife's a little fussy about my health," he explained. "Mothers me something terrible."

Some inner need for male companionship prompted him to conversation with the corner druggist while a clerk compounded the prescription.

"Trade pretty good?" he inquired.

"Can't complain."

"I'm in the shoe line myself—Butler, Illinois. First trip to New York. Get to Chicago every few years, but like the little old home town best. Ever hear of Butler?"

"Can't say I have," replied the druggist, whose look indicated that he feared the worst.

"That's funny," said Mr. Briggs. "Fastest growing community in the state. My folks moved there when I was just a kid, and I've lived there ever since. Lovely town. Maple trees on most of the residential streets, and every one's got a lawn. Often

wonder what you folks in big cities do for grass."

"We've got a lot up in Central Park," said the druggist. "I often wonder what you folks in small towns do for excitement. Must be pretty damned dull in one of those places."

Mr. Briggs thrust his head forward beligerently.

"NOT so you'd notice it," he said. "Suits us. Always something doing. Take me, for instance. Wife and I take in a movie a couple of times a week and I get a lot of fun out of my lodge meeting every Thursday night. Then there's always some kind of a good stunt at the Kiwanis lunch every Tuesday. I play golf every Saturday afternoon at the country club. Finest course you ever saw. We have a dance there every other Saturday night all winter, with a regulation jazz orchestra. Makes us old boys do some lively stepping. We don't have as many hold-ups to the square foot as you do here, and sometimes a whole year goes by without a policeman getting shot at, but we manage to get along."

"I suppose it's every man to his own poison," remarked the druggist cheerfully. "Here's your medicine. Drop in again sometime."

Mr. Briggs shoved the bottle in his overcoat pocket and strolled out into the night

again. He made inquiries of a policeman he found loitering in a doorway.

"I'd sort of like to take a walk around what they call the White Light district," he explained. "It's up-town from here, isn't it?"

The policeman directed him to Broadway, and he sauntered up that thoroughfare into the Roaring Forties. It was past curtain time in the theatres, but jostling crowds still clogged the streets from building line to curb. The incandescent splendor of myriads of electric signs dazzled Mr. Briggs, and the feverish excitement that pulsed in the air stirred him curiously. Everywhere he looked there was a theatre—serried ranks of them on both sides of Forty-second Street and up the gleaming reach of Broadway as far as the eye could see. He stood in front of the Times Building and drank in the scene with a strange elation.

"Gosh," he murmured. "Some town!"

A GIGANTIC sign announcing the pictured presence of Sylvia Thayer in "The Loves of Lorelei," beckoned to him from a near-by movie palace. She was his favorite screen actress, and he edged his way gingerly into the long queue that stretched away from the ticket window. He looked at his watch when he emerged into the blinding brightness of Broadway two hours later. It was eleven o'clock. He'd better be getting back to the hotel. Maybe Mary's headache would keep her awake, and perhaps she'd be worrying about him. Then he remembered that the last time she'd had such a headache she'd slept soundly until morning. The brilliant lights of upper Broadway summoned him to new explorations. He'd risk another half an hour. Exhilarated, he moved slowly up the street with the surging, seething throng.

He peered into shop windows and the lobbies of theatres with the naive curiosity of a child. Up a side street in the lower Fifties he noticed a cluster of signs—"Club Albermarle"—"Ben Broad's Club Versailles"—"Club Royale." Joe Tully had been to a couple on his last trip east and had regaled the crowd in Sanger's cigar store one night with a detailed account of his adventures. Pretty daring goings on, Mr. Briggs had thought at the time. Really oughtn't to be allowed.

He suddenly found himself drifting up the side street towards the Club Royale. A taxicab drew up to the curb in front of the

resort and disgorged a noisy quartette of men. They sang with shrill nasality as they sprawled under the lighted canopy. As Mr. Briggs approached, a tall functionary in a gorgeous green and gold uniform darted out from the doorway and steered them towards the entrance.

"We'll have the cops here in a minute if

CAPTAIN McQUOID and Mr. Ben Blick are as engaging a pair of maritime rascals as you've met in a long while. In "The Trail of the Dolphin" and "Masked Batteries," by Carl Clausen, appearing soon, you will meet them.

you fellows don't cut it out," he warned them, good-naturedly. "Better do your singing inside."

He edged them towards the door. Mr. Briggs was alongside by this time and found himself herded along with the others. He wondered for a moment if Jim Tully hadn't romanced a little about the wickedness and all that. He'd heard that one had to be introduced in some of these places. This group of men seemed to be known. Maybe he could get a look at the inside if he went in with them. Of course he wouldn't be able to stay. He'd have to get back to the hotel, but he *would* like to have just a look. The tall doorman shoved him in the back just then and he went plunging through the door behind the roysterers. A sleek-looking attendant, with greased hair and beady eyes, whisked off his overcoat and grabbed his hat. He was lost.

A little bewildered, he followed the others down a hallway lighted with red-shaded frosted bulbs. The whine of a saxophone reached his ears, mingled with the blurred babble of many voices and the shrill laughter of women. Swinging doors opened in front of him, letting out a blare of sound, and he found himself watching a line of lovely girls in diaphanous costumes whirling rhythmically on a cleared space in the center of a large room. Darting bare legs gleamed in the dazzling white glare of a spotlight, and the air throbbed with the savage snarl of jazz. Soft silken draperies, festooned from a central point high overhead, formed a ceiling that shuddered tremulously in the draft from the

swinging doors, and a great crystal chandelier glistened through wracks of blue tobacco smoke. The tables that edged the dance floor and clogged every inch of space on each side, were occupied by women in delicate, filmy gowns and men in evening dress. Mr. Briggs gasped. He had never seen anything like it before. A suave head-waiter appeared at his elbow.

"How many in the party?" he inquired.

"Party—oh—there isn't any party. I'm all alone."

The head-waiter grunted and waved to an assistant on the right side. The captain held a menu card aloft and beckoned with it to the bewildered Mr. Briggs. He found himself jostled by a party of guests just arriving, and in sheer embarrassment decided to sit down for a few minutes. The place found for him was a tiny table near the wall. It was set for two. Mr. Briggs wished for a moment that Mary was with him, but second thought assured him that Mary wouldn't approve of this place. A glance at the dainty menu card which lay on the table before him made this assurance doubly sure. "Cover Charge—\$3.50"—"Club Sandwich—\$2.50"—"Chicken Sandwich—\$1.75"—"Ginger Ale—\$1.50." Whew! Joe Tully hadn't lied about the prices anyway.

The lovely girls had finished their number out on the dance floor, and had been followed by an entrancingly beautiful blonde attired in a costume that was just a mere matter of beads and glittering rhinestones held together by a few folds of blue silk. Mr. Briggs had never seen anyone quite so seductively alluring. He gazed at her in rapt admiration as she began to sing something in which she boldly declared herself to be a "wild, wild baby." He was quite sure she must be, but somehow he didn't seem to mind.

THE forbidding and disapproving scowl of a waiter who hovered about his table intimidated him into ordering some ginger ale and a chicken sandwich. He was occupied with this frugal repast when he noticed a buxom woman in an evening gown circulating among the tables. She was a hearty, wholesome looking person with a jolly laugh, and she seemed to know nearly everyone in the place. She stopped to drop a word of greeting here and there, and once

(Continued on page 52)



He grabbed for her arm, then reel'd backwards. Mr. Briggs had landed heavily on his nose



Laurette Taylor and A. E. Anson

YOU'RE not likely to meet any of the people in Zoe Akins' play, "The Furies" with the possible exception of the amusing social climber so well portrayed by John Cumberland. The rest are too touched by madness or eccentricity or downright improbability to be real people, yet all mixed together in a plot that starts with light social comedy,

plunges into murder-mystery in the second act, and ends on a note of fantastic melodrama, they make a theatrically entertaining group dominated by the highlight of Miss Taylor's acting. Mr. Anson is convincing as the lawyer struggling against incipient insanity and if you are an admirer of Laurette Taylor, see this play by all means.—E. R. B.

WHITE



In "The Scarlet Fox" the Canadian Mounted do it again. Called into a mining town to quell a strike the redcoats find a murder problem on their hands and set out hotfoot on the trail. Sergeant Devlin, who had an earlier incarnation in "Tiger Rose," leads the man hunt, impersonated by Willard Mack, who wrote this fine, meaty part for himself. Mr. Mack has his old disarming strut and charm, and has surrounded himself with capable players. On the left he is shown expounding clues to his troupers

VANDAMM



VANDAMM

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



Above is George Artiss gone Shakespearean. He has been playing Shylock to Peggy Wood's Portia in a revival of "The Merchant of Venice" which started in New York and is now traveling about the country. His is a fine, scholarly performance, but quite lacking in the usual fiery declamation of the rôle

You may have seen Somerset Maugham's Anglo-American comedy "Our Betters" when it was staged here several years ago. It has lost much of its spicy shockingness in the interval, but remains an amusing comedy of manners in which Ina Claire (left) gives one of her perfect, brittle performances

European drama likes to take an occasional slap at our multi-millionaires. Such a blow is aimed in "Improvisations in June" translated from the German of Max Mohr and set forth by Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory group. The tale, which has many moments of comic relief, unfolds in an old castle where Josephine Hutchinson and Donald Cameron (right) contribute some happy sentimental interludes



VANDAMM



"Golden Dawn" is a music-drama in which the comely Barbara Newberry (left) does her bit as a dancer. The score supplied by Emmerich Kalman and Herbert Stothart, combined with the fine voices and richly beautiful settings designed by Josef Urban, make this piece an outstanding feast for ear and eye. The play's one weakness is a noticeable lack of comedy

When two sets of friends marry and take to playing practical jokes in mixed pairs, the comedy often comes very near to tragedy. So it happens in George M. Cohan's farce "Whispering Friends." Two-thirds of the time you can't possibly help laughing and the other third you may have to wink hard occasionally. One of the principals, Elsie Lawson, is missing from this squabbling group at the right, which includes Anne Shoemaker, William Horgan and Chester Morris, all well cast



VANDAMM



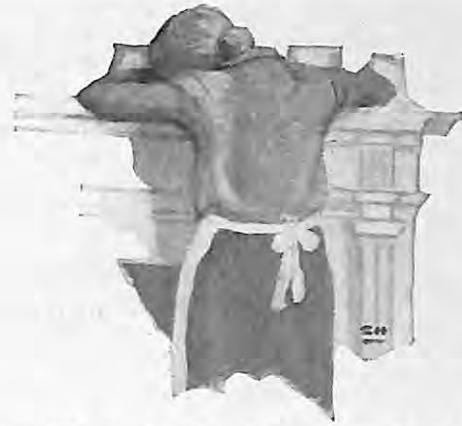
Title This Page and Win a Fur-trimmed Niblick

Before It Is Too Late

A Kind-Hearted Ruse Summons Three Prodigals Home

By Conrad Richter

Illustrated by Zack Hoag



WHEN Samuel Bowman, the lanky gray-mustached station agent at Pine Mills, rang the doorbell, it could mean one of three things. It might be an express package. It might be a telegram. And it might be one of Sammy's social calls.

Around the station Sammy had a boy whose business it was to handle baggage and express, and deliver the mail sacks and telegrams, but Sammy himself liked the job of walking around town with an excuse in his hand to get into somebody's house for a social call. After the two morning trains were in, he usually shed his blue coat, slipped into a black one, picked up the telegrams, if any, and one or two light express packages, and started across the rear tracks. No one was supposed to deliver express in Pine Mills. The express ruling was that folks could come after their own packages. But Sammy was an exception to a number of rules.

There was one old-fashioned yellow house on Maple Street where he seldom had the excuse of a package or telegram, but Sammy called anyhow. He told himself the neighbors wouldn't know whether he had a telegram or not. The Lord knew there was plenty of reason for Susan McCarrell to get one. He had known her since childhood, the daughter of the doctor who had brought him and a good many other now gray-haired citizens of Pine Mills into the world. What a big merry house the doctor's four girls had had in the old days, lively parties with only a piano and their heads, without benefit of the radio, moving-picture, automobile or bootlegger, although sometimes a few of the young fellows gave forth a suspicious breath.

He had seen Susan married, the mother of three children, then a widow with a very slender income and four mouths to feed, four backs to clothe. Sammy hadn't often seen her table, but no more neatly dressed youngsters went to Pine Mills school. They looked like their mother, but they had their father's blood. Frank, the eldest, had run away West before he was out of high school. He had come back once, then left again. Emily and Bill had stayed home longer, but Sam divined that it was only a matter of time until they, too, flew from the nest. Pine Mills was not for them. It lacked something stirring that their blood demanded. Sam understood in a way. He himself had sometimes felt the call of the far places.

Susan McCarrell's troubles, however, were not confined to her children. A sufferer of hay fever by summer and from asthma by winter, she hid her ills in the recesses of her old house, and came out only when she could put a smiling face before the world. Her lively air in conversation, her fondness for friendly, old-fashioned banter, and her perennial cheerfulness in the face of solitude and suffering, had many years ago elicited Sam Bowman's deep

respect. He liked her courage, and he liked her company. She had not changed a great deal from the girl he had known fifty years before. They had good talks of old times together, and there was also between them the bond of absent children. However, he had the advantage of her here. The railroad company furnished him and his wife free transportation once each year to West Virginia and Michigan, while Susan McCarrell tended her flowers on the sunny side of the old frame house, and visited distant places only in thought.

To-day, as she led him out of the dimness of the hall into the sunny sitting-room, he was disturbed to find that, almost overnight, she had aged. Her cheeks looked gray as her hair. The old jocular remarks came, but the accustomed energy was not behind them. When she took her chair by the window, he had never seen the light in her eyes so low. Sam was sobered.

"Susie," he said, "you better let me tell Doc Williams to run down and look at your tongue."

"I'm not sick, Sam. Just a little blue. You know how you get sometimes."

Sam mentally noted that she had not confessed being blue before.

"It's the weather," he told her. "The hay fever takes the pep out of you."

"Now, Sam," she chided him gently, "when did you ever see the weather do that?"

"Then you're worrying over something. One of those kids hasn't written you. You ought to be old enough to know better than worry over that. Sometimes our Charley doesn't write for two months. Lucy gets worried. What's the use of worrying, I tell her. You know Charley, and I know Charley. If he started to write every week, then there'd be reason to get worried."

Mrs. McCarrell shook her head. "I had a letter from Will just yesterday. Emily and Frank write regularly, too—Frank not so often, but he writes." She indicated the deep window sill at her side

where lay an open box of stationery, a bottle of ink and a pile of letters. Sam speculated how often those letters had been fingered and read.

"If my kids wrote that many letters home," he told her, "I'd go to Sunday School and sing bass in the Methodist choir."

She knitted a time in smiling silence.

"Sam," she began in a perfectly quiet and controlled voice, "I've been thinking—if anything should happen to me, nobody would know who to let know and where to find them."

"Now, look here, Susie," enjoined Sam uncomfortably. "Get that off your mind, and let's talk about sensible things. There isn't anything going to happen you for a while."

"I'm a pessimist to-day, Sammy. I'm the last of my family. And I'm sixty-eight."

"What's sixty-eight! I'm pretty near that myself, and the railroad hasn't pensioned me yet. You're just getting a little gloomy living here all by yourself."

SHE listened to him with a patient little smile.

"Sam," she said quietly, "I've been thinking of this a long time. I want you to oblige me by taking these names down. It will make me feel better." She handed him the bottle of ink, the old black pen and a sheet of note-paper from the half-emptied box. "You better write them yourself, then you can read them."

"If something happens to me, then who's going to read them?" he grumbled. Reluctant, yet not knowing how to put her off, he laid the sheet on the flat arm of his chair and dipped the pen. She gave him first the address of her oldest boy, Frank, in the Cœur d'Alenes, Idaho; second, the address of her middle child, Emily, near Miami, Florida; third, the address of the youngest, Bill, in San Antonio. If Mrs. McCarrell had ever felt partial toward any of her children, the secret would go with her to her grave.

Sammy, whose brows had been steadily contracting, scratched down these and other names, folded the paper and put it into his pocket with the relief that a child in church opens the hymn-book after the sermon. He glanced at the snapshots of children placed in a row on the mantel by a loving hand. When he spoke, it was in a casual voice that might and might not have fooled Mrs. Susan McCarrell.

"How long is it now, Susie, that Bill was East?"

She gave him a quick glance, but he was still looking at the photographs in an artless manner.

"Several years," she answered, a muffled note in her voice.

"Several years!" repeated Sam. "Why,



you haven't seen that young codger of Bill's yet, and he's five years old if he's a day."

"I have his picture," declared Mrs. McCarrell.

"A picture's all right," said Sam, "but it can't crawl up in your lap and ask questions, and it doesn't have a sticky face."

Susan McCarrell flushed a little, and came quickly to her son's defense.

"Will and Agnes would have been in before," she explained, "but they're paying off their house. They have their own home, the loveliest place, but everything's so high now. I told him to wait until he had the money to spare. Then Junior will be older to travel, too."

"Huh, that wouldn't hurt him," declared Sammy. "When's Frank coming home? He ought to be making good money in that silver-lead mine."

"He talks about it," faltered Mother McCarrell, "but you know Helen is from California, and when they go anywhere, it's so much nearer there than here. Then Frank's been away from the East so long, he feels he's settled out there. Of course, if he was working for the railroad and could get passes, that would be different."

SAMMY looked unconvinced. His sharp old eyes were fastened on her now like a solemn old hound's on the trail.

"When's Emily coming North? I should think she'd want to come up here to spend the summer."

"Oh, it isn't hot where they live, you know. Emily says she has a blanket on the children nearly every night."

"I've never been much in the South," confessed Sammy, doubtfully.

"Then, you know, Heber can't get away," further testified Mrs. McCarrell. "He has a place that sells gas and oil, and has nobody he can trust it with."

"Is that so!" commented Sammy. "I don't believe you ever saw that youngest one of Emily's."

"Not Gladys," she admitted reluctantly. "But I saw Susan. She was born in this house, you remember. Emily came home to have her."

"She was just a baby," remarked Sammy. "I don't suppose you'd object to seeing her again."

"Of course," her voice trembled, "it would be wonderful to see her now that she's old enough to go to school, and Gladys, too, but I have their pictures. They're a great comfort. I take them down nearly every day."

Sammy eyed silently the row of inconsequential snapshots, showing two girls and a boy in homely poses about houses and yards. The boy was about five, and he looked out of the picture with his Grandmother McCarrell's courageous eyes.

"That boy of Bill's looks like you," he observed. "How can you talk about something happening when you have those kids to see yet?"

Susan McCarrell's eyes looked very far away.

"Perhaps," she said inexplicably, "I might see them quicker that way."

When Sammy left the yellow McCarrell house a few minutes later, he crossed the street to a square plain house painted in clashing country town colors. There was a big side yard, a few flowers, but no such impractical thing as a lawn. Its ground had been put to the more profitable use of a vegetable garden. This was the kingdom

"SOLDIER BLOOD" by Lawrence Perry is a story of West Point service traditions, and of the struggle in a youngster's heart between the lure of the outside world and the call of his inheritance. It is a story you will surely like. Look for it soon.

of Mrs. Clinton Fleck. Nearly everybody in Pine Mills called her Mammy.

Mammy was stout, and slow to make friends. But once she really accepted you into her fatty heart, there was little, with the exception of spending money, she would not do for you. She had an especial fondness for Mrs. McCarrell who was nearly her opposite in size and texture. Sam had heard the latter refer to more than one tasty dish that Mammy had sent over, and he had heard Mammy tell of times she had found Mrs. McCarrell laid low on the sitting-room couch.

Sam sat down on the bench under the Fleck grape arbor. The summer sun filtered through the vine, printing patterns of shadow and sunlight on his old black coat. He never went into the Fleck house unless Clint were home. People would talk. No one ever dared to talk against Mrs. McCarrell.

"Mammy," he announced soberly, "before this winter's over, you and I are going to a funeral."

"Yes, likely," said Mammy. "We usually do."

"I mean somebody on this street, a friend of ours. You know who I mean."

Mammy's face appeared a little frightened.

"I didn't know she was sick. I got some fresh cherry pie. I'll take it over and some of Clint's elderberry wine."

"You go ahead," encouraged Sammy. "It'll do her good. But it won't make her

well. What she needs is something she'll never get."

Mammy Fleck was stout, moon-faced and phlegmatic, but when it came to mortal matters on her own street, she was not dull.

"I know what you mean," she said. "I told Clint just to-day again, isn't it a shame she has to live there all alone!"

"That woman," declared Sammy, "is eating her heart out to see her children, but she wouldn't admit to Pontius Pilate himself. She can tell you one dozen reasons why they shouldn't come in. It's too far. It costs too much—"

"It isn't too far once when she's dead," observed Mammy Fleck sentimentously. "Then it don't cost too much, either. They'll all come quick enough."

"You bet!" agreed Sammy. "When she's dead, then they'll come. Now when she could have a nice time with them, they stay away."

"Well, that's the way life goes," sighed Mammy. "I remember one time she cried a little to me—oh, a good while ago. I wouldn't want you to say anything, because it isn't often you catch her, but she said she got that homesick to see them sometimes she didn't know what to do. Mind you, she never even saw Bill's boy or Emily's youngest girl! I said to Clint, the only time those poor children will see their grandmom is when she's in her coffin. Isn't it so?"

"It's a fine place to get introduced to a good woman like her!" remarked Sammy.

"WHY, she never even saw Frank's wife!" went on Mammy with growing emotion. "I asked her one day—Mrs. McCarrell, wouldn't you like to see your children? Of course she would, she said, but they had sent her their pictures. I said to Clint, doesn't that sound just like her? You couldn't get a word out of her against them."

"Mammy," asserted Sammy, "you and I have it pretty good in some ways."

"I bet," agreed Mammy. "I'd sooner not have any, than have them stay away like that. I often say to Clint about her and Amy Snyder. There's Amy's two boys, Ike and Claude. One's in Canada or some place. If she told me once, Amy's told me lots of times what she wouldn't give to see those boys. She's been bad lately. The doctor thinks it's cancer, but if those boys come, I'll give you a half a dollar!"

Sam sat silent what seemed like a long time.

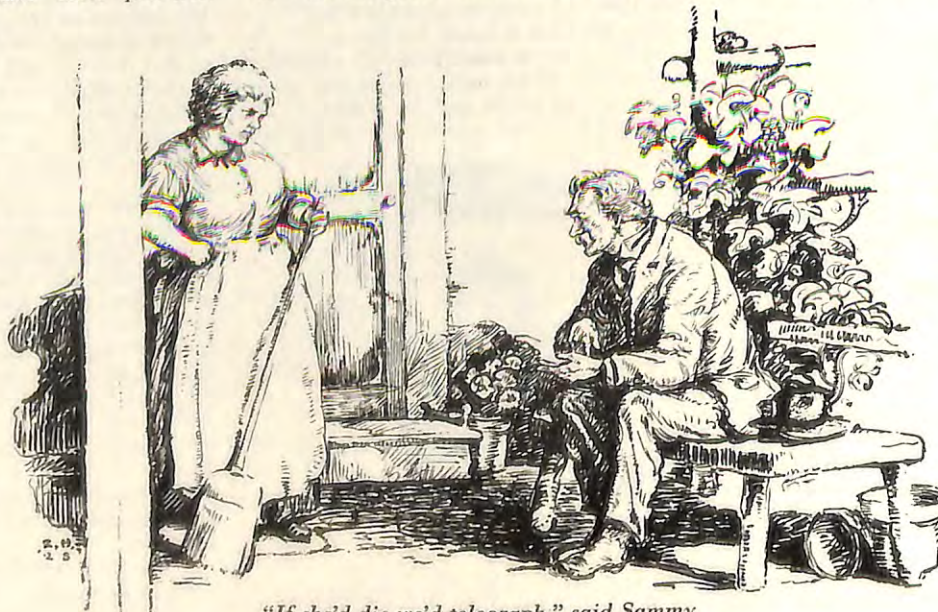
"Mammy," he said at length. "I'm going on my vacation next week. I can't go away and see my children and let her back here all alone. We got to do something before I go."

"Yes," agreed the practical Mammy. "It's easy to talk. You can't make them come!"

"Maybe we can," suggested Sammy. "If she'd die, we'd telegraph quick enough. Well, there's better reason for telegraphing now than then, isn't there?"

Mammy looked around a little frightened, as if there might be someone listening.

"What would you telegraph now? She



"If she'd die we'd telegraph," said Sammy



isn't dead yet. If you telegraph that, they won't come."

Sam considered deliberately. He looked like an old-time rural judge sitting in an open-air court-room. Not every man in a black coat and the blue trousers of a station agent can sit on a homemade wash-bench under a grape arbor near a back door and look judicial.

"Well," he ventured, "I figured we could send something like this: 'If you want to see your mother alive, come at once.' That's eleven words. We could say immediately instead of at once."

Mammy Fleck was plainly awed. She stirred uneasily.

"What then when they'd come and find her up and around yet?"

"I don't tell them they're going to find her in bed," protested Sammy. "If they think that, it'll be their own fault. All I say is it'll be the last time they see her alive. Isn't that the truth now?"

"WELL," said Mammy. "I told Clint more than once I wouldn't be surprised any morning to hear Mrs. Berger call me over."

"Now, Mammy," began the station agent, "we ought to sort of have a little committee on this thing. How about you signing your good name to the telegrams?"

"No, indeed, not me," declared Mammy with haste.

"Well," said Sammy slowly, "maybe we can send them off without any name on."

Mammy looked impressed, but still nervous.

"Who's going to pay for all the way out to California and Florida and wherever they are?"

He had seen Susan married, the mother of three children, then a widow with a very slender income and four hungry mouths to feed, four backs to clothe

Sammy played his trump card.

"I'll pay—it won't cost you a penny—if you take them down. I'd hand them in myself, but that new operator might take a notion to poke his nose into it and report me. He looks cross-eyed when I even deliver express packages. He thinks everybody over fifty should resign and let young fellows like him run the railroad."

"Well," hesitated Mammy, "I might not take them down myself, but I guess Clint would—if you get the money."

"I knew I could depend on you, Mammy," declared the old station agent gratefully. "Now I'll find out the rate to these three places and bring you the money. I got to run along now. If I'm not on the spot when that operator wants to go for dinner, he lets up an awful howl and the men at the tannery think it's the whistle for noon."

When Sammy let himself again into the Fleck garden by the smoothly latching gate, he assured Mammy he had it all fixed. Here were the telegrams made out on a sheet of paper. Here were telegraph blanks on which to copy them in Mammy's good handwriting. It might be best to wait till Wednesday to send the telegrams. He thought Mammy looked at him a little scornfully, as if he might be running away and letting her do the dirty work. But it was safest for an old man within two years of the pension list not to take chances on his job.

Monday when his train had left Pine Mills simmering in Pine Valley sunlight, Sammy

leaned back in his seat, filled with the satisfaction of a worthy job well done. In fact, he felt so pleased with himself that before the train reached the river, he could hold back no longer. He had to tell someone, so he told Lucy.

She listened to him in a kind of extravagant silence.

"You mean you're having that woman telegraph lies out to those children about their mother!" she demanded.

Sammy was taken somewhat aback.

"Lies!" he stammered.

"HOW do you know they'll never see her alive again? She might outlive both of you."

"Of course, she might," agreed Sammy. "I might get a little pat on the back from my wife sometimes, but it isn't likely."

"No," exclaimed Lucy. "I've never been nice to you, have I! Why, it will cost those poor children hundreds of dollars to come. They will be frightened all the way in. What do you suppose they are going to say when they find nobody but you expected their mother to die?"

"Why—" stammered Sammy. "Why—"

"You know how mad their father used to get. You told me yourself some of the ways he'd carry on to Susan when he was on the rampage. They might even make trouble for poor Mammy Fleck!"

"Now, look here, Lucy," sputtered the old station agent. "Be reasonable. Besides, there's no use kicking up a rumpus yet. The telegrams haven't even been sent off yet."

"They haven't!" repeated his wife, somewhat mollified. "Well, when we get to

(Continued on page 48)



This Illinois schoolmaster is a great all-round athlete, and champion high jumper as well. Can you name him?

Our Olympic Forces

By W. O. McGeehan

The photographs illustrating this article form a questionnaire, compiled by Charles Phelps Cushing, made up of athletes who will be contestants in this summer's Olympic games. How many do you know? Answers on page 77



Do you know this "Corn-husker"—one who has run the 220 in faster time than the official world's record?

POLITICALLY this is the presidential year. Athletically it is the Ninth Olympiad measured from the time of the restoration of the Olympic Games, and there is the seasonal revival of interest in track and field sports. The increase of interest is due to the fact that an American triumph in the real games of the various sports included in the new Olympic Games, is not nearly as foregone a conclusion as it has been in the past.

According to all of the experts on track and field sports with whom I have consulted, the Germans will be pressing our athletic expeditionary forces hard this year and the Finns will not make the task of the American athletes any easier. There is this consolation. A comparison of the records made by the probable American selections shows that the United States should score another triumph, but then there are those who do not pin all of their faith on the vital statistics. I will give you a few figures later on.

A part of the Olympic drama, the winter-sports prelude, already has been enacted at St. Moritz, Switzerland, including a number of events that would have astonished the Greeks who started all of this. I refer to the skating, the ski contests, the bob-sledding, and the tobogganing. All of this may be beautiful but it is not Greek. For that matter the cycling races which will be held during the running off of the main program at Amsterdam, hardly could be held in keeping with the Olympic notion.

There is no record of any Spartan or Athenian bowling along the hilly roads of Greece on his bicycle. But the idea of the recreated Olympics was to mix the classic sports with the modern so that all of the nations of the world might be induced to compete.

Apropos of our showing in the winter sports division, it is not generally known, I believe, that the responsibility rests largely on Mr. Jay O'Brien, an American living in Paris. Mr. O'Brien, knowing several expert bob-sledders also temporarily expatriate, wrote to Mr. Murray Hulbert, President of the A. A. U., to ask whether

these men might be tried out for the United States bob-sledding team. To Mr. Hulbert's amazement, he discovered that there was, in this country, no organization sponsoring that sport—a curious circumstance considering that virtually every other known form of athletics, including horseshoe pitching and marbles, is highly organized. It did not seem right that bob-sledding, next to ice-boating the fastest and most dangerous of all pastimes, should have no official backing in the United States. Nor did it seem right to sit still and allow ardent young patriots panting for a chance to risk their necks for their country to pant in vain. Accordingly the A. A. U. made itself the foster parent of bob-sledding in America, was recognized as



INTERNATIONAL

The captain above is one of New York's finest—a noted veteran Olympic weight-tosser. Perhaps you'll guess quickly who he is?

You've often heard before of the girl at the right, perhaps as "the fleetest mermaid." Who now is the outstanding star of our women's Olympic swim team?



FOTOGRAM

Is this too easy? The Boston printer (at right) runs home from work every night to keep fit



INTERNATIONAL

such by the international body governing the Olympics, and detailed Mr. O'Brien to enter a team in the St. Moritz events. The result was that two first places, one of them the first victory scored by any nation in this Olympic series, were won by Mr. O'Brien's expatriates.

Officially no nation leads in the Olympics to date, despite the fact that the winter sports have been disposed of, with no little squabbling and bitterness. This is because the committees in charge of the various sports refuse to figure points. The only recognition of victory is the raising of the flag of the nation from which the victor comes.

This same procedure will be followed during the main games at



WIDE WORLD

He's a newcomer, but maybe you know him? The All-American track team selection of the A. A. U. lists this Iowa lad as the pick of our one-milers

Amsterdam. All of the point scoring will be unofficial. The Swiss Olympic Committee which had charge of the winter sports, taking its cue from the announced policy of the committee of the Netherlands, which will have charge



FOTOGRAMS

(Right) Quickly with this one, a movie actor and "the world's fastest human!"



© KEVINSONE

(Above) Another easy one? The former taxi driver, a salesman now—training to stage a comeback in the 5,000 meters

Wide of Sweden is one of the pair at the right. Do you know the other: one of our best sprinters? This snapshot, taken in mid-winter, gives a tip about where our sprinter "hails from"



FOTOGRAMS

of the main Olympic sports, decided to suppress official point score classification.

But unofficial observers checked this matter up on the system started during the Olympic Games held at Paris. This allows 10 points for first place and for the other places in order 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 points. Figured out on this basis Norway won the winter-sports branch of the Olympic games of 1928 with 90½ points, with the United States second with 50½ points and Sweden third with 40 points.

This policy of suppressing the point scores, of course, is based on good logic. The Olympic Games are for amateurs and the theory of amateur sport is that the victory is a minor consideration. The notion is that the individual victors should be rewarded with the Olympic medal and diploma without crediting the nation furnishing the most effective group of athletes with figures for boasting. Of course, since no way has ever been devised for keeping sports writers from preparing dope-sheets—or picking all-American football teams—this arithmetic will come out unofficially and each nation will know just how it stands in the Olympic statistics, but the committee will have no responsibility in that regard.

When they are handed out unofficially the committee will feel that it is not responsible if the arguments that ensue reach such a pitch that diplomatic notes must be exchanged. As the committee points out in its program for the games, Holland has been dedicated to international peace, consequently the Dutch do not wish to have anything of an unpacific nature result from the games.

There has been some advance bickering over the handling of the American team, the coming to a head of a battle for the control of amateur athletics in the United States. The sixteen-pound ultimatum was tossed about somewhat recklessly. But in the end the differences were smoothed over by the A. A. U., which organization always has dominated Amer-

At the right (with track togs). Dr. Peltzer meets a man from Boston. "What name, please?"



WIDE WORLD

We count on this Yale man—"hold 'em, Yale!"—to uphold our supremacy in the pole vault. Now what's his name?

ican amateur athletics, and the American athletic expeditionary forces will form a harmonious gathering when they sail for Amsterdam on the S. S. *President Roosevelt*, July 11, with Maj.-Gen. Douglas MacArthur of the United States Army in command.

The athletes will live aboard ship as did the athletes who took part in the Olympic Games at Stockholm, where Jim Thorpe, the Sac and Fox Indian, distinguished himself by his disregard for royalty almost as sensationally as he did in the games. He was having his beauty sleep when the King of Sweden came aboard to meet him and Jim refused to lose his rest by meeting the monarch.

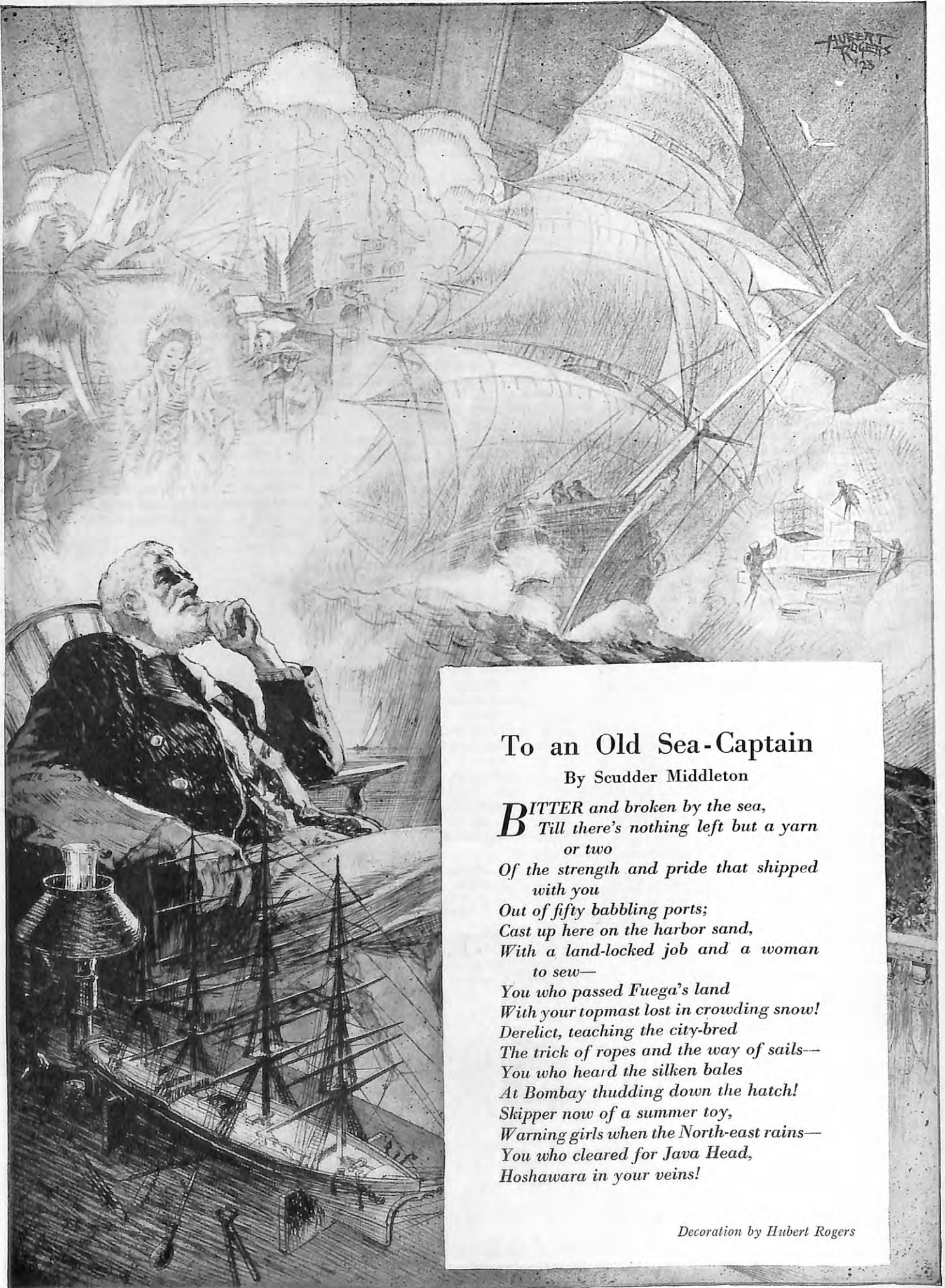
Some time ago I wrote an article for THE



WIDE WORLD

ELKS MAGAZINE in which I pointed out that there was a great sports revival in Europe, particularly in Germany. Time was when the legend existed that the Germans were formidable only in group athletics. For the coming Olympics the experts predict that the Germans will be pressing the American athletes in all of the track and field sports. Since the war the Germans have been turning all of the energy that used to find a vent only in military preparations to athletics. The result already can be seen.

Of the German athletes the (Continued on page 78)



To an Old Sea-Captain

By Scudder Middleton

BITTER and broken by the sea,
Till there's nothing left but a yarn
or two

Of the strength and pride that shipped
with you

Out of fifty babbling ports;

Cast up here on the harbor sand,

With a land-locked job and a woman
to sew—

You who passed Fuega's land

With your topmast lost in crowding snow!

Derelict, teaching the city-bred

The trick of ropes and the way of sails—

You who heard the silken bales

At Bombay thudding down the hatch!

Skipper now of a summer toy,

Warning girls when the North-east rains—

You who cleared for Java Head,

Hoshawara in your veins!

Decoration by Hubert Rogers

And So to Bed—With a Book

This Department Stands Firmly on the Platform That Reading in Bed Is a Fine Habit, and Gorgeously Restful

By Claire Wallace Flynn

DON'T tell us you never read in bed! We've discovered that almost all the nicest people we know are addicted to this charming, *hidalgo* custom, and are all the better for it.

So, we've gathered some good books together here, this month, and suggest that you keep them on that table near the four-poster—for evening consumption.

Everything quiet—the pillows just right—the light directly on the page—a good hour's fun before you turn in for the night! That's living!

Safari

By Martin Johnson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

FICTION hides its pale face and languishes of anemia beside this account of four years spent by the explorer, Martin Johnson, and his wife, in the African wilds. Four years of incredible danger and hardship devoted to the work of making the most interesting and intimate motion-pictures of big game ever secured.

Five hundred miles from the nearest outpost of civilization, on the edge of Lake Paradise, this adventurous couple pitched their camp, built their cabins and stockade, saw their small army of inky black retainers housed beneath thatched roofs and, believe it or not, set up an electric-light plant and got Phishie, the pitch-black Swahali cook (late of the jungle), started making that delicious Floating Island for which he was famous.

Perhaps you've seen some of the Johnson films on the screen. Perhaps you've gasped when you have beheld Mrs. Johnson, young and unbelievably pretty for a Diana of the veldt, guarding her husband's life with her rifle while the explorer stuck gamely by the crank of his camera within a few feet of the wildest of wild animals. Doubtless in some darkened "picture house," sitting on the very edge of your chair, you've held your breath while you've watched elephants, leopards and rhinos charge straight on toward Johnson.

The Legion of the Damned

By Bennett J. Doty. (The Century Co., New York.)

ABIT over a year ago, our newspapers carried the startling story of a young American who was about to be shot for deserting from the French Foreign Legion. The report was incorrect—the young man was actually sentenced to eight years *aux travaux forcés*—which, in Yankee, means "with good hard labor."

However, the country got a real sensation, for behind the stop-press value of the news lay, for everyone who had an imagination worth a straw, a corking story—fascinating, intriguing—another chapter added to the huge volume of tales that has accumulated around this famous corps of tough fighting men in Northern Africa.

At this writing, the young American, Doty, is home again, having cheated both the firing squad of the Legion and the prison. He is back with his parents in

Biloxi, Mississippi, from where he has sent forth his book to tell his crowded tale, and from which drowsy spot he proposes to win the reading world with fiction.

