

# The Elks

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## Magazine



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JANUARY, 1929

After exposure—Avoid **Sore Throat**

# LISTERINE

*Checks it quickly  
because powerful  
against germs*

Sore throat is a danger signal of oncoming trouble—a cold or worse.

It usually develops after sudden changes in temperature or exposure to others in overheated offices, germ-ridden railway trains, street cars and buses. Wet feet also encourage it.

The moment your throat feels irritated, gargle with Listerine full strength. Sore throat is usually caused by germs—and Listerine full strength kills germs.

For example, it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds, as shown by repeated laboratory tests. Yet it may be used full strength in any cavity of the body. Indeed, the safe antiseptic.

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For your own protection, keep a bottle in home and office. It's an investment in health. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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—not only stay on it, but *make money on it!* No guessing here—transportation is the business of the National Motor Renting Company and the trucks themselves produce the profits.

And there's a very sound reason. The Harvester organization builds profitable service into these trucks before they leave the factory so they'll deliver profitable service on the road. Maintenance, upkeep, cost per ton-mile—any way you figure it—*profit* is the answer with Internationals!

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# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



"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 Seven  
 Number Eight

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications.

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Edward W. Cotter, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Pilgard Building, Hartford, Conn.

Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

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

**Official Circular Number Four**

*551 Fifth Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.,  
December 27, 1928*

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

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

Time is speeding in its flight. We are about to cross the threshold and enter the portals of the New Year, which I sincerely hope will be one of deserved success and unalloyed happiness for you and yours.

I am not much given to making New Year's resolutions. If I were, I should merely resolve to try and profit in the future by the mistakes of the past; to be just to the deserving and charitable to my less fortunate fellow men.

Nearly six months of my administration have gone by. To quote President Coolidge, we "can regard the present with satisfaction and anticipate the future with optimism," but I am extremely anxious to make the remaining six months count as much as possible. In appreciation of the bountiful gifts received during the year 1928, and as proof of your faith in the year 1929, won't you give a little more of yourself to Elkdom and humanity? Join in helping those who are cooperating so earnestly and energetically with me to make this the banner year in the history of our Order.

Resolve to attend your Lodge more regularly; support it financially; encourage your Officers and make them realize theirs is not an unappreciated and thankless task; in other words, be the man that God intended you to be—a real Elk.

Remember, all that we put into the lives of others comes back into our own.


I am happy to announce the appointment of the following Past Grand Exalted Rulers as Trustees of the Elks National Foundation:

- For one year,*  
Charles E. Pickett of Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, No. 290.
- For two years,*  
Raymond Benjamin of Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832.
- For three years,*  
Edward Rightor of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30.
- For four years,*  
James G. McFarland of Watertown, So. Dak., Lodge, No. 838.
- For five years,*  
John G. Price of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37.
- For six years,*  
Charles H. Grakelow of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2.
- For seven years,*  
John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61.

These Trustees will hold their first meeting at St. Louis, Mo., on January 10, 1929, for the purpose of organizing and formulating plans for the future development of the Foundation.

Brother A. D. Swanson, Past Exalted Ruler of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, has been appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Washington, Northwest.

Fraternally yours,



*Grand Exalted Ruler.*

# If YOU Were Down and Out



AND I agreed to start you in a big, new, money-making business of your own—WITHOUT CAPITAL OR EXPERIENCE—a business in which I have helped other ambitious men and women double, triple, and QUADRUPLE their earnings, would you jump at it? You BET YOU WOULD!

Well, you may not be down and out. But if you are earning A CENT LESS than \$100 a week—\$5,000 a year—here is your chance to break into real estate MY WAY—build a big profit business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience. My free book tells the whole story. Get it now!

## From Failure to Success

I like to get hold of the down-hearted—the discouraged—the “has-beens” and the “also-rans.” It gives me a big “kick”—a real thrill—every time I help a man or woman who felt they were failures. It’s easy enough to make successful men more successful. But give me the man who is struggling along—trying to make both ends meet—who has never had a real “look-in” on business success. The most fun I get out of life is turning such men into happy, contented, prosperous, independent business men. And I’m doing it right along! There’s E. G. Baum, past 50, lost his job as bookkeeper, sick, discouraged, down-hearted. I got Baum started and he cleaned up \$8,000.00 his first year. And J. M. Patterson. He’d just landed in Texas with a baby, a sick wife and only \$10.20 in his pocket. He started to use my Successful Real Estate System, and writes me that he will clean up \$20,000.00 in profits this year. Send for my free book. Learn how I am helping others—and how I can help you—win big business success.

### \$1,000 Reward

Here’s the proof that this is the biggest money-making opportunity of all: ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD will be paid to anyone who shows us any other business course of any kind that has helped as many men and women make as much money in as short a time as our remarkably successful Real Estate Course.

American Business Builders, Inc.

## Amazing Profits

\$17,000 IN ONE DEAL

Eugene Walrath, formerly in the clothing business. Got my scientific System for making money in real estate. Cleaned up \$17,000 in one deal. Free book tells how he did it.

\$5,500 IN ONE WEEK

Evalynn Balster, Chicago widow, school teacher, three children to support, got my System made \$5,500 in one week on her first real estate deal. Free book tells how!

\$8,500 IN 17 WEEKS

That’s the big money Chas. F. Worthen, Fall River, Mass., made with my successful Real Estate System. Free book tells you how I helped him to do it!

\$14,400 IN 6 MONTHS

That’s the fat profit H. G. Stewart, Baltimore, Md., made with my remarkable System for making big money in real estate. Stewart is a live wire. Are you? Get my free book and find out!

\$248 FIRST PROFIT

That’s the first pin-money Mrs. J. H. Hastings, Jackson, Mich., made with my System for Becoming a Real Estate Specialist. She has a fine business lined up. Free book tells how!

200% MORE MONEY

Alfred J. Bennett, Ford Salesman, was earning \$300 a month. Got my Real Estate System. Increased income 200%. Has well equipped office. Just bought new Chrysler Sedan. Free book tells how!

## New Lives for Old

I teach ambitious men and women my way of making big money in the Real Estate Business, without capital or previous experience. I give them new lives for old. I transform them from low-salaried employees to successful employers—in business for themselves—independent—prosperous—contented—men and women from 21 to 79—from all walks of life—former mill-hands, clerks, railroad men, barbers, hotel employees, grocers, salesmen, bookkeepers, teachers, ministers, printers, musicians, insurance solicitors, etc., etc. Take “Bill” Dakin, for example. He worked for fifty years in Buffalo, N. Y., steel plant. Never had any schooling to speak of. Never had any real estate experience. Bill jumped at my offer. Writes me that last month he earned \$1,125.00 my way. Write for a free copy of my book today. Learn how wide-awake men and women are changing their jobs—trading old lives for new—with my System for Becoming a Real Estate Specialist. Address President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. A-33, 18 East 18 St., New York.

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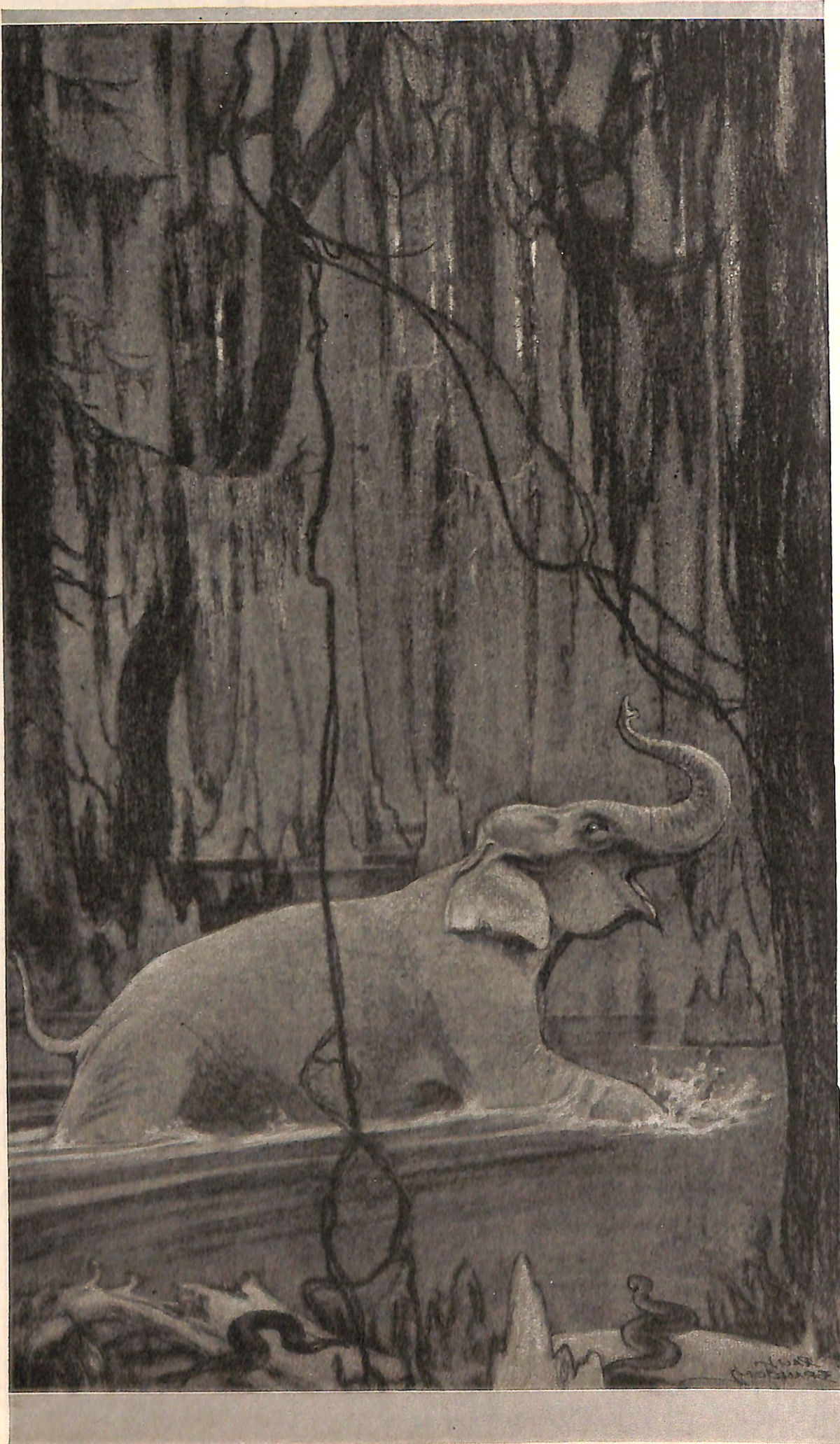
Send me—without cost or obligation—your free illustrated book, “How to Become a Real Estate Specialist.”

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*Old Mom halted and took stock of her surroundings. But there was only the swamp, the heaviness of the atmosphere, the splash of the water-moccasin as it slid from a rotted tree-trunk. She raised her trunk and blasted a note of alarm. Then determinedly, swiftly, she wallowed through the morass with all her energy for higher ground*





# Swamp Angel

## *The Saga of a Jungle Mother in Captivity, Who Wrested Ancient Wisdom from an Excursion Into the Primitive*

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrations by Paul Bransom

THE head bull-man of the Great United Circus was dividing his disgusted looks between a sorrowful appearing elephant, which stood at the head of the bull-line, and a letter which had just come from the Grand Amalgamated Menagerie, to which he had written at great length some ten days previous. The answer was far from satisfying—it told him nothing, in fact, and at a time when the head bull-man was eagerly in search of information.

"The reasons you stated in your letter," said the epistle from the Grand Amalgamated, "are exactly those which caused us to sell Mama, which, as you know, was done to the Great United some three years ago. While it would have been a great attraction for any circus to have an elephant with young, the loss of time and leadership whenever Mama had a calf was bad for the herd. Besides, with one exception, Mama inevitably promptly killed her baby, so it was all useless. That one exception was her first born, which, however, was never strong, and soon died, having been born during an escape of the herd in the Northwest Forests. Our elephant men believe that something attendant upon the troubles of this escape may have soured Mama's nature to the extent that she does not want to raise any babies in captivity. This is in line with the old adage that elephants always kill their young in captivity. We are sorry that we can not give you more information."

The head bull-man then folded the letter and gave all his attention to the elephant.

"If you ain't got no more sense'n to bash out a punk's brains, what do you have 'em for?" he exclaimed. Then he turned at the approach of the menagerie superintendent.

"What did the Grand Amalgamated say?" asked that individual. The bull-man scowled.

"Nothin' we didn't know. She had two punks over there, took a look at each of 'em and caved in th' floor with 'em. Killed 'em both deader'n a doornail. That's why they sold her."

The superintendent sucked thoughtfully at his cigar.

"Seems to be the trouble with all bulls in captivity," he decided. "They all kill 'em. Just don't want their punks to grow up to be circus elephants, I guess." He too glanced at the sorrowful Old Mom, about to be temporarily retired from her position as the head of the Great United herd. "She doesn't look any too happy about it herself, does she?"

"There you are," answered the bull-man. "You'd think she'd have more sense, now wouldn't you?"

"Load her out to-night for winter quarters. This time don't give her a chance. Cross-chain her, and put another one around her neck. Sneak the punk away as fast as you can, and don't let her get at it. We'll see what that does." Then he went on, while the head bull-man jerked his cap over his right eye, and stood for a long time with his hands on his hips, regarding, sorrowfully and disgustedly, a fallen monarch. Old Mom—they called her that as a familiar term for her herd name of Mama Mary—had departed heavily from grace in these last few years.

TIME was when she had been the queen of all herd elephants. Sagacious, crafty, cool in time of trouble, wise with the wiseness of some seventy-five years of experience, Old Mom meant the true happiness of any bull-man. Then she had met a gentleman bull named Snyder, and started on a downward career. As the letter from the Grand Amalgamated had stated, there had been the inevitable child, born in true, melodramatic fashion, while the Grand Amalgamated herd had been on a three weeks' stampede in the northwestern timber country. The baby had died. Then in due time, Mama Mary, to the blatant outcry of circus press agents, had made ready to present the circus with another bit of offspring. The preparations had been stupendous. Special quarters had been fitted up in the elephant house. Bulletins had been issued, while, in the space of the menagerie usually occupied by Mama Mary, a special sign had made its appearance, telling the whereabouts of Old Mom and why she had gone there. At last the great moment had arrived. Mama Mary had taken one look at the wobbly, hairy little creature of her heart, and with a loud bellow had whirled, seized it in her trunk and with a mighty wallop had bashed the life out of it upon the cement floor. Nor was one blow enough; she had continued this for some fifteen minutes, to finally, as a sort of grand finale, send it crashing through the window to the winter quarters yard, where four razorbacks gathered what was left into a canvas and sent it to the soap works. That had been the beginning of the passing of Old Mom. She didn't seem to be the same afterwards.

"That's what gets me," mused the head bull-man with another pull at his cap,

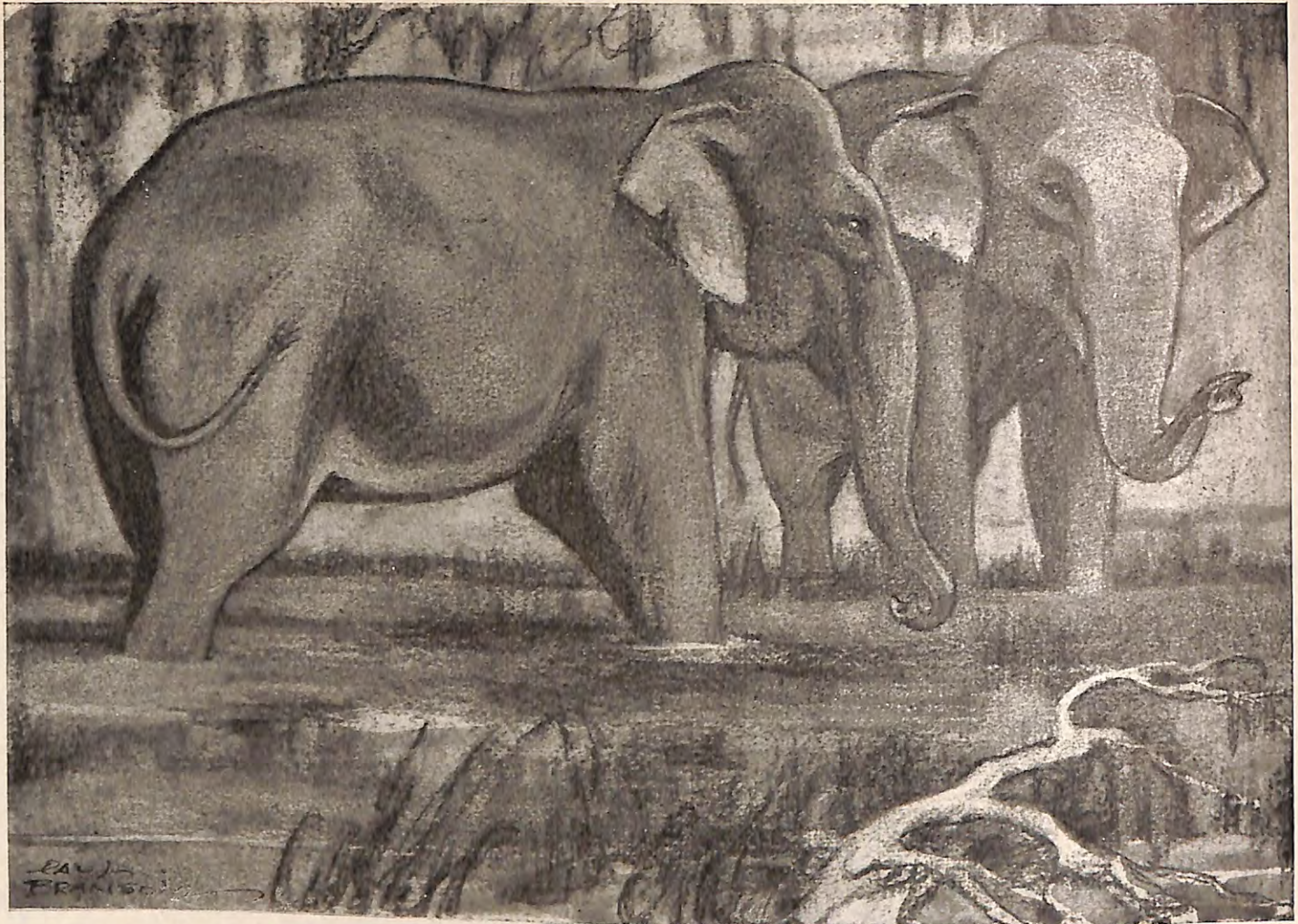
"after you've had one of them fits, you act broke up over it. Why don't you use your head?" he asked. "You've got one, ain't you? You had a good reputation before you started pulling this stuff." Finally he became heavily prophetic: "Ole gal, this is your last chance. Any prima-donna stuff this time, and as a first-class bull, you're done for. Does that sink in?"

Old Mom, unable to use English, made no reply. She only chirruped dolefully, and with a weak swing of her trunk, picked up a wisp of hay, that she might abstractedly drop it again. Old Mom wasn't any more cheerful about this state of affairs than was the circus.

Something was terribly wrong; she knew that. But what was it, and what caused her to lambast her offspring so quickly into the next world was beyond Mom. It just happened, that was all; an uncontrollable desire that was only equaled by the mother longing in her fifty-pound heart for a grunting, squealing little elephant that would be all her own. Old Mom had experienced one taste of being wholly a mother. Too many peanuts had robbed her of the fulfilment of that bit of heaven, this and the sad fact that she had beaten all following children out of even a chance to live. It amazed her. She had walloped the first one, and it had survived the ordeal. But the others hadn't. The worst of it all was that Old Mom didn't do it to be vicious. The minute she had brought an elephantine calf into existence, she just had to lambast it until it passed out again. Now there was to be another trial, and Old Mom was by no means optimistic.

Possibly it was the attitude of those about her, from the menagerie superintendent on down to the bull-man's lowest helper. They talked to her in gruff tones as they loaded her into a box-car that night. The head bull-man said uncomplimentary things about her mentality, she who had once been the greatest of all queen elephants. They pushed her food to her in an offhand sort of way; petting had long ago departed. Little dainties like a few watermelons, a bushel or so of apples, and like delicacies, had become unknown. Old Mom seemed to be something that had to be put up with, and the circus men made no effort whatever to disguise their emotions.

Back to winter quarters she went, and to a corner where iron stakes had been sunk into the cement and fitted with rings. From these chains led, and there Old Mom



was placed, with a heavy bond around each leg, and a watcher who sat in a kitchen chair at one side, smoking a pipe and making uncomplimentary remarks to the reporters who came out for the Sunday animal story. Then, one day, the single guard gave way to many, each armed with a bull hook. It accomplished nothing.

When the excitement was over, the police and fire departments had been called out, to surround Old Mom in a forest just outside the city where, with squeals and trumpeting, she announced the taking on of all comers. A new element had entered, that of the vindictive; once the huge elephant had learned that efforts had been made to prevent her from her usual attack upon her young, she had turned her energies into the wrecking of everything about her. Her trunk had ascended to emit bellowings of rage; then the tremendous muscles of her had strained; while bull-men fought frantically to hold her in bondage, the chains had snapped, one after another, as the five-ton mother hitched and jerked with the every atom of her enormous energy. Free at last, she had knocked the humans aside, and rushed upon those who were carrying her punk away. Then as they scattered, leaving the gasping baby behind, she seized it, threw it, and slapped it with her trunk, caught it up, waved it about, slammed it against the brick wall, and added the usual finale of flattening it upon the cement floor. This done, the bull-men came at her again; Old Mom retaliated by chasing them from the menagerie house, and at last, in a grand outburst of rage, lowered her head in a rush at the head bull-man, and when he dodged, kept on going, straight through the brick wall, through the paint sheds, wagon yards and fences, into the open country, and at last to the forest, where she halted, pulling

up saplings and lashing them about her until her rage had ceased. It was not until the next morning that the head bull-man, using cajolery, until he could assure himself that danger was over, came close enough to sink his bull hook in her trunk and begin the march back to winter quarters.

"Well," he said sorrowfully, "I guess you're just a dam fool, Mom. There ain't nothin' else to do about it."

It was in this status that Old Mom returned to the circus. There was an element of disgrace about it all, nor was Old Mom long in learning that the last vestiges of the position which she had once occupied, were gone. In the first place, she no longer had her position at the head of the herd; instead she was shelved in the very middle of it now. When, instinct commanding, she strove to assert herself, the bull-man rushed her back into her place in line, and gave the work which she had once to Betsy, younger, flightier, but the best that the herd could offer. That wasn't all.

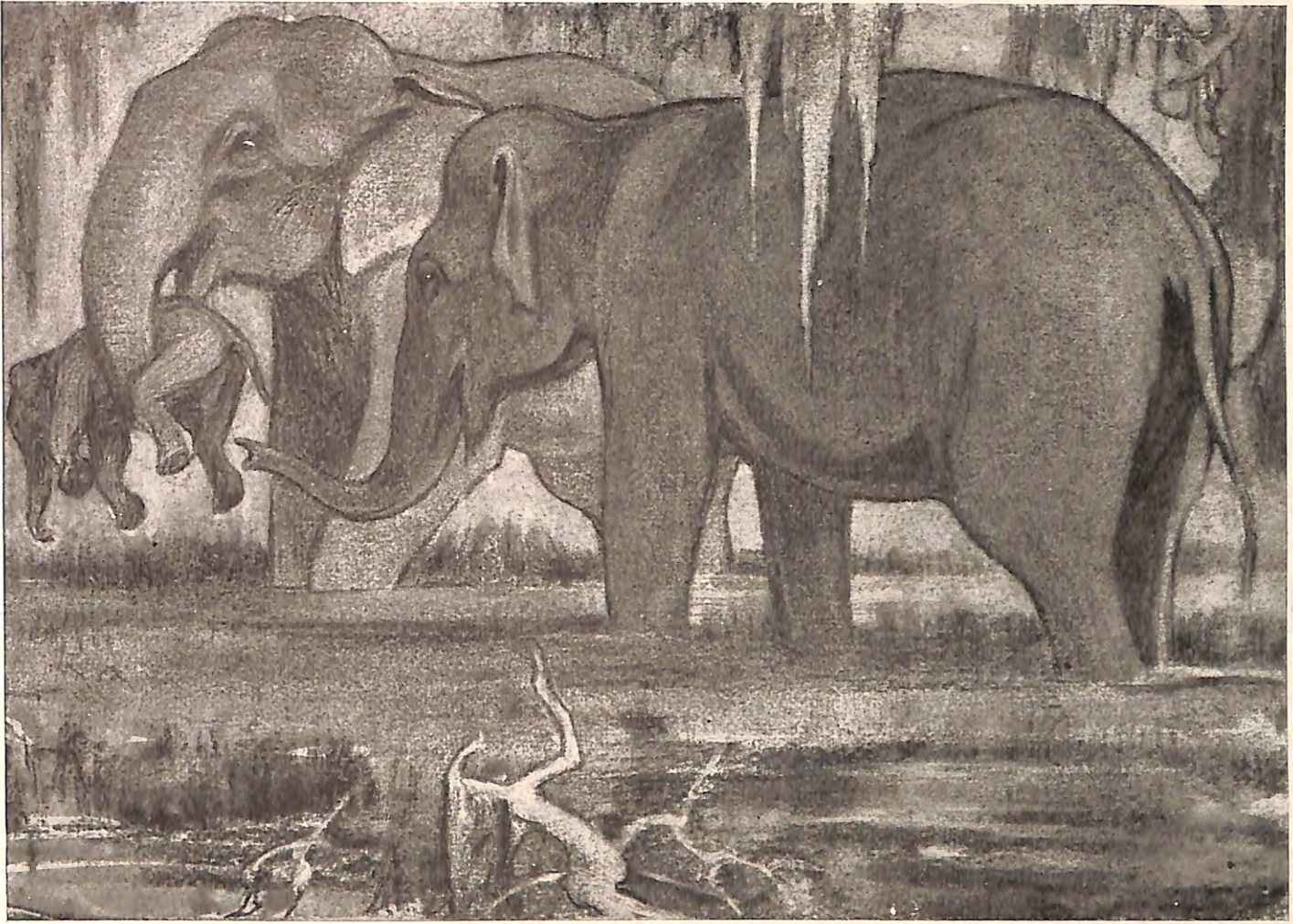
**E**LEPHANTS are not slow to recognize a changed condition. The pampering which Old Mom had once known was gone now; she was listed as a dangerous bull, and favors were prohibited. The bull-men spoke roughly to her. The assistants shoved her food to her with a few cuss words thrown in. One day Moko, the lowest social member of the herd, having eaten all his hay, and being still hungry, reached for some of Mom's. She raised her trunk and trumpeted with something of her old spirit, but as suddenly she subsided. A bull man had prodded her heavily with his hook, and commanded her back to her place in line.

"If you want your hay, why don't you eat it?" he asked, and after that the whole herd picked on her. The queen was dead.

*In the slimiest portion of the swamp were as the four of them engaged in a heavy object of about two hundred pounds pass-*

Not that there was a new queen to take her place. Betsy, lumbering in brain at best, could not do that. But Betsy was at least the head of the outfit; what commands were given came from her; the rest of the work devolved upon the bull-men. What was once a well-organized crew of elephants, dependent upon one keen brain, was now only a leaderless little army, except when the human element entered. Old Mom, she who had brought the herd from the train to the lot, and back to the train again, who had commanded the various members to work, held them in line, and enforced her will with blows of her trunk and butting attacks, now was only a private in the ranks. The spirit seemed gone from her; soon the successful advances of Moko were taken up by the other bulls. There at last came the time when Old Mom, accustomed to command, found herself obeying the commands of others. And she only stood and moped.



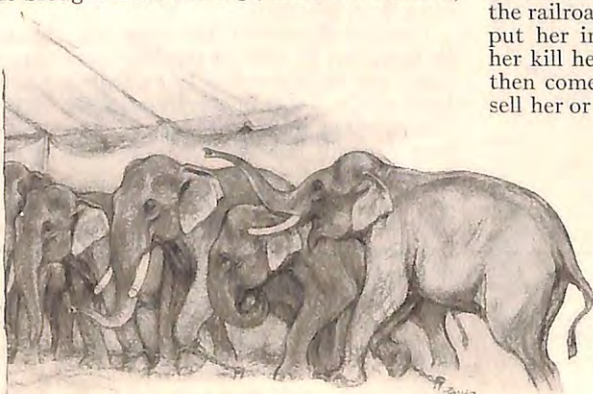


*four elephants, Old Mom still in command, duty catch and toss, a lumpy, squirming ing ceaselessly from one to the other*

Thus a year passed and another year after that, while her station went lower and lower. Then one day the head bull-man yanked his cap forward until it all but obscured his right eye, and, with his hands on his hips, he merely stood, breathing heavily.

"Oh my Gawd!" he exclaimed. "If you ain't went and done it again!" Old Mom rolled her eyes dolorously. She knew that she'd made a mistake.

The patience of the circus was at an end. Long ago all dreams of the wonders of a mother elephant with its cuddling young had faded, to give way to the more practical fact that it all was impossible—as far as Old Mom was concerned. All that could happen was trouble, wreckage, excitement, damage suits, and another baby elephant for the soap works. As for Old Mom, experience had shown also that each time one of these unhappy visitations came upon her, it brought more cussings, more tribulations,



more indignities upon the part of a herd which once she had governed, but which now gave her the consideration of an utter stranger; even Sahib, the cause of most of her grief, treated her with something that might be called contempt. And it was all to happen again.

"Tell you the only thing to do," said the menagerie superintendent when the head bull-man took him the news. "We've found out we can't save the poor punk. We know she's going to kill 'em, so let her do it. As far as I'm concerned, as soon as this party's over and she's in good shape again, we'll spend a little money advertising her for sale. Ship her out to some gipsy camp that'll be glad to take on an elephant cheap, and let her find out what it means to work twenty-four hours a day instead of getting the whole show into trouble."

"Yeh, but in the meantime?" asked the head bull-man.

"In the meantime, there's no sense in taking chances. She went bad before; she's liable to go stark, staring crazy this time. So she can do it all by herself. We'll have the railroad spot us an extra car. Then we'll put her in there and keep her there. Let her kill her punk in her own sweet way and then come back to sanity. After that we'll sell her or send her to the boneyard. As far as I'm concerned, she's done for. Shame too."

"It sure is," said the head bull-man. "She sure was a good ole bull, Old Mom was."

"Never was a better one," mourned the menagerie superintendent. "Remember the time she corraled the whole herd and held them during that stampede in Winnipeg?"

"Yeah, and that time when

the oil tank caught fire at Riverside and it looked like the whole show was gone? Remember how she battled down Rajah when he tried to start a stampede? I don't guess there never was a bull like Mama, before she went goofy."

AT THE picket line, Old Mom chirruped again. The voices which had come to her had been ones of kindly tones, the sort that she had used to know, long, long ago. Tones that she had craved but not received since her steady downfall had begun. Vaguely all these things had taken coherence in the mind of the sagacious old elephant. She knew the cause of her trouble. She knew that steadily, year by year, misfortune had mounted, every time that she yielded to that irresistible impulse to whang a new-born elephant into oblivion. But she couldn't help it. When this next edition came along, she'd do the same thing again. But in the meanwhile, she did crave just a little attention, just a few words, a piece of an apple, a bag of peanuts, or a slice of watermelon. None was forthcoming. Instead, late that afternoon, an assistant bull-man took her down to the railroad yards and locked her in an ordinary freight car which had been added to the circus train as Old Mom's prison.

It was not to be a pleasant incarceration. Autumn had come, and the Great United had traveled far into the south, at last to come to a resting-place for a straight week as the principal attraction of a Cotton Carnival in a small county seat. It was a time of happiness for the circus in general; here the tents could stand night after night without the necessity for tearing down, razorbacks, accustomed to late labors at night and early ones in the morning, attendant upon the work of loading and

*(Continued on page 52)*

# The Championship Outlook

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by Herb Roth



Jack Dempsey

**T**WO individual champions and one champion team swinging over from 1928 hold every promise to retain their laurels and to add to them in 1929. The individuals are the incomparable Robert Tyre Jones in golf and Helen Wills in tennis. The champion team is the New York Yankee Baseball club with Ruth and Gehrig.

It is a strange commentary that the most highly prized and the most profitable title of them all, the heavyweight pugilistic championship, has no champion whatever to start the year 1929. Mr. Gene Tunney, the heavyweight champion of 1927 and 1928, after wringing the title of all possible profits, tossed it into the discard with a magnificent gesture of contempt. He dropped the mantle of John L. Sullivan by the roadside for anybody to pick up.

Naturally this title will not be permitted to remain vacant through the year 1929. There are millions in it—not as many millions as there used to be, of course—but still it remains too profitable a title to remain without a champion. Let us consider this one first, as it is the most important from a financial point of view and probably from the point of view of popular interest.

At the current writing, ironical as it may seem, I am convinced that the heavyweight champion, before the year is finished, will be none other than the Manassa Man Mauler, Mr. Jack Dempsey himself, the same battler from whom Mr. Tunney took the title, and against whom he defended it successfully. This is in the nature of a prediction or a guess, and it is just as good as any. We must have a heavyweight champion, if the cauliflower market is to continue to fluctuate, and Mr. Dempsey seems to be the best of what Mr. Tunney left when he shook the resin dust of the ring from his shoes forever.

But in this connection let me also predict that no future "Battle of the Century" ever will draw anything like the gate receipts collected at Chicago for Mr. Rickard's "Battle of Slightly Less Than Three Million." In the last heavyweight championship fight Mr. Rickard lost something like \$300,000. Mr. Tunney picked the psychological moment for his permanent retirement.

All along the line I look for a decrease in the interest in the prize-fight game. Outside of Mr. Dempsey there are no glamorous figures on the horizon, and it will take some very glamorous figures to lure back the customers. The golden era of professionalism has come and gone, and I

see nothing to indicate a speedy restoration. I doubt if five or even ten years will find another million-dollar gate for a prize-fight.

As to what killed the golden-egg-laying goose that is for the promoters to determine. The only evident fact is that if the goose is not entirely defunct, rigor mortis is beginning to set in.

So much for the cauliflower industry. Early reports on the financial aspect of the season which has passed into history indicate that some of the big-league baseball clubs did not do quite as well as they did last year. In fact, some of them almost showed deficits. The liberal vote, which passed a law permitting Sunday baseball in the State of Massachusetts, will help two of the very weak clubs to come back. Boston in a few years may be looking forward to a baseball revival that will recall the days of the Stallings Braves and the great Red Sox of William Carrigan.

For two successive years the New York Yankees have taken the world series in four straight games. How long can this continue? The answer is, as long as the dogs, or feet, of Babe Ruth hold out, for it is written, "As Babe Ruth goes, so go the New York Yankees."

With the year 1928, both Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker passed from active service in the big leagues. One hates to call attention to the fact that our Babe Ruth is at quite a mature age for an athlete. In fact he might almost be classed as a contemporary of Cobb and Speaker, who will bat them out no more in the big time.

Persons who resent the success of a care-free individual like the Babe have been



Babe Ruth



Helen Wills

reading him out of the national pastime for many years past. But he only reached the peak of his career in 1927 after flashes and reversals. His winding up of the world series was typically Ruthian. Standing in a shower of pop bottles hurled at him more in admiration than in resentment by the impulsive St. Louisans, the Babe banged out three home runs in the final game.

**B**UT the pessimists are still reading him out of the game. They point to the fact that he did not exceed his own record for home runs, and that he seemed to lapse into a slump in mid-season, a slump that almost allowed the Athletics of Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy to catch the slipping Yankees. But the finish showed no indication that the Babe was getting ready to head for the minors.

That would be a calamity for the National Pastime, for it is now recognized that the Babe draws gate receipts not only for the Yankees but for all baseball. He finished strong, but even the Babe cannot go on forever. One of these days the ghouls who are waiting for the most radiant of our professional athletes to dim will have their wish.

But I do not think that this will be in the year 1929, nor do I think that the Yankee team, the most expensive ivory collection in professional baseball, will start to disintegrate in the season that is to start. It has at least another year of robust life.

I look for a most interesting battle for the championship of the National League. The purchase of Rogers Hornsby by Mr. Wrigley of the Cubs is an indication that this gentleman is about to follow the example of Col. Jacob Ruppert of the Yankees, to buy the best, regardless of the cost. If Hornsby had been with the Cubs in 1928 the finish of the National League race might have been different.

Internal dissension hampered the Giants in 1928, but in spite of this the team found itself and was pressing the Cardinal team hard at the finish of the league race. The Giants came very close, indeed, to winning that pennant, and I look forward to them fighting it out with the Cubs at the close of the season of 1929. Moreover, I feel that the races in both leagues will be better balanced, excepting in regard to the chronic tail-enders.

I gather that, excepting for a few clubs, there was a slump in the gate receipts for 1928 over the previous year, and that is a matter which the magnates naturally view with alarm. Still they will insist that there

is no real decline in interest in the national pastime. Nevertheless, you will note that they are spending money to encourage school and sand-lot baseball. This is wise, for if you do not train your baseball customers while they are young the time will come when there will be a shortage of baseball customers, and when that shortage is evident there will be a curtailment of big-league baseball.

The United States failed to bring back the Davis Cup in 1928, and there is no reason to hope that an American tennis expeditionary force will meet with any better success in 1929.

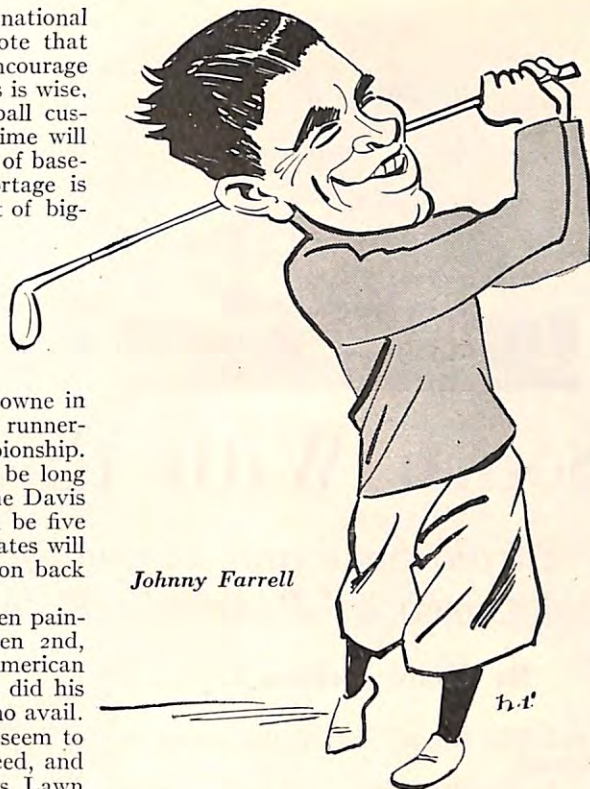
I remember talking to Mary K. Browne in Paris a few years ago when she was runner-up for the women's singles championship.

She predicted that it would not be long before a French team would win the Davis Cup. "Then," she added, "it will be five years or more before the United States will win it back. It will have to be won back by a new crop of tennis players."

This prediction seems to have been painfully accurate. Mr. William Tilden 2nd, who was given command of the American tennis expeditionary forces of 1928 did his part and did it nobly, but it was of no avail. The younger tennis players do not seem to be coming up with any great speed, and Mr. Tilden and the United States Lawn Tennis Association are engaged in an open feud.

René Lacoste, who won the men's singles from Tilden, passed out of active tennis in 1928. He is succeeded by a fellow countryman, Henri Cochet, "the ball boy of Lyons." Cochet seems to have just reached the peak of his game, and it is hardly probable that Tilden ever will hold the men's singles again even if the United States Lawn Tennis Association should be willing to welcome back the prodigal son of the courts.

The women's singles championship looks quite safe for the United States for an indefinite period. There is no telling whether or not Miss Helen Wills has yet achieved her greatest tennis, for, since the professionalization of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, there has been no woman player in the world who can press her. Her reign as queen of the courts will be even longer than that of Mrs. May Sutton Bundy.



Johnny Farrell

It would seem too that there is better younger material among the American women players than among the men. But it will be some years before any of the younger stars will reach the tennis heights to which Miss Wills has attained, and when they do it is highly probable that Miss Wills will have developed further.

Our golf honors seem to be quite secure for 1929. Mr. Robert Tyre Jones, the barrister of Atlanta, seems quite capable of going on for a decade or so. Despite the fact that young Mr. Jones is now engrossed with legal problems and the care of a rising young family, which would take some of his attention from his golf, he won the National Amateur with a brilliant finish in 1928. There were runners-up strong enough to make the Walker Cup look like a permanent American possession. Still we got to thinking that about the Davis Cup, and now see where that darned thing is.

Smiling young Johnny Farrell won the Open Championship for 1928. Johnny has been knocking at the doors of this haven for some years. As to his chances of retaining it in 1929, they are not quite as good as those of Mr. Jones retaining the Amateur. There always is Hagen and the rising young pros never cease rising.

OUR polo enthusiasts got something of a scare in 1928 when the Riders from the Pampas came to Meadow Brook. Some of our best experts conceded this match to the men from the Argentine, but the Americans won after many a quarrel over the personnel of the team and some anxious moments during the games.

It was close enough to convince the watchers over our prestige in this game, that the polo championship is not to be looked upon as a permanent possession either. And this is all for the best, for, when there is no real competition the thing ceases to be a sport. I am one of those who are unpatriotic enough to hold that the loss of the polo championship for a year might be all for the best.

I said something like this about the Davis Cup and was reproached bitterly. But, after all, it will turn out to be for the best,

because it will result in the finding and the training of younger and probably better tennis players than William Tilden 2nd, though this may seem impossible at the current writing. But the best players are developed only through keen competition and there was no keen competition for that Davis Cup until the French developed the team that wrested it from the United States.