We can only hope that his "fiction" will be simply retouched "fact" about the Legion, for surely, if anywhere, romance and danger and excitement abound in this strange army corps of France, where a man from any country may "join up" and no questions asked. Half the Legionnaires use names other than their own, and everyone minds his business about his neighbor in a way that says, pointedly, that each suspects a "past" hidden somewhere in the heart of the other. Bravery is a gorgeously common quality among the men, and a sort of a Three-Musketeers brand of comradeship exists. Privates rub elbows with restless and disillusioned members of the *haute monde*, who, seeking refuge and anonymity, hurl themselves into the Legion.

Bennett Doty joined because after the World War he discovered that a year in college, a dash into business, and a year at sea simply spelled boredom to him. About that time the sound of battle was heard in Morocco, where the French were popping away at the Arabs. He immediately worked his way to Bordeaux, where a polite official heard his request that he be permitted to risk his life under the French flag—and that was the beginning of that.

The Bridge of San Luis Rey

By Thornton Wilder. (Albert & Charles Boni, New York.)

MR. WILDER possesses a dazzling recipe for writing books.

And a wise and tolerant philosophy about life in general.

And a gift for making his characters worth knowing, no matter how outrageous they may be.

And the good grace to presuppose some intelligence on the part of his reader—as one gentleman to another, you understand.

And an instinct to go "light" on background and historical facts, when in a novel such as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," which is set in the Eighteenth Century, in Lima, Peru. Temptation enough, here, to entrap almost any other writer into endless pages of description.

You see, Mr. Wilder has no time for this sort of ambulation. He is intensely anxious to get along with his solving—or his attempt to solve—the old, old riddle of the universe. He pants to let you see into the very souls of his characters, and in his opening sentences he gives you his tale.

Five people are hurled to their death in the catastrophe of the breaking of the Bridge of San Luis Rey. A monk, the horrified witness of the fatality, questions himself as to whether it "just happened" or if God, in his wisdom, chose that exact minute to call back into eternity those five souls—and why?

So Brother Juniper searches deeply into each of those five lives, into the hidden springs of their loves and hates, and that is the tale that Mr. Wilder tells with such charm and skill.

Books and Bidders

By A. S. W. Rosenbach. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

ONE day early in April the press carried the story of the sale, in London, of a famous book—an original manuscript in the author's fine, careful hand.

The British Museum wanted it, and bid as high as twelve thousand, five hundred pounds, and then dropped out.

An American, a lover of and dealer in rare books, finally bid fifteen thousand, four hundred pounds—and the treasure was his.

The book is the original copy of "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll; and the Philadelphian who parted with over seventy-five thousand dollars for the thing is Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, whose fascinating volume, "Books and Bidders," about the adventures of a bibliophile, is a book we most heartily recommend.

The love of books was handed down to Dr. Rosenbach by an uncle who kept a printing establishment and a book-shop in Philadelphia. This shop developed into a meeting place for such men as James Fenimore Cooper and Noah Webster, and others of their ilk. Great talk went on in the little place—great thoughts lived on the crowded shelves—an atmosphere that was all-pervading, inescapable.

Brought up around the shop, it is small wonder that Rosenbach began "collecting" at an early age. Eleven, to be exact. Books were in his blood.

And now, a few weeks ago, that small boy, grown up, out-bids the British Museum for the original manuscript of one of the loveliest things ever written!

And so the sale in London leads us to two books: Rosenbach's own story of his fascinating work, and the immortal "Alice."

Black Majesty

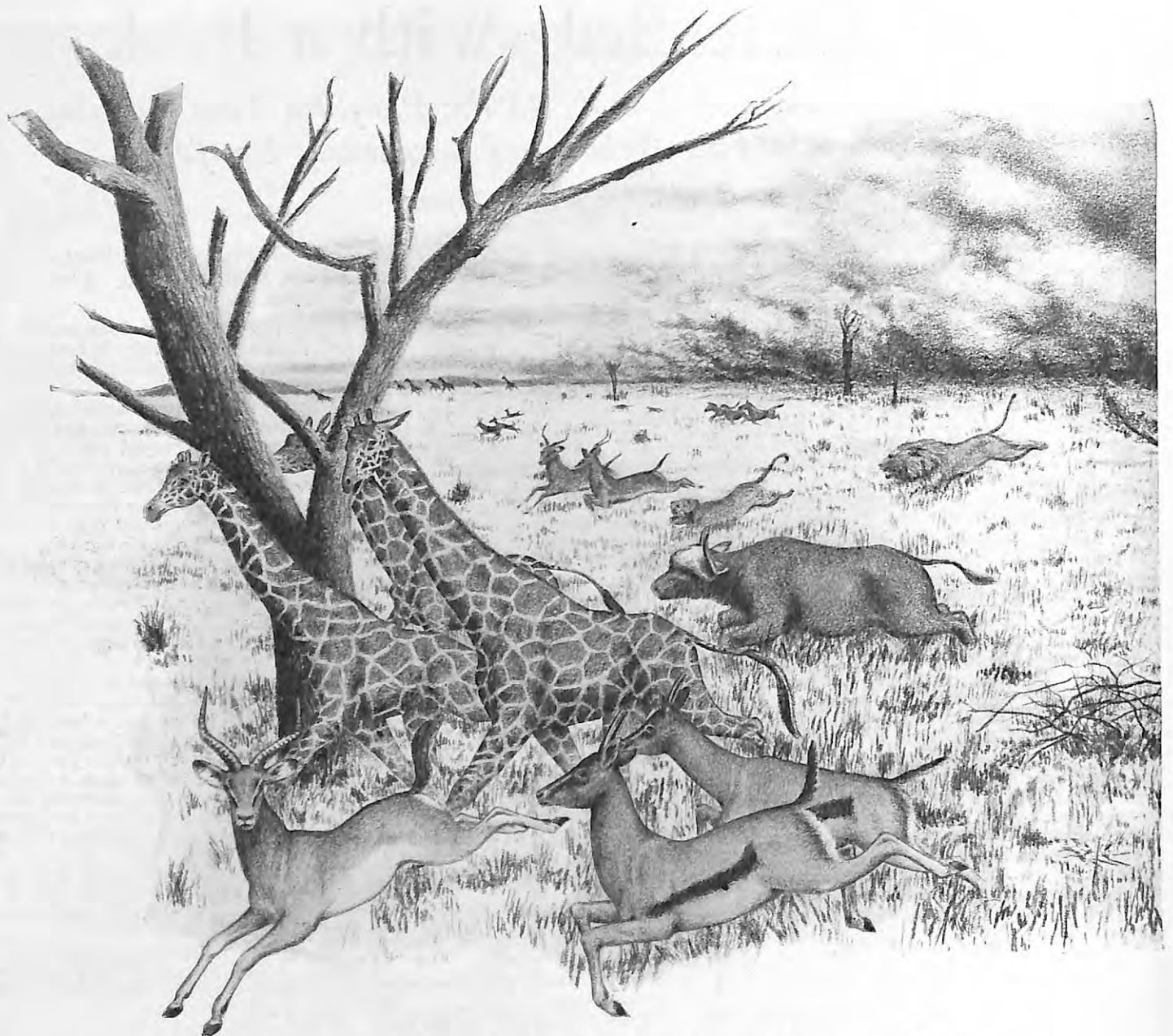
By John W. Vandercook. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

HAITI, perhaps the blackest and the most troubled of all the West Indian islands, has, in a way, the most amazing history. It, of all the islands in the Caribbean Sea, boasts a monument to a black king which startles the imagination. Here, on the top of a mountain, looking out upon the sea, rises a citadel built by a negro, a man who died some hundred and seven years ago, a poor black peasant born somewhere among the Caribbees of an African slave and his wife. This citadel is, so says Mr. Vandercook, the "most impressive structure ever conceived by a negro's brain, or executed by black hands in all the world in all the tens of thousands of years of the race's history."

The man who built it, therefore, would seem worth reading about, and we promise you that Mr. Vandercook has made his history enthralling.

Henry Christophe, who would be King of Haiti, has a story that runs along beside the history of France like a grotesque black shadow beside a very gorgeous and important personage. This grotesque shadow

(Continued on page 80)



From the African Jungle To the Zoo

By Wynant Davis Hubbard

Illustrated by William Henry Cook

AS MY safari wound out from the abrupt, snarled hills of the upper Kafue River country onto the treeless, grass-covered flats which stretched before us for a hundred miles without a break, I could hear the rhythmic, throbbing beat of tomtoms. As we marched along the path, a slit through the six-foot grass, the throb, throb, throb of the drums pulsated louder and louder. My boys straightened their weary backs. Heads came up, our legs took on new life, and soon Soiman, my giant animal-tamer and pacemaker on the trail, was singing a barbaric chant of who we were, where we had been, and what adventures we had been through. Boom, boom, throb, throb, boom, boom, throb, throb, the wild, longing, calling tomtoms spoke to us from the deep grass ahead. Soiman's chant was taken up all down our long line. The husky response roared out from sixty throats. Our pace quickened. We swung along as if it were early dawn instead of evening, the end of a day which had seen more than thirty miles

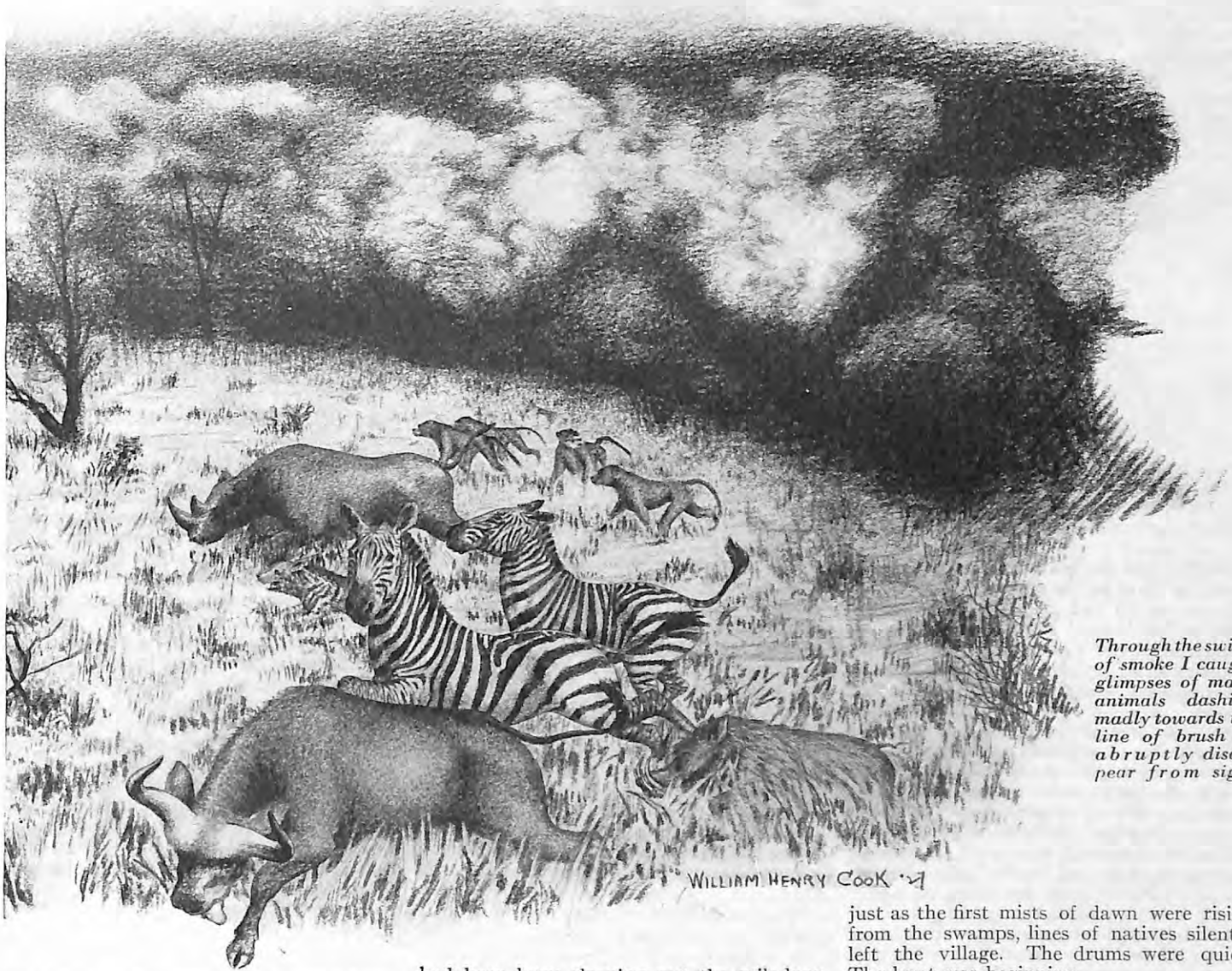
of rough going, padded behind us under those calloused feet. Pad, pad, boom, boom, w'ha-a-a t'ena figa, t'ena figa, boom, boom, boom, boom. The crash of the great signal drum shook the air. Underneath jumped and throbbed the beat of the little ones throwing the rhythm back and forth, catching it up again to work it into the very marrow of the listener.

Almost running, the safari snapped around a bend in the path to burst out of the desert of grass into a great circle of conical-hatted, mud huts. From the far side of the circle the tomtoms crashed a welcome. The women of the village dropped to their knees and trilled a shrill, vibrating recognition to the white man. N'kala, the head man, stepped forward from the group around the drums and respectfully stood at attention as we swung by singing, to camp on the

far side of the village under the only tree to be found within miles.

After supper N'kala came over to see and talk with me. He is one of the most powerful of the Mashakulumbiwe chiefs, and rules the upper end of the Kafue flats. Tall, slim, and erect, he looks every inch the dominant personality which he must be to control the hundreds of proud, courageous hunters who compose his tribe. The Mashakulumbiwe are great cattle owners. Agriculture does not figure as prominently in their scheme of life as it does in that of the Barnotse or Ba'tonga living in adjoining areas. With the exceptions of milk and a few pumpkins, tomatoes and a little grain, the Mashakulumbiwe native lives entirely on the game he kills or the fish which he can catch.

The men wear no clothes. Armed with a handful of wickedly barbed throwing spears and a heavily shafted stabbing spear, they worm silently through the long grass which blankets their country. On their heads



Through the swirls of smoke I caught glimpses of many animals dashing madly towards the line of brush to abruptly disappear from sight

WILLIAM HENRY COOK '27

they build up tall cones of hair and beeswax. The weight of this two-foot-high ornament draws the scalp and the face skin very tight. In the course of time the eyebrows are lifted until they rest in the middle of the forehead.

THE first time I was confronted by a Mashakulumbiwe as he stepped forth from the dense, silent grass to stand in front of me, I thrilled all down my spine. As my eyes took in the half-dozen assegais, the shining shaven scalp, the monstrous, misplaced eyebrows and the curving chpumbiwe cone of hair, my mind raced back to Selous's tales of the Mashakulumbiwe's determined attempts to kill him when he attempted to penetrate into their long-grass country. But this man was my friend. He greeted me pleasantly with the conventional *makuba m'waming, Inkos*, and stood aside that I might pass. Somehow one didn't see his stark nakedness. He was so natural, so proud and so courteous that the description naked just could not be applied. If he had been clothed he would have been incongruous. As it was, he fitted the setting as perfectly as the eagle hanging in the still air overhead, or the quivering waves of heat which danced on the tops of the grass.

N'kala told me that he was summoning all his men and youths for the annual game drive. All the previous week his people

had been busy cleaning out the mile-long line of pitfalls. The women and children had been carrying away the debris accumulated since the year before, while the men carefully covered each pit with a concealing covering of light sticks and grass. Everything was in readiness. Clumps of bush and thorns had been placed between the pits until now, just beyond the water-hole, a line of gap-filled bush extended for nearly a mile toward the Kafue River. In each gap was a carefully concealed V-bottomed pitfall, cleverly dug to hold any antelope, zebra or buffalo which might drop crashing into it as it fled before the fires which we would light to-morrow.

All night long the throb of the tomtoms echoed and whirled through the village. Fresh drummers relieved the shining, sweat-covered players who dropped beside some pot of beer and drank until their bellies seemed to swell. Overhead the stars winked as if they too had caught some of the barbaric madness which was abroad in the heart of that grass ocean, and looked forward to the coming of the sun with as much excitement as the dancing, drinking, singing natives.

Before the sun has risen,

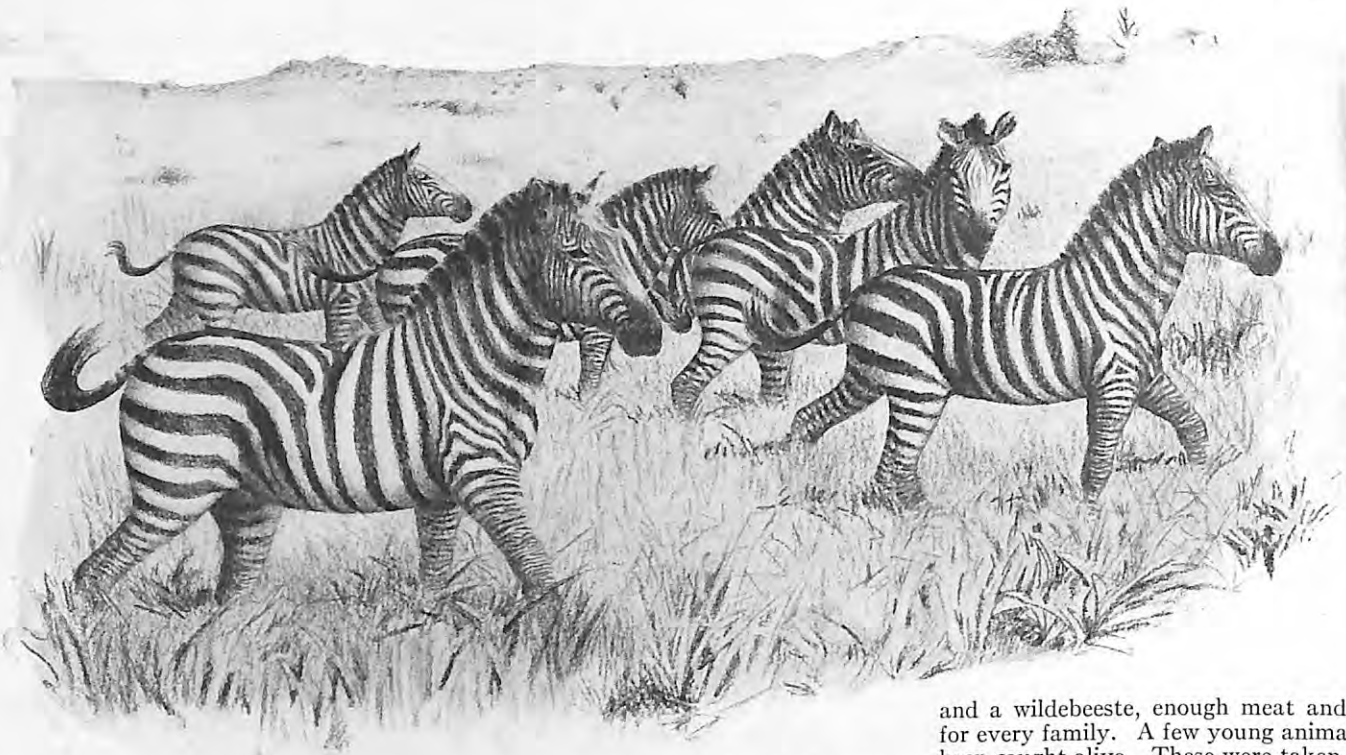
just as the first mists of dawn were rising from the swamps, lines of natives silently left the village. The drums were quiet. The hunt was beginning.

I crept shivering from my blankets. It was late in August and the winter nights high up on the central African plateau are cold. Swallowing a hurried breakfast I called my boys together and we joined a group heading for the line of pits. It was there that the excitement would be, and I wanted to see as much as possible of this spectacle, the wildest, bloodiest and most dangerous in Africa.

The positions at the first pits had been taken. As we proceeded, members of our group dropped out one by one and concealed themselves in the grass, or behind the bush between the pits. I took a position about midway down the line. Stretching far on either side of me was a treacherous line of death-traps guarded by determined hundreds of wonderful spearmen. Yet I could see nothing except grass, mile upon mile of waving, mist-covered yellow grass.

My gun-bearer straightened up and grunted. Looking in the direction in which he pointed I saw billowing clouds of dense smoke rising from the grass several miles above us. Tongues of red, leaping flames played underneath.





The drive was on. The valley was on fire from the river to the edge of the bush. A vicious crackle and snap drifted down the wind as the tinder-dry grass caught fire and flamed. But not a sound from the natives, crouched tense, waiting with their spears to kill whatever animal escaped the line of pitfalls.

Standing, waiting with my rifle clutched in my hands, I pictured in my mind the happenings in the grass in front of us. Herds of puku, lechiwe and wildebeeste antelope would be moving slowly ahead of the advancing fire. Buffalo ousted from their cooling, muddy wallows would be sullenly getting to their feet to find safer resting-places. There would be zebra and sitatunga, jackals, hyenas, and, perhaps, a roan antelope; undoubtedly somewhere between us and the fire there were lions and leopards slinking along avoiding the buffalo, angry at being disturbed at such a time of day. As yet the animals would not be afraid. They are used to fire, often feeding close behind it to get the salt residue from the ashes of the burnt grass. Every year all Africa burns. Seven months of bone-dry weather mean but one thing—fire. During August and September all Africa south of the equator goes up in smoke.

The sun was well up. Its hot rays burnt comfortably into my back. The roar and crackle of the fire were within a mile of us. Acrid smoke swirled over our heads. Through it and above it, hovered and flew, thousands of birds of all sizes intent on catching the insects driven from cover by the heat of the fire. Suddenly a puku antelope appeared for a moment through the grass. The advance guard of animals was close. Three spears flashed through the air above the grass. There was a startled bleat. Then silence. First blood had been drawn.

The smoke grew denser and hotter. The roar of the fire increased in volume. A tenseness gripped the waiting line of spearmen. My hands were wet with excitement and I breathed in choking gasps. Suddenly yells and shouts broke forth from the natives following the line of fire. They were almost on us.

Running animals appeared as if by magic. Through the swirls of smoke I caught glimpses of puku dashing madly toward the line of bush to abruptly disappear from sight as their feet went through the treacherous covering of the pitfalls. A bellowing, grunting herd of buffalo galloped past and I fired at one. Spears flashed in the sunlight for a moment, then disappeared in the grass, the long shafts quivering from the force with which they were thrown. Behind us, frantic yells rose in a crescendo of excitement. The booming throaty roar of an angry lion told the cause. Bedlam broke loose. Shrieks, yells, curses, the roar of the fire, and the grunts and squeals of the trapped and speared animals swelled into a deafening pandemonium. Naked natives, chpumbiwe curving above the grass, tore whooping along the line of pits waving blood-stained spears and knives. It was like a scene from the Inferno.

JUST in front of the pits the fire reached a cleared space. The flames died down and gradually the smoke and dust cleared away. The drive was over.

Nearly every pit had claimed its victim. Scattered in front and behind lay the bodies of those animals which had fallen to the flashing, deadly throwing spears. Here were puku bulls and zebra mares, further on a two-thousand-pound buffalo, then a lechiwe

and a wildebeeste, enough meat and skins for every family. A few young animals had been caught alive. These were taken to the village with the bodies of the lions, leopards, jackals and smaller cats whose skins could be used as skirts for the women or to make bags and pouches for the men.

This yearly Mashakulumbiwe drive is held to secure meat and skins. On a smaller scale the same thing takes place in many parts of Africa all during July, August and September.

My business is that of capturing wild animals alive for zoos and circuses. This Mashakulumbiwe drive was of more than ordinary interest to me as the pitfalls do not have to be used to kill. The animals trapped in them can be taken out alive very easily with the help of a few natives and the use of a shovel and some rope.

The V-bottomed pitfall is a deadly affair. The apex of the V is about four inches wide, the width of a native hoe. An antelope, buffalo, or zebra falling through the covering, jams its legs one behind the other. No matter how hard it struggles it can not work loose. Dirt loosened from the sides, falls down into the V, and before long the animal is standing in a pit, its weight resting on its chest and belly, with its legs firmly held in a mass of soft compact dirt.

Every native village is surrounded by gardens of corn, pumpkins, cassava and beans. During the daytime the women, old men and children guard the grain against the flocks of parrots, the porcupines, antelope, elephants and baboons. Scattered throughout these gardens are ant-hills of hard compact clay. On top of these, little conical-hatted grass shelters are built. From them to poles on the edges of the grain are run long lines of bark to which are tied gourds filled with pebbles, corn tassels and feathers. All day the natives guarding the grain take turns jerking on the bark ropes rattling the gourds, and making the feathers jump and whirl. Singing and shouting from one ant-hill to another they revile their feathered enemies, and chant stories.

But at night this bedlam of noise ceases. Little fires glow under the hats of grass and the natives sleep rolled in skin blankets, depending for protection on the fence of thorns, the pitfalls and the nooses.



Whenever Sandy, the Great Dane, wanted a drink, he walked over to Skillum's water and had his fill

I remember one night when I was returning late from a hunt. As we neared the village we could see the subdued glow of the fires scattered about the grain field. From one or two of the shelters came sleepy murmurs which emphasized the stillness brooding over the bush.

WE WERE tired and moving quietly. While following along one of the paths winding between the high ranks of kaffir corn, one of my natives put his foot in a spring noose cunningly set to catch a civet cat, porcupine or baboon should it come marauding during the dark. As the pole jerked the noose about the boy's ankle, the bamboo guard slid down the rope and struck his skin. He cursed. Instantly dogs began to bark, fires flared up on the anthills as dry grass was piled on, gourds rattled over our heads and a few stones were thrown in our direction. On the far edge a nervous party beat rapidly on a tomtom and shouted at the top of his lungs. It required strenuous effort from our combined voices to reassure the watchers and convince them we were not a herd of bushpigs or a crowd of baboons.

Subject to depredations from all sides, it is interesting to walk through a village garden and investigate the protections which the natives have evolved. Completely encircling the whole patch is a hedge or barricade of thorns and tough brush. The paths going and coming are blocked at night by the last persons passing through. But bushpigs love to root in peanut patches. Their tough hides suffer little in thrusting through the thorns. Round pitfalls, however, are effective. All through and around the peanut ground pitfalls abound. Each one is marked by a stick or stake, but it is dangerous to prowl at night unless there is a full moon. Every path has two or three nooses set along it. Some are baited with fruit or an ear of corn or with meat. Little animals which have wormed their way under the barricade or lain hidden during the day under the melon leaves are often jerked into the air, tempted to their end by one of these baits.

Frequently when passing through a garden I have had my dogs caught by the foot in a spring noose. They are very effective means of catching animals, and if set to capture and not to kill very seldom hurt the specimen noosed.

Whether set to catch an animal or bird by the feet or neck all noose traps work on the same general principle. By pulling at bait or stepping on a trigger the catch holding down the spring pole is loosed and the



Only desperate, man-eating lions are dangerous, unless man provokes them

pole snaps up, drawing the noose tight with lightning swiftness. Sometimes we dig a little hole, place bait in the bottom and lay the noose, covered with dust, around the rim. We build small pens of stakes and string our noose around the top, placing the bait in the middle, on the ground. For variety, and to catch heavier animals such as cheetahs and jackals, we lay our noose in the dirt of the path and place a trigger in a shallow hole in the middle. On each side we lay a log or some bush to guide the animal through the opening we have "mined."

The noose itself my natives make of rope rolled or braided from the inner bark of various trees. The boabab or cream-of-tartar tree makes the finest and strongest rope, but gussie, mopani or knobby thorn can be used as well.

All natives throughout Northern Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa are very proficient at bark rope making. From this rope, which may be as small as twine or as large as two-inch cable, they make many objects: baskets, traces for oxen, nooses, bags, fish nets, skirts for their women, headdresses.

and, most important from my point of view, game nets.

The making of a game or fish net requires days and days of constant painstaking work. First the bark must be stripped from the trees. It is then rolled in bundles and carried to the village, where it is stacked carefully away from the sun and such pests as the white ants which eat nearly everything. When sufficient bark has been collected to make the net the native has in mind, he sorts over his collection, discarding any bark too short or too full of knot holes to be strong. The selected lengths are put to soak in pots of water. Within a few hours the bark is as soft and pliable as when it was stripped from the tree. The native then splits the broad strips into lengths a quarter of an inch wide if he intends to make a rope a little bigger than the common pencil. With a pot of water in front of him the native sits in front of his hut rolling the narrow strips of bark into a hard rope between his palm and thigh. Hour after hour he sits rolling and often chanting to himself long songs about the game he is going to catch, the clothes he will make from their skins and the many feasts of meat he expects to eat.

His ropes finished, the native proceeds to weave his net. Stringing a fifty-foot length of half-inch rope between two trees, he knots his net just as a fisherman knots his. The mesh varies little even over widely separated areas. Four-inch squares have been found the most effective.

FIFTY feet of net is so short as to be practically useless. But, although each individual may only make and own perhaps four or five fifty-foot lengths, the combined nets of a village may extend for over a mile. The lengths are limited to fifty feet for several reasons. The weight of a net fifty feet long, twelve to fourteen feet wide, made of rope a quarter of an inch in diameter, is all one man can carry across country. A longer length would be very awkward to handle. But most important is that when game is driven into the line of nets they fall in sections. They are thus far more effective than if the game rushed into nets whose lengths were so great that they did not fall, enveloping the animals completely, but because of their length tended to remain strung erect.

(Continued on page 61)



To capture a rhino we hunt until we find a cow with a calf sufficiently small for us to handle and shoot the cow. A calf rhino will not leave its mother's body



"I came here to kill you—and I am going to do it." Don's distended eyes saw that she held a blue steel revolver. He noticed that her hand was steady

Part V

FOR perhaps fifteen minutes after Don's departure, no one spoke. Hilda continued to sit rigidly, without the movement of a muscle or a change of expression. Naomi had crossed to the window and was staring down into the street. John found a rank old pipe in his pocket. He filled it, tamped the tobacco down and then lighted it. It soothed his nerves. . . .

Save for the burr of traffic noises from below the silence was absolute. A little mantel clock seemed noisy. The whirr of the elevator came distinctly to their ears. Hilda broke the spell by rising.

"I'm tired, Naomi," she said. "I'm going home."

Naomi smiled sadly. "This is home for you now, dear. You will remain here to-night—and every other night."

Hilda shook her head. "I'd rather go to my own room at Mrs. Hildebrand's."

"Please, Hilda—not to-night. I'd rather you remained here."

The girl shrugged. "It doesn't make much difference. And if you don't mind I'll go to bed now."

Naomi put her arms around the narrow shoulders of her sister. The girl seemed infinitely tired—worn and broken under the terrific strain. Her silence had taken its toll. She seemed utterly limp; her voice flat and toneless.

John watched them as they disappeared into the hall and thence into the bedroom. He himself was more worried than he cared to admit. Just before coming to the interview he had dispatched another telegram to Ezekiel Brewster: "No answer received my telegram of last night. Wire immediately giving status Iowa situation. Important." And still no answer had come—a telephone call to Mrs. Hildebrand's established that.

He had less than twenty-four hours in which to take some definite action. In

When the Smoke Clears, a Single Shot Has Cleaned Up All the Tangled Problems

The Light Shines Through

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige

the absence of word from Brewster there was nothing he could do. He wasn't sure whether Don would do as he declared . . . but, by the same token, he was not at all certain that Don would

not. He was just the type to do as he threatened—a man who could readily be overcome by the sense of his own strength; who could be betrayed by his love of self into a final futile parade of his power.

He was alone in the room for some time. His huge body was sprawled in an easy chair, his brain functioning clearly—but without result. There seemed no answer to the problem—no answer save the terrible thing which Logan threatened. Then he heard a step in the hall and Naomi reappeared. She smiled faintly upon him and crossed again to her post at the window.

"She's tired out," said Naomi.

"I don't wonder. It has been a strain."

"On her particularly. You see, she will do most of the suffering."

Avery stared at Naomi's perfectly formed head. He feared to broach the subject uppermost in his mind. "Don't you think," he said at length—"that you're carrying sentiment too far, dear?"

"No." She spoke without turning. "There is simply a certain point beyond which I cannot go."

"Even for Hilda's sake?"

"Even for that."

"Don't you realize, Naomi, that you're letting dollars and cents weigh just as heavily this way as they would if we accepted Don's proposition?"

She sighed wearily. "Perhaps, John. But whether I'm right or wrong, logical or illogical, I could never come to you under those conditions. I cannot be sold by my husband to another man. That is what it amounts to."

"No, dear. You're taking the extreme view."

"It is the only view I am able to take."

"I wouldn't argue with you—if it were not for Hilda. She is the one truly tragic figure in this horrible mess."

Naomi faced him now, and for the first time he saw tears in her eyes. She put out her hand pleadingly: "Don't, John—please. Can't you see my position? I am faced with two alternatives—both impossible. I cannot permit you to accept

Don's offer and I cannot let you refuse. I see nothing but misery no matter which way I look. We've got until to-morrow afternoon. Let's not talk of it any more to-night. Let's wait until morning—when perhaps we shall have recovered a trifle from the strain. I can't think now. I can only feel. . . ."

The telephone rang. A startled light flashed into Naomi's eyes. She crossed the room swiftly and lifted the receiver. "Hello.—Yes. . . . Mr. Keyes?—Why yes. . . ."

"John—they want Mr. Keyes. What does that mean?"

His face cleared. "Brewster's telegram," he said as he rose to his feet. "That must be Mrs. Hildebrand. She knows me only as Keyes, and I left this 'phone number."

He spoke briefly into the transmitter. He was smiling. "Yes'm, if you will," Naomi heard him say. "Get a special messenger right away and send him here with the telegram. Tell him there'll be a big tip for him at this end." He gave the address, thanked the estimable boarding-house lady, and turned back to Naomi.

"THAT'S Brewster's wire all right and I have an overpowering hunch that it contains good news."

"I wonder? . . ."

"I don't. Luck can't continue to run as it has. The clouds are bound to break some time."

The wait seemed interminable—the silence oppressive—yet neither made any further attempt at conversation. Talk seemed so futile while they waited for the telegram. Suppose . . . the minutes dragged . . . it seemed that the boy would never come. And then the apartment buzzer sounded and Naomi and John together went to meet the boy. John gave the lad two one-dollar bills. The youngster did a brief double shuffle, murmured "Hot dawg!" and departed.

Together, in the living room, they opened the yellow envelope. And together they read its message of hope.

"Certain of success. Personally on job. You may proceed as though everything safely settled. Congratulations."

"E. B."

And it was the keen eye of the girl which glimpsed a certain important fact. Her voice trembled: "Look, John! That was sent from Winterset, Iowa!" She darted



away. "I must tell Hilda. We must both tell her."

He waited eagerly. Then he heard Naomi's voice calling . . . "John! Come here—quickly!"

Gripped by a sudden fear, he hastened to the bedroom. Naomi was standing in the middle of the floor, a bewildered figure. She swept her arms wide.

"Hilda has gone!" she said. "She has left the apartment . . . and I am frightened."

"Of what, dear?"

And she answered hopelessly: "Suicide!"

CHAPTER XXV

THEY stared at one another, and then, because John saw that she was pitifully near to the breaking point, he took her in his powerful arms and held her close. It was a gesture of protection, rather than a caress. His voice came soothingly—giving her renewed strength.

"This is no time to go to pieces, Naomi. You may be wrong—"

"But you don't think I am."

"I am not sure. Hilda is not responsible."

"Oh. . . . What shall we do? Call the police?"

"I'm afraid we had better not. I will hunt for her."

"Where?"

"I haven't an idea. But I'll do my best. I'm afraid to call the police, though."

She stepped back nervously. "I'll go with you," she announced, but he shook his head.

"No, dear—you must remain here—in case she comes back."

The girl nodded. "I'll wait, John. I'll be waiting when you return." She followed him to the door—"Isn't it the most ghastly, ironical touch of all that this should come just when it wasn't necessary?"

He brushed her deep brown hair with his

lips. Then, without a word, he opened the door and was gone.

A slender, black-caped figure alighted from the taxi which stopped a half block above Mrs. Hildebrand's boarding-house. Big eyes, marked by deep circles, swept the deserted thoroughfare apprehensively. Then Hilda bade the driver wait while she hurried down the street and turned in at the boarding-house.

Within five minutes she reappeared and entered the taxi again. She gave brief directions to the man, who gazed at her somewhat uncertainly.

At the entrance to the lavish apartment house where Don Logan lived, Hilda alighted, paid her driver and dismissed him. She walked with queer confidence through the ornate lobby and entered the elevator. She gave the number of the floor to the elevator boy, but did not press the buzzer until after the cage had dropped from sight.

This was not the Hilda who had slipped from her sister's apartment a half hour since. Her manner was quiet and restrained and only a keen observer could have detected the somber light in her big, round eyes.

There was a wait of perhaps half a minute, then the door opened. It was Don himself, and he stepped back in amazement. Hilda immediately walked through the door and turned to face him.

"What are you doing here, Hilda?"

She smiled coldly. "I wanted to talk with you—alone. So I slipped off."

She walked into the living-room and he followed. He scrutinized her intently. Funny person: Hilda. She didn't seem at all excited, yet at Naomi's she had acted like a crazy woman. Perhaps she had come to bargain with him. Perhaps she had some solution to the problem. Yet in spite of himself he felt rather cold, as though a draft were beating upon him.

He settled himself in an easy chair and rubbed the palms of his hands together. He noticed that her big, tragic eyes were focused unwaveringly upon his face and

again he was obsessed with the thought that there was danger.

"Well, Hilda," he asked in a voice which he thought was hearty—"what can I do for you?"

"Nothing!"

"My dear girl. . . . Surely you didn't come here alone at night to talk about nothing."

"I did."

"Then why—?"

SHE opened her leather bag and her hand disappeared within it. She spoke with perfect calm.

"I came to kill you, Don."

He quivered, as though under the impact of a powerful blow. His feet came down squarely on the floor and every muscle in his body grew taut.

"Y-y-y-you—what?"

"I have come here to kill you."

She spoke quietly—almost apologetically. But Don Logan knew that she was speaking the truth. His eyes grew wide and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He heard her voice—as though from a great distance.

"For a good many years, Don, there has been a murder indictment hanging over my head. That killing was justified. And so will this one be. I may kill myself when I finish with you. If I don't—and they arrest me—I will have the satisfaction of knowing that I have earned whatever punishment I may get."

Cold-blooded. Unyielding. He sensed that she was beyond argument.

"But, Hilda—"

"It's too late for that, Don. You were too explicit to-night at Naomi's house. You made me see that there was only one way out. If you live there is prison for me, disgrace for Naomi, a loss of fortune for John, and the impossibility of his marriage to her. I have figured the thing from every angle. When I kill you I will face two murder charges instead of one—which seems to make very little difference. John will have no trouble getting his money back. And he can marry Naomi any moment he wishes, because she will be a widow."

He was trembling. "Please, Hilda—let's discuss this. You don't realize what you are planning."

"Oh! yes, I do. And so do you. That is why you are frightened. I thought it out very carefully. This is the only solution."

"It isn't. I swear it isn't. I promise—"

"Don't bother." Her voice was bleak as a winter wind. "Nothing you say will deter me. I came here to kill you—and I am going to do it."

She withdrew her hand from the leather bag. His distended eyes saw that she held a blue steel revolver. He noticed that her hand was steady—as steady as those big merciless eyes which stared into his pallid face.

CHAPTER XXVI

DON LOGAN was not a physical coward, but he was intensely human. The love of life was strong in him and it was only natural that he should shrink before the death message which he read in the unyielding eyes of the woman before him.

Earlier in the evening he had been vastly impressed by the formidable weight of argument he was able to present. Now those very arguments were being flung back in his face. They were unanswerable. Hilda believed that he intended to do as he threatened. As a matter of fact, he had not been bluffing. And he knew that she was not.

She was too calm, too sure of herself. True, she was under a mental strain, but her purpose was fixed and deadly.

Mentally he cringed. Outwardly he remained rather calm. He forced a smile to his dry lips.

"Surely, Hilda," he said—"You didn't believe me to-night."

"What difference does it make?"

"Because this is unnecessary. I have no idea whatever of turning you over to the police."

"No?" Her voice was calm. "Do you expect me to believe that?"

"Certainly I do. Can't you see that I wouldn't do such a thing. Not that I make any claim to unusual decency—but there would be nothing in it for me. On the other hand, it must strike you that I have used my only weapon to retain the luxury I acquired through Naomi. I'm sorry that you believed me."

"You should be."

"And you don't believe me now?"

"It doesn't matter. I'm not going to take any chances. I'm going to kill you and then either end my own life or give myself up to the police."

"That is absurd." His throat was bricky dry, his words came raspily. "Surely you wouldn't do anything like that. Why, Hilda, you don't know what it means."

She laughed shrilly. "Oh! I don't! Don't you suppose I've known for years what it means: the fear and horror? The thought that every eye is hunting for me . . . really, Don, I shall feel a sense of real relief when I shoot you."

He realized that he was trying to argue with a woman demented. He recalled his brief dismissal of her appearance earlier that night—"The woman is crazy as a loon!" he had told himself. The words came back to him now, and he knew that his judgment had been correct.

"THERE is one way out of this," he suggested, but she shook her head.

"There is no way out."

"Suppose I agree—"

"Your agreeing days are over. You'll never agree to anything again, or cause misery to anyone."

He rested his hands on the arms of his chair and started to rise. Her voice came sharply.

"Don't do that, Don. The instant you rise from that chair, I shall fire."

The revolver muzzle did not waver. No weak, hysterical woman here. It was as though he had been enveloped by a damp, chill blanket. He knew that this was the end . . . and somehow it seemed much worse than the losing of the fortune he had come to regard as his own. He recalled a certain expression he had read somewhere—a thing which he hadn't thought of for years. It was an absurd, incongruous thing—yet it came to him now with all the force of its very absurdity: "I'd rather be a live tumblebug than a dead anything!" That was it . . . he'd rather be a live tumblebug. . . .

His voice, level and serious, compelled Hilda's attention.

"Have it your way," he said with a calmness that surprised himself. "You are off balance. But nothing can be lost by permitting me to suggest a remedy."

"No," she answered quietly. "Nor can anything be gained."

"Then listen. And answer me one ques-



tion honestly: Why are you going to kill me?"

"Because the world will be better off without you."

He shook his head impatiently. "Be specific, Hilda—please. No matter what you decide, this is certainly vital to both of us. Tell me, please."

She regarded him gravely. "First," she answered—"because you intend to report the Wintersburg affair to the police."

"I promise not to do that."

"How much trust could I dare put in your promise?"

"Knowing that you would kill me at the first opportunity," he explained—"you could trust me implicitly. Now—secondly?"

"Because you stand in the way of Naomi's happiness."

"I promise to divorce her."

"Third, you plan to keep John Avery's money."

"I will return that."

They stared at each other and in Don's heart was born a great hope. He fancied that he detected the glimmer of yielding in her eyes. Not a promise . . . but a hint. She seemed to be considering things and he hastened to press his tiny advantage.

"You are mistaken in this, Hilda. You will gain nothing. Admit that I haven't a decent instinct: admit that I lied when I said I didn't intend to go through with it. Very well—this visit of yours changes all that. I realize that you are desperate. I wouldn't dare lie to you—or break any promise I might make to-night. Doesn't that sound logical?"

"Yes . . . it does."

"You think that killing me will solve everybody's problems. It won't. Perhaps, from your standpoint, it might be better than letting me go ahead with what I threatened. But now—since you must believe that I will keep my promise—you should realize what you are doing. You will drag Naomi's name through the mire: 'Girl, wanted for murder in Iowa, kills sister's husband!' Good God! Hilda—you'll put a skeleton in Naomi's closet which will always be there. You will either be electrocuted or put in prison for life. There will be rotten publicity and scandal. You will make it impossible for Naomi and John ever to be happy. If you let me go to-night, you haven't lost anything. If I am lying to you there will be plenty of time for you to kill me. But in such a crisis as this a man doesn't lie. He doesn't dare."

For a long time she stared at him silently—speculatively.

"You will return John's money to-morrow? And permit Naomi to start an uncontested divorce action?"

"To-morrow!" he promised eagerly. "I swear it!"

He saw that she was weakening. But suddenly she stiffened and her voice came to him like drippings from an icicle.

"I can't trust you, Don. I believe we would all be better off if you were dead."

He threw out his hand pleadingly—

"Wait, Hilda, wait! Listen to me. . . ."

CHAPTER XXVII

MIDNIGHT. Quiet. An occasional automobile purring past in the street below. Once in a while the murmur of the elevator outside the door. A few pedestrians whose voices carried to the upper

floors in distinct whispers.

Back and forth—back and forth—across the tiny living-room a woman paced. She was very small and beautifully formed. Her tiny, piquant face was set in stern, hard lines and there were horizontal furrows of worry on her forehead. Occasionally she paused to listen, only to sigh hopelessly and resume her restless pacing.

Hours now—hours which seemed like all eternity—Naomi had kept watch alone. Every taxi which passed the apartment, every footstep in the street below, had brought its moment of hope—and its aftermath of bitter disappointment. John had telephoned once, his voice cheerful but his report pessimistic.

Through eyes half closed by an agony of doubt Naomi saw horrid visions of Hilda—of Hilda dead—of Hilda a victim to a supreme but futile sacrifice. Nothing seemed to matter now that Hilda was gone. There grew in her heart a flaming hatred for the man who was her husband, the man whose diabolic cruelty had caused all of this misery.

The minute hand of the clock crawled interminably forward. It reached the half hour and then crept on its way toward the first hour of the new day. Naomi's feet moved rhythmically. She had walked miles in the little room because inaction would have driven her crazy.

Then she heard the elevator stop on her floor and there came a summons from the buzzer. With heart pounding, she flew to the door and flung it open. John's tremendous figure bulked in the door-frame and she knew from the quiet shake of his head that he had returned without news. He followed her into the apartment and sank wearily into a chair.

"I've been everywhere," he reported. "Every place she might be. I can't find a thing."

Naomi asked questions which frightened her. "The morgue? Undertaking establishments?"

"Yes."

The girl shuddered. "What are we to do, John?"

He spread his hands hopelessly. "We'll wait a little while, dear—then report it to the police. I didn't want to do that until every chance was gone."

With his return the woman seemed to wilt. She had kept up bravely enough while alone, but now it seemed the need for courage was gone. She, too, sat down, and

stared at him through wide, pain-filled eyes. They did not speak. He longed to take her in his arms; to comfort her. But he made no move, merely sat and waited and suffered with the woman whom he worshipped.

They reviewed the past fortnight to the moment of this tragic conclusion. Most tragic of all was the splendid message from Ezekiel Brewster. Brewster would not have wired as he had if there had been the slightest uncertainty. Both condemned themselves for having failed to take Hilda into their confidence, yet each knew that they had pursued the only wise course. Such a contingency as this could not have been foreseen. It was bitterly ironical, though, that salvation should have come just a few minutes too late. Ezekiel Brewster in Wintersburg—wiring that everything was all right! Unconscious of her gesture, Naomi pressed her hands against her forehead. . . .

Then abruptly—amazingly, they were aroused from their miserable reverie. There was a fumbling at the knob of the front door and then a touch of the buzzer. Naomi sped across the room and down the little hallway. Avery followed. The door was flung back. . . .

"Hilda!"
Naomi's arms enveloped her sister's frail figure, and for the first time, John saw Naomi give full vent to her emotion in tears. It was Hilda who dominated the situation. A profound change seemed to have come over the woman. She soothed Naomi in a quiet, motherlike tone; she stroked Naomi's shoulder—and then led the girl back into the living-room and seated herself in a chair.

John was astounded by the change in Hilda. The haunted, helpless light had vanished from her eyes; she carried herself erect; her voice was crisp and certain. And he knew from her first question that her brain was functioning clearly.

"John," she asked—"what is wrong with Naomi?"

He answered deliberately—and truthfully

"You frightened us very badly, Hilda."

"How?"

"By going as you did. We were afraid that you—"

"Oh!" Hilda's cheeks grew pale and she held Naomi more tightly to her. "You thought I had gone to kill myself?"

Avery nodded. Hilda spoke in a quiet voice.

"No, I didn't go out for that. My mission was even more drastic."

THE change in her—the quiet self-possession—roused Naomi from her emotional collapse. She sat up straight and stared at the new Hilda.

"Where did you go, dear?"

The answer came softly.

"I went to Don's apartment."

"To his. . . . Why?"

"To kill him."

"Good God. . . ." Naomi fastened steely fingers on her sister's arm. "You didn't? . . ."

"No. It wasn't necessary. I had no intention of bargaining with him. He had made things so clear earlier to-night that it struck me as the only way out. He held the key to the situation—and the door was locked. It didn't seem to matter whether I faced one murder charge or two. But when I got there something

happened. He didn't cringe exactly, yet I knew that he was frightened. He saw that I wasn't bluffing, and I realized that even more than he loves money—he loves life.

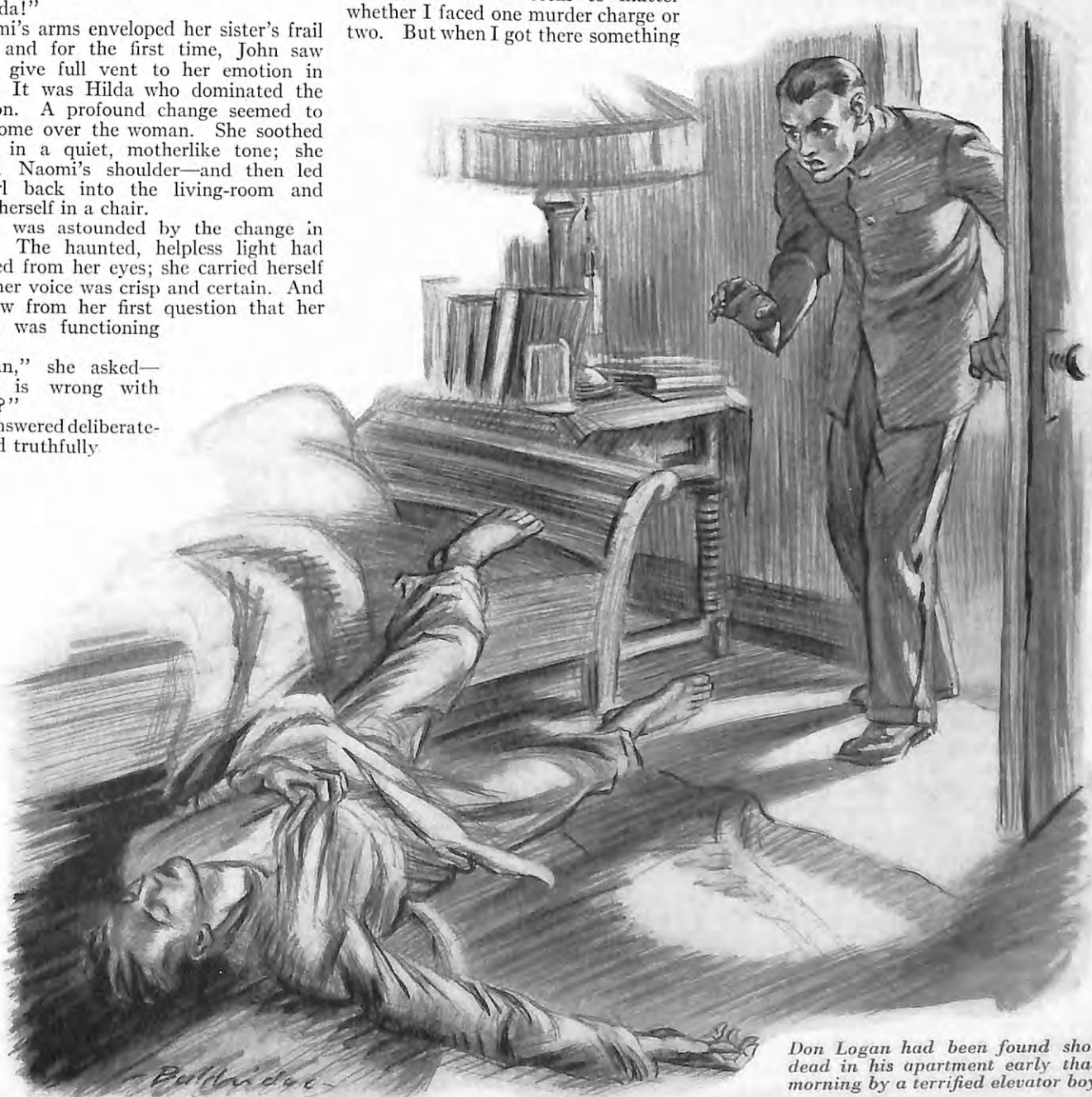
"He talked to me. He offered to rectify conditions. I warned him that if he failed to do what he promised, I would carry out my threat. And I shall. But meanwhile he has given his word—and because he is scared it means something—to return John's money, to permit you to obtain a divorce from him immediately, and to forget what he knows about me."

She gazed triumphantly at them. Naomi could not speak. They had skirted tragedy too closely. . . . But Avery reached into his pocket and drew forth a yellow envelope. Without a word he handed Brewster's telegram to Hilda.

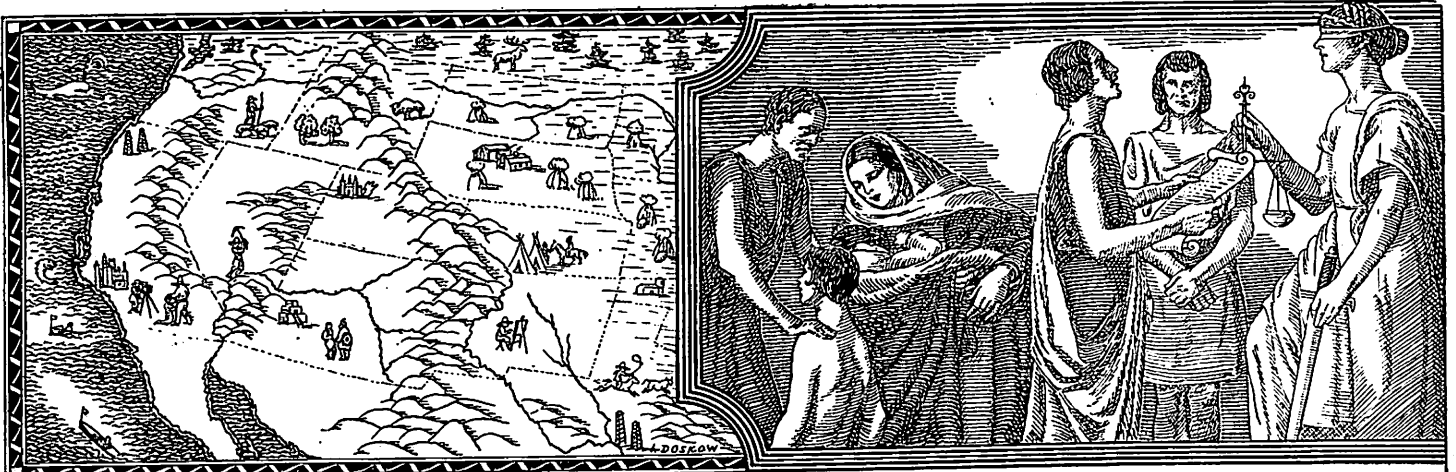
She read it slowly. Her eyes brightened. "Does he really mean—?"

"Yes," said Avery. "That is what we have been doing all this time, Hilda. We were afraid to let you know. You were overwrought, and we knew that it would frighten you. The very thought that we were risking to reopen the Wintersburg affair. Brewster has done nothing unethical.

(Continued on page 42)



Don Logan had been found shot dead in his apartment early that morning by a terrified elevator boy



EDITORIAL

PREPARE YOUR MINDS FOR MIAMI

DURING the last few years each of the succeeding Grand Exalted Rulers has adopted a distinctive slogan, which tersely expressed the particular idea he sought to emphasize during his administration. The present Chief Executive, perhaps wisely, has refrained from following that example. It would seem better for it not to become an established custom. But in his recent Official Circular, Grand Exalted Ruler Malley has embodied a suggestion that is worthy of adoption as an inspiring slogan by every Elk who plans to attend the approaching Convention. It is captioned above:—Prepare Your Minds for Miami.

The Annual Conventions of the Order are not mere social gatherings. The chief objects for which they are convened are to conduct the essential business of the fraternity, to elect its officers, to determine the infinite variety of questions that constantly arise affecting its welfare, and to enact legislation designed for the better accomplishment of the real purposes of its existence. If they also offer opportunities for pleasant associations, for the enjoyment of provided entertainment, yet these are merely incidental and would not, of themselves, justify the yearly meetings. It follows that those who attend should do so with a proper consciousness of their serious import; and should prepare themselves to make intelligent contribution to the consideration of the matters to be presented.

This does not mean that each Grand Lodge member should set forth his views in formal resolutions to be offered, nor that he should seek to address the Convention on every question before it. But it does mean that he should study the more important propositions that he knows are to be dealt with, and that he should ascertain the opinions of those whom he represents, so that he may bring to their consideration and determination a helpful thoughtfulness, and not merely an indifferent acquiescence or an impulsive opposition. And because they have a direct interest in all that the Grand Lodge does, it is also desirable that the lay members of the Order in attendance should likewise thoughtfully reach, and frankly

make known, their deliberate conclusions concerning matters under discussion.

It is neither fair nor wise to permit a few to assume, or make it necessary for them to bear, the responsibility that rests upon all. If there be those whose experience, proved wisdom, and active interest in Grand Lodge affairs entitle their views to special weight, at least they should not be supinely and blindly followed. They should be loyally sustained, fraternally guided or definitely opposed, as the case may be, by independent, thoughtful and deliberate minds, that have been prepared by previous study to reach intelligent conclusions upon the questions at issue.

There are matters of unusual importance to come before the Grand Lodge at Miami. These have been made known to the membership through the official circulars and the articles in the magazine. They can be most wisely determined only if those who may be in attendance will adopt the suggestion of the Grand Exalted Ruler and prepare their minds for Miami.

APPRECIATION

THE February issue of The Architectural Forum contains a most interesting and appreciative article on the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, by Mr. Egerton Swartwout, the architect. As to his own part in the monumental enterprise, he writes with an unassumed modesty to have been expected by all who know him. But he is generous in his praise of his associates, and makes definite claims of excellence for the building which are convincingly authoritative, since he is writing particularly for readers capable of recognizing any extravagance of expression.

In describing the distinctive frieze encircling the central structure, he says: "I'm sure this frieze will be, when complete, one of the outstanding pieces of architectural sculpture in this country, or in the world."

Of the bronze reclining elks, which are placed upon the pedestals on each side of the entrance steps, he writes: "These elks are, I think, the best examples of animal sculpture in the country."

He refers appreciatively to the murals by Blashfield, and says: "The Elks are indeed for-



fortunate in possessing the best work of the best known and best loved mural painter in America."

And with unstinted praise he calls the panels and decorative paintings by Savage, "wonderful."

Even more pleasing to Elks is his commendation of the Commission: "The Building Commission, rather a large one, was one of the most, perhaps the most, far-seeing and enlightened commissions with which I have ever had the pleasure of collaborating; while it didn't throw money away, it demanded the best and was willing to pay a fair price for it; it realized it was building not a commercial structure but a memorial to its heroes; it played no favorites; it got the best materials, the best builders, and the best artists the country afforded, Blashfield, Savage, Fraser, Weinman, Laura Gardin Fraser, as fine a lot as were ever associated in one operation."

And in conclusion he states: "There has been a good deal said lately of collaboration by Grant La Farge and others, at conventions and dinners. Some day I hope Grant will learn of this building and talk about it, for here as never before, I believe, is an example of real collaboration."

It is a distinct pleasure for us to add here, that the whole Order is keenly appreciative of the fact that the master mind behind the whole structure, the man whose inspired dream for this memorial was made a reality of supreme stateliness and beauty by his own genius, is Mr. Swartwout himself, the true artist architect, perhaps without a peer in all America.

MOTHERS' DAY

THE members of the Order of Elks are naturally much influenced by sentiment. Indeed it may be said that the whole purpose of the Order is founded upon those fine sentiments which every true Elk entertains; otherwise he would not have become a member. But it is also true that grown men feel a certain diffidence about giving public expression to their personal feelings; at least they shrink from thus exhibiting those which have a definite individual significance.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that the celebration of Mothers' Day by the subordinate Lodges has not become more general throughout the Order. It is likely that many members feel a hesitancy in taking part in a ceremonial which they assume involves, to a degree, the open display of a sentiment, that, while universally entertained,

is so intimately personal that something of its beauty and sweetness necessarily inheres in the privacy of its exhibition.

This assumption of the character of the approved ceremonial of the Order, is, however, erroneous. It is not designed as an occasion merely to encourage the display of personal emotions; nor is it intended to be one of mawkish sentimentality. It is a dignified and inspiring tribute to Motherhood, the most appealing and the most beautiful relationship in life.

The time is at hand when those Lodges which elect to do so will celebrate Mothers' Day. It is so wholesome and heart-cleansing an experience for all who participate in it that it is hoped the Lodges generally will observe the occasion.

COURTESY AND SAFETY

THE approach of Spring brings again the inevitable call of the out-of-doors. Soon the roads leading from the crowded cities, into the open country and the freshness of new growth, will be thronged by motor cars. And the dangers of accident and injury will be vastly multiplied by the increased number of travelers along the highways.

Of course, the best protection against accident is the observance of due care. This is matter of legal obligation and, in the cities, is more or less well enforced by traffic officers, but in the country, its observance being less rigidly enforced, it is more a matter of voluntary conduct. It has come to be called the courtesy of the road; and the primary rules are as simple as they are effective.

If you are driving at night and meet a car, dim your lights so as to relieve its driver from the distressing and blinding glare. In passing another car, draw over to your own side of the road with generous, as well as cautious, regard for his rights. Do not "hog" the road. Do not speed by another car simply for the purpose of getting in front of him. Do not make a race of the approach to an intersection, to beat the other fellow to it. It is an inappreciable time lost to yield it in proper cases. Always have in mind his rights as well as your own.

A good example is likely to inspire emulation. And if every Elk who drives a car will remember and obey the obligations of true courtesy, the influence would be tremendously for good. It would soon reflect itself in the accident statistics.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Recent Visitations

Middle West, New York and New England Greet Mr. Malley

LEAVING Chicago Wednesday morning, February 29th, after attending the North-eastern Illinois initiation and banquet at the Palmer House the evening before, Grand Exalted Ruler Malley departed for Paris, Ill., accompanied by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Dr. C. D. Midkiff, President of the Illinois State Elks Association; George W. Hasselman, Secretary of the Association; Charles E. Witt, Assistant to the Grand Secretary; Justice Floyd E. Thompson of the Grand Forum, and Trustee L. T. Rowland of the State Association. The party was joined en route by Louie Forman, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, and R. W. Trotter, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Illinois East Central.

At 3:30 in the afternoon, after having motored fifty miles from Mattoon, Ill., to Paris, through slush and snow, the Grand Exalted Ruler assisted in the dedication of the new Home of Paris Lodge. Over 200 members and residents of the city gathered for the exercises, which were in charge of E. P. Huston, Mayor of Paris and Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was a rousing interpretation of high American ideals as exemplified in the Order.

Leaving immediately after the ceremonies, the party motored to Danville, Ill., where Mr. Malley and his suite were guests at a dinner of Danville Lodge. Here the Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by Howard Swallow, who served on the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary under the chairmanship of Mr. Malley.

The party remained in Danville overnight and the following morning, under the guidance of Dr. J. C. Dallenbach, Past Exalted Ruler of Champaign Lodge, were taken to Champaign, where for two hours they were guests of the University of Illinois. A noon-day luncheon at Champaign Lodge brought out approximately 200 Elks, including a delegation from Urbana Lodge, who listened to a scholarly presentation of the purposes and plans of the Order. An added guest at the Champaign luncheon was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Astley Apperly of Louisville, Ky., who was visiting in the city.

During the afternoon Mr. Malley and his suite motored to Decatur and, after an hour or two at the summer club-house of Decatur Lodge, on the banks of Lake Decatur, were feted at a dinner

given at the Hotel Orlando, where 200 members and their wives were in attendance. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. F. Davenport of Illinois West Central, and Past President of the State Association W. H. Crum were among the guests.

Friday morning, March 2, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party drove to Peoria, where a noon-day luncheon attended by more than 200 was one of the most interesting and enthusiastic meetings of the Illinois trip. Here Mr. Malley stressed the importance of high quality in membership and the fruits of cooperation, and spoke of the plans of the Order for the future.

In the afternoon the party continued on to Canton, Ill., where a six o'clock dinner brought together representatives from eight Lodges in that district. This was followed by a Lodge meeting, where the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented in a stirring manner by former Congressman B. M. Chipfield.

In Quincy, Ill., the next stop, Mr. Malley visited the Home of the Lodge, and attended an elaborate luncheon held in his honor. Leaving in the afternoon for Hannibal, Mo., the boyhood home of Mark Twain, the Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied by a large delegation of Quincy members, who had been invited by Hannibal Lodge to attend its reception and banquet to Mr. Malley. Here some 250 Elks dined in the Lodge room to the accompaniment of a musical program. Mr. Malley again made a most forceful address, while among the other well-known members of the Order who spoke were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell; Grand Treasurer Fred A. Morris; Sam Byrne and Dr. Charles R. Logan, Presidents of the Missouri and Iowa State Elks Associations, and a number of others. During his stay in Hannibal, Mr. Malley was shown over the home where Mark Twain spent his youthful days, and was escorted to other points of interest by Exalted Ruler G. D. Bartram and a committee of members. On March 4 the Grand Exalted Ruler was scheduled to attend a meeting of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee in Chicago, after which he returned to his home in Boston.

On March 18 Mr. Malley was the guest of honor at the twenty-fifth anniversary banquet of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, held at the Copley-

Plaza Hotel in Boston. On the 27th he visited Danbury, Conn., Lodge, where he addressed an audience of 300, including many nationally known Elks, at the banquet which was the chief feature of his stay in the city. Among the other speakers of the evening were Murray Hulbert, Past Justice of the Grand Forum, and Secretary William T. Phillips of New York, N. Y., Lodge.

At White Plains, N. Y., the following day, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed one of the largest crowds ever assembled for such an occasion, 1,500 members of the Order crowding the armory at the meeting which followed a dinner to Mr. Malley in the Lodge Home. The Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to the stage by the Guard of Honor and the Drill Teams of White Plains Lodge, where he was introduced by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Hughes, in point of service the oldest living Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. The following evening Mr. Malley attended the twenty-fifth anniversary banquet of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, at the Commodore Hotel in New York City. This event is reported on another page of this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

On April 1 Oswego, N. Y., Lodge was visited, and here Mr. Malley took part in the dedication of the new addition to its Home. Following the ceremonies the Grand Exalted Ruler and a number of other prominent Elks made addresses, Mr. Malley's being received with the greatest enthusiasm and applause. A dinner at the City Club, attended by the officers, charter members, Past Exalted Rulers and the building committee wound up the day. The next morning, Mr. Malley motored to Auburn where, in company with Past Justice Murray Hulbert, he attended the funeral of William C. Burgess, one of the founders and a Past President of the New York State Elks Association. That evening, Mr. Hulbert and the Grand Exalted Ruler visited the Home of Utica, N. Y., Lodge, where they witnessed the ceremony of burning the mortgage on the handsome building. Here a gathering of some 500 members gave Mr. Malley a great ovation, to which the Grand Exalted Ruler responded with one of his characteristically forceful speeches.

Further visits by Mr. Malley to mid-western Lodges will be reported in the June issue.

The Second Annual Elks Magazine Cruise

Elk Travelers Again Visit the Spanish Main

ON THE night of February 10, the S. S. *Megantic*, under charter to James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., cleared New York harbor carrying the members of the second annual ELKS MAGAZINE Cruise to the balmy air of the azure Caribbean. Twenty-one days later, with a gay and sun-browned company of voyagers, all of whom declared they had never enjoyed themselves more in their lives, the ship docked at New York, having stopped at upwards of a dozen foreign ports.

There was only one unforeseen circumstance to mar the perfect working of the schedule and that took the form of a mild South American revolution. The cruise members had landed at La Guayra, oil port on the coast of Venezuela, and had ridden by automobile over the mountains toward Caracas, the capital, when the local *polizei*, or whatever they were, stepped into the road and told them to stop. They not only told them to stop, but went further and suggested that the sooner the Americans returned to the coast and boarded their steamer the better. There was a revolution on, and all that sort of thing, and somebody might get hurt. It was near lunchtime and most of the cruise members would have willingly faced a firing squad rather than postpone lunch, but the official persons were obdurate. A revolution was a revolution, and orders were orders. It was all a great nuisance, but the only thing to

do was to obey with the best grace possible. And besides, the best thing about going to Caracas is going to Caracas; the road there and



The Cruise Ship at La Guayra

back being one of the engineering marvels of the world, affording unforgettable views of the Andes mountains. The capital itself is interesting, but its approach from La Guayra is the chief attraction. So the cruisers took up their belts an extra notch and went back to the ship.

The first port reached after leaving New York was Havana, where the *Megantic* dropped anchor early in the afternoon of St. Valentine's Day. Here, upon landing, the visitors were taken in automobiles for a sight-seeing tour which included the famous Prado, Havana's Fifth Avenue; the Columbus Cathedral; La Punta fortress, and other points of interest. There was a dinner dance that night at a hotel roof garden which afforded a magnificent air view of the city. The next morning offered more sight-seeing, with El Morro and Cabana forts as the objectives. In the afternoon the cruise members were free to indulge their own whims and pursue their own investigations of the local entertainment resources.

Lifting anchor at 4 A. M., February 16, the *Megantic* set sail for Jamaica, arriving at Kingston early the next morning. First on the program of exploration, was a motor expedition that led through the luxuriant mountains to Castleton Gardens, a botanical park containing great varieties of tropical plants, all instructively labeled. In the afternoon, the cruisers were free to follow their own varied inclinations

which took in walks, drives and shopping forays. Vast quantities of assorted merchandise were taken on board ship; hampers and baskets of all sizes, linens, walking sticks, straw hats and many other things.

From Jamaica the cruise headed for Panama. At Colon, on the 20th, the ship was met by a squadron of army planes and greeted by the Navy Band. A committee of welcome from Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, met the ship. This committee was headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard M. Davies, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. W. Goulet, Past Exalted Ruler J. L. Wardlaw, Exalted Ruler Hugh V. Powers, Exalted Ruler-elect Thomas Leathley and Secretary Mace M. Jacques, accompanied by their wives.

Boarding a train, the party rode across the Isthmus to the Pacific side, stopping at Gatun, on the way, to inspect the great locks, through which, by a lucky chance, a ship was passing at the time.

At Balboa some of the party had lunch at private clubs and played golf at the Panama Golf Club. The main group lunched at one of the principal hotels, where their tables overlooked the Pacific. In the afternoon motor cars conveyed them on a round of the many places of interest in Balboa, Panama City and their environs, including the picturesque ruins of old Panama, sacked by the pirate Morgan in 1671. The afternoon wound up with a visit to Theodore McGinnis, prominent citizen of the locality, who dispensed hospitality with a lavish hand.

In the evening, Panama Canal Zone Lodge entertained the travelers at a banquet, with a majority of the local members attending.

One hundred and twenty Elks from the "Floating Club" presented the sum of \$120 to the Lodge's welfare fund.



After the banquet the party adjourned to the Union Club, for dancing and other merrymaking. It was Mardi Gras in Panama and the carnival spirit was rife. The Mardi Gras Queen and her escorts entertained the visitors with an exhibition of native folk dances. At midnight the train conveyed the revellers back to the Atlantic side where lay the ship. Some cruise members, instead of spending the afternoon at Balboa, had returned earlier and for them the cruise management had provided a dance at the Strangers' Club. The Mardi Gras celebration was as spirited in Colon and Cristobal as on the other side of the Isthmus.

The next stop of the *Megantic* was at Cartagena, principal port of Colombia and its capital. This city dates back to the sixteenth century and has had a history of siege, capture and ruin at the hands of marauders of various races.

From Cartagena, the ship steamed to the island of Curaçao, in the Dutch West Indies, one of the most picturesque spots in that part of the world. Its architecture and its people are of mixed Dutch and Spanish origin and it boasts a weird, hybrid language all its own, called *papi-*

mento. Before he became Governor of Nieuw Amsterdam, Peter Stuyvesant made Curaçao the biggest slave market in the world. Willemstad, the principal city, was visited by the cruise and gave the members another excellent opportunity for shopping.

Across the water from Curaçao is La Guayra, Venezuela, and thither the *Megantic* turned. What happened there has been told earlier in this report.

San Juan, Porto Rico, was the next port of call. It is an interesting town, overlooking a beautiful, island-dotted harbor. The cruise party were taken in motor cars to see the Cathedral, the fortresses

of old Spanish times, and a sugar mill up in the back country. After luncheon, they boarded ship again and set out for Bermuda, where, on the 1st of March, they were landed in the sunny and inviting city of Hamilton. There being no motor cars on the island, the cruisists were driven over the smooth coral roads in open carriages. They visited the Crystal and Wonderland Caves and the Aquarium, which boasts some three hundred varieties of exotic fish and eighty-odd varieties of fungi. After lunch, the afternoon was spent in shopping and other pleasurable pursuits.

After a thoroughly delightful voyage, attended by perfect weather all the way, the cruise ended, March 3, with the arrival of the *Megantic* at New York. In this brief article it has been possible only to outline the bald facts regarding the cruise and its itinerary. Of the splendid days and nights on board ship, with their deck-games, their impromptu parties, and the general good-fellowship which prevailed, a volume could be written. At all events, everyone united in acclaiming the virtues of Captain Kearney, his officers and crew, and the cruise management.

1928 Grand Lodge Convention at Miami

Bulletin No. 5

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

Greetings!

HOW better can we begin this Bulletin than to indicate to you the prizes we are offering, to be contested for at this Convention:

1. Best Decorated Autos, \$100.00, \$50.00.
2. All-Florida Section only. (1) Lodge having largest number in band, 35 or more, \$500.00, \$250.00. (2) Lodge having best decorated float, \$200.00, \$100.00. (3) Lodge having the most unique costume, \$200.00, \$100.00.
3. Lodge having largest band, 35 or more, and farthest from home, \$500.00. Lodge having best band, 35 or more, \$1,000.00, \$500.00, \$250.00. Best Boys' Band, 25 or more as appearing and playing in parade, \$250.00. Best Novelty Band, 25 or more, \$75.00.
4. Best Drum and Bugle, Five and Drum, or Five, Drum and Bugle Corps, \$125.00.
5. Floats—Best Decorated, \$500.00, \$250.00. Float—Most original subject depicted, \$500.00, \$250.00.
6. Best Glee Club, 8 or more, \$100.00.
7. Golf (to be classified), \$500.00.
8. Lodge greatest distance from home in proportion to numbers, \$500.00. Lodge with greatest number of ladies, \$100.00. Lodge with most original costume outside of Florida Section, 40 or more, \$200.00, \$100.00.
9. Lodge with patrol, greatest number accord-

ing to distance, 20 or more, \$500.00. Lodge with best drilled patrol, 20 or more, \$500.00.
10. Trapshoot (to be classified), \$5,000.00.

Are there not some of those prizes which your Lodge would like to win? If so, send in your entry at once. You will have plenty of competition.

Our religious services on Sunday, July 8, will be taken over for a great part by leading Elks of prominence, who will address the various congregations on the "Spirit of Elkdom." At 8 P. M. under the glittering stars, all Miami churches will join in the grandest religious services imaginable. Thousands of children, choirs, and symphonies, will pay tribute to the Grand Exalted Ruler of all.

Train Fares and Hotel Reservations

The railroads have made special rates for round-trip tickets, good for thirty days, of one and one-half fare. No identification will be necessary.

Reservations must be made soon. The five-dollar deposit on each room is for your protection; to insure you the most select. Our Hotel Committee, 137 Shoreland Arcade, is at your command—tell us your requirements—how many people, how many rooms, single or double, bath or no bath. Wire collect if necessary, or write giving details. We are trying to avoid congestion at the last minute, so help us now. Single rooms for \$5.00, double \$8.00, the highest price; and many as low as \$2.00 for single and \$4.00 for double.

Havana and Other Trips

When Friday morning, July 13, arrives, and the Convention has become history, many of

your friends will have made reservations for a trip to Cuba.

We have eliminated the Three and Four Day trips and will simply conduct a Five-Days' sojourn in that Island, keeping our people together. This trip is \$82.50, all expenses paid, with the privilege of your getting a refund of \$8.00 per day if you have to return earlier. There will be an added charge of \$8.00 per day if you wish to stay longer.

Trips can be made from Miami in a few hours to Bimini, Cat Key, or Nassau, at very small cost.

Floats

These must not be over 16 feet in height and not over 60 feet long—no other restrictions. Let us know what you want and we will have prices submitted.

But one more Bulletin will reach you in time for your preparation to come. It will contain our complete program.

The Administration Building, twenty-seven stories high, will be the beacon on your arrival. All information, tickets, badges, recheck of hotels, will be taken care of there. Your baggage will be handled by our committees from this point direct to your room at your hotel. To help us, have your name, and name of hotel tagged on same.

Fraternally yours,
D. J. HEFFERNAN, Chairman
L. F. MCCREADY,
W. MARK BROWN,
G. A. MCKINNON,
C. B. SELDEN,
A. J. CLEARY,
R. B. GAUTIER,
W. A. OTTER, Ex. Of.

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Under the Spreading Antlers

Grand Exalted Ruler Attends Jubilee Dinner of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge

WITH Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and many other notables of the Order as honor guests, the banquet and dance given as part of its twenty-fifth anniversary celebration by Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, at the Commodore Hotel in New York, was a splendidly successful event. More than 400 members and their guests and friends were seated in the beautifully decorated ballroom. The tables were arranged around an open floor, and the dinner was interspersed with dance numbers and specialty acts. With the arrival of coffee, Exalted Ruler James W. Caffrey introduced Toastmaster Sydney A. Syme, who sounded the keynote of brevity for the speeches that were to follow. Among the distinguished members of the Order who addressed the large gathering were Grand Exalted Ruler Malley; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener; Grand Trustees Edward W. Cotter and Richard P. Rooney; Miles S. Hencle, President of the New York State Elks Association; Lawrence H. Rupp, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Brogan; William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; Hon. Murray Hulbert, Past Justice of the Grand Forum; James A. Farley, Past President of the New York State Elks Association; Charles S. Hart, Chairman of the Anniversary Committee and Exalted Ruler-elect of Mount Vernon Lodge; and Mayor James Berg, of Mount Vernon. Past Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher, effectively rendering the Eleven O'Clock Toast, greatly impressed his audience with the solemnity of this Elk observance. The final speaker was Thomas A. McKennell who, on behalf of the Lodge, presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with two beautifully bound sets of books.

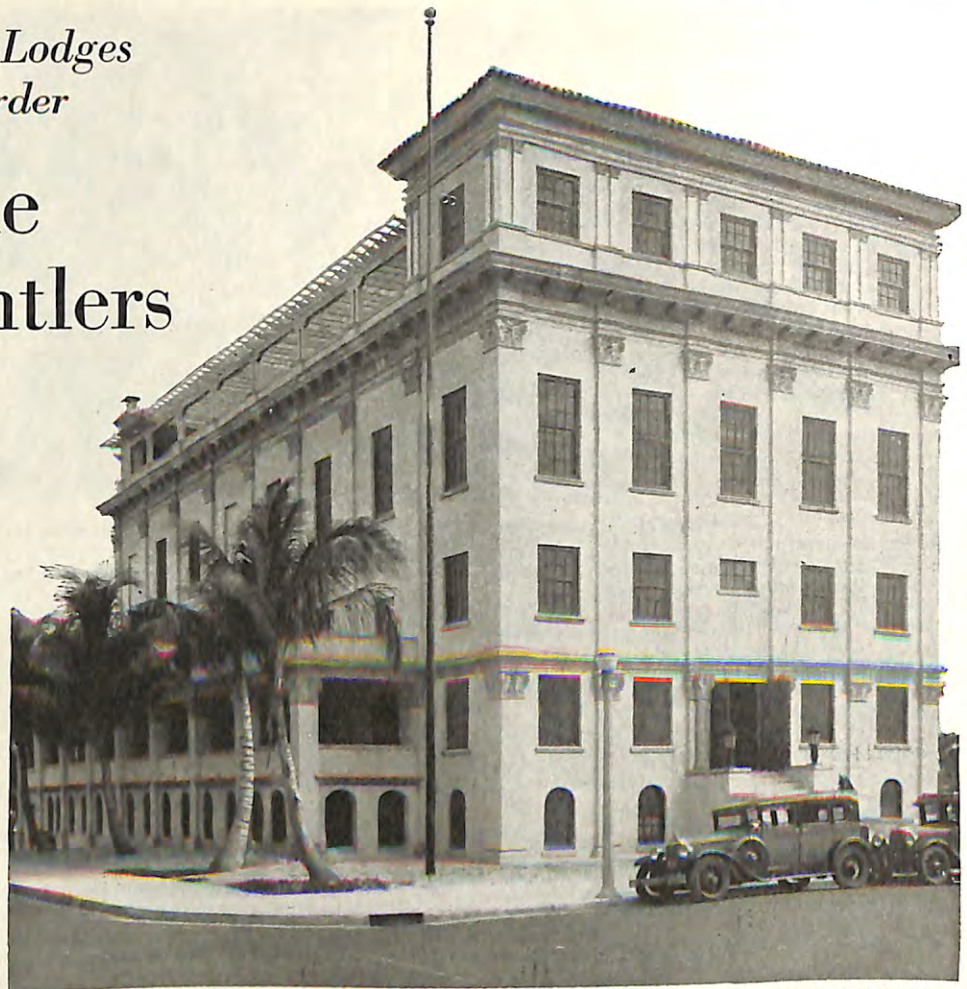
Following the speeches, dancing was resumed and it was not until a late hour that one of the most enjoyable occasions of the winter in the metropolitan district was brought to a close.

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge to Extend Scope of Its Welfare Work

With the installation of its new officers last month, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, inaugurated a system which places its welfare work and its activities among the youths in the families of members, under one responsible head.

Henry J. A. Newton, Secretary of No. 2 for several years, retired from this office to become chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee and Director of the Antlers. With a membership of 17,000, and increasing demands from every direction, the work of the committee promises to be arduous. Mr. Newton was instrumental some years ago in organizing the sons, nephews and grandsons of members into the Lodge of Antlers sponsored by No. 2. He wrote the ritual used by the junior organization and, maintaining supervision over its work, has seen it grow until it now numbers nearly 2,000 members.