I have been hoping ever since the last race for the America's Cup that Sir Thomas Lipton or somebody might challenge again for this trophy, which really is by way of being a permanent American possession. However, it does not seem that there will be any international yacht race for this cup in 1929. Right now it looks as though the Americans would retain undisputed possession, despite the fact that in the last races for the cup, popular sympathy was with the challenger.

THERE was one championship that was not decided in 1928, and there is little chance of it being decided in 1929. This is the intercollegiate football championship, which must remain purely mythical.

In the East they regarded Mr. Chick Meehan's New York University team as the strongest in the country, but in other sectors this was challenged. Illinois, coached by Zupke, who developed Red Grange, held the championship of the Middle West. On the Pacific Coast the University of Southern California, coached by Howard Jones, stood out above all of the others.

If it were left to a matter of personal opinion, and that opinion were mine, I would say that the New York University team of 1928 stood out above all the others in the modern game. But this would excite as much criticism as the selection of the All-American Team, which also can only be a matter of personal opinion, as there is no basis for picking these stars that will stand the test. With hundreds of teams where in Walter Camp's time there were barely a score, the business of passing upon the superiority of

(Continued on page 67)



Bobby Jones



Rogers Hornsby



PAINTING BY GORDON GRANT  
COURTESY OF HOWARD YOUNG GALLERIES

## Heading South With the Books

### *All Sails Set for Purple Seas and Turquoise Skies, With A Splendid Cargo of Romantic Volumes*

#### *When It's Cocktail Time in Cuba*

By Basil Woon. (Horace Liveright, New York.)

PUT together with a sophisticated egg-beater rather than with a pen, this book results in a travel soufflé full of real information tinged with the most delicious of flavors. (We fear it is rum—but what of that!)

Mr. Woon introduces you to all you should know as a dignified tourist in a foreign land, and then he lays his arm across your shoulders and says, "That being attended to, now come along with me and I'll show you the 'inside stuff' of this Island."

Meaning, in just a few of the instances—the story of the fabulous rise of Cuban millionaires when sugar was king; the anecdote of how Alphonso XIII's life was saved by a bottle of Bacardi; the shocking way that *jai-alai* players do not train, but sit around and eat anything they like and develop, nevertheless, into the fastest men on their feet in the world.

He tells us how the Cuban police are such regular guys that there exist instances when they will not only take you back to your hotel room but will put you to bed; that it takes one hundred dollars to train a game cock (in case you think of trying it); that no nation on earth so adores its children as the Cubans do; and that you need no *visa* to your passport to enter the "Pearl of the Antilles."

In equally chatty moods, the early story of the country is spread before us, and as we read, "the ghosts of golden galleons ride at anchor in Havana Bay." The laughter dies away for a moment when we reach those chapters about Cuba's long, bitter struggle for liberty, and a place among the nations of the earth, and we wonder at the fight they put up.

Now, an era of intense national and young enthusiasm, stimulated by American enterprise, makes the little land lying only one hundred miles off our own Key West a very important spot. It is indeed cocktail time in Cuba!

Mr. Woon covers the whole adventurous history, from the buccaneers who drank quarts and quarts of sixteenth and seventeenth century rum, to the off-for-a-holiday American who takes his Daiquiri in the patio of some splendid hostelry, watching at the tables nearest his own, Anita Loos, Mayor Jimmy Walker, Mrs. Vincent Astor

#### By Claire Wallace Flynn

and Will Rogers, and all the rest of the crowd.

As a matter of fact, much seriousness lies between the author's gay lines, and he takes pains to tell us that Havana is *not* a "wild town." It is, on the contrary, and if you like it that way, a very romantic spot indeed; and to help along in that vein Mr. Woon adds to his pages a Spanish-English lexicon for a mild flirtation. This may come in handy even if you have to stay at home this winter—for you never can tell!

More or less of a "trip South" just to read this book. Have one with Mr. Woon.

#### *Mexico and Its Heritage*

By Ernest Gruening. (The Century Company, New York.)

ONE of the most interesting things about Mexico to most of us, is the fact that it lies at the threshold of our door. It forces us to notice it.

The sound of its revolutions creeps into our own house, and it flings, with rather a dramatic gesture, its ignorance and superstition at our feet. As we stand in our windows and look across the Rio Grande, we see deep into a country geographically as close as a twin to us and yet completely alien at heart.

"International good-will and peace," says Mr. Gruening, "are deeply involved in the relations of the United States with Mexico . . ." and, he points out, study and tolerance and sympathy are the only medicines with which we can cure our tragic inability to "get along" with our immediate neighbor.

The author has sacrificed neither interest nor charm of writing to the serious purpose of his volume which is to present a faithful story of a people and their civilization.

He has, in fact, packed his book with color and drama. Here is the whole mysterious conflicting tale: the fever of the Spanish freebooters for gold, the Indian civilization upon which they trod, the patriarchal system which even to-day survives (sometimes poetically, sometimes with horrible oppression) in the great haciendas of the plateau—the last outposts of feudalism.

Boring root-deep into his subject, Mr. Gruening touches the inevitable revolutions, the religious conflicts, the ignorance, beauty, aspirations and multiple contradictions of a mixed race which, no matter how we have

attempted to approach it, has continued to remain antagonistic, complex and obscure.

As we sit reading Mr. Gruening's fascinating pages, it is easy to understand how difficult it has been for Mexican leaders to impose modern social and political experiments upon so ancient a heritage. That anything at all has resulted except periodic "eruptions" is the great wonder.

But much *has* resulted, as you will realize as you get into this book. The principles of republicanism are a passion with millions of the people. Time is all that is needed; time and friendliness and sympathy.

Meanwhile, if we have a chance and a holiday offers itself, try Mexico. No more thrilling and picturesque land beckons the traveler, and be sure to take along this priceless mine of information by Mr. Gruening.

#### *The Great Horn Spoon*

By Eugene Wright. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.)

HOW one's spirit soars at the story of youth which simply refuses to knuckle down, to tie itself to a stupid round of existence, to tame its soul into an acceptance of life and adventure second-hand and warmed over!

The odors of cinnamon and cloves, the pungent aroma of Brazilian coffee drifting out of some dark doorway along the water front of a seaport have tugged at many a young heart. But it had to stop at that.

Eugene Wright simply obeyed the call, and followed it gloriously around the world.

There were moments when we put down this utterly exciting book and cried: "Now look here, young man, you are going a bit too far. You can't expect us to believe. . . ." But this amazing traveler is telling the truth.

The tiger hunts, so casually begun; the rough life on board the *Hyacinth*; the debonair capture by the Arabs; the floating island; those nights in Singapore; the lovely dancer of the desert; the tin cans that passed as currency; the colorful flotsam of the Orient—in fact, the whole breathless narrative.

We suppose there must be people like this—to balance the dull old world, and to provide tales for the imprisoned horde who strain, heartbreakingly, at the chains of civilization. We're glad Mr. Wright is one of them.

(Continued on page 70)



### Katharine Cornell in "The Age of Innocence"

NEW YORK in the era of the Tweed Ring is the background for "The Age of Innocence," the dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel. Miss Cornell gives a rich and varied performance of the tragic Countess Olenska; a performance brilliant with the illusion of great personal beauty. In spite of its interesting notes on the manners

and customs of the period and its occasional moments of dramatic intensity, the play would lag sadly at times were it not for Katharine Cornell's fascination, Arnold Korff's splendid acting and a fine character bit done by Katharine Stewart as a cosmopolitan old dowager who feels free from strict conformance to convention—E. R. B.



The Theatre Guild and George Bernard Shaw have combined again to produce a thoroughly delightful entertainment—"Major Barbara." The group to the left shows Winifred Lenihan as the Salvation Major; Elliot Cabot as her drum beater, rather more interested in Major Barbara than in the work of salvation; and Percy Waram, as a very tough and recalcitrant cockney. All these are excellent, as is Dudley Digges, playing Barbara's father, the millionaire munitions manufacturer



The American theatre goes sometimes know a good thing when they see it. Ever since Beatrice Lillie (above) stepped out on our stage and sang "March With Me," in the course of the English Charlot's Revue, we have tried to keep her busy on this side of the Atlantic. She's set now for a long run in "This Year of Grace," a revue for which the ubiquitous Noel Coward wrote book, lyrics and music, and in which he does a fair share of acting. It's a good show, well dressed, tuneful, gay, but the priceless clowning of Beatrice Lillie towers high over all other attractions

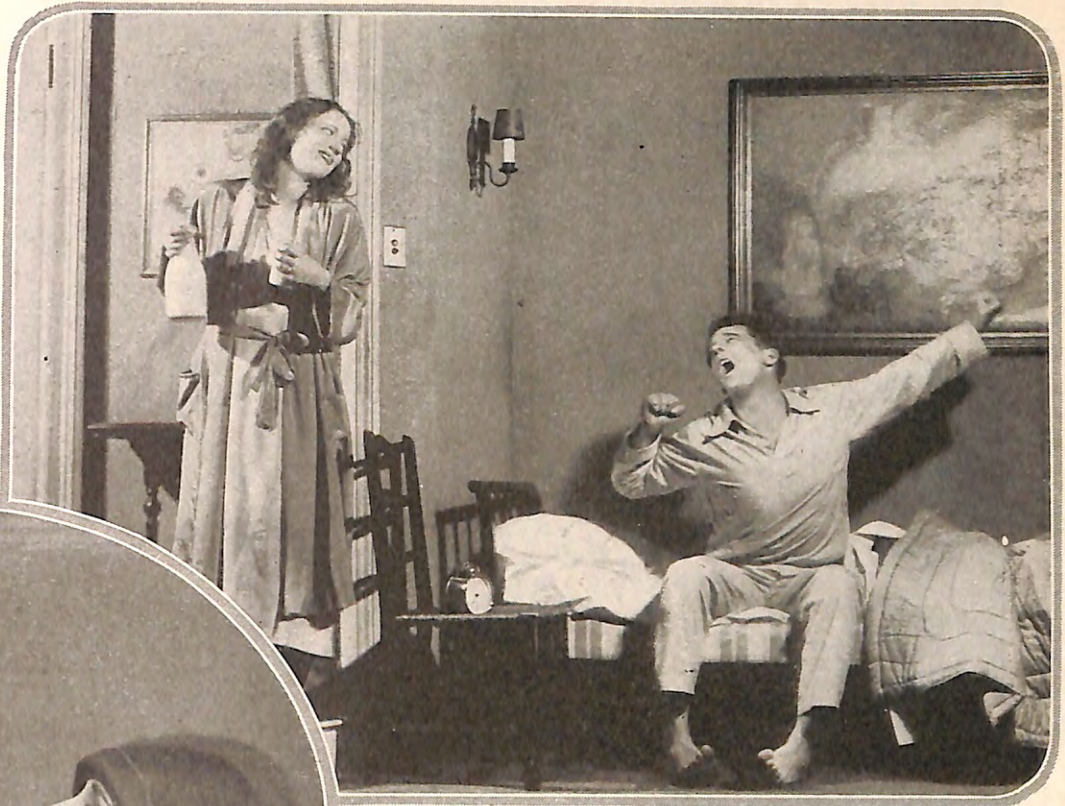


PHOTO BY  
VANDAMER

Polly Walker (left) is the attractive star of an all George Cohan musical comedy called "Billie." It is a bright story furbished with several taking songs, a great diversity of dances and a good-looking, versatile cast that can act, sing, and dance satisfyingly. Some of these talented people are Robinson Newbold, Joseph Wagstaff—a new and personable juvenile—Ernie and Val Stanton and Charles Sabin



To the right are Peggy Wood and Kenneth McKenna, who play with high spirit and perfect harmony the chief rôles in Austin Strong's "A Play Without a Name." It is an understanding story of a loyal young couple who plug steadfastly and with sacrifice for the thing they want, and nearly come to spiritual shipwreck when their efforts seem doomed to failure. But in the end their rewards quite dazzle them and there is much comedy by the way. The play is perfectly cast and well acted



Dramatic talent runs in the Davis family. Owen Davis, who wrote "To-night at 12," is our most prolific playwright, and his son Owen Davis, Jr. (left), who makes his début in this play, is by way of being a very promising young actor. Caught in a net of complicated loyalties, he and his young sweetheart almost lose their chance of happiness through the marital mishap of their elders. Pictured with him is Viola Frayne, who also gives a good account of herself

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



PHOTOS BY  
VANDAMM

Dorothy Gish (right) has come out of the movies and thereby made many of us regret that she has so long confined her talents to the silent drama. James Rennie and Catherine Willard play with her in "Young Love," a thoughtful and charming comedy by Samson Raphaelson. Miss Gish brings a flexible, pleasing voice and graceful stage-presence as well as her known talent as a comedienne to this play of modern lovers, determined to test all the pitfalls before they embark on the sea of matrimony





### Helen Menken in "Congai"

L AID in Indo-China, a possession of the French, there is enough authentic color and strangeness of the Far East to hold the interest almost without the story. Miss Menken plays with fine power the role of Thi-Linh, a Eurasian, who is torn from Kim, her native lover, because of caste and thrown into

the arms of a French officer. Years later, when she is about to escape back to happy jungle life with Kim and their son, now a young man, she is forced to sacrifice her happiness again to save the boy from a murder charge. Felix Krembs, Ara Gerald and Valerie Bergere also deserve applause.—E. R. B.



The young man made a movement and then there was the gleam of something bright and metallic

## At the End of the Path

By John Peter Toohey

Illustrated by J. S. Hulme

**T**OM GREGORY watched the torn scraps of paper blazing in the fireplace. A weary, cynical smile lay upon his face. A curling flame licked the last piece into ashes, and he turned to the open window on the other side of the room. The chintz curtains stirred tremulously in a gentle spring breeze, and from the streets came the shrill cries of children at play. He looked about for a few moments, surveying the restful charm of the room that had been his home for two years, and then picked up his hat from the bed and went out into the hall.

"Goin' to take a little walk, Mr. Gregory?"—the landlady's voice came in a thin wail from the open door of the front room.

"That's right—seems like a nice night"—he hurried down the stairs to shut off the possibility of further conversation.

Once on the street he turned westward and walked swiftly past rows of towering apartment houses, until he reached Central Park, which stretched before him enveloped in darkness. He passed through the gateway at the end of the street and turned into a by-path which wound tortuously toward the quiet retreat which was his goal. The smell of spring was in the air, and from benches in the shadows under the trees came

the murmur of whispered conversations and the light laughter of girls.

He quickened his pace, heedless of everything except his own thoughts. Presently he found himself where the path ended, like a blind alley, in a dense clump of shrubbery. The arching branches of two great elms formed a sheltering nook into which the moonlight could not penetrate. He sought his favorite bench in the gloom, and was relieved to find it unoccupied. There was no sound nor sight of life. The silence was almost overpowering. Tom Gregory flung himself on the bench, gripping its back with tense, strained fingers. He sat, immobile, for many minutes.

Presently the stillness was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps. They were faltering footsteps. The man on the bench peered anxiously ahead to where the moonlight, filtering through the sparse branches of other trees, made a lace-like pattern on the asphalt walk. A figure came into view, the figure of a tall, bare-headed young man whose shoulders sagged in a way that suggested unspeakable dejection or extreme fatigue.

"Damn," murmured the other man as he watched the intruder intently.

The young man looked around uncertainly and sat down on a bench about twenty-five feet away. A beam of moonlight fell upon his face and the watcher saw written there an agony that was terrifying. The young man made a movement and then there was the gleam of something shining and metallic. The watcher leaped to his feet and sprang toward the other bench.

"Don't—don't—don't—for God's sake, don't," he screamed.

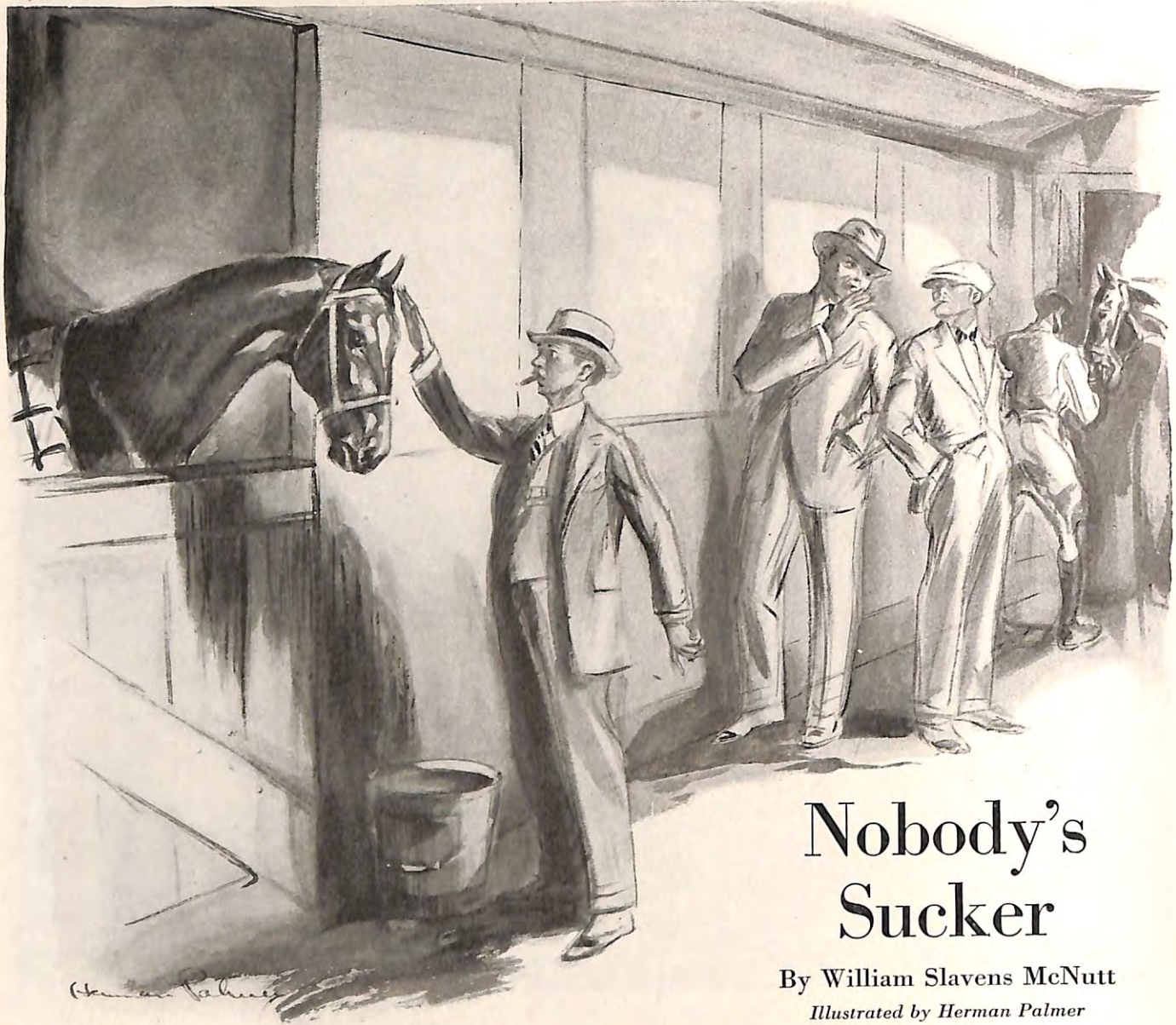
**T**HE young man turned toward him in startled amazement, and the next moment his arms were pinioned in a fierce grip. A revolver slipped from his hand and clattered noisily on the sidewalk.

Tom Gregory, releasing his hold, stooped to pick up the weapon. The young man clutched at his arm in a wild frenzy.

"Give it back to me," he cried. "You can't stop me—I've got to— Oh, God!"—

His voice trailed off in a choky gasp, and then great convulsive sobs shook his thin body. The older man dropped down on the bench beside him and threw a comforting arm around his shoulder.

(Continued on page 72)



## Nobody's Sucker

By William Slavens McNutt

Illustrated by Herman Palmer

"WHAT do you think I pay you for?" Mart Smedley asked aggrievedly. "Sweet charity!" The Idaho Kid said impudently, grinning at the scowling bookmaker for whom he worked. "Don't gimme any argument about that, Mart. A lot o' these wise babies on the lawn got the idea you grease me for herdin' umpchays into your book, but I know! It's just your good heart."

"You pick a sweet spot for your comedy!" Mart growled. "Do you know that we're two grand down the drain pipe for the last three days?"

"We!" said Idaho. "Loan us your handkerchief till I wipe our eyes! We! Last week you were four thousan' on top for the meet an' tellin' me how you got your start! You make a dutch book for the last three days an' we're two down! You got your grammar out o' your bank-book!"

"Yah!" said Mart. "Y'ain't shown me a strange face in a week!"

"It's the cotton crop in Siberia," the Idaho Kid explained.

"Huh?" said Mart.

"It's a flop," Idaho went on. "The Whingtiddleums bit it."

"What are you talkin' about?"

"Strange faces," said Idaho. "That's why there ain't any here at Belmont this last week."

"There ain't any cotton in Siberia!" Mart said.

"That's what I'm tellin' you," said Idaho. "No fresh cotton there; no new apes here. It's simple."

"You kiddin' me?"

"That's one guess," said Idaho playfully.

"You're warm. No peekin' now!"

"You hustle some new customers for the book this afternoon or I'll give you time off to think up a good line!" Mart threatened.

"Yeth, papa," Idaho lisped in a high treble. "If I do my housework can I have a lollypop to dunk in my gin to-night? Can I, papa? Can I?"

He ducked the exasperated pass Smedley made at him, adjusted his hat and tie and strolled from the lawn into the cool clamorous gloom of the lofty, cement-floored space under the grandstand, a thin, trig, swaggery figure of a young racketeer politely accosting unknown arrivals.

"Fixed up, sir? Smedley's book. Best prices on the lawn, sir. All right, sir. No offense. Just trying to be of service, sir. You, sir? Have you made your arrangements? Sorry! No harm in asking, eh? Smedley's book, gentlemen. Top prices."

After fifteen fruitless minutes of this Idaho breasted a lunch bar and ordered a sandwich and a glass of milk.

"How's business?" the waiter inquired. "Can't say," Idaho said wearily. "Haven't seen any."

He bit into the sandwich and looked over the incoming crowd with a cynical eye.

"What a waste!" he exclaimed. "Dollar twenty train fare. Three eighty-five nut at the gate. Afternoon shot. All on account o' the silly law! Wasn't for the law we could catch 'em comin' home from work an' take it away from 'em with a pistol."

A thin, apologetic little man with a gray suit, a gray hat and gray eyes, appeared at the bar beside the Idaho Kid and attracted the waiter's attention.

"Ham an' cheese," the waiter recited. "Cold milk an' pie. Apple, peach an'—"

"No, thanks," the newcomer said diffidently. "I—I ate down-town. I just wondered if you could tell me something. How do I find a—a—Is there somebody here who—who—" he leaned forward and whispered, "who takes bets?"

THE Idaho Kid hastily swallowed his mouthful of sandwich and slipped a guiding palm under the little gray-haired man's elbow.

"Right this way, sir," he chanted. "Smedley's book. Top prices."

"I haven't been to a race-course for some time," the little old man confessed nervously. "There's been a good deal of change."

"Yes, indeedy," Idaho said sympathetically. "It isn't like the old days."

"They had open books then," the old man said wistfully. "You just walked right up and—"

"Sure!" said Idaho. "Them was the

times. Still an' all we don't do so bad by the boys right now. 'Course the lawn's lousy with cheatin' pikers, but Smedley'll treat you as well as any o' the old gang. Here we are. I'll introduce you to Mr. Smedley. I didn't get your name."

"Cockins," the little man said timidly. "William H. Cockins."

Idaho eased him through the ring of odd shoppers surrounding Smedley and his tab man.

"This is Mr. Cockins, Mr. Smedley," he said with an air. "Mr. Cockins wants to do a little investing, so I——"

"How much you want to put up?" Smedley asked.

"I—I don't know yet," Cockins said nervously, flushing. "I just wanted to find out where—I mean how I went about to——"

"MR. COCKINS hasn't been around lately," Idaho explained, fluttering an explanatory eyelid for Smedley's benefit. "He doesn't understand some of our new ways."

"Oh," said Smedley, eyeing Cockins with more interest. "Um! Well, whatever you want to bet durin' the day you put it in this little envelope an' leave it with me, see? Then you take these here slips an' mark your bets on them, see? Put in the name o' the horse an' the odds an' what you want to bet. Then you leave them slips with me an' we'll credit you with what you win or check your losses against your deposit. Get it?"

Cockins nodded uncertainly. "I—I think so," he said. "I may be a little clumsy about it at first, but——"

"Oh, that's all right," Smedley assured him. "Anything you don't understand just ask me. We're here to see you get took care of right. How much do you want to put up?"

"Well—er—how much can I bet?" Cockins asked timidly.

Smedley looked at the little man with increased interest. The surface indications of big money were lacking, but one never could tell.

"Guess I can handle any amount you'll want to play," he said. "How hard do you figure on hittin' me?"

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way!" Cockins assured him hastily. "I mean can I—. Do you take small bets?"

"From two dollars up," said Smedley.

Cockins nodded. "That's all right," he said. "You see I—I thought I'd just start in small at first, and——"

"That's a grand idea," Smedley assured him. "You'd be surprised how many people have it. Well, here's your envelope. What do you want to put up to begin with?"

"Would twenty dollars be all right?" Cockins asked anxiously.

Smedley nodded. Cockins took two tens from his pocket and nervously slipped them into the small envelope.

"A big fish you hooked!" Smedley whispered scornfully back of his hand to the Idaho Kid.

"He might grow," Idaho whispered back. "What are you kickin' about? He's in the pond an' wigglin', ain't he?"

The Idaho Kid saw no more of Mr. Cockins until after the last race. Then the little man plucked him by the sleeve and asked him where and how he was to get his money.

"Have a good day?" The Idaho Kid asked.

Cockins smiled like a pleased child. "Pretty good, I think," he said happily. "Unless I make a mistake somehow I think I must have won a little over two hundred dollars."

The Idaho Kid whistled. "If you won over two hundred dollars you didn't make many mistakes," he assured him.

"I parlayed," the old man explained. "You see I just bet five dollars on that horse named Royal Roller that was in the third race. Mr. Smedley told me he was twenty to one."

"Um!" said The Idaho Kid. "You had that beetle, huh?"

"He won," said Cockins.

"Don't let anybody tell you different!" The Idaho Kid said emphatically. "He won goin' away by plenty! Who touted you onto that lizard?"

Cockins blinked.

"How did you come to bet on that horse?" The Idaho Kid translated his slang patiently.

"I thought he'd win," Mr. Cockins explained.

"Well," said The Idaho Kid. "That's a reason. That put you a hundred on top."

"Yes," said Cockins. "That's the way I figured it."

"They never jailed a man yet for figurin' that way," The Idaho Kid assured him. "What was the next thing you thought was goin' to win?"

"That horse named Spring Green that ran in the fifth race," Cockins said.

The Idaho Kid whistled. "You're a picker!" he exclaimed. "What did you bet on him?"

"The hundred dollars I won in the third race," Cockins said. "Mr. Smedley said Spring Green was six to five. That means I win a hundred and twenty on that race, doesn't it?"

The Idaho Kid grinned. "You won a century an' bet it right back at him, huh?"

"I parlayed," Cockins said.

"I'll say you did!" The Idaho Kid agreed. "What else did you bet?"

"Nothing," said Cockins. "I couldn't seem to figure out any other horses that were pretty sure to win to-day."

"That's what you get for not doin' your home-work!" The Idaho Kid chided him.

"Still an' all two hundred an' twenty mint berries on a five-button note ain't such a sinful waste of a sunny afternoon for a sharp-

shooter that ain't been around since Jimmy Rowe was a jock!"

"That's what I figured I won," Cockins said happily. "Two hundred and twenty. That's right, isn't it?"

"If that ain't right Man o' War was a truck-horse!" The Idaho Kid exclaimed. "Right! Mister, it's rich! It just goes to show that a fish don't need to be big and have teeth."

"What?" said Cockins.

"Wouldn't you laugh," said The Idaho Kid, "if you seen a great big bold bad pirate, with a knife in his teeth an' a spear in each mitt, go sailin' out to sea lookin' for sharks, and then come floatin' in with the tide all bit in the heel by a minnow?"

Mr. Cockins didn't know what that was all about, but he laughed just to please.

"And now," he said with a touch of anxiety, "where do I—get my money?"

"Right out o' the bold bad pirate's pants, oldtimer," The Idaho Kid said. "Come along with me an' I'll show you where Smedley an' his cashier hang out. It's on your way out to the train. You can get it there to-night or here to-morrow before the first race. You comin' down to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Cockins, "but I—I'd rather have it to-night, I think."

GRINNING, The Idaho Kid accompanied Cockins along the graveled walk toward the train platform to where Smedley and his cashier stood settling with those who tarried to cash.

"Mr. Cockins here," said The Idaho Kid, "figures he's got a little gravy in the bowl he'd like to have poured for him now."

"Two forty," the cashier said. "Right?" Cockins gulped and nodded. "I think so," he said huskily. "Twenty I deposited and two hundred and twenty that I—I won."

The cashier counted out two one hundred dollar bills and two twenties. Cockins took them with a trembling hand.

"Thank you," he said faintly.



The Idaho Kid slipped a guiding palm under the little gray-haired man's elbow. "Right this way, sir," he chanted. "Smedley's book. Top prices"

"See you to-morrow, Mr. Cockins?" Smedley asked hospitably.

"Yes," Cockins said gratefully. "Oh, yes, I'll be here to-morrow. Thanks."

The Idaho Kid made a face at Smedley over Cockin's head.

"Hook any big fish to-day?" he inquired.

Smedley scowled and muttered an oath. The Idaho Kid laughed and drifted along with Cockins toward the New York train.

"He seems a very nice man," Cockins said.

"Who?" said The Idaho Kid. "Smedley?"

Cockins nodded. The Idaho Kid grinned and said nothing.

Seated in the coach Cockins peered out the window and drew a deep breath.

"My!" he said. "It was pretty, wasn't it?"

"Pretty?" said The Idaho Kid.

"The trees," Cockins explained. "The grass and the track and the horses running. The cheering and—and everything."

"Oh," said The Idaho Kid. "I s'pose so."

"I expect you're so used to it all it seems ordinary to you," Cockins said.

"I guess so," The Idaho Kid said. "I'm around all the time."

Cockins looked out the window again and sighed.

"This is the first time I've been at a track in thirty-five years," he said.

"Yeah?" said The Idaho Kid. "Horses them days have four legs same as now?"

"When I was a young fellow I used to go to the old Guttenberg track," Cockins went on. "And Monmouth."

"You sound like a page out of an old record book," The Idaho Kid said. "Where you been since them days? Away some place?"

"No," said Cockins. "No. I—I got married."

"Oh," said The Idaho Kid.

"MY WIFE didn't like horse-racing," Cockins explained.

"No," said The Idaho Kid. "Wives don't."

"She was afraid I'd lose my head," Cockins said.

The Idaho Kid grinned. "Not in any o' the bootleg books workin' these days," he declared. "They might take your shirt an' your shoes if you went overboard, but your head—. That's safe on your shoulders, mister! They wouldn't take a horse-player's head as security for a Canadian dime with a hole in it!"

Cockins squirmed. "You think it's foolish to bet on a horse-race?" he asked

"Me?" said The Idaho Kid. "I should say not! If people didn't bet on horse-races what would I do? Punch a time-clock some place I s'pose. I should knock my own racket!"

"People make money at it," Cockins declared stoutly. And then, anxiously: "Don't they?"

"I hear tell," said The Idaho Kid. He looked at Cockins curiously. "Listen, mister, how come you walk in an' get your feet wet after bein' on dry land for thirty-five years?"

Cockins sighed. "Well," he said hesitantly. "I—. Well,—I'll tell you."

THE following afternoon, an hour before post-time for the first race, Mart Smedley was in the grandstand consulting with his clocker and figuring on the morning line. The Idaho Kid drifted up and sat beside him until he had finished, working thoughtfully the while on a succession of cigarettes.

"Member that little pale gray rooster I brought you yesterday?" he asked. "Cockins?"

Smedley nodded.

"I rode back to town with him last night an' he got lippy. He's playin' the horses for a livin' now."

Mart smiled. "Good idea if he don't figure on livin' too long. What is he? A bug?"

The Idaho Kid nodded. "A funny one. He used to play 'em over in Jersey when he was a young fellow. Thirty-five years ago he got married an' promised his wife he'd never bet on a horse again. He kept that promise till yesterday."

"Prob'ly a record," Mart said. "What of it? You collectin' to get him a medal or somethin'?"

"He lost his job Saturday," The Idaho Kid said. "The same job he had when he got married. Keepin' books for some hotel supply firm down in the lower part of town. They set him down 'cause he went an' got old on 'em."

"That's too bad," Mart agreed. "What am I supposed to do? Write a letter to the papers about it?"

"All the time he was workin' on that job he was handicappin' horses on the sly," The Idaho Kid went on. "Workin' at it on the train comin' an' goin' every

day from his home over in New Jersey. Handicappin' 'em an' makin' mind bets on his picks. He was tellin' me last night that when he started this, awhile after he was married, he gave himself a hundred dollars think-bill to work on, an' since then he's run that up to more'n eight hundred thousan' dollars."

"One o' them Japanese horse-players, huh?" Smedley sneered. "Mr. Oo Gee Ifihadda I wouldahad!"

The Idaho Kid nodded. "That's it." "Now he's lost his job an' he's backin' his picks with money for the first time," Mart went on. "Ain't I worried!"

"He's got eleven hundred dollars in the bank," The Idaho Kid grinned and shrugged.

"It's a riddle," he said. "Milk off the eleven hundred, I suppose and then clean out the stall for the next goat."

"I'm in business," Smedley said, sullenly. "If my customers can't afford to buy what they pay me for, it ain't my fault."

"Sure not," said The Idaho Kid. "Not only that but if you was to bar this guy he'd only get mad at you and go lay his egg in some other nest on the lawn. You can't save a sucker. Nobody can."

"Well, then," said Smedley defensively. "No harm," said The Idaho Kid, rising.

"I just thought I'd tell you."

"Um. . ." Smedley grunted. "Bright little ray of sunshine, ain't you? You sure do love to shine down on a man and make everything bright! I suppose you think I like to go around snatchin' lollypops from orphan babies?"

"Nope," said The Idaho Kid. "I don't think you like it, Mart. Long as you're doin' it, though, I can't think of any special reason why you shouldn't know it."

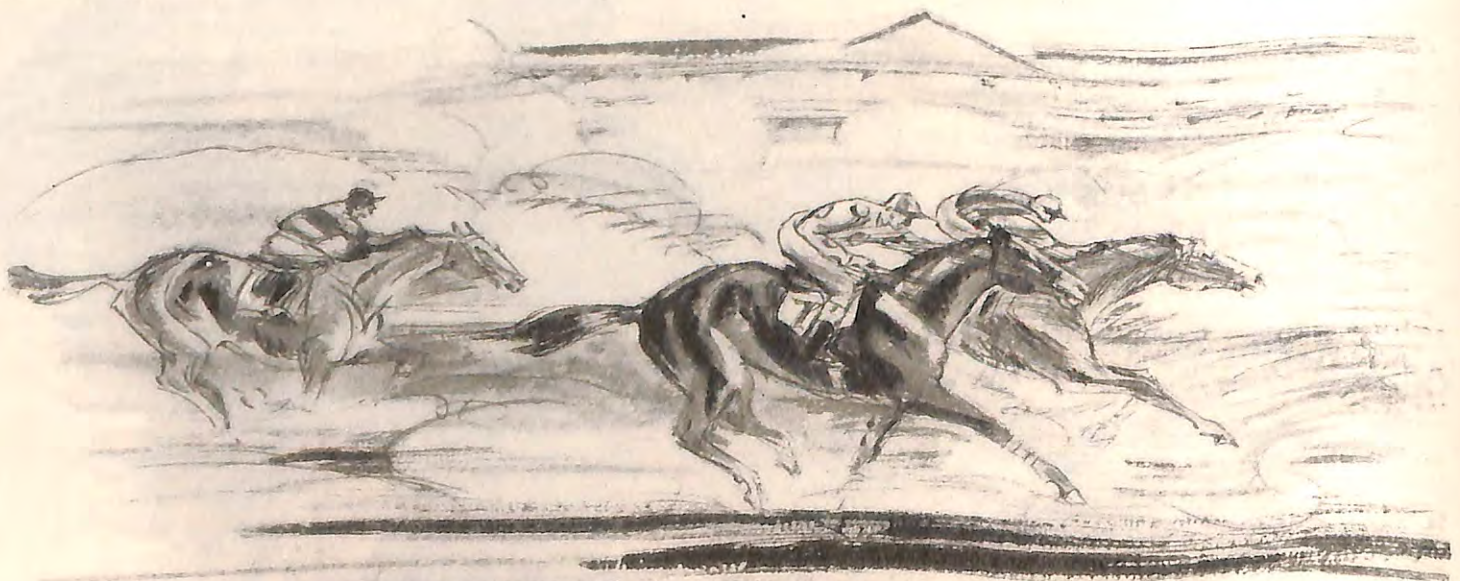
"You brought him to me," Smedley reminded The Idaho Kid.

"With a ring in his nose," said the latter, flily. "Oh, well, cheer up, Mart. Maybe there ain't no hell. I hear talk both ways about that."

Mart Smedley took no lollypops from the hand of little old Mr. Cockins that week. After the races on Saturday he paid him a small sum and actually smiled as he did so.

"How'd you do on the week?" he asked pleasantly.

"Pretty good, I think," Cockins admitted hesitantly. "I figure I won a gross of three hundred and forty-two dollars."



*"I knew it!" Mrs. Cockins raved on. "When he died we found out he hadn't been working—"*



"Ouch!" said Smedley. "Three hundred and forty-two up, huh? Well, that ought to keep you in chewing-tobacco over Sunday."

"Of course I have to pay my expenses out of that," Cockins reminded him.

Smedley nodded. "There is that to think about," he admitted. "Still in all you've took home average good wages for the week, haven't you?"

"My! Yes!" Cockins said eagerly. "That's more money than I ever made in that same time. Why, one evening I went home, Wednesday, I think it was, yes . . . Wednesday . . . with two hundred and seventy-eight dollars in my pocket."

"My!" said Smedley. "That's a lotta money!"

"Yes," Cockins agreed.

"Don't you think that's too much for an unarmed man to carry loose in his pocket?" Smedley asked.

"I've been thinking about that," Cockins said seriously. "Would it be too much trouble for you to pay me by check?"

Smedley laughed and clapped the old man on the shoulder. "I run a cash book, old man," he said. "But a few of my customers swap checks with me. I'll let you in on that. You give me your address and I'll give you mine. If you're ahead at the end of the day I'll make you out a check and mail it to you. If you're behind you make out a check for

the amount you lost and mail it to me. That'll save you the worry of carrying too much money back and forth. All right?"

"Oh! that'll be fine!" Cockins said gratefully. He started to give his street address in a small New Jersey suburb, hesitated, flushed. "I . . . think . . . Would you mind just sending it general delivery . . . ?" he asked.

The Idaho Kid came by in high humor and called to Cockins.

"Come on, sharpshooter! Last train for New York standin' at the post just waitin' for two more seats to be sat in! Let's grab 'em!"

They made the train on the run and sat together puffing from their sprint.

"My!" said Cockins as the train started. "It'll seem funny, to-morrow, not coming down to the racing."

"You wouldn't want to see racing on Sunday?" The Idaho Kid asked in a shocked voice.

"No," said Cockins earnestly. "No. . . no, I didn't mean that! I . . . I've had such a wonderful time all week, though, that I'll miss it to-morrow."

"They'll be runnin' again, Monday," the Idaho Kid assured him.

"Yes," said Cockins. "I know." He looked out the window and sighed. "I wish I could bring Mrs. Cockins down," he said.

"Why not?" asked The Idaho Kid. The little old man turned frightened eyes on him.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed. "No. No. . . I couldn't do that! She wouldn't—oh . . . my . . . no . . . she would think it was terrible! She doesn't know anything about me coming down here."

"No?" said The Idaho Kid.

"No," said Cockins. "She—she doesn't know that I lost my job. She thinks I'm still working at the old place."

"Kiddin' her?" said The Idaho Kid, amused.

"Not exactly," Cockins said. "I don't want to tell her if I can help it. She'd just feel bad and worry. I leave the house at the same time in the morning I always did. I come over to the Public Library and figure the past performances there and I catch the same train I've always gone home on. You see, if I make a success of this

racing I won't have to tell her I was . . . I was fired until . . . well . . . not right away anyhow."

"God!" said The Idaho Kid.

"What?" said Cockins startled.

"Nothin'," The Idaho kid mumbled. "I was just wishin' you luck, sucker. You ain't had much, have you?"

"Why, yes," said Cockins, wide-eyed. "I've done awful well. I never had any bad luck at all up until I lost my job . . . and then right on top of that this week I made three hundred and forty-two dollars at the racing. Don't you think that's pretty good?"

"Mister," said The Idaho Kid solemnly, "that's marvelous!"

AT THE end of the Belmont meet, Mart Smedley spoke to The Idaho Kid about Cockins.

"I can take a joke with the next one," he declared, "but when a poor, old, broken-down toothless rabbit hops along behind me and bites a chunk of raw meat out my leg, twelve days in succession, I claim I got nothin' to laugh at. Do you happen to know that that little old half portion of gray-headed shadow, named Cockins, that you brought to this book has hit me for anywhere from twenty-five to two hundred dollars a day, ever since? And ain't gone home loser yet?"

"Mart, stop!" The Idaho Kid giggled. "You're breakin' my heart."

"If he's a sucker, I'm the King o' Siam," said Smedley. "Why, that little old guy is the best handicapper that's been around for many a long year."

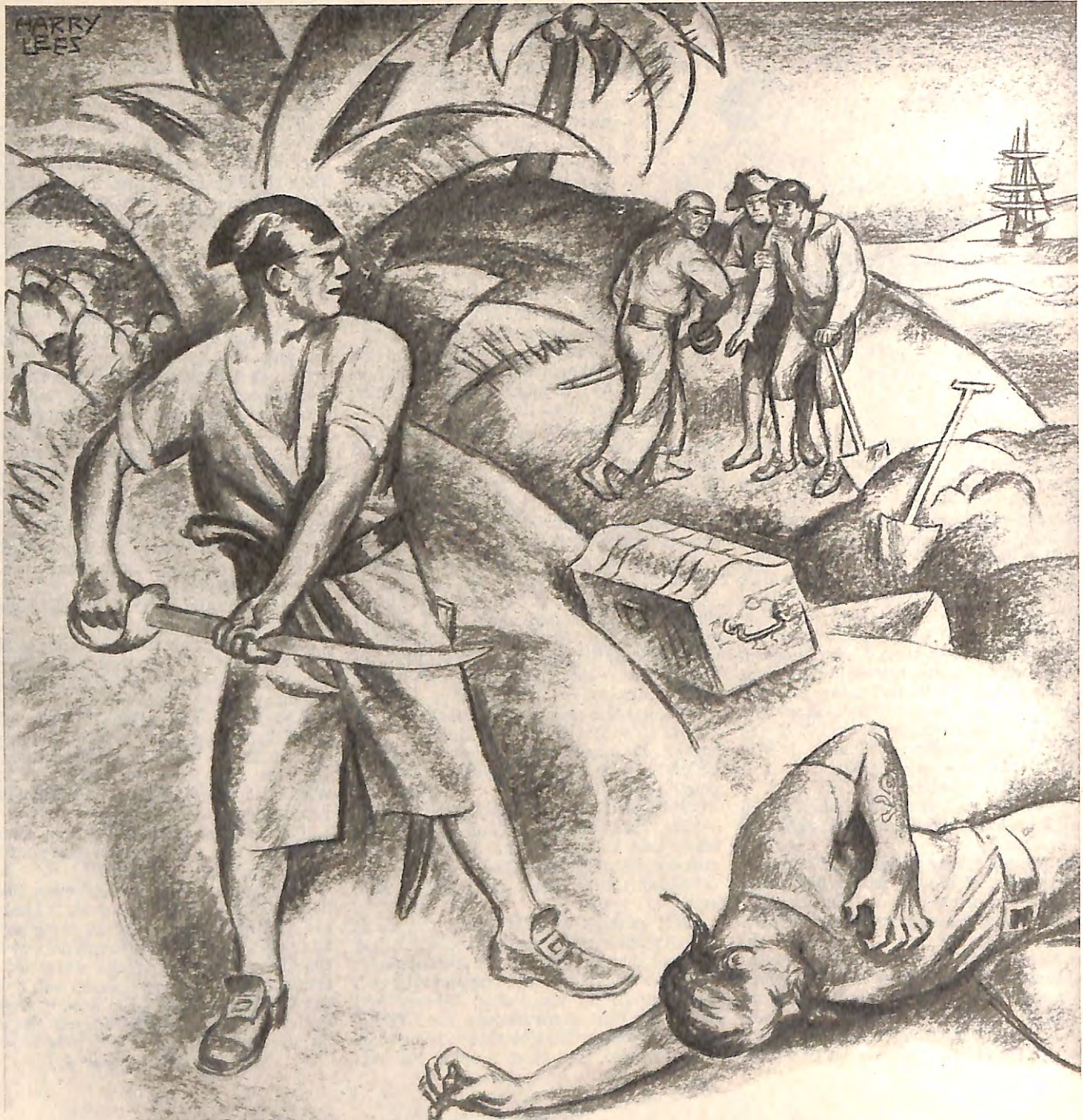
The Idaho Kid grinned. "I'm playin' his picks and doin' very nicely, thank you," he admitted. "I've made some money for the first time since the early part of the winter at New Orleans. I'll say he's a handicapper!"

"Where'd he learn his stuff?" Smedley asked. "You say yourself he ain't been around for thirty-five years."

"A guy don't have to be around to read, does he?" The Idaho Kid said. "That little old goof has been pickin' em with a pencil all his life. Why, say! He can dig down into the dope with a nickel's worth of pine tree and graphite and yank out a lizard ten to fifteen pounds the best of anythin' in the race that every wise Ike in the racket has overlooked. Racin' luck may beat him,

*(Continued on page 54)*





*THE biggest gold mine in the world is not in Alaska or in any other country, but, as Boyden Sparkes shows, this biggest mine is the accumulation of hidden treasure buried in old churches, in thieves' dens, on desert islands, at the bottom of the sea, and in old jewelry and coins in a myriad secret hoards*





## The Biggest Gold Mine

By Boyden Sparkes

Drawings by Harry Lees

**T**HERE are persons—charlatans usually—with a curious gift for deluding themselves and others into a belief that blind-folded they can envision happenings out of the past simply by holding in their hands some object closely associated with the events which they describe. Give one of them a Roman dagger and you will be thrilled by an exciting evil-eye-witness account of the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Give another a sealed envelope with the explanation that it is a manuscript taken from a bottle found at sea and you will hear described the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Hand to another an Indian arrowhead and your medium will re-write James Fenimore Cooper with an astonishing celerity. Students of the super-normal index persons with such talents as psychometrists.

Now I have a test to which I should like to submit the very best of these weirdly functioning minds. I should like to place in the medium's sensitive fingers an ingot of gold from the great mounds of metal in the vaults of the United States Assay Office in 32 Wall Street, next to the Subtreasury Building, and then invite her—it would be a woman—to recite for me an outline of history that would drive H. G. Wells's volume out of the booksellers' markets.

That test should not be unreasonable if the skill of these fakirs is anywhere near as genuine as the metal with which we are concerned. That gold which plates the harder metal of your wrist watch is as old as the world. It may have been mined a year ago or ten thousand years ago and no man can say when or where unless he possesses in a genuine form those psychometric powers which I believe to be invariably spurious.

Economists, in fumbling around for a concise and lucid explanation of the magic of gold, have told us that for a variety of reasons found in combination so satisfactorily in no other substance it has become the most reliable standard of values in every kind of market, whether the thing sold was the body of a slave or the privilege of entering a sacred temple. Included in this constellation of virtues are rarity, indestructibility, beauty and divisibility without loss.

Most of us will concede its rarity without argument; likewise its beauty except in the guise of a front tooth; its divisibility without loss can be demonstrated by the bright pupils in any high-school physics class; but its indestructibility is something concerning which you might start a lively debate. If it is not destructible what has become of all the gold that has been mined since so late a date as the time of King Solomon?

In all the world the total of gold for financial usages, including bullion in storage as well as money in circulation, is an amount that may be expressed as eight billions of dollars worth; yet this is less than half of the gold that has been mined, according to competent statisticians, since Columbus discovered America. They say that the total of gold produced from the world's mines in that time would be worth, according to existing values, eighteen billion dollars. That leaves ten billion dollars worth of gold to be accounted for. What became of it? Who has it?

The truth about much of this unaccounted-for treasure is that it has become, through a myriad process, a part of a reservoir of wealth that financiers know is the world's biggest gold mine. A shift in values, a sharp reduction in the amount produced by the mines of the world over a period of years, would certainly bring some of this lost gold back into service as money. It would come from many strange places. In this country it would reach the assay offices on its way to the mint in the form of sacred church vessels, old and blackened jewelry, ancient coins of governments that have ceased to exist.

A few weeks ago I asked an official of the New York Assay Office if they received many old coins in the course of a day's work there; and if many persons came in to have their great-grandmother's earrings melted down for the gold that is in them.

"The truth is," he told me, "that a great many of our customers deliver gold to us in a form which they themselves have given it

by melting it down. A pawn-broker, for example, will extract the precious stone from out-moded settings, melt these down for their gold and then sell that gold to us. Because it is the policy of the government to cast gold into coin free of all charge, what they get from us is the market price of their gold. But it is rare indeed that they ask for gold coin in return. They are quite content to get the same kind of green paper money that is passed out to you at your bank when you present a check.

"Some of the gold that comes to us has been melted down by thieves to disguise it beyond the possibility of identification by its true owners. But that is not our business, either. If you were to bring us a chest of pirate treasure drenched with the blood of the victims from whom it was stolen you would not be bothered with impertinent questions. Your name, your address, that would be all; and if you wish to buy gold for any purpose we will sell you as much as you wish, giving you a dollar's worth of gold for every dollar."

**SOMETIMES**, though, the government does act a bit snooty about gold that is offered to it. A few months ago there arrived in New York aboard a German liner, twenty crimson casks that contained gold bars worth \$5,000,000. Each bar was stamped with the imprint of the existing government of Russia. The heavy casks were transported from the ship to the vaults of two of the big New York banks in armored automobiles under a formidable guard of men equipped as for battle. Ordinarily such a shipment would have been taken first to the Assay Office so that the purity of its contents could be established; but this time there was no such step.

Presently Wall Street was ablaze with gossip about that gold. Russian bonds, pledges of the old régime of the Czar who was murdered at Ekaterinburg, leaped upward in value, becoming something more than mere sheets of parchment paper. From France there came a stream of cabled orders to New York brokers to buy Russian bonds "at the market." All because the



Soviet government had shipped gold to the United States. Russian rentes that had been quoted at \$5 for each 1,000 ruble certificate (worth at one time \$500) gained \$3 in value within a week. Repudiated by the existing government in Russia these bonds represent so many broken promises.

Then the two banks that were acting as agents for this gold shipment made a formal request to the mint to assay the gold and purchase it. Officials there declined to accept the gold until there had been a ruling by the Treasury Department. The Treasury referred the case to the State Department, and after some official shrugging of shoulders there a ruling was obtained from the Department of Justice.

That department held that the Assay Office could purchase the gold legally only if the two New York banks which offered it would guarantee title to it. This the banks refused to do, and so the gold was shipped back across the sea; this time to England, where it probably has been purchased by the British government. Once it has been stamped with the imprint of the British government it will be as acceptable here as if it were fresh from the hills of California.

Was all of that gold once cast in the form of Russian coins? Was some of it a part of the lavish ornamentation of the Czaristic establishment? Was it a part of the personal fortune of the late Nicholas II? The answer is a part of the secret history of Russia, but it is no more secret than the past of all the rest of the gold that is housed in the various storehouses of treasure, the vaults of the Federal Reserve Banks, the Treasury in Washington, the various Assay Offices.

In some respects it has the properties of a fluid and gold that once ornamented the Queen of Sheba's alluring arms as bracelets may now be merged with virgin red gold from Australia in that watch chain that spans your abdomen. In spite of the tendencies of all mankind to hoard it, to devise strange hiding-places for it, it is an incurable wanderer and strays over the earth taking many forms. Benvenuto Cellini, medieval artist in metals, has left in his autobiography a record of many fine things that existed first of all in his brain and then in exquisite forms of gold; but those that survive to-day in the collections of museums and millionaires are the things he cast in metals less valuable.

After the Mexican revolution you might have seen a similar destructive force at work in a curious institution in the City of Mexico known as the Thieves' Market. Walled in on one side by an old church, it is a grimy plaza where a strange and clamorous assortment of merchants dispose of a variety of wares, hardware, silver spurs, sombreros, automobile accessories, pistols, paintings,

books, mantel pieces, tapestries, the flotsam and jetsam of revolutionary loot and the less pretentious stealings of street thieves.

Silver wrought by long dead craftsmen into platters big enough for a turkey; into heavy candlesticks and similar utensils. Such things could be bought there by anyone who admired them at the market price of the silver with which they were made. They were sold by weight and at the slightest rustle of alarm rare pieces were cast into melting pots and reduced to masses as free from distinguishing marks as the water that runs from a piece of melted ice. Under such influences were the finest pieces of European goldsmiths destroyed by the unscrupulous traders that followed every army that marched and counter-marched through Western civilization during hundreds of years.

**A** RESTLESS substance gold, so that it is no wonder that much of it is counted as missing. The world contains to-day more buried treasure than has been imagined by all the fiction writers of our day. Safe-deposit boxes are an institution not so old in our history as the Civil War.

The people of every nation, including our own, have been accustomed to secrete their treasure with a cunning that sometimes has defeated the purpose of the effort. It is a natural instinct. Men hide wills. They hide jewels and they hide gold; and sometimes they die leaving their treasure still hidden, to become a part of the greatest store of gold, the unknown quantity that is a constant puzzle to economists.

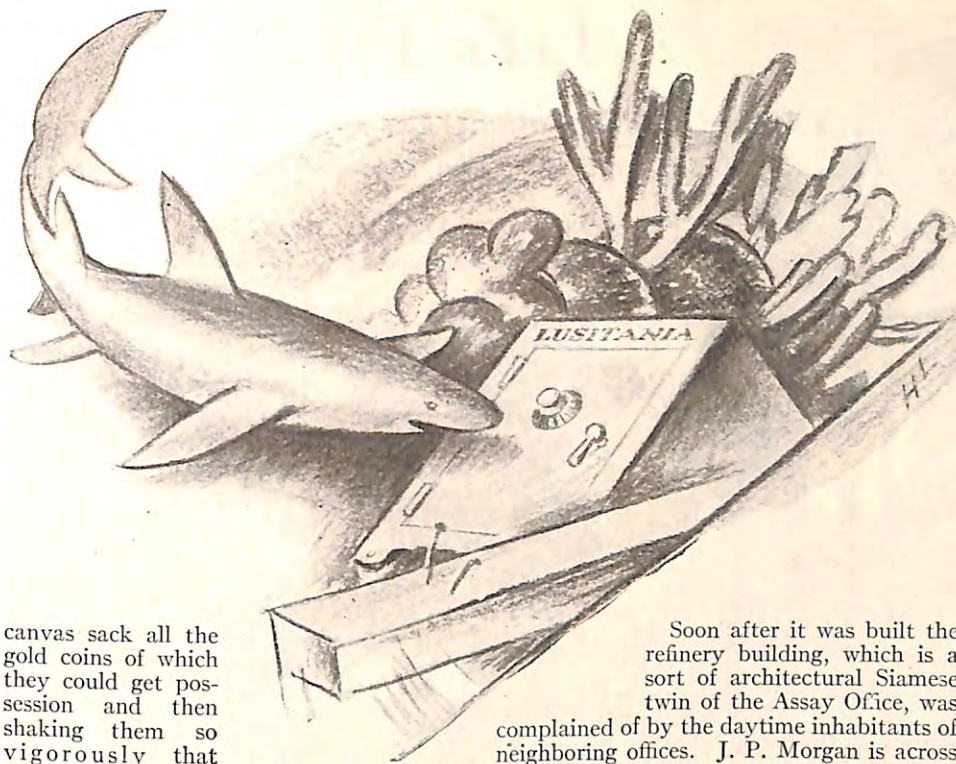
Much of that unknown quantity, of course, is at work, but assuming that all that men control were by some magic to be assembled there would still be a great portion of that ten billions of dollars' worth that we should have to set down as "missing." An incalculable amount has been lost beyond recovery.

In the middle ages,



After the Mexican revolution you might have seen a curious institution in the City of Mexico known as the Thieves' Market, where a strange and clamorous assortment of merchants dispose of the flotsam and jetsam of revolutionary loot and the stealings of street thieves

during that time, for example, when the successive romances of that paunchy monarch, Henry VIII, were making excellent "copy" that went to waste because there were no tabloid newspapers to make use of it, there was a severe law which made it a capital crime for anyone to subject the gold or silver coins of the realm to a process known as "dusting." Shrewd individuals had been in the habit of dumping into a



canvas sack all the gold coins of which they could get possession and then shaking them so vigorously that particles of gold were in this manner dislodged from each of the coins. Money lenders dusted the coins passing through their hands as faithfully as the bankers of to-day charge interest on all that they lend. This gold dust was not lost, of course, but was turned into freshly minted coins. However, that susceptibility of gold coins to lose by abrasion always has been an important cause of wastage. Baser metals used as an alloy in the modern methods of coinage by hardening the coins have reduced this loss materially, but not, of course, entirely.

The bank clerk fingering the coins that he pays out at Christmas time, wears ever so slightly the glittering surface of the yellow pieces; the Western pedlar unconsciously "dusts" the coins he carries in his leather purse; the child who drops such a treasure into the slot of a ceramic pig that contains within its belly his hoard of pennies has by that action poured into a bigger maw an infinitesimal quantity of gold. When the pig at last is shattered and its contents spent a tiny bit of gold remains lost; it has gone back into the world's biggest gold mine, into the intangible storehouse where it remains hidden beyond any known method of profitable recovery. In any one of Uncle Sam's gold refineries, such as the New York Assay Office, it would not, of course, be lost because there electric recovery operations are pursued to such a relentless degree that at the close of each year the government is in possession of more gold than it has bought.

**T**HIS paradox may be explained by saying that precious metals are bought by the government on an assay basis of 99.75, but the recovery is on a basis of 99.99, so that the books show a percentage of recovery against receipts in excess of 100. Nothing escapes, you will be told at the Assay Office.

In the basement of the Assay Office there is a tank which is called the sewer. Into this descend the foul electrolytic solutions which have been employed to refine the gold and silver and platinum bought by the government. Those heavy, acid fluids are treated until they have surrendered the last atom of the precious metals which they contain. That is one possible source of loss that is closed; but there is another—the smoke-stack.

Soon after it was built the refinery building, which is a sort of architectural Siamese twin of the Assay Office, was complained of by the daytime inhabitants of neighboring offices. J. P. Morgan is across the street. Within a block is Charles Mitchell, president of the National City Bank. George F. Baker, John D. Rockefeller, Otto Kahn and scores of others whose names stand for power in America are among those who may be regarded as intimate neighbors of the Assay Office, and it was from their employees that the complaints came. Specifically the complaints were against the smoke and gas fumes that were carried as choking breath into the nearby offices. The stack from which these foul odors came was 300 feet high, but in that region a 300-foot brick stack is a dwarf. The pyramidal top of the Bankers Trust Building, for example, rises above it like a tecali of old Mexico. As a result of the row the attention of the government authorities was brought to the fact that considerable dust was settling on the roofs and walls of the nearby buildings, dust which it was suspected might contain metals that had escaped from the refinery building suspended in the gases.

Porters with brooms were sent to sweep a measured area of one of the flat roofs in the vicinity. Then the sweepings were

assayed and the discovery was made that a sufficient amount of gold and silver to maintain a family in comfort was leaking out of the refinery through the smoke-stack. As a result an electrical treatment was devised that extracts from the gases all of the suspended particles of metal and drops them into a collection chamber. During the last four years the recoveries from this curious treasure box have averaged about 5,000 pounds a year of a compound that assays about 250 ounces of pure gold a ton. The money value of the substances thus recovered is about \$11,000 a year. Does it seem a lot? The gases from which it is recovered escape from a refining operation that cleans more gold every year than is produced annually in all the world.

The annual production of gold in recent years has been worth about \$400,000,000; \$600,000,000 is the value of the gold alone that is received by the Assay Office, assayed, refined and returned to trade as a commodity or to circulation as money.

In spite of this extremely scientific care none will dispute that a modicum of gold escapes from the watchers of that treasure house in Wall Street; and if it escapes there what must be the loss when it is handled by less competent guardians?

**I**F GOLD were not a commodity it would be far less satisfactory as a medium of exchange or a standard of values; but fortunately in the arts and in industry there are a variety of needs for this most accommodating of metals and one of the commonest uses to which it is put by the current crop of mortals is as a packing for defective teeth. There are few mouths among the millions of adult Americans dwelling in cities that do not contain at least a tiny filling of gold. Since 1916 about fifteen million Americans have died. Wedding rings and other golden circlets on the fingers of these as well as the gold deposited in their teeth, could it by some process of recovery be brought together in a single mound, would have a fabulous value; but since the bulk of that gold is lost beyond recovery so long as our civilization lasts, it has become a part of the treasure in the biggest gold mine—the hidden gold that has been used by man and then lost to sight.

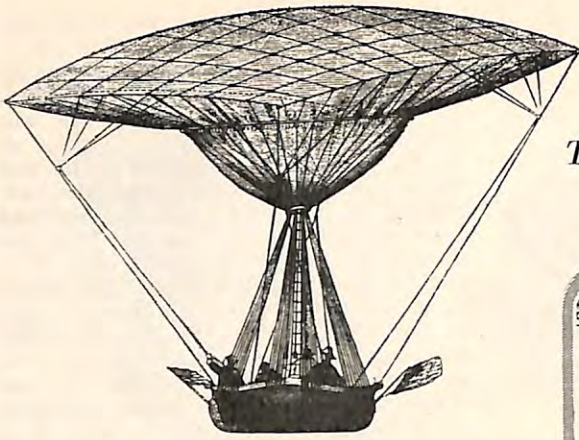
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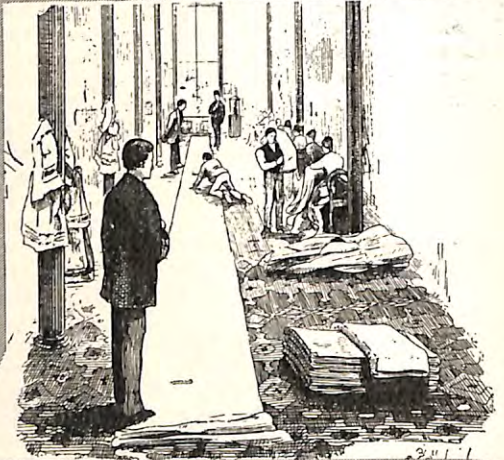
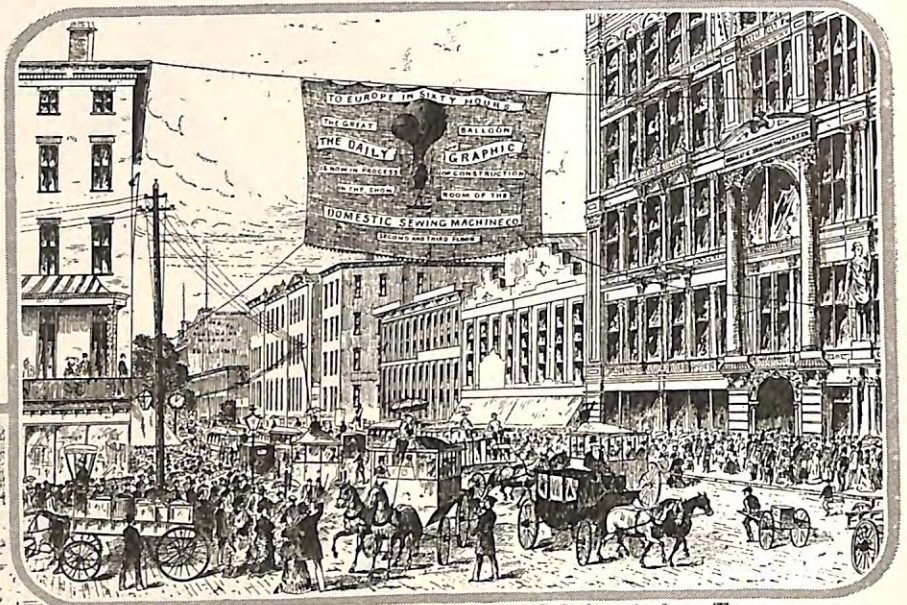
# Let's Fly

## The Naive But Gallant Expedition to Conquer The Air Sponsored by "The Daily Graphic" in 1873

Drawings from Culver Service



This craft, called a "keding disk," may not appear as safe as the Graf Zeppelin, but Mr. James P. Gage, the inventor, had plenty of confidence in it



The canvas for the big balloon was varnished at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and quite an undertaking it was



The boys thought of everything — even to a dandy table upon which to write their exclusive stories to the newspapers

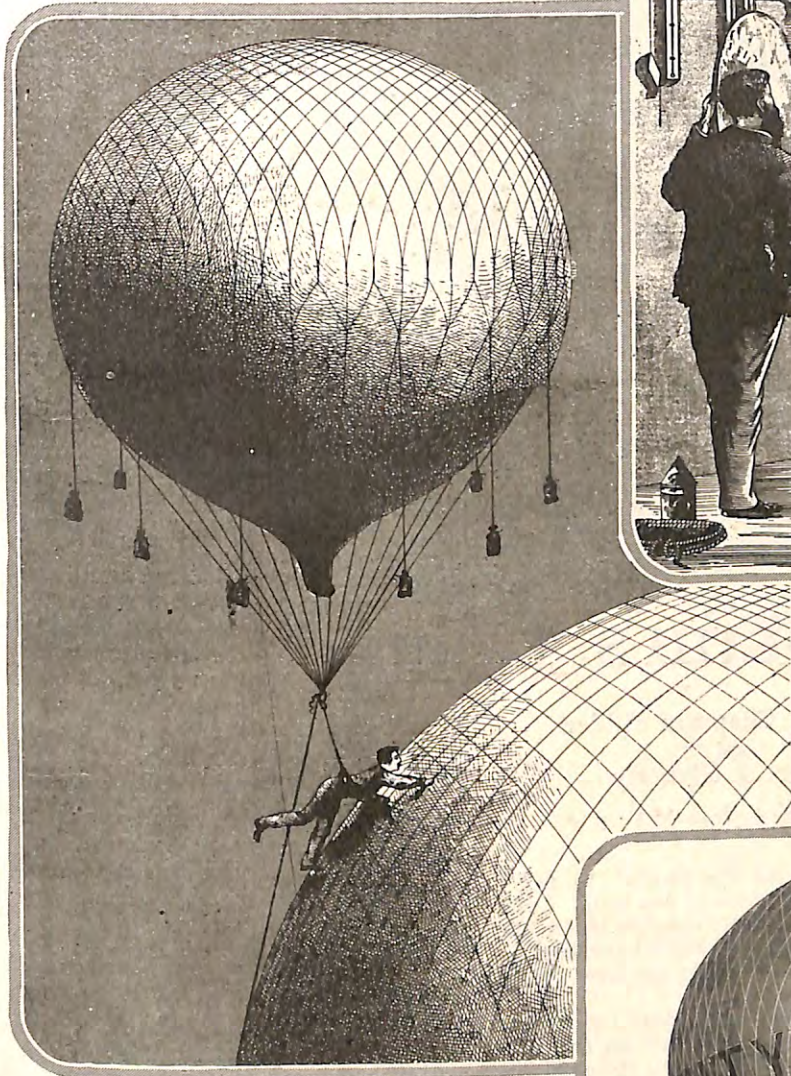


Cutting the material was the first step, but by no means the least important. The girls in the sewing-room entered into the spirit of the undertaking with no little zest

Even though it never did materialize, a transatlantic balloon voyage was a bold idea for 1873. No wonder traffic was in a snarl in the vicinity of 14th Street and Broadway—see opposite page



Since radio communication had not been developed in 1875, the intrepid pioneers depended on pigeons to carry messages to an expectant public



Repairs might have to be made—and so this was the method proposed for making them in mid-air



Unaccustomed as they were to making transatlantic balloons these boys worked dauntlessly, sparing neither time nor trouble to make the netting



In case anything did go wrong they figured it might be just as well to have a handy sea-going craft along



## The Captain's Chair

### Part III

By John Chapman Hilder  
and  
Robert J. Flaherty

Illustrations by Donald Teague

NICHOL was in no mood to be interfered with. The ice was not far ahead now. Within the hour the ship's nose would be cutting into the edge of the pack. Progress from that moment on would become increasingly difficult, requiring care and concentration on the handling of the vessel. It was the maiden trip of the *MacKenzie* and though she had been specially designed and built for ice-breaking, it was impossible to tell beforehand just how she would behave once she was set to plowing her way through the drifting, grinding floes. Even as no two motor-cars, or locomotives, although theoretically exact duplicates, are actually alike in action, so it is with ships, and to an even greater degree. And the *MacKenzie* was not one of a fleet, fabricated to pattern; she was unique. Out in the open water she had so far met every requirement beautifully. She was steady and responsive. Of course she had not yet run into a storm, but her performance in a fairly heavy sea, crossing the Atlantic, had left nothing to be desired. Nichol had every reason to feel confidence in her ability to weather the assaults of the ice, yet he had the natural anxiety that comes with uncertainty—an anxiety not lessened by the weight of responsibility that now rested on him and on him alone.

It was unsettling enough, under the circumstances, to be conscious of Captain Small's maniacal stare boring into his back and to know that every soul on board was looking to him to carry on and wondering whether he could do it. It was hard enough to appear at ease, without having to dispel, in addition, the general doubts that Cameron's new outburst would tend to foster. He heard the director's tilt with MacTavish and, while it was in progress, determined to give the old man no chance to reach the

bridge. Above all he wanted to avoid another brawl in front of the men. From the way Cameron had retreated before the fury of Captain Small, Nichol felt sure he would back down again, in the face of firmness.

No sooner had the director, shouting to him to stop the ship, set foot on the companionway, than Nichol, with clenched fists and tense mouth, met him and barred his path to the bridge. So quick had been his movement that Cameron was taken by surprise. Before he could launch once more into his tirade, he found himself looking into a pair of eyes that stabbed at him with a cold gray light like the gleam of bayonets. His jaw dropped. Halted sharply, in his headlong ascent of the steps, he had to grab for the handrail to steady himself. Nichol lost no time. Thrusting his face close to that of the director, he spoke. He did not raise his voice. Only a few of those on deck could hear him.

"Mr. Cameron," he said, "you have no authority on board this ship. If you can't remember that, I shall have to lock you up. Understand?"

That was all. But it was enough. Cameron was silenced. He moved his lips, but no words came. He tried to meet Nichol's gaze, but flinched. To Mary, who watched with rapt intentness, it seemed that he shrank perceptibly in stature in that moment, while Nichol by contrast appeared to grow bigger.

The young mate did not move. Poised like a panther about to spring, he waited for the old man to take the first step. He did

not need to wait long. Once again Cameron opened his mouth as if to speak. Then, slowly, a little shakily, he turned and stumbled, rather than walked, down to the deck. Like one who is dazed, he started in the direction of his cabin, lurching unsteadily with the motion of the ship. His unsteadiness saved his life. For just as he swerved after half-a-dozen steps, a shot cracked out, and a bullet whizzed past his shoulder, flattening itself against an iron stanchion. As though he had been hit, he stumbled and fell flat on the deck.

All eyes turned toward the bridge, whence the sound of the shot had come. There, a smoking revolver in his hand, a ghastly grin upon his face, stood Captain Small. While everyone had been watching the drama on the companionway, he had sneaked out of his cabin unobserved.

IT TOOK but an instant for Nichol to gain the bridge. But even before he reached the Captain, a seaman had knocked the gun out of the madman's hand and pinned his arms from behind. Small offered no resistance. Quite docilely he allowed them to lead him back to his room. Nichol examined the lock. It had not been forced. He had forgotten that the Captain had a box of duplicate keys. He made a mental note that later on he would secure the second key. Just then he had other things to do. Posting a guard outside the cabin door, he went down to the deck.

He beckoned to MacTavish, who was standing on the edge of an excited, chattering group of seamen, and drew him to one side.

"Where's the girl?" he asked him.  
"She took her uncle inside. He was pretty shaken up. Narrow escape, that was."

Nichol nodded gravely.  
"Keep an eye on her, Mac, will you. If



*On the bridge, a ghastly grin upon his face, stood Captain Small. Even before Nichol could reach the captain, a seaman had knocked the gun out of the madman's hand*

you get a chance, tell her I'm sorry I had to do what I did. You know what I mean."

"All right, George."

The young mate turned to the group of men and walked over to them.

"Boys," he said, "you don't need to be told what we're in for. You've most of you been through the Strait before. I'm going to need all the help you can give me. . . ."

An old sailor stepped out from the group. "Mr. Nichol," he said, touching his cap, "I'd like to shake yer 'and."

"So'd I," said another. And one by one, solemnly, they all shook hands with him.

Not a little touched by this demonstration, and very grateful for it, Nichol returned to his station on the bridge. The ice was now plainly visible.

It was a wild-looking pack, as it tossed and tumbled in the tide. Westward, to north and to south, it stretched as far as the eye could see, a steadily moving, groaning, crackling mass. Between the ship, at the entrance to Hudson Strait, and the open water of the bay that was her goal, floated five hundred miles of ice. But the distance she would have to travel was more than five hundred miles. That is only the length of the Strait as the crow flies. No ship ever built could follow that line clear through. Navigation in those waters involves maneuvering, taking advantage of such openings as the erratic ice-field may chance to offer.

Here and there in the pack occur open leads, lanes of blue water—a blue you can see only in the North—and through these lanes, as through tortuous channels, a ship must thread her way. Sometimes, due to the constant churning of the pack, these

leads close in. If they do, the ship is caught. Hemmed in on all sides by the ice, it may be days, or it may be weeks, before she can break loose. She is imprisoned until the winds, or the tides, or both, open the pack, making new leads for her. Following these shifting lanes may mean zigzagging from the Baffin Land coast on the north clear across the hundred miles of the Strait to the sheer, thousand-foot headlands of Ungava, that vast, bleak waste on the south; then back again, perhaps, wherever the blue lanes point. Sometimes they lead ahead toward the bay. It is a matter of luck.

Picture the black speck of a ship, fighting for inches through this ice-bound waterway, backing and filling, crossing and recrossing, twisting, turning and tearing a path for herself—picture that and you will understand what lay ahead of the *MacKenzie* and her crew. You will understand, too, why Nichol, the mate, had special reason to be thankful for the confidence of his men. He had been through the Strait many times before. He had handled the old *Falcon* for days on end virtually by himself. But always his captain, whom no ice had ever defeated, had been there to help in case of need. Now he was not alone bereft of his chief's guidance, but he was in sole command of a brand-new, unfamiliar ship.

CHAPTER IX

FOR some time after Mary had led Cameron to his cabin the old man continued to tremble with a combination of rage and

fright. His sharp rebuff at the hands of Nichol, coupled with his lucky escape from Captain Small's bullet, had made him completely inarticulate. Silently he obeyed Mary's command that he lie down for a bit and passively allowed her to prop him up with pillows. Pale and still shaking, he accepted the stiff tot of whisky she poured for him, drinking it in two greedy gulps and returning the glass for more. He did not look at the girl, but stared straight ahead, as if in a trance. At intervals his lips moved, but no sound issued from them. Evidently he was saying, under his breath, the things he had not dared to say to Nichol.

Having done her duty by him, Mary left his cabin. She did not, however, return at once to the deck. She knew they were on the verge of nosing into the ice and, before Cameron's second outbreak, had been interested in getting her first sight of the pack. Now, however, having advised her uncle to remain quiet and try to compose himself, she wanted to be alone. She went to her own room to think things over. The brief, yet exciting minutes, to which Captain Small's fortunately wild shot had come as a sort of anti-climax, had given her a glimpse into the character of Nichol and another glimpse into that of her uncle.

As they gained the alleyway, they heard a muffled shout. The next instant, Cameron, his dressing gown in flames, burst yelling from his cabin. "Help!" he shouted. "Fire!"

Following the clash between the latter and the captain, she had felt disgusted with both the old men. That the former should refuse to vacate the captain's chair, and that the latter should so violently resent his action seemed to her an exhibition of petty childishness on both sides. It was behavior unworthy of grown men. More or less accustomed to her uncle's arrogance, and believing it merely the outgrowth of years spent lording it over the Indians of the Great Slave country, she had never thought of him as being actually vicious underneath. In his way he had been kind enough to her, and while he had sometimes embarrassed her by his manner toward others, he had never until now made her really ashamed of him. But his attempt to harry the mate that morning, and his weakness in the face of Nichol's counter-offensive, had revealed to her, with startling suddenness, that he was nothing but a bully and a coward to boot. It was a painful discovery.

THE realization that she had misjudged Nichol made matters worse so far as her own position on the ship was concerned. Instead of his being, as she had hitherto believed, the sort who would always be subservient and would take his opinions from others, she saw that he was, on the contrary, a figure to be reckoned with. Beneath his somewhat commonplace exterior lay an unsuspected force, made all the more vital because it was under remarkable control.

With the picture of the first set-to of the voyage, between Cameron and the captain, still vividly in her mind, Mary had expected Nichol's tone and language to be no less violent than theirs. The quiet determination with which he had stopped her uncle's advance had been as much of a surprise to her as it had been to Cameron. Her respect for him increased in those few minutes, as quickly as all respect for her uncle faded. It was clear to her now, however, in the light of what she had found out about him, that Nichol's attitude toward her was not likely to change. From the first night out he had studiously ignored her, as had every one else on board except MacTavish. The trader's explanation that the crew were afraid of her because of superstition, because they were certain she had brought them bad luck, had not applied to Nichol. In spite of his assurance that the latter liked her, Mary had not been convinced. If he had no feeling of hostility to her why did he behave as if he had? The only reason she had been able to supply so far was that he was reflecting temporarily what he thought would be the captain's attitude. That theory she now discarded. Nichol was no puppet, as she had at first supposed, but very decidedly an individual. Whatever his motives for classing her with his uncle, as a person to be shunned, they were his own. And now that he was in charge of the ship,

all the others on board would take his treatment of her as their pattern. They, too, would continue to ostracize her.

Her concern at this bleak prospect was not unnatural. After all, she had embarked on this voyage for fun. She had looked forward to it as a pleasure cruise. In spite of the dangers connected with it—or perhaps partly because of them—she had expected to enjoy herself. She was young and gregarious and full of zest. Wherever she had been before, her own spontaneous friendliness had made friends for her. Here, likewise, on the *MacKenzie*, up to the episode of the captain's chair, she had been received with good-fellowship by the officers—Nichol included. It had seemed as if the jolly days she had anticipated would materialize. Then, suddenly, because of an ugly quarrel in which she had had no share, everything was ruined for her. From that hour she had been denied human contact, as if she were a leper. On all that ship the only person who would even acknowledge her existence was MacTavish. As for her uncle, she reflected bitterly, she wished she might never have to see or speak to him again. There was the captain, too. MacTavish had said he was a madman. Mary wondered about that. He had looked crazy, standing there with that gun. . . .

SHE was roused from this unpleasant brooding by a gentle tapping on her door. Opening it, she found the old trader. "Anything I can do?" he inquired, nodding in the direction of her uncle's cabin next door. On her reply in the negative, her visitor went on: "We're gettin' into the ice now," he said; "don't you want to come out and see it? If you've never seen a real pack, it's worth seeing."

"It's good of you to think of me," she

said. And then, half-humorously, half-wistfully, she asked: "Are you sure you want to be seen with me?"

"Don't be a goose, Miss

Mary," he said.

"You know, I'd hate to think of your being avoided too—on my account."

She meant to speak lightly, but could not quite keep the bitterness out of her voice.

"Now, now," chided the old fellow, "you mustn't feel that way, my dear. Everything's going to be all right. Everyone's going to be very nice to you."

"What makes you think so? Why should they be nice to me now, of all times? They've been beastly until now. All of them except you. They've behaved as if I had sat in the captain's chair myself."

"No, no, they don't blame you for anything. And you mustn't blame them either. They've been upset the last few days. Nichol especially. They know they've been unfair to you and they're sorry. Just you take my word for it."

Mary smiled.

"I think you're the kindest person I ever met. But I don't believe a word of what you've said."

"It's a fact, Miss Mary," insisted the old man, earnestly. "George just told me so himself. Came down off the bridge on purpose. It was George that sent me down to see if you were all right."

"Now I know you're not telling the truth," said the girl, with a little laugh. "But never mind. I won't hold it against you."

MacTavish was not to be shaken. Though he could not help looking a trifle sheepish, he stuck to his guns.

"You'll see," he said, cutting a pipeful of tobacco from a black, twisted plug, "you'll see." He shredded the tobacco with his pocket-knife and carefully filled and tamped







it in his pipe. As he did so, something struck the vessel's side with a resounding thump. "Hear that?" said he. "That's ice. Come on, Miss Mary. Come on up and have a look at it."

Arm in arm the two went out on deck.

The ship was well into the pack by now, gliding along in an open lead that promised to stretch for several miles in the right direction. Following the practise in those latitudes, Nichol was commanding from the crow's nest. MacTavish told Mary some of the difficulties of piloting a ship through the Strait, and warned her not to expect that it would always be as simple as it happened to be just then.

"We're still on the edge of the pack," he said, "near the open ocean, where it spreads and breaks up. Wait till we're really in it—then you'll see some navigating."

**E**VEN as it was, Mary found it thrilling.

In the excitement of her first view of actual Arctic conditions, she forgot, for a time, the troubles that had been oppressing her. She had always thought of an ice field as being a smooth, level plain, like an enormous skating pond, and it surprised her to find she had been mistaken. Smooth, level patches there were, to be sure, vast areas just as she had pictured; yet these were broken here and there with great mounds and ramparts, pressure ridges of fantastic shape, where huge floes, coming together with tremendous force, had piled up high, jagged walls, like miniature mountain chains, some of them miles in extent. From the peaks and pinnacles of these glittering barriers, the sun struck sharp shafts and lance-points of light, while from the flat stretches was reflected a steady, merciless glare. MacTavish warned Mary not to look too long.

"You need smoked glasses up here," he said, "or your eyes'll burn. Have you got some?"

"In my trunk. Must I really wear them? They change the colors so."

"Better wear 'em just the same. No fun being blind, even if it's only temporary."

"Where are yours?"

"Oh, I've had thirty years of this. But I'll wear goggles to keep you company if you like. Always have 'em with me, to use at times. Even my eyes feel the glare once in a while. Take huskies and they can stand it. We weren't meant by nature to look at ice and snow."

"Huskies?"

"Eskimos. Ever meet any?"

"Never did."

"Well, you will. Lot's of 'em where we're goin'."

"What are they like?"

"Pretty decent people, generally speaking. Simple and friendly. Easy-going. I get along with 'em first-rate."

The trader told her stories of life on the Bay, and of the Indians and the Eskimos and their never-ending pursuit of food and furs. Mary listened abstractedly.