The interest taken by Philadelphia Lodge in the juniors is fully reciprocated and the boys are of effective assistance in many Lodge affairs. Their own meetings are enthusiastically attended and their activities include the support of a dramatic club, an harmonica band, athletic teams and a recently organized Boy Scout



The handsome, recently dedicated Home of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352

Troop. The presentation of flags to the new Troop was the occasion of great ceremony, hundreds of Scouts of the district crowding the huge ballroom of the Lodge. The boys have their own hours in the swimming pool and gymnasium, and their interest is so keen that alterations are now under way which will give them their own section of the great new Home of the Lodge, with special lodge room, club rooms and locker room.

Lake City, Florida, Lodge Celebrates Anniversary

Celebrating its first anniversary the new Lake City, Fla., Lodge, No. 893, held a dinner and dance a short time ago attended by some 125 members and guests. The dinner, served at the Seminole Restaurant, was a delightful affair, partaken of in a specially decorated room, with favors for the guests, and a number of interesting talks to follow. Exalted Ruler Frank E. Thompson, as toastmaster, introduced the speakers, among whom were Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, who made the principal address; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. B. Stewart, who complimented the members on the flourishing condition of the Lodge, and a number of other prominent Elks of the State, who spoke of the fine work accomplished by No. 893 during the past year. At the conclusion of the speeches the party repaired to the Home of the Lodge, where dancing was enjoyed.

Illinois West Central District Holds Meeting at Canton, Ill., Lodge

One of the largest meetings ever held by the Illinois West Central District was the recent gathering at Canton, Ill., Lodge, No. 626, which was marked by a full day's celebration. The session started at 10 o'clock in the morning, with the initiation of a class of candidates by the officers and degree team of Monmouth, Ill., Lodge, No. 397. At 11:30 a chicken dinner was served and at 1 o'clock the White Trophy Cup

contest was held. This was won by the degree team of Monmouth Lodge, which will represent the District at the Illinois State Elks Association Convention to be held at Moline in August. At 3 o'clock a vaudeville show was presented, each Lodge contributing an interesting act of its own to the program.

Among the many distinguished guests present were Dr. C. D. Midkiff, George Hasselman and William Fritz, President, Secretary and First Vice-President respectively of the Illinois State Elks Association; Eugene Welch and Louie Forman, Past Presidents of the State Association, the latter also a member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; and Dr. J. C. Dallenbach, Chairman of the White Trophy Cup Committee.

The day's program was in charge of Dr. F. C. Winters, District Chairman of the Trophy Cup Committee and Roy S. Preston, District Chairman of the Inter-Lodge Relations Committee of the State Association.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Gives Concert For County Home Inmates

In line with its policy of bringing sunshine into the lives of the unfortunate and helpless, the band and chorus of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, recently gave a concert for the inmates of the County Home and Hospital in the Georgetown District. A large number of members and friends were present to assist in making the occasion a successful one.

The notable work of the Seattle Lodge band in furnishing concerts for hospitals and institutions regularly for several years, has reflected great credit upon the Lodge and the Order.

Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge Receives Congratulation of District Deputy

The members of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, were highly complimented by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James F. Shipman, when he paid his official visit, upon their fraternal and charitable activities and the generally

flourishing condition of their affairs. After spending a full day at the Home of the Lodge, dining in the evening with the officers of the ten Lodges of West Virginia, North, Mr. Shipman attended the regular meeting of Clarksburg Lodge, and witnessed the initiation of a large class of candidates by the newly organized uniformed degree team of No. 482. The District Deputy was particularly enthusiastic over the rendition of the ritual, and said that he had never seen it more impressively exemplified. Following Mr. Shipman's address, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arch F. Dawson, and Exalted Ruler Clarence H. Bloom of Fairmont Lodge, No. 294, also made short talks. Another feature of the evening's ceremonies which made a deep impression, especially upon the newly-made Elks, was a Memorial Service conducted by the officers, during which the names of six departed members were added to the tablet.

Following the formal adjournment of the meeting a social session was held in the grill room at which refreshments and a splendid entertainment were offered. More than 350 visitors were present who, with the Clarksburg members on hand, made up a total of some 800 who enjoyed the fine evening. Further pleasant fraternal relations were looked forward to when No. 482's degree team accepted the invitations of Morgantown and Fairmont Lodges to conduct initiations in the near future.

Minstrel Show of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge Nets Large Sum

Another strikingly successful minstrel show was given some time ago by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276. These annual performances, held for the benefit of the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children, have come to be among the most important money-raising efforts made by eastern Lodges. More than \$10,000 was realized this year, all of it being turned over to the Home for the care of its little patients.

Dedication of New Ashland, Pa., Lodge Home

Close to 700 members, visiting Elks and their friends attended the recent public dedication of the new Home of Ashland, Pa., Lodge, No. 384. The ritualistic features of the ceremony were impressively performed by Exalted Ruler M. O. Kelshaw and his staff of No. 384, and among the distinguished speakers of the occasion were George Post, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and Judge Clarence Whitehouse, of Schuylkill County.

The first official meeting in the new Home took place that evening, at which a class of 100 candidates was initiated by the Degree Team of Freeland, Pa., Lodge, No. 1145. After the ceremonies the business meeting was held, followed by a concert by the Ashland Lodge band, and a banquet.

The new Home is a notable addition to the city. The main entrance is old Colonial in style, while the interior is finished in a type of California stucco containing a subdued blend of varying colors. On the first floor is the reception room, trimmed in dark oak; the office of the secretary, and a room for the board of directors; the spacious social room and library, a part of which is the billiard room, finished in a color scheme of pink, green and white. To the rear of this is the grill room, opening onto a veranda. The Lodge room, having a brocade finish in buff, blue and white, occupies the second floor, and has a collapsible stage for use when plays and similar programs are given, while the basement is given over to the bowling alleys, the kitchen and the furnace room.

Auburn, N. Y., Lodge Planning To Purchase New Home

As this was written, the Building Committee of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 474, had been instructed, at a recent meeting of the members, to negotiate for the purchase of the Chamber of Commerce Building. This structure was originally the property of the City Club, and in design and construction is admirably suited for a Lodge Home. Should the negotiations result in purchase, the Lodge expects to sell its property at the corner of Green and Genesee Streets.

Auburn Lodge recently received the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James H. Mackin, when Mr. Mackin was the honor guest at a dinner and reception. The District Deputy, in his talk to the members, mentioned particularly the fine exemplification of the ritual by the degree team.

Kansas State Elks Association Planning Student Loan Fund

Although details of the Student Loan Fund contemplated by the Kansas State Elks Association are not yet complete, THE ELKS MAGAZINE is advised that they include the raising of a permanent fund of \$10,000 to be used to assist both men and women students in their senior year at the colleges or universities of the State. A committee of three will administer the fund and pass upon the eligibility of applicants for assistance. It was decided to confine the loans

to members of the senior class because, firstly, such students will have already demonstrated their quality during their three preliminary years of college work; and, secondly, because they will be able to repay more quickly than junior students the money loaned by the Association, and thus make it possible for a greater number of their fellows to receive the same assistance.

Recent Fraternal Visits Paid by Grafton, W. Va., Lodge

Grafton, W. Va., Lodge, No. 308, recently journeyed to Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, where the visitors were guests of honor at Clarksburg's Annual Minstrel Show. This is the second visit made in a short time to the sister Lodge, the other recent one being on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James F. Shipman, to No. 482, when large delegations from Moundsville, Fairmont, Parkersburg, Mannington, Elkins and Philippi were present to enjoy an initiation, social session and generally fine time.

When the District Deputy made his visit to Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge, No. 294, a gathering from Grafton Lodge which was on hand to welcome him, witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates and was entertained later with a program of feature acts.

Troy, N. Y., Lodge Takes Part In Benefit Performance

As this is written, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, has completed arrangements with the National Vaudeville Artists to present a joint benefit at Proctor's Theatre early in April. This is the first time that Troy Lodge will have shared in such a performance, and the committee in charge is looking forward to realizing a large sum for No. 141's charity work. The theatre, bill, advertising and so on were to be provided through the generosity of the management, so that, literally, every dollar taken in at the door will find its way to the charity funds of the Lodge and the N. V. A.

Sedalia, Mo., Lodge Entertains District Deputy Wiek

Sedalia, Mo., Lodge, No. 125, was host a short time ago to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. W. Wiek when he paid his official visit to its Home. Spending an afternoon and evening with the members, Mr. Wiek, after complimenting the Lodge on its sound condition, conferred with the newly elected officers on their plans for the coming year.

Sedalia Lodge has purchased a beautiful piece of property and expects to begin soon upon the construction of a new Home. Its present plans call for a \$40,000 building of old English architecture, with full Lodge and club equipment.

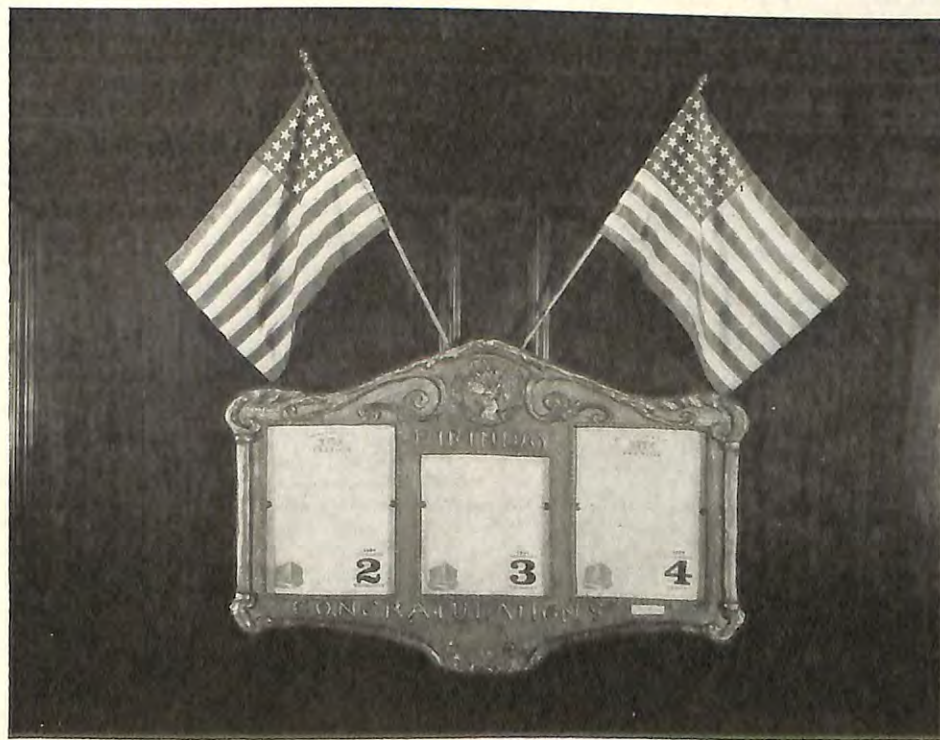
Muskogee, Okla., Lodge Entertains Two District Deputies at Meeting

At one of the most enjoyable meetings held for many years by Muskogee, Okla., Lodge, No. 517, two District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers were guests of honor. P. B. Bostic, District Deputy for Oklahoma, Northeast, paying his official visit to his home Lodge, was accompanied by District Deputy H. I. Aston, Oklahoma, Southeast, and a delegation of twenty members from McAlester Lodge, No. 533. Other visitors present represented some dozen Oklahoma and Kansas Lodges.

Following a dinner to the guests at the Baltimore Hotel, a "get acquainted" gathering was held in the Lodge Home before the opening of the formal session. The features of the latter were an impressive initiation, the election of officers for the coming year and an excellent address by Mr. Aston. A program of entertainment and a midnight supper filled out the rest of the evening for hosts and guests.

Oakland, Calif., Lodge Makes Trip to Reno, Nev., Lodge

Leaving in the evening on a special train for their recent fraternal visit to Reno, Nev.,



The "Birthday Congratulations" bulletin in the Home of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39



This degree team of Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, No. 796, is much sought after by other Lodges

Lodge, No. 597, a group of members of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, stopped over at Lake Tahoe Tavern the following morning for breakfast and a day of snow sports. The special left Lake Tahoe in the afternoon and, after a journey through the snow-covered mountains, arrived at Reno in the evening, where the party were met by a delegation from No. 597, which escorted them to the Home and a turkey dinner. Following the dinner Exalted Ruler O. D. Hamlin and his staff, assisted by the glee club and drill team, conducted a special meeting for their hosts, during which generous contributions were made to the Reno Lodge charity fund.

The party visited Truckee the following day, and enjoyed tobogganing, skiing, sleighing and sight-seeing trips to Donner Lake and Donner monument, reaching Oakland on schedule time the next morning after a delightful holiday.

Hampton, Va., Lodge Celebrates Thirty-first Anniversary

Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, recently observed its thirty-first year of impressive achievement with a banquet and program of entertainment given in the Home. The dinner, held after the business session, included a program of speechmaking and this was followed by musical selections rendered by the Soldiers Home Orchestra and Newport News Elks Orchestra, and by vocal and instrumental numbers. Aside from the large turnout of members, there were present many past and active subordinate Lodge officers, and members from the Lodges in the district.

The record of activity of No. 366 has fittingly exemplified the principles and aims of the Order. The enthusiasm of its members, the ability of its officers and the high character of its work, have made it an important and esteemed factor in the life of the community.

Quarterly Meeting of New Jersey State Elks Association

Fifty of the fifty-five Lodges of the State were represented at the recent quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association, held in the Home of Newark Lodge, No. 21. Winners in the district ritualistic contests were announced and New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, cordially invited all Jersey Elks to attend the finals, which were held in its Home on April 1st, as reported elsewhere in these columns. It was decided to hold the annual convention of the Association in Atlantic City on June 22d and 23d, with the parade on the second day. At the close of the interesting meeting the officers and delegates were the guests of President Henry A. Guenther at a splendid beefsteak dinner in Newark Lodge's grill room.

District Deputy Crosby Praises Bluffton, Ind., Lodge's Degree Team

The exceptional work of the new Degree Team of Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, No. 796, has again called forth the warm commendation of District

Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis F. Crosby. As mentioned in these pages some time ago, Mr. Crosby was much impressed by the team's work on the occasion of his official visit to Bluffton Lodge. In a recent communication to the officers and staff of No. 796, he spoke again of that visit and said, in part: "The demonstration you gave on the night of my official visit blazes the trail to greater achievement in your Lodge work. . . . There is no doubt that a continuation of your present endeavors will bring success at the meeting of the State Association. I would like very much to have other Lodges in this district extend an invitation to your team to give initiatory work to one of their classes."

New York, N. Y., Lodge Reports On Hospitalization Work

Chairman Augustus F. Groll, in a report of recent activities of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, announced that arrangements had been made with Misericordia Hospital to endow a room in that institution to be held in perpetuity for the use of members of New York Lodge or members of outside Lodges duly designated by accredited authority. This room will be equipped with every necessary appliance and convenience, and the expenses in connection with the endowment will be borne by John J. Schmitt, of No. 1, a member whose interest and generosity in welfare work has long been appreciated by every member of the Lodge. Mr. Groll then reported on the work being done in the several prenatal clinics financed by New York Lodge in cooperation with the Department of Health. Close to 358 cases had received attention with absolute success, not a single fatality occurring. The mothers received attention prior to the birth of their children and for a period of six weeks after confinement.

At the conclusion of the chairman's report, Exalted Ruler John Hogan expressed his appreciation and that of the membership for Mr. Schmitt's recent benefaction. Mr. Schmitt, in reply, stated that it was a pleasure for him to assist in promoting welfare work, and that he hoped to continue to do so as time went on. When the applause subsided, a motion was made and unanimously carried, that a page in the minutes be set aside in reference to Mr. Schmitt and his endowment of the hospital room.

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Celebrates Its Forty-seventh Anniversary

Some thousand members of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, attended its forty-seventh birthday celebration, among them, as guests of honor, the Boys of Auld Lang Syne, on the rolls of No. 13 for twenty or more years. Speeches, an entertainment by an exceptional array of talent, and a social session reminiscent of early days, made up a delightful fraternal evening that was in the best Elk tradition and thoroughly enjoyed by every one present.

Two charter members, Past Exalted Rulers George W. June and James V. Cook, were on hand to recall the first meeting of the Lodge,

held just thirteen years after the founding of the Order in New York City, and many were the stories exchanged of the young days of No. 13. Among the speakers of the evening were Mayor L. E. Slack, Rabbi Morris Feuerlicht, Exalted Ruler Thomas L. Hughes and other well-known members.

Chorus of Pottsville, Pa., Lodge Wins in Competition

The "Famous Forty," Pottsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 207's male chorus, further distinguished itself a short time ago by winning first place in the "eisteddfod" held in Shenandoah. While the chorus is well known in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, where its appearance in recitals always attracts large and enthusiastic audiences, this was the first time it had taken part in competitive singing, yet, under the leadership of Edgar Brown, it defeated a group of the finest choirs in the region.

The members of the chorus are most generous with their efforts and are always ready to sing for any good purpose, from raising money for charitable purposes to bringing cheer to patients in hospitals and sanatoria.

District Deputy W. R. Dudley, Jr., Visits Palestine, Texas, Lodge

Accompanied by a suite of officers and members from his own Lodge, Dallas, Texas, No. 71, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. R. Dudley, Jr., paid his official visit to Palestine, Texas, Lodge, No. 873, a short time ago. Mr. Dudley was the principal speaker at a largely attended meeting in the Lodge Home, and in an eloquent address impressed his audience with the magnitude of the work being carried on by the Order. The occasion was one of the most interesting held in the Home of Palestine Lodge for a long time.

"Buddy Poppy" Sale a Chance To Help Disabled Veterans

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

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

Coast Counties Elks Association to Hold Initiation at San Luis Obispo Lodge

It has been decided that the next meeting of the Coast Counties (California) Elks Association will take place sometime the latter part of May, at San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322. At that time the Exalted Rulers of the various Lodges in the district will conduct an initiation for which it is planned that each Lodge shall furnish one candidate. There will be a varied program of entertainment provided and those who attended the first big get-together meeting held some time ago at Salinas, Calif., Lodge, No. 614, are eagerly looking forward to this occasion.

At a recent meeting of the Association the following officers were elected: L. W. Kamm, President; W. B. Fitzpatrick, Vice-President, and Edward N. Kaiser, Secretary, all of San Luis Obispo Lodge.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Initiates Largest Class for Distinguished Visitors

A class of eighty-three candidates, the largest in the history of the Lodge, was impressively initiated into Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, on

the occasion of the visit of James R. Cooper, President of the Ohio State Elks Association. Accompanying the State Association President were Clarence J. Brown, Secretary of the State of Ohio; Chalmers R. Wilson, Commissioner of Motor Vehicles; and many Past Exalted Rulers and members of Lodges through the state.

After expressing his appreciation of the splendid hospitality extended him by Toledo Lodge, Mr. Cooper praised Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick and his staff, as well as the quartet and orchestra, for their inspiring exemplification of the ritual during the initiation. Mr. Cooper, speaking of the principles and aims of the Order, stressed particularly the work of the Scholarship Foundation in Ohio and the general, nation-wide instrument for good which the Order has become.

Lynn, Mass., Lodge Entertains Hospital Inmates with Minstrel Show

Lynn, Mass., Lodge, No. 117, recently brought pleasure to the inmates of Middleton Hospital and Chelsea Naval Hospital when it gave its minstrel show at these institutions. The performance was a high-grade one in every way, with a well-drilled chorus of young ladies, fine vocal work and interesting dance numbers. The Lodge also distributed candy and cigarettes among the appreciative audience.

Lynn Lodge, on the occasion of its recent fraternal visit to Revere, Mass., Lodge, No. 1171, initiated a large class of candidates for its hosts, the officers and staff of No. 117 winning the high praise of the Revere membership for the excellence of their work. An entertainment and supper for the visitors completed the enjoyable occasion.

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Celebrates "Russell Mack Night"

A "Russell Mack Night" was recently celebrated by Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, in honor of its retiring Exalted Ruler who is the second man in No. 593 in twenty-seven years to serve two terms in this office. During Mr. Mack's terms the Lodge has been notably active and successful in all departments, paying off \$44,500 of its debts, besides large sums in interest. The membership has been increased from 796 to 1,361, while the average attendance at meetings has been close to 250, with meetings of 300 to 500 members present at least twice a month. A two and one-half acre playground has been donated to the city, a boys' baseball league organized, and a civic symphony orchestra of eighty pieces, and a boys' band, have been sponsored. The Lodge raised \$5,000 last year for charity and donated over \$3,000 to the Elks Crippled Children's Fund. A glee club has been organized, which, with the orchestra, is featured at meetings, and tableaux have been developed to accompany the ritualistic work.

Mr. Mack, who guided the destinies of Aberdeen Lodge through this record of impressive achievement, is also a vice-president of the Washington State Elks Association.

Present and Past State Officers Visit Camden, N. J., Lodge

Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, recently had the largest attendance since the opening of its new Home, on the occasion of the official visit of Henry A. Guenther, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. In the State President's suite were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Garfield Pancoast, Past State President Joseph G. Buch, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Storm, and large delegations of members from Trenton, Penns Grove, Freehold, Perth Amboy, Mount Holly and Vineland Lodges, and a group from Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge.

After the visitors had been entertained at a dinner, the regular Lodge session was held and a class of candidates initiated. Mr. Guenther complimented the officers of No. 293 on their splendid work, and praised the Lodge on its notable activities in behalf of the crippled children of its jurisdiction. At the conclusion of the business meeting the visitors were guests at an entertainment given in the auditorium of the Home.

Stockton, Calif., Lodge Glee Club Holds Banquet and Plans Concerts

The Glee Club of Stockton, Calif., Lodge, No. 218, recently held a banquet preceding their regular weekly rehearsal at which some twenty-five new members of No. 218 were greeted and entertained. Plans were discussed for the three concerts to be given by the Stockton Elks Glee Club, the Modesto Male Chorus, and the McNeill Club of Sacramento, sometime this spring.

Recently, the band of Stockton Lodge, accompanied by close to 100 members, gave a public concert at Jackson, Calif., before an audience of over 800 people. After the concert the members of the band and the visiting Elks were tendered an Italian dinner at the Broadway Hotel.

Indiana Central Officers Entertained By Noblesville Lodge

Sixty officers, representing the Lodges of Indiana Central, were the guests at a dinner and business meeting, a short time ago, of Noblesville, Ind., Lodge, No. 576. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William F. Smith presided, and following the dinner responded to the address of welcome by Exalted Ruler Roy Heiny. President John C. Hampton of the Indiana State Elks Association then spoke of the Foundation being established by the Association. Other speakers, including Will E. Hendrich, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. Ottenheimer, outlined the work for the coming year and discussed the plans of Indiana Lodges for attendance at the Grand Lodge Convention at Miami, in July.

District Deputy Donnelly Gets Notable Reception at Lowell, Mass., Lodge

On the occasion of his official visit to his home Lodge, Lowell, Mass., No. 87, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James E. Donnelly, accompanied by a group of distinguished members of the Order, was accorded one of the most memorable welcomes in his official career. High tribute was paid to Mr. Donnelly through-

out the evening and as a climax, in token of their esteem, Lowell Lodge presented him with a substantial gift, the Exalted Rulers of Massachusetts, Northeast, with a fine watch and the members of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886, with a handsome leather bag.

Staten Island, N. Y., Gives Successful Minstrel Show

The minstrel show given recently in the Masonic Temple by Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, was one of the most successful in the history of the Lodge. Opening with a prologue entitled "The Jolly Corks," which depicted the birth of the Order, an old-time minstrel show followed, with song and novelty dance numbers interpolated. The cast, headed by William Girvin, who directed the show, has been busy receiving congratulations and numerous requests have been made to repeat the performance.

A large crowd turned out for the recent boxing show held in the Home of No. 841, at which Joe Humphries officiated. The local boys held their own against keen competition from the other boroughs and the event was a most successful one in every way.

Passaic, N. J., Lodge Maintains Orthopedic Clinic

Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387, recently has taken over the Orthopedic Clinic at St. Mary's Hospital, which will be in charge of Dr. Carl R. Keppler, orthopedic physician of Newark, N. J., and adviser to the State Crippled Children's Committee, who will hold clinics two and three days a week. The money to support this commendable work will be raised by voluntary subscription.

Executive Committee of Georgia State Elks Association Meets in Augusta

Meeting in the Home of Augusta Lodge, No. 205, the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association took up in formal session a number of important questions. Chairman G. Philip Maggioni of the committee charged with preparing and equipping the playground donated by Georgia Elks to the

The dignified Home of Belaire, Ohio, Lodge, No. 419





ROCHESTER CAMERA EXCHANGE

The boys' band of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, which did much to enliven last year's Grand Lodge Convention

Gracewood Home for Feeble-minded Children, read the final report of the expenses incurred and work completed. More than \$2,000 was spent for this worthy purpose. Following the adjournment of the session the playground was formally dedicated and turned over to the State. The exercises, attended by delegations of Elks from many Georgia and South Carolina Lodges, accompanied by their friends, were conducted by E. Foster Brigham, President of the State Association, while the principal address was made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, honor guest of the occasion. Among others who took part in the ceremonies and made brief speeches were Walter P. Andrews, Justice of the Grand Forum; B. C. Broyles, Secretary of the State Association; D. G. Fogarty, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Augusta Lodge, and R. F. Maddox, President of the State Board of Health.

Because of the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Miami, it was decided to hold no State Association reunion this year, and the Executive Committee accepted the invitation of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, to hold the next meeting in its hospitable Home. At the conclusion of business Mr. Grakelow made an eloquent and enthusiastically applauded speech on the principles of the Order, after which the members present were entertained at a barbecue before proceeding to the dedication ceremonies at the playground.

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, appears each month in these columns.

Alabama, at Bessemer, in May.
California, at Santa Barbara, Oct. 4-5-6.
Idaho, at Idaho Falls, June 18-19.
Illinois, at Moline, Aug. 7-8-9.
Indiana, at Gary, in August.
Iowa, at Ottumwa, June 5-6-7.
Kentucky, at Lexington, in June.
Massachusetts, at Northampton, June 5-6
Michigan, at Manistee, June 18-19.
Nevada, at Elko, last week in September.
New Jersey, at Atlantic City, June 22-23.
North Dakota, at Minot, in August.
Oklahoma, at Mangum, Sept. 2-3-4.
Pennsylvania, at Meadville (Conneaut Lake) in August.
South Carolina, at Greenville, May 24-25.
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.

Gloversville Elks Elect Exalted Ruler Denton for Fifth Term

Exalted Ruler George W. Denton of Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge, No. 226, recently was signally honored by being reelected to his post for the fifth consecutive time. In a Lodge of over 700 members this is an event of no small importance,

testifying as it does to Mr. Denton's character, his unselfish devotion to his trust, and to the impressive record of his performance.

Mr. Denton, too, aside from his activities in the Order, is known for his whole-hearted work along lines of patriotic endeavor and those making for civic betterment.

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

Chillicothe, Ohio, Banquet Is a Gala Affair

A gathering of some 300 members and guests, including many distinguished Elks and prominent public officials, sat down to the recent banquet of Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodge, No. 52. The entry to the banquet hall was made to the strains of a string quartet and while those assembled stood at the tastefully decorated tables, Past Exalted Ruler Albert Breinig delivered the invocation.

Among those who delivered forceful addresses were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price; E. C. Turner, Attorney General of the State of Ohio; Paul Herbert, State Senator from the Columbus district, and William Ireland, cartoonist of the Columbus *Evening Dispatch*. Between speeches old songs were sung, and a program of vocal and instrumental numbers given. It was voted by all as one of the most inspiring functions in the history of the Lodge.

District Deputy Nichols Pays Official Visit to Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge

A large delegation of members was on hand to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Fenton Nichols, who was accompanied by Arthur Brandt, Vice-President of the California State Elks Association, on the occasion of his recent official visit to Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge, No. 1474. Both officials delivered addresses of great interest to the membership. Mr. Nichols spoke of the proposal to establish a National Elks Foundation, and told of the keen interest being taken by subordinate Lodges in the Junior Elks movement, predicting a vast

amount of good to be eventually derived from these activities. Mr. Brandt spoke of the work which has been done by the State Association towards founding an institution for underprivileged children, and how its plans are rapidly maturing.

Pittsburg Lodge recently gave its fifth annual ball, surpassing all previous efforts of this kind. The beauty of the decorations, the splendid program, the record attendance, all conspired to make it an unqualified success.

Two Letters in World Air Race For B. U. C. K. S. Fund

Some time about the middle of May two letters, each of which will have circumnavigated the globe by air, will arrive at the Home of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. They are now contestants in one of the strangest races on record.

On the night of February 17 the two messages, both written by E. H. Hatch, President of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, to Robert S. McFarlane, Exalted Ruler of Seattle Lodge, left the city by air mail, one going east and the other west. Wherever possible they have been carried so far on their journey by established air mail routes in the United States, Europe and Asia and will continue to be until they arrive once more in Seattle. Covered with the stamps and cancellations of European and Far Eastern countries, the first 'round-the-world' air-mail racers will be of tremendous interest to stamp collectors; and it is planned to auction off the wrappers at a public sale, the entire proceeds from which will be turned over to the Birthday Utopian Crippled Kiddies Service, to be applied to its fund for the building of its Convalescent Home at Lake Ballinger, which is to be donated by the B. U. C. K. S. and operated by the Children's Orthopedic Hospital of Washington. Collectors should mail or telegraph their bids for the historic envelopes to Varney Air Lines, 904 White Building, Seattle, Wash.

Improvements to the Home of McKeesport, Pa., Lodge Cost \$50,000

In our report, in the April issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, of the housewarming held by McKeesport, Pa., Lodge, No. 136, in its renovated Home a regrettable typographical error occurred, making it appear that \$5,000 was the sum spent by the Lodge on the recent improvements to its Home. This should have read \$50,000, a very different matter.

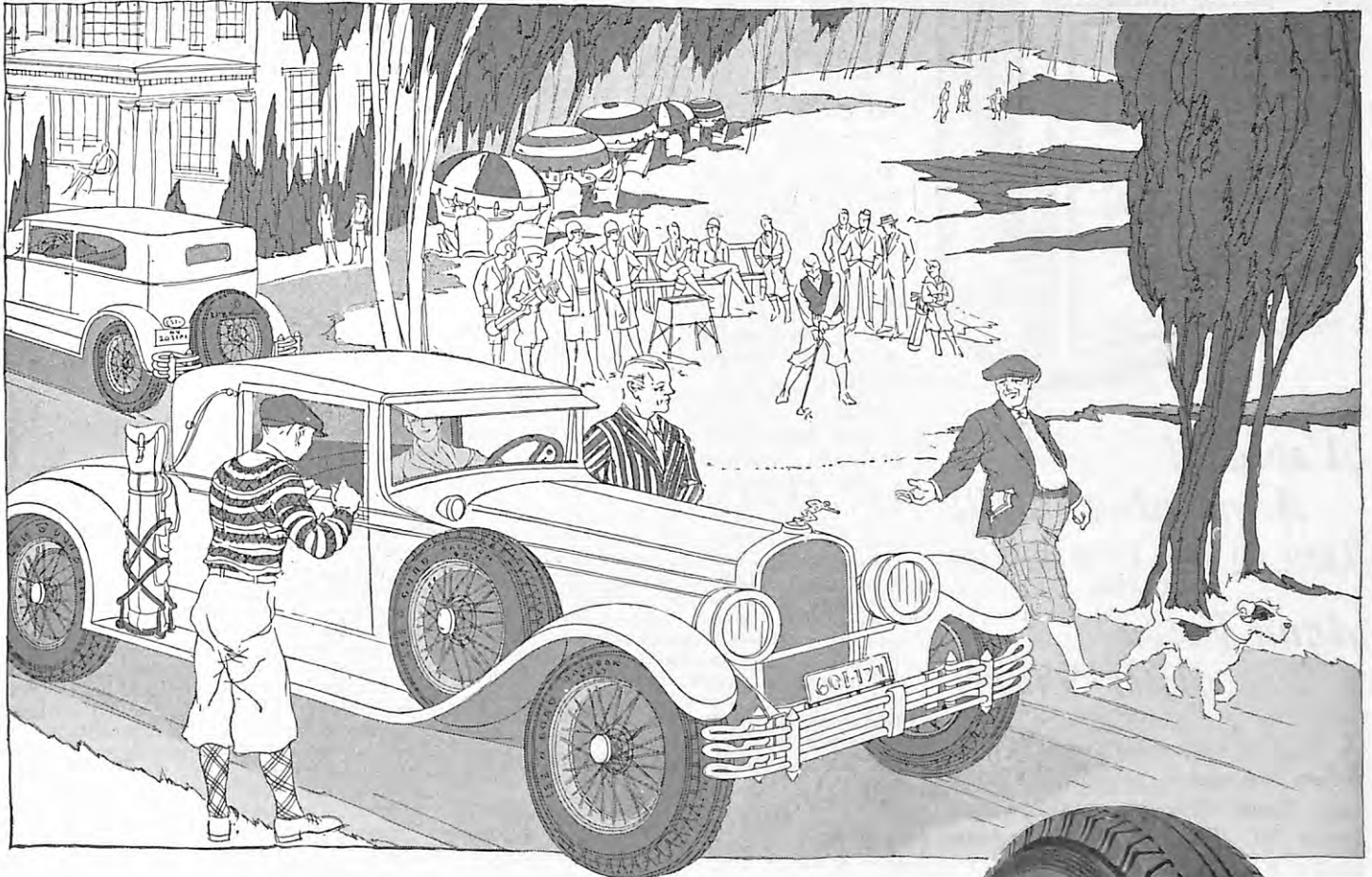
District Deputy Olsen Pays Visit to Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge

Welcomed by a large turnout of members, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John Olsen, whose suite included Byron O. Smith, President of the Michigan State Elks Association, and Charles J. Dovel, of Manistee, General Chairman of the State Association Convention Committees, recently paid his official visit to

(Continued on page 66)

SUMMER OUTINGS ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken





Possibly it is natural to think of LEE of Conshohocken only as makers of good tires.

Yet the products from our two big plants, such as fire and garden hose, surgical rubber, transmission and conveyor belts, floor coverings, tiling, matting, etc., are known and used the world over.

23 acres of floor space are necessary to turn out the hundreds of rubber products which find their way unheralded into almost every home and factory.

It takes a small army of craftsmen to do this work, and it takes technical skill of a high order to keep each item uniform and up to Lee standards.

We believe no other manufacturer watches the processing of each batch with so many meticulous tests and analyses. It is a Lee habit of long standing. This is your assurance that every tire, tube or any other LEE of Conshohocken product will stand the closest scrutiny, and give the service you have a right to expect.

 **LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY** 
Factories: Conshohocken, Pa. and Youngstown, Ohio



LEE Shoulderbilt
Compared to other makes of heavy duty balloons, you will find the Shoulderbilt bigger, taller and oftentimes heavier. They are over over-size. The greater service to you must be obvious.

COST NO MORE TO BUY - MUCH LESS TO RUN



A splash!
A morning thrill!
 Then all day Face Fitness
 from the
Aqua Velva
After-Shave!

A tingling splash of Aqua Velva when the shave is done! Your skin feels smartly awake,—and looks it! Then all day a face that's Fit!

Aqua Velva was made for after-shaving—just for that! Eighty-eight years of finding out what things are best for beard and skin preceded it.

It tones up facial tissues. Helps to heal razor nicks—usually too small to see. Protects the skin. Keeps it flexible by conserving its natural moisture. Keeps it as Williams lather leaves it,—supple, *Fit!*

There's a virtue of face care in Aqua Velva you can't afford to miss.

50 cents for a 5-ounce bottle.
 Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it.
 Address:
 Dept. E 28, The J. B. Williams Co.,
 Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.

Williams
Aqua Velva
For use after shaving

The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 31)

He wouldn't. He has merely made a human district attorney understand what no jury could ever have been made to see. And so—
 "—And so everything is solved." She nodded. "I am glad that I did not kill Don to-night."

Naomi was amazed at the girl's calmness. In the old days before her marriage, Hilda had been this way: quiet and self-possessed and very sure of herself. It seemed as though a great weight had been lifted from her shoulders—the burden of years.

And now a great calm settled upon the trio. Trouble had been dissipated. For the first time it appeared to them that the future was bright and cloudless. Fear had taken wing and vanished. Old ghosts had been laid.

Across the room John's eyes met Naomi's. The glance was freighted with declared love and eager promise. The atmosphere of happiness was almost tangible . . . yet it did not show itself openly. It was rather something which one could feel.

Now the future was something to be eagerly anticipated. Worry and doubt and uncertainty had fled. Hilda was a changed person. Don's shadow had disappeared. They knew that they could sleep this night without fear of the morrow. . . .

They did not talk much. It was near two o'clock, however, when John rose to go. He pressed Hilda's hand and then rested his arms on Naomi's shoulders.

"We have waited a long time, dear," he said gently. "A long, long time . . ."

She smiled through a veil of tears. "And we shall find it all worthwhile, John."

Long after he had gone and Hilda had crept into her bed, Naomi sat alone. But now there was none of the nervous tension which had marked her vigil just before midnight. She was almost afraid of her own happiness—fearful that she was expecting too much of the future.

Eventually it dawned upon her that she was very, very tired. She moved into the bedroom. Hilda was sleeping and Naomi undressed without turning on the light. She crept into bed and flung one arm around the frail figure of her sister.

She slept. Sunlight, which streamed brilliantly into the room, awakened her. For a moment she lay quiet while the glory of the previous night returned to her. She glanced at Hilda. The girl's face was beautifully calm. Her eyes were closed and she was breathing deeply.

Naomi slipped from the bed and tiptoed into the tiny kitchen. She put the coffee on the gas stove to percolate and then walked softly to the apartment door for the morning rolls and the newspaper. She carried them into the kitchen and lighted the oven. And while she waited, she casually opened the paper.

A headline screamed its message of horror:

DONALD LOGAN MURDERED
 Body of Prominent Clubman Found in his
 Downtown Apartment
MYSTERIOUS WOMAN VISITOR IS SOUGHT

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE shock came like a sudden immersion in icy water. Its effect was physical. Naomi's body grew rigid with horror—then her knees trembled and she seated herself abruptly.

Her mind was not clear. The thing was too unexpected—too horrible. Donald dead! Killed by . . . her eyes moved toward the hallway, toward the cozy bedroom where Hilda slept so tranquilly. She closed her eyes and shook her head as though to dispel a horrid vision. Then, with nervous fingers, she fumbled at the newspaper.

The headlines told most of the story. The body had been discovered about three o'clock in the morning, immediately before press time. Facts were meager and unsatisfactory. An enterprising city editor had collected only such details as were necessary to flaunt a scarehead over the story.

According to the brief story—set in large type and heavily leaded—Donald Logan, a newcomer to Los Angeles, who was known as a wealthy

man without professional affiliations, had been found in his apartment at three o'clock that morning. He had been shot through the heart. A terrified elevator boy summoned the police. The coroner was called, and the body was being held for an inquest.

The only clew lay in the remembrance of the elevator boy that a woman—whom he could not describe—had visited Don's apartment about midnight. He carried her to the floor on which Logan's apartment was located. He had also seen her leave the building. He said he thought she was excited. He was being held by the police as a material witness and the newspaper story wound up with the conventional assertion that an early arrest was expected.

One sentence riveted Naomi's horrified attention:

"It is understood that the deceased was married, but had not been living with his wife for several months. She is thought to be residing in Los Angeles."

IN THIS hour of direst trouble, Naomi's thoughts turned once again to John Avery. She tiptoed down the hall. At the bedroom door she paused and glanced inside. Hilda was sleeping peacefully—evidently she had not moved since Naomi left the room. The girl closed the door gently, then lifted the telephone receiver.

She called the number of Mrs. Hildebrand's boarding-house. She asked for John and in a few seconds his quiet, somewhat sleepy, voice came to bring her confidence.

"There is trouble, John," she whispered. "Read the morning papers, then come here right away."

He did not ask questions, but his brief goodbye was spoken alertly. And then—queerly the housewife, Naomi went back into her little kitchen and busied herself about the stove.

But her thoughts were on the woman who slept peacefully in the next room . . . and on the sardonic finale to the series of misfortunes which had dogged her steps. She did not love Don. Recently she had told herself that she hated the man, but it was ghastly to think of him lying there dead—alone. It was even more horrible to entertain the idea which persisted . . . that Hilda's hand had held the revolver.

Hilda! Poor, misguided, well-meaning Hilda! Hilda, who had not known a tranquil moment in years—to whom even such a thing as this must come as a relief because of its very definiteness. She could not doubt that Hilda had done it. She recalled the interview of the previous night—and Hilda's masklike face, her great burning eyes. She remembered Hilda's disappearance from the apartment and then her return—a changed woman. Hilda then had been calm, triumphant. It was just such a reaction as one would expect from a woman who had labored under a burden for years and suddenly found a way out. It was inconceivable—yet understandable—

Don dead! Her husband . . . why, she was a widow! She shuddered. There was such a terrible finality in the word. Perhaps she had despised the man, but he had been her husband. A great compassion crept into her heart—a sorrow that tragedy had climaxed her infatuation for the self-centered, selfish man who was now dead.