She had begun again to be conscious of the atmosphere of uneasiness that pervaded the ship. She noted it in the faces of such members of the crew as passed by; even old MacTavish, for all his show of unconcern, could not hide a certain haunted look. She guessed they were thinking of Captain Small, up in his cabin on the bridge, and wondering what he was likely to do next. What was going on in that brain of his? He had been unsuccessful in his first attempt to kill Cameron. Would he try again? And if so, when and how?

Suddenly an idea came to her. Suppose

he did not know his shot had missed its target? That was possible, for he had been disarmed and led away before Cameron got to his feet after falling. Perhaps he believed his bullet had found the mark. In hospitals where she had worked Mary had known of cases—patients who had seemed insane but actually were not. Acute hysteria, the specialists had called it. The manifestations were similar to those of mania. There was a chance that in this case. . . .

"Mr. MacTavish," she said, after pondering the problem for some time, "—about Captain Small—"

The trader, who had been doggedly holding forth on the subject of native hunters, was somewhat startled by this sudden change of topic. He looked at the girl curiously.

"What about him?" he inquired.

"You told my uncle this morning that the captain is a madman."

"Yes."

"Well—I've been wondering. Is he really mad, do you think?"

"Wouldn't you say he was, after what happened this morning?"

MacTavish was frankly puzzled.

"But before that had happened you said he was mad. Why? What had he done?"

MacTavish was reluctant, but Mary insisted.

"PLEASE tell me," she said. "I'm not asking out of idle curiosity. I learned a little about mental diseases in my hospital experience. I might be able to suggest something—"

This was an argument he could not well resist. He told her how the captain had behaved since the night of the quarrel; in fact, since the arrival of the telegram which had announced their coming. Mary listened with keen interest and begged him to withhold no detail. When he had finished, she asked him a final question:

"Is Captain Small aware that his shot went wild?"

"I don't know. Why?"

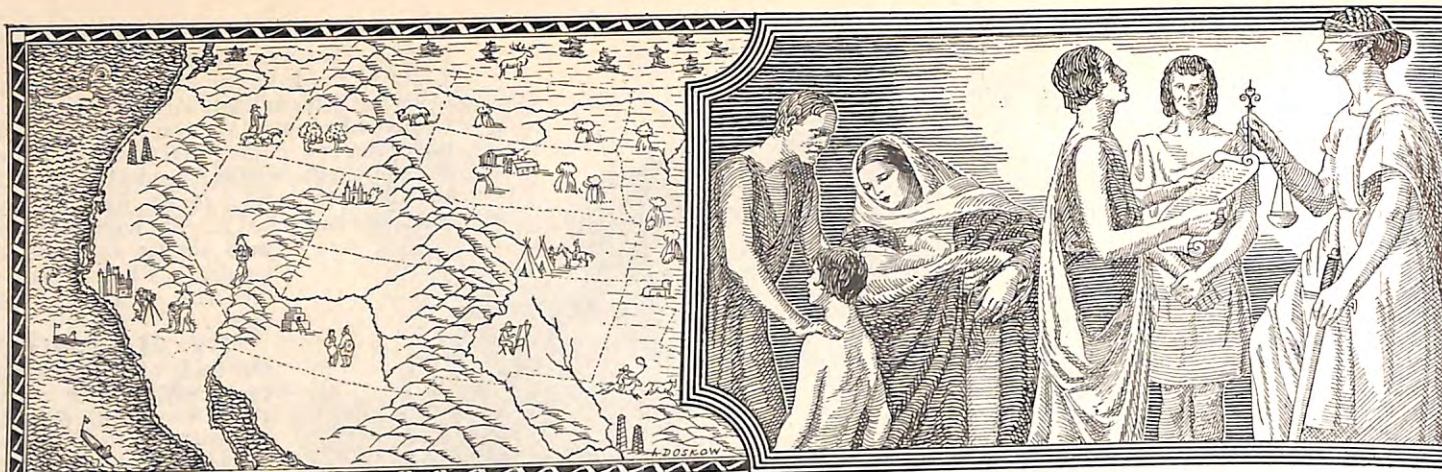
"I have an idea. If the captain didn't see my uncle get up, maybe it will work. From what you've told me, I don't believe the captain is actually insane. I mean I don't believe he's an incurable madman. I've known people like him, the quiet, ingrowing, self-contained type, who have seemed to go raving mad. But there's a difference between a real maniac, whose mind is completely gone, and a neurotic who seems like a maniac because of his reaction to certain circumstances. Do you see what I'm driving at? Captain Small may be crazy at the moment, but perhaps he isn't a real lunatic. A dog with a tin tied to his tail may act like a mad dog. But take away the tin and the dog is all right again. See what I mean?"

MacTavish nodded a little vaguely.

"I mean," Mary went on, "take away the thing that's worked him up to such a pitch—which in this case is my uncle—"

"I see, I see," the trader broke in, "let him think he did kill him—"

(Continued on page 62)



## EDITORIAL

### FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY

From glory unto glory!  
 Be this our joyous song;  
 As on the King's own highway  
 We bravely march along;  
 From glory unto glory!  
 O words of stirring cheer,  
 As dawns the solemn brightness  
 Of another glad New Year.

*Old Hymn.*

THE impulse is quite irresistible, as the close of the year brings again the accepted time for taking inventories and starting afresh upon another calendar period of business and of life, to make some reference to the occasion and its significance. Even the consciousness of editorial repetition can not restrain the almost involuntary pen. And the words of the old New Year Hymn suggest a thought that seems appropriate.

The Order of Elks has experienced a history of consistent growth in all that can rightly be measured in determining its true fraternal development. From year to year it has bravely marched along its chosen way, performing kindly deeds in ever increasing numbers; disbursing charity in ever expanding aggregates; climbing to ever loftier heights in public esteem; demonstrating even more convincingly its exceptional capacity for service to humanity; and recording its performance of that service even more generously and more unselfishly. It is without bombast, but with a sincere appreciation of its fraternal achievements, that our Order may be said to have moved onward and upward, "from glory unto glory."

The thought, however, would be but half expressed if it were not added that this very history imposes an obligation that should be specifically recognized at this particular time, and courageously assumed. That obligation is to continue our progress from glory unto glory; not because the results may incidentally reflect themselves in greater wealth, or longer lists of members, or

bigger Homes, or any of those things that may be called our own; but because the true glory of the Order must be found in what it does for others, the poor, the sick, the unfortunate, the underprivileged.

It is with this thought in mind, in its complete significance, that the wish is expressed for a Happy New Year to the Order and its whole membership.

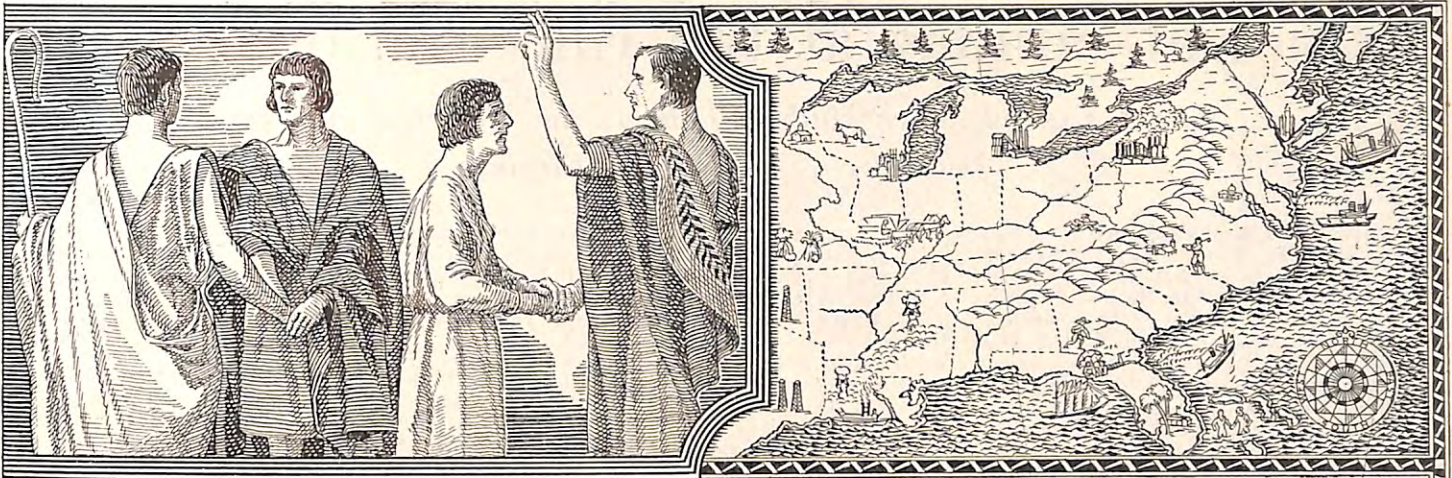
### A GOOD SUGGESTION

THE Grand Exalted Ruler, as do all those who give real thought to the matter, recognizes the value and importance of the proper exemplification of the ceremonial rituals of the Order. And he has repeatedly reminded the subordinate Lodge officers of their duty in the premises. That duty is not only implied in the very acceptance of office, but it is specifically imposed by statute, so far as memorizing the rituals is concerned.

But merely committing the rituals to memory does not insure their effective rendition. An officer who is letter perfect in his part may so deliver it as to rob it of all its beauty and significance. And he can not be expected to render it most impressively unless he has had some training in enunciation, pronunciation, phrasing, speed, emphasis, intonation, inflexion, gesture, and other features that are involved in the effective presentation of any public utterance.

Comparatively few men, even among those of good academic education, have had such training. Fewer still have had much experience in applying the training they may have received. But most Lodge officers can be easily taught to become acceptable ritualists in their respective stations. And therein lies the value of a suggestion made by Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert in his recent circular letter to the Exalted Rulers of the subordinate Lodges.

That suggestion is that the services of a coach be secured to train the officers in the proper



rendition of the rituals. It is one that can be easily adopted, for there are few Lodges whose membership does not include some person well qualified for this service and who would be glad to render it. One not specifically invited to do so naturally hesitates to make suggestions to the officers as to the manner in which they might improve their ritual exemplification. But one who is specifically requested to undertake this task would be free from such embarrassment and could properly exercise the frankness essential to sound and helpful criticism as preliminary to affirmative instruction.

Wherever this plan has been tried, there has resulted a marked improvement in the Lodge ceremonials. They take on deeper meaning, become more impressive, and disclose new beauties. This is a matter in which the whole membership is interested. And the Grand Exalted Ruler's suggestion is commended to the subordinate Lodge officers as one of greater importance than might, at first glance, appear.

#### A REAL SURVEY PROMISED

**I**N HIS admirable address to the last District Deputy Conference, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholson, Chairman of the Committee on Good of the Order, outlined the specific service which his Committee would endeavor to perform during the current year. The particular objective was stated to be a real survey of the Order, as a great Corporation, to ascertain why some of its "selling agencies," as he aptly terms the subordinate Lodges, are not functioning as successfully as others; and why some of them are losing members while others are gaining.

The ordinary statistical reports of the Lodges give the main facts as to their membership, financial condition and charitable activities. These facts themselves disclose which of the Lodges are prosperous and active and which are dormant. But these statistical reports do not set forth the causes which underlie the existing conditions. And a wise administration of the Order's affairs can be expected only when there is accurate knowledge of the causes and influences which are affecting the local Lodges for good or ill.

The Grand Exalted Rulers and their associate

officers, in past years, have been compelled to rely upon their own limited opportunities for observation and the meager reports received in a comparatively small number of unusual cases. The obvious purpose of the Committee is to cure this defect. And if they will make their survey sufficiently comprehensive and will intelligently analyze the discovered causes for which they are seeking, so as to enable the Grand Lodge and its officers to deal with them with assured knowledge, they will have rendered an inestimable service to the Order.

But it must be remembered that such a report is possible only if the subordinate Lodge officers and members will frankly and intelligently cooperate with the Committee and aid them in their investigations. Prompt and complete and accurate replies to questionnaires, and the voluntary submission of helpful information, and the expressions of well considered opinions, will be of great assistance to the Committee. It is hoped they may have the benefit of such loyal cooperation.

#### THE WITCHERY OF WEALTH

**W**HEN the balances have been struck, and the gains and losses of the past year have been accurately accounted, many thousands of Elks will find that they have appreciably added to their store of this world's goods. Few of them, perhaps, may set forth these accumulations in large figures. But each one of them, when he considers his situation in comparison with the truly poor and needy, must justly regard his possessions as constituting real wealth.

And when he has brought himself to this viewpoint he will recall the teaching of the Order: "The witchery of wealth is not in having, but in sharing."

No true Elk can contemplate his gains with mere selfish pride. Nor can he derive the greatest pleasure from them in considering what they mean to him alone. Such a one will gladly recognize that the mere having more than others imposes a definite fraternal obligation, and that his abundance becomes a moral liability to the extent that it is a financial asset. Fortunately one does not have to be rich in the eyes of the world to enjoy this true witchery of wealth.

# Memorial Sunday at the Elks National Home

*Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert Delivers the Memorial Address*

*December 2, at Bedford, Virginia*

THE annual Elks Memorial Services at Bedford, Va., in which Danville, Roanoke and Lynchburg Lodges joined with the Home Lodge, were held at the Elks National Home on Sunday, December 2, in the presence of a large gathering. Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert delivered the memorial address. Among those in attendance on the occasion were former Governor E. Lee Trinkle, a member of Roanoke Lodge, No. 197, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, of Lynchburg, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, the members of the Board of Grand Trustees, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Carter, Jr., most of them accompanied by their wives.

The services were conducted by the officers of the Home Lodge, under the leadership of its Exalted Ruler, Frank H. Ritter, a Past Exalted Ruler of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37. They were assisted by Miss Ruby Scott. The musical program consisted of piano selections by Walter W. Harris and Anton F. Koerner; a vocal solo "Come Ye Blessed," by Mrs. G. W. Grant, of Roanoke; a duet, "Hark, Hark, My Soul," by Mrs. F. O. Thomas and Miss Ruth Thomas, accompanied by Miss Junia Graves; a violin solo, "Legende," by Charles Borjes, of Roanoke, and a double quartette, "Crossing the Bar," directed by Mr. Baker of Roanoke Lodge, No. 197.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Memorial Address follows:

My Brothers residing at the Elks National Home,  
Visiting Brothers, Citizens of Bedford,  
Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are taught in Holy Writ that a certain historic character of exuberant but impulsive audacity when asked by the Lord as to the whereabouts of his brother made answer with an interrogatory, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

On a Sunday evening, sixty-two years ago, a number of theatrical professionals and semi-professionals, who felt the need of an opportunity to meet in a spirit of conviviality, gathered in the attic of an Elm Street boarding house in New York City on the only day of rest and recreation allotted to them, and entertained one another with song, story and recitation, with which they were familiar. Among their number were several musicians of no ordinary ability, who, with their musical instruments, added to the entertainment. The result of their endeavors induced a repetition and brought to their coterie fresh recruits. But it was soon noted there were vacant chairs and absent faces which prompted one of their number to suggest utilizing their talent to accumulate a fund for the relief of those overtaken by misfortune and adversity.

Such was the nucleus, which, on the 16th of February, 1868, crystallized into the formation of a fraternity whose doctrine was

"A gospel born of love, charity, justice and fidelity,  
To soothe life's cares, drive grief away and uplift humanity."

Great oaks from little acorns grow, but little dreamed the band of pioneers, of whom none now survives, of the gigantic proportions which our Order was destined to attain. They, like the Fathers of our Country, builded better than they knew.

St. James, one of the Apostles, said: "Religion pure and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit orphans and widows in their tribulation and keep one's self unspotted from the world."

In the fulfillment of this doctrine, the founders of our Order established not a new religion but a concretion of the chief virtues of all the old ones. We, their followers, worship to-day before this simple altar draped with the emblem of our national liberty, surmounted by the holy scriptures and our symbolic antlers, uncircumscribed by creed or limited by orthodoxy. We ask, and all that is required of those intending and

seeking membership is, that they be of good moral character, acknowledge fealty to the Flag of our country, and have an abiding faith in the existence of a Supreme Being. This is indeed a gospel of love and a religion of humanity. Thus the biblical question propounded by Cain after he slew his brother Abel has at last been answered, for the members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks are their brothers' keepers, and especially of their departed brothers.

Hence, as another year enters upon its twelfth month, eleven strokes have sounded from the starry dome of eternity, calling all Elksdom together to pay tribute to those of our brothers, the music of whose voices will no longer swell the sweet refrain of "Auld Lang Syne."

As the leader of this organization, chosen from among the Past Exalted Rulers of the Mother Lodge, I might, with propriety, address my remarks, as a tribute of love, admiration and respect, to the founders of our Order. But I do not come here to-day to mourn, rather do I come to rejoice with you that having passed this way our Departed Brothers have left us a great heritage. If no other one thing but the erection and maintenance of this national home remained as a result of their hopeful ideals and the constructive service rendered in fulfillment thereof, it would be a fitting memorial and monument to their honor, courage, sacrifice and achievement.

WE ALL make the journey from the cradle to the grave but once, and many a traveler is too concerned in gratifying his own ambitions to be helpful to others; but we honor here to-day, men, who, appreciating the vicissitudes encountered on life's pathway from poverty to success, gave thought, counsel and aid to their struggling fellows to lighten their burdens and make the task a more agreeable one.

It is a splendid tribute to a man when it can be said of him that his life was marked by such uniform kindness. That element of kindness—consideration for others—genuine friendship—is the rarest and sweetest flower that grows in the garden of life; its soil is the human heart, it is planted by honest thought, nurtured by tears of sympathy and kept alive by the sunshine of good wishes.

I believe, as did Washington Irving, that a kind heart is the fountain of gladness suffusing everything around it with pleasure and freshening everything into smiles, and as did Holland, who said:

"That a noble deed is a step toward God  
Lifting the soil from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view."

The basic principles of Elksdom are Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. The last named embracing the other three is the cornerstone of the entire structure of our Order. Elksdom demands of its members fidelity to one's God, fidelity to one's country, fidelity to one's fellowmen and fidelity to oneself.

"To thine own self be true  
And it must follow as the night the day  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Elksdom expects the fulfillment of one's religious obligations, whatever they may be. It never attempts to dictate what form one's religious allegiance shall take for it realizes fully that religious belief is of divine origin while Elksdom is only human. It seeks to supplement the work of the Church and never tries to supplant it. It endeavors to carry into practice the principles upon which all religions are agreed, namely, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The most ancient and touching custom of the human family is the veneration of its dead. It is peculiar to no age and is characteristic of every race. It is a part of all nations and peoples. It has its origin in the very soul of humanity. As death is the great loving force among individuals so it is a great binding force in a

fraternity. Longfellow must have been inspired by a true Elk Spirit when he wrote:

"There is no flock however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there;  
There is no fire-side howsoever defended,  
But has one vacant chair."

Many a worthy Elk, who, less than a year ago, clasped our hands in good fellowship has since gone to his eternal reward. There are vacant chairs in our Lodge Rooms and there are vacant chambers in our hearts. We realize how short is the longest life; yet, it is the inevitable experience of all mankind.

"Life's race well run  
Life's work well done  
Then comes rest."

But the spirit lives and goes on to light the way to future generations; to recall to those who come after the things the spirit did while still in the flesh; to become, as it were, an inspiration to posterity.

En route to Bedford, as I looked out of the car window when crossing the calm, peaceful, Potomac, and contemplated its source, there came into my mind a picture of the continuous, unending chain of circumstances that make the tiny drop of water on the mountain-top the stream that afterward becomes the roaring river rushing into the ocean, only to be drawn up by the sun and shed back on the earth again in the form of mist and rain.

It is a never-ending process, over and over again.

It is all so very like what I conceive to be the existence of man here on this planet in the transformation of his spirit after it leaves the body.

First we have the tiny spring, in the depth of the mountain, evolving into the light of day, as the tiny baby evolves from the womb of its mother.

The spring finds its course, like the creeping child, just beginning to feel its way about its home.

The infant rivulet continues to grow and becomes a brook. The poet, Tennyson, calls it a "babbling brook"—babbling like a child—for it is the childhood of the current which is soon to become a mighty stream farther on down the valley.

The stream increases in vigor just the way the child emerges into manhood, in the rush and roar of the mighty waters, forming the great river.

What is so mighty as the sweep of a great river!

It carries along, on its full-tide, the fleets of commerce, the craft of every kind and description afloat. It rears and rages at certain seasons, tearing everything in its path. Again, it is calm, so tranquil that it seems to be asleep and hardly moving.

MANHOOD is just like this. In the fullness of our power, we are moved, at times, by wildest passions. Seasons of rage possess us. We contend for power in politics; we battle to win the hand in love, and we mow down mercilessly our rival in the realm of business. At other times, like the river, life rides as peacefully as the tranquil surface of the stream.

But soon the rushing, roaring river finds its outlet, at the wide mouth, where it empties into the vastness of the mighty ocean—symbol of eternity.

What was once this mighty stream is swallowed up in an immensity.

The river loses its identity in the immeasurable waste of water, far beyond its mouth.

But it is still there, with all its currents, with all its tides, with every single drop that helped to make its volume from the time it formed a simple, creeping rivulet, up on the side of the mountain, until it found its outlet in the sea.

And now comes the sun with his mighty breath from heaven to take up the waters of the ocean.

(Continued on page 67)



# 1929 Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles

Bulletin No. 1

*Above is the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel selected to be Grand Lodge Headquarters*

*At left of it is the Convention Hall of the hotel where sessions will be held*

*In circle is an air-plane view of the beautiful home of Los Angeles Lodge*

PHOTOS BY  
REYSTINE

**T**HE sixty-first anniversary of the establishment of Elksdom as a great civic and fraternal force in America will be celebrated in Los Angeles in July, at the convention of the Grand Lodge of the Order.

Not alone Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, will welcome the hosts of the Order; within a circle of 100 miles a mighty reception committee of twenty-eight hospitable California Elks Lodges waits to greet with equal zest, both delegates and members and their families who will attend the convention.

The fourth journey of the hosts of Elksdom to Southern California is evidence of the hospitality shown them on three previous occasions and is a challenge recognized by Southern California Lodges to excel in 1929 its display of past glory and past hospitality.

Nor is Southern California single in its purpose to greet the visitors—scores more of the Lodges of Northern California in the fertile San Joaquin Valley, along the Coast, San Francisco and the Bay cities, and that wondrous land north of the Golden Gate, all seventy-one California Lodges joined in the invitation to the Grand Lodge and stand ready to requite that pledge of friendship next July. Tickets routed back home by this Northern route will permit Eastern and Mid-West visitors to see the entire picture of Pacific prosperity and the glories of great Temples built as exemplars of the everlasting principles of the Order.

Because of the nearness of desert and ocean, California is both warm in winter and cool in summer. The blue Pacific plays an important part in the tourist life of this favored region. Summer is the season when fascinating sports are most enjoyable. Yachting, motor-boating, aviation, swimming, aquaplaning, golf, polo, motoring, mountaineering, deep-sea fishing, never are interrupted by heat or by storm.

Royal roads for auto travel extend parallel to the Coast by thousands of miles of concrete paved highway, kept always in perfect condition.

Then, in the background are the great national parks, Yosemite with its big trees, cliffs and waterfalls, Sequoia with its giant groves, and scores of mountain resorts with their perennial restful appeal.

To the dweller in less varied sections of the country, the beaches have a never-ending appeal. Los Angeles has nearly 1,500,000 population, an area of 450 square miles, 4,400 miles of paved streets and is reached by six transcontinental lines.

Unique in the history of conventions, the Elks in Los Angeles will hold all of their meetings

and house all of the Grand Lodge officers and committees under one roof, that of the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel, facing Pershing Square, the center of the city.

Registration headquarters for all Elks in Los Angeles during the convention will be located adjacent the hotel. All transportation lines to all parts of the city and to the beaches pass within one block of this structure.

Convention Hall within the hotel comfortably seats 2,500. At the door of the hotel street-cars passing at one-minute intervals, provide quick transportation to the Los Angeles Elks Temple, a new \$2,500,000 edifice foremost among Elks buildings and facing Westlake Park, an area noted for its cultivated beauty and restful surroundings.

Within five minutes walk are a score of great apartment hotels which offer special reduced rates for summer visitors. Every convenience and facility for the entertainment of visiting Elks and their families has been planned by the traction companies and the municipal departments with which they will come in contact.

Southern California awaits with eager anticipation the arrival of hundreds of trains carrying thousands of visitors whom it shall be proud to greet as brothers in Elksdom.

## A Candidate for Grand Lodge Office

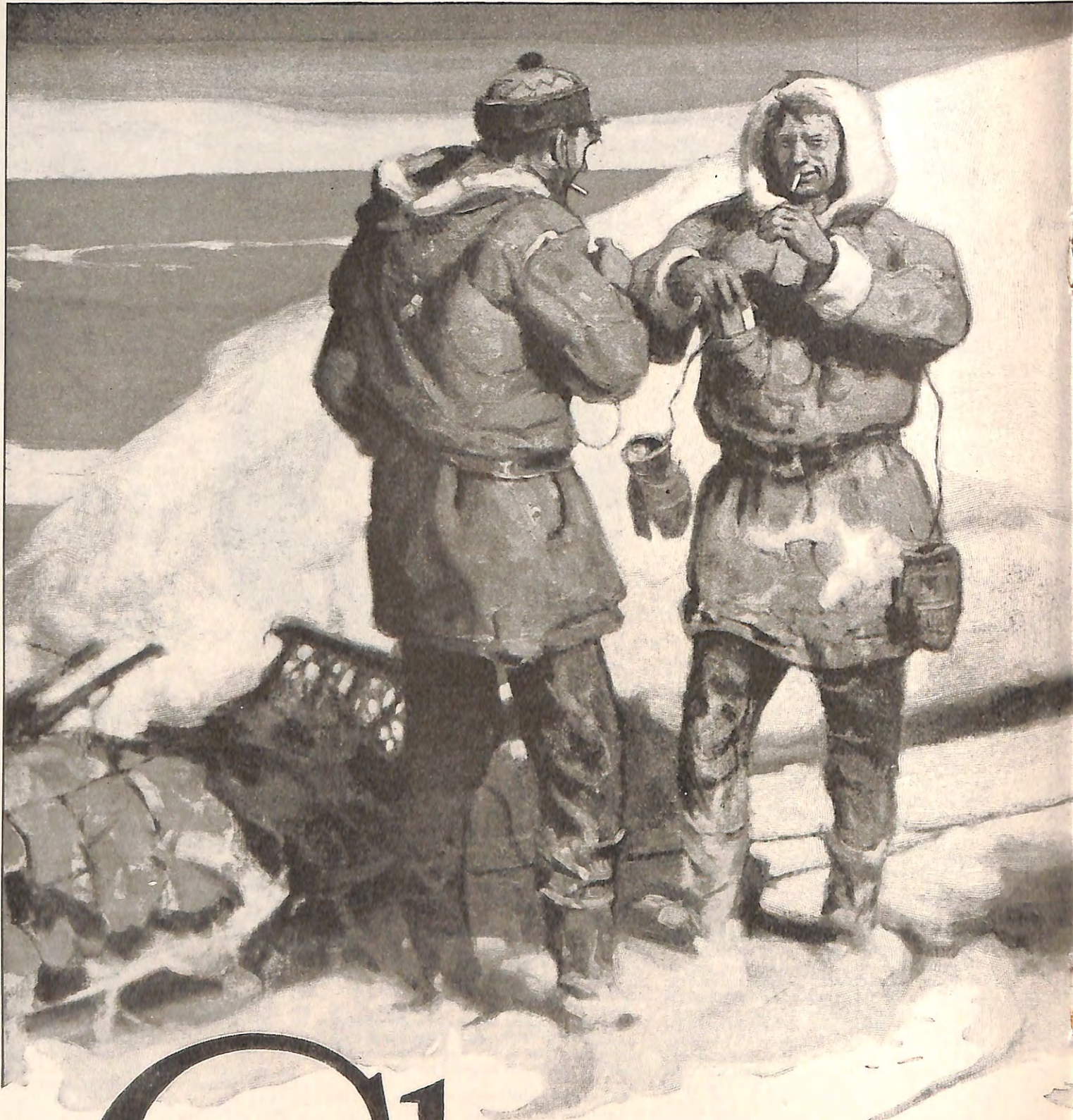
*Atlanta Lodge Presents  
Walter Pemberton Andrews  
For Grand Exalted Ruler*

**A**T ITS regular meeting held on November 8, 1928, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, voted unanimously to present Walter Pemberton Andrews, Past Exalted Ruler, as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler in the annual election to be held by the Grand Lodge at its 1929 Convention in Los Angeles, next July.

Mr. Andrews became an Elk when he joined Atlanta Lodge in 1904. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1910, and served two terms in that office. In 1911 he was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Georgia North and the following year, 1912, was appointed to the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. In 1914 he served on the Grand Lodge Committee on Distribution. He revived and reorganized the Georgia State Elks Association and served as its President. Mr. Andrews was appointed a Justice of the Grand Forum in

1924 and is at present Chief Justice of that body.

Beginning the practise of law in Atlanta in 1891, Mr. Andrews was elected in 1915 to serve in the Lower House of the General Assembly of Georgia and in 1917 was elected to serve a term in the State Senate. In 1913 he was appointed by President Wilson as Commissioner-General to the Mediterranean and Balkan States in the interest of the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915. He has served in many other State, civic and fraternal capacities.



# Chester

MILD *enough for anybody.*



## What a cigarette meant *there*

*20 degrees below,*  
and no tobacco, through lonely weeks of  
glittering silence. Then a speck on the  
hard, bright horizon; another musher,  
outward-bound . . . and *cigarettes!* What  
price cold or Arctic hardship then!

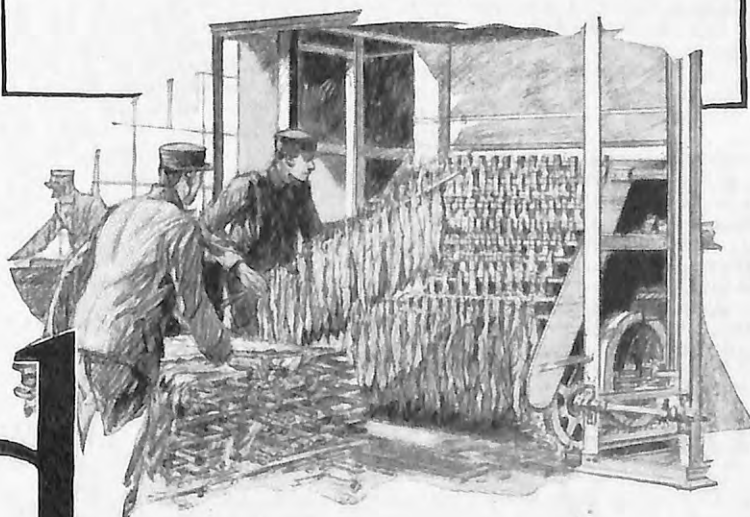
## What a cigarette means *here*

*220 degrees above,*  
as endless belts carry the choice tobacco for  
Chesterfield inch by inch through the great  
steel ovens.

Here, in penetrating heat, science corrects  
and perfects the curing commenced in the  
farmer's barn. Dried, then cooled, then steamed  
to exact and uniform heat and moisture, the  
tobacco is ready for the final mellowing—two  
long years ageing in wood—that only Nature  
can give.

Man, Science, Nature—all work together on  
Chesterfield. And in the bland, satisfying  
smoothness of Chesterfield itself is ample proof  
that their patient, costly team-work is good!

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*



*Through long steam-heated ovens, new  
tobacco passes in slow endless proces-  
sion for drying and "conditioning."*

# field

*... and yet* **THEY SATISFY**







The beautiful new Home of Meriden, Conn., Lodge, No. 35, an account of whose dedication by Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert is printed below

## Under the Spreading Antlers

### News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

#### *New Home of Meriden, Conn., Lodge Dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler*

THE beautiful new \$60,000 Home of Meriden, Conn., Lodge, No. 35, was dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert at a meeting attended by more than 600 Elks, including members from every Lodge in Connecticut, and from a number in New York and Massachusetts.

Arriving in Meriden, the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by Edward W. Cotter, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Mayor Wales L. De Bussy; Daniel J. Donovan, senior Past Exalted Ruler of Meriden Lodge and Chairman of the Building Committee; Past Exalted Ruler Charles N. Carroll, Chairman of the Dedication Committee, and Exalted Ruler Francis A. McKernan of Hartford Lodge, No. 19. Following an inspection of the building, Mr. Hulbert was escorted to the Lodge room, where he was enthusiastically acclaimed by the large gathering. Exalted Ruler James F. St. George greeted the official party, and turned his chair over to the Grand Exalted Ruler. At the conclusion of the impressive services, a banquet was served in the new Home, at which Mr. Hulbert made a stirring address. Other speakers included Mr. Donovan; Mayor De Bussy; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James D. Degnan and John J. Mack, and others. A number of handsome gifts were presented to Meriden by sister Lodges of the vicinity, and the Grand Exalted Ruler was the recipient of a beautiful chest of silver from his hosts of the evening. The silver trowel used in laying the cornerstone was presented to George Holden, who supervised the construction of the building.

The new Home is a two-story Georgian building, the warm red of its brick set off by white trim. The entire front of the first floor is occupied by the comfortable lounge room, 60 feet by 20 feet. Several steps lead from the lounge room to a hallway, in the center of which rise the stairs to the second floor. Three committee rooms and the Secretary's room are entered from this hallway. These rooms are of ample size, well-lighted, and comfortable in their appointments. At the rear of the hallway is a large ante-room, 40 feet by 15 feet, dividing the hall from the Lodge room at the rear of the building. This beautiful room is 60 feet by 52 feet, and is

equipped with a handsome pipe organ. On the second floor are a large billiard room, a game room, ladies room and reading room.

In the basement are a large grill room and kitchen; the banquet room, in which are a stage and dressing-rooms; and two splendid bowling alleys and shower-baths.

#### *Prominent Elks Attend Anniversary Of Braddock, Pa., Lodge*

Some 300 members and guests and many distinguished past and present Grand Lodge officers, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Charles H. Grakelow, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, attended the banquet held in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883. Those who were present pronounced it one of the most brilliant occasions ever held by the local Lodge. The program consisted of speeches, entertainment, the presentation of life memberships to charter members, and dancing.

Exalted Ruler Henry J. Gelm made the address of welcome and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Nugent presided as toastmaster. Past Exalted Ruler Charles Schmidt, after outlining the ideals and aims of the Lodge and their bearing upon the growth of No. 883, presented life memberships to ten charter members. Past Exalted Ruler John F. Lowers then gave a résumé of the history of the Lodge from its institution in 1903 with 81 members, to its present-day roll of some 1,100. Ex-Governor Tener delivered an inspiring address on the character and effect of the ideals of the membership, and Mr. Masters recalled events which have transpired in the Order since his initiation. Mr. Grakelow's speech, marked by many humorous touches, held the eager attention of his audience. The entertainment during the banquet was provided by the graduate artists of the Braddock Elks dancing class.

#### *Detroit, Mich., Lodge Purchases Land for New Home*

The building association of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, announces the purchase of a splendid piece of property east of Belle Isle bridge, on Jefferson Avenue. The plot of ground has a frontage on Jefferson Avenue of 140 feet,

running back a depth of 910 feet to the channel bank of the river. The association is proceeding with plans for a beautiful Home to take the place of the present restricted quarters, and ground will be broken as soon as possible. It will be easily accessible from any part of the city and will possess the unique advantages incident to a fine river-front location. Further details will be announced by the committee at an early date.

#### *Norwich, N. Y., Lodge Visited By District Deputy Holland*

A fine meeting was held in the Home of Norwich, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1222, when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur G. Holland paid his official visit. The meeting, at which a class of candidates was ably initiated by the Norwich officers, was preceded by a dinner for the visitors, and followed by a club smoker. Mr. Holland and Fred L. Mallory, Past Exalted Ruler and Trustee of Norwich Lodge, now a Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, addressed the membership, both mentioning the fine work of the officers exemplified during the ritual of initiation.

Norwich Lodge is in flourishing condition and entirely free of debt, having celebrated the payment of the balance of the mortgage on its property some weeks ago.

#### *Tampa, Fla., Lodge Celebrates Roll-Call Night with Varied Program*

Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, prepared an elaborate and varied program for its Roll-Call Night. A large class was to be initiated, and a number of well-known speakers were to address the meeting, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul Henderson, Past Exalted Ruler Mayor D. B. McKay, and State Attorney C. B. Parkhill. Music by the Lodge orchestra, a smoker and buffet supper were other features of the interesting evening.

#### *Clinic for Crippled Children in Home Of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge*

In the recent campaign for funds for the Schuylkill (Pa.) County Society for Crippled Children, the city of Shenandoah, largely through the efforts of Shenandoah Lodge, No.

945, topped the list of municipalities, with contributions amounting to more than \$4,000 to its credit. The Lodge is constantly active on behalf of these unfortunate youngsters, and a short time ago its Home was the scene of a follow-up clinic for children who had been previously operated upon.

Shenandoah Lodge suffered a heavy loss some weeks ago by the death of Past Exalted Ruler and charter member C. F. Ditchey. Mr. Ditchey was one of the most active and devoted members of No. 945, and enjoyed a wide circle of friends among the members of the Order in Pennsylvania. A few days before his death he had received notice of his re-appointment to the Committee on Credentials of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

### **Klamath Falls Officers Conduct Meeting for Ashland, Ore., Lodge**

Under special dispensation from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. R. McKy, Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944, recently held a meeting at which, by invitation, the officers of Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1247, officiated. A class of six new members was inducted into the local Lodge by the visiting officers, headed by Exalted Ruler J. E. Swanson, and their exemplification of the ritual was highly praised. Among the 150 members and visiting Elks present were many past and present subordinate Lodge officers of the jurisdiction. At the present writing Ashland Lodge is preparing to visit Klamath Falls for the purpose of holding a meeting for their recent visitors and enjoying No. 1247's well-known hospitality.

### **Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Holds Silver Anniversary Initiation**

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, brought to a climax the celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary with a gala meeting and initiation in its Home. The occasion brought out a capacity attendance, and was most impressive in every way. The services of the evening, which included, as well as the initiation, the unveiling of a beautiful \$4,000 bronze memorial tablet, were conducted by a special staff of officers, all of whom had served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers for New York, Southeast. William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, filled the Exalted Ruler's station.

An added feature was the presentation, in recognition of their continued interest, of



*Dedicated by the Grand Exalted Ruler—the Home of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346*

beautiful silver services to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who headed the Order when No. 878 was instituted, and to Mr. Phillips, who signed the application for the charter. Later, the surviving charter members were escorted to the rostrum, where Mr. Fanning presented them with the cards of the honorary life memberships conferred upon them earlier in the week of celebration.

Queens Borough Lodge was instituted in St. Mary's Lyceum, Long Island City, on September 24, 1903, by retiring District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Brogan, who had been instrumental in securing the dispensation. Mr. Brogan's last official act as District Deputy was to install the officers of the new Lodge. His successor in office, District Deputy Frederick S. Lyke, was present, but deferred to

Mr. Brogan, because of the latter's large part in the establishment of No. 878.

### **Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge Opens Own Radio Station**

Radio Station W-E-L-K, the voice of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, was formally opened on November 13 when Exalted Ruler George H. Wobensmith and other officers of the Lodge broadcast a message to the people of Philadelphia and vicinity. The new station, formerly W-I-A-D, is located on the roof of the Elks building and will be in service every day in the week. It will broadcast from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and from 9 A. M. to 2 A. M. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Sundays. Included among the features to be broadcast are sporting events from Madison Square Garden, New York; Richard Boch, organist; prominent speakers in the Lodge auditorium on the first and third Tuesdays; the Elks Sunday-night concerts; an Elks celebrities feature on Friday mornings, from midnight to 2 A. M., when theatrical stars visiting Philadelphia will participate in the programs, and programs of dance music.

### **Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge Receives District Deputy Holland**

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur E. Holland visited Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1312, the members were highly elated by his praise of their officers for the rendition of the ritual. A large attendance was on hand for the meeting, and the District Deputy's remarks were enthusiastically applauded. Fred L. Mallory, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, accompanied Mr. Holland on his visit, and explained to the members the high school scholarship plan of the State Association.

### **Wilmington, Del., Lodge Honors Well Known Member**

"Bill" McGowan, American League umpire and member of Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, was the guest of honor at a dinner in the Home of his Lodge, at which more than 400 Elks, baseball stars and prominent citizens had gathered to express their affection and admiration for the well known arbiter. After speeches by Mayor George W. K. Forrest and other municipal and state officials, Grand Esteemed



ALEXANDER STUDIO

*District Deputy Harry C. Owen's crack degree team of Past Exalted Rulers of Missouri, No.*

Lecturing Knight John J. Powel, on behalf of Wilmington Lodge, presented Mr. McGowan with a handsome Elks emblem. Among the shining lights of the national game who were present and paid tribute to the guest of the evening were, to mention but a few, Herb Pennock, Eddie Collins, Ira Thomas and "Bullet Joe" Bush, while telegrams of congratulation were received from Walter Johnson, Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, and Connie Mack.

**Concert by St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge Band Brings Season's Largest Meeting**

The recent concert given in the Home by the band of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, brought out the largest gathering of the season. The concert, and a fish fry, followed a regular meeting of the Lodge. The program played by the musicians, who won the state championship at Miami last July, was composed of some twenty-five numbers which had been requested by the membership during the previous week.

**Oklahoma City Elks Receive District Deputy Smith**

Following an enjoyable dinner given in his honor at the Oklahoma Club by the officers of Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge, No. 117, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry A. P. Smith paid his official visit to the Home where an impressive meeting and initiation were held. Among visiting members of the Order who witnessed the exemplification of the ritual and heard the District Deputy's address of the evening were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold L. Street, Oklahoma, Northwest; Trustee M. W. Brown of the State Elks Association, and Exalted Ruler Oles J. Clouse of Shawnee Lodge, No. 657. After the meeting an entertainment and Dutch lunch were provided.

**East Orange, N. J., Lodge Greet District Deputy with Large Meeting**

More than 400 Elks, including members from every Lodge of New Jersey, Northwest, greeted District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Fred W. Bain, when he paid his official visit to East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630. Judge Bain's address to the large gathering was a masterly one. He was accompanied on his visit by Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, Henry A. Guenther, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and several other prominent members of the Order, who also made most interesting speeches.

**Activities of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge**

The inter-mountain Amateur Boxing Tournament will be held the latter part of January in the Home of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, under the direction of the Lodge's athletic committee. The committee has sent letters to all the school coaches of the mountain territory and has visited the high schools and colleges in and near Salt Lake City with invitations to enter the tournament. From present indications it is expected that this tournament will be the largest and best ever held in Utah.

A novel Hallowe'en entertainment was given by the Lodge for the boys and girls of the West Side in the old Neighborhood House, which proved a success in every way. Some 2,500 children were served barbecued meat, potatoes, rolls and apples and had a generally jolly time.

**Social and Community Welfare Committee of Newark, N. J., Lodge**

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, has been extremely active for some time. During the summer months the committee provided a two weeks vacation for 489 crippled children at Avon, N. J. Close to 14,000 children were entertained at the annual outing held in Olympic Park, at which time several hundred members lent assistance. Another benefaction was the donation of \$4,200 to the hospital fund of the Newark Home for Crippled Children during its recent building campaign. The entire

(Continued on page 42)

# Words

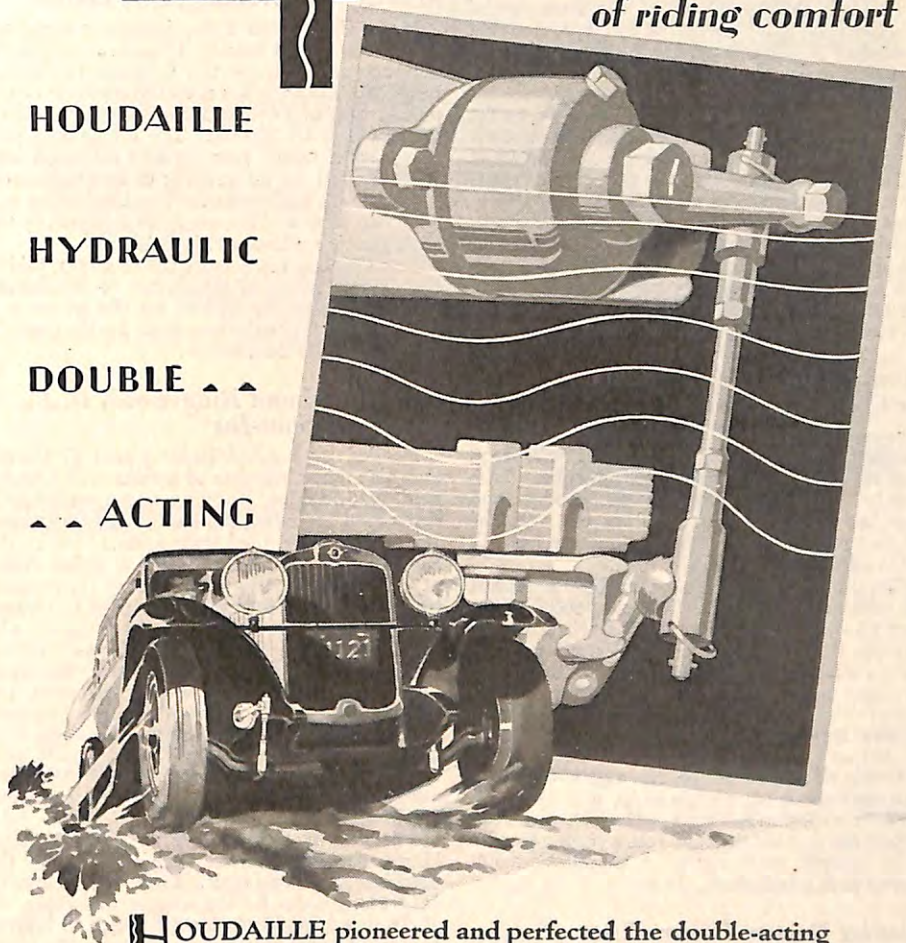
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 41)

membership of the Lodge has taken an active interest and shows a justifiable pride in this work.

### Martinsburg, W. Va., Elks Give Home to Boy Scouts

Through the generosity of the members of Martinsburg W. Va., Lodge, No. 778, actively headed by Exalted Ruler Dr. M. H. Porterfield, a frame structure at the rear of the Elks property in the heart of the city has been completely remodeled, put in condition, and presented to the boy scouts of Martinsburg as a Home, without financial hindrance of any kind. This fine gift ends a two-year search on the part of the scouts for a meeting place of their own. The alterations on the new building were a new front, a chimney, surfacing the interior with plaster board, wiring it and making it generally attractive and habitable. It is large enough to accommodate a full-sized troop in meeting, with an upper story for the scouts' camp equipment.

### Clinton, Mo., Lodge Honors Its Charter Members

Some 200 members of Clinton, Mo., Lodge, No. 1034, gathered in the Home at a special session to honor the charter members who twenty years ago founded the Lodge and launched it on its successful career. Of the original fifty charter members, nineteen are still living and affiliated with No. 1034.

The initiation of a class of candidates opened the occasion, with the chairs being occupied by Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, who exemplified the ritual in fine fashion. Speech-making and a social session followed. Among those who delivered brief addresses were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. Louis Covington, charter member of Clinton Lodge, who was present on his official visit; Exalted Ruler Mord E. Gouge of Sedalia Lodge, No. 125, who headed a delegation of his membership, and Past Exalted Ruler James A. Parks of No. 1034, who delivered the 11 o'clock toast. As a closing feature those present were served a bountiful buffet supper of fried chicken.

### District Deputy Baker Visits Green Bay, Wis., Lodge

One of the most interesting sessions ever held by Green Bay, Wis., Lodge, No. 259, was on the occasion of the recent visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Baker. The event opened with a banquet and smoker in the new dining room of the Home, which has been undergoing extensive remodeling and at 7:30 the meeting was called to order. The new Lodge orchestra made its first appearance at this time, receiving an enthusiastic reception for its capably rendered opening numbers, and, assisted by the Lodge quartette, further ably accompanied Exalted Ruler T. A. Pamperin and his staff with appropriate music during the initiation of a class of candidates. The work of the officers impressed all present as it did also during the short memorial service.

After the initiation District Deputy Baker, greeted with a tremendous ovation, gave an inspiring heart-to-heart talk on the work of the Order. A humorous musical program and a fraternal session concluded an enjoyable evening.

### Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Holds American Legion Night

Pasadena Post No. 13 of the American Legion recently paid a visit to Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672. At nine o'clock in the evening, the doors were thrown open and some 150 Legionnaires, headed by the crack bugle and drum corps of the post, marched into the Lodge room. After the drum corps had played a number of selections, the visitors were formally welcomed by Exalted Ruler Joseph L. Krahn. The visitors were highly commended for the fine entertainment they gave during the evening and Past Exalted Ruler John L. Breiner presented Robert McCurdy, Post Adjutant, with a bouquet of flowers and an airedale dog for a mascot. The occasion was brought to an enjoyable close with a

lunch and social session held in the jinx room. It is being planned to hold other meetings of this nature in the future.

### Monster Meeting Greets District Deputy Merrill at Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge

More than 2,500 Elks, including members from a number of near-by Lodges, attended the banquet arranged by the Greeters of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Claud C. Merrill. The dinner was preceded by a Lodge meeting and initiation and was followed by an evening of entertainment. Mr. Merrill's address to the great gathering was a masterly one, and frequently interrupted by the enthusiastic applause of his audience.

The Greeters are a most active group, taking the lead in many of the doings of Harrisburg Lodge. Among their plans for the winter is a series of monthly entertainments for the patients at the Mt. Alto Sanitarium.

### Bergenfield and Ridgewood, N. J., Elks Visit Shut-Ins

Headed by Exalted Ruler James F. Carroll and his staff, a number of members of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, accompanied by a delegation, including the band, from Ridgewood Lodge, No. 1455, paid their annual visit to the Bergen Pines Hospital and the Old Folks' Home at Oradell, N. J. They were met at the hospital by its head, Dr. Morrow, the board of Governors and the County Board of Freeholders, who thanked them for their efforts each year to bring happiness to the patients. After the Ridgewood Lodge band had played several selections, the patients in the different wards were entertained by Eddie Clark, a noted clown, and candy, fruit and toys were distributed. Suitable gifts were made in the children's wards, such as kindergarten chairs and tables, dolls, doll carriages, blackboards and various games.

The next stop was made at the Old Folks' Home where the visitors were welcomed by the superintendent and staff. Here, aprons, candy, fruit and cookies for the women, and pipes, tobacco, candy and fruit for the men, and playing cards and dominoes were distributed. Mr. Clark again entertained. The band of No. 1455 was entertained at a dinner in the Home of Bergenfield Lodge on its return from the visit.

### Nevada City, Calif., Lodge Holds Meeting at Quincy

Nevada City, Calif., Lodge, No. 518, has made several pilgrimages in the past to Quincy, Plumas County, for the purpose of holding Lodge meetings and initiations, but none has been more successful than the recent visitation of some two-score members and their ladies. Enthusiastically received by the Quincy members of No. 518, the party arrived in time for a large dance held in their honor. On the following day, Sunday, a baseball game between the Western Pacific and Quincy teams was witnessed, and in the evening the Lodge was called to order in the courtroom of the Plumas County courthouse.

At this time a representative group of citizens was initiated into Nevada City Lodge by Exalted Ruler Thomas W. Richards and assisting officers, their beautiful exemplification of the ritual receiving a fine ovation. The meeting then adjourned to the Hotel Quincy Coffee Shop, where a banquet, presided over by Junior Past Exalted Ruler Congressman Harry L. Englebright of No. 518, was served. Many speeches were made and Exalted Ruler Richards was presented with a handsome memento of the evening by the Plumas County members of the Lodge. A musical program of vocal numbers brought the visit to an end.

### Kalamazoo, Mich., Elks Initiate Class for Muskegon Lodge

A short time ago the officers and degree team of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, the state champions, paid a fraternal visit to Muskegon Lodge, No. 274, and initiated the "James M. Donnelly Class" of twenty-two candidates,

twenty-one of whom had been proposed by Past Exalted Ruler Donnelly.

Kalamazoo Lodge gave a splendid exemplification of the ritual, one that justified the pride of the members in their officers and degree team, and the spirit of good-fellowship displayed during the evening made a deep impression on the newly made Elks. After the close of the meeting several acts of vaudeville were put on, and the gathering dispersed after as enjoyable an evening as Muskegon Lodge has had for some time.

### The Fine New Home of Paris, Ill., Lodge

Erected at a cost of \$120,000, the fine new Home of Paris, Ill., Lodge, No. 812, is a fire-proof building of three stories and a daylight basement, 120 feet long by 50 feet wide. The basement contains, in addition to the heating plant, up-to-date bowling alleys, shower baths and lockers, while on the first floor are the lounge room, ladies room, billiard and game rooms, and the Secretary's office. The Lodge room is on the second floor, which it shares with a spacious ballroom, and a kitchen. At present the third floor, containing twenty-one living-rooms, some in suites, is leased to a hotel which is situated just at the rear of the Home. An enclosed bridge connects these rooms with the hotel proper and there is no direct communication between them and the quarters occupied by the Lodge. A photograph of the handsome building will be reproduced in an early issue.

### District Deputy Morton Visits Salisbury, N. C., Lodge

Salisbury, N. C., Lodge, No. 699, celebrated the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Morton to its Home with one of the biggest and most enthusiastic meetings it has held for a long time. The District Deputy's message was cordially received and he pronounced himself greatly pleased with the spirit of the Lodge, and promised a second visit within a short time. Following the business session a supper was served in the dining-room of the Home, followed by an old-time social gathering.

### Meadville, Pa., Lodge Supplies Milk for School Children

Members of Meadville, Pa., Lodge, No. 219, were much gratified to hear, at a recent meeting, of the splendid results obtained by the contribution, by their Social and Community Welfare Committee, of milk to undernourished school children. The School nurse, under whose supervision the milk is distributed during school sessions, reported that the 100 pints supplied daily by the Lodge were responsible for a great increase in the health and strength of the youngsters receiving it.

Other recent benefactions of this active and generous Lodge included substantial cash contributions to the Meadville City Hospital and to the Community Chest Fund of the city.

### Adams, Mass., Lodge Entertains Disabled War Veterans

Armistice Day was observed by Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, with visits to the Leeds and Haydenville Hospitals, where its minstrel troupe, under the auspices of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, put on splendid shows for the benefit of the disabled war veterans. These were the second annual performances of the kind, and they were heartily looked forward to and applauded by the patients. In addition to enjoying the various acts, the veterans were the recipients of candy, tobacco and fruit distributed by the members who accompanied the performers.

### Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge's Annual Revue a Success

A substantial addition was made to the charity fund of Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, No. 262, when the proceeds were checked on its fourth annual midnight frolic and revue held on November 11. The fine sum realized will be used during the winter for relief work. Through the cooperation of the owners of the State Theatre,

that playhouse was donated for the occasion and the owners also supervised the building of the sets for the nine-act show. The revue played to a capacity house.

**District Deputy Turpin Entertained In Home of Bristol, Tenn., Lodge**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. Z. Turpin was the guest of honor at a banquet attended by some twenty Past Exalted Rulers on the occasion of his official visit to Bristol, Tenn., Lodge, No. 232. Following the dinner Mr. Turpin inspected the new Home of the Lodge, and delivered a most encouraging and helpful address at the meeting.

**Joint Initiation Held in Home Of Kirksville, Mo., Lodge**

A splendid joint meeting and initiation was held by Macon, Moberly and Kirksville, Mo., Lodges, No. 999, 936 and 464, in the Home of the latter. Some 450 visitors registered for the occasion, and partook of the elaborate dinner served before the meeting. A class of forty, including candidates for each of the three Lodges, was initiated by the crack degree team headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry G. Owen, and made up of Past Exalted Rulers from the Lodges of his district.

A number of such meetings are planned by the Lodges of Missouri, North, for the winter months. It is expected that Mr. Owen's team will officiate wherever there is a class of twenty-five or more candidates to be initiated.

**Recent Activities of Bremerton, Wash., Lodge**

Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181, observed Old Timers' Night in October with the Home crowded to capacity. George Trahey, one of the first Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, was master of ceremonies and the old-time members of the Lodge were present in full force, and their reminiscences of the Lodge's early days interested young and old Elks alike. During the evening a fine sum was contributed to the Christmas Charity fund by those present.

The annual fair of Bremerton Lodge given for three nights, has netted a large sum to the Lodge fund. Thousands of people attended it and got full measure for their money both in prizes and entertainment.

**St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge Receives District Deputy Crowell**

At a regular meeting of St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge, No. 1343, held some time ago, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert V. Crowell, who was present on his annual official visit, highly complimented No. 1343 on its generally excellent condition and predicted for it another successful year. In the District Deputy's suite were three members of his home Lodge, Brattleboro, No. 1499. They were Exalted Ruler Mann, Esteemed Leading Knight Sparks and Secretary Shea. The District Deputy's visitation was the occasion for an interesting and most enjoyable evening.

**Eastland, Texas, Lodge Gives Annual Minstrel**

The recent "Minstrel Flashes," the minstrel show given annually by Eastland, Texas, Lodge, No. 1372, was one of the most successful artistically and financially ever produced by the Lodge. A fine array of local talent splendidly trained, new tunes, dances, colorful and harmonious ensembles, created quite an impression in the community. The show, for the benefit of the Lodge charity fund, was given twice, one performance in Eastland and one in Breckenridge, under the auspices of Breckenridge Lodge, No. 1480.

**Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Gives Dinner to District Deputy Beck**

With many distinguished members of the Order present a testimonial dinner was tendered to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck by his home Lodge, Freeport, N. Y., No. 1253. Dinner was served in the  
(Continued on page 44)



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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 43)

spacious Lodge room of the Home and seated at the speakers' table were D. Curtis Gano, Marmaduke Burr Wright, Jr., and Philip Clancy, President, Vice-President and Secretary, respectively, of the New York State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frederick Hughes, White Plains Lodge, No. 535; Lester G. Brimmer and James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878; Exalted Rulers Charles S. Hart, Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842; Edward J. McCarthy, Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22; and Matthew J. Merritt, Queens Borough Lodge; Albert S. Dayton, Patchogue Lodge, No. 1323; Walter F. Forster, Glen Cove Lodge, No. 1458, and John J. O'Toole, Hempstead Lodge, No. 1485; Justices of the State Supreme Court, Edward J. Byrne, Selah B. Strong and John McCrate; Leon D. Howell, surrogate, and Elvin N. Edwards, attorney, of Nassau County. A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presence of every living Past Exalted Ruler of Freeport Lodge.

Many speeches were made praising the record of Mr. Beck, complimenting Freeport Lodge on his appointment as representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler in New York Southeast, and prophesying a successful year for him. Past Exalted Ruler Archer B. Wallace presented the District Deputy with a substantial gift on behalf of his many friends and Past Exalted Ruler Worden E. Winne on behalf of Mrs. Beck, the mother of the District Deputy, presented him with a token of her love and affection. A social hour rounded out a notable occasion.

### Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Entertains Old Folks

More than seventy-five invalids and shut-ins, all old folk, were entertained at the Mount Baker Theater by Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, some time ago. Nurses, attendants and members of the Lodge committee escorted the old people in automobiles to the theatre. For many this was their first motor ride, as well as theatrical performance. The generosity of the management, the Fanchon-Marco players and the Lodge, made the occasion a memorable one for the old guests.

As this was written, the financial returns from "Up in the Air," the musical revue produced by Bellingham Lodge, for the benefit of the Elks Lake Ballinger Home for crippled children, were not all in, but the show had proved to be such an unprecedented success that a large sum is fully expected as a result. Along with the lavish quality of the production the Lodge band and orchestra gave a notably excellent account of themselves.

### Past District Deputy Otis F. Glenn Elected United States Senator

Elks of Murphysboro, Ill., Lodge, No. 572, are congratulating their fellow member and Past Exalted Ruler, Otis F. Glenn, upon his election as United States Senator from Illinois. Senator-elect Glenn twice served his Lodge as Exalted Ruler, initiating more than 150 new members during his administration. He also served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Illinois South in 1919-20 and again in 1920-21.

### Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge Opens Clinic for Crippled Children

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, announces that the opening clinic for underprivileged children was recently held in the Home. The room set aside for this purpose has been entirely remodeled and renovated, and compares favorably with anything of its kind in any first-class hospital. The equipment is the last word in hospital and clinical furnishing, and the committee is receiving congratulations for the successful completion of this humane project.

### Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge Puts On Three Performances of Charity Show

Three performances of an elaborate minstrel and revue, "The Jollies of 1929," were given in

the Grand Theatre by Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge, No. 402, for the benefit of its Crippled Children's Fund. A cast of sixty-five persons, which included the finest home talent, provided a lively and colorful entertainment that more than fulfilled the expectations of the audiences, who have come to expect an unusually high standard in these annual benefits of the Lodge.

### Union Hill, N. J., Lodge Reports on Welfare Work

The Crippled Children's Committee of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, submitted the following report of its recent activities to the membership. The report is for the month of October. Clinics held, 4; total patients, 183; total operations, 1; total cases in convalescent home, 3; total cases followed up by social service, 34. During the month an official visit was made to the clinic by the secretary of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, who praised the highly satisfactory work being done there. Certain suggestions were made by him regarding the new State laws operating for the education and instruction of cripples, and the Lodge committee is planning to follow these carefully.

The cost of operating the Lodge clinic is estimated at around \$1,500. This includes the clinic staff salaries, the purchase of orthopedic shoes and braces and miscellaneous expenditures.

### Logan Elks Initiate Class At Malad, Utah

A fine turnout of members and officers of Logan, Utah, Lodge, No. 1453, headed by Exalted Ruler M. G. Cardon, journeyed to Malad, where they initiated a class of eighteen business men of the latter place into the Order. The initiation was held under special dispensation from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Farrer, who was present and addressed the meeting.

### Duluth, Minn., Lodge Presents Cabin to Boy Scouts

The cabin built at Boy Scout Camp Lawrie on Eagle Lake, by Duluth, Minn., Lodge, No. 133, was recently presented to the Scout Council at a court of awards held in the Lodge Home.

Prior to the presentation the Scouts, carrying the troop colors and headed by the drum corps of Veterans of Foreign Wars, paraded through the city to the Home. Exalted Ruler Burt Duff made the presentation address and the cabin was accepted on behalf of the Scouts by J. J. Lumm, President of the Duluth Council. The cabin is one of the largest on the Scout property, having quarters for eight boys.

In addition to citations for Scouts who had earned their merit badges, many civic organizations of Duluth took this opportunity to award medals to those making the best showing in various Scout activities.

### Kelso, Wash., Lodge Receives District Deputy Mack

A crowd of more than 130 members of Kelso, Wash., Lodge, No. 1482, turned out to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Russell V. Mack on the occasion of his official visit there. The evening, which started with a venison banquet in honor of the District Deputy, was one of the most entertaining and enjoyable held in the Home of No. 1482 for some time. After Mr. Mack had delivered an address on the work of the Grand Lodge, an interesting program of vaudeville rounded out the session.

### Varied Activities of Alameda, Calif., Lodge

With a success that exceeded the expectation of its most enthusiastic supporters the annual charity show given by Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, played to packed houses on every night of its run. The show was a revival of the old success, "Turn to the Right," and the proceeds from it will enable Alameda Elks to carry

on the great charitable work of relieving distress amongst the city's needy.

Another recent successful event staged by the Lodge was Kiddies Night, at which a fine stage program was presented in the high school auditorium for the city's younger generation. Thousands of novelties were distributed to the youngsters and the entertainment provided was enjoyed by young and old alike. On the occasion of a recent monthly meeting and initiation, Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002, made a fraternal visit to Alameda Lodge, at which time the visiting officers exemplified the ritual for their hosts, performing their various offices in able fashion. Following the meeting a show and buffet supper were given in the new banquet hall.

### District Deputy Van Minden Presides at New Jersey, Central, Meeting

The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the various Lodges in New Jersey, Central, recently met with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Rene F. Van Minden in the Home of Dunellen Lodge, No. 1488. The gathering was welcomed by Charles Boddewell, Mayor of Dunellen, and members of the local Lodge.

Mr. Van Minden, in his speech before the meeting, after conveying to those present the Grand Exalted Ruler's message, laid particular stress on lapsations and urged the officers to endeavor to prevent defection among the membership. The District Deputy also called attention to the laudatory remarks about New Jersey Elks made by the Grand Lodge officers at the recent conference of District Deputies in Chicago. Past Exalted Ruler Frederik A. Pope of Somerville Lodge, No. 1068, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and Past Exalted Ruler Charles Wibiralske of Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784, Vice-President, Central District, of the New Jersey State Elks Association, also addressed the meeting. An item of particular interest at the time was the announcement of the tentative schedule of Ritualistic Contests for the District.

After the meeting Mr. Van Minden was host at a banquet tendered to the visiting officers and guests.

### Toledo, O., Lodge Celebrates Forty-Second Anniversary

The forty-second birthday anniversary of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, celebrated on Roll Call Night in the Home, was attended by many old-time members and officers of the Lodge. A fine concert by the De Molay band opened the program, and many speeches were made by past and present officers and members of No. 53. Senior Past Exalted Ruler William H. Haskell spoke of the early days of the Lodge, and the work of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, whose activities have grown enormously over the years. Telegrams and letters of congratulation from Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Fred L. Hay, many charter members and those who helped to institute the Lodge were received and read to great applause.

### Ensley, Ala., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-third Anniversary

Ensley, Ala., Lodge, No. 987, recently celebrated its twenty-third anniversary with a gala reception and meeting in the Home. Large delegations were in attendance from Birmingham and Bessemer, Ala., Lodges, and many visiting Elks from San Juan, Porto Rico; Lakeland, Fla.; New York City; Portland, Ore., and Ionia, Mich., were present. Ex-Governor and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Brandon, who instituted No. 987, was unable to be present owing to illness.

### Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge Occupies New Home

One of the finest events that has taken place in Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge, No. 1531, since its institution less than two years ago, was the recent special meeting at which the Lodge took possession of its new Home and its officers, headed by Exalted Ruler Richard J. Quiter, initiated a class of 109 candidates before a capacity crowd of members and visitors. Among the many distinguished members of the Order

who rose to pay tribute to the strides made by No. 1531 and to the work of the officers during the exemplification of the ritual, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jack P. Eaton; William M. Frasier, President, and George W. Hasselman, Secretary, of the Illinois State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James Lalla, Nelson H. Millard and Harry Warner, and many past and present subordinate Lodge officers from the jurisdiction. A bountiful lunch was served after the meeting.

The first regular meeting was held in the new Home on November 15, and was known as "J. Edgar Masters' Night" in honor of the Grand Secretary. At this time another class of candidates was initiated with distinguished guests present. Mr. Masters' escort included Assistant to the Grand Secretary Charles E. Witt, President Frasier and Secretary Hasselman of the State Association, and Past Exalted Ruler William J. Savage of Oak Park Lodge, No. 1295. Many interesting speeches were made by the visitors and a musical program was furnished by the students of the Elmhurst College School of Music.

Occupying two floors of a new, centrally located building, the Home is adequate and comfortable in every way. The Lodge room is beautifully panelled in a dark wood and is furnished with an eye to beauty and utility. The lounge has a large fireplace, up-to-date radio set and comfortable overstuffed furniture. There is a grill with its attendant kitchen and just off a well equipped gymnasium is a larger kitchen to be used for banquets and gala gatherings. Billiard and social rooms and offices for the Exalted Ruler and Secretary complete the complement of the Home. At the present writing there are some 450 members on the roll.

**Berkeley, Calif., Lodge Tenders Dinner to District Deputy Brandt**

On November 21, Berkeley, Calif., No. 1002, his Home Lodge, gave a dinner in honor of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur Brandt at which Mr. Brandt was presented with a traveling case on behalf of his fellow Past Exalted Rulers. Later that evening, at the regular meeting, the District Deputy outlined the policies of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Lodge, touching effectively in the course of his speech on the Elks National Foundation, the perfection of the ritual, and lapsation committee work. Many Elks were present from Pittsburg and Palo Alto, Calif., Lodges.

**President Gano Officially Visits Batavia, N. Y., Lodge**

Close to 130 members were present in the Home of Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, to welcome President D. Curtis Gano, who was accompanied by Vice-President Joseph T. Fitzgerald, of the New York State Elks Association, on the occasion of his official visit. The officers of Mr. Gano's home Lodge, Rochester, N. Y., No. 24, initiated a class of seventeen candidates at this time in a most impressive manner.

Mr. Gano's address was devoted to the general principles of the Order and particularly to work being done along the lines of social and community welfare service. Mr. Fitzgerald delivered a speech on perfection of the ritualistic work. Following the meeting a social session was held and a buffet lunch served.

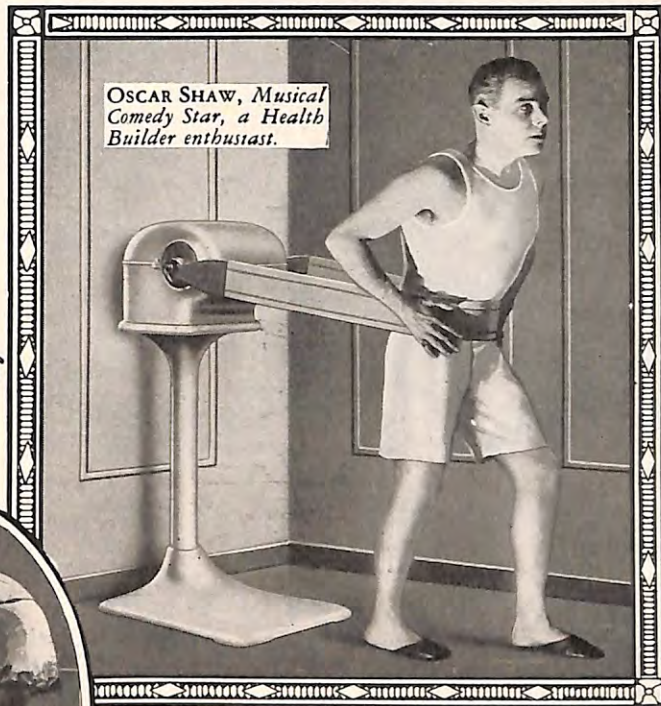
**New York, N. Y., Lodge Holds Charity Auction**

At the termination of a recent regular meeting of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, a social session and auction was staged under the auspices of the entertainment committee to provide for the sale of boxes at the annual charity ball. Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert was the auctioneer and after spirited bidding the first box was knocked down to the highest bidder, John J. Schmitt, whose many past Elk benefactions have been mentioned in these columns. The sale continued, marked by noteworthy bidding, resulting in the distribution of a goodly number of boxes. Albert Ottinger, recent candidate for Governor of the State of New York, and member of No. 1, also assisted in disposing of many more. The sum realized at the auction compares

(Continued on page 46)

# KEEP FIT

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minutes  
a day



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# SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's  milder

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 45)

favorably with that of last year. The vaudeville show which followed was greatly enjoyed by the large gathering present.

As this was written a report reached us as to the success of the Charity Ball. Following an impressive and intricate Grand March, the general atmosphere was one of a large home party. Among the many box holders of the evening were: Mr. Hulbert, Mr. Schmitt, Mr. Ottinger, the Hon. Ruth Pratt, Congresswoman-elect, Hon. Ogden L. Mills, Hon. Abraham Greenberg, Exalted Ruler Edward A. Neylan, Past Exalted Rulers John J. Martin and Sol. Tekulsky, and Augustus F. Groll, chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of No. 1.

### District Deputy Mory Visits Union Hill, N. J., Lodge

A distinguished gathering of members and visiting Elks recently assembled in the Home of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis Mory, who was paying his official visit there. Large groups of members and officers were present from Ridgewood and Englewood, N. J., Lodges and among other prominent Elks present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Fred W. Bain and Past Exalted Ruler Frank A. Jaeger, of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211, the father of the Exalted Ruler of Union Hill Lodge, Edward H. Jaeger. The meeting was one of the most spirited and impressive in the annals of the local Lodge.

### Special Notice to All Lodge Secretaries

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485, has requested THE ELKS MAGAZINE to announce that Alfred A. Weber, formerly of that Lodge, has been expelled from the Order. His card was No. 766, and if it is presented, it should be taken up and the Secretary of Hempstead Lodge notified.

### Baker, Oregon, Lodge Holds Successful Carnival

Baker, Ore., Lodge, No. 338, recently held a most successful carnival, by means of which it raised a very substantial sum, which was deposited to its charity account. The event had the heartiest public support, and was the subject of commendatory articles in the local newspapers.

### Crippled Children's Committees Convene in Newark, N. J., Lodge

A largely attended and interesting meeting of the Crippled Children's Committees from the Lodges of New Jersey, Central, was held in the Home of Newark Lodge, No. 21, on November 23. The twelve Lodges of the district were well represented by many past and present officers and a large volume of important business was transacted.

### "Gus" Heckler, of the Mother Lodge, is Dead

By the death of Augustus L. Heckler the Order has lost a zealous and devoted member and New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, one of its most picturesque and beloved figures. No Elk who ever saw Mr. Heckler and his fellow veteran of the Civil War, John E. Burk, the one in the gray of the Confederacy, the other wearing the blue of the Union, acting as color guard at the meetings of the Mother Lodge, is likely to forget the emotion he felt at the sight of these two old soldiers escorting the flag of their country to the altar of their Lodge.

Mr. Heckler was initiated into No. 1 on April 24, 1881. He was a prominent figure in the theatrical life of the day, and his editorship and part-ownership of *The Dramatic Mirror* enabled him to assist materially in the entertainment of the Grand Lodge, which at that time met annually in New York City. For nearly half a century, he gave devoted loyalty to the Order, and when he died at the age of eighty-four the officers of his Lodge conducted his funeral services, and his fellow members and the Elks of

Fidelity Post of the American Legion, of which he was an honorary member, came in great numbers to render their last homage to this gallant old warrior. Among those who paid this tribute was Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert.

### Pottsville Male Chorus Visits Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge

On the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Charles V. Hogan to Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge, No. 695, the Famous Forty, well-known male chorus sponsored by Pottsville Lodge, No. 207, presented a concert before the large and enthusiastic gathering present. The evening's program arranged by George J. Post, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, was one of great interest.

A business session opened the meeting and was followed by the initiation of a class of candidates by the crack degree team of Mahanoy City Lodge. Dr. Hogan delivered a brilliant address and then the male chorus gave its concert. Along with the many members present from the above-mentioned Lodges, delegations were in attendance from Shenandoah and Frackville.

### Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Initiates Large Class

A fine, representative class of twenty-one candidates, as the first definite contribution of the present membership campaign, was initiated at a recent regular meeting of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44. The officers, headed by Exalted Ruler Harold Armstrong, exemplified the ritual in a manner to impress both the old and the new members. Following the business session the record crowd present listened to a concert presented by the championship band of No. 44, and then adjourned to the dining-room where a bountiful buffet luncheon was served.

### Merced Elks Visit Visalia, Calif., Lodge

Eighty-two members, including the officers and band of Merced, Calif., Lodge, No. 1249, paid a fraternal visit some time ago to Visalia Lodge, No. 1298. The visitors paraded from the railroad station to the Home, where they were greeted by a large turnout of their hosts and were tendered a turkey dinner.

After Exalted Ruler Charles Niete had called the meeting to order the visiting officers inducted a class of candidates into the Order. Present at this time were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Harry C. Kimball and Elmer Maze. A vaudeville entertainment rounded out an interesting evening.

### Summer Camp is Presented to Spokane, Wash., Lodge

Provision for summer outdoor entertainment and healthful sport for members of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, affiliated Lodges and their families, was recently made possible by the generous presentation of twenty-four acres of land and a country house on Hayden Lake, Idaho, by E. L. Powell, one time Mayor of Spokane. The presentation was made for Mr. Powell by Judge Joseph B. Lindsley and accepted by Exalted Ruler J. J. Schiffner for the Lodge. A resolution of thanks was passed and presented to the donor.

The property includes a fine bathing beach, one of the best frontages on the lake, and is handsomely equipped with boats and boat-houses. Spokane Lodge will further improve the property in the spring by constructing several additional cottages. It is planned to hold many functions there when the season opens.

### Indiana Officers Meet in Home of Indianapolis Lodge

The annual meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana was held in the Home of Indianapolis Lodge, with representatives from fifty-eight Lodges and most of the officers of the State Elks Association present. The session was



presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. J. McMichael. Exalted Ruler Thomas L. Hughes, of Indianapolis Lodge, bade the visitors welcome, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, as the personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, made a most interesting address. Others who spoke were William E. Hendrich, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, and John F. Holliday and Don Allman, President and Secretary of the Indiana State Elks Association.

This meeting, held on Armistice Day, was but one of several activities in which members took part. A float, commemorating the close relation of the Order and the Salvation Army during the war, was entered in the great Armistice Day parade. November 11 is also the anniversary of the issuing of the charter to Indianapolis Lodge, and is marked annually by a meeting of the Boys of Auld Lang Syne. These members of more than twenty years standing this year celebrated with an old-time chowder party and social session. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Price was a guest of the evening, and was complimented by being elected an honorary member. Past Exalted Ruler George W. June, one of the six surviving charter members of the lodge, was another honored celebrant. Other charter members still on the rolls of No. 13 are Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; Postmaster-General Harry S. New; James V. Cook; Dr. Charles Cleveland; Eugene A. Cooper, and John J. Curtis.

**Charity Ball of Webster, Mass., Lodge is a Great Success**

With an attendance of more than 1,500 persons, the recent charity ball of Webster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1466, was the most notable success of its kind ever held in the city, and resulted in a very substantial sum being added to the Lodge's Christmas charity fund. In addition to dancing, there were an orchestra concert and a series of vaudeville acts, which were enthusiastically applauded by the capacity gathering.

**Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Observes "Out-of-Town Night"**

Observing "Out-of-Town Night" on the occasion of one of its regular monthly Good-fellowship Dinners, Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 104, had a record attendance of members from the outlying districts of its jurisdiction. Following dinner, the regular meeting of the Lodge was held, and a class of candidates initiated. The monthly radio program was then broadcast from the Lodge room, at the conclusion of which a buffet supper was served. During the meeting the visiting ladies were entertained at a theatre party and were later served with refreshments in the banquet room of the Home.

The 5 ft. x 8 ft. flag, presented to the out-of-town delegation registering the largest percentage of attendance, went to the Elks of Ferndale, who had better than 84 per cent. of their number present. The winners announced their intention of presenting the prize to the Mayor of Ferndale, to be flown from the council chamber, and invited their officers and fellow members to attend the presentation exercises.

**New Home of Jackson, Mich., Lodge Dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler**

The splendid new \$800,000 Home of Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113, was dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert a few minutes after the ceremony of placing the cornerstone was concluded. A great crowd attended the cornerstone laying, at which Exalted Ruler William Sparks, who was the moving spirit in the erection of the new building, made the opening address. Mr. Hulbert spoke briefly of his pleasure at being present for the double ceremony. The formal dedication was then conducted by the Grand Exalted Ruler, assisted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Mountain; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden; John K. Burch, of the Board of Grand Trustees; Rev. J. Bradford Pengelly, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Michigan, East, and other prominent Elks of the State. A banquet followed the services, and later there was a meeting and the initiation of a special class of candidates.

(Continued on page 48)



**Hurry! We're holding a place for YOU on the ELKS' West Indies Cruise**

**S**PRAWL out in this deck chair here between us. Draw in the bracing salt air. Rest your eyes on great rolling green waves. Relax. *You're with friends.* We are all ELKS, off on our Third Annual Cruise to the West Indies.

Hurry up! Only a few reservations are left. We want you with us on board when the splendid cruise ship, the Red Star Line Lapland, steams out of New York, February 25th. Plans have to be made *now*. Mail the coupon for an illustrated folder which tells all about our glorious cruise.

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Within two days after leaving New York, we'll strike the Gulf Stream—and summer.



We'll find a new world in the West Indies—a delightfully balmy climate—strange forms of beauty—new kinds of entertainment—odd ways of living. We'll come back rested, healthier, with replenished zest for work and living.

SAN JUAN to explore this colorful capital of Porto Rico. Then we'll cross over to KINGSTON and enjoy a drive through the tropical interior of Jamaica to Port Antonio over one of the most beautiful motor routes in the world. Last, and possibly best, will come HAVANA—the Paris of the West Indies. There we can sample every form of modern entertainment after visiting historical scenes or shopping in the smart stores.

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 47)

The new Home is a handsome, five-story and basement and sub-basement building, of fire-proof construction, finished on the exterior in red brick and terra cotta trim. The fifth floor contains the Lodge room; the memorial lounge room, with a bronze tablet on which are the names of the departed members; and 26 living rooms. The fourth floor has the ladies' parlor; private dining-rooms, with tables for 250 guests, and 10 bowling alleys. On the third floor are the game rooms, from which leads a balcony which will seat 508 persons; the second floor has the auditorium with a seating capacity of 2,000; and a richly furnished lounging room, 40 x 75 feet. On the ground floor are nine stores, and a fine restaurant in Spanish design, with a kitchen equipped to serve 2,000 diners. The basement has 700 locker rooms (with space for more as needed), a hand-ball court, complete gymnasium, Turkish and shower-baths, as well as a fine swimming-pool; the sub-basement is devoted to boilers, mechanical equipment and ventilating fans. The roof of the swimming-pool on the north side of the building is being equipped for a summer plaza, on which refreshments will be served.

### District Deputy's Visitation to Norwich, Conn., Lodge

Attended by a suite from his home Lodge, Hartford, Conn., No. 19, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Mack made his official visit to Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 439, and was met by a fine turnout of members. The high marks of the evening's program were the speeches delivered by Mr. Mack and Edward W. Cotter, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. The District Deputy delivered the Grand Exalted Ruler's message, congratulated the Lodge on its fine record of attendance and praised the efficiency of its officers. Mr. Cotter's interesting speech was an outline of the work being done at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.

### Crippled Children's Committee of New Jersey, South

The Crippled Children's Committee of New Jersey, South, recently convened in the Home of Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, with Chairman Richard P. Hughes of Burlington Lodge, No. 996, presiding. Practically every Lodge in the district was represented and their reports show them to be actively engaged in the work of child welfare. Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, who was present, outlined to the committee what was expected of the various Lodges by the State Commission, and received a pledge of the fullest cooperation. Other prominent Elks in attendance at this time were Treasurer Harry Bacharach and Vice-President S. E. D'Ippolito of the State Association and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Albert E. Dearden.

### William Henry Eustis, of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Is Dead

On Thanksgiving Day Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, lost a member who, throughout a long and active life, exemplified the finest principles of the Order in a way that it is given to few to do. William Henry Eustis was one of twelve children of a hard-working wheelwright and farmer in New York State. From his earliest youth he was accustomed to hard work, and it was while laboring on his father's farm that the boy suffered an injury which permanently crippled him. For years his life was despaired of, but his will and his interest pulled him through. Still crippled, he worked as a school teacher and insurance salesman to pay his way through law school. In four years he completed a seven-year course and then, as a young man, migrated to Minneapolis. He became an outstanding attorney, accumulated a large fortune and served as mayor of his adopted city with great distinction. But through all his success he never forgot the handicaps of the crippled youngster, which he himself had so courageously overcome. A number of years ago he deeded sixty-five acres

of land midway between Minneapolis and St. Paul for the famous Dowling school for crippled children, and for a hospital and home. In addition he pledged his entire fortune of \$1,500,000 to be held in trust for the building and maintenance of the Minnesota Hospital and Home for Crippled Children. A stipulation of the bequest was that his name as donor should at all times be kept in the background.