The buzzer sounded and she hastened to admit John. His jaw was square and she noticed that he held copies of several morning papers. She placed a finger on her lips and nodded toward the bedroom.

"She is sleeping," Naomi whispered—"like a baby."

They made no sound as they returned to the kitchen. She poured coffee and they stared at one another across the little cups. He motioned toward the next room—

"You believe—?"

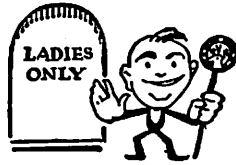
"Yes. Hilda."

"But surely—"

She touched her breast. "I feel it, John. Hilda was not herself. We have noticed it. Her very appearance, which made us think that she intended suicide . . . queer we never thought of this. I can't quite understand . . ."

(Continued on page 44)

Elks



here is a private story
for Lady Elks
(Elks read bottom of page only)

A Shock Absorbing Story for the Ladies

(No Elk Should Read)

NOW girls, that we are all together we want to correct for you one of the bad



habits of a great many Elks, one of whom at least you may know slightly.

Elks, one of whom at least you may know slightly.

¶ Once—you may remember if you've known him that long—he appeared at breakfast following the night he "went in" the Elks. He began bragging about that "rough ride" the boys gave him. That may have been ten years ago—but it's safe to say that he has never let you forget it—and so long as he can he probably never will.

¶ Here's where we want to break this habit of his talking about himself and his "rough rides"—we want to start him bragging about the nice "rides" you should be enjoying.

¶ The fact is, when you are out driving together and he hits a rough spot in the road you get more jars and jumps than even a sweet-tempered Mountain Elk ever thought of—but he

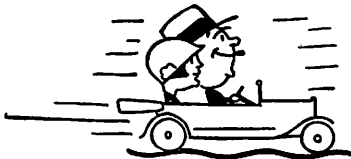
doesn't brag about that kind of a ride. He just hangs on to the wheel and you and the children hang on to what you can.

¶ This isn't your car's fault. You need Houdaille Shock Absorbers. A car simply can't misbehave if Houdailles are on and it can't behave without them. Don't be fooled now. There are lots of things that are sold to try and do what Houdailles do but the ride will soon tell you the difference. That's because they are Hydraulic (dust off your old high school Physics Book).

¶ A number of prominent manufacturers put Houdailles on their cars before they leave the factory—Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Jordan, Stearns-Knight, Cunningham, McFarlan, the new Ford, and many European cars.

¶ If they are not on your car reach for a pen and send in this coupon.

¶ Let's break him of talking about the "rough" ride he had and make him brag about the nice rides you are having. Get the coupon in the mail today—there's another convention coming.



HOUDAILLE

Hydraulic Double-Acting

SHOCK ABSORBERS

A Message to Elk Business Men

There are open in a number of American Cities (yours may be one) distributorships for Houdaille, the World's Greatest Shock Absorber. Men who attain these appointments must be well set up physically, mentally, somewhat financially and with the selling urge—but they will make money. If you are looking for a new business connection or a set of Houdailles for yourself, slip this coupon into the mail and we'll start talking about it.

HOUE ENGINEERING CORPORATION, Dept. E-4
687 East Delavan Ave., Buffalo, New York

Yes, tell me about that Money Making Houdaille Distributorship.

—By the way—how and where can I get a set of Houdailles for my.....?

Name.....

Address.....



A Special Offer to Lady Elks

No matter what "he" does if you will send in this coupon personally, we will provide you with a beautiful book on how to "Ride Smoothly Over the Roughest Roads to Anywhere" and an exquisite little leather License Case—stamped with the Elk Emblem (which he'll steal if you'll let him).

HOUE ENGINEERING CORPORATION, Dept. E-4
687 East Delavan Ave., Buffalo, New York

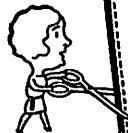
Send me the Book and the License Case. I read your message to Ladies and I've earned it.

M.....

.....

.....

We drive a.....





Are you suffering from New Blade Fallacy?

It's a sort of mental paralysis which prevents a man from reasoning while he shaves. Every man who has it, blindly accepts the idea that a new blade is good because it is new, and so misses getting really fine shaves.

If he would reason it out he'd realize that if an old style razor must be stropped before it is used, a safety blade certainly must. Because a safety blade is cheap doesn't mean that it will do what an expensive razor can't. Think it over.

This is Interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smooths them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail. 30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as \$2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at \$3.50 and \$5.00.



Send for the
DULL HOUSE
and **FREE NEW**
blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10c. for it and we will also send you FREE one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, just to show you what real shaving is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1794 Locust Street, Saint Louis
Chicago Montreal London

Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 42)

She passed her fingers across her throbbing temples. "What shall we do, John?"

He shook his head. "I've been trying to think. All the way over here I've been struggling to find a way out. But only one thought comes to me. One thought we don't like—"

"Myself? You believe the police will investigate me—the wife from whom Don was separated?"

"Yes, dear. That cannot be avoided. The mysterious woman . . . they're bound to look for you. They may be here any minute. It's a pity Hilda didn't think of that."

"Don't blame her! She wasn't in any condition to think. None of us were, for that matter. It does seem that there is no end to this. Last night we were all so happy. The future was filled with golden promise. And now—"

"Let's not think of the might-have-beens. And I would suggest that we talk to Hilda before—before the police arrive."

Naomi rose without a word. She placed coffee and rolls on a tiny silver breakfast tray and carried it into her sister's room. When she returned to John her face betrayed bewilderment.

"I cannot understand it, John. She sat up quite calmly and thanked me for the breakfast. She wasn't at all disturbed. Commented on the fact that she had slept soundly and felt better. It doesn't seem possible—"

"Perhaps we are wrong, dear."

"We're not. And even if we were—"

A figure appeared in the doorway; a slim figure garbed in an incongruously gay kimono of Naomi's. There was the suggestion of a smile on Hilda's lips which was erased as she gazed upon the serious faces which confronted her. She frowned slightly and took a step into the room.

"John! You here? What is wrong?"

If she was acting—she was doing it superbly. John spoke quietly.

"Sleep well, Hilda?"

"Marvelously."

"No bad dreams?"

"No. But what is all this about? Something is wrong. What is it?"

"Nothing . . ." He chose his words with care. "About last night, Hilda—did you tell us everything that happened at Don's apartment?"

He watched her through half-closed eyes for any betrayal of nervousness. But she met his eyes squarely.

"I didn't give exact words, if that is what you mean. But I told you everything."

"You are quite sure?"

"Of course I am." Her eyes darkened and she bent forward. "What has happened?"

"Nothing of importance—"

"Don't lie to me, John. What is it?" She whirled on her sister. "What is wrong, Naomi?"

The two women stared at one another. Then Naomi rose and handed the morning paper to Hilda. From his corner of the room, John studied the girl intently.

He saw the slim figure grow rigid, the eyes dilate with horror. Then the paper fell from the nerveless fingers. Hilda's voice came harshly.

"You—you think I did it! You both do!"

"Why do you say that?" asked Avery.

"I can see it in your eyes. The way you look at me. Oh! I don't blame you. I went there last night to kill him. I wanted to . . ."

"And you didn't?"

"No! Of course I didn't. Do you suppose I could have come here as I did if I had just killed Don Logan? Good God! I'm human! I—I—"

"You must take a grip on yourself, Hilda." Avery's voice was very kind. "The police may be here any minute."

"Police? What will the police come here for?"

"You have read the paper. You were the woman who visited Don's apartment."

"But no one knew me," she defended, and for the first time her manner gave evidence of guilt. "Nobody could have known me."

"Perhaps not. But you see, Hilda, by this time the police must have learned something

about Don's married life. They will, of course, wish to talk with Naomi."

"Naomi! Oh . . . You don't think . . . ?" "That they will suspect her? That is possible."

Hilda's breath came from between her lips in a long, shuddering sigh. Then she turned and left the room. Naomi followed instantly. A few seconds later she returned.

"I don't think she is in her right mind, John. She is dressing. Says she is going out."

They waited. When Hilda appeared, dressed for the street, they both started forward. But Hilda put out a restraining hand.

"Please . . ." she begged with quiet dignity: "I wish to go alone."

"Where?"

"It doesn't matter where. I'm going."

"But Hilda . . ."

"This time, Naomi," she said quietly, "I intend to have my own way. I am going alone."

She walked from the room.

The front door closed behind her.

Naomi clutched Avery's arm. She spoke in a terrified whisper.

"Follow her, John! Don't let her get out of your sight!"

CHAPTER XXIX

JOHN nodded, and was gone. He rang for the elevator and waited interminably. Eventually the cage appeared, but it stopped at each floor on the way down. When Avery emerged from the building Hilda was not in sight.

He cast a quick glance up and down the street. Just disappearing toward the center of the city was a taxi. He quickly summoned another. flung himself into it, and barked an order.

"Follow that cab yonder."

The driver nodded and his car jerked violently ahead. Avery leaned forward in his seat, muscular body tense, eyes peering ahead.

In the taxi which was being pursued was a woman. John was convinced that the woman was Hilda. He opened the window and spoke to the driver.

"Keep in sight of that cab and there's an extra ten dollars in it for you."

The chauffeur nodded grimly. "You said it, Captain. It's cheap at half the price."

John tried to relax. He tried to think. He could not understand Hilda. She had either developed amazing strength or amazing weakness. The tragedy of the previous night seared his brain. It didn't seem possible that Hilda could have killed Don and then returned to narrate calmly her version of the story. She was high-strung and sensitive. Yet, on the other hand, it was conceivably possible that the reaction had quieted her nerves.

They were approaching the center of the city. Tall buildings bulked before them. The streets were congested. They reached an area of winking traffic lights and vigilant policemen. At an important intersection Hilda's taxi shot around a huge truck and crossed the street just as the lights changed. John's driver cursed soundly, but heeded the warning of the traffic officer's whistle. He turned apologetically.

"I done my best, Boss. That damned truck held me up."

John was worried. "Can't you pick it up?"

"Not a chance—except by accident. He'll pass the next corner before I get the Go on this. I'm sorry . . ."

Meanwhile, in the pursued car, Hilda was crouched in the corner. Her hands were clasped tightly in her lap, her eyes focused on the floor.

She was thinking, and her thoughts were not pleasant. It seemed that she was bitterly destined to carry misery in her wake. She was terrified—not for herself—but because of what John had said.

Of course the police would seek Naomi. She was Don's wife and had been separated from him for some time. What was more natural than that they should suspect that wife of being the mysterious visitor who was so sinisterly connected with the man's shooting? And even though Naomi could clear herself—that would avail her little. There would be columns of newspaper notoriety, inevitably the romantic

(Continued on page 46)



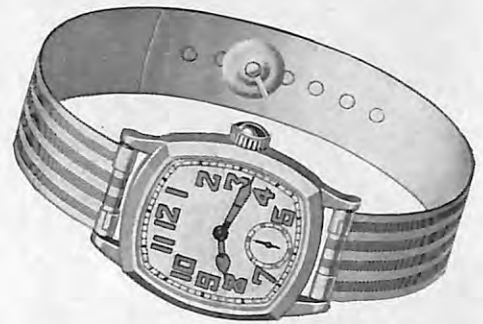
At your jeweler's — countless gifts



WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Athena Model

Designed for women. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: plain, \$20; decorated, \$25. 14 kt. Gold Filled: plain, \$7.50; decorated, \$8.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch

for the coming
graduation, wedding
and
anniversary season



WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Improved Ben Hur Model

Designed for men. It opens in the center, is easily adjusted to conform to the wrist, and is fastened by a special safety lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: plain, \$25; decorated, \$27. 14 kt. Gold Filled: plain, \$6.50; decorated, \$7.50. Can be fitted to any modern strap watch

will permit you to pay for it, you will find a variety of appropriate articles to select from at your jeweler's.

At your jeweler's too, you will find helpful counsel by experts trained through years of experience in aiding other people to solve their gift problems.

And the gifts offered in the jewelry store are gifts that last—the only kind worthy to become tokens of lasting good will or affection. The high character of these gifts is illustrated by the few examples shown on this page.

Your jeweler has made thoughtful

preparation for this season of the year, so abundant in occasions of great importance in individual human lives.

He is offering you a service you will be sure to appreciate. Why not take advantage of it? It is none too early to consult him now.

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

GIFTS for the man. Gifts for the woman. Gifts for the boy or girl. Gifts for the house. Gifts for graduation. Gifts for the wedding—for the bride, the groom, the best man, the ushers, the bridesmaids, for the new household. Gifts for the wedding anniversary. Gifts for birthdays.

No matter what or whom the gift is for, how much or how little your budget



The Wadsworth Belt Buckle will not slip. A patented grip locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather. This belt buckle meets watch case standards in workmanship as well as in material



Man's Pocket Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH



Wadsworth Belt Buckles are obtainable in a pleasing variety of designs, in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chain. Buckles alone: Sterling silver, \$5 to \$7.50; 14 kt. gold filled, \$9 to \$12. Sets: sterling silver, \$10 to \$15; 14 kt. gold filled, \$15 to \$20

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

MOTHER'S DAY, MAY 13th

Mi Choice



WHEN your mother tastes the mellow richness of the unusual centers and smooth chocolate coatings—she will know you have given her the gift of gifts. Your dealer has the famous Mi Choice Package in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If not, send \$1.50 for the one pound Mi Choice or 25c for a Miniature Sample Package filled with the pieces that have made Mi Choice famous.

BUNTE BROTHERS
Makers of fine chocolates since 1876
3313 Franklin Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



BUNTE BROTHERS, 3313 Franklin Blvd., Chicago

- I enclose \$1.50 for a one pound Mi Choice package.
- I enclose 25c for the miniature Mi Choice sample package.

Name

Address City

Dealer's Name



The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 44)

story of her inheritance of Avery's fortune and his return from the dead would leak out. There seemed little chance that Hilda's past would escape the pitiless spotlight. Even in death Don's hand reached out to them.

John was right about one thing. Hilda knew that it would not be difficult to identify her as the woman who had visited Don's apartment the previous night. Even before they sought Naomi that fact would be established. The old specter leered at her—mocked her. Twice now when it seemed that she had escaped from the net, some unseen strands had dragged her back. And always two innocent persons had been snared with her.

It wasn't fair, she told herself fiercely. Naomi had been a devoted, self-sacrificing sister. John suffered because he loved Naomi and sought to make her life happy. Hilda knew that she had been protected at the expense of others, and so now she drove madly through the streets of Los Angeles seeking to undo some small measure of the injury she had caused.

Her car came to a halt before a big building. She alighted, paid the chauffeur and entered hesitantly. The lobby was crowded. Men hurrying here and there—groups chatting idly as though work was of no consequence. She approached an ancient person who seemed to be a sort of doorman.

"Where is the district attorney's office?" she inquired.

The old fellow, quaintly courteous, escorted her to the desired place. She entered the anteroom of a suite where a clerk inquired her business.

"I want to see the district attorney immediately," she said quickly. "It is in connection with that killing last night."

THE girl flashed her a startled glance and disappeared through a glass door. In a second she was back.

"Right this way, Miss." Hilda was calm. She had her nerves under perfect control, her step was firm and she was astounded that her heart action was normal. She entered the room, watched the clerk leave and found herself looking into the quizzical, kindly eyes of a slender, rather handsome man, about fifty years of age.

"You are the district attorney?" she inquired. He nodded. "Yes. Won't you have a seat?"

She selected a chair and sat staring at the man for a moment. He was not at all the ogre that she feared. The eyes twinkled humorously, yet they were intensely human. She fancied that they could become bleak on occasion, but now they were warm and reassuring.

He leaned back comfortably in his chair and regarded her with interest. He waited for her to speak, meanwhile studying every move and gesture. He saw that she was a woman of birth and breeding; yet one who had been treated shabbily by life. Women of that sort were always interesting. Her voice punctured the stillness.

"Of course you know of Donald Logan's killing last night?"

He inclined his head and smiled slightly. "Yes. Of course."

She drew a deep breath. "The morning papers mention a woman who visited that apartment last night," she said. Then—"I am that woman!"

"So-o-o!" He leaned forward and rested his elbows on the desk. "You visited Logan last night, eh? Why?"

"To kill him."

The man's professional calm was ruffled. His eyes narrowed slightly and his voice came a trifle more sharply.

"Did you kill him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because he made a bargain with me about—about my sister."

"Who is your sister?"

She hesitated briefly. "His wife!"

"You went to kill this man because . . ."

"Because he was ruining my sister's life. They have been separated for some time. So—so I went there—"

"And he agreed to do whatever it was you wanted, eh?"

"That is it."

The district attorney scrutinized her sharply. "Then if you did not kill Logan, why are you here?"

"Because I did visit his apartment. You were certain to find that out. And I thought it would be better to give myself up and tell the truth than to wait until I was arrested."

She spoke eagerly. There pounded through her head the belief that at last she was being of genuine benefit to her sister. Perhaps, now they had her, they would not arrest Naomi—would not question her too intimately.

The district attorney was keenly interested. "You went to his apartment with the idea of killing him. You didn't do it. And now you have come to give yourself up because you feel that we would be certain to discover that you visited him last night."

"Yes." She was a trifle annoyed by the man's repetition of her own words. "Here I am."

"I see . . . I see . . ." He smiled brightly. "I'm very much obliged to you, young lady. I think you have done exactly the right thing. And now—being a very busy man I—will bid you good day."

She stared at him. "Where do I go?" she inquired.

"Wherever you like," he answered courteously.

"Do you mean"—her voice rang with hope—"that you are not going to hold me?"

"Certainly not."

"But—"

He rose and stood by his desk; a dominant and kindly figure.

"I won't punish you any more," he said. "We do not want you at all. As soon as the first editions of the evening papers are on the street you will find that they contain more information about the Logan killing. You will learn that the police learned the identity of the woman who visited his apartment—and it was not you."

"But I did!"

"Logan was alive after you left. The other woman came there later. She was seen leaving the building and the patrolman on the beat became suspicious. He followed her and then notified the detective bureau. She was arrested at four o'clock this morning, after the papers had gone to press. And, my dear young lady, she has confessed that she killed Logan!"

Hilda's eyes widened. She seated herself abruptly and stared with wild hope at the district attorney.

"Confessed?" she repeated in an awed whisper.

He nodded. "Yes. It appears that Logan has been rather addicted to wild women. And one of them proved jealous as well as wild. They have been quarreling recently. There were threats over the telephone which the boy at the apartment house switchboard now recalls. Last night she killed him—and we have her in custody. She has told us the whole story."

"Oh . . . What is her name?"

The district attorney glanced at a memorandum on his desk.

"Marcella Breen," he answered.

CHAPTER XXX

WITHIN five minutes of John's return to Naomi's apartment, Hilda arrived. Once again a change had come over her pallid features. Her face betrayed the terrific strain under which she had labored. She walked slowly and heavily—yet her eyes were calm and unafraid. It was as though the very lifting of the mental strain had left her physically exhausted.

She sank into a chair and held out toward them the noon edition of an evening newspaper.

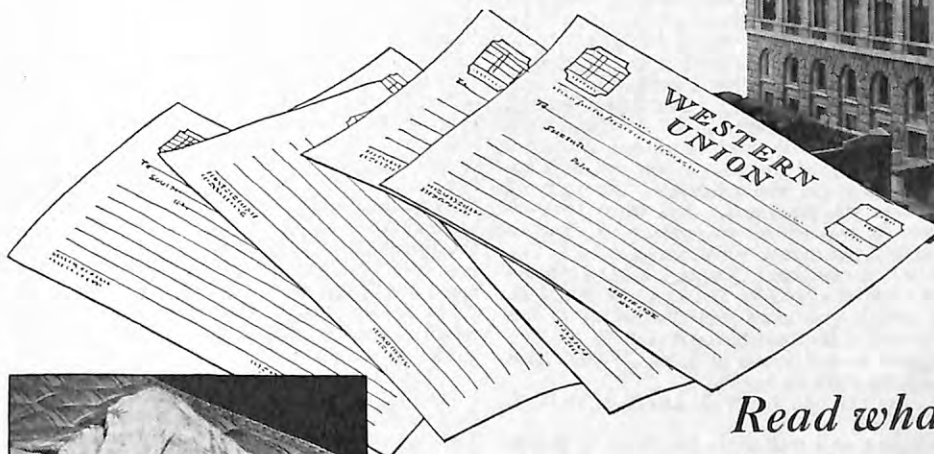
"You have seen this?"

They nodded. It was Naomi who spoke. "Oh! Hilda—we were so frightened! We believed it was you. And when you left here John followed. But he lost you. He has been hunting everywhere . . . and even when he

(Continued on page 48)

And now the Largest Lodge equips with Simmons Mattresses & Springs

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Simmons Beautyrest—A core of close-packed wire coils. Over this thick, soft mattress layers. Utmost comfort!



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SIMMONS BEDS — SPRINGS — MATTRESSES
[BUILT FOR SLEEP]

The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 46)

The band of Minneapolis Lodge of Elks,
Wm. W. Nelson, Director, winner of first prize at
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HOW many times, at the big conventions, have you wished that your lodge, too, had a band in the parades and ceremonials?

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came back with the paper and we knew that you hadn't done this thing—we were frightened."

"That was only natural," said Hilda wearily. "I was afraid you were going to be dragged through the mire, Naomi. So I went to the district attorney's office—"

"What?"

"Yes. It seemed the only thing to do. He is a wonderful, kindly man. He listened patiently. Then he told me about Marcella Breen. He didn't even ask my name. I believe, dear, that we have heard the last of it."

"I think you're right," said Avery. "The evening paper gives the whole story. Marcella Breen evidently has not withheld a single detail. She says that she had been in love with Don for some time—and that he was trying to discard her for another woman—a person named Lisa Verner. The Breen woman says she warned him—and that she isn't sorry."

Naomi shook her head. "Money didn't bring Don the happiness he coveted. He must have been rather miserable the last few weeks. And yet—"

"And yet," interrupted Hilda, "you don't love him. You never did. I suppose it's only natural that you're a little sorry and a good bit horrified because he was your husband and now he is dead. I wouldn't be ashamed—"

"I'm not ashamed of my relief!" cried Naomi. "It has been a ghastly thing, and I can't help remembering that I was his wife. But for a long time he has meant nothing to me—nothing save misery and trouble. Perhaps I should be ashamed to admit it—but I feel free! I am sorry that he had to die—but I'm glad—oh! so wonderfully glad!—that I am free."

"You are right, Naomi," said Hilda quietly. "You have your chance now. It would be a pity to spoil it with mock sentiment over Don. He was not good to you. When you were together, he made you miserable. He tortured you after you separated. And when John returned he was willing to sacrifice all of us in order to keep money which was not his. You mustn't be emotional, Naomi. Facts are stubborn—and the facts in this case are that Don was selfish and cruel and that whatever has happened to him was his own fault."

Naomi looked across at John. There was a faint little smile on her lips.

"I can't be unhappy," she said. "I've tried. But I can't."

He rose and walked to her side. One big, powerful hand dropped to her shoulder and rested there in gentle caress.

"I don't want you ever to be unhappy again, dearest."

Hilda turned to John. "About Wintersburg—?" she asked.

"That is all settled, Hilda. The only real danger lurked in what Don threatened. He could have caused such a fanfare of rotten publicity that the officials would have been forced to act. Now the public will never know anything and the district attorney in Wintersburg has officially quashed the indictment. Justice has been done. The public has not been aroused. The case is ended."

"You mean legally as well as actually?"

"Yes. You mustn't worry any more."

"I sha'n't." Hilda rose. She seemed very, very tired and her voice was flat and toneless. "I'm going to struggle for happiness," she declared earnestly. "But I'm afraid I can't forget in a moment what I have suffered for years. I feel all gone to pieces . . . as though something had been torn out of me. But I know I can look ahead without shuddering . . . it isn't easy to understand that I can. For you, Naomi—"

"For myself, Hilda—I'm going to be happy. I want to be happy. I—I feel that I deserve it."

Hilda walked to the door of the living-room. There she turned and gazed at the others for a moment—a grave and quiet figure of deep understanding.

"You deserve your happiness, Naomi," she said. "Take it!"

She turned, and passed through the door.

For several minutes Naomi and John sat in silence. His big body was tense. He longed to take her in his arms, to cover her with kisses, to give vent to the passion which had so long been held in check.

Naomi raised her eyes to his face. He was so calm, so placid, so magnificently a man. They rose and faced one another, and as his hands dropped to her shoulders and rested there, she felt the cares and doubts and worries of the past drop from her like a discarded garment. She knew that she stood with the man she loved on the threshold of a glorious future. She could not, in this moment, remember tragedy. She could not be less than supremely happy.

She slid into his arms, and the eyes which she raised to his were filled with a love which was gloriously unashamed.

"Hold me tight against you, John," she begged. "Hold me so tight that it will hurt. And then, dear—tell me that you love me. Tell me over and over again, John, because your love is all that matters now."

(THE END)

Before It Is Too Late

(Continued from page 19)

Harrisburg, if you know what's good for you, you'll send her a telegram not to send them."

Sammy looked perfectly miserable.

"Huh, I'll think it over," he compromised hollowly.

For the remainder of the trip Sammy harbored the twin feelings of thankfulness and shame. At one time he felt indescribable satisfaction at the mental picture of his narrow escape from what was undoubtedly an indiscreet and visionary scheme. At other times, when he found his grandchildren on his knee or watched Lucy making use of the privilege of taking them to bed, he felt the reproach of Susan McCarrell's gray eyes back in her lonely house in Pine Mills.

The two weeks passed quickly enough. The vacationists returned to Pine Mills on the afternoon train two Sundays hence. Lucy said she would like to unpack the bags at once, but he pleaded duty and stepped into the office to see how things were. He sat down at his desk and thumbed over the letters and memoranda that had been left for his attention.

"Anything new?" he asked the operator casually.

"Nothing new in this town since I came here," retorted the other. "Some old woman died. I forget her name. She lived down-town."

Sam looked up at him abruptly. He made his way outside where three or four men sat smoking on an empty baggage truck.

"Who was it died when I was away, John?" he asked one.

"Old Mrs. Synder died Saturday a week ago. Maybe that's who you mean."

"Is that so!" exclaimed Sam sadly. He felt mingled regret and relief. He picked up his two grips, wondering how Susan McCarrell was. He might go home by way of Maple Street.

As he trudged down the unpaved sidewalk, he told himself that Pine Mills might have its faults, but it was the best place to live in he had seen on the trip. Where else would people call, "Hello, Sam," "How are you, Sam?" "When did you get back, Sam?" like they did here! He stopped at several porches, unable to resist the opportunity to give a brief account of his travels. The sidewalks were rough, but they were roofed by great trees. He could catch the aroma of bark from the upper tannery. The pine timber piled on the canal sidings gave forth a fragrant backwoods scent.

He was about to cross Maple Street to the McCarrell house when he heard his name called. It was Mammy Fleck at her front gate. Obeying the sound, he found that she and Clint had been spending Sunday afternoon on rocking chairs under the grape arbor by the back door. He set down his bags by the gate, told Mammy to take her rocker, and seated himself on the unpainted wash-bench. Leaning back against

(Continued on page 50)

Lucky Strikes are the Favorite of "The Three Musketeers," says Dennis King



"As D'Artagnan in 'The Three Musketeers' I speak for all when I say Lucky Strikes are our favorite cigarette. The splendid flavor of the toasted tobaccos is a delight we relish and our complete enjoyment of Luckies never causes the slightest throat irritation or a cough. We are 'all for one and one for all' when it comes to Lucky Strikes."

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ONCE again Champion reminds you that to enjoy perfect engine performance during the next twelve months you should install a complete new set of spark plugs now.

You should renew even Champion Spark Plugs, which give much better service for a much longer period than any other spark plug.

If you have used your spark plugs more than 10,000 miles, a new set of dependable Champions will noticeably improve power and speed and save their cost many times over in less gas and oil used.

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Champion—for all cars other than Model T Ford—75c

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CHAMPION

Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Before It Is Too Late

(Continued from page 48)

the whitewashed summer kitchen, he told them incidents of his trip.

"Well," announced Mammy, when he halted for a moment, "I sent off those telegrams."

Sammy, reclining easily on the bench, felt an abrupt shock.

"What! Why—I telegraphed you not to!" he protested.

"Sure, I got it," assured Mammy. "But Amy Snyder died." She got out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "Mrs. Koons was over at her place when it happened. She said the poor woman tried to get out of bed. She kept asking why Ike and Claude didn't come so she could see them once yet. When the doctor saw she couldn't make it no more, then they sent for the boys. But Amy was in her coffin already till they got here."

The speaker leaned forward in her ample rocker and shook her fat hand grimly at Sammy.

"When I come home from her funeral, I told Clint, Mrs. McCarrell isn't going to ask me for her children when they can't get here no more. I got out the telegrams and the money, and Clint run them down. Didn't you, Clint?"

"I run them off," nodded her nubbin of a husband. "Wednesday evening just before supper."

"But—" stammered Sammy, trying to dispel the daze and understand this new reality. "Why, they might be here already."

"Sure, they're coming," agreed Mammy complacently. "We got answers already. Go in and get them, Clint. They came for Clint. The man at the station said somebody had to put his name on the telegrams, so Clint wrote his."

Sammy accepted and fingered the two handwritten telegrams as if they might be his death warrants. There was no reply from Emily, but both boys had answered. The youngest had wired from Texas that he would meet Frank along the way and they would come in together. The telegram from Frank stated briefly he would leave Thursday morning.

"We thought you could tell by that what time they ought to get here," suggested Clint.

"Good guns!" sputtered Sammy. "They ought to be here now. Maybe they came this morning."

"Nobody came to-day," assured Mammy. "We watched after both trains. That's what I was doing at the gate when you came along."

"Maybe they'll come to-morrow," said Clint. He nudged his wife. "You tell him."

"IT WOULD suit me better Tuesday," confessed Mammy, "but I guess I can put off washing for once. I thought maybe Clint could drive me and Mrs. McCarrell over to Lebanon City to see the doctor I go to. I told Mrs. McCarrell about him this long time. Then you could get them in the house till I got her back. Clint had a surprise for me like that on our wedding anniversary. I didn't know a thing till I got in the kitchen. I was that surprised I couldn't talk."

"But maybe she isn't well enough to go," ventured Sammy. For the first time in his life he found himself wishing Susan McCarrell would be real sick—just till the children came.

"You wait here," said Mammy, raising her bulk from the rocker. "I'll go over and ask, but I think she'll go." She returned in a little while, her huge face wreathed in satisfaction. "She'll go. That shows she don't dream a thing about it. Clint was scared maybe Emily would send a telegram to her. She said even if the doctor can't help her, she believes the change will do her good."

As a rule after Sammy returned from his annual trip part way across the continent, the engines of his home branch looked like toys for a week. Monday morning, however, he did not so much as notice the bantam size and cocky air of Engine No. 229 as she pulled up beside the station. His eyes were on the front steps of the ladies' coach. So he might see better, he stood up in the doorway of the combined baggage and express room. Several salesmen and a few near-by country folk descended from the car. There was a lull. He began to breathe easier. Then on the open platform appeared a pair of young girls followed by a young woman struggling with two suitcases. It was Emily, a little

older, a little heavier, but still fresh of cheek and eye.

He hurried forward, lifted the girls off and relieved Emily of the two bags.

"It's Mr. Bowman," she said, shaking hands with him. "How is Mother, do you know?"

"Wait till I get my hat, I'll go along up to the house and tell you about it," he promised.

She clutched at his sleeve.

"Nothing's happened!" Her face had turned white.

"Bless your heart, no," assured Sammy. "I think she's a little better." He secured his hat, picked up both suitcases and started with them up the familiar short cut to Maple Street. To hide his nervousness, he talked to the children at a great rate.

"You don't know how surprised your grandmother'll be to see you," he declared. "She's told me a lot about you. You ought to hear her tell stories! She can make you cry and your hair stand up at the same time! You get her to tell you about the time the Indians massacred Pine Valley!" He rambled on continuously like this, and soon had one shy youngster on either side of him, breathlessly waiting on his next word.

"You said Mother will be surprised to see us!" wondered Emily. "Didn't the doctor tell her we had been sent for?"

"Well—you see," explained Sammy, "I've been away on my vacation and just got back yesterday. I didn't see your mother since I'm back, but—" he coughed—"they tell me she's much better. In fact she was well enough this morning to drive along with a neighbor over to Lebanon City to see her doctor."

Emily looked at him strangely, but said nothing. Sammy turned his attention again to the children. At Mrs. Berger's, where the key had been left at the suggestion of Mammy, they stopped for a moment. Then Sammy unlocked the McCarrell door and deposited the suitcases in the familiar old hall.

"This is your grandma's!" he announced to the children. "Your grandma will be home after a while. I'll see you later." With this, he stepped out and closed the door after him. On the way back to the station, he took off his hat and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. That was one. But there were two more of the family to come, and of a sterner sex than Emily.

Once or twice during dinner he almost gave vent to repentant confession to Lucy, but a mental picture of the potential storm from that quarter, deterred him. He had trouble enough for the moment. By every law of probability the two boys should arrive on the afternoon train. He told himself not to expect a reprieve. Yet when he stood on the baggage room steps again and saw Bill McCarrell emerge from the coach to the non-vestibule platform, he was seized with guilty consternation.

The baby of Susan McCarrell had become a husky young giant. He carried a youngster of five in one arm and a bag with the other. He was followed closely by a pleasant-faced young woman with a bag and several packages. Next came a thick-shouldered man with a mustache, who Sammy instinctively knew was Frank, although he had not seen him in many years. Frank had a Western look about him. It stood out in his clothes, his bearing and his mustache. He helped a dark-faced, handsome woman to alight. She might have been Spanish, Sammy decided. She was very well dressed.

The moment had arrived, Sammy told himself, when he should go forward and shake hands as he had done when Emily had come. However, something in the eyes and carriage of these two Westerners restrained him. Once he started after the little cavalcade, following it across the siding on the short cut to Maple Street. But at the water tank a comforting and cowardly idea came to him. Emily was at the house. She could explain to them what he had explained to her.

In his heart he knew it would not be enough to satisfy Frank and Bill, especially Frank. It had not satisfied even Emily. His old eyes had not been too dull to notice that. When those boys found out they had been called home several thousand miles on a false alarm, something might happen. Lucy's warning came to

him. He recalled the red face of George McCarrell cursing a milkman whose horse had nibbled the bark from one of his sidewalk trees.

"I got to go up and make it right before they land on poor Clint Fleck," he disciplined himself severely.

He sent the boy to Lucy with the report that he would be home late to supper—she was not to wait. Then he put on his old hat and slowly crossed the rear tracks in the direction of Maple Street. At the McCarrell front door he hesitated, scraping his feet a long time on the rubber mat. There was a rush of feet in the hall, and Bill opened the door. Behind him he saw Frank and the children.

"Oh, it's Mr. Bowman," said Bill, disappointed. "We thought it was Mother."

AS HE stepped across the doorway, Sammy felt that his Rubicon had been crossed. He was burning his bridges behind him. Shaking hands with Bill and Frank, he proceeded to invade the enemy's stronghold. In the sitting-room, he met both boys' wives, lifted up young Bill to see how heavy he was, jollied the two girls about Florida 'gators—anything to keep broken the ice that he felt forming about him. Trying to beam in his customary manner, he took the rocker proffered him, and they all sat down together.

"Mr. Bowman," began Frank in his crisp, significant way, "Emily tells us Mother is well enough to be up and around."

Sammy felt the breath of approaching danger. "I believe she is," he stammered. "I haven't seen her yet, but—"

"What was the idea," Frank went on evenly, "of Clint Fleck sending us prepaid telegrams to come home at once?"

The old station agent felt his worst fears being realized. He looked about anxiously at the different faces for a moment, then found himself on the edge of his chair.

"Folks," he faltered, "I'm going to make a clean breast of this thing. I don't know how your mother is now, but two weeks ago before I went away on my vacation, she was pretty bad. She wasn't in bed, but she ought to have been. She wouldn't let me get the doctor. I and a neighbor talked it over and decided we wouldn't be surprised to have her drop off any morning. We talked it over some more and thought it wasn't fair to you folks not to let you know." He coughed. "I understand telegrams were sent to you. Maybe now those telegrams were a little too strong. Maybe we got you people all the way in here for nothing. It's cost you a lot of money and expense. If there's anything I can do to help make it right, I'm going to do it!"

There was a little silence in the old-fashioned McCarrell sitting-room. The brothers and sisters looked at each other. Finally Frank cleared his throat.

"You mean, if Mother was dying, we would be glad you sent for us, but now that she's better, we have a kick coming?" He laughed shortly. "You have another guess coming. We're just glad she isn't as bad as we thought."

"If we had just been home, it would be different," explained Emily. "But we were just talking before you came in. It seems like such a lot of trouble getting ready to come so far, and a lot of money to spend. But once you're here, you wonder how you could stay away so long, especially from your Mother."

"This old place," ruminated Frank, looking around at the four walls, "I remember better than any place on earth. I think about it almost every day. And I haven't been here in fourteen years. No man has a right to stay away from home that long."

"Now that we're here," smiled his wife with not a trace of Spanish accent, "we've planned to stay a little while."

"We were just sitting here talking," remarked Bill, "how one of us would like to live here all alone with the rest of the family a couple of thousand miles away."

"I should think Mother would get awfully lonesome," contributed Bill's young wife.

"If she does," her husband said grimly, "you'd never know it."

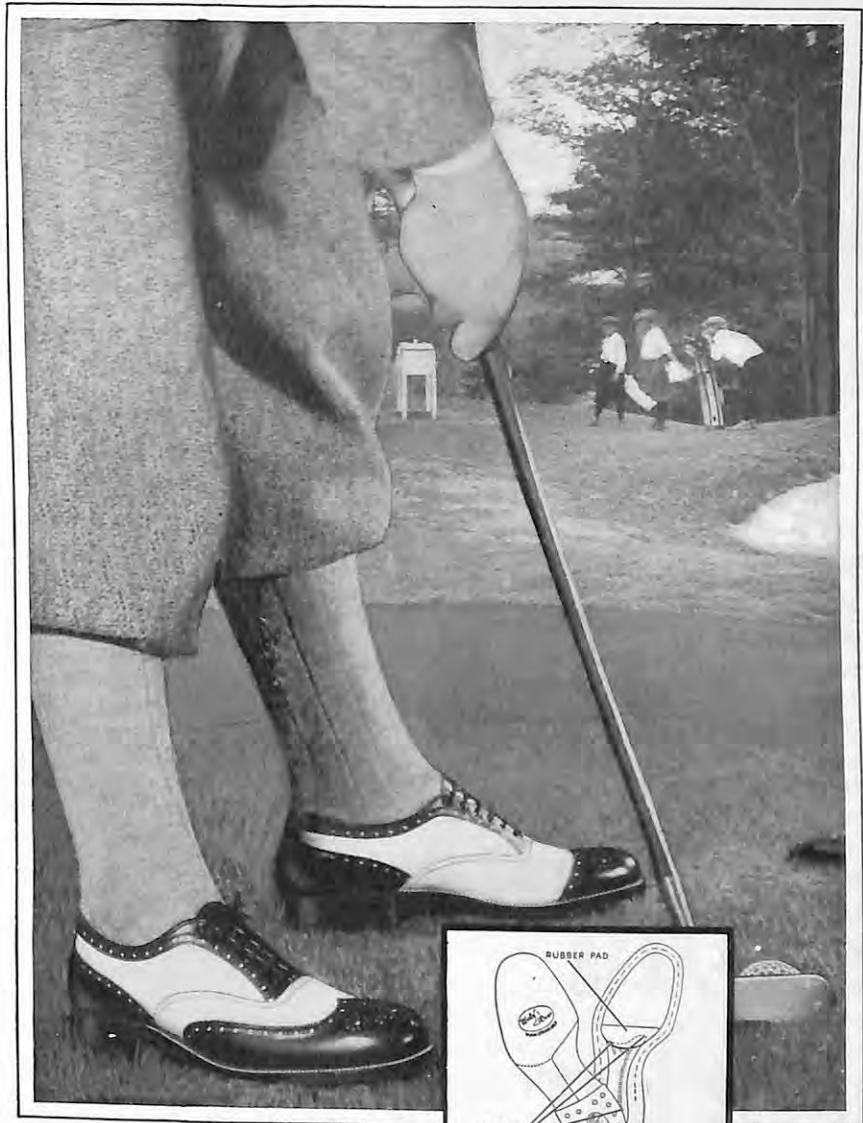
The lean old station agent, who had been sitting in a haze of dreamy incredulity, suddenly woke up.

"You said something that time," he observed.

"I believe there's an automobile stopped in front of the house," mentioned Frank.

(Continued on page 52)

WALK-OVER SHOES



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Before It Is Too Late

(Continued from page 51)



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Old Sammy became instantly excited. "Don't go to the door!" he urged. "Stay right where you are, and let her walk in! Now, remember, don't say a word about the telegrams. We never told you how bad she was. You people made up this surprise yourselves."

The others nodded, their eyes on the hall. The three children moved a little nearer their mothers. Then the latch of the front door clicked.

"Why it is open! How did you know?" exclaimed a voice in artless surprise. At the familiar sound of it, a mist came to several eyes.

"Go in the sitting-room once!" suggested another voice, Mammy's, bursting with pleasurable anticipation. "Maybe somebody's in!"