Mr. Eustis was eighty-three years old at the time of his death, one of the most beloved and respected figures of his State.

### Gala Meeting Held by Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge

Nearly 300 members were present for a turkey dinner, and the gala meeting and initiation which followed, in the Home of Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge, No. 483. Past Exalted Ruler Warren M. Parrish opened the meeting, and the class of thirteen candidates was initiated by the fine degree team of the Lodge, headed by Exalted Ruler Arnett R. Groves. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John C. Hampton made an interesting address, and complimented highly the ritualistic work performed by the officers. A program of entertainment wound up a most successful and enjoyable evening.

### Elks Scout Troop Wins Annual Field Meet

By winning five first places, three second places and one third place, Troop 19, Boy Scouts, sponsored by San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216, won first prize in the Annual Scout Field Day exercises held in Breckenridge Park. The fine showing made by the boys is a source of much gratification to the membership of No. 216, and the silver loving cup which the troop won is now on display in the Home, and will be added to the collection of trophies won in the past by other auxiliaries of the Lodge.

### Past District Deputy Frederick Hughes Sworn in as Brooklyn Magistrate

Past Exalted Ruler Frederick Hughes of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for New York, Southeast, was recently sworn in as temporary magistrate of the Fifth Avenue Court, in Brooklyn, N. Y. His many friends, in and out of municipal office, took advantage of the occasion to express their affection and admiration for him. When Mr. Hughes arrived in court, he found the bench banked with flowers, and the spectators' seats filled with friends. A number of these made brief addresses of welcome and congratulation, and the newly installed magistrate was the recipient of several handsome presents in commemoration of the event.

### District Deputy's Visitation to Okmulgee, Okla., Lodge

At a well-attended recent regular meeting of Okmulgee, Okla., Lodge, No. 1136, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Woody, present on his official visit, delivered an address on the principles of the Order which made a profound impression on all hearers. Following the meeting and business session a social hour was held, marked by a fine fraternal spirit.

### Garrett, Ind., Lodge Receives District Deputy Ardrner

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Ardrner made an official visit to Garrett, Ind., Lodge, No. 1447, and found the affairs of the Lodge in an exceptionally good condition and a notable interest and enthusiasm on the part of the membership, manifested by large attendance at the meetings. After delivering the Grand Exalted Ruler's message Mr. Ardrner congratulated the officers and members of No. 1447 on their progressive spirit. A fine lunch was served after the meeting and many interesting speeches were made by visiting Elks and local members, the Elks National Foundation Fund being the principal topic of discussion.

Garrett Lodge is contemplating the building of

a new Home which, when completed, will be one of the finest in Northern Indiana. The charity work of No. 1447, now being carried out, is receiving high commendation from the entire community and ambitious preparations are being made to continue this record during the coming year.

### New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Holds Card Parties for Charity

Replacing its familiar charity minstrel and revue this year with a series of card parties and a great ball to be held during the Easter festivities, New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge No. 324, expects to raise a large sum for its work among crippled children. The card parties will be run off by the wives of the members, each party being conducted by a different chairwoman. There will be a fine array of prizes for the winners at the various tables of bridge, euchre, five-hundred and pinocle. New Brunswick Lodge is extremely active in welfare work, and occupies a commanding position among the social, fraternal and charitable institutions of the city. The recent celebration of its thirty-third anniversary, at which Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert assisted, is reported in the account of Mr. Hulbert's recent visitations.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

A band concert featured the Thanksgiving services of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, which set a record for attendance.

Robert A. (Bob) O'Farrell, catcher for the New York Giants, and his father, Chief of the city's fire department, were among the well-known citizens initiated into Waukegan, Ill., Lodge at a recent meeting.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William C. Jerome has made his official visits to Ontario, Santa Ana, Riverside, Orange and Anaheim, Calif., Lodges, and expects to complete his itinerary of calls some time early in January.

The annual charity ball of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, held some time ago, proved a delightful social and financial success.

Norwalk, O., Lodge recently conferred an Honorary Life Membership on District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. R. Perrin in appreciation of the valuable services he has rendered the Lodge since its institution in 1902. Mr. Perrin was recently reappointed for his second year as District Deputy of Ohio, North Central.

Juneau, Alaska, Lodge's newly organized dance club held the first of a series of monthly dances scheduled for the mid-winter season.

The Boosters Club of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge gave a successful banquet and entertainment in the Home which was attended by more than 200 members.

Close to 400 members and friends of Everett, Wash., Lodge were present at Old Clothes Night held in the Home. A large assortment of wearing apparel was contributed and will be distributed among the needy families of the community. A splendid program of entertainment was enjoyed by those present.

The venison dinner given to the members and friends of the Thursday Night Bowling Club of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge was enjoyable in every way. Dancing was a feature of the occasion.

No expense was spared in making the new, recently opened dining-rooms of Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, as modern and fully equipped as any of similar size in the Order throughout the country.

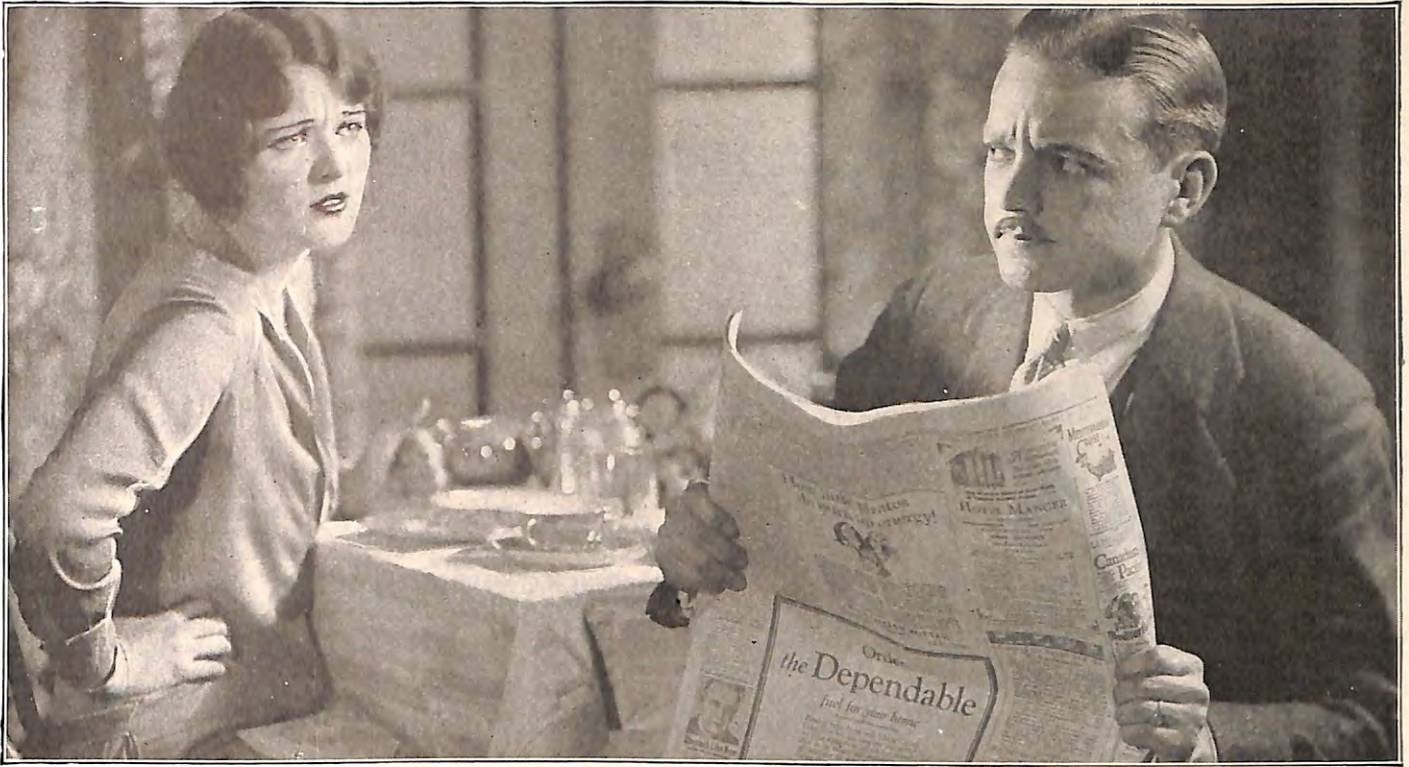
With an attendance of some 900 persons the first charity ball given by Adams, Mass., Lodge, held in the State Armory, was an unprecedented success. The colorful and novel decorations and unusual lighting helped to make it one of the most attractive functions ever held locally.

Some 500 Elks and their ladies attended "Ladies' Night" held in the Home of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge. Dancing, refreshments and entertainment contributed to the success of the affair.

Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge is contemplating building a new Home. Propositions are now being heard at each regular session of the Lodge.

New Orleans, La., Lodge celebrated the Franz Schubert centenary with a large and interesting

(Continued on page 50)



# “Now I Understand Why We Never Have Anything — it was your big chance and you never opened your mouth”

“FOR weeks you’ve been talking about ‘getting up your nerve’ to go in and tell Mr. Hutchins about your plan for marketing the new floor polish. And then last night between dances when he deliberately came over to you and said, ‘Well, Barnard, I think we’ve got a winner in this new floor polish,’ you sort of wilted up and gulped, ‘Yes, I think it’s all right.’

“I could have cried—I was so mad. It would have been so easy for you to answer, ‘Mr. Hutchins, I’ve got an idea I’d like to tell you about—I’ve been giving a lot of study to this proposition and I think I’ve worked out a plan you’d be interested in.’

“That was your big chance—your opportunity to show him you had brains—and you hardly opened your mouth! Now I understand why you never get promoted—why we never have anything! You’re actually afraid of your own voice—you are the smartest man in that organization—but no one would ever know it. You can’t put your ideas across—can’t stand up for your rights—you just let them use you for a door mat. Here we are still living in a dingy little four-room flat while all our old crowd have lovely homes out in the country.

“And last night after you had gone to sleep I laid awake for hours and figured it all out. The only trouble with you is that you have no ability to express yourself—to say the right thing at the right moment. Just the other day Alice Vaughn was telling me that Jack used to be troubled the same way—and then he began training with the North American Institute of Chicago—at home in his spare time. It took only about twenty min-

utes a day and in no time at all he was able to give little talks at club meetings. In the last year he’s had three promotions—all due, he says, to his ability to talk with ease and vigor.

“Now, don’t you think you ought to look into this new training—I bet that if you’d get started right away you could be the biggest man in the office in another year—the opportunity is there, and you have the stuff in you—all you need is to bring it out. Once you learn how to talk—once you can carry on a decent conversation without becoming scared to death—I’ll wager you’ll just about set the world on fire—you’ll be made for life. I’m going to send for their free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*—and we’ll have lots of fun reading it together.”

\* \* \*

No matter what work you are now doing or what may be your station in life; no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to

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they are actually surprised at the great improvement in themselves.

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- How to address board meetings
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be master of any situation

# Elks

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### 1929 Convention in Los Angeles

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 48)

concert of choral, string and piano numbers in the Home.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur Brandt was a recent guest of honor in the Home of Eureka, Calif., Lodge.

More than 2,500 needy cases have been taken care of to date by the Old Clothes Committee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge.

The fifth anniversary of the dedication of the Home of Cincinnati, O., Lodge was celebrated with a dinner and dance on Thanksgiving Eve.

The "Big Time Initiation" held by McKees Rocks, Pa., Lodge, at which the officers of Woodlawn Lodge officiated, was a great success. The turnout of members was swelled to large proportions by visiting delegations from sister Lodges.

The officers of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge entertained Frank Cooper, President of the Washington State Elks Association, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Earl Reynolds, of Portland, at a wild-duck dinner some time ago.

It is expected that the extensive refurnishing and redecoration of the Home of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge will be completed soon after the first of the year. The total expenditure will reach several thousand dollars.

Roanoke, Va., Lodge held its second successful Charity Ball on November 23, in the city auditorium. The ball is a feature of widespread interest in Roanoke and is looked upon as one of the finest social events of the season.

The visiting committee, headed by Exalted Ruler E. J. Dorris of Vallejo, Calif., Lodge makes regular visits to the U. S. Naval Hospital on Mare Island, keeping in touch with the patients and supplying whatever needs they may have.

With District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Farrer acting as master of ceremonies, the first public lecture in a series sponsored by Provo, Utah, Lodge was given before a capacity audience in the Home. Dr. Christen Jensen, well-known educator, was the speaker, and his subject was European reconstruction since the war.

The recent activities of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge have been directed toward raising a fund to provide glasses and eye treatment for needy school children.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Frederick W. Bain made a recent visit to Nutley, N. J., Lodge and installed the Lodge's new Esteemed Loyal Knight, A. E. Horst, and the new Esquire, P. Berstel.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge held a turkey shoot at the Westchester Biltmore Country Club, a few days before Thanksgiving, and some fourteen turkeys were awarded as prizes.

One of the outstanding local successes of recent years was the dancing party held in the Home of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, which more than 1,100 persons attended.

The annual minstrel show of Passaic, N. J., Lodge, given for three nights in October, was a success from every angle.

The recent visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. C. O'Neill to Gloucester Mass., Lodge was a notable one in every way. The impressive entrance of the District Deputy and his suite, escorted by the drill team of Everett Lodge, brought forth much applause, as did the exhibition drill of the Everett officers.

The committee on Social and Community Welfare of Butte, Mont., Lodge, took the minstrel show organized by the church of St. John the Evangelist, to the sanatorium at Galen, where its performance was a source of much pleasure and gratification to the patients.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George W. Denton made his visitation to Albany, N. Y., Lodge and was warmly received by the large number of members present. Dr. Leo W. Roohan, Vice-President of the Northeast District of the New York State Elks Association accompanied Mr. Denton and also addressed the membership.

**BY THE time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE reaches the members, the countless charitable and cheer-bringing Christmas activities of the Lodges throughout the Order will have become matters of history. We wish that it were possible to report, immediately and adequately, these beautiful observances of the day. But to do this would require a magazine larger than any we have ever published.**

## News of the State Associations Reports and Plans from All Over the Country

### Maine

**A**T a meeting of representatives of the fourteen Lodges in Maine, held at the Home of Waterville Lodge, No. 905, on November 18th, it was voted to form a Maine State Elks Association. There were about sixty-five present at the enthusiastic session. By-laws were adopted and the following officers were elected to serve until the annual meeting, which is to be held at Waterville at a date to be chosen by the trustees: President, C. Dwight Stevens, Portland; First Vice-President, Wilfred P. Perry, Augusta; Second Vice-President, Dr. P. L. B. Ebbett, Houlton; Third Vice-President, Perley Ford, Sanford; Secretary, Edward R. Twomey, Portland; Treasurer, Mills D. Barber, Bangor; Trustees: R. L. Ervin, Waterville; W. P. Toulouse, Waterville; and Lester C. Ayer, Portland. After the meeting a lunch was served in the Home by the members of Waterville Lodge.

### New Jersey

**T**HE New Jersey State Elks Association Crippled Children's Committee has again chosen Joseph G. Buch of Trenton Lodge, No. 105, the pioneer sponsor of organized work for crippled children in that State, as its general

chairman for 1928-1929. The other officers are William Delhagen, Vice-Chairman, Dr. H. K. Cohen, Secretary, and Harry Bacharach, Treasurer. The committee will hold meetings in each of the four district deputy districts, attended by the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Subordinate Lodges of the respective districts.

The survey made last year disclosed 10,000 crippled children, and the State Committee is endeavoring to have the local Lodges secure the services of nurses or other trained investigators for the purpose of visiting all cases reported in the respective jurisdictions. Reports are then to be made to the State Committee, which will determine whether clinics should be held, and if this is found necessary the clinics will be held with a view to determining the nature of medical help required, the immediate vocational needs, guidance and training, and to look after school attendance.

Superintendents of schools will be enlisted in the work and special teachers for home-work may be provided. Feeble-minded children will be included in the inquiry, with a view to providing institutional care. The State Crippled Children's Committee will also cooperate with the State authorities in connection with the recently enacted law whereby the Board of Freeholders of each county may appropriate \$30,000 per year

for the care and treatment of cripples and defectives. The State Crippled Children's Committee also reported that through the Board of Child Hygiene of the State Department of Health it is now prepared to furnish speakers for meetings for the discussion of child hygiene and general child welfare. Attention is called by the Committee to the fact that Elk Lodges in New Jersey are now doing more for crippled children, financially and otherwise, than is being done in any other State.

**Oklahoma**

THE officers of the Oklahoma State Elks Association, the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers for Oklahoma, and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges of the State held a meeting some time ago in the Home of Oklahoma City Lodge, No. 417. The purpose of the meeting was to form plans for the coming year. At this time committees were appointed to plan and make arrangements for the State attendance at the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Los Angeles in July, 1929, and the State Convention to be held in Ponca City, September 2 and 3, 1929. Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden, who is a Trustee of the Association, was among the officers present.

**Pennsylvania**

THE first business session of the Northeastern division of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association was held some weeks ago in the Home of Hazelton Lodge, No. 200. President Howard R. Davis addressed the delegates of the nineteen Lodges of the district, outlining the new Elks National Foundation. He was followed by Past State Association President Harry I. Koch, who went into further detail concerning the project. These talks aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the members present, and assured the Foundation of their heartiest support. Another outcome of the meeting was the formation of the Past Exalted Rulers Association in the district, which will be officered for the coming year by the following: President, George J. Post; Vice-President, Thomas Giles; Secretary, John J. Koepfer.

The following day State Presidents' Night was celebrated at Mahanoy City Lodge, No. 695, with one of the outstanding meetings of the year.

**Massachusetts**

PRESIDENT George Stanley Harvey, of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, recently called a Conference of the Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and Chairman of Welfare Committees of the Lodges throughout the State, in the Home of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10. Practically all of the fifty-six Lodges in the Association were represented, and the principal address was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley. Many problems affecting the State Lodges were discussed and a progressive report of the Elks Scholarship Foundation was presented. Following the meeting Boston Lodge entertained the visitors at dinner.

**New York**

DURING the month of November, President D. Curtis Gano was very busy in visiting Lodges throughout the State, including Queens Borough, Freeport, Lyons, Batavia, Ogdensburg, Plattsburg, Malone, Saranac Lake and Watertown. He reported enthusiastic meetings everywhere, with a steady increase in membership and the formation of new Lodges at several points.

**North Dakota**

AT a meeting in Valley City, called by President William G. Owens, of the North Dakota State Elks Association, the Exalted Rulers of North Dakota Lodges, all of which are members of the Association, discussed the activities to be carried on during the coming year. A resolution was passed, authorizing the officers of the State Association to investigate and develop plans for the organization of a foundation to aid crippled and indigent children. Each member Lodge of the Association was then requested to comment upon the plan, which calls for the raising, during the next five years, of a sum of \$200,000.

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# Swamp Angel

(Continued from page 9)

unloading the trains, could wander about the little town or sleep as much as they chose—heaven indeed for a razorback. Performers had moved to the hotel, the crew of the circus lot had been cut to a minimum; it was a week of peace for an organization all too accustomed to battling its way day by day, against time, against weather and the hundred and one other obstacles which arise for a circus. But for Mom there was only displeasure.

She was all alone in the big car; the bull-man had broken her a bale of hay, closed the door, dropped the hasp, and left until evening, when he should return to have the car shunted to the watering-tank, give her more hay, and leave again. All alone, and nobody cared. Old Mom was done, as far as the Great United was concerned. So she chirruped dolefully, and weaved sideways and forwards; she touched the hay and lifted it, then dropped it again. She had no appetite. Besides it was getting hot.

THE car was a closed one, except for a ventilator at each end, which admitted and emitted air, but did nothing to alleviate the heat of a southern October afternoon. Hotter and hotter Old Mom became, more and more uncomfortable. Then a hissing noise sounded in front of the car, followed by the jarring of a coupling. Old Mom chirruped again. Something was wrong about this too. But the feeling soon passed. The car was moving about the railroad yards now; soon, with others, it crashed into another coupling and after a wait, started to move again. This brought a breeze and something of comfort; Old Mom even ate a little as the car rocked along with her for a distance of perhaps twenty miles. Then the train stopped again and voices sounded outside.

"Better cut it off here, and let 34 pick it up in the morning and take it back. How'd we ever get that hooked on anyway?"

"Must've read the wrong number," came another voice. "It's that car they've loaned the circus, ain't it?"

"Yeh, got that bad elephant in it."

"Well, push her over to the siding, and report it. Maybe they'll send a switch engine out for it."

There was moving and jolting about. Then Old Mom realized that she was alone again, and that it was getting hot once more. The heat increased; now and then the big beast raised her trunk and yawned heavily—more of a gasp than a yawn; the air was becoming stifling. Then more voices sounded outside.

"Let's open the door a little and see."

"But the conductor said it was a bad elephant. What if it'd . . ."

"Oh, gwan, we'll just open the door a little way."

Old Mom blinked. She grunted querulously. Then suddenly with a note of joy, she moved toward the door; someone was working at the hasp. A moment later three loafers of a small wayside station pushed the heavy freight car door open for a space of three inches, yelled, fell back in a tangle, then with arms and mouths wide, ran frantically up the one dusty street of the village, while behind them, emerging from the slight opening, a long black trunk waved energetically, snorting and gusting. Inside the car, Old Mom widened her eyes and poked her trunk farther through the opening. Cool air! She sucked in more of it. This was certainly good. Suddenly with something of her old sagacity, she jerked her head slightly to the right, and the opening became four inches wider. Again she tried it, and curled her trunk. A shove and the door stood fully open; Old Mom looked upon the freight-loading platform of a small station. A moment later, regardless of the shouting from the distance, she stepped forth from the bake-oven that had been her prison, and stood for a long time merely sucking in fresh air. Then, with something of concern, she looked about her.

There was nothing that was familiar. There was no circus. There were no bull-men. There was only the squatty one street of a small town, with crowds gathering under the wooden canopies of the stores, children running wildly about, and women running as wildly after them. A team of horses plunged for a moment at a hitch

rack, then galloped out of town, a rickety farm wagon careening behind them. Old Mom looked toward it all suspiciously, but she moved in that direction, nevertheless. Here were humans, and while humans had not given her much happiness in recent years, they at least were not enemies, and Mom right now knew that something was terribly wrong. Scents to which she was accustomed were missing. Sights which she knew also had disappeared. She trumpeted plaintively, and then with a sudden impulse broke into a slight trot as she rounded the end of the station platform, dropped down the slight incline and, heavy hoofs scattering dust, turned toward the crowd under the nearest awning.

It scattered immediately, men shouting, women and children screaming. Old Mom trumpeted again, suddenly changing her tone to an ardent squeal. A booming sound had come from a window above the store, accompanied by the puffing of smoke, while Old Mom's right flank stung with the stinging of a thousand bees. Again came the booming of the shotgun, again the whanging impact of buckshot which, while they did not penetrate her tough hide, hit it sufficiently hard to send her every nerve tingling. Old Mom stopped short. She waved her trunk along the ground, blasting eddies of dust as she thought it over. Then slowly and calmly she turned, her trunk in the air, and started to leave the town flat. But her gait increased precipitately. That shotgun had boomed twice more, catching Mom in an extremely vulnerable spot. When she had stopped running, the town was a full mile behind, several fences had been broken down, and the ground was extremely wobbly underfoot.

The big elephant paused and looked about her. A pachyderm does not like unsound footing—carefully, testing each step, she started to move off to the right, where more solid ground appeared, only to halt again. A crowd was coming from that direction; men armed with pitchforks and guns, some on foot, some on horseback, followed at a distance by women and children of the village. The elephant trumpeted again, a friendly greeting, and with a feeling of uncertainty, again began an approach. It brought only a general outburst of shouting, accompanied by the booming of guns. A lead bullet struck Old Mom against a rib, causing a sound like the impact of a stone against a tightly snared drum. She leaped and whirled; sagacity for the time had left her. Footing or no footing, solitude was better than a gantlet of enemies; the darkness of heavy forest growth showed before Old Mom and she plunged eagerly toward it.

Swamp was about her almost before she realized it, the dreary sweep of Spanish moss, the ghost of deadened trees, the bulbous roots of ancient cypresses, extended far above the ground in their queerly rounded formations. Here, too, was the treachery of rotten ground which sent the elephant grunting and plunging as she ploughed through it, the busy humming of countless forms of insect life, equaled only by the crawling things which squirmed to life at the pachyderm's splashing approach. Old Mom halted, and, casting her trunk about her, took stock of her surroundings. But there was only the swamp, the heaviness of the atmosphere, the splash of the water-moccasin as it slid from a rotted tree-trunk, the stink of stagnant water. She raised her trunk and blasted a note of alarm. Then, determinedly, swiftly, her great body sinking to its shoulders at times as she wallowed through the morass. Old Mom moved with all her energy for higher ground.

Where it was she did not know, except that it lay to the rear, a course blocked by the memory of threatening forms. So she went ahead doggedly, a huge thing moving with massive determination upon a fixed course. There had been dry ground behind, there must be dry ground before. Old Mom intended to find it. But that was only part of the scheme. Of all things right now, she wanted to get back to the circus.

Place of shame that it was, place of downfall and disgrace, it was her home and the only one she knew. It represented security, and a certain degree of peace—as much peace as Old Mom had known in these recent autumnal years. On she went and still onward, one swamp giving

way to another; muddy, grimy, her trunk aloft with disgust and fright, she fought her way onward, only that she might go deeper, still deeper into the stinking depths. Then suddenly she halted and sighed.

Why she did it, she did not know. Something had passed over her, an emotion, uncatalogued, which had given her an instant's pleasure. Then it passed and there was the swamp to fight again, and the bats to dodge and the mosquitoes to dislodge by dousing her head in the acrid water. An hour passed of unceasing labors. Then she paused and sighed again. As the afternoon deepened, it happened again and again—fleeting things which came and went through a brain which struggled desperately to hold the visions, only to lose them again. But after a long, long time, when the night birds were beginning to circle and the bats darted in fluttering clouds, Old Mom stopped deliberately, and raised her trunk to the hollow of an ear and using it for a sounding box, uttered a queer, fluttering note of satisfaction.

Dusk had changed the swamp—changed it enough to entrap those chimerical things which had chased themselves through her brain all afternoon. Dusk had changed the cypress to teakwood, had changed the foliage to that of long-forgotten surroundings, the birds to ones of different cries and different plumage, the snakes and water life to that of a country she had not seen for sixty years. Dusk had done this, dusk had furnished the keys to memory. The chaos of recollections which had come upon her shortly after her descent into the swamp, now had become an entity in her brain, leading to things which had transpired long before the days of America, and of the circus. For now the tentacles of her brain reached out to India, before the days of her capture and of the compounds whence she had come, as a work elephant, to the land of sawdust. Back to the days when she had been a punk herself, the child of the herd, running with the other females, and tagging along when some ancient, wise old matron collected others of understanding and took them far into the swamps, away from dangers, away from the males, away from all possibility of human interference—

OLD MOM chirruped again, and moved on. Now and then, instinct heavily upon her, she called—a jungle signal that she had neither used nor heard in more than half a century. Again and again she did it, but of course there was no answer. Half-awake to the fact that she was only a lost elephant, half-hypnotized by surroundings and memories, she moved aimlessly hour upon hour. Then with sudden accession to high, dry ground, she blinked and looked toward the distance, now in full awakening. A few miles away lights glittered. The city. And the circus! Slowly, hesitantly, turning now and then to extend her trunk toward the blackness of the swamp, she went onward in the direction of home.

But it was not a journey of joy, such as she might have known in the afternoon. Instincts were pulling at her, memories tugging—something again was striving to force its way into her mentality. At last it succeeded, Old Mom gave a grunt, like one remembering unfinished business. Then she quickened her step, swinging on toward the approaching lights with the determination of one about to settle an exceedingly important matter.

The circus grounds were darkened; the night show evidently was over. The wagons stood, shrouded hulks against the greater ones of the big top and menagerie tents where gleamed only the lanterns of the watchman. Old Mom approached without detection, the reason lay in the fact that every available man who could be spared had been sent twenty miles away in answer to a town's excited announcement of an escaped elephant. Only the watchmen were on the grounds, and they within the tents; Old Mom met no one in her progress to the menagerie. The shortest course was hers; she reached the side nearest the elephant picket line and with a flip of her trunk raised the side wall. Then she went within, not even pausing at the shouted greeting of the night watchman. Her's was urgent business and she moved hurriedly toward Betsy, the lead elephant.

"Mom! You get in your line there!" The watchman shouted in an attempt at gruff com-

(Continued on page 54)



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## Swamp Angel

(Continued from page 53)

mand, but there was a note of weakness. Old Mom turned and regarded him. Then she blasted an answer, the defiance of which sent him yelling from the tent.

"Old Mom's gone bad!" he shouted, hurrying toward the big top and the next watchman. Then, as he looked over his shoulder: "Old Mom's back and she's gone bad! She's beating up the other bulls! Get help!"

But Old Mom was beating up only one bull, and that one Betsy. Twice she had gone to the slow-minded leader, tugged at her, chirruped and then started away, commanding that Betsy follow. Betsy had not obeyed and now Mom, eyes white, trunk lashing, was upon her, to smack her first on one side of the head and then on the other, and then start away again. This time the whimpering Betsy strove to obey, but a chain interfered. Old Mom returned, wrapped her trunk about the stake and gave a yank. Betsy was free now. Then the old herd leader turned toward Frieda, the next in line.

FRIEDA cowered, before Old Mom had even threatened her. The old superiority had returned to the former leader now, the old insistence upon obedience to her every command. As she moved along the line toward the beast of her selection, Moke, the usurper, put forth his trunk and trumpeted querulously, as if to ask the cause of a disturbance to his rest. Old Mom replied to him in a manner of other days, by lowering her head and with a heaving smash, capsizing him, after which she stood over the squealing brute for a moment, her heaving trunk playing about his eyes and ears. After that she straightened and, facing the rest of the herd, awaited further insults. There were none and she pursued her course toward the trembling Frieda.

There, however, she only gave the stake chain a yank which freed its pin from the ground, and gently pushed Frieda forth to a position beside Betsy. This done, she eyed the shuffling form of Big Babe and went in that direction. Babe didn't wait; she yanked her pin from the ground and was beside the other two females before the threatening trunk could even be raised. Whining and dolorous the three elephants waited, while the rest of the herd, eyes rolling, sunk their heads in their shoulders and prepared for their turn. It didn't come. Old Mom simply eyed them, one by one, moving slightly down the line and back again, as she had done in the old days when, threatened by a break in discipline, she had forestalled it in the manner of a boss with a belaying pin, parading before his crew. The elephant herd knew what it meant, this stalking movement. They knew their job—to stay in line and to mind their own business. They did it.

Old Mom's mannerism was of a type that cared for no interference. Something, what they did not know, had given back to her the power, the dominance, the courage and the force which had once been hers, back in the days when an elephant's peace of mind depended entirely upon how well he obeyed the commands of an unyielding queen. That queen had come back

to power, as thoroughly as though she had never lost it. There was the old surety, the old self-confidence, the old threat that he who tried to break a rule to avoid a command would get the beating of a lifetime. Mama Mary had recrowned herself, and there was not an elephant who desired to attempt another dethroning. Old Mom waved her trunk along the ground, caught up a wisp of hay, devoured it, then, while two white-faced men watched from the menagerie connection, she whirled and, lowering her head, gave Betsy a push. Three elephants obeyed the one suggestion. Out under the side-wall they went, and watchmen ran for telephones.

Old Mom knew nothing of that. She did not care. Out upon the circus lot, the three females under her command had halted again. In an instant she was upon them; with terrific buttings, with lashings of her trunk and thunderous commands, she sent them on. Vast hulks in the shadowy night, the four beasts moved off the circus lot and across country, upon a course which Old Mom held to diligently. Miles passed. The forest showed before them, black and forbidding. Again three frightened elephants strove to halt. Old Mom drove them on—the swamp and they floundered, she beat them forward. Deeper, deeper they went, and on through the night. Searchers were able to follow their tracks for a short distance only the next morning. They were lost, in the maze of stagnant pools.

A circus and a countryside joined in the search. Days of trekking and lanterned nights of useless wanderings followed. Old Mom had taken her little army to the deepest part of the swamp country—four elephants had disappeared into the morass, as far as the circus knew, they might never come forth again. At last there came news of a trail, brought in by a native, skimming the deeper sections of water in his skiff; hurriedly the menagerie men moved forward, the circus doctor with his quinine and antimalaria serums accompanying them; work for him had been plentiful since Old Mom's departure. At last, a native, moving slightly ahead, motioned excitedly.

"They're up here," he shouted. "In mud to their bellies. Playing some sort of game!"

"Yeh, hide and seek," grunted the head bull-man as he and the menagerie superintendent slogged forward, the doctor puddling behind them. But sarcasm soon faded in stark amazement.

There in the slimiest portion of the swamp were four elephants, quartered off, at a distance of some six feet from each other, Old Mom still in command, as the four of them engaged in a heavy duty catch and toss, a lumpy squirming object of about two hundred pounds passing ceaselessly from one to the other. Now they would throw it, or smash it down into the slime, only to yank it up again as rapidly, shake it, slap it, shake it again and toss it once more. The only cessation would be when Old Mom would hold it inquiringly before her, eye it carefully, then send it wobbling through the air once more to Betsy or Babe or Frieda, no longer frightened menials, but excited friends and com-

rades who trumpeted with almost as much joy as Old Mom. A gasp came from the head bull-man; he yanked his cap forward until it nearly obscured his gaze.

"It's her punk!" he exclaimed. "It's just been born and they're playing baseball with it! The poor boobs!"

"Poor boobs nothing," said the circus doctor. "We've been the boobs and myself the biggest one of all! Why didn't it occur to us that elephant babies might be a lot like human ones—have to have the blood slapped into circulation before they've got a chance for life? We gave poor Old Mom cement floors to do it with!"

An assistant grinned.

"She's sure organized herself a ball team now! Lookit that catch Betsy made. Wasn't it a Lulu—wonder if that's why you can teach a female how to catch somethin' better'n a male—havin' experience by helpin' out this way ever'time a punk's born?"

"Know any more useless questions?" asked the head bull-man. "What you'd better be thinkin' about is how many men we're goin' to need an' how many bridges we'll have to build to get them bulls out of here."

The menagerie superintendent turned, brusquely.

"We're not going to get them out," he said. "If Old Mom knew enough to bring 'em here, she'll know enough to take 'em out again—when she's darned good and ready and that punk has developed enough for her to be sure it's going to live. We'll spot a bull-car on the nearest siding. And we'll wait."

WAIT they did for two weeks, while the Great United went on, with four elephants missing from their places in its bull-herd. Wait, in mosquitoes and in dampness while gradually four female elephants and a wobbly calf moved steadily to higher ground, loafed for a time in the dryness of a forest where hay had been piled for them, and finally, Old Mom and a black hairy, playful little creature in the lead, moved forward to the association of waiting humans. The press agents worked hard that night, and a special train, consisting of an engine, a caboose and an elephant car carefully padded at one end, made a freight record as it roared onward across four hundred miles to catch the Great United. The next day—

A large sign was erected above the bull line, done in big, gold letters upon a background of real plush, regal, the head bull-man called it. The sign still stands, proclaiming:

MAMA MARY  
(OLD MOM)  
GREATEST HERD QUEEN IN EXISTENCE  
and her  
NEW BORN BABY BOY  
SWAMP ANGEL

Many visitors to the Great United wonder about that name. Because of this, standing in a new uniform directly beside Old Mom's hulky youngster is the head bull-man himself—ready to supply all details.

## Nobody's Sucker

(Continued from page 21)

but I tell you this, old son, any time that pencil o' his weejees one of these four-legged hair toads in on top, that animal's got it in 'im to do the business."

"You're tellin' me!" said Smedley scornfully. "You know what I been doin'? Any old time that whiskerless old billy-goat comes up to my book and bleats a five-button bet, I just cut a point or two off the beetle he likes. Yes, an' I'll tell you somethin' else, too! I've saved myself more jack doin' that little thing, than he's took away from me. Yessir, many a time, over and then some!"

"He's a three-star special," The Idaho Kid declared.

"He's a wiz of a handicapper," Smedley agreed. "I don't know what he knows or where

he learned it. But whatever it is, it's IT with a capital I and two T's and all three letters in black ink. That baby can pick 'em!"

The little old man's winning streak continued throughout the Aqueduct meet and kept on unbroken when the horses moved to Empire. The Idaho Kid was following Cockins' hand-capping unquestioningly and cashing in big. Even Smedley was betting the little old man's selections with other books and profiting thereby. Of the three Cockin himself made the least money because he bet the least. When they moved to Empire his top week was five hundred and eighty; his smallest winning over a period of six days, one hundred and ninety-six. On the second day at Empire The Idaho Kid spoke casually of the imminent move to Saratoga.

Cockins sighed. "I'll miss it all when you go up there," he said sadly.

"Miss it!" The Idaho Kid exclaimed. "Ain't you comin'?"

Cockins shook his head. "I can't."

"Why not?"

"My wife," Cockins explained. "She'd find out I'd lost my job and . . . and I don't know what'd happen then."

"Job!" The Idaho Kid snorted. "How much did you make on that job?"

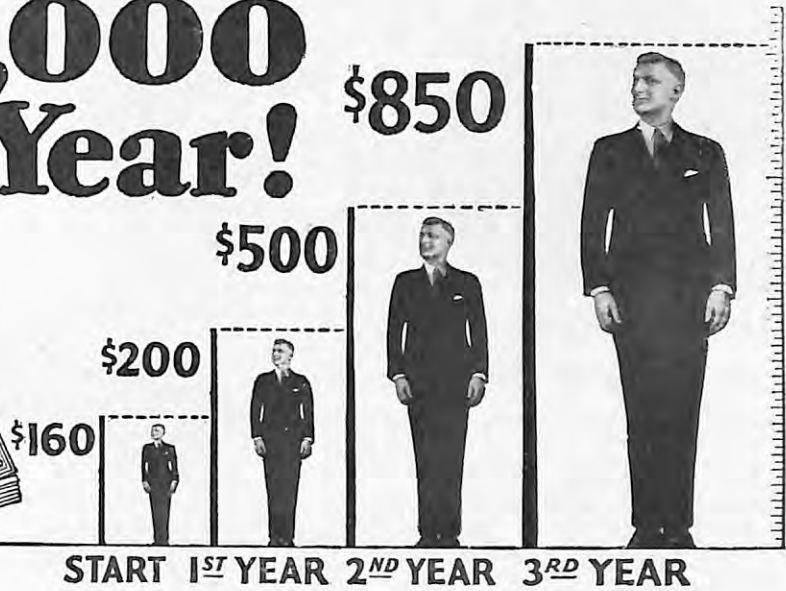
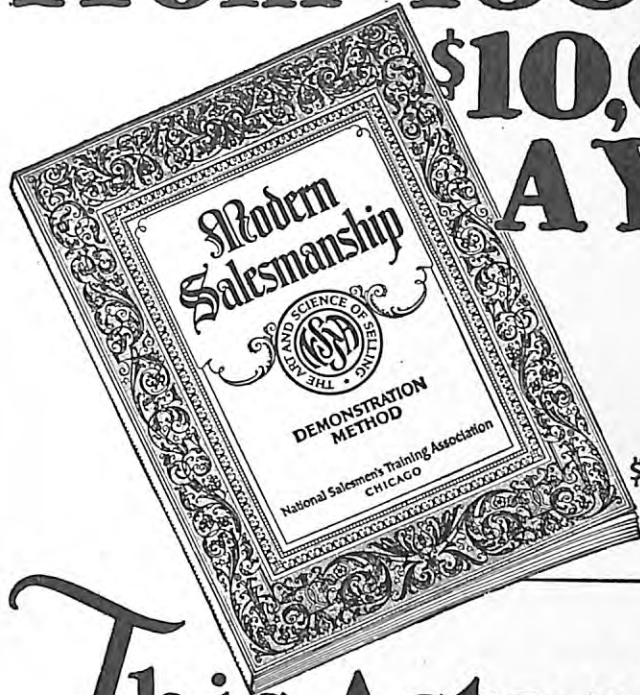
"I was getting forty-two the last ten years," Cockins said.

"Forty-two?" said The Idaho Kid. "How much have you banked since you started playing the races?"

(Continued on page 56)



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## Nobody's Sucker

(Continued from page 54)

"I've done pretty good," Cockins admitted almost fearfully. "I've put a little more than fourteen hundred dollars in the bank, besides the forty-two a week I took home right along."

"And you had eleven hundred in the bank when you began?" The Idaho Kid asked.

Cockins nodded.

"Just let me get this straight," The Idaho Kid said. "You laid up eleven hundred dollars in one way or another in thirty-five years, is that right?"

"Yes," said Cockins.

"You've put away better than fourteen hundred in a little more than a month, in addition to paying all your expenses at home and your nut at the track."

"Yes," said Cockins. "Yes, that's right."

"And you mean to tell me that you can't go tell your old lady about this? And get yourself a great big hand?"

"My wife is a . . . a good woman," Cockins said. "She's an awful good woman . . . but she's kind of set."

"Well, what are you goin' to do when we go to Saratoga?" The Idaho Kid asked.

"I don't know," Cockins confessed. "It worries me. I'm going to miss all this. I've had such a good time."

"You goin' to tell your wife you've lost your job?"

"I don't know," Cockins said doubtfully. "I hate to worry her."

"Yeah," said The Idaho Kid shortly. "From what you tell me I'd kinda hate to worry her myself. That is, if I had to stay around while she was frettin'."

"My wife is a good woman," Cockins said, loyally. "A very good woman."

"You could keep on comin' over to New York and do your bettin' in some hand-book," The Idaho Kid suggested.