"Why, that's strange—who could it be!" repeated Mrs. McCarrell, her voice breaking a bit. Her steps sounded in the dim hall, then they saw her in the doorway. Her cheeks were pale, and she looked frightened as she stared about the room. One might have thought a sudden calamity had robbed her of recognition. Sammy understood, however. She was just overcome. She would be all right in a minute.

"Howdy, Mother," said Frank, coming forward to kiss her in his crisp, unemotional, Western way.

"Hello, there, Mother!" greeted Bill with a grin. He gave her a youthful hug.

"Well, Mother, we got here at last," said Emily with a little sob.

"Now, Mother, come over here and meet Agnes," said Bill, leading her to his wife who seized both her hands and kissed her. "And this is Helen," he continued, taking her to Frank's wife, the dark-haired beauty.

"I guess you can guess who the rest of the tribe is," said Frank, lighting a cigarette. "Sorry Helen and I didn't have any to bring along."

Mother McCarrell, still a little dazed, knelt in front of the three subdued but eager-eyed children. She hugged each separately, then pulled them together and put her arms about the three of them.

"Why, you mustn't be scared of me. I'm your grandmother! Don't you know me!"

Sammy decided it was time for him to unwind his long form from the rocker. He gave his nose a blast.

"I guess you know me, Susie," he tried to say in a humorous voice, and moved toward the grinning bulk of Mammy who filled the hall doorway. "I just hung around to tell them you were coming. They were pretty well worried about you. Now I got to run along or Lucy'll think I'm lost. Besides, there's something I want to tell her. Good-night everybody."

A Walk Uptown

(Continued from page 12)

she playfully slapped a dignified, elderly man on the back and whispered something in his ear. Mr. Briggs wondered who she was. He was still wondering when she caught his eye, smiled and came toward him. He was decidedly disturbed at the prospect of talking with her. She held out her hand and he took it awkwardly.

"Mr.—I didn't quite catch the name," she said, amiably, shaking his hand vigorously.

"Briggs," he mumbled, embarrassed.

"Briggs—why, of course—Mr. Briggs. How stupid of me. Stranger in town?"

"Why—a—yes."

"I knew it. A he-man from the wide open spaces. Let me guess. Montana?"

"No, Illinois."

"You don't say so! My home State. I'm from Chi. New York's all right, but give me Chi every time. You look lonesome. We'll have to attend to that. Leave it to mama. Lucky you're from Illinois. It'll make it easier."

"Make what easier?"—he vaguely wished he was back in Suite 2 D at the Clarendon.

"Show you in a minute. Just sit tight and mind your knitting. It's my job to make the customers happy, and I can't have anybody sitting around here looking as if he was playing the lead in 'Alone in a Great City.' Be back in a jiffy."

She moved away quickly, and Mr. Briggs wondered if he'd have time to pay his check and bolt before she returned. The waiter was nowhere to be seen. He was in for it, he told himself, though he hadn't the remotest idea as to just what "it" signified. He was convinced it would be something disturbing. He looked around apprehensively and saw her coming back. There was a young woman with her, a pretty, dark, young woman with large eyes and a boyish bob and an air of shy timidity. She wore a mink coat over a black satin gown, and she carried a black silk handbag. Mr. Briggs struggled to his feet, his heart thumping wildly.

"Mr. Briggs," said the buxom woman, "I want you to meet my little friend Mrs. Sinclair. She's a little girl from Chicago whose husband was suddenly called away to-day on business and she's just as lonesome as you look. Maybe you can cheer each other up. It'll make it easier—you both being from Illinois."

The dark young woman cast her eyes down shyly and extended a slim hand. Mr. Briggs took it cautiously and for a brief moment warm, soft fingers coiled themselves about his own. Vague, disturbing emotions churned within him—fear, embarrassment, enchantment.

"Glad to know you," he murmured. "Wouldn't you—can't you—what I mean is—maybe you'd like to sit down."

The plump hostess beamed on them.

"Bless you, my children," she said jovially, and was gone.

The dark young woman murmured "thank you," and sank into a chair, letting her fur coat fall back and revealing bare white shoulders of singular loveliness, and rounded arms. Her eyes were still cast down in timid confusion.

"Really," she murmured, "I don't know what to say. I've never done anything like this before. Renée's an old friend, but she's so terribly impulsive. She just forced me to come over here and meet you. I've been worried all day, ever since Jim went away, and I came around here to forget my troubles. I hope you'll understand and not think me too forward."

The pleading earnestness of her voice and the melting softness of her eyes as she looked up with girlish hesitation completely disarmed Mr. Briggs.

"Oh, that's all right," he mumbled. "I could see right away that you were a nice young woman, respectable and so on. It sort of sticks out all over. I'm not much of a hand at entertaining. You'll find me pretty dumb, I fancy."

He shifted uneasily in his chair and wiped a damp forehead. She leaned an elbow on the table and dropped her oval face into her hand, turning her eyes on him with frank approval.

"I think you're charming," she said evenly. "I could tell you were from Illinois if Renée hadn't said anything. I hate New York men. Just conceited puppies—all of them. They aren't real, if you know what I mean, like the men from out our way. I wouldn't trust one of them for a single minute."

Mr. Briggs glowed. He hadn't had a compliment from a pretty woman in a score of years. Strange tremors agitated him. He smiled fatuously.

"You're—you're darned nice to say all that," he murmured. "Maybe you'd like to eat a little something."

She ordered a sandwich and when the waiter had gone she leaned forward and touched his coat sleeve lightly.

"Like to dance?" she inquired. "There's an intermission in the show now."

The orchestra began an insidious wailing and couples left the tables all around them. Mr. Briggs's heart began to beat a wild rataplan.

"Oh, I don't dance much," he mumbled. "Just sort of flounder around now and then out at our country club with a lot of middle-aged folks. I'd be afraid to take a chance with an expert like you."

"Oh, nonsense," she said gayly. "I won't

have you trying to make yourself out an old fogey?"

Before he quite realized what he was doing he found himself out on the crowded dance floor with an arm around her slim waist and her warm, soft fingers pressed about his own again. He caught the scent of a faint, delicate perfume, and when he looked into her eyes they seemed to carry a challenge. When the music stopped he applauded for an encore with a vigorous enthusiasm that set her laughing merrily. He was a bit breathless when they reached their table. His companion seemed radiant.

"Flounder around," she mocked. "Why, you're a wonderful dancer—perfectly wonderful."

"Oh, say," he puffed with a heavy attempt at playfulness, "you're just kidding the old duck—just kidding him along."

"If you call yourself an old duck again, I'll leave you flat," she countered. "You don't really know yourself what a nice person you are."

Contentment entered his soul. Romantic adventure had touched him for the first time in his dull, uneventful life, and the experience was stirring up dormant emotions with a devastating suddenness. He watched her nibbling daintily at her sandwich, and he told himself that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He'd thought the same thing a little while before about that blonde who had sung the song, but now he realized how mistaken he had been. She was just a bold hussy. This was an exquisitely refined, sensitive, high-strung woman who couldn't be mentioned in the same breath.

They danced twice again before the show began once more and he forgot time and place and everything but her. She chatted delightfully about the mysteries of night-club life and pointed out celebrities in the crowd around them. Butler receded into the dim distance and he felt himself a definite part of this pulsing scene and not the mere onlooker he had been when he entered the room.

IT WAS just as the chorus came swinging out on the dance floor again that he noticed a frightened look pass over her face. She had been gazing at the other side of the room. She shrank back in her chair and her large, dark eyes were dilated with fear. She reached across the table and clutched his arm.

"What's the matter?" he inquired, anxiously. "You getting sick or something?"

She turned startled, appealing eyes on him. "I'm afraid of something," she whispered.

"Oh, what will I do—what will I do?" He patted her arm in an awkward attempt at reassurance.

"There, there," he urged, "don't get alarmed. I'll see you through. What is it?"

"Jim's away," she murmured tremulously, "and I haven't anybody to turn to except you. I wonder if you'd help me out. I wonder if you'd understand."

"Sure," he replied uneasily. "What's the row? What's going on?"

"It's a man I just saw over there on the other side of the room," she whispered. "He's with two others. He's a man I used to know out in Chicago before I married Jim. I was younger then and I didn't understand life or people. He was—oh, I can't bear to tell you."

"Go on, sister," he said soothingly. "I'll understand."

The appealing eyes thanked him. "He'd been—in—prison," she continued hesitatingly. "I didn't know. He fooled me. I gave him up when I found out. Jim never knew. I thought I'd never see him again and then, only last week, he came back to torture me. I met him on the street and he sneered at me and asked for money. Said he'd tell Jim all about my knowing him if I didn't give it to him. I tried to get rid of him, but he followed me to the hotel we were living at then. He said if I couldn't get money that I could give him my jewelry. He said he'd find a way to take it if that was the only way of getting it. I got Jim to move into a little apartment a mile away the next day. I hoped I'd never see this man again, felt sure I never would, and now he's here—right in this room and he's been looking at me for five minutes and I'm afraid—terribly afraid. Please help me—please."

Her voice trembled again and she clutched

(Continued on page 54)

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A Walk Uptown

(Continued from page 53)



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once more at Mr. Briggs' arm with fierce tenseness. Her agitation evoked his pity and he felt himself expanding.

"Of course I will, sister," he replied, "only you've got to give me some sort of a rough idea of what you want me to do."

"I knew you would," she murmured. "You're wonderful. It's just the simplest thing. I've got my jewelry here in this bag. I wouldn't take the risk of leaving it at home. I want you to help me get it out of here safely."

Mr. Briggs chuckled.

"Shucks," he said, "I thought you were going to ask me to do something hard. I'll take you home in a taxi and I'll give what—for to anyone who tries any monkey business."

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all," she said hurriedly. "I'm sure something terrible would happen if we did that, and I just won't let you get mixed up in any trouble on my account. I've got a better plan. I'll give you the bag and you can slip it in your pocket and say good-night to me here right in front of everybody and then go out. You can take it around to the apartment—it's only a little way from here—and wait for me there. I'll hang around here for a little while chatting with Renée and then I'll have her let me out through the passage-way that leads into a store down the block. That's where they keep their liquor, you know. It's a blind. No one can possibly see me leave."

"**S**OUNDS mighty mysterious to me—kind of like a detective yarn or something," remarked Mr. Briggs, "but I'll do it. Yes, sir—you just give me those trinkets and I'll stow 'em away and no one will be the wiser. You've certainly got a sensible head on those pretty shoulders."

"Are they really pretty?" she inquired archly.

"Prettiest I ever saw in my life," he replied enthusiastically. "Just a perfect match, one might say, for your face."

He blushed crimson and her eyes sparkled.

"You're a dear," she whispered, "an adorable dear. Now I'll keep talking to you and while I'm chatting I'll slip the bag under the table and you can take it and slide it into your pocket. Those men on the other side of the room aren't looking this way just now. You see how easy it is. Be careful now—don't drop it."

Under the table her hand touched his again for a brief moment and he thrilled at the contact. He slipped the bag into his coat pocket unobtrusively.

"The address is 39 West Forty-ninth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues," she whispered. "Turn to your left when you go out. I won't be long. You'd better stand up now and say good-bye."

He stood up and took her hand.

"Don't be too long," he murmured. "It'll be lonesome—waiting for you."

The memory of her smile lingered with him as he regained his hat and coat and emerged into the street. He was too preoccupied to notice the two men who had quietly left a table a few feet away from the one he had been at and who had cautiously followed him down the long dimly lighted corridor.

The seductive lights of Broadway, still agleam, tempted him as he stood for a moment outside the entrance, but he remembered his companion's instruction and turned to the left. There were no other night resorts east of the Club Royale and the street stretched away towards Sixth Avenue shrouded in shadows. The street lamps gleamed palely through a mist that presaged rain. Mr. Briggs turned up his overcoat collar and stepped out briskly. His heart was light and his thoughts were a bit foolish and fantastic. No chivalrous knight of old bent on a mission for his lady fair ever carried his head higher or was more willing to put his devotion to a severer test. She had called him an "adorable dear." It didn't seem real, somehow. Trusted him with her jewelry after knowing him only an hour. Let him walk right out of the place with it. And pretty, too! Why, that Landis girl from Chicago that everyone in Butler had raved about when she visited the Millers last summer couldn't hold a candle to her. No, sir, not a candle! Lovely little hands—soft, warm and

smooth like a baby's. And her eyes. Gosh—they—

"Just a minute, mister."

He turned sharply at the sound of a heavy voice. Two short, stocky men were on his heels. He couldn't make out their faces in the murky gloom, but their attitude was menacing. They edged him towards the side of the building he was passing and one of them made a move to pinion his arm.

"We're federal officers, buddie," said the one who had spoken first. "We'll trouble you for a look at that bag you've got in your pocket. Better take it easy."

Chaotic thoughts surged through Mr. Briggs' mind. Hold-up men—that fellow from Chicago and one of his pals—that's what they were. Give up her bag? He should say not. He couldn't run. He was cornered. He clenched his fist and sent it smashing into the face of the man who had spoken. It caught the fellow square on the jaw. He grunted and slumped heavily to the sidewalk. The other man made a quick movement with his right hand and a revolver gleamed in a beam of light from the doorway. Mr. Briggs ran amuck at the sight of it. Blind fury seized him. He grabbed the man's arm and pushed it upward with one hand. With the other he caught at his wrist, twisting it with a fierce strength born of desperation. The man screamed with pain and the pistol clattered noisily to the sidewalk. Mr. Briggs uppercut him neatly on the right side of the face. He reeled wildly and crashed into the gutter.

Mr. Briggs laughed hysterically and ran east. Over his shoulder he could see the man he had felled last staggering to his feet and groping for his lost weapon. He looked about for a way of escape. The door of a small apartment house half-way down the block stood ajar and a feeble light gleamed in the hall. As he darted inside the sharp crack of a pistol sounded. He ran through the hall and down a flight of steps in the rear. Somewhere a dog yelped and then was silent. A flickering gas flame at the foot of the steps revealed whitewashed walls and a rear door. There was a key in the lock. He turned out the light and stumbled through the gloom towards the door. He fumbled for the key, found it and the lock turned. Extracting it, he opened the door and stepped out into the darkness of a rear court. He slammed the door shut, locked it from the outside and stuffed the key in his pocket. Then he leaned, panting, against the wall of the building.

He felt the bulge of the bag in his coat pocket. A close shave, but her jewelry was safe. His thoughts for a moment went racing back through the years. He remembered that he hadn't had a tussle with anybody since that time back in school when he'd licked that big Hutchinson boy who had tried to bully him. Didn't know he had it in him. Knocked one of them out and pretty nearly accounted for the other, too. Gosh! He chuckled with elation and straightened up. Life in the old dog yet. Yes, sir! Through the closed door he could hear someone stumbling down the stairs. Fellow sure had nerve following him. Better get out of here. A hundred feet down the court a dim light burned in the rear of a building fronting on the next street. Mr. Briggs, still winded, made for it, breathing heavily. He found that it marked the entrance to a narrow passageway bearched between two apartments. He could hear someone pounding furiously on the locked door behind him as he plunged through the alley and out into the street. He yelled to a passing taxi driver.

"Thirty-nine West Forty-ninth and step on it, brother," he commanded.

He leaned back on the leather cushions and vaguely wondered why the hold-up man hadn't run away. Must be a desperate character. The contemplation of this idea gave him an added thrill and then the image of a dark, oval face framed in soft, black hair flashed into his mind. She'd have the surprise of her young life when he told her of his adventure. He'd have to be becomingly modest about it, of course. No boasting. Modesty would be the proper caper. "Nothing at all, my dear. Do a lot more for you if I got the chance." Brakes

creaked and the taxi drew up in front of a four-story apartment house that had once been a residence.

Mr. Briggs lounged in the doorway, exultant and impatient. He was lighting a cigar when he saw a familiar figure in a fur coat approaching and his heart began pounding again.

"You got here safe, I see," she said as she came up to him. "I couldn't help worrying a little."

He reached for the bag and handed it over with a little bow.

"Here's your jewelry, sister," he said. "No need to worry about me. I can take care of myself. I did get into a little mix-up, but I managed to worm out of it all right."

"A little mix-up—what was it?"—agitation gripped her.

A TAXI stopped in front of them just then and a young man bounded out and crossed the sidewalk on the run. He was a furtive-looking young man with sharp, peaked features under a cap pulled down over his forehead. He reached for the bag and she drew back.

"Give me that," he snarled unpleasantly, "and be damned quick about it. There ain't any time to lose. There's hell to pay."

Mr. Briggs couldn't quite understand what it was all about. The girl leaned against him, terror-stricken.

"What's happened?" she murmured. "Your Romeo here'll give you the details," panted the young man. "There was two guys from the narcotic squad right in the place all the time and we thinkin' they were outside. They followed this bird down the street and tried to nab him, but he beat 'em up and got away. One of 'em tried to wing him, but the shot went wild. You give me that stuff—right now, do you hear?"

He grasped her arm. She fought him off. "I'll keep it myself," she said, "until I see Billy. You can't cut in on this now."

"The hell I can't," he growled. "You pass it over or I'll take it away from you."

He grabbed for her arm again and then reeled backwards. Mr. Briggs had landed heavily on his nose. Blood gushed as the girl forced her way between them.

"Don't hit him any more, please," she pleaded. "You don't understand."

Mr. Briggs was heaving with excitement. "Don't hit him any more," he spluttered. "I'll smash him into little bits—laying his hands on you like that."

He lunged forward, almost breaking her hold on him. The young man, wiping away the streaming blood with his hand, backed towards the taxi.

"You big boob," he whined, "I'll get you for this yet."

The girl pulled at Mr. Briggs. He was straining furiously.

"Let me finish him up," he mumbled thickly. "It'll only take a minute."

The young man stepped into the taxi and it chugged noisily down the street. Mr. Briggs was in a daze. The girl caught hold of him with both arms and turned him around.

"You're marvelous," she said tremulously, "simply marvelous. I can't begin to thank you."

"It's all right, sister," he murmured. "You should have let me finish him. I didn't quite understand what he said about narcotic squad. Just what is that? Was he that fellow from Chicago you told me about? I thought one of those other fellows was. What's it all about?"

"I'll explain everything later," she said quietly. "It's a terrible mix-up. You wouldn't understand now. You're too excited. I'll tell you what—there's a little place around the corner—a quiet little place where we can sit and have a chat. Let's go there. It'll take me a long time to thank you—a long time. You're the most wonderful man I ever met."

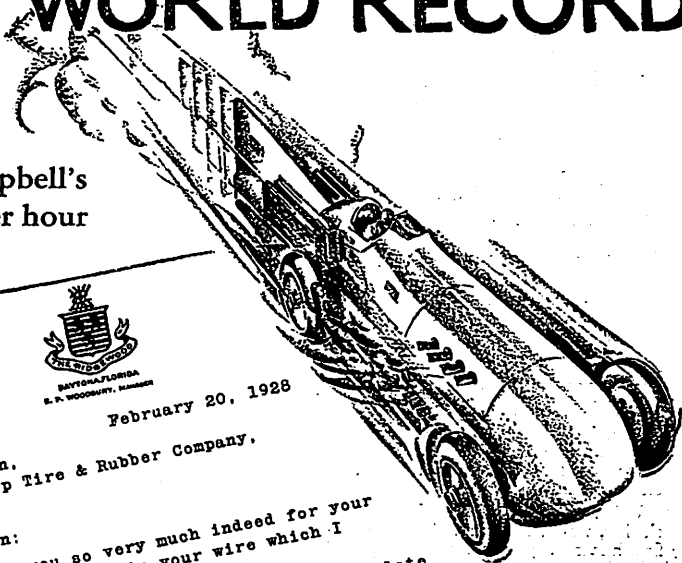
Her fingers were coiled about his hand again and the faint perfume made him dizzy. Frank admiration shone in her large, lustrous eyes. Perspiration oozed on his forehead. He fumbled in his overcoat pocket with his free hand for his handkerchief and caught the feel of something hard and unyielding. Mary's prescription! Gosh, he'd forgotten all about Mary!

"I'm afraid I can't"—his voice trembled.

(Continued on page 56)

AGAIN DUNLOPS WIN WORLD RECORD

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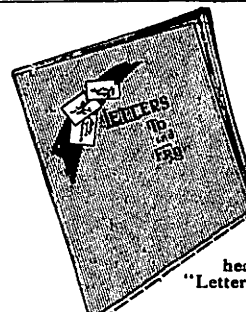
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Please send price list and chart showing sizes of Utica Utility Boxes.

Name
Street
City State

A Walk Uptown

(Continued from page 55)

"Oh, come on," she murmured. "I've got a lot of nice things I want to tell you."

She leaned closer to him and he drank in the subtle, delicate scent again. For a moment revolt flamed within him, flamed and flared and then died down, quenched by the cautious claims of convention, by the overwhelming demands of the routine by which his life was regulated. Adventure had had its little hour. The settled realities of existence took over the stage. He disengaged his hand and backed away.

"Sorry," he said chokily. "I've got to be going. See you again sometime—maybe. Glad to be of service."

Half-way down the block he hailed a taxi. "The Clarendon Hotel," he told the driver, "West Thirty-second Street."

In the hallway of the building he had just left, a girl in a fur coat was crying as she clutched at a black bag. She reached up to dab her eyes and the bag flew open as the clasp caught on a button. A small glass bottle, one of many, fell out and shattered into fragments on the floor spilling a fine white powder.

Mr. Briggs reclaimed his umbrella and his rubbers from a sleepy night porter and sagged against the side of the elevator as it bore him up to Suite D. He was terribly tired. The corner of a yellow envelope peeped from under the door.

He let himself in quietly, pressed the light switch and picked it up. He tore it open hurriedly and smiled as he read the telegram it contained.

Umbrella idea went through flying—we'll sure cop that prize—best regards from all the boys—don't take any wooden money and keep away from the night clubs. **JIM.**

HE GRINNED at the last line. Good old Jim. Knew he'd be worried. Darned thoughtful of him. He took off his shoes, turned out the light and opened the bedroom door gently. He stumbled against one of the beds in the darkness. He could hear Mary stirring.

"That you, Milt?" she inquired sleepily.
"Yes, mother—go to sleep."
"It isn't late, is it?"
"Not very. Go to sleep, I tell you."
"Where'd you go?"
"Just took a little walk up-town."
"Have a nice time?"
"Pretty nice."
"You wore your rubbers, didn't you?"
"Sure—didn't you see me put 'em on?"
"Of course—foolish of me."

He could hear her even breathing. He sat down on the bed and sighed gratefully. Life would run along in its accustomed groove again. He was glad it would.

This Travel Business

(Continued from page 9)

worrying. No fuss over passports or visas. The company secures them, keeping the passports until they are returned to you at the voyage's end. They supply a special purchasing agent who speaks every conceivable tongue and will buy anything you see en route from a live elephant in Burma to a mummy in Egypt. In New York the main office of the company has a list of your friends and relatives. When the boat touches at a port they receive a wire from the ship's commander. Immediately postcards are mailed out to the list stating exactly where you are on the given date, thus avoiding a six-week mail delay. On these tours women are in the majority. Cruise officials estimate that 25 per cent. of all passengers are below thirty years of age, 50 per cent. below fifty, and 25 over fifty. There is one family of eight they tell about that has taken the same cruise conducted by the same company no less than five successive years. On a round the world tour which left New York last winter a hundred of the four hundred passengers had made the trip before. And the last word in dogginess was furnished by one concern on a luxurious trip to the West Indies by carrying a latest model airplane for rent to passengers and at their disposal whenever the boat touched port!

THE final development in cruises is the African cruise. The first of these trips started in 1926. This year there were three of them covering slightly different routes and ranging in length from eighty to one hundred and forty-five days, and they cost from twelve hundred and fifty dollars to twenty-seven hundred. These tours usually sailed down the west coast of Africa, touching at Madeira and the Canary Islands, thence to Capetown, up to Durban on the east coast, and so to Mombasa and Kenya. Here at the slight additional cost of some eighteen hundred dollars you can make a special trip (limited to eleven members) up to Nairobi in the hunting country, by automobile through the Game Reserve of the Athi Plains, across Victoria Nyanza by steamer, to the foot of the Mountains of the Moon. Then you are in Uganda, the heart of British East Africa, in country made famous by the great explorer Stanley. So by car to the White Nile, where you take steamer for Khartoum, whence Lord Kitchener took his title, across the Nubian desert by rail to Wadi Halfa, and then up the Blue Nile by boat to Cairo, with a stop-off at Luxor, to enable you to pay your respects to the famous Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. Altogether a pleasant little excursion.

All sorts of queer out-of-the-way places are

visited by these cruises as the American traveler from year to year becomes more sophisticated and demands something new and unusual. Thus last season one liner stopped at Tristan da Cunha, that lonely isle in the South Atlantic, exactly half way between Buenos Aires and Capetown, which is visited by trading ships only once every three years. A holiday was declared on the island when this great ship arrived, and that's not surprising either. Yet another cruise took its guests, or such of them as wished to go, up Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa. Another spent a day at Sumatra in the Indian Ocean and a third disembarked tourists at Guadeloupe, France's gorgeous West Indian colony. This same tour also touched at Caracas, the national capital of Venezuela, called the "City of Eternal June." Caracas is reached by the most remarkable railroad in South America, climbing several thousand feet from the sea coast to an inland valley completely encircled by mountains.

Some big ships resemble a menagerie when once again they reach New York, and the customs officials spend several busy hours calling on the appraisers to decide just what duty, if any, must be paid upon a lion cub from East Africa, a baby armadillo from Labuan or a multi-colored cockatoo from Guatemala. On every cruise there are some people who will buy anything that a tender will carry to the ship and frequently a good many things it will not.

Now to make a round-the-world cruise a paying proposition the steamship company or the tourist agency chartering the boat must first sell one million three hundred thousand dollars' worth of accommodation before expenses are paid. This means that almost a million and a half dollars' worth of staterooms must be disposed of merely to pay the rent of the boat, hotels, automobiles, local guides and special trains on shore excursions, and to satisfy the demands of the salaried employees of the company who are essential to make a trip of this sort run smoothly. You get some idea of the demands made when you are told that the average Round the World Cruise necessitates at least three interpreters, all speaking no less than eight different languages!

While the most spectacular development of modern travel has unquestionably been the cruise, it is by no means the most popular. Cruises as a rule take place in winter, and the majority of Americans travel in summer, both in this country and abroad. Up to twenty years ago the favorite method of travel was by the escorted tour; if you went to Europe you went

(Continued on page 58)

The Story of two Men

who fought in the WORLD WAR

FROM a certain little town in the Middle West came two men to fight in France.

Both were commissioned officers. Both made fine records with the A.E.F.

But after the war came a change in their fortunes. In ten short years one of them became wealthy, while the other was still moving unsuccessfully from one job to another.

He "had hard luck," the friends of the latter explained. He never "seemed to catch hold after the war." And recently, when his companion proposed that they go together to the Paris Convention of the American Legion, he was forced to decline because he could not afford it.

What is the reason for tragedies like this? These men had enjoyed the same educational advantages, and so far as anyone could judge, their prospects for prosperity were equally good. Why, after the war, did one man surge steadily ahead, while the other stood still?

Two types of men

The answer is simple. In all the business world there are just two types of men. There is the man who goes only as far as experience in one department of business can carry him and settles down in a departmental position for life.

The other man takes a new hold upon himself in his twenties or thirties or early forties; he adds training to experience and travels far.

For 19 years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been engaged in the splendid task of helping men to find themselves.

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business executive; Percy H. Johnston, President of the great Chemical National Bank of New York; Dexter S. Kimball, Dean of the College of Engineering, Cornell University; John Hays Hammond, the eminent Consulting Engineer; Frederick H. Hurdman, Certified Public Accountant and business advisor; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the internationally known statistician and economist.

Only you can decide where you will stop

Every man in business is paying for this Course whether he takes it or not. The man who "had hard luck" paid, and at a tragic price. He might have moved on up to large success—but he was thru just when he should have been gathering speed.

Only you can decide where you will stop. The training which has done so much for 300,000 other men is open to

you also. It is worth your investigation at least; make the investigation now.

Send for "Forging Ahead in Business"

For men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be in business five years from now?" the Alexander Hamilton Institute publishes a book called "Forging Ahead in Business." It tells what the Modern Business Course and Service is and does; it contains letters from men whose business situation was precisely like yours. It will richly repay a careful reading, and it is free; the coupon will bring it.



One of these men has done big things in business since the war. The other is still moving from job to job. Why? You will find the answer on this page.

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This Travel Business

(Continued from page 56)

as one of a party, saw the same things, listened to the same guide, stopped at the same hotels, ate the same sort of food and probably paid the same rate as all the other twenty or two hundred members of the tour. These escorted tours are still popular for the man who has a limited amount of money and time to spend; obviously in this way much cheaper rates can be made by a travel agency. But thanks again to the energy and initiative of the American woman, a new form of travel has arisen since the war; the Independent Tour.

The Independent Tour enables a traveler to have all arrangements made for his trip in advance. Thus if he wishes to travel alone with his family he can plan his tour completely, buy all his tickets and sleeping reservations to any part of the world, reserve rooms in hotels, plot out such sightseeing expeditions as appeal particularly to him (or to his wife). He can leave with a detailed itinerary showing train and steamer accommodations, time of arrival and departure at each point visited, with all necessary timetables and descriptive matter which will add to his convenience. Obviously one must pay more for the privilege of being alone than if one goes in a large party, but one knows beforehand exactly what is to be spent to a dollar, even down to tips on board ship.

NOR is this service confined to a trip in Europe.

That it is more useful in a land where the average traveler cannot make himself understood is assured; on the other hand is there anything worse than to reach a large city in this country and find every room in the biggest and best hotel taken in advance? By allowing a travel concern to plan your trip you avoid such annoyances as this, and you avoid them at a reasonable cost. Thus a thirty-five-day trip from New York to California and back, visiting the Grand Canyon of Arizona on the way out, and Colorado Springs on the way back, can be done with all fares, pullmans, tours, automobiles, sight-seeing trips and so forth included for as low as five hundred and thirty-five dollars.

Personally Conducted Tours, sometimes called "Escorted Tours," are probably less popular than they were thirty years ago, but they have by no means died out. Today the cheapest way of traveling either in Europe or in this country is unquestionably by the Escorted Tour.

These Escorted Tours, or as they are usually named nowadays, "Popular Tours," feature the new Tourist Third Class method of ocean travel which has become so popular since its inception four years ago. It was a Cornell student returning from Europe third class because he did not have the money to journey first who had the brainstorm which has revolutionized modern ocean travel. He was practically alone in third class at the time, due to the fact that our new immigration laws have reduced the number of foreigners permitted to enter this country to a minimum. On his arrival he suggested to the company that this space be allotted to college students and the entire third class accommodation be turned over to them. The success of the Tourist Third Class can best be judged by the fact that they are now installed on almost every large liner and that several companies have adapted entire ships for this sort of passenger.

While the majority of the travelers in this class, especially during mid-summer, are college students, many who are graduates of the University of Hard Knocks find berths as well.

The Popular Tour members travel third-class on the ocean, but not on shore. Some of the best hostelries on the continent shelter the traveler who goes by one of these Escorted Tours. There are any number of trips for you to take your choice from, with prices ranging from as low as three hundred and eight dollars on a tour which gives you three weeks in London, Paris and Brussels, to another which spends seven weeks in Scotland, England, Switzerland, Italy, Austria and Germany at a cost of six hundred and forty-eight dollars, everything included.

Each tour has a Tour Manager and assistants who accompany the party and do all the dirty

work of which traveling in Europe has its full share. From time to time in the itinerary are so-called "Free Days," provided so that members of the party can rest, shop, or visit places of interest in the vicinity, as they desire.

As everyone who has visited the Old World since the war is perfectly well aware, Europe is to-day a network of air lines, all functioning regularly and most of them making money despite the fact that travel by air is now no more expensive than first-class railroad and sleeping-car travel. These lines not only link up all the great capitals of the continent: they penetrate most of the hitherto little known regions of Africa and Asia, they take you as far south as Dakar in Senegal on the western coast of Africa, as far north as Copenhagen, and as far east as Basra on the Persian Gulf. The longest service is the London-Constantinople run, which in two days flying covers two thousand miles. The fare is a hundred and fifty dollars, almost the same as that on the Calais-Constantinople Express, the time consumed about one-half as long. Small wonder air travel is so much used by those who journey about Europe to-day.

One enterprising firm has a special airplane tour of the Far East and the Holy Land, visiting Baghdad, the ruins of Babylon, Jerusalem, Bethlehem and the Dead Sea, at a reasonable inclusive cost. And another is planning an Air Cruise with the Airship *R100* along the lines of the Round the World ocean cruises. This tour is to last thirty-five days, carry twelve tourists, and will cost two thousand, two hundred and eighty-four dollars apiece, the cost to cover everything, including tips at hotels. The itinerary takes in Paris, Bordeaux, Biarritz, Barcelona, Malaga, Seville, Tangier, Casablanca, Fez, Algiers, Biskra, Naples, Rome, Venice, Pisa, Marseilles, Lyons and London. The trip has been so planned that every night the tourist sleeps in a hotel.

Nor is it hard to foresee great liners of the air that will rush passengers from airport to airport around the globe just the way ocean liners do at present.

Will they be American ships? Not unless as a people we become more air-minded than we are just now. Flying in Europe is the accepted mode of travel; it is not at all unusual for a business man in London to be talking by telephone to another business man in Paris, and arrange for an appointment in either city within three hours. A friend took breakfast with me in London recently and stated that he had to be in the branch office of his firm in Paris that day, but would meet me at the Savoy for dinner at eight. He left London at nine, arrived in Paris at noon, left Paris at three and was back in London at six. But distances are short in Europe, cities are near together, nor is the telephone as sure an aid to the business man as it is in this country. The result obviously being that we are behind Europe in the matter of commercial flying.

And yet we are feeling our way, quietly, without much fuss, to the development of the passenger airplane service. In Canada one thousand travelers were carried between December 7th, 1926, and August 31st, the following year. In the United States there is a passenger and mail flight daily from Chicago to the Coast, also a daily twelve-hour flight from Chicago to Dallas, Texas, by way of Kansas City, by way of Fort Worth. There is a plane leaving Los Angeles every day for Salt Lake City, and another operating north from San Francisco to Seattle. Boston and New York are linked by a daily mail and passenger plane, so are New York and Chicago, and New York, Atlanta and New Orleans.

But if we are behind in the matter of air travel, we are leading in travel by rail. And it is due to Yankee ingenuity that the latest development in travel by rail has been introduced. Don't forget it was an American who perfected the sleeping car, who pioneered in the electric railroad and other refinements of traveling in this country where distances are a rule greater than they are in the old world. The last and most successful idea is the application of the ocean cruise principle to land. Hence the name, Land Cruises.

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The Land Cruise in the winter of 1928 was in its second year. It was enormously popular in 1927, the first season, and where there were three Land Cruises in that year there were eleven last winter. The Land Cruise is just what the name connotes; a cruise overland from coast to coast in a train specially designed for these cruises under the direction of a well-known tourist agency by the Pullman Company. In variety and luxury of accommodations, in freedom from regular traveling schedules with all their sameness and monotony, in opening out of the way places to the average tourist, and in offering unusual sight-seeing, the Land Cruise duplicates the best features of an ocean cruise.

I HAVE been over one of these land cruise trains tied up at its pier—the platform of a great metropolitan railroad terminal—and it leaves you gasping at the sumptuousness of the accommodations to be secured. All the cars are unlike the average sleeping car as we know it; there is first of all an entertainment car with seating accommodation for forty-nine people, with removable chairs permitting dancing to the radio or the large phonograph installed at one end, while at the opposite end is a motion-picture projector. In this car is also situated a gymnasium with shower bath that is far more adequate than many such installations aboard ship, a library and barber shop at the rear end. The sleeping cars—they are called, "bedroom cars"—have beds instead of berths, dressing tables, wardrobes, and some of them have baths adjoining. They are full of tricks. Lights flash within closets when you open the doors, and there is a cubicle for shoes which opens into the passageway so that your shoes are polished and returned without your knowing it. You may have a single room, a double room, or a suite with a sitting room and bath according to the price you desire to pay. Which is moderate for the tour that takes you from the Atlantic seaboard to New Orleans, through the Grand Canyon, and so on to California, costing from four to six hundred dollars, depending on the accommodations selected. Now the advantages of a Land Cruise are obvious. Is it necessary to point out that no one is seasick? The train is your hotel, there is no unpacking and packing up to be done every few days, you make side trips in automobiles and return at night to your room on board. In this way the train can be stopped wherever it is convenient without any thought of a lodging for the night; it can be run upon a siding near the Apache Trail, or close to the village of Adamana, Ariz., where a short drive takes one to the Petrified Forest of gigantic trees that flourished in the region a million years ago and are now jasper and chalcedony and opal. This is a spot few travelers can see because they are unable to wait over until the following day, there is no place for them to spend the night, and if there was they would lose their Pullman accommodation, hence they pass along thinking some day to return. But they never do. Only on the Land Cruise with specified stops at places of interest can one be certain of seeing the wonders of the American west and southwest. Just now these cruises run only on one route, from coast to coast, from east to west and return. My guess is that within a few years you will see such trains running both winter and summer all over the North American hemisphere, from Mexico City to the borders of Canada. And that they will be as well filled and as general as the ocean cruises are today.

Of course the most popular travel of all in this day and age is unquestionably motor travel. Motor travel in this country last year reached such proportions that any figures quoted must fall far short of reality. For although we know that American automobile tourists spent two hundred millions of dollars in Canada last year, figures in this country of tourist camps, hotels, and automobiles are very unreliable, due to duplication. In addition, a great many travel in this country by car who are never listed in any way. Thus there was a friend of mine who bought a small second-hand car, started out with a pal and, camping by the road or in tourist camps, went three thousand miles in two months in summer over the northeastern part of the United States. He sold the car and returned part way home by rail. I

(Continued on page 60)



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This Travel Business

(Continued from page 59)

doubt if anyone has any figures on his mileage, or the amount of money he spent. Yet there must be thousands of Americans who winter and summer are also unknown to the great statistical bureaus of this country. Some of them are the people who left two hundred million dollars in Canada last year, the same people who dropped a mere matter of fifteen millions in Mexico. But of the number who jump into a car on a moment's notice and take a week's vacation on a fishing trip in the backwoods, no accurate figure is anywhere obtainable. It's like attempting to estimate the number of Arab pilgrims to Medina and Mecca, who during the past few years have deserted their favorite mode of travel, the camel, for the automobile, by the thousands.

FOR the man who wishes to make a voyage by car and yet does not like to drive, there are the big interurban buses that you have doubtless met upon the state roads throughout the land. Almost every large city in the United States is now linked up with another metropolis by a bus system, and though the concerns running these lines are chary with information, that they are successful in competing with the railroads of the nation is proved by the fact that the railroads are in many cases operating their own bus lines. The man who travels by bus takes longer than the man who goes by train: he travels the same distance for less money.

"In the United States," said a man who has been identified with travel and the business of travel since 1882, "there are three types of people who travel. First of all, there are those who journey cheaply; the man who goes on a two weeks' vacation in the family car, stopping en route to his destination in tourist camps. If he journeys across the ocean this man takes passage tourist third class. Next there are the sightseers. The sightseer travels more leisurely because he has more money and more leisure; he wants to see things on his trip. Last of all there are the rich. The rich who have been everywhere and seen everything. They travel merely to get to places, it may be Egypt or Palm Beach in winter, Scotland in the shooting season, or Paris and London in spring. These people leave home to enjoy themselves, not to see but to be seen."

And how we travel! Despite the hardships and inconveniences, despite the cost and the damage to our pocketbooks, we are traveling more and more every year. In the year 1891, when the travelers' check was instituted, sales in their first twelve months numbered 241, amounting to a little over nine thousand dollars' worth. In this country and abroad in the past year over two hundred millions in travelers' checks passed across the counter. In their total life of thirty-seven years some fifty-six million have been used, in an amount reaching an aggregate sum of \$1,341,632,552. All of this, or practically all of it, spent on travel. No wonder that in some countries to-day only the travel business is in a prosperous and enviable condition.

"Yes, it's the American who travels. We make preparations for a year, we get ready months and months in advance, we start with enough trunks, suitcases, handbags and valises to set up a leather goods store. And then again we start out in one suitcase on a moment's notice to go around the world. Down in the offices of the Passport Bureau in Manhattan they will tell you of a man who suddenly decided to take a week or two in France with some friends who were sailing on a boat at three in the afternoon. He handed in his application for a passport at ten that morning, and by paying for a long distance call to Washington enabled the Department of State to issue the necessary papers. At one o'clock he had the document in his hand, and at three he sailed with his friends. That's service. For a Government Bureau it probably breaks all existing records!

"When I Say I'm Homesick It Means I'm Sick of Home," as the old song goes. Who hasn't felt the desire to get away, somewhere, anywhere? Let's travel. It's springtime in France; all along the Champs Elysées the gigoles are calling to their mates. Mister Mussolini is getting his right flipper in training to shake

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hands with the jazz band of college boys from West Virginia who are doing all the capitals of Europe in four days. King George and the Prince of Wales have left London in the hands of Americans. Once they spent a summer there before.

But if you do travel be careful. I was reading one of those "How To See Europe On a Dollar a Day," recently. Therein I culled this choice bit: "Anyone who spends more than fifty cents for a dinner in Nice is wasting money."

Yes, he is. That is, unless he doesn't happen to like horsemeat. There is one travel rule that ought to be graven over the door of every pier, of every garage, of every railroad terminal in the world. It is this:—

"Don't go unless you can afford to spend a little more than you have planned!"

From the African Jungle to the Zoo

(Continued from page 27)

Early one morning I left my base camp in Portuguese East Africa and went off up the Luia River on a netting expedition. I had with me over a hundred natives and nearly half a mile of nets. From previous hunting I felt sure that the rocky, hilly country, some twenty miles above camp, formed nearly an ideal spot for our operations. Waterbuck, zebra, kudu, hartebeeste, klipspringer and a few eland and roan were almost always to be found just in back of the steep hills which bordered the river.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we pitched camp at a waterhole three miles below the valley we had chosen as the scene for our net drive. During the remainder of the day we sorted out the nets, cut the light poles on which to string them and looked over our ropes and lassoes. The natives cooked and ate tremendous quantities of food and prepared additional to take along the next day as cold rations. There would be little time to eat until the drive was over.

At two in the morning we started across the river for the valley. It was cold and damp with the early morning mist. The moon had risen late, and with its help we found the place we had decided on as the best at which to string our nets.

Whispering instructions to the boys to carry the nets behind me I started from one side of the narrow valley for the other. As we moved the nets were unrolled and stretched upright on eight-foot slender poles. Wherever possible we took advantage of grass or bush as camouflage. Reaching the farther side I sent all but a few chosen natives back to the river bed. They would arrive opposite the lower end of the valley shortly after sunrise. The twenty natives who remained with me inspected the line of nets to be sure each section was erect, and that they belled out properly in the opposite direction from that from which we hoped the game would come.

FOUR boys settled themselves at each end of the line. In the event any game tried to break around the ends they were to turn it back. With the other twelve natives I climbed a tree and settled myself to wait. We were inside the nets; that is, we were sitting between the nets and the boys driving from the river.

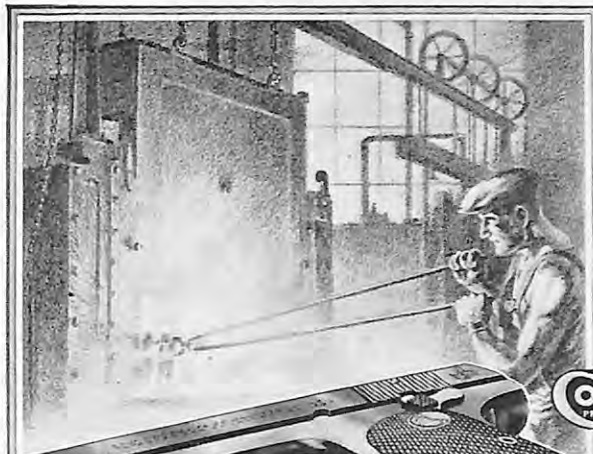
The sun rose over the hills surrounding the little valley. Its uncertain light seemed to intensify the chill in the air. I knew what was happening. At the river the boys had formed a long line across the valley and begun to walk toward us quietly from tree to tree and from one rock to another. The line was advancing slowly. Every clump of bush and every creek bed was being thoroughly explored. There would be no chance for a duiker antelope to lie hidden or for a leopard to crawl under an overhanging bank and have the beaters pass it by.

Slowly the line was moving up. As they came closer the boys drew in toward each other. The valley narrowed and the line became more compact. There was less chance of an animal breaking back and escaping the nets which lay ahead.

The natives near me shifted restlessly. Still not a sound. Was it possible that there were no animals in the valley this morning? Wau-oh, wau-oh. The explosive bark of a big male baboon echoed in the hills. Instantly four sharp

(Continued on page 62)

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From the African Jungle to the Zoo

(Continued from page 61)

knocks sounded a half a mile away. A herd of baboons! That was the signal we had agreed upon beforehand. We listened, straining our necks to peer around the trees to see if we couldn't catch a glimpse of any animals. Bang! Was that a signal or just a bush noise? Bang! It was a signal. Zebra. How many? Would they take to the hills or were they coming up the valley to run into the trap we had so carefully laid for them?

The native in my tree grunted excitedly. He saw something. Yes, there it was away over toward the side of the hill. A native. He must be the end of the advancing semi-circle. Something black and white showed for a moment behind us. It was the herd of zebra trotting slowly, wondering what on earth was happening.

Bang! bang! The knocking became general along the line of beaters. They were very close now. The zebra broke into a fast trot. Yells and shouts rent the air. Natives appeared as if from nowhere. Running and whooping, banging on trees and waving shirts and spears, they came charging down on the line of nets. The zebra broke into a gallop. A baboon appeared, loafing along, growling and muttering to himself. The zebra passed under my tree and we dropped down behind them yelling at the top of our lungs. The little duiker fled like an arrow. The zebra seemed to tuck themselves in behind, they ran so fast.

CRASH! the first zebra struck the nets. I saw it go down, head over heels, as its hoofs tangled in the mesh. Yells and shouts mingled with snorts of terror and booming barks of rage. Section after section of the nets went down with some animal struggling in the mesh of cords. Dust rose in clouds. I could see animals running for all they were worth on the further side of where our nets had stood. But we had pulled down several.

Orders flew up and down the line. The trapped animals were to be handled as quietly and as rapidly as possible. I ran back and forth. We had five zebra, four baboons and three duiker. Hurriedly I assigned natives to each animal. The duiker were so small they were easy to handle. But the zebra and baboons! A big baboon has teeth like a leopard and powerful arms equipped with mighty efficient hands. The zebra kicked, bit, and rolled, snorting on the ground, so that it was nearly impossible to approach them.

By pulling the nets as tight as possible, and then throwing bags over them, we managed to pin the baboons to the ground. Reaching underneath, some one would grab a leg or arm and pull it out to tie to another as soon as another could be caught.

The zebra's legs we lassoed as they stuck through the meshes of the nets. Once the four legs were tied we could get up to them without danger of having our ribs caved in or our legs broken by a blow from the knife-like hoofs. As quickly as possible we blindfolded them. As soon as the bandage was tied over their eyes the zebra lay quiet and we had a chance to sit down, recover our breath and look after the casualties. One boy had been bitten through the hand by a dog-baboon. Another had been kicked in the shin and a great gash opened. Most all of us had rope burns from straining on the nets. Hardly a boy but what had thorns in his feet or hands. Scratches didn't count. We had too many.

A breather, and we started in extricating our captives. In the first wild rush we had tied them up, nets and all. Now we had to get them out. But with all of us to hold and pull it was not so difficult. By two o'clock our twelve specimens were out of the nets, the latter were rolled up and we were ready to start back toward camp.

For the baboons and duiker we made hammocks, or machillas of bark, swung between two poles. The zebra were too big to carry. These we had to walk.

That afternoon we made the two miles to the river and the next two days were fully occupied getting our captives down the river to camp. Once there, they were put in kraals and cages and left alone to become accustomed to human



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beings and to captivity. Within a surprisingly short time they quieted down, fed and drank and showed no fear of humans. It is only the exceptional animal which cannot be tamed, provided it is given time to become accustomed to its surroundings and is never shouted at nor hurried.

These three methods of catching animals, pitfalls, nooses and nets, are really native methods. They are so effective that we white men have adopted them and use them almost exactly as the natives use them.

There are other methods besides these three. Some animals, such as the elephant and rhinoceros, can only be caught as calves. To capture a rhino we hunt until we find a cow with a calf sufficiently small for us to handle. We shoot the cow and then take after the calf on the flat of our feet. A calf elephant or rhino will not leave its mother's body. We chase it back and forth and all around until some one gets hold of an ear, a leg or a tail and tangles himself up with it. This is the most dangerous form of capturing. Trying to lay hands on a buffalo calf or a young elephant is risky, to say the least. An elephant four feet high can break trees six inches in diameter as if they were matches. They can run faster than any horse. But every now and then we do capture them, although some one nearly always pays the price in broken ribs, a gored shoulder or even by being killed.

The big cats, such as lions or leopards, we catch in heavy box traps made either of logs or of iron bars and heavy beams. We snare birds when they come to drink, and on every possible occasion chase game with dogs. A good pack of dogs will tree a leopard in short order or run a wart-hog down a hole within a mile.

The natives on their daily rounds of inspection are constantly on the lookout for tortoises, turtles, young birds or baby antelope. With their dogs they often chase small cats into holes or tree young baboons or monkeys.

All the animals, birds and snakes caught are brought into one central camp, where they are tamed and studied. In addition to the specimens captured by members of the camp, occasionally animals are bought from other white men, and there hardly passes a day during which village natives do not bring in animals and birds for sale.

FOR more than a year and a half our base camp was located on a farm at Tara. Tara is just a siding on the long, single track railway which runs from the Zambezi across northern Rhodesia and on into the Congo. Five miles back from the line on the rolling veldt were three farms—Tara. Elephants wandered within ten miles of us, leopards grunted in the reeds along the little river from which we obtained our water, and sable antelope sometimes grazed with our herds of cattle. In spite of the railroad northern Rhodesia is still a pioneer country. Animals and birds abound on every side.

Our living-huts, kitchen, pantry and storehouse were surrounded with cages, kraals and poles. Just by the kitchen we had three leopards. Between two posts set forty yards apart we stretched a heavy steel wire. Each leopard was fitted with a collar, to which was attached an eight-foot chain which ended in a ring strung on the long wire. This arrangement was ideal. The leopards were outdoors, they could run up and down to get exercise, we could fondle them, and they did not feel confined. Skillum, a full-grown leopard, was a great pet. He would lie for hours stretched in the sun on top of his shelter and keep watch over the camp. Whenever either my wife or myself appeared he would "umph" and "yeo" and call until we came over towards him. As soon as he saw that we were really coming he would bound down from his perch and stand straining on his chain, his back arched and his tail thrashing, waiting for us. He knew that he must always back up to us. We had taught him that, as a leopard's paws and claws are too potentially dangerous to risk even in play. Grabbing hold of his tail we would rub his chin, scratch his ears and tickle his tummy. Skillum talked and grunted and strained in an ecstasy of pleasure. He was like an enormous tabby cat.

Skillum was so tame that sometimes we would take him for a walk on the end of a leash. Three or four times his collar of wire broke and he got loose. Then his one idea was to enter

(Continued on page 64)



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"Old Town Canoes"

From the African Jungle to the Zoo

(Continued from page 63)

either the kitchen or the dining-room. As we had two young children these escapades of his used to worry us, but Skillum never gave the slightest indication of vicious tendencies.

Between the leopards and the storehouse was a long, high cage of fine wire netting in three compartments. Its tenants were always changing. One month it would hold three rusty-spotted genets or zimba cats, some bluejays, and perhaps a puff adder. The next month there would be parrots, a baby baboon and some kingfishers or a pangolin.

Stretching away from the kitchen was a line of assorted cages and poles three hundred yards long. It began with the three leopards. Next to them were poles with kerosene cases nailed on top. These were the homes of our family of baboons. Then a cage of civet cats, a collection of white-faced eagles and tawny grass owls. Beyond came other eagles, hawks and vultures, then a strong pen with a pair of lovely wild dogs. The line ended with a cage containing a small thorn tree and two seventeen-foot pythons.

On the opposite side were the antelopes and large bird paddocks. In one were twenty or more young duiker, oribi and grysbok antelope, the largest of which could not have weighed more than ten pounds. Adjoining them were the larger calves of the sable, hartbeeste, roan, reedbeek, lichiwe and koodoo antelope. Each of these paddocks was fifty yards square and enclosed a well made rain-proof hut of poles, mud and grass thatch.

The little antelope stayed in their paddock all day grazing, gamboling, sleeping and feeding. But their bigger relatives grazed on the open veldt close around camp. Each morning they were taken out by their herd-boys at the same time as the oxen and cows. About four-thirty in the afternoon they returned to be fed, as none of them had been fully weaned. Just as the sun would be approaching the far-flung horizon the calves would begin to bawl for their evening supper. Soon, guided by their shouting, ringing herds, the various groups of live stock would come lowing or bleating into camp. From the river came the great oxen, lumbering powerfully along behind the cows, anxious for their offspring. From another direction the herd of goats and sheep shuffled bleating and baaing. The graceful trusting antelope might follow either.

It was supper time for all. The baboons barked their directions and advice, the hawks shrilled piercingly, flapping up and down in their cage. Skillum would yea gently that he should not be forgotten. Janey the wart-hog rooted furiously against the logs blocking the gate to her pen. The wild dogs whined, boys scampered to and fro with jugs of fresh milk, pails of corn, chopped pumpkins, peanuts, fresh water and chunks of fresh meat. For an hour a well-ordered pandemonium raged.

As the sun went down quietness reigned. A few last squeals and chattering from the monkey cage, a sleepy grunt or two from Skillum, and the camp, at least the wild-animal part, went to bed.

AFTER supper, my wife and I, accompanied by Sandy, our Great Dane watch-dog, would make the rounds of the cages to see that all the doors were shut, and that all our adopted children were comfortable for the night. In the compound our natives danced to the low rhythm of a tom-tom; toward the river a jackal yapped noisily. In the kitchen our mongoose mouser would be busily engaged on a course of rice pudding to hold his appetite until later when the mice appeared. Skillum had to have his good-night word and rub, and then we too went to bed, turning over the responsibility for the safety of the camp to Sandy and his many lieutenants, who roamed restlessly about the cages all night long.

Among a collection such as ours, many odd friendships developed. Sandy and Skillum were firm pals. Whenever he wanted a drink Sandy walked over to Skillum's water and had his fill. Never did they growl at each other or even raise their back hair. I never saw them lie down



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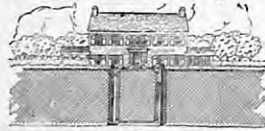
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together, but I feel certain that they had many an understanding grunt and yeo at night.

One of our sable calves became the inseparable companion of a lichiwe ewe. They never let each other out of sight if possible.

Mary, a baby elephant, had two pals: Jim, the native assigned as her keeper, and her evening fire. She would do without neither. She was so young her teeth were just beginning to push through the gums. Like any other infant she had colic and wind in her tummy, and felt grouchy and sleepy. No one else but Jim could massage her stomach or wash her mouth out. He always fed her her gruel and went with her onto the veldt when she went out with her two bigger and older elephant companions.

The nights on the African plateau are chilly. Mary discovered that a small fire was a great comfort. Unless a fire was lighted outside, yet close to her kraal, she would roar and trumpet and keep every one awake until a fire was built.

NEW animals and birds came into camp nearly every day. Very seldom did we buy or catch an adult creature. All our adopted children were young, some babies in arms. To bring them up, feed them, doctor them, keep them happy and in good condition, and, above all, to make real friends with them is hard but fascinating work. To forcibly feed a python twenty pounds of raw meat, takes four to six hours of patient labor. The snake must first be taken out of its cage and held firmly on the ground. Its jaws are gently forced open by pressure on their base. Meat cut the size of a safety-match box is forced gently down its gullet and then massaged down its throat into its stomach. Leopards occasionally need a bath of antiseptic to rid them of sand fleas, or they must have a dose of castor oil. Young antelope must be watched closely for certain kinds of ticks which affect their hoofs and fetlocks. Puppies and kittens may have worms. The monkeys often bite each other, particularly on the tail. The oxen, cows, donkeys and dogs must be dipped in an arsenic bath once a week.

Such work has its reward in a great love and understanding of wild creatures of all kinds. A person handling many for long soon realizes that far from being wild or savage most animals are inherently kind and lovable. If they are killers on the veldt, it is because only by killing can they obtain food. No wild animal kills solely for the love of killing, as does man, the so-called highest animal. Only in a rage from pain, for food, in defense, or very occasionally because of insanity does a wild animal kill.

Shipping wild animals from Africa to America or to Europe is a business in itself. We, who live in Africa and capture, buy and tame the animals, do very little shipping. To box or crate a collection of live-stock, load it in railroad cars, take it to a port and then load it on a steamer for shipment to America requires an outlay of capital and time few if any of us can afford. Transportation charges on wild animals are very high, insurance costs a great deal and the duty is tremendous. Besides these three major costs, there are larger outlays for food, water, bedding straw, dockage, quarantine charges, tips, and the wages of possible attendants or assistants.

All my animals were sold either to the National Zoo, at Pretoria in the Transvaal, or to one of the animal buyers who travel up and down the railroad periodically. These men may be buying for themselves on speculation, but more often they are the representatives of such great animal dealers as Hagenbeck Brothers in Hamburg.

The big buyers seldom haggle. They buy all one's stock or none of it. They pay cash and take delivery at the railroad. We do not receive nearly as much money for our animals selling them in Africa as we would if we brought them to America, but we do not have the risk of transportation nor the outlay of time and capital.

All birds, reptiles and most animals are crated or caged for shipment. These crates must be large enough for comfort and they must be easily cleaned. Usually elephants go uncrated. Oddly enough, zebras are one of the hardest animals to ship. They are very nervous and easily scared. They are crated individually, and often their crates are padded inside with burlap. One buyer once told me that it seemed to him that when his zebras were not lying on their backs they were standing wrong end to.

(Continued on page 66)



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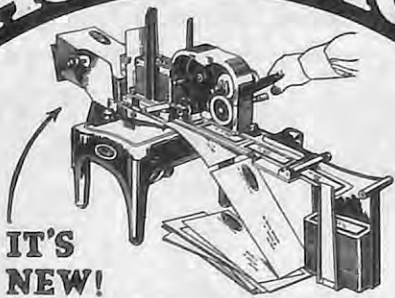
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From the African Jungle to the Zoo

(Continued from page 65)

How they got in that position he never could explain unless they turned a complete somersault, as the crates are too narrow for them to be able to turn around.

I am often asked why does any one catch wild animals? What is the purpose of such a business?

Wild creatures are captured to serve four ends. They go to zoological gardens where they are studied by zoologists, anthropologists and biologists, and much learned not only of the animals' habits, intellect and structure, but also through these studies, of the human anatomy and intellect. Zoos are thronged every warm, fair day by thousands of persons, grown-ups as well as children. They come to see the animals, to feed them and to speculate about them. No matter that the vast majority of their remarks are utterly wrong. They have a good time, and the animals furnish the cause of their enjoyment.

In addition to zoos, animals go to circuses, to retail stores where they are sold as pets, and they are kept on experimental farms for research purposes.

The last is probably their most important use. Wild animals are immune to many of the diseases which devastate domestic stock. They are also the carriers of various diseases which affect humans as well as livestock. Some species can be domesticated, as for example, the Indian elephant or the caballo in the Philippines. By experiments and study of wild animals ways of combating or overcoming many diseases have been evolved. The potentialities in this field are enormous. Domestic stock in Africa suffers from many diseases, such as red-water, gall sickness, East Coast fever, and lung sickness. To these diseases wild animals are immune. One of the greatest problems confronting the settler in Africa is the tsetse fly. This fly carries sleeping sickness, which affects human beings, but it also carries the far more important disease germ known as n'gana. N'gana means death to every variety of domestic stock. No horse, cow, donkey, mule, dog, cat or pig can survive in areas which are occupied by tsetse flies which carry n'gana germs. Nearly three million square

miles of territory are claimed by this pest. But all wild animals are immune to n'gana. A great deal of thought and study is being put on the problem of finding out how and why wild animals are so immune. If we can find the answer and apply what we find to domestic animals we will be able to open to settlers an area approximately as large as the whole of the United States.

I feel that there are four things I have learned from my handling of wild animals. The first is this: that no wild animal is dangerous to man unless man himself provokes that animal. There are a few exceptions such as old, desperate man-eating lions, animals suffering from previous wounds, or insane animals such as rogue elephants. Under ordinary circumstances a wild animal must be hurt or deviled before it attacks, or what is more important the animal must think that it is going to be hurt before it attacks. The second thing I learned was that wild animals have great possibilities as eventual domestic animals. I believe that the African eland can be domesticated wholesale and used as a beef animal; that the buffalo can be used as a source of work, meat and milk; that the bushpig, the wild dog, the guinea fowl, the bushcat, the elephant and even the zebra can be used either for cross-breeding, for work or for meat. The third point is the immunity of African wild animals to the majority of the tropical diseases which decimate herds of domestic stock. Fourth, I learned after many hours and days of intimate study among our foster children and far out on the veldt, that animals can communicate, remember, cooperate, and reason; that they have intelligence, and that they exercise it. This point together with the first one, are the most important things that I learned, because it is only by believing in the intelligence and inherent harmlessness of wild animals that I can see and understand their possibilities as domestic animals, immune to most diseases, unaffected by the great heat of the tropics, able to grow and thrive on the parched grass of the long, dry seasons, and independent, to a certain extent, of water.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, where a banquet was tendered the guests before the regular business session. After the enjoyable repast and a program of entertainment which accompanied it, the Lodge meeting took place and a large class of candidates was impressively initiated into the Order.

Mr. Olsen's stimulating address inspired the membership to a continuance of its splendid charitable and fraternal work. Mr. Smith spoke on the scholarship work of the State Association, and Mr. Dovel, outlining the program which has been arranged, extended an invitation to the members of No. 50, to be present at the annual State Convention to be held at Manistee, in June. A social session rounded out a completely enjoyable evening.

Elks Metropolitan Billiard League Completes Its Schedule

One of the most interesting seasons in local billiard history has been the recently completed one of the Elks Metropolitan Billiard League. In the hotly-contested final match of the series, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, carried off first honors in both 3 cushion billiards and pocket billiards by defeating Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21. Participating at a banquet given in honor of the winners by the members of No. 22, the Newark team again congratulated the victors on their fine work in the matches.

District Deputy Gribbin Impressed on Visit to Silver City, N. M., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph P. Gribbin recently paid his first official visit to Silver City, N. M., Lodge, No. 413, where he was cordially greeted, not only by Elks but by the citizens generally, evidence of the importance of No. 413 in the life of the community.

On his arrival, Mr. Gribbin was entertained at a luncheon of the Rotary Club. That evening he attended the annual ball of Silver City Lodge and delivered a brief address.

At the completion of his tour of inspection Mr. Gribbin issued a statement commending the management and flourishing condition of the Lodge, commenting particularly upon the civic center that its Home has become through the use of its theatre as a place for public meetings and social gatherings.

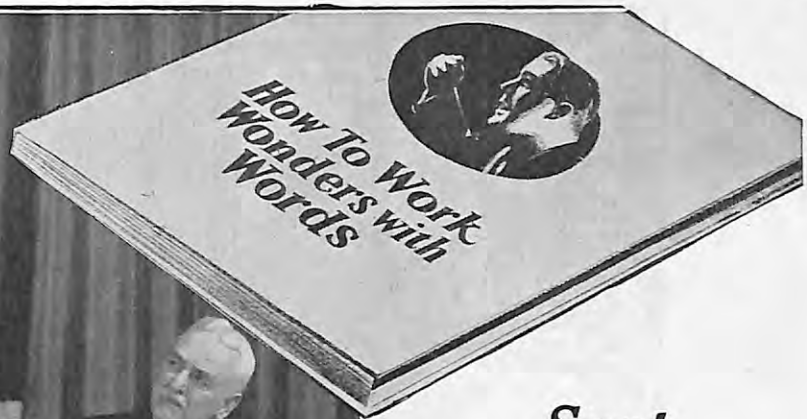
California State Elks Association Assists in Flood Relief

The first business of the Board of Trustees of the California State Elks Association at its recently held session, was the passage of a resolution expressing sympathy for the sufferers in the St. Francis Dam disaster, in Ventura County, and tendering the assistance, financial and otherwise, of the Elks in California, in the relief of the distress caused. William E. Simpson, President of the State Association, appointed a committee of members of the Order in the vicinity of the afflicted area, to carry out the object of the resolution and to receive and disburse such funds as are needed. As this was written the committee was actively engaged in this work.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge Entertains Distinguished Guests

One of the largest initiations held for several months, marked the official visit to Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 772, of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James H. Mackin. Accompanying Mr. Mackin were Miles S. Hencle and Stephen McGrath, President and a Vice-President, respectively, of the New York State

(Continued on page 68)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 66)

Elks Association, and a number of officers and members from near-by Lodges. A dinner to the guests, attended by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of No. 772, was the first event of the evening, and was followed by the gala meeting and initiation, which was held at the Ogdensburg-Century Club. A social session, in the Home of the Lodge, and a delicious supper wound up a notable evening.

Chicago Lodge Host to Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge Members

Some two hundred of the 300 members of Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge, No. 1531, including the full complement of officers, were recently the guests of Chicago Lodge, No. 4. The visitors were received by Exalted Ruler Edward J. McArdle, Jr., and his staff, and royally entertained throughout the evening. After the regular Lodge meeting, Exalted Ruler Dr. Richard J. Quitter and Mayor Otto Balgeman expressed their pleasure at being present and extended to Chicago Elks cordial invitations to visit their Lodge and city. A fine vaudeville program and a buffet supper added to the interest of a fraternal occasion.

Greenville, Pa., Lodge Active In All Departments

The past winter has been an active one for Greenville, Pa., Lodge, No. 145. All of its departments have functioned most creditably, notably the Social and Community Welfare Committee, whose efforts have meant much to the residents of its jurisdiction. Among the candidates initiated have been many of the leading business and professional men of the region, and the standing of No. 145 in its community is an enviable one.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow Visits San Juan, P. R., Lodge

Members of San Juan, Porto Rico, Lodge, No. 972, were delighted with the opportunity a short time ago to entertain Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow in their Home. It was the first time in the history of the Lodge that it had had a past head of the Order as its guest and the occasion was a notable one. Mr. Grakelow's inspiring talk and his accounts of the Lodges he had visited in this country were of the greatest interest to the capacity gathering of members who had come to welcome him, and the session was one which will long be remembered by the Island Elks.

District Deputy Stone Royally Welcomed at his Home Lodge

More than 500 Elks, members of his own and near-by Lodges, were on hand to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Stone, when he visited officially his home Lodge, Danbury, Conn., No. 120. It was probably the largest gathering ever to assemble in the comfortable Home, and accommodations were taxed to the limit. Following the Lodge session an excellent turkey dinner, enlivened by a musical entertainment, was served to the guests and hosts. Among the visitors from the Lodges of Connecticut, West, were many Past District Deputies, Past Exalted Rulers and officers, including many of the most prominent business and professional men of the region. It was a striking testimonial to the esteem in which Mr. Stone is held, and one of the most successful fraternal evenings ever held by Danbury Lodge.

Leadville, Colo., Lodge Receives Visit from District Deputy Bruce

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George W. Bruce recently paid an official visit to Leadville, Colo., Lodge, No. 236, where a large gathering was on hand to welcome him. After the District Deputy and his suite had been served a turkey dinner in the banquet hall the regular meeting took place. Mr. Bruce delivered his message from the Grand Exalted Ruler in impressive fashion and complimented the

officers of No. 236 on their fine work and expressed his satisfaction with the condition of the Lodge in general.

As this was written Leadville Lodge was planning an elaborate initiation and entertainment to be held soon in the Home.

Charter Member of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Holds Attendance Record

A record of attendance and general devotion to the tenets of the Order that is not to be exceeded, is held by Harry Byrne, a charter member of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. Mr. Byrne not only attends every session of the Lodge, travelling the forty-three miles from his home to do so, but, between meetings, gives much of his time to bringing comfort and cheer to members who are confined by illness, and to other fraternal activities. His is a fine example.

Visitation of District Deputy Newman To Union Hill, N. J., Lodge

The recent visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond J. Newman to Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, was the occasion of a gala night in the Home, with many prominent members of the Order in the District Deputy's suite. The key to Union City was presented to Mr. Newman, who is Mayor of Paterson, N. J., by Mayor Charles A. Mohn, and at the conclusion of the regular session the guests were entertained with a varied program of instrumental and vocal numbers to which the band, fife and drum corps and drill team of Union Hill Lodge contributed their ample share of work.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Male Chorus To Hold First Public Concert

Under the auspices of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, the Elks Apollo Club Male Chorus, formed from the union of No. 39's Glee Club and the Apollo Club, is scheduled to make its first public appearance at a spring concert in the Technical High School Auditorium.

Under the direction of Frank Van Grundy, this male chorus is the finest and largest in the city, and since the reorganization, the membership has greatly increased and much enthusiasm is being shown at the rehearsals, where special numbers are being prepared for the concert.

District Deputy Heermance Praises Conduct of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge

Accompanied by a delegation of prominent members of the Order, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance paid his official visit to Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253. A class of sixteen candidates was initiated in such exceptional fashion by the officers as to call forth the unstinted praise of Mr. Heermance. During the course of an impressive address on the important work of the Order, Mr. Heermance especially commended No. 1253 on the manner in which it is handling its financial and routine matters. A social session, significant for its fine display of fraternal feeling, closed the evening.

Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge's Charity Ball a Great Success

Nearly 1,000 persons, including large delegations of Elks from surrounding towns, attended the Charity Ball held under the auspices of Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge, No. 1499, a short time ago. Community Hall, the scene of the affair, was beautifully decorated with special draperies, flowers and the colors of the Order. A Grand March, led by Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Robert V. Crowell, opened the party, after which some 300 or more couples enjoyed the dancing. Socially and financially the ball was so successful that it is planned to make it an annual affair.

Congressman James A. Gallivan, of Boston, Passes Away

The sympathy of the entire Order of Elks is extended to the bereaved family of Representative James A. Gallivan, of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, who passed away in his sleep on April 3 in the Ring Hospital, Arlington, Mass. Mr. Gallivan's last public appearance in Boston was
(Continued on page 70)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

ten days before his death, when he made a special trip from Washington to take part in the installation ceremonies at Boston Lodge. As a representative from the Twelfth Massachusetts District, Mr. Gallivan was one of the most picturesque members of the lower House, and had served on that body for sixteen years. A leading figure on the Democratic side, and an outspoken opponent of the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act, he was known as a vigorous adversary in debate.

Mr. Gallivan is survived by his widow, a son, James A. Gallivan, Jr., and a brother, Robert.

Paris, Ill., Lodge's New Home Is Magnificent Building

The new Home of Paris, Ill., Lodge, No. 812, impressively dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, as reported in this issue in the story of Mr. Malley's recent visitations, is one of the most handsome fraternal Homes in Illinois. The building, erected in red brick, three stories high, having a basement which adds another floor and a tower rising slightly above the main structure, presents an imposing exterior appearance and attractive and commodious accommodations. From a spacious porch the main entrance opens into the lounge with its high ceilings, soft color scheme, easy chairs and tables. To the rear of the lounge are the social and billiard rooms. The grill, three large bowling alleys, shower baths and kitchen are located in the basement. The beautiful Lodge and ball-rooms are on the second floor, both flooded with natural light by day and specially designed lighting fixtures by night. Dressing-rooms and rest rooms also are on this floor. The third floor is devoted to apartments and individual rooms, which have been leased to the Hotel France, and this will contribute a steady revenue into the Lodge treasure. The estimated cost of the Home is in the neighborhood of \$130,000.

New Jersey State Ritualistic Finals Held at New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge

New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, was the scene of the finals in the Ritualistic contests, held under the auspices of the New Jersey State Elks Association, which was captured by Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, representing the New Jersey, Northeast, District.

The runners-up for honors in the final contests were Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, victors in the New Jersey, Central, elimination contests and last year's winners of the title; and Dover, N. J., Lodge, No. 782, winners of New Jersey, Northwest. Vineland, N. J., Lodge, No. 1422, representing the winners of New Jersey, South, did not compete in the final contests. Below are the competitors' averages.

Hoboken Lodge.....	99.47%
Red Bank Lodge.....	99.46%
Dover Lodge.....	99.43%

District Deputy and State Association Officers Visit Olean, N. Y., Lodge

One of the most notable events in the history of Olean, N. Y., Lodge, No. 491, was the recent homecoming celebration for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Cassar R. Adams on the occasion of his official visit. Accompanying the District Deputy were Miles S. Henkle and Albert F. Kleps, President and Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. Curtis Gano of Rochester. The reception started in the afternoon, when a meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries Association was held, at which Mr. Adams was elected President. Over fifty past and active Subordinate Lodge officers were present. At 6 o'clock the guests and their wives were tendered a dinner at the country club, and afterward the ladies were entertained at a theatre party while the Lodge session took place.

A large class of candidates was initiated at the meeting, and Mr. Adams was presented with a handsome leather traveling bag and a basket of roses in token of his service. A basket of flowers was also presented to Exalted Ruler Walter Carlson at this time, in recognition of his fine

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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 flocking to Ve-Po-Ad. Ve-Po-Ad brings them quick money and lots of it. Shapero 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!

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THAT is, saving money at the expense of dependability. No doubt, I could buy cheaper flashlight batteries than Eveready, but I'm taking no chances. When I press the switch, I want LIGHT.

I use Eveready Batteries on my radio set and Eveready Batteries in my flashlight. They are made by the same people in the same shops. And how! It's sometimes a matter of light or death. What's a penny or two then?

Get the flashlight habit. A good flashlight is always a convenience — often a life-saver. And the battery is terribly important!

EARN UP TO \$250 per month SALARY

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Many men are needed in this pleasant and profitable profession, where you are practically your own boss, see new faces and places each minute and are rapidly advanced. We train you in three months' spare time. For nine years our graduates home study. We have offered salaried positions a few days after graduation. Write today for free booklet, and contract agreeing to assist you to a position after graduation, or refund your tuition.

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If you have sore, tired or perspiring and bad odors of the feet, send 50c by money order and receive a box of Witz Foot Powder.

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record of work done for No. 491. Brief stirring addresses were made by Mr. Adams, Mr. Hencle, Mr. Kleps and Exalted Ruler Elect John W. Le Seur of Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950.

Eminent Shakespearian Actor Visits Sacramento, Calif., Lodge

Members of Sacramento, Calif. Lodge, No. 6, had the honor and pleasure of entertaining for a week the eminent Shakespearian actor, Frederick Warde, a member of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, for more than fifty years, and one of the most beloved figures of the great days of the American stage. Mr. Warde, who for some time has been lecturing in the West, was both guest and host of No. 6 during his stay. As the honored visitor of the Lodge, he spoke at the regular meeting which occurred during his stay, and at all times was the recipient of the most sincere attention of the members. He was host to the Elks of No. 6 when he gave his recollections of the stage, "Sixty Years of Makebelieve," and charmed his audience with the rich story of his life. Later, on his seventy-seventh birthday, the venerable actor was given a dinner in the dining-room of Sacramento Lodge's Home by some thirty of his friends of from twenty-five to fifty years' standing.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge Considers Plans for Boys' Gymnasium

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, has submitted plans to the membership for taking over the old Neighborhood House building and converting it into a club and gymnasium for boys. This structure has been offered to the Lodge by the Neighborhood House Committee, now occupying its new home for underprivileged children, for \$1.00 a year, and the plans of the Lodge committee so far, entailing remodeling, new additions and equipment, call for a sum not exceeding \$15,000 to be raised by popular subscription. In time to come an endowment fund created by public-spirited members and citizens would unquestionably make the enterprise self-supporting.

New York Lodge Pays Fraternal Visit To Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge

The officers and close to 150 members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, recently paid a fraternal visit to Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878. On their arrival, they were escorted by a committee of past and active officers of the Lodge to the dining-room where an abundant dinner was served.

At the meeting which followed, every seat in the auditorium was occupied, as Exalted Ruler John Hogan, and his staff, of No. 1, initiated a class of twenty-nine candidates for their hosts, exemplifying the ritual in impressive fashion. Especially stirring was the flag charge eloquently delivered by Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips, assisted by Union Veteran Burk, Confederate Veteran Heckler, both in full uniform, and the color-guard. This called forth vigorous and prolonged applause. Prior to the initiation the Drill Team of Queens Borough Lodge executed several complicated maneuvers in fine style to the acclaim of all present.

With Exalted Ruler James D. Hampton presiding, brief speeches on the work of the Order were made by Mr. Hogan, Mr. Phillips and Past Exalted Ruler Sol Tekulsky, of New York Lodge, as a conclusion to a splendid fraternal evening.

Cornerstone Laid for Magnificent New Home of New Haven, Conn., Lodge

In the presence of some 500 members who had marched in parade formation from their temporary quarters, the cornerstone of the magnificent new Home of New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, was laid by E. Mark Sullivan, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Mr. Sullivan had been appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley to represent him, as Mr. Malley, who had expected to be present, was prevented from doing so by illness. The ceremonies were conducted by Exalted Ruler James J. Doody, assisted by Chaplain George Whiteman, and the

(Continued on page 72)



Friend of Man

Even the close friendship between a man and his dog gives greater enjoyment when the companionship is widened to include a satisfying cigar such as Webster.

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WEBSTER CIGAR CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN
TEN TO TWENTY FIVE CENTS

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
REMOVES DANDRUFF
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Has been used with success for more than 40 years

RESTORES COLOR AND BEAUTY TO GRAY AND FADED HAIR

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Works Like Magic!

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SLEEP comfortably outdoors under any condition. New 32-page handbook, "How to Sleep Comfortably Out of Doors," by Ed. Cave, camping authority, explains, illustrates construction every known outdoor bed—bough, auto, camp beds. A score of ideas that will double the pleasure of your next trip. Send for it today.

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Just a simple strip of seamless rubber—yet it makes any tire give double mileage. 20,000 miles instead of 10,000. Or 30,000 instead of 12 or 15,000. And more! You get this wonderful mileage without punctures or blowouts. Besides cutting your tire bill in half, it eliminates 95% of all tire trouble. And still more! This amazing device is guaranteed for 3 years!

Salesmen Make \$7 to \$14 on Every Sale

Is it any wonder that the Coffield Tire Protector is making big incomes for salesmen and representatives! This device is all pure rubber. No seams, no metal to cut, pinch or cause friction. Fits between tube and casing. Doubles the thickness of the tire without robbing it of any flexibility. You simply wear tires down to the last ply of fabric. Blowouts are practically impossible. Nails are bent between casing and protector. Forget tire trouble! Think of going a whole year without ever changing a tire!

All this has been proved over and over again. Yellow Cab reports 20,000 to 30,000 miles on every tire Albert Pick, Lyon and Healy, Monarch Laundry and hundreds of others report mileage records that are amazing.

GET FREE SAMPLE

Start making big money with the greatest auto specialty in history. Simply show this simple strip of rubber and make \$7 and more on every sale. Quantity sales to fleet-owners, taxi companies, etc., often make you a week's pay in one day. \$75 a week is easy. \$75 a day is possible. Find out everything free. Simply send name for free sample, and business-building plan. No deposit—No C. O. D.

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This Makes Blowouts Practically Impossible
Now anyone can get double mileage from any tire and banish 95% of all tedious, dirty, annoying tire trouble. Mail coupon for free sample.

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Kindly mail free sample and full details without obligation of any kind. (Note: All Illinois Territories taken.)

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You've heard of manufacturers so sure of the quality of their goods that they allow the purchaser to use their merchandise with the privilege of returning it after 30 days if dissatisfied. But you never saw any other fountain pen offered on such a basis! That's because every Postal Pen performs! Because buyers of Postal Pens are satisfied!

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The Postal Pen is unbreakable! Step on it—drop it—you can't hurt it. And smooth writing. 14-karat gold point tipped with the finest iridium. The same kind of point as used in the world's most expensive pens. Transparent barrel warns you before running dry. And it is *Absolutely guaranteed* to be equal in materials, workmanship and service to any pen sold, regardless of price. Only because of our direct manufacturer-to-consumer sales can we keep the price at \$2.50, which is less than the retailer's profit alone on pens of similar quality.

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Read in the attached coupon how to save the entire cost of the Postal Pen by using Postal Pen credit postcards. But the supply now made up is limited! Don't delay! Fill out and mail coupon today.

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Send 1 Postal Reservoir Pen on 30 days' trial. If I am not entirely satisfied with it I will return it, and you agree to refund full purchase price. I am also to receive five credit postcards, which I may sell or give away, and each card is worth 50c. on the purchase price of a new Postal Pen. I will pay the postman \$2.50 upon receipt of my pen. Send me the model I have checked, Men's size Women's size

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If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with Coupon.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

cornerstone oration was delivered by Past Exalted Ruler Samuel E. Hoyt.

Following the formal services a banquet was held in Music Hall at which, amidst the greatest enthusiasm, \$77,750 was subscribed by the members present for a second mortgage on the new building. Among the speakers of the occasion were Champe S. Andrews, Past Exalted Ruler of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler; Rabbi Sidney S. Tedesche, who is a Past Chaplain of the Texas State Elks Association, and Mr. Sullivan.

Ponca City, Okla., Lodge Active In All Departments

Ponca City, Okla., Lodge, No. 1522, in the two years since its institution, has shown a steadily increasing activity in all departments. Its membership has grown from 72 to more than 200, and its generous contributions to social and community welfare have given it a high place in the regard of the citizens generally. The equipment of a room in the new Ponca City Hospital, contributions to the State Elks Orphanage Fund and the Crippled Children's Society of Oklahoma, the placing of a number of children in various institutions and the quiet distribution of necessities to the needy have been among its local efforts, while generous checks were promptly sent to the funds raised for the sufferers from the Florida hurricane and the Mississippi floods.

Property and equipment to the value of some \$15,000 have also been purchased, and it is the plan of the officers to erect a permanent Home at the earliest possible moment, probably some time this year. The interest of the members in fraternal activities is keen, and the young Lodge occupies an important place in the life of the Order in Oklahoma.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Presents Gift to District Deputy Geisler

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George L. Geisler was recently the recipient of a handsome present from his fellow members of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, on the completion of his official tour of visitations to the Lodges of his district. The Elks of Reynoldsville take much pride in Mr. Geisler's efficient discharge of his duties, and their appreciation of his fine work for the Order was symbolized in the gift they made him.