"Yes," Cockins said without enthusiasm. "Yes, I'd thought of that, but . . . I don't know . . ." His lips trembled and a salty moisture reddened his faded eyes. "I . . . I like to watch them . . ." he said tremulously. "They're awful pretty . . . ain't they? Running out there . . . I don't know . . ."

The Idaho Kid swore savagely under his breath.

"You ever work around horses," he asked Cockins curiously.

"Work?" Cockins said vaguely, not understanding.

"Work around 'em," the Kid said impatiently. "Gallop 'em. Ride 'em."

"Ride!" Cockins exclaimed. "Oh, no. I've never been on a horse. I don't know a thing about horses except . . . you know . . . the figures . . ."

"You kinda like 'em, though, don't you?" The Idaho Kid probed.

Cockins nodded. "I don't know why," he said helplessly. "I get all choky inside . . . just looking at them. I guess that if I had one of my own I'd be just foolish about it. I been wanting to ask you about that. I suppose it couldn't be done, but . . . I've wondered . . . is there any way that I could get one that had something the matter with it and didn't cost much? You know I mean one that . . . I wouldn't want it to race . . . you know . . . just one that I could have . . . at home . . . and"—he stopped and shook his head, smiling. "I expect you think I'm pretty silly," he said embarrassed. "I couldn't keep one even if I could afford to buy it. Goodness, I guess Mrs. Cockins would have something to say if I were to bring a horse home. My! Anyhow I wouldn't know what to do with it. I'm scared to death of 'em. I wouldn't know how to feed it or . . . anything."

The Idaho Kid lit a cigarette. "You ever been out to the track mornings?" he asked.

"No," said Cockins.

"You like to come out with me? Watch 'em work? Go 'round to the stables an' look 'em over?"

"Oh!" said Cockins. "Oh, my! Could I? Would they—would they let me in?"

The Idaho Kid caught his breath and strangled over a throat full of smoke. "Mister," he said huskily. "You mess me up like a singing waiter in a speakeasy at the fag end of a wet night.

To-morrow morning, huh? You call for me at my hotel and I'll bring you out here and give you an eye full of horse. I gotta hunch you'll get a bang out of it."

Ed Kelsey, the stable foreman at the Hastings barn, greeted The Idaho Kid familiarly when the latter approached him the following morning, followed by Cockins.

"This is Mr. Cockins, Ed," The Idaho Kid introduced his companion. "Just showin' him around. I wanted him to take a look at Star Spun."

The foreman grinned. "Kinda sweet on that little filly, ain't you, kid?" he asked.

"She's such a comical little cuss," The Idaho Kid said. "I get a bang outa watchin' her cut up." He turned to Cockins. "This is the one I been tellin' you about. She plays like a kitten."

"She's a great little clown," the foreman said, chuckling as he led the way along the shed, toward Star Spun's stall. "Does nothin' but raise merry hell around the barn all day long." He stopped before a stall door and fumbled with the hasp. From within came an impatient nicker.

"All right, baby," Kelsey chuckled. "Just a minute now, compny's here."

He threw open the upper half of the door. A chestnut filly with a white star on her forehead thrust her sensitive muzzle against his shoulder, nibbled at his sleeve, pinned her ears in mock anger and bared her teeth threateningly when he playfully pinched her nostrils. Then she twitched her ears forward and looked directly at Cockins. The action was as startlingly human as the expression on the filly's face, which said, plainly enough: "Hello, there. You come to see me?"

THE Idaho Kid picked up a halter-rop and held out an end which Star Spun gleefully gripped in her teeth. She tossed her head and tugged then, giving and hauling back, playing as a puppy plays.

"Funny little cuss, ain't she?" The Idaho Kid said to Cockins.

He handed him the halter-rop. Chuckling nervously Cockins tugged at it, hung on while the filly shook her head and hauled.

"Will she—bite?" he asked.

"Naw!" said Kelsey. "Not that one. She might nip your coat-sleeve just in fun, but that's all."

Fearfully Cockins advanced a hand and touched her soft muzzle. The filly dropped the rope from her teeth, lipped his fingers daintily and then thrust forth her head and pressed her muzzle caressingly against his shoulder.

"Well!" said Cockins. "Of all things!"

Carefully he stroked her head and ears and laughed delightedly when Star Spun softly nickered her appreciation.

"Entered this afternoon, ain't she?" The Idaho Kid asked.

"Yeh," said Kelsey. "Her first out."

"She's going to run this afternoon?" Cockins asked. "In a race?"

Kelsey nodded.

"Well!" said Cockins. "Of all things!"

He stepped closer and began stroking the sleek slim neck, murmuring the while. "Well there! There now! My goodness! There now!"

For ten minutes he petted and played with the filly while The Idaho Kid and Kelsey gossiped of bets and prices, horse-players and trainers, jockeys and owners.

"Cute trick, ain't she?" The Idaho Kid said grinning as he and Cockins departed.

"Goodness!" Cockins said dreamily. "My goodness! She's just like a—I don't know what. They look so fierce and strong running out there on the track, and she—why she's just pretty. Pretty and cute."

"We'll find out this afternoon if she's anything else but pretty an' cute," The Idaho Kid said. "My!" said Cockins. "I hope she wins!"

"Hasn't showed much in her works," The Idaho Kid said. "A little early speed, but she starts folding after about two furlongs."

"She's got the prettiest big eyes!" Cockins said. "My! I hope she wins!"

The Idaho Kid was in the grandstand with Cockins that afternoon when the four-and-a-

half furlongs event for two-year-olds was run off. Star Spun broke on top, faded rapidly back through the field, was carrying the target at the end of the second furlong, and cantered comfortably home a bad last by at least twenty lengths.

As she passed the grandstand, so far in the rear track she was conspicuous, Cockins let out a yell and clapped his hands.

"Yay!" he shrieked delightedly. "There she is. Yay!"

"What are you yappin' about?" The Idaho Kid demanded disgustedly.

"There she is," Cockins cried again, continuing to applaud. "Look at her. Isn't she pretty?"

"Say," said The Idaho Kid. "That thing out there's supposed to be a race-horse an' she's just run a bad last on her first out. What are you cheerin' about?"

"She ran a good race!" Cockins declared hotly.

"Good race!" The Idaho Kid said derisively. "Did you put your eyes in backwards this mornin'? She's last by twenty lengths! She didn't run a lick after the first sixteenth!"

"She—she was left at the post." Cockins chattered angrily. "The—the assistant starter had hold of her! She—she was caught in a pocket over there." All the familiar alibis for lost races that he had heard in his brief time around the track poured from his lips. "She was knocked back coming around the turn out of the back stretch. She was! Why that—that boy didn't ride her at all. No, he didn't. He—he pulled her. He pulled her. He wouldn't let her run. Didn't you see it?"

"You ga-ga?" The Idaho Kid inquired.

Cockins turned sulky. "I don't care!" he said childishly. "She ran a beautiful race! A—a darn beautiful race!"

The Idaho Kid swore his exasperation and started away. He had not worked his way out of the row to an aisle when he felt a tug at his sleeve and turned to see Cockins smiling apologetically.

"I'm sorry I spoke cross," Cockins said earnestly. "Honest I am. I didn't mean to. I guess maybe she didn't run so good to-day, but it's her first race and—and I don't care anyhow. I like her just the same."

"You sappy little nit-wit!" The Idaho Kid exclaimed in affectionate derision.

"I don't care!" Cockins said recklessly. "I—I just want to tell you that I'm much obliged for this morning. I think I—I had more fun to-day than I ever had any day in all my life! Honest I do. I'm much obliged."

He stepped over the back of the bench into the next row then and hurried toward the lawn.

The Idaho Kid passed Smedley outside the fence paying off after the last race. The bookmaker grinned.

"Your little old sharpshooter Cockins shucked his duds an' took a bath at last," he said.

"Yeh?" said The Idaho Kid, interested.

Smedley nodded. "Been bettin' me ten or twenty a crack till he hit an' then playin' his winnin's back at me," Smedley went on. "To-day he jumped off the dock an' made a splash. Socked me five hundred to win on that first out from the Hastings barn that run in the third."

"Star Spun?"

"That's the one. First real sucker shot he's took since he's been around. What give him the idea that thing could run, I wonder?"

"She was pretty," The Idaho Kid said solemnly. "Pretty an' cute!"

"Huh?" said Smedley.

"Nothin'," said the Idaho Kid. "See you to-morrow, Mart."

AFTER the running of the fourth race the following day The Idaho Kid became aware that he had not seen Cockins about. He spoke of this to Smedley.

"No," Smedley snapped. "I ain't seen him neither. He's into the book for five hundred an' this is the first day he ain't showed."

"Oh, he'll be around," The Idaho Kid declared. "He's all right."

He was not around that day, however, nor the next.

"The dirty crook!" Smedley snarled. "Hung one on me an' took a powder! I'll learn some o' these days!"

(Continued on page 58)

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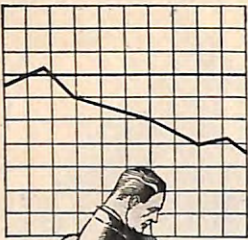


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# Nobody's Sucker

(Continued from page 57)

"Maybe he's sick," The Idaho Kid said. "Write him. You got his address."  
"General delivery," Smedley reminded him. "That's all. I'll write him, but I'll tell you now we won't get any answer."  
He sent the letter but got no answer. The week went by and Cockins did not show up. "I'm goin' over there in the mornin' an' take it out of his hide if I can find him," Smedley told The Idaho Kid. "I ain't goin' to take this settin'."  
"I'll go with you," said The Idaho Kid. "If that little fella's a welsher I want to find it out first hand. It'll be a great lesson to me the rest o' my life."

They found the Cockins home in the little New Jersey suburb without difficulty. It was a small cottage on a quiet street. A strip of lawn. A narrow concrete walk. A small front porch. Two women sat on the porch. One elderly, angular, thin-lipped, with cold hostile eyes. The other a woman of thirty. Small, gentle in appearance, apologetic in attitude. From the street The Idaho Kid knew that this was Cockins' married daughter of whom the little old man had sometimes spoken.

"Mr. Cockins live here?" Smedley asked.  
"He did," the elderly woman said in a vinegary voice. "I'm his widow. What do you want?"  
"Widow!" Smedley exclaimed. "Why—I didn't know—"

"Last Tuesday," Mrs. Cockins said tersely. "He stepped right square in front of a big truck on his way home from the station."

"Oh," said Smedley. "I'm sorry. I—"  
"You needn't waste no sympathy!" Mrs. Cockins snapped. "Easy a way as any to go. He never knew what hit him."

"Mother!" the younger woman begged. "What you want to see him about?" Mrs. Cockins asked suspiciously.

"Why—we just wondered what'd happened to him," Smedley mumbled.

"What made you wonder that?" Mrs. Cockins quizzed sharply. "Who are you? What'd you come here for?"

"Why—we used to see him every day out at the track," he blundered, "an' we—"

"At the track!" Mrs. Cockins shrilled, rising. "The race-track! I knew it! I knew it!"

"Mother!" the daughter exclaimed. "Please!"

"I knew it!" Mrs. Cockins raved on. "When he died we found out he hadn't been workin' for more'n a month. I knew then he'd been sneakin' off making a beggar of all of us at one o' them places! Are you one of them that took his money? Are you?"

"He—he used to bet with me," Smedley confessed, confused. "But I—"

"Wasn't you ashamed?" Mrs. Cockins stormed. "No wonder you come lookin' for him! Oh, I don't blame you. If you hadn't took it somebody else would. He ought to had a keeper. He ought to been locked up. That's what! They got places for people that was as simple as he was! How much did he lose? Tell me that. How much did he lose?"

"He didn't lose, Mrs. Cockins," Smedley said earnestly. "Why he won—I don't know—"

"Don't lie to me!" Mrs. Cockins stormed. "He won!" She laughed shrilly. "He won! How much did he lose? Tell me. The old fool! How much?"

"I'm tellin' you he didn't lose!" Smedley stormed back at her, suddenly furious. "He didn't! He won! He won all the time. He won plenty."

"Don't lie to me," Mrs. Cockins repeated. "Him win! Hah! How much? How much did he lose?"

The Idaho Kid plucked Smedley by the sleeve

"Come on!" he urged. "We ain't doin' any good here."

Smedley turned and started away. "Crabbin' at the poor old fella now he's dead an' gone!" he mumbled furiously.

"Nix!" said The Idaho Kid. "Come on now. Don't fight with her."

"How much did he lose?" Mrs. Cockins screamed after them. "How much did you cheat him out of? How much?"

"He won!" Smedley shouted at her, stopping and turning.

He walked back to the porch, quivering with rage.

"You want to know how much I cheated him out of, huh? Well I'll tell you how much of a cheat I am. The last day out there he won five hundred dollars from me. From me! Do you hear that? He won five hundred dollars from me that last day an' never come back to collect it. That's what I come to see him about. I'm tellin' you he won five hundred dollars from me that last day an' I still owe it to him. Put that in your eye an' wipe it out!"

Mrs. Cockins stared. "He—he won five hundred dollars?" she whispered. "From you?"

"Absolutely!" Smedley declared. "Here."

He drew a roll of bills from his pocket, counted off the amount and handed it to Mrs. Cockins.

"Count that an' tell me what kind of a keeper he needed!" he exclaimed. "You can believe it or not but that husband of yours was a genius. Yes he was! I never see a guy could pick 'em with a pencil the way he could! He was the damndest wizard with the dope-sheets that ever took a sock at my book, an' I'm no Johnny-Come-Lately around the racket, believe me! He ought to been locked up, huh? Well you just count that little handful o' hen-food you got there, that he won off me that las' day, an' while you're doin' it I'll tell you some more! He won every day he was out there. He won plenty! I dunno how much. Fifteen, eighteen hundred dollars maybe, in the little time he was around. He could pick 'em an' he could bet them! Yes he could. I'm tellin' you this an' I'm tellin' you straight! That husband o' yours was nobody's sucker!"

The younger woman was crying. "He used to tell me he could win," she sobbed. "Oh, mother! He wasn't just a silly old fool about it! He could win, mother. He did. He proved it!"

"Five hundred dollars!" Mrs. Cockins whispered dazedly. "Five hundred dollars!"

"He didn't make a bet for thirty-five years, Mrs. Cockins," The Idaho Kid spoke up.

"He told me. It was only after he got fired he come around the track tryin' to get a break. An' he got it, lady. Believe me, he did! Mr. Smedley ain't tellin' you no lie. That little man o' yours was nobody's sucker. No, mam!"

Mrs. Cockins turned slowly to her daughter. "Annie!" she moaned. "Oh Annie!"

There was pity in her voice. Pity and regret—and pride!

The younger woman gathered her into her arms and the two men turned around and went away from there.

At the station Smedley looked at The Idaho Kid for the first time.

"Listen!" he said savagely, gripping him by a lapel and shaking a warning finger in his face. "If you ever say a word to anybody—"

The little filly called Star Spun ran in the money in the fall meet at Belmont. She filled out during the winter and won a stake event at Pimlico in her third year. And as she stood quivering and blowing in the winner's circle, The Idaho Kid, pressed against the rail near the judge's stand, blew a stream of cigarette smoke skywards and shook his head emphatically.

"No, sir!" he muttered. "Nobody's sucker!"

**G**EOURGE MIDDLETON, well-known playwright and President of the Dramatists' Guild, has written a fascinating article on "How Musical Comedies are Made," in which he describes the ins and outs of that frenzied phase of the theatre. It will appear in an early issue. Watch for it.

# The Biggest Gold Mine

(Continued from page 25)

How much gold and silver, and precious stones as well, lie at the bottom of the sea in sunken ships? Some very practical treasure hunters of the business world have tabulated more than \$170,000,000 worth of metallic wealth which sooner or later may yield itself to salvagers; but the floor of the ocean holds golden riches of vastly greater consequence than is expressed by a figure so puny as \$170,000,000. Surely there are billions of dollars locked in that vault and sealed in a phosphorescent ooze by the crushing pressure of waters miles deep.

A few years ago two companies were organized in New York for the purpose of recovering some of the treasure from sunken ships. Soldiers of fortune and dreamers have allowed their minds to play with such ideas for generations, but business men, you might think, would be too wrapped up in more prosaic concerns to bother with anything so flighty. Yet such men as Percy Rockefeller, Charles H. Sabin, George F. Baker, A. H. Wiggin and some others who have been counted as influential in Wall Street, were subscribers to the organizing expenses of those expeditions which never accomplished anything, unhappily. Still, as the philosophers, and the geologists, tell us, gold is where you find it, and the men who served the expeditions were paid in green paper quite as valuable in the sight of grocers as any dollar ever minted.

ONE of the places they hoped to find it was in the sunken hull of the Ward Liner, *Merida*, lost off Cape Charles, Va., in 1912, following a collision at sea. There are nearly \$1,000,000 worth of gold and silver bars in the ship neatly boxed for the ingenious adventurer who will discover and execute a way to fish them to the surface. Two expeditions have failed, but there will be other attempts before long. A prize of \$1,000,000 is big enough to tempt Henry Ford himself, as it already has tempted a Rockefeller.

In Vigo Bay, one of the great prizes of the ocean is lying at a depth supposed to be about 200 feet. Official records of the Spanish government attest its presence and the Spaniards who have a feeble title to this treasure which they cannot reach are quite willing to share it with you on a twenty-eighty basis, provided only that you recover it, you to get the long end. The story of that rich prize is a bit of history.

The British and the Dutch were in league in 1702 against the Spanish, and their combined fleet was lying in wait in Vigo Bay. Quite probably the admirals of the fleet had information as sure as any that brings a gang of gunmen whisking up to the curb in an automobile at the very moment a paymaster of to-day emerges from the bank with a satchel full of money. At any rate a fleet of seventeen galleons was on the way home to Spain from South America bringing from Peru and other gold centers of the New World three years accumulation of precious metals wrenched from the earth by Indian slaves. The cargo of those ships was valued at \$140,000,000.

With all that treasure the Spanish monarch might have prosecuted a war that would have given their majesties of Britain and Holland, in the rich language of that day, their bellies full; and by the same token if the allies had gained possession of it the King of Spain might have been compelled by hosts of mercenaries hired with it to take to the desert mountains of his wild domain.

When the galleons reached Vigo Bay, unsuspecting because there was no radio nor cable nor other long distance signal whereby they could be warned, they were attacked. The convoying fleet was defeated and to keep the treasure from the enemies' possession the Spanish admiral ordered his captains to scuttle their ships. His order was obeyed.

Years afterward \$20,000,000 of the submerged gold was recovered when six of the galleons were raised from comparatively shallow water; but that leaves \$120,000,000 still there awaiting salvagers with daring and capital enough to try for it with modern appliances.

Among the other sunken prizes which keep a clutch on sizeable fragments of the world's lost gold is the *Pewabiac*, that lies in deep water in Lake Huron with \$1,000,000 in her broken hull; the *Oceana*, off Beachy Head, with \$5,000,000;

the *Lusitania*, off Fastnet Light, with \$1,000,000; the *Islander*, near Juneau, Alaska, with \$2,000,000, washed from the golden sands of the Yukon; the *General Grant*, lying off the Auckland Islands, with \$15,000,000 in her hull; the *Santa Margarita*, off Porto Rico, with \$7,000,000; *Skyro*, off Cape Finisterre, \$500,000; *Hamilla Mitchell*, off Lenconna Rock near Shanghai, \$700,000. Hardly worth mentioning after these is the *Alphonse*, that lies in deep water off Point Grand, Grand Canary. A part of her cargo was a \$400,000 shipment of gold.

Until recently this list might have included two other ships, but after five years' work British salvagers succeeded in recovering from the wrecked *Laurentic* more than \$20,000,000, and still more recently \$2,000,000, much of it in diamonds and other precious stones was fished up from the Belgian wreck, *Elizabethville*, sunk by a German submarine off Belle Isle in 1917. The *Laurentic* was snugly held in the mud under scarcely more than 100 feet of water off the coast of Donegal, but even so the salvage work was a perilous undertaking for the men who engaged in it. The *Elizabethville* was in 200 feet, but the *Lusitania* is regarded as hopelessly out of reach at a depth of 250 feet, so it may be accepted that wrecks lying at really great depths are as far away from the hands of men as if they were locked up on the moon.

Recently an officer of the British Admiralty said that about 7,000 ships of all descriptions had been sent to the bottom of the ocean during the World War; and there was gold in varying amounts aboard every one of them. Gold in the captains' safes; gold in the teeth of the cooks; gold in the instruments of navigation; on the bindings of books in the cases in the salon; in the pockets of the stewards and in chests among the cargo.

When a shipload of wheat was sunk during the war there was an instant response to the news in a rise in the price of wheat contracts being sold in the wheat pit of the Chicago Board of Trade. When a ship loaded with cotton was sent to the bottom that decrease in the world's cotton supply was reflected, with the news, in a rise in prices in the cotton exchange rings in New York and New Orleans. This was true of all commodities, and of gold no less than the others, because gold is, first of all, a commodity, and its value lifts and falls as surely as the value of another commodity. If this phenomenon is not always apparent to most of us the reason is that we see this rise and fall reflected in the amount of goods we get for a given amount of gold, say the amount that the government has decreed shall be in a five-dollar gold piece.

The world has lost a great deal of gold during the last decade because of the war, but from all of its mines as well as that one great mine of which we speak, the reservoir of old gold—hoarded gold and gold at work in industry or the arts—a great deal was drawn back into the channels of finance. But for one dominating fact concerned with gold production there is no doubt that any gold in your possession would buy a wee bit more to-day than it will because of that loss at sea. The dominating fact is the tremendous increase in the world's production of gold that has occurred in recent years for which reason your gold actually buys a great deal less. According to economists there has been extracted from the earth during the last twenty-five years more gold than had been mined in the four centuries preceding. That means that more gold has been produced since Roosevelt entered the White House than was mined in all the time that had elapsed since Columbus discovered America.

That may seem like a lot, but in other directions the world's wealth has been increased in a much more spectacular fashion. Take cotton alone, as an example. During the last twenty years the cotton produced on Southern farms in America has been sold into the markets of the world for a total in excess of \$18,000,000. In other words the cotton crops of twenty years have had a greater value than the gold crops for more than 420 years; and the value of the world's gold is similarly dwarfed when you stack it up against the value of the corn, wheat and other staples of agriculture. However, hungry mouths,

(Continued on page 60)

# Your Mistakes in English STAND OUT!

YOU can not hide your mistakes in English—they stand out sharply, giving others an unfortunate impression of you. You may not make such glaring errors as "He don't," "You was," "I ain't." But perhaps you may make other mistakes which offend the ears of cultured people, and cause them to judge you unfairly.

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## The Biggest Gold Mine

(Continued from page 59)

shivering bodies and a thousand varieties of industrial needs consume those other crops almost from year to year. Never is the carryover, the surplus, much more than enough to make up for the bad crop years. The wealth that agriculture produces is consumed or decays from year to year, but the gold crop lingers on subject only to a partial consumption. The "carryover" of gold represents the biggest part of the supply; not a mere surplus.

A distinguished mining engineer not long ago in an effort to dramatize the increased production of gold due to advances in the recovery processes, of labor-saving machinery and improved transportation, pointed out that during four recent years more gold was mined than during the 200 years of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As you view this thing from an eminence of statistics that show you centuries some curious peaks and valleys are revealed, and certain parts of the picture come sharply into focus. You can see in that way that gold as currency is merely an instrument, a kind of key, with which all of us in turn release ourselves from debt or open a chest of treasure more desirable than gold. The merchant who has placed eggs or frozen meat, or grain or chemicals in storage can take his warehouse receipt that shows the deposit of such materials to his bank. The bank will lend him money on it. Any of us can take a warehouse receipt for gold, a bit of the paper we call currency, and use it as a medium of exchange anywhere in the country. Thanks to modern banking we are beginning through the Federal Reserve Bank to make use of other forms of wealth to back up our paper money, but even so when our trade crosses some international frontier there is a need for gold. Faith that is sufficient in transactions within a nation is not so good as gold when the buyer is, for example, in France and the seller is in Germany.

An island people entirely shut off from the rest of the world and therefore having no transactions crossing their frontier could manage their commerce perfectly on credit. This was the manner in which buying and selling was conducted in the belligerent countries during the war. They used their gold, but they used it to pay for things bought in other countries. So it happened that the bulk of the world's free gold was sent to the United States in the years after the war. Debtor nations were paying a part of their obligations to us. For a time there was an almost unceasing flood of gold coming into the United States, in bags, casks, chests, boxes, kegs, and metal cases that held coins, ingots, bars and dust sent from many countries.

One of the chief elements of that stream of gold was the new metal from South America which had been bought by American interests in the London market; another source was India which had acquired a great hoard during the war when her trade balance was extraordinarily favorable. India during the war had been selling the products of fields, mines and factories, but at the same time had bought rather less than usual with the result that her situation was that of a country storekeeper in the South. Such a man may trade with a farmer, giving him plows, harness, nails, fertilizer, calico and other things from his shelves, and take in exchange at the end of a season a couple of bales of cotton, but if the value of the cotton is not sufficient to expunge the debt the farmer makes up the difference with currency. For the farmer the trade balance has been unfavorable; for the storekeeper it has been favorable.

Expressed concretely, much of that gold that came to the United States after the war was payment for automobiles made in Detroit, for railroad engines made in Philadelphia, for fabrics made in New England and the South, for grain raised in every State in the union, for cotton and for a thousand and one other things of which we had an abundance and for which Europe had a desperate need. Things that Europe had shipped to us canceled a part of the debt, but the balance, our favorable trade balance, Europe had to cover with cash, either gold or silver, and because it costs too much to transport silver, she sent us gold.

In the months of 1928, however, the gold

stream has reversed itself precisely as the current changes in a river where its waters blend with the tidewater of the ocean. Our gold has been running away from us. On one day \$28,000,000 worth of gold was shipped abroad; in less than a year the outward flow exceeded \$600,000,000 in value. Such a tremendous volume of gold has never before left our shores in a similar space of time. What had happened? In the eyes of some economists a very healthful change had set in. May, 1927, had found us with the treasure, reckoning our total stock of gold at \$4,592,771,000, the highest in the history of the country; ten months later more than half a billion had been shipped abroad. Yet our trade balance remains favorable. The simple fact is that this gold is being put to work. Other countries have need of it and have agreed to pay rent for its use. France, for one, had need of some of it for a purpose which illustrates the change in the current.

DURING eight months in 1928, over \$250,000,000 in gold was shipped from the United States to France. The French bought that gold quite as if it had been so much raw cotton, or wheat, or corn. Instead of planning to use this commodity in manufacturing, however, the French have been gathering it for a dramatic purpose. They have at last returned to the gold standard. This simply means that if you have in your possession now a French paper money with a face value of 100 francs you may go to a French bank and get the equivalent of approximately \$3.90 in gold. The value of the restabilized French franc now is just a little above 3.9 cents gold, or 25.52 to the dollar. When you recall that in 1913 a French franc was worth 19.3 cents in gold you have a picture of what the war did to the material wealth of that country, of the extent to which they have had to mortgage their possessions. In acquiring the quarter of a billion of gold which was shipped to them from America, they increased the size of the mortgage, precisely as you too might raise a sum of hard money by increasing the mortgage on your home.

If the wealth of America consisted solely of the gold we possess we would be a poverty stricken lot, but here again is a chance to emphasize that the gold is merely an instrument with which we complete uncountable transactions. In 1922 all of the gold and silver in coin and bullion held within the United States had a total value of \$4,278,000,000. Since then the amount has been swollen until we have the British lion's share, but contrast it with a crude picture of our national wealth in the same year. According to the United States Department of Commerce, all of the tangible wealth of the country (even your household furniture was included in the estimate) was \$320,804,000,000. Three hundred and twenty billion is a lot of money. That should make it clear that even if we did not have a dollar of gold we should be a very rich nation, but if we had no gold our bankers would have to devise what would probably be a less satisfactory mechanism for carrying on trade beyond our borders.

Because there are more people alive nowadays the world requires more gold, but there is a limit to the supply. During the war in belligerent countries overseas whole populations were induced to dig in that biggest of gold mines. On the grounds of patriotic duty they were urged to let their gold jewelry and ornaments go to the melting-pot. The result was a concentration of the procurable gold in the monetary stocks of the metal such as never before had occurred. Gold coins were withdrawn from circulation and mobilized in bank vaults where a government might use their magic to persuade merchants of other nations to ship guns and food and uniforms needed to support the fighting wall of men at the frontier. Once again the world appreciated the wisdom of Catharine the Great of Russia, who long ago said: "To prosecute a war you need three things, money, money, money."

In Germany and in France, the people made something of a ceremony of carrying their golden ornaments to places of deposit to be thrown into the smelting pots; but gold was also withdrawn from remote places in China and

elsewhere in Asia. We think of China as a place of oft recurring famines and bitter poverty. Yet, stand sometimes against a fortress-like building wall in a Shanghai street. You will see half-naked coolies in the traffic stream. In pairs they support great burdens slung on a bamboo pole pressing into their brown shoulders; sometimes a bale of camel's hair; sometimes a white exile's piano. A sculptor's fingers would itch to model the bare torsos of these men who do the work of mules; but you probably would pity them as the poorest of men. They are poor, too, but if you watch again and again you will catch the gleam of metal at the throats under their squinty faces.

I have seen it and wondered many times. You may see it in Manila until there is no longer wonder in the sight of a Chinese coolie with a necklace fashioned out of coins hammered into short pencils of gold or silver. Most often it is silver, but an amazing lot of them clink gold as they stand in a traffic jam swaying to keep the cadence of their swinging burden. It is a racial habit of the East to hoard precious metal, and as such a hoard is to be guarded until death, the coolie keeps it where a thief would have to rob him first of the thing that is least precious—his life.

How much yellow metal is held in battered lumps against the darker yellow of the skins of Chinamen? No one knows; yet we may be sure that some of it thus cherished is very old in the service of men. Some of those elongated lumps, could they be given a pedigree, might boast that they were once upon a time ore in the African mines of King Solomon and some that they were looted from the tombs of Egyptian kings, graceless forms of what had been delicately wrought chalices. Genghis Khan, whose regiments of yellow horsemen imprinted their faces on the descendants who live to-day as Europeans—Magyars, Poles, and even Frenchmen—carried eastward with him a fabulous treasure that made his camels groan. The slant-eyed raiding chief has become a legend, but the gold he carried into the East survives to-day amidst coolie rags, in American bank vaults and shaped into wedding bands.

SOMEHOW, through the ages a great many gold ornaments and vessels have survived in spite of the forces that tend to their destruction, some of them in shapes more precious than the gold itself. In museums there are golden ornaments found in the tombs of ancient kings. Any one of these has a value many times that of the metal with which they were fabricated; yet if they had been found by thieves instead of archeologists they would have been tossed over the lip of a melting-pot. In one steel drawer of a New York safety deposit vault packed in cotton wool is a golden cup the surface of which has been etched by successive craftsmen in patterns that have awakened in antiquaries and churchmen a warm and dazzling hope. Some of them believe that this vessel, recovered from the ruins of an early Christian church in Palestine, is that sacred object of many crusades, the Holy Grail. They believe that this golden vessel once quenched the thirst of the Man of Galilee.

Deep mining has devoured, or is devouring, the mother lodes that were the sources of the dust and nuggets taken by placer miners from the streams of California, the Klondyke, the Rand, and, more recently, eastern Canada. Fancy a body of ore in the shape of a butternut more than a mile and a half long, a mile wide, and of great depth, and you will have a crude idea of the treasure of such a mine as the Homestake. It is still a fabulous storehouse, the richest in the world, some say, and yet in time to come its thousands of attendants will have replaced every ton of its gold-bearing rock with the crushed stone bearing no more gold than there is in the bricks of your house. It is being done systematically, and from the bottom of the ore body the miners are working upward, filling in behind them with the barren rock as they take out the rock which imprisons the gold in crystal cells.

Thousands of prospectors, many of them college-trained geologists, are still hunting for signs of gold in the distant places of the earth. The airplane, the outboard motor and other appliances of civilization are helping them to make their surveys swiftly. We shall have need

(Continued on page 62)

## New! The Halvorfold

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## The Biggest Gold Mine

(Continued from page 61)

of all they can find in days to come because the great hunters of new gold, and the mining engineers who are responsible for the efficiency of modern production methods, are agreed that from this time forward gold production will decline steadily. They do not believe there will be any further "strikes" such as started our Westward migration into California in 1840. There is small chance, they say, for another discovery comparable with the Rand. From 1890 production increased steadily year by year until in 1915 the mines of the world surrendered a total of \$468,724,918. Thereafter a decline

occurred, and in no year since 1918 has production reached a total of \$400,000,000. All of the dynamite, the dredging and the chemical methods of recovery have failed to lift the gold crop anywhere near its 1915 record. The mines of the United States are being worked out. The most promising fields now left are in Siberia and in Canada, in Ontario, Quebec and Labrador. When these have been surveyed and then worked out with modern speed the world will have to rely more and more on that greatest of gold mines, the supply of old gold that has straggled away from the fold we call currency.

## The Captain's Chair

(Continued from page 31)

"And he'll probably be all right after a while. I don't say he will for sure, because I don't know. But it's a chance, provided I'm right in believing he isn't actually a maniac. Do you think it's worth trying?"

The old man looked at her with honest admiration.

"You're a wonder," he said, fervently.

"Of course," Mary continued, "if we can get him to understand that my uncle is dead—that he killed him—we'll have to be very careful to keep the captain from seeing him. But between us we ought to be able to manage that. Then, once on the Bay, at a company post, we could smuggle him ashore and make him go home overland. That's practicable, isn't it?"

"Sure," said MacTavish. "I'll get Nichol at once and you can tell him your plan."

"Oh, no," she objected, "you tell him. He'll listen to you."

"We'll both tell him," he compromised. Signaling to Nichol, up in the Crow's nest, he attracted his attention and beckoned to him to come down to the deck.

The two men considered this proposition.

"What do you think, Mac?" asked Nichol.

"Sort of a creepy business," commented the trader, "but it sounds reasonable."

"Does to me, too," said Nichol. "Now, let's see what we have to do. First, we have to get your—er—Mr. Cameron's consent."

"I'll take care of that," said Mary promptly.

"Good. Next, I have to spread the word among the crew. They'll have to be told what's going on."

"Couldn't old Spragg do that for you?" He referred to the bos'n.

"Right," said Nichol, "I'll have to see him anyway. Get him to rig up a dummy in sail-cloth. Let's see. When had this ceremony better take place? This afternoon?"

"Why not?" said MacTavish.

"Sooner the better, I should say," put in Mary.

"All right. How about you, Mac? Will you read the service?"

"Whatever you say, George."

Nichol turned to Mary.

"You think you'll have no trouble persuading your uncle? He'll have precious little liberty from now on. Once this is started, there'll be no turning back."

"I'll make myself personally responsible for his part in it," said Mary.

The mate looked at her gravely and held out his hand.

"Miss Mary," he said and blushed furiously, as her eyes met his. "I—I want to apologize to you—I—I mean will you—can you—"

The girl smiled at him and took his hand.

"Of course," she said.

When Mary first broached the idea to Cameron, he was, as she had expected, inclined to be recalcitrant. He didn't see why he should be made to bear the brunt of the experiment. He wasn't going to play dead for any man. The whole scheme was a parcel of nonsense. All they had to do was to keep Small locked up. He wasn't afraid of any drunken little sea-captain. What did they think he was, anyway?

Mary let him fume and expostulate and then, when he was through, began to talk herself. She told him exactly what she thought of him. She pointed out that the trouble on board had been all due to his conceit and arrogance and that it was only just that he should pay for it. She reminded him that he'd had one narrow escape and prophesied that next time he might not be so lucky. Captain Small was not the only person on the ship who'd be glad to shoot him, she said. And if he refused to do as she asked, she would not be responsible for what might result.

At length the old man capitulated.

"Very well," he growled, "go ahead. I don't care what you do."

"Remember," Mary warned him, "you're to keep to your cabin unless I tell you otherwise."

Cameron's answer was a grunt.

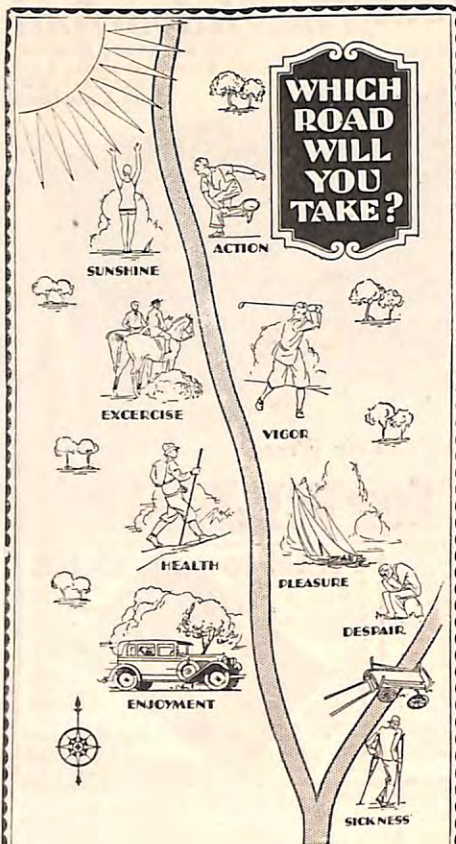
"You'll all be sorry for this when I get home," he muttered.

Mary had the last word.

"If you don't behave yourself," she countered, "you'll never get home."

When she had reported to Nichol the success of her mission, the rest of the details were soon attended to. Brand, the second officer, Sim-

(Continued on page 64)



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## The Captain's Chair

(Continued from page 62)

son, the third, Poole, the steward, the engineers and the crew were informed of the impending funeral service and the reason for it. And all swore they would never divulge the secret to Captain Small.

It was an impressive ceremony that was held that afternoon on the main deck of the *Mac-Kenzie* as she slid along between the ice-fields. All those who could be spared from their work were lined up in a solemn row, facing the water.

In front of them, on an improvised bier, lay the realistic sack of sailcloth, so like a million others in which sailors have been reverently consigned to their last resting place. At one end of the line of men, and a little ahead of it, was the young Scotch apprentice with his bagpipes. Near the supposed head of the corpse, open prayer-book in hand, stood MacTavish, his gray hair blowing in the breeze. The second mate, the chief engineer, the steward and two or three others formed a little group at the opposite end of the bier. As befitted the chief mourner, Mary stood apart. Her face was veiled, partly to add verisimilitude to the scene, partly to hide the fact that she had not been weeping.

When all was in readiness and Nichol had turned a final appraising eye on the preparations, he went to the bridge to fetch the captain. While he was gone the waiting actors hardly breathed. They knew there was a possibility that the whole arrangement might prove a fiasco; that despite all the care with which the stage had been set, the drama might fail for lack of an audience. Could Nichol lead the captain to the scene? And if he did, would the ceremony be comprehensible to the crazed mind it was intended to penetrate?

After what seemed hours to the nervous, expectant gathering, two figures emerged from behind the superstructure of the bridge—Nichol and Captain Small. A few paces to the rear, ready in case of emergency, followed the brawny seaman whom Nichol had placed on guard at the captain's door. At the top of the companionway they halted. Nichol pointed to the assemblage on the deck and said a few words to his chief. For a few moments the little man, bent and unsteady, stared blankly at the scene below him, his face an empty, ashen mask. Then, while the anxious watchers quivered with suspense, a look of understanding came gradually into his expression. He straightened up. Slowly, with great dignity, he descended the steps, walked across the intervening space and, removing his cap, took a place beside the little knot of officers.

The crew were splendid. During all this tense situation they stood like statues. MacTavish, with exactly the right degree of benignity, nodded to the young apprentice, who played a short dirge-like melody upon his pipes. Then, in a grave voice, MacTavish read the simple lines of the service for a burial at sea and said a few words appropriate to the occasion. Following this, the bos'n's mate, a bugler, sounded the forlorn notes of taps; the sailcloth sack was lowered overside and the funeral was over.

Through it all, the little captain stood immovable, with head bowed and eyes fixed on the bier. It was clear that he understood what the ceremony was. To that extent, the experiment was a success. He seemed fully cognizant of his surroundings.

But he did not speak. He looked at MacTavish, at the men standing at attention, rested his eye on Mary for an instant and then, putting on his cap, retraced his steps to the bridge, accompanied by the mate.

When he had disappeared from view, an audible sigh of relief escaped the assembled mummies. The crew dispersed in groups of twos and threes, discussing the episode in low tones. The officers looked at each other questioningly. MacTavish joined Mary.

"How was he?" he asked, lighting his pipe. "I didn't dare look at him. I was afraid I'd muff my part."

"You did it splendidly," she assured him. "I think—I think—it's going to work. We can't be sure yet. But I think he'll come around. I hope so."

"If he does," said MacTavish, "we'll have you to thank."

"Here comes Mr. Nichol," said Mary. "He seems quite cheered up."

The mate did, indeed, look more like the Nichol of old.

"He spoke to me," he said, exultantly. "I think he's going to be all right. He spoke to me. I thought he wasn't going to, but he did, just at the door of his cabin. He was walking in front of me. And he turned 'round and said—what do you think he said?" He paused.

They shook their heads.

"He said," announced Nichol, "So I got him!"

### CHAPTER XI

IN THE next few days no radical change was apparent in the captain's condition. Little things, however, pointed to a growing difference in his mental state. Though he evinced no desire to talk, nor to take any active part in running his ship, he no longer stood staring wild-eyed out of his cabin porthole, nor did he make any attempt to leave the seclusion of his quarters. One small hopeful sign was that, according to Poole, the steward, he had begun to take an interest in food. During the period just past he had eaten hardly anything. There were times, in fact, when he had left his meals untouched on the tray. Now he disposed of everything brought to him. Another sign was his desire for sleep. Whereas before the mock funeral his light had burned constantly, now it was not lit at all. Either knowingly or unconsciously he was building himself up.