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Observes Fortieth Anniversary

Members and friends of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, crowded the Home at the recent observance of the Lodge's fortieth anniversary. At this impressive affair Edward J. McCrossin, Grand Inner Guard, and one of the oldest members of No. 79, was master of ceremonies. Among the speakers of the evening was Past Exalted Ruler Harry W. English, Chairman of the Anniversary Committee, and the only living member of the original eighteen charter members of the Lodge, who spoke on the changes which have taken place both in and out of the Order since he was initiated forty years ago. Brief addresses were made by Judge John McCoy; Judge Hugh Locke; and Past Exalted Rulers Henry Goodman and Harry L. White. After Past Exalted Ruler John Antwine had movingly delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast, a program of novelty games, followed by a dance, was participated in.

Rock Hill, S. C., Lodge Moves Into Its Attractive New Home

When Rock Hill, S. C., Lodge, No. 1318, moved into its attractive new Home in Record Place, the occasion was celebrated with a delightful informal housewarming. Inspection of the new quarters, and a delicious buffet supper followed by dancing made up the evening's program. The visitors to the Home were received by a committee of some forty members, headed by Exalted Ruler W. R. Simpson, and shown through the handsome rooms, which were specially decorated for the occasion.

Camden, N. J., Lodge Celebrates Charter Members' Night

Charter Members' Night was recently celebrated by Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, at which sixteen of the twenty-one surviving charter members were present, the absent ones being detained by sickness or their residence in far distant places. Close to 250 members were served with a banquet in the Crystal Ball Room, after which they adjourned to the Lodge room for the regular meeting. After opening of the Lodge by Exalted Ruler Rud Preisendanz, Jr., the gavel was turned over to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Garfield Pancoast, who presided until Good of the Order, when Dr. A. H. Lippincott, the only Past Exalted Ruler among the charter members, took charge. The principal speaker of the evening was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frederick Pope, who gave a splendid address on the principles of the Order. Mr. Lippincott and F. F. Patterson spoke for the charter members, reciting the events of past years and reminiscing on the pioneer days of the Lodge to the great interest of those present. After the Lodge session an entertainment of vaudeville acts and musical numbers rounded out a most successful evening.

Ashland, Ore., Lodge Holds Meeting at Yreka, Calif.

The recent meeting of Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944, held at Yreka, Calif., a town under the jurisdiction of the Lodge, was a most successful one in every way. Thirty-five candidates were initiated and one received on dimit from San Rafael, Calif., Lodge, No. 1108, at the meeting held in I.O.O.F. Hall, which was crowded to capacity.

On their arrival some 200 members sat down to a banquet and after the Lodge session enjoyed a dance given in Agricultural Hall, the receipts from which were more than sufficient to cover all expenses of the trip.

Celebration Marks District Deputy's Homecoming to Elmira, N. Y., Lodge

In the nature of a homecoming, the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Linnaeus W. Losie to Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62, was marked by the presence of the greatest number of out-of-town members and prominent past and active officers of the Order ever assembled in the Home. Delegations were in attendance from Binghamton, Oneonta, Port Jervis, Middletown, Owego, Corning, Wells-ville, Olean and Ithaca.

Headed by their band several hundred members of Elmira Lodge met Mr. Losie at the station and escorted him through the streets of the business section, in an impromptu parade, to the Home, where a banquet was served the visitors. This was followed by the regular meeting and the initiation of a class of candidates by Exalted Ruler Abram Ryan and his staff. The reception to Mr. Losie, at which he was presented with a traveling bag by the members of No. 62, then took place.

During the course of the reception lunch was served, vaudeville numbers presented and assembly singing participated in under the direction of Dean A. Brown of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music.

Columbus, Ohio, Lodge Initiates Four Sons of Member

Included in the class of fifty initiated in honor of Judge Dana F. Reynolds, incoming Exalted Ruler of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, were the four sons of Nathan Wasserstrom, long a member of the Lodge. The four new members, William, Emil, Samuel and Julian Wasserstrom, are all successful merchants, owning between them five different stores in Columbus. The induction of this family group into the Order was one of the features of the gala meeting which greeted the new officers.

A Warning to Lodges Promoting Carnivals, Circuses, etc.

C. W. Bleuler, Secretary of Blackwell, Okla., Lodge, No. 1347, has reported to THE ELKS MAGAZINE that C. C. Horton, holder of card (Continued on page 75)

New! The Halvorfold
EXTRA THIN MODEL
Patented Loose Leaf Pass Case, Bill Fold, Card Case

Bill-fold
Card pocket
Celluloid face protects from dirt and wear.
Patented loose-leaf device
Over 100,000 Now In Use
100,000 Men Can't Be Wrong

"Made to Order" for ELKS

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. 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, 8 1/2 x 6 enclosed, just right for hip pocket (flattens to only 1/4 inch thickness). Backbone of loose leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your HALVORFOLD. 25K GOLD NAME, address and lodge emblem FREE. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.60 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 right) merely for the privilege of showing you the HALVORFOLD. No—no strings!

FREE 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 case 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!

Read Coupon Below
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Free Examination!
Send No Money—No C. O. D.

Read my liberal offer in coupon. No string to this (the genuine calfskin key-case is yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not)—just send the coupon and your HALVORFOLD and key-case come by return mail. No C. O. D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the HALVORFOLD carefully, slip in your passes and cards and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at \$7.50 to \$10 (my price to you is only \$5.00.) No obligation to buy. I trust ELKS as square-shooters and am so sure that the HALVORFOLD is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance.

Send Coupon today for HALVORFOLD and Key-Case

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Send me HALVORFOLD for free examination, with name, address, etc. in 25K 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 three 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
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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.

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.

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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.

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free! My Dealer is

10 Inches Off Your Waistline in 35 Days

"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, Ohio, "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, does not sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. The tension on the stretched and flabby muscles is relieved, for the heavy abdomen is actually supported from the back. The muscle structure is held firmly, then strengthened and restored. The constant, gentle, massaging permits no more fat to form. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

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Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

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Address



Never Lonely Now!

Since I Found This Quick Easy Way to Play The Piano - Without a Teacher!

LESS than a year ago I was friendless, lonely, unhappy. No one seemed to take to me. Then came the amazing event that changed my whole life. Suddenly I found myself with hosts of friends—the center of attraction—the life of every party. I was popular everywhere!

Here's how it happened! Somehow I've never had the knack of making friends. I was never noticed at a party. Always I found myself sitting alone. I guess it was my own fault, though, I had nothing to offer! No musical ability—no gift of wit—nothing to entertain others. So I was left to myself more and more—left to dreaded solitude.

One night my spirits were at their lowest ebb and the four blank walls of my bedroom seemed to crush me like a prison. I could stand it no longer. Anything was better than that lonely room. I wandered out into the deserted streets—unconscious of the drizzling rain.

Suddenly the sound of jazz and happy laughter caught my ear. For an instant my spirits rose, and then fell as I realized that the fun was not for me. Through the open window I could see couples dancing—others talking—all having a good time.

Everything seemed to center around the young man playing the piano—Tom Buchanan. How I envied him! He had friends—popularity—happiness—all the things I longed for—but didn't have! I was just an outsider. I turned away with a lump in my throat.

All the way home I kept thinking of that scene through the window. It depressed me. The next evening I dropped in to see Tom. He greeted me cordially:

"Hello, Dick, glad to see you."

"Feeling pretty blue, Tom, so I thought I'd call. Lucky to find you in, though. It

doesn't happen very often," I answered. "Well, you came to the right place. Music will soon make you forget your troubles."

Tom sat down at his piano and began to play. Never have I been so moved by music. The happy hours sped past as rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz hits, sonatas poured from his expert fingers. When he had finished, I sighed—sighed enviously.

Thanks, Tom, it was wonderful. What I wouldn't give to play like that! But it's too late now! I should have had a teacher when I was a kid—like you!"

Tom smiled and said, "Dick, I never had a teacher in my life. In fact, not so long ago, I couldn't play a note."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "How did you do it?"

The New Way to Learn Music

Then he told me about a wonderful new short-cut method of learning music that had been perfected by the U. S. School of Music. No teacher, no weary scales and tiresome hours of practice. You played real music from the start. When I left Tom, it was with new hope. If he could learn to play this way, so could I! That very night I wrote for the Free Book and Demonstration Lesson.

Three days later they arrived. I was amazed! I never dreamed that playing the piano could be so simple—even easier than Tom had pictured it. Then and there I knew I could learn to play.

The course was as much fun as a game. No more dreary nights for me. And as the lessons continued they got easier. Although I never had any "talent" I was playing my favorites—almost before I knew it. I soon

would be able to play jazz, ballads, classical numbers, all with equal ease!

Then came the night that proved the turning point of my whole life. Once more I was going to a party, and this time I had something to offer. But I never dreamed that things would happen as they did.

What a moment that was when our hostess, apparently troubled, exclaimed:

"Isn't it a shame that Tom Buchanan can't be

here. What will we do without someone to play the piano?"

Amazed at my confidence, I spoke up: "I'll try to fill Tom's place—if you're not too critical."

Everyone seemed surprised. "Why, I didn't know he played!" someone behind whispered.

Quietly I sat down and ran my fingers over the keys. As I struck the first rippling chords of Nevin's lovely "Narcissus," a hush fell over the room. I could hardly believe it, but I was holding the party spellbound!

Then as I played I forgot the people and lost myself in my own music. The room became a field—a field dotted with nodding white flowers and filled with rich, fragrant perfume.

When I finished, you should have heard them applaud! Everyone insisted I play more. Only too glad, I played piece after piece. My heart was filled with joy—for I—who had been an outsider—was now the life of the party.

Before the evening was over, I had been invited to three more parties. Now I never have a lonesome moment. At last I am popular. And to think it was all so easy!

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this remarkably easy "at home" method that has helped almost half a million people all over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a common sense practical method—so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. You find your progress amazingly rapid because every step is clear and easy to understand.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 73)

648, paid to April 1, 1928, in Blackwell Lodge, recently promoted an indoor circus for the Knights of Pythias and then decamped, owing the Knights a considerable sum of money. It is believed that he went to Texas, possibly with the idea of further fraudulent activities, and all Lodges are warned to be on the lookout for him. His card should be taken up if presented.

Board of Grand Trustees to Meet at Bedford, Va., this Month

The next meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees will be held at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., on May 20, 21 and 22.

Governor Moore of New Jersey Guest of Union Hill Lodge

When Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, a short time ago, gave a testimonial dinner to Exalted Ruler Edward Jaeger on the eve of his installation, it had the honor of entertaining Governor of New Jersey A. Harry Moore, and his aide, Col. Hugh Kelly. The distinguished guests were ceremonially escorted into the dining-room of the Lodge Home by Union Hill's well-known Degree Team, where the Governor was presented with a huge basket of roses for Mrs. Moore, who had not been able to attend. Among the speakers, in addition to Governor Moore, were Frank A. Jaeger, father of the guest of honor, a charter member of Union Hill Lodge and a Past Exalted Ruler of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211, who acted as toastmaster; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ray Newman, Mayor of Paterson; William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, and George R. Boland, retiring Exalted Ruler of No. 1357.

Dancing followed the dinner and speeches, and completed one of the most enjoyable evenings held by the Lodge for some time.

Lodge Secretaries Swindled by Man Passing Bad Checks

Lodge Secretaries are warned of the activities of a swindler claiming membership in Chicago Heights, Ill., Lodge, No. 1066, who has presented himself at Lodges in many parts of the country, and secured money on checks which later proved to be worthless. He has used the names "Roy Binns, No. 117" and "Earl P. Baker, No. 307." Secretary W. H. Freeman of Chicago Heights, reports that both these numbers have been dormant for a number of years, and that he has no such names on his rosters. Mr. Freeman believes that the swindler himself manufactures the Lodge cards he presents, as he has received reports from the Lodges defrauded saying that the man exhibited other cards indicating high office in various fraternal orders.

Sistersville, West Va., Lodge Presents Flag to Boy Scout Troop

Impressive ceremonies marked the presentation of an American flag by Sistersville, West Va., Lodge, No. 333, to Boy Scout Troop No. 2, of its city. At an open meeting in the Lodge Home, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. Boyd Wilson, making the presentation on behalf of the Lodge, delivered a splendid talk. The principal address of the evening was made by District Scout Executive Robert L. Cole, who, after thanking the Lodge for its interest, spoke of what the Scout movement means to the boys of the country. Exalted Ruler C. J. Conway presided over the ceremonies, which were further marked by an appropriate musical program of patriotic numbers. A meeting attended by the Scouts and their fathers followed, and later came a social session and refreshments.

The action of the Lodge in thus displaying its interest in the Scout movement was the subject of much favorable comment, and the leading editorial in the following day's *Sistersville Daily Review* referred to the occasion in the highest terms.

News of the Order From Far and Near

George J. F. Falkenstein is starting his 39th consecutive term as Secretary of McKeesport, Pa., Lodge.

Nine members of Enid, Oklahoma, Lodge who have exceeded the biblical three-score years and ten by a decade or more, gather each day in the Home to discuss events of the past and the present.

The officers and staff of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, assisted by the band, fife and drum corps and quartette, initiated a class of candidates for Hoboken, N. J., Lodge and enjoyed a social session with their hosts.

Past Exalted Ruler Samuel C. Crossland, recently retired from twenty-five years active service as Secretary of Jackson, Ohio, Lodge and was voted a life membership in recognition of his faithful service.

The Home of Union, S. C., Lodge was recently totally destroyed by fire. The building and contents were only partially covered by insurance and a heavy loss was sustained. Plans have been formed to establish a new Home at once.

Portland, Ore., Lodge a short time ago initiated a large class of candidates for Kelso, Wash., Lodge and enjoyed a fine entertainment provided by their hosts.

Exalted Ruler V. A. McShane of Butler, Pa., Lodge has been named as a member of the regional executive committee of the Boy Scouts of America which has supervision over Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia and the District of Columbia.

In their annual inter-lodge aquatic carnival, San Francisco, Calif., Lodge defeated Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, thereby obtaining possession of the John Drumbell Trophy for the year.

Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge at its last regular meeting voted to sponsor a Boy Scout troop in the Washington and Baker School District.

John Tomlinson, one of the oldest active Elks in the country, was given a party on his 93rd birthday by Mena, Ark., Lodge of which he is a member.

Spokane, Wash., Lodge, assisted by Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore., Lodges, recently sponsored a radio program designed to attract public interest in the forthcoming Washington State Elks Convention.

F. A. J. Dunwick recently observed his 40th anniversary as a member of Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge. Mr. Dunwick, who is an honorary life member of the Lodge, has always taken an active interest in the Order, having served as Exalted Ruler of Glens Falls Lodge, and as a District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Vermont.

The Cotillion Club of Richmond, Va., Lodge held an elaborate dinner dance and cabaret which was greatly enjoyed.

The 25th anniversary of Enid, Okla., Lodge will be celebrated on June 4-5. The activities for these two days will include ladies' bridge parties, a parade and a meeting with a large class for initiation.

The 1928 Follies given by Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, for the benefit of the charity fund netted the Lodge a substantial sum.

Casper, Wyo., Lodge recently scored a hit with a musical comedy in two acts entitled "Hello There."

Inglewood, Calif., Lodge recently played host to the Exalted Rulers Association of the district, presenting a banquet and fine entertainment for the visitors.

A member of West Haven, Conn., Lodge is in possession of a watch-charm, found a number of years ago. On one side the initials J. G. S. and the date, November 30, 1906, appear. On the other is the name William R. Schlosser. The owner should communicate with Secretary Frederick H. Wager.



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When In Doubt Buy Bonds

By Paul Tomlinson

AS THIS article is being written the stock market is in a frenzy of activity. The rush of buying and selling orders has been without precedent, and never in the long history of the Exchange has the volume of trading approached its recent records. Prices—of certain stocks—have soared to new heights; brokers have become exhausted from the strain of executing orders; in brokerage offices the lights have burned all night long as the clerical staffs have struggled to keep up with their work; the stock ticker has fallen many minutes—one day over half an hour—behind the market, utterly unable to keep up with transactions on the floor of the Exchange. Wall Street is no longer a small district in New York City; orders have poured in from all quarters of the United States and Canada, and it would seem as if the whole North American continent were intent on buying or selling stocks for investment, or for speculation, no one seems to be able to determine which.

The stock market, many people insist, is a dangerous one at the present time. When this article appears in print it may still be boiling along at its current rate of speed; perhaps prices will be even higher than they are to-day; on the other hand, it may be that by that time the long heralded reaction will have set in, bringing losses to many and opportunities for others to pick up bargains. Who knows? If it were possible to forecast such events we should every one of us be rich, and no one in all the wide world ever have to work again. The fact remains that no one alive can tell about such things, and many of those who hold stocks now are wondering whether they ought not to sell out and take their profits. Others with funds for investment are trying to screw up their courage to buy, and as the market keeps on going up they become more and more undecided as to what they ought to do.

When in doubt a pretty safe rule to follow is to buy bonds. If the chance of making a lot of money in stocks seems to you to be offset by the equal chance of losing a lot you can put your money into high grade bonds, get a higher rate of interest than the banks can pay you, and not worry about a reaction in the stock market. If you think that stock prices are going very much lower in the near future, that there will soon be bargains obtainable, and yet you want to keep your funds employed in the meantime, buy short term bonds. The nearer a bond approaches maturity the closer it sells to its par, or face, value, and there are always many issues available which will be due and payable within a few months, so that while there is no opportunity for profit in them, neither is there any probability of loss. Good short term bonds are practically as good as cash, and offer opportunities for a better return.

When a corporation needs money in large quantities it sells bonds, preferred stock, or common stock. It all depends upon the financial condition of the corporation, and the condition of the investment markets. A bond issue is secured by definitely pledged property, and in case there is a default in the payment of principal or interest the bondholders can sell this property and use the proceeds to reimburse themselves for the money they have loaned. In the case of a bond issue the corporation borrows and the purchaser loans; they stand in the relation of debtor and creditor. A bondholder has no more voice in the management or conduct of the corporation's affairs than the man who holds a mortgage on your house has in the way you plant your garden. He is concerned only with the prompt and regular payment of interest on his loan, the return of the principal at maturity, and the maintenance of the property so that its value is not impaired and this loan jeopardized, he owns no portion of the real estate or the personality. So long as the conditions upon which the loan were made are fulfilled it is none of the bondholder's concern as to what else may be done.

The stockholder, on the other hand, is in a very different position. He owns a share in the corporation's property and business, is in fact a member of the corporation, and is vitally concerned with the management and conduct of its affairs. If the business prospers he receives his proportionate share of the profits; if the business

shows a loss he gets nothing, and may even be called upon to pay an assessment on his stock to make the loss good. The stockholder as a partner in the enterprise is one of the people who borrow money from the bondholders, and his obligation to pay interest on the loan outranks any claim he has on dividends for himself.

It is obvious, therefore, that the stockholder assumes risks that are foreign to the man who buys bonds. It is for this reason that a new company must usually raise its capital requirements by means of bond issues. New businesses are almost always risky, and it is difficult to find people willing to put money into them and assume the risks that ownership of their stocks would entail; instead they want to be assured that their investments are safe and therefore prefer well-secured bonds.

Many people are temperamentally unfitted to own stocks. Stocks are always subject to more or less wide range fluctuation in price, and some people seem unable to resist the urge to sell when prices go down and a panic of fear lest they lose all takes hold of them. Their eyes are on prices all the time, and they lose all sense of values. Such people should confine their investments to bonds, which fluctuate only with the price of money, pay a fixed amount of interest regularly, and cause their owners little concern. If, for example, the range of any given corporation's bond prices over a period of twenty years were plotted, and by its side were plotted the prices of the same corporation's stock, this point would be graphically illustrated, and it is safe to say that the stock curve would look like a range of mountains compared with the line devoted to bonds.

Much has been written lately about the desirability of common stocks as long-term investments, and many arguments advanced to prove that over a period of years they are the best and most profitable investments to own. This theory, moreover, would seem to be sound, for it is based upon the purchasing power of money, and the decline in the value of this commodity during the past fifteen years has served to emphasize its soundness. A bond, as everyone knows, pays a fixed return in dollars; in 1913 a dollar would buy considerably more than it will buy to-day, and those people whose incomes are derived from bonds purchased years ago find that while they receive as many dollars as formerly, they are obliged to economize because the dollars will not go as far as they used to go. A bond that paid its owner fifty dollars a year in 1913 still pays him fifty dollars in 1928, but fifty dollars being worth only what can be had in exchange for them are worth less now than then.

THE corporation which issued this bond, however, may be supposed to have increased its earnings, in dollars, since 1913. Dollars being worth less now than they were then, the corporation demands more of them in exchange for its products than it did, and its revenue, in dollars, is therefore increased. This means more dollars to be distributed as dividends among the stockholders, who are thereby compensated for the decreased purchasing power of money by having more money to spend.

So far the argument is all in favor of stocks, but will this theory work out in their favor at any and all times? Can common stocks be purchased blindly, and prove profitable? Can they be purchased at the present time when prices are considered too high by many people and in spite of this fact eventually prove profitable? Would an investor consider that he had made a good bargain if he bought stocks to-day and saw them drop five to fifteen points tomorrow? Perhaps they might make up this loss after a time, but would he ever forgive himself for not having waited? How many investors in a market like the one which obtained at the end of March could buy stocks and not worry a few years off his life for fear he had made a great mistake? The very day this article is being written one stock declined nineteen points in the first five minutes of trading. Later it recovered eleven of these points for a net loss of eight on the day, but what will it do tomorrow? Who knows? Millions of dollars

must have changed hands in this one issue alone.

The bond market meanwhile has pursued the even tenor of its way. While stocks have been behaving so spectacularly, standard bonds have fluctuated within a range of one point mostly, which on a thousand-dollar bond means ten dollars, the equivalent of one dollar a share on stock of one hundred dollars par. Bonds are seldom bought for speculation, their prices being determined rather by the state of the money market and intrinsic value. Curiously enough, the man who will speculate wildly in stocks, play tips, ignore values, follow the crowd, and in general lose his head completely will investigate a bond pretty carefully before he agrees to buy it. Of course every investment should be investigated before it is purchased, stocks more carefully than bonds, yet many people will buy stocks knowing little or nothing at all about them, and make a cursory investigation, at least, of the bonds they buy. It is safe to say that many people who are buying certain stocks at the present writing would never do it if their purchases were made in the full knowledge of earnings, equities, and unfilled orders.

Now all of this may sound unnecessarily alarming. For nearly two years the gloomy ones have been predicting a fall in stock prices, and the market has been going pretty steadily up. Perhaps it will still continue to go up. The fact remains, however, that those who base their opinions upon close observation and study are becoming more and more insistent that earnings and business generally are not of sufficient proportions to warrant present stock prices, and that the day of reckoning is at hand. Perhaps they are wrong. If, however, investors are themselves in doubt about the advisability of purchasing stocks under present conditions, they can protect themselves and play safe by buying bonds.

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Answers to Olympic Questionnaire

- (1) Harold M. Osborn.
- (2) Roland Locke.
- (3) Matt McGrath.
- (4) Martha Norelius.
- (5) Clarence DeMar.
- (6) Ray Conger.
- (7) Sabin Carr.
- (8) Charley Paddock.
- (9) Joie Ray.
- (10) Charles Borah (of Southern California).
- (11) Lloyd Hahn.

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Our Olympic Forces

(Continued from page 21)

Americans know only Dr. Otto Peltzer, the German middle-distance runner, who has beaten both Nurmi and Wide. In his first race in this country Dr. Peltzer, after being pocketed, came through and won with a splendid burst of speed. But in the only other two races sanctioned by the A. A. U., because the Deutches Sportbehorde, the A. A. U. of Germany, restricted Peltzer to three starts, he was beaten. Then he saw Lloyd Hahn beat the record for the half-mile which Dr. Peltzer had set.

The German runner was first amazed. Then he accepted the blow gracefully. He predicted that Hahn, with the proper pace-makers, such as will be provided in the Olympic Games, will break his own record. It is more than likely that Hahn will be entered in both the eight hundred and the fifteen hundred meter races. Because of the crowded field, that will mean that Hahn will have to run either one of these races in a heat or in a main event every day during the meet. But Hahn is the type of runner who seems to thrive on this sort of thing. The more he runs the fleetier of foot he seems to get. Our experts are already counting on Hahn for twenty points in the unofficial scores.

There seems to be a certainty of ten points for first in the pole vault with Sabin Carr of America entered for the American team. On the records some of the more optimistic of our athletic statisticians are counting on other first places. But the Olympic Games have always been replete with upsets of the dope, as they say.

Of course, all of the Olympic races are measured in meters. This makes the comparison of American and European records a matter of mathematics. It is something like measuring the elapsed time and making the allowances for measurements after the conclusion of a leg of an international yacht race. Or perhaps, like making out an income-tax form.

Still the available statistics might give some idea for comparison between the American Olympic team and the opposition. For the track events, here are some of the European runners with their best performances:

100 Meters

Houben, Germany, 10.4; Kornig, Germany, 10.4; Lammers, Germany, 10.4; Schuller, Germany, 10.4.

10.6—Van Der Berghe, Holland; Murlon, France; De Grelle, France; Theard, France; Peter, Roumania; Becker, Germany; Corts, Germany; Salz, Germany; Wollmer, Germany.

10.5—Anderson, Norway; Wichman, Germany; Wege, Germany.

10.7—London, England; Carson, Norway; Helbig, Germany; Malitz, Suhr, and Schlosske, Germany; Sjostrom, Sweden.

200 Meters

21.4—Kornig, Lammers, Schuller and Houben, Germany.

21.6—Schlosske and Becker, Germany; Andersen, Norway; Butler, England.

21.7—Hajdu, Hungary; Rinkel, England; Van Rappard and Malitz, Germany.

21.8—Borner, Switzerland; Hintze, Germany; S. Pettersson, Sweden.

21.9—Aozawa, Japan; Van Der Berghe, Holland.

400 Meters

Buchner, Germany, 48.2; Neuman, Germany 48.4; Lowe, England, 48.5; Leigh-Wood, England, 48.5; Engelhardt, Germany, 48.6; Storz, Germany, 48.6; Peltzer, Germany, 48.6; Schaurig, Germany, 48.8; Paulen, Holland, 48.9; Schmidt, Germany, 49; Martin, France, 49.2; Engdahl, Sweden, 49.3.

800 Meters

Martin, France, 1:52.8; Lowe, England, 1:53.2; Peltzer, 1:53.6; Englehardt, Germany, 1:53.6; Wiriath, France, 1:54.2; Vancon, France, 1:54.4; Svenson, Sweden, 1:54.5; Bentemps, France, 1:54.6; Bocher, Germany, 1:54.6; Baraton, France, 1:54.8; McEachern, Ireland, 1:55; Stallard, England, 1:55.1; Borg, Finland, 1:55.2; Ellis, England, 1:55.2; Eklof, Sweden, 1:55.8.

1,500 Meters

Helgas, Finland, 3:56.1; Wiriath, France, 3:56.4; Wide, Sweden, 3:56.5; Bocher, Germany, 3:56.6; Peltzer, Germany, 3:57; Borg, Finland, 3:57.2; Nurmi, Finland, 3:57.7; Kinnunen, Finland, 3:58.3; Moore, England, 3:59; Martin, France, 3:59; Eklof, Sweden, 3:59; Ashby, England, 3:59.4; Pele, France, 3:59.4; Korpela, Finland, 3:59.9.

5,000 Meters

Eklof, Sweden, 14:45.3; Nurmi, Finland, 14:54.4; Matilainen, Finland, 14:56.4; Posti, Finland, 15:01.8; Virtanen, Finland, 15:02.8; Kohn, Germany, 15:03; Katz, Finland, 15:04.2; Petri, Germany, 15:04.4; Norland, France, 15:06.6; Kinnunen, Finland, 15:08; Preyer, Czech, 15:08; Jukola, Finland, 15:09; Sarvimaki, Finland, 15:09; Pederson, Denmark, 15:09.7; Boitard, France, 15:10.8; Frith, England, 15:12; Johnson, England, 15:12; Glanier, England, 15:12.

10,000 Meters

Stenfeldt, Sweden, 31:38.2; Badendyck, Norway, 31:41.7; Matilainen, Finland, 31:49.2; Pedersen, Denmark, 31:52; Ohrn, Sweden, 31:58.6; Erikson, Sweden, 31:59.7; Petri, Germany, 32:00.8; Rastas, Finland, 32:02.

110-Meter Hurdles

Pettersson, Sweden, 14.7; Burghley, England, 14.8; Gaby, England, 14.9; Wennstrom, Sweden, 14.9; Sjosted, Finland, 15.0; Sempe, France, 15.0; Trossbach, Germany, 15.0.

400-Meter Hurdles

Burghley, England, 53.8; Pettersson, Sweden, 54.3; Peltzer, 54.4; Livingstone, England, 54.8; Facelli, Italy, 54.8; Gerner, Germany, 55.1.

The opposition in the track events appears more formidable than any that faced the United States in any of the previous Olympic Games. While the exact personnel of the American Olympic team will not be finally decided until the last tryouts, which come barely a week before the date set for sailing for Amsterdam, the identity of most of the mainstays practically is decided already. They themselves have decided this by their records.

Here are the names of some of the runners who will be seen in the Stadium at Amsterdam, with the insignia of the American Olympic teams on their track uniforms with their best performances in the American events, most closely approaching those scheduled in the Olympics:

100 Meters

(The times given are for 100 yards, not 100 meters.)

Charles Borah, 0:09 3-5; Chester Bowman, 9 3-5; Roland Locke, Frank Hussey, Jackson Scholz, De Hart Hubbard, Karl Wildermuth, James Quinn, Charley Paddock.

200 Meters

Charles Borah, 20 9-10; Roland Locke, Jackson Scholz (present Olympic champion), George Sharkey, Henry Cumming, Fred Alderman, 21.1; Henry Russell.

400 Meters

Herman Phillips, 48.5 (for 440 yards); Fred Alderman, 48.3; Ed Haynes, Ray Barbuti, Launcelot Ross, Wm. Butler, George Stevenson, Gerard Swope, Emerson Spencer, 47.8.

800 Meters

Lloyd Hahn (1:51 2-5, for half-mile, indoors, best race ever run for distance, indoors or outdoors); Ray Conger, 1:53.6; Ray Watson, 1:53.6; Pinkie Sober, 1:54.8; George Leness, Ed. Swinburne, John Sittig.

1,500 Meters

Lloyd Hahn (4:12 1-5 and 4:13 for mile); Ray Conger, 4:17 3-5; Wm. J. Cox, 4:18 3-5; Joseph Sivak, Ernest Carter, Galen Elliott.

5,000 Meters

Leo Lermond (9:16 4-5 for two miles); George Lermond, Leo's brother, Russell Payne, W. J.

Cox, Melvin Shimek, Joie Ray, Ed Kirby, Mel Dalton, Wm. Meyer, John Gray, Philip Osif.

110-Meter Hurdles

Charles Werner, George Guthrie, Eber M. Wells, Weems O. Baskin, Leighton Dye, Hugo Leistner, John S. Collier, R. J. Nichols, C. C. West (all consistent at better than 15 secs. for 120-yard high hurdles, probably all good for 14.8). Also Dan Kinsey, Olympic champion 1924.

400-Meter Hurdles

John Gibson (world's record holder), 52 3-5 for 440-yard hurdles; F. Morgan Taylor, Olympic champion 1924, beaten only by Gibson in last four years; Kenneth Grumbles, Richard Pomeroy.

In the field events the experts who have been following the work of the Olympic candidates here and abroad see even keener competition. Here are some statistics on the past performances of the men in this department gathered since the last Olympic games:

Discus

Other Nations

Hoffmeister, Germany.....	154.2
Egri, Hungary.....	153.5
Marvalitz, Hungary.....	152.7
Kivi, Finland.....	148.5
Niittymaa, Finland.....	147.4
Hanchen, Germany.....	146.6
Donogan, Hungary.....	146.3
Pighi, Italy.....	145.7
Paulus, Germany.....	145.6
Askildt, Norway.....	145.3
Erikson, Sweden.....	145.2
Zemi, Italy.....	145.1
Stenerud, Norway.....	145

Americans

Krenz.....	154.8
Hoffman.....	154.2
Houser.....	154.1
Thornhill.....	147.4
Anderson.....	147.1
Labes.....	146.6
Phillips.....	144.3

Shot Put

Jarvinen, Finland.....	49.7
Janson, Sweden.....	49.4
Wahlstedt, Finland.....	49.1
Duhour, France.....	48.7
Daranyi, Hungary.....	48.3
Brechenmacher, Germany.....	48.2
Sollinger, Germany.....	48.1
Kulzer, Germany.....	47.9
Yrjola, Finland.....	47.6
Hirshfeld, Germany.....	47.5
Schroder, Germany.....	47.5

Americans

Hoffman.....	49.5
Houser.....	49.2
Schwarze.....	(49.6 7-8) 48.3
Forster.....	48.1
Gerken.....	48
Lewis.....	47.2
Lyon.....	47.1

Javelin

Penttila, Finland.....	220.21
Lay, Australia.....	218.11
Lindstrom, Sweden.....	215.5
Szepes, Hungary.....	212.5
Schlokot, Germany.....	211.8
Johanson, Finland.....	208.9
Lamppu, Finland.....	206.7
Rinne, Finland.....	206.4
Nummi, Finland.....	206.3
Lundquist, Sweden.....	205.6
Sunde, Norway.....	205.0

Americans

Hines.....	205.6
Harlow.....	201.3
Graydon.....	200.5

Hammer Throw

Skold, Sweden.....	176.4
Lind, Sweden.....	170.6
Nokes, England.....	162.7
Poggioli, Italy.....	156.8
Erikson, Finland.....	156.1
Johnsen, Norway.....	153.5

(Continued on page 80)

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Our Olympic Forces

(Continued from page 79)

Rainborough, France.....	153.6
O'Callaghan, Ireland.....	151.3
Mang (Germany's best).....	140.4

Americans

Merchant.....	170.6
McGrath.....	165.5
Hervet.....	164.4
Gwynn.....	164
Ide.....	162.3
Wright.....	160.11
Linn.....	160.5
Black.....	159.7

Broad Jump

Dobberman, Germany.....	24.7
Hallberg, Sweden.....	24.6
Oda, Japan.....	24.6
Kocherman, Germany.....	23.9

Americans

Hubbard, 25 ft. 10 7-8 inches, also 26 ft. 3 1-2 inches. (Not allowed officially because take-off board was not level with landing pit.) Zombro, Paul Jones, Dave Meeks, Ed Hamm, Alfred Bates, Ted Mathias.

It is upon the track and field events, which

are in the spirit of the ancient Olympic Games, that the athletes of the world concentrate and where the unofficial point scores are watched most carefully. While the events that will be held during the Olympic Games proper between July 28th and August 12th are longer than the catalogue of ships, it will be conceded generally that the nation piling up the greatest number of points in the track and field events, including the Marathon Race, will have the right to call itself the Olympic victor and to crown itself with all of the laurel it feels appropriate to the situation.

How busy athletically a day in Amsterdam and vicinity will be during this session can be seen for the program for August 4th. The schedule reads: athletics, fencing, wrestling (Greco-Roman), pentathlon, athletics (including heats of some races and finals of others, also some of the field events), yachting and swimming. It will be seen that the visitor to Amsterdam will have to pick his favorite sport and concentrate on it, for he hardly will be able to watch athletic, fencing, yachting and swimming contests from the same seat in the stadium. A spectator who wants to see as much as possible will have to be something of an all-round athlete himself.

And So To Bed—With a Book

(Continued from page 23)

even had the effrontery and the daring to declare war upon Napoleon, and when his forces were outnumbered and the "shadow" had to make peace with Napoleon's brother-in-law, who had been sent to the island to hold it for the Emperor, he still managed to wrest freedom for all the blacks out of the surrender.

Christophe, even after he finally had a golden crown placed upon his kinky head and held a jeweled scepter in his huge, stiff black hand, never learned to write more than his name, but it was said in Haiti that no one slept so little or ate so fast as his Majesty. This, he told his gentle black queen, was because there was "so much to do and so little time."

Ambitious, energetic, savagely impatient, the King moved faster than his people. The word "tyrant" began to be used against him, and enemies sprang up, and in Henry Christophe's heart old African urges, black and mysterious as the jungles and forests in which they were bred, began to move.

"To be great," murmured this strange black man to his Scotch physician, who loved him, "is to be lonely."

And Mr. Vandercook pictures him indeed as a great man, a man with a dream of magnificence in his soul, and much real accomplishment to his credit.

But his Island Kingdom had turned against him. Up in his palace the helpless black giant heard the rebel mobs entering the marble and mirrored halls he had built, and he made a final majestic gesture. He sent a golden bullet crashing through his brain.

Black Majesty is a good book; read it. It is a tale that needed just such an historian as has been found in Mr. Vandercook.

Wintersmoon

By Hugh Walpole. (Doubleday, Doran, New York.)

THIS is a novel of English life, but novel or not, it is very much a man's book and concerns itself largely with the tender relations of father and son.

But have no fear—the story is not mawkish. There is iron in it, and a keen loathing for all sham, hypocrisy and sentimentality.

The plot in brief:

Lord Pool marries for an heir. The woman he chooses marries simply that she may provide for a sister to whom she is devoted. But they are honest about it, and have the decency, at least, to plan to be great friends. A perilous beginning for any man and woman—but good material for a novelist.

Mr. Walpole has wrought wonders with it, training his spotlight of enchantment on many a seemingly unimportant person and incident, and making the whole book glow. No one, we

think, can conjure up such charm as this English writer appears capable of doing with a few brilliant words.

Like Mr. Wells, the author of "Wintersmoon" leaves us replete with a sense of having seen deeply into the human heart and of sharing, in common with our hero, a belief that a new and better world may be built by love and work.

The Greene Murder Case

By S. S. Van Dine. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

SINCE the old days of Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes, no one given to solving mysteries, as they are found between the covers of books, has stolen our heart away so neatly as has Philo Vance.

Philo Vance dawdles through Mr. Van Dine's grand murder stories, making clever remarks and being very elegant. Sleuthing, you must understand, is merely a fad with him. And then, when everyone is about ready to say that the case is beyond him (even including the District Attorney), Philo Vance sheds his calm and his casualness and springs into action like a terrier.

This happened, you remember, in "The Canary Murder Case," where it was the gorgeous Philo who tracked down the slayer of the beautiful singer.

But, my hat! that was easy! That was just one murder. A mere nothing. In this, "The Greene Murder Case," slaughter is more wholesale, a whole family wiped out, or nearly.

There's dirty work going on in the old Greene mansion, believe us, and to follow Philo Vance as he goes after the clues is to have one's breath considerably quickened, and one's spine decidedly chilled.

Claire Ambler

By Booth Tarkington. (Doubleday, Doran Co., New York.)

THE bewitching study of a girl. Booth Tarkington searches flapperism and youth for its essential fineness—and somehow finds it.

Much that puzzles us about the "youngsters" is made plain and adorable in this very snappy novel.

The Island Within

By Ludwig Lewisohn. (Harper Bros., New York.)

HERE'S something to get one's teeth into. A full-blooded novel—a story of Jewish life in America. Something fundamental and hearthhold-American. Something Lewisohn's pages, and making springs from Lewisohn's pages, and making us realize and appreciate anew what riches of instinct and character have been drawn into our national blood through the old veins of Israel.

An absorbing story of modern life.

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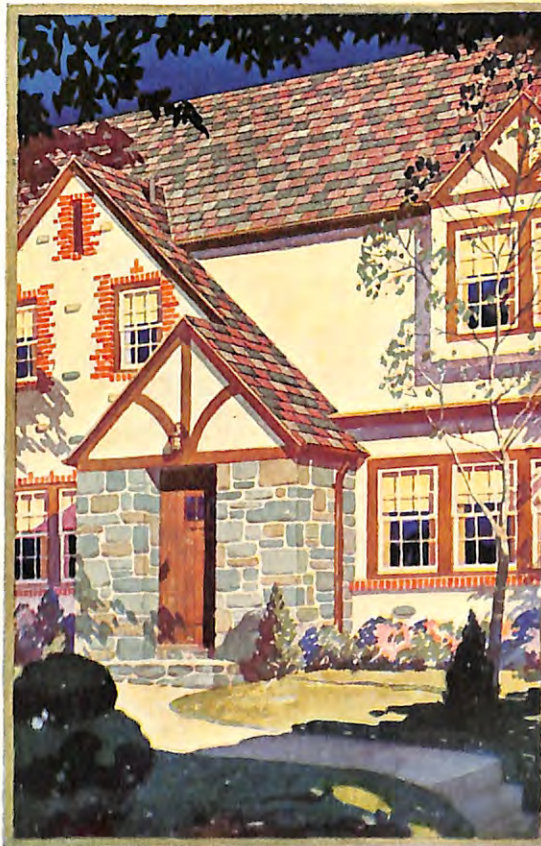
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Be sure to ask your roofer for the Johns-Manville certificate. This vouches for the genuineness of your roof, and shows the name of the dealer who supplied you with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. A copy of this record is entered at our main office, thus insuring you the protection of our full guarantee.

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Johns-Manville Transite is used for walls and roofs of manufacturing buildings which must be proof against fire and resist gases. Railway cars are insulated against heat and cold by Johns-Manville. Thus the products of Johns-Manville are of immediate importance to almost every person in the country.

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