The three conspirators received Poole's bulletin with mingled feelings of relief and uneasiness. They were, of course, glad of any news tending to show the captain's return to normal. Yet on the other hand they looked forward to his complete restoration with no little apprehension. For as long as he kept to his cabin they felt that their secret was reasonably safe. While the moment the captain started once more to rove about the ship, there was a distinct danger that by some mischance he might discover their deception. And, as Mary pointed out, if he did find that Cameron was alive, there was no telling what form his anger might take.

They debated the advisability of changing Cameron's cabin, which was next to Mary's, on the starboard side of the ship. But since there were so few—the boat not having been designed to carry many passengers—they decided little would be gained by making the change. The stateroom he now occupied, fortunately, was an inside one, opening off an alleyway and with no port or window giving onto the deck. It was unlikely that the captain, unless he made a point of looking into it, would notice whether or not it was occupied. For the time being, at any rate, they decided to leave Cameron where he was.

Though the captain seemed steadily to improve, conditions in the ice-pack grew steadily worse. The lanes of open water began to run north or south, instead of west and then pinched out altogether. After days of tortuous zigzagging, there came other days when the ship was locked in the ice. Then they moved only as the pack moved, which meant lost miles of the course they had fought over.

For a whole week they saw not a single break in the pack. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing but ice, vast plains and hummocks of it. It held the ship in an inexorable grip, and as it groaned and cracked and tumbled raftering in the tide the wonder was that the vessel could live through the pressure. Fortunately there was no night. Midnight was twilight. A weak coppery sun hung just behind the twisted spires of the ice-coated sea. From it, like the spokes of a wheel, shot luminous rays that painted the sky in pastel streaks. Night was but an extended sunset, two hours long.

All this time Nichol still remained in command. Toward the end of the week Captain Small took to making brief daily appearances on the bridge. He would emerge in mid-morning and in the late afternoon, walk up and down a few times and re-enter his cabin. Though he would acknowledge the salutes of Nichol and the other officers, he made no effort to issue orders or to assume any responsibility. To those

who saw him, however, it seemed that with each appearance he evinced a little more interest in what he saw. His cure, if cure it was, progressed slowly, but it did perceptibly progress.

Down in his own cabin Cameron gave evidence of being in a state of complete apathy and resignation to his lot. Barring an occasional question addressed to Poole, who took him his meals, as to the ship's position in the Strait, he remained absolutely silent. Old MacTavish, feeling sorry for the man, dropped in to visit him a couple of times and tried to get him into conversation. But when the second visit proved as futile as the first, he realized that he was wasting his time and his sympathy. Cameron not alone refused to talk with him, but would not even turn his head to look at him when he entered. He sat and brooded, and smoked incessantly, dropping ashes over everything. When Mary looked in to see if there was anything he wanted, he paid no more attention to her than he did to MacTavish.

"He's a grateful brute," the old trader observed to Nichol one evening after supper as they sat over their pipes in the saloon.

"Mm," said Nichol. "You'd think we'd done him an injury instead of saving his life. Trying to make himself out a martyr, that's what he's doing."

"I'm sorry for the girl," said the other. "It's not going to be easy for her after this. He'll never forgive her. He'll make her life a hell if he can."

"Mm," murmured the mate, polishing the bowl of his pipe against his nose.

"She's a fine girl, George."

"Yes," said Nichol, "she is."

"Smart, too," pursued MacTavish, watching the younger man out of the corner of his eye. He paused and drew thoughtfully on his pipe. "Yes, she's a smart girl," he continued, as if talking to himself; "make a darn good wife for somebody. If I was your age, George, I'd put my best foot forward. I'd—"

Nichol, very pink, got up.

"Don't be a fool, Mac," he said.

"All right, George, all right. I was only going to say—"

"Well, don't say it. I don't want to talk about it, see?"

"All right, my boy, keep your shirt on. Don't mind me. I won't say anything."

"Please don't," requested Nichol seriously, "especially to her."

"Poor old George," chuckled MacTavish. "Got it bad, haven't you?"

The mate, blushing like a schoolgirl, sought refuge in flight, leaving the trader at the table laughing benignly at his discomfiture.

A few minutes later, going out on deck, the old fellow found Nichol and Mary standing together by the rail, watching the sun sinking behind a pressure ridge in the Southwest. He went up to them.

"Hello, Miss Mary," he said. "Admirin' the sunset? It's a great sight up here. About the only excitement there is on board nowadays. I was just saying to George here—" he looked innocently at the mate, "I was just saying to George, I'm getting a bit fed up with this trip. It's getting monotonous, driftin' with the pack, makin' no headway. I'd like to see something happen. Anything would be better than this driftin' business."

The mate laughed a little drily. "For my part, I'm thankful for a little peace," he said. "There's been enough excitement for me on this ship. And there are plenty of things that can still happen. . . . I hope they won't." He nodded significantly toward the deckhouse where Cameron was. "Something tells me we aren't out of the woods yet," he added.

CHAPTER XII

MACTAVISH'S desire for action was satisfied the next day. Early in the morning the lookout reported a blue lane in the North and beyond it a big "lake" of open water. Nichol and his crew climbed overboard and with dynamite blasted geysers of ice and water two hundred feet into the air. Having thus made a berth for the ship, they trailed a hawser many fathoms long as far ahead as it would stretch. Then they carried out a kedge and fastened the hawser to it and the ship's winches pulled her

(Continued on page 66)

# Did YOU Ever Take An INTERNAL BATH?

By M. PHILIP STEPHENSON

THIS may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.


I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a similar coupon to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

### What Is An Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrralized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend.

The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet—"Why We Should Bathe Internally"—to fully understand how the J. B. L. Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

### Why Take An Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (de-

lay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely harmful. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes, the fatigue—the susceptibility to colds—the sluggish responsiveness of both mind and body—failure to get most out of life and many other conditions are directly due to the presence of these poisons in the system. They are the generic causes of high-blood pressure, rheumatism, premature old age and other serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

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## The Captain's Chair

(Continued from page 65)

forward until she had sea-room for her pro-peller, a precious thirty feet or so.

Back on board again, Nichol handled her from the crow's nest, as all ice-fighters do. Gently at first he would send the long steel snout of the ship ripping into the ice. Then, as she got more sea-room, he would launch her at it harder, until finally, the crashing impact as she hit the floes full force would almost break a man's arm as he tried to brace himself. The ship's nose would rise up, up, until her keel showed and suddenly, as the ice pans split with a roar, down her nose would sink, half way to her counters, while her wheel showed astern. The broken pans of ice would shoot their bulk out of the water as they came up amidships or further aft.

**B**ACKWARDS and forwards the fight went on.

With a mighty throb of engines suddenly thrown into action, the ship would hurl herself crashing into the pack. A quaver would shoot through her from stem to stern, and her rigging would twang like the strings of a huge bass viol. Then, rolling and a-tremble she would back off, only to plunge once more at the frozen barrier. Nichol, lashed in the crow's nest, would talk to her as if she was some living thing—"Come now, old girl, push into it," or "Take your time, sweetheart, take your time," or "Rest yourself, be quiet, rest yourself." He maneuvered her magnificently.

Standing together on deck, Mary and Mac-Tavish thrilled to the spectacle. The old man's eyes sparkled as he saw how the girl responded to the excitement of the battle. When, at last, they had battered through to the open "lake" he turned to her exultantly.

"Didn't I tell you the boy knew his business?" he asked. "He'll pull us through, never fear."

"How much longer should it take?"

"How much longer? You mean to strike the bay? No way of telling. If we meet open spots like this, not so long. If we get nipped, it may take weeks."

"Let's hope it doesn't take weeks," said Mary. "We'll never be able to keep my uncle under cover. He's getting restless already. Sent me word by Poole that he wanted to be allowed out at certain times."

MacTavish whistled.

"What did you do?"

"I went in and tried to put the fear of God into him. But I don't know how long it'll last. If he once gets it into his head that he wants some liberty we'll have a hard time with him, I'm afraid. In spite of everything he's half convinced that I exaggerate the danger of his showing himself. Amazing, isn't it?"

"Unbelievable," said the trader.

"He thinks," Mary continued, "that we have some ulterior motive in keeping him out of the way. He can't quite grasp that it's as much for his own sake as anything."

"Well," said MacTavish, grimly, "if he gets out of hand, George'll iron him."

"Oh, no. I couldn't let him do that," protested the girl. "We'd have to invent some other way."

MacTavish shrugged.

"Don't let's worry about that yet awhile," he said. "Life's too short."

Yet Mary could not help worrying about it. She was so fair-minded that she couldn't help feeling sorry for Cameron, regardless of her contempt for him. To be kept a prisoner in a stuffy little cabin for weeks would be no light punishment. She didn't want to punish him. There was not enough vindictiveness in her for that. All she wanted was to avert further trouble for the rest of the voyage. At the moment she could see no other way than to prevent her uncle from roaming at large.

The next few days developed plenty of action. They were days of fighting. The ice was spotty and in places the open leads and lagoons made progress possible. There was more dynamiting, more hauling with the winches, more battering and ramming. The spirits of all on board rose. Officers and crew went off duty dog tired, but it was with the fatigue of hard work and not of boredom. To add to the general air of hopefulness, Captain Small once again took his place on the bridge and directed operations. He was a little more silent than ever, and looked older and more worn, but in other respects seemed to be himself again. To the great relief of Mary, MacTavish and Nichol, however, he kept to the bridge, continued to have his meals served in his room and manifested no desire to visit other sections of the ship. He made no reference to anything that had occurred. So far as anyone could tell, he regarded the earlier events of the voyage as a closed chapter.

As though things were going too smoothly, nature shortly took a hand in evening the balance. After five days of hard, yet profitable battling with the ice—days in which the weather was unvaryingly beautiful—a blinding snow-storm whirled out of the North and put an end to navigation. It was the hard dry snow of the Arctic which stings the skin like a million whips and is more impenetrable than the densest fog. While it fell the ship lay at a standstill. When it stopped, she was locked in the ice. Not a lead could be seen anywhere.

For upwards of a week, the *MacKenzie* was held fast in the pack. It was a week of nervousness and anxiety for all on board. With little to occupy their time, some of the crew began to grow restive. Nichol did what he could to keep them busy, cleaning and painting; but their hearts were not in the work. It was not really necessary and they knew it. They grumbled among themselves. Cameron's presence on the ship irritated them. They blamed him for the fact that the ice had closed in. Some of them, the bos'n reported, talked of throwing him overboard. Others spoke of telling the captain of the trick that had been played on him.

To Mary the days seemed endless. The absence of actual darkness during the hours of night intensified the slow passage of time. She tried to read; she tried to sew; she tried to relax, but to no avail. The stillness of the ship, the lack of the throbbing of the engines, coupled with the monotonous groaning of the ice around it, got on her nerves. Though she was no longer isolated, she found little relief in conversation. Everyone else, even old MacTavish, was too jumpy to be companionable. The air was heavy with gloom and an indefinable atmosphere of impending disaster.

**A**ND then the disaster came. It was the evening of the sixth day. Captain Small, glass in hand, was scanning the horizon for signs of a break in the pack. Nichol, off duty, was in his cabin, trying to snatch some sleep. Here and there, members of the crew stood about, talking in low tones. Mary and MacTavish were on deck. Save for the creaking and scraping of the ice, everything was very quiet.

Suddenly Mary became aware of the smell of burning. She looked at MacTavish. He noticed it too. With one accord their eyes turned to the open door leading to the passengers' quarters. A wisp of smoke drifted out from it. She began to run. MacTavish followed her. On their heels rushed some of the crew. As they gained the alleyway, they heard a muffled shout. The next instant Cameron, his dressing-gown in flames, burst yelling from his cabin. A cloud of acrid smoke swirled out after him.

"Help!" he shouted, "Fire! Help!"

(To be continued)



# Memorial Sunday At the Elks National Home

(Continued from page 34)

He drinks in the moist vapors that make up its raging foam.

The river thus lifted up by the heavens is sent back as mist, and rain, to fall again upon the mountains and the valleys—to begin the work of watering, once more, the expectant earth.

Man goes along in the full tide of life, like the mighty river, until he reaches the great ocean of eternity.

And, like the river, he becomes absorbed into the immense vastness of the unknown.

But again, as in the case of the waters that go to make up the river, the invisible hand of heaven, like the sun over the ocean, reaches down to take aloft the spirit and to send it back again among us to continue the work of inspiration, in the process known as immortality.

The tiny drop of water is never lost, from the moment it leaves the mountain-top, until it is taken up again by the sun, and sent back to earth.

And man, likewise, never dies.

His spirit comes back to cheer and inspire the drooping, as the rain falls again to refresh the parched and waiting earth.

This is immortality.

"Life is a drop from the river  
That rises in mist o'er the sea  
A moment in space to quiver  
Then falls on the breast of the sea.  
It was—it is—now gone for ever  
Yet lives through eternity."

If death is merely a transition from an earthly state of imperfection to a heavenly state of exaltation why should we mourn? If our departed brethren could transmit a message across the yawning chasm would it not be one of hope and encouragement? Yea, it might even be one of rebuke for our capitulation to the frailties of human nature.

And so we come here, not to re-emphasize our sorrow, but rather to keep virgin green the delightful memory of our chosen Ambassadors to the Court of the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Universe.

What better act of veneration to those whom we honor than a high resolve to be inspired by their precept and example, and so order our lives that when the final summons comes to us, we shall have accomplished at least one thing, however small, that will make the world just that much better for our having been born into it.

"How much joy and comfort we can all bestow  
If we scatter sunshine where'er we go."

Indeed that seems to be the real justification of our Order which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Jerome B. Fisher so eloquently observed, when in paying tribute to his late comrade, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Meade D. Detweiler, he phrased his own ideals in these words:

"He believed in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; in the religion of love and the gospel of good works; that 'Above all sects is truth; above all nations is humanity!' He believed that all the sons of men are the sons of

God. He sympathized with the human frailties and human sufferings. He felt that the man who scatters flowers in the pathway of his fellow men, who lets into the dark places of life the sunshine of human sympathy and human helpfulness, is following in the footsteps of the Master. He believed that 'We rise by raising others and he who stoops above the fallen stands erect.'"

We shall be remembered by what we have done for others, not by what others have done for us, or what we have done for ourselves. The works of the age of Pericles lie in unrecognized ruins; the wonders of the days of the Ptolemies are buried fifty feet beneath the level of to-day's ground; the coliseum at Rome is merely a spectacular ruin; but the golden thoughts of Homer, Cicero, Cæsar, Shakespeare, Milton, Johnson, Goldsmith and Longfellow will live on for centuries.

It is not ordained that we may all leave to posterity some sign of genius; some immortal act; but within our own circumscribed sphere of activity we can make our neighbor glad of our existence.

Each one of us exerts a mutual influence upon one another, and when we least think about it; as we sit at the fireside with our family, or meet in the social circle with our friends or transact business with a stranger, a single instance of advice, encouragement, reproof or caution, may decide the question of a man's respectability, usefulness and happiness in the world. Our influence on others may spread in ever-increasing circles, like the waves from a stone thrown into the water, until it affects people whom we never saw.

I believe it was in this spirit that the principles of our great Order were conceived. And those whose memories we venerate to-day have left with us the duty of carrying on in that spirit to the ultimate goal. Nay, they adjure us, they exhort us, to be faithful to our trust; they implore us not to darken that light which their hands enkindled, and which they intended should lead us to that day to which the eyes of humanity have been turned since the advent of Christ; that day wherein all men shall experience the unalloyed joy of the sweeping away of all barriers of human selfishness, hypocrisy and duplicity and the substitution of the glorious era of faith in the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God.

And we must keep the faith. If we have extended the hand of fellowship to the strong; the hand of pity to the unfortunate; the hand of strength to the weak; the hand of hope to the despairing; the hand of charity to the fallen, then, when the Angel of Death beckons to us, will our conscience be at peace and the mind untroubled; we shall answer unafraid and we shall enter upon our rest with the knowledge of a life well spent and a reward fully earned, and leave the world that much better for our having passed through.

Then we may truly ask

"O Death! where is thy sting?  
O Grave! where is thy victory?"

## The Championship Outlook

(Continued from page 11)

any particular football team becomes more and more hazardous.

In the returns for the Olympic Games of 1928 there are many who found occasion to view with alarm, as they say. The United States did not capture as many first places in the track and field games as was expected. I think that I wrote in THE ELKS MAGAZINE some months back that this was to be expected.

I predicted that there would be some strong competition, especially from the English, the Finns and the Germans. The results do not indicate that the American athlete is softening up to any marked degree—as some will maintain—but that the athletes of other nations are taking greater interest in sports, which guarantees that the competition in the Olympic Games will be closer still in 1932 when they will be held in Los Angeles, even though some of the European countries will not be able to send as many athletes to the games as they did to Amsterdam.

The outlook for new champions in 1929 guarantees interest. I feel certain that there will be the three holdovers from 1928, Robert Tyre Jones, Helen Wills, and the New York Yankees. The year will start with what the promoters and especially Mr. Tex Rickard consider an aching void in place of a champion in the heavy-weight division of pugilism. And this must not be permitted to exist. There certainly will be a new champion or, it might be, an old new champion in the person of Mr. Dempsey.

But in the realm of athletics who can tell? The experts never know when a champion is nearing that "hollow shell stage" until suddenly he loses his hold on the championship. The athletes do not grow old gradually, it would appear. It is a fast pace and the fleetest of limbs begin to sag at last. Age creeps up on them over the week-end or overnight, and suddenly a new champion appears.



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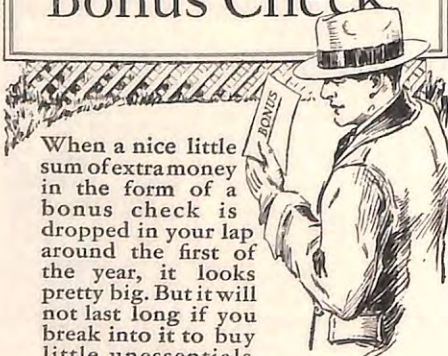
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## The Choice of An Investment

By Paul Tomlinson

HOWARD BANTON, cigarette and newspaper in hand, looked across the living-room at his wife.

"I, too, am sorry your uncle died," he observed, "but people will do that you know, and after all the five thousand dollars he left us will pay the balance on the mortgage and leave us two thousand to invest."

"It seems so mercenary," she exclaimed. "Personally I hate to take the money."

"It's not mercenary," he protested. "We can't bring your uncle back, and five thousand dollars is a lot of money for us. It will help a great deal, and I'm very grateful to him."

"We could buy a nice car," said Mrs. Banton, exercising a woman's right to inconsistency.

"We could," her husband agreed, "but we're not going to. Here's a chance to get our home paid for in full, save ourselves interest, and join the ranks of the investors. We'd be crazy to do anything else."

"Oh, I suppose you're right," Mrs. Banton exclaimed, "but it seems so dull to do that when we could have so much fun with a car."

"And it would cost us money to run it, you know."

"I give up," said his wife, with a laugh. "What are you going to buy? Something that will make a big profit for us, I hope."

Howard Banton flipped his cigarette into the fireplace, sat down in his favorite chair, and opened the newspaper at the financial section. "That would be nice," he observed. "What would you suggest?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about it," said his wife. "Lots of people do make money, though. There must be something."

"Well, let's see," he said, and spread the newspaper out on his knee. "Good night!" he exclaimed, "I should say there was something. Here is the list of stocks and quotations on the New York Stock Exchange, and there isn't room for them all on one page." He turned over the page, and then the next, and the next, and the next.

"Listen to this," he said in amazement. "First come the stocks on the New York Stock Exchange, then there's a page giving the sales of bonds. This page says 'Out-of-Town Exchanges,' and there are quotations from Boston, Chicago, Montreal, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and a lot of other places. Here's a page of quotations for what they call 'unlisted securities,' whatever that means: sugar stocks, investment trusts, public-utility stocks, industrial, mining, bank stocks, trust companies—I never saw such a thing."

"You are making me dizzy," Mrs. Banton exclaimed.

"Oh, that isn't all," her husband warned her. "Here're the New York Curb quotations, a page or so of them, stocks, bonds, rights, I don't know what all. As you say, there must be something good in all these lists, but how is a man like me who doesn't know anything about it to tell what that something is?"

He let the newspaper slide to the floor, and with a sigh he leaned back in his chair. "I'm dizzy myself," he exclaimed. "I had no idea there were so many stocks and bonds in the world."

"Perhaps we'd better put the money in the savings bank," Mrs. Banton suggested. "That's a safe place, isn't it?"

"Of course it is. I want to buy stocks and bonds, though. All these quotations here in the paper have gotten me interested, and I'd like to see the name of something we own printed on one of these pages. I want to be a capitalist, and read the financial news in the paper every day the way I see other men doing. I never really looked at those pages before to-night."

"Yes," said his wife, "but what are you going to buy?"

"Heaven only knows. I don't know how to go about it."



"I tell you," Mrs. Banton exclaimed. "Why don't you go down and talk to Mister Anderson at the bank. He knows about such things I suppose, and could give you some good advice."

"A good idea," her husband agreed. "But," and he hesitated, "he hasn't got time to bother with small fry like me."

"Let him find time then," exclaimed Mrs. Banton, and so the matter was settled.

Mr. Anderson, to Howard Banton's surprise, not only seemed to have plenty of time when he was called upon, but evidenced the liveliest interest in the investing of the Banton's two thousand dollars.

"I don't wonder you were rather appalled by the pages of financial quotations," he laughed. "They're enough to appall almost anybody. And, of course, you know that they represent only a small fraction of the country's investments. There are thousands of corporations all over the country whose securities are held by the families or by small groups of individuals, and they never come to the attention of the general public. In addition there are thousands of mortgages owned by banks or individuals, building-and-loan shares in any quantity, savings-bank accounts, commercial paper, loans on collateral—it's endless. This is such a rich country, you know."

"So it seems," said Howard Banton. "I never really thought much about it before."

"It's a good idea to think about it," observed Mr. Anderson, "and I must say I think your plan of paying off the mortgage, and investing the balance is an excellent one. Had you anything special in mind?"

"I don't know enough about it to have anything special in mind," said Howard Banton. "My wife would like to make some money."

"You wouldn't object to that yourself, I imagine," laughed Mr. Anderson. "I gather that what Mrs. Banton is thinking about is some successful speculation."

"I think so. She says she had heard of others doing it."

"Every one hears of the successes," said Mr. Anderson. "People don't talk quite so much about their losses. Let me ask you something," he continued. "You wouldn't like to lose this two thousand dollars, would you?"

"I should say not."

"Very well. Then the first thing we want to think about is investing it safely, don't we?"

"Yes," Howard Banton agreed.

"Very well, then. If you want me to suggest an investment my first job is to find something which is safe. I can do that, I think. What would you say was the next requirement?"

"Why," said Howard Banton, "I really don't know. Something that will advance in price, I suppose."

"Wrong," laughed the banker, "though I must say there are plenty of people who would say the same thing. Lots of them would put profit first. In an investment, as I see it, the question of profit is not nearly so important as that of safety, and next to safety I should put regular income."

"There's no harm in a profit," Howard Banton suggested.

"None at all," Mr. Anderson agreed. "My point, however, is this: if you buy something that is safe, and pays a regular income, and you know you can count on its safety, and on the

income, you needn't worry about profit. That will take care of itself. To state it another way: if you protect yourself against loss you must necessarily make a profit; there is no alternative."

"You're not ignoring profit, then?"

"Not at all. I'm merely not emphasizing it above everything else. I'm not speculating, in other words. If you buy value, the chances are all in favor of that value increasing as time goes on. And obviously the more value a thing has the more dollars and cents you can sell it for."

"Perhaps I'm stupid," said Howard Banton, "but why are the chances all in favor of value increasing as time goes on?"

"A fair question," said Mr. Anderson, "and I'll try to answer it. A moment ago we agreed that this is a rich country. There can be no argument about that, nor any question but that it is growing richer all the time. Under such circumstances the well run, soundly financed successful corporations are going to share in this prosperity, and the holders of these corporations' securities are going to benefit personally and individually."

"Sounds reasonable," said Howard Banton with a smile. "How is a man going to tell which are the best corporations?"

"Most of them publish financial statements which show how they stand. The records of their earnings over a period of years are available. The names of their directors and officers are known. Their balance sheets and earnings statements present a picture which a good banker can read and interpret. There is frequent news of their operations in the financial news, and you know there are a number of statistical firms which make a specialty of supplying current news of all the most important businesses in the country. It is not so hard to find out about good investments if you know how to go about it."

"But," said Howard Banton, "you've got to be able to interpret all this information you get. I couldn't do it."

"It's not your business," said Mr. Anderson, "but it is a banker's business, particularly an investment banker's."

(Continued on page 70)

### Investment Literature Sent on Request

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Every month Mr. Paul Tomlinson has a strong financial article on some phase of investment in the financial department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It will pay you to read these articles because they are full of sound investment advice and helpful suggestions.

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**The Choice of an Investment**

(Continued from page 69)

"How much income could we expect on two thousand dollars?"

"Well, if you got 5 per cent. that would be a hundred dollars a year. If you got six that would be one hundred and twenty—ten dollars a month, about two dollars and thirty cents a week. Did you ever figure it that way? If you put that ten dollars a month in the building and loan you would have two thousand dollars more in ten years."

"Ten years is a long time."

"Oh, I don't know," said the banker. "Think back ten years and see how fast they have gone. Besides, you know, two thousand dollars might help a lot with your children's education ten years from now."

"That's a thought. You think then that the two important things about an investment are safety of principal, and regular income?"

"There's a third."

"What's that?"

"Ability to sell it. One never knows when he will be in need of ready cash, and it's a great thing to have investments which can be converted into cash on short notice, and without loss."

"Can't all investments be sold?"

"All of them can't be sold easily," said Mr. Anderson. "Those which are listed on the big exchanges can, but there are plenty of unlisted securities which are not so much in demand, and on a forced sale might have to be disposed of at a loss."

"I'm learning all sorts of unexpected things," Howard Banton laughed.

"Well, marketability, or saleability, is a very important thing," the banker assured him. "The law of supply and demand is always working, you know, and the brisker the demand the better the price you get. I don't believe in buying securities for the purpose of selling them again, but it is decidedly to an investor's interest to keep in mind the possibility that he may want to sell some time."

"Maybe he'd want to sell and buy something else," Howard Banton suggested.

"That's true too," the banker agreed. "Sometimes a swap can be made with great advantage. You'd have to sell what you own before you could buy something else though, which is another argument in favor of marketability."

"And you think that out of all those thousands of different investments you can find something suitable for us to buy?"

"I know I can," laughed the banker.

"Well," exclaimed Howard Banton, "I must say that's a great relief to me. I was bewildered just looking at all the different names, and of course I have no idea what kinds of businesses all those companies are engaged in, and those I did know I didn't know much about."

"No reason why you should."

"And I'm much obliged to you for taking all this trouble for me. Mrs. Banton said it would be all right to ask your advice."

"Mrs. Banton is right," said Mr. Anderson. "That's what we bankers are here for."

**Heading South with the Books**

(Continued from page 12)

The adventures are beyond compare. And as a writer, Mr. Wright has struck a youthful and devil-may-care note which is shot with beauty, and which makes a perfect vehicle for the story of his wanderings.

We implore you not to miss this.

**The Mexican Nation**

By Herbert Priestley, Ph.D. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

THE student of Hispanic-American affairs could do no better than to add this unprejudiced "last word" on Mexico to his library.

If, by chance, there are any questions left unanswered in Mr. Gruening's book upon the various problems to the South of us, this volume may provide the facts with which to satisfy them.

**Porto Rico**

By Knowlton Mixer. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

WHAT did you give for relief work last September when Porto Rico was so nearly blown off the map by a hurricane?

We put the question rhetorically, of course, and simply to open the way to ask you if, in view of the way that you doubtless flew to the Island's succor, you will not be forever interested in its welfare.

That always happens, we are told, when we save a fellow's life.

So, presupposing that interest, here's the very book for you, all about that bright possession of ours in the Caribbean Sea which, though we make its laws and control its business and economic factors, remains at heart unalterably Spanish.

With San Juan, the capital of the Island, fast developing into a winter holiday resort, and with our capital invested in many a Porto Rican industry (chiefly, of course, sugar), it seems that we ought to be able to look under the Porto Rican hat and know what is going on in the Porto Rican head—and why!

Let's find our way then to Mr. Mixer's enlightening pages on economic conditions, the climate, the crops, the government, the customs, transportation, hotels and clubs. And most especially to those few but pointed words of warning to any wayfarer who, going to San

Juan, hires a car in the Plaza Alfonso XII, and starts on a trip "cross Island."

First beat your driver, smiling dare-devil that he is, into a knowledge that you came down to Porto Rico to gain strength and not to offer up your life. Beat him well until he grovels before you, admitting you as master. Then, but only then, dare to swing around those mountain curves and enjoy the rare scenery.

Altogether O. K. whether you read it on a south-bound steamer or under the old library lamp.

**Traveling Light, Tours in Spain,  
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By M. H. Harrigan. (Brentano's, New York.)

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Mr. Harrigan gets decidedly down to cases. The total expense of his last sojourn, a two and a half months' trip, was \$493. And what one restless soul can do, another can also. This little volume, full of the most detailed advice and the most charming descriptions, is a neat "yellow bound" shove to the timid stay-at-home.

The knowledge of places and people that our author has been able to squeeze into this one small book is astounding. Steamship lines; frescoes in old Cathedrals; the air service from France to Casablanca; romantic Granada (full of stories that sound like plots for grand operas); Hamid El Melusi, the picturesque guide who speaks English and who makes his headquarters at the big hotel in Tetuan (Morocco) and is just pining to take you under his wing; that street in Madrid where on his wedding day, King Alfonso, then only twenty, escaping the anarchist's bomb which was intended for him, courageously turned to his young English bride who sat beside him in the carriage, white as her



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### Fabulous New Orleans

By Lyle Saxon. (The Century Co., New York.)

**MARDI GRAS** — Mississippi steamboats — haunted houses — old courtyards — the ancient spell of Spain and France still brooding over the city—skyscrapers and chain stores!

And so on through the whole pageant of a town that has gallantly flown the flags of three nations in succession. New Orleans to-day is a modern American city, but Mr. Saxon fondly leans in this book toward that section north of Canal Street where the old, old houses that have looked down on a glamorous history, still wear the tattered lace of their wrought-iron balconies and hide their seductive gardens behind their withered façades.

But it is not the city of plaster and stone and wood that he chooses mainly to talk about. The human romance that has always walked abroad in this Creole town intrigues him utterly, and so we have a throbbing story of a city, not just a cold description of a capital.

The incredible experience of the author at a Voodoo meeting, lays a cold finger upon the spine; the classified advertisements addressed to the Saints amuse and touch, and the flash-backs to duels and plagues add much interest.

The illustrations of E. H. Suydam so catch the spirit of the text that we congratulate not only the author and the artist, but New Orleans itself.

### The History of the Cuban Republic. A Study in Hispanic-American Politics

By Charles E. Chapman. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

**PERHAPS** you are among the wise who ask a little more than just casual and light-hearted tourist knowledge of Cuba. Perhaps you think that it would be interesting to know something more of the "Pearl of the Antilles" than the easiest way to say in Spanish to a mad taxi-driver: "Quick! Zuleta Street, and stop at 'Sloppy Joe's.'"

Perhaps you are the one man out of a hundred who realizes that we have a close political and commercial relationship with the beautiful Island that lies so near us and that, personally, it is just as well to know "where we're at" with the Cubans.

There seems to be no one better equipped to give us first-hand information than Dr. Charles E. Chapman, who has for eighteen years made a special study of Latin-American history.

In his book he presents a fascinating story of Cuba, its beauty and agony under Spanish rule, its courageous struggles and revolts, our intervention in 1898, and Cuba as a Republic and its development since the Spanish War.

However, the word "Colony" scratched out on the maps of Spanish possessions, and the word "Republic" heroically scribbled above it, does not mean that a sort of abracadabra has been pronounced and that a magic day has dawned for our rich little neighbor.

Cuba has had but the experience of a single generation in government, and though "there are many who regard Hispanic character as hopeless, at least from the standpoint of government," Dr. Chapman manages to find more promise in Cuba than in most of the republics of Latin America.

This is cheering, seeing that our trade is so closely bound up with the Cuban markets. Big business in Havana is usually American-owned, the sugar industry touches our own dinner tables, the shops are filled with American merchandise, and the hotels with American tourists.

To have on hand a speaking acquaintance with Cuban laws and with her material and social conditions seems to us a very necessary accomplishment for the "go-ahead" man of affairs who resides in these United States.

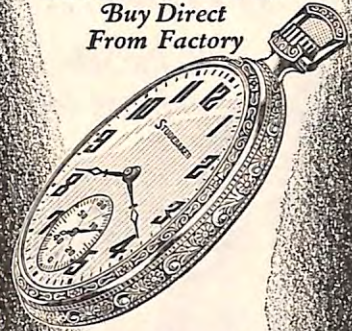
Aside from all this, Dr. Chapman's book has  
*(Continued on page 72)*

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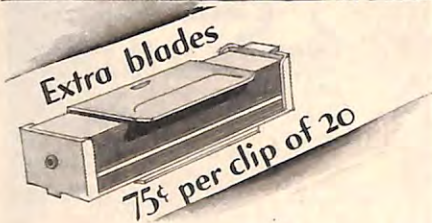
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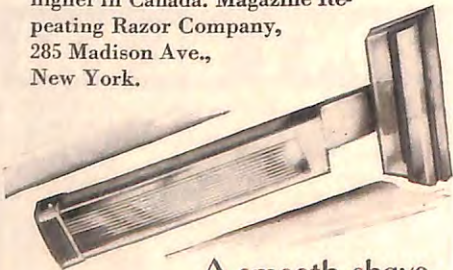
"No strop-no hone-but  
Oh! What a  
shave!!

*It's the Schick Steel  
in those blades"*



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*Repeating*  
**Razor**

## Heading South with the Books

(Continued from page 71)

a distinct fascination of its own as a descriptive work, getting well under the skin of those things which the usual traveler only gaily prattles about

### *The Central Americans*

By Arthur Ruhl. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

**T**HIS is the book that made—or should have made—that terrific bulge in the coat pocket of Mr. Hoover the day he sailed on the S. S. *Maryland* to scatter words of love and cheer among the Central and South Americans.

We know slightly this part of the world, yet upon reading Mr. Ruhl's humorous and brilliantly intelligent account of his ambles through the little Republics that link us to the southern hemisphere, we realized with horror that we had visited them with only half an eye.

Nothing, physical or spiritual, seems to have escaped our author, and he all but wraps up Costa Rica, Honduras, and the rest in a handsome and sparkling package and makes us a present of them.

You can have your pick, after we have taken Costa Rica out for our very own.

### *Texas Man*

By William Macleod Raine. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York.)

**I**F BOONE SIBLEY—of the Southwest—had saved another life in this here romance we just couldn't have stood it. Everyone we know looked pretty piffing to us for some time after reading of this young man who constantly defied death in so nonchalant a manner.

Take this with you on the train when you start off on that winter holiday.

## Recent Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 38)

Exalted Ruler visited Grafton Lodge in the late afternoon. That evening a banquet given in his honor at the Waldo Hotel, and attended by close to 200 Elks, marked the high spot of the day's program. At noon the next day the Grand Exalted Ruler was entertained at luncheon in the Home of Fairmont Lodge and spoke on the Elks National Foundation. After listening to Mr. Hulbert's address Past Exalted Ruler Curtis D. Fleming, who some years ago presented his Lodge with a pipe organ, expressed a wish to donate in the name of Fairmont Lodge, \$1,000 as soon as the foundation is organized. Following the return to his headquarters at the Waldo Hotel, Mr. Hulbert paid an official visit to Morgantown Lodge. That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates at a meeting held in his honor in the Home of Clarksburg Lodge. Following the initiation Mr. Hulbert spoke, and other brief addresses were made by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas C. Ashton and William C. Carle, Past District Deputy Grand

Exalted Ruler of Pennsylvania, Southwest.

Leaving on the morning of December 7th Mr. Hulbert visited Mannington and Moundsville Lodges, never before visited by a Grand Exalted Ruler, and was guest of honor at a joint meeting. Arriving in Wheeling that evening Mr. Hulbert was entertained at a dinner in the Home of Wheeling Lodge. With Judge John J. Coniff acting as toastmaster, Mr. Hulbert made the principal speech of the evening. Among those who contributed brief addresses were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Price and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. Mr. Hulbert left immediately after the banquet and motored to Pittsburgh, where he entrained for Chicago to meet with the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee early the following day.

After meeting with the Good of the Order Committee Mr. Hulbert was scheduled to dedicate the new Home of Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge, visit Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge and return for a visitation to Bayonne, N. J., Lodge on Wednesday, December 12.

## The End of the Path

(Continued from page 17)

"Let it out, son," he said soothingly. "Just pretend I'm your dad. What's the trouble? Money?"

The young man let his head slip on to the other's chest.

"No—no"—he said brokenly. "Nothing like that."

"Girl?"

The young man's body trembled again, and Tom Gregory felt an encircling arm around his neck. Somehow, in a flash, he remembered the boy he had once been, sobbing out some childish trouble on the bosom of the quaint, tired little mother who had passed out of his life long, long ago.

"Turn you down?" he inquired gently.

"Married this morning," murmured the young man. "Sent me a wire—just kidding me—never knew there was any one else—always saying she loved me—thought she meant it—she had tears in her eyes when she said it—brown eyes—pretty brown eyes—sort of mysterious—that got me right from the start—babyish, sort of—little thing—soft arms—God, I can feel her soft arms now—I can't go on—I can't, I tell you—I'll show her—"

He broke off into a frenzy of sobbing and the older man held him close.

"So you're going to show her," he said quietly. "Just like a kid who tells his mother she'll be sorry if she doesn't let him go in swimming. I remember running away once just to make my mother sorry when she wouldn't let me spend more than three dollars for fire crackers one Fourth. Realized how silly it was when I got two miles down the road. Ever tell your mother you'd show her?"

"Sure—once when she wouldn't let me go out camping with a crowd of the other boys—she—"

oh, but that was different—this thing is—"

"I'll finish for you. You were going to say this thing is serious. It really isn't, you know, if you get the right perspective. It's just that boyish desire for revenge cropping up again. You aren't a boy any more—you're a man. Straighten up there, kid. I won't give you any bunk about forgetting it all. You can't for a while—but you will. You're coming to dinner with me to-morrow night. The Astor—seven o'clock. I'll be waiting for you in the lobby. In the meantime we'll get rid of this thing."

He broke the revolver in his hand and, slipping out the cartridges, flung it into a tangle of bushes. The young man stood up. A pathetic smile wrinkled his face.

"Gee," he said, "you understand, you do. Guess I was sort of like a kid. I'll be glad to go to dinner with you. Thanks for the invitation and—everything."

Tom Gregory slapped him on the shoulder.

"Atta boy," he said heartily. "Better take a little walk all by yourself. Not in here. Out there where people are. Good luck until tomorrow night. Eyes front, shoulders back, and march!"

He watched the tall figure disappear in the shadows down the winding path. He stood irresolutely for a moment, and then slowly lighted a cigarette. The next moment he was off at a quick clip after him. He turned into another walk that led to the cinder path which circles the reservoir. The moonlight danced in silvery loveliness on the surface of the water. He stood for a brief space at the basin's edge and then reached into one of his back pockets. The next moment his own revolver described a circle in the air and fell with a splash in the gleaming ripples. He laughed rather foolishly as he swung ahead with long strides.

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# "Hear The English Singers"

....says DEEMS TAYLOR

**T**HERE'S never been anything like it in musical history—the wave of enthusiasm that has swept the country for The English Singers. Thunderous applause. A deluge of praise from music lovers and discriminating critics alike. Glowing tributes from outstanding figures in the musical world—from eminent composers like Walter Damrosch and George Gershwin—from famous singers like Jeritza and Edward Johnson of the Metropolitan Opera and a host of other notables.

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And they *are*. Not only for the songs they sing but for the superb artistry with which they sing them. Their songs are old—the very ones that were sung in Shakespeare's day when Merry England was "merry" indeed, and the whole country a "nest of singing birds."

## Music Lost for Three Centuries

Then Puritanism descended like a pall over English life to hush the light hearted gayety of these songs. The Puritans taught that all forms of music were sinful; in their religious fury they even smashed the organs in the cathedrals and destroyed all

the music they could lay their hands on. Thus the happy voices of "Merry England" were stilled and through long dreary years this beautiful Elizabethan music was neglected and, at last forgotten. Only recently have these lost songs been recovered after 300 years to open new worlds of delight for every music lover.

Here are melodies as sparkling, as fresh and fragrant as a May morning. And how marvelously these great artists sing them! Deems Taylor enthusiastically declares, "This group of six singers is a revelation . . . Hear The English Singers when you can, for until you have heard them you have not heard part singing."

*And Olin Downes of the N. Y. Times says, "A concert by The English Singers is for the listener a unique and unforgettable experience, a contact with a beauty that is rare and haunting."*

## Enjoy The English Singers now in your own home

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When he heard the first finished records, Cuthbert Kelly—founder and leader of the English Singers—enthusiastically exclaimed: "Living Tone recording has caught completely the very life of The English Singers' music!" George Gershwin, outstanding genius among modern American composers, declared, "I am playing these records over and over, and the more I play them the more they appeal to me." "They have given us a new joy in music," asserts Harold Bauer, famous pianist. And Fritz Kreisler says, "It's beautiful music, beautifully sung!" Carrie Jacobs Bond, who wrote the most popular American song, "The End of a Perfect Day," calls it "The most delightful music I have ever heard!"

To know more about The English Singers, the romantic story of their music, and of their sensational success in America, read the fascinating book which we will send you free. Simply mail the coupon below and this book will be forwarded to you at once. At the same time you will be told how you may have a private audition of these remarkable Roycroft Records in your home. Wm. H. Wise & Co. (Distributors of Roycroft Living Tone Records), Dept. 52, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

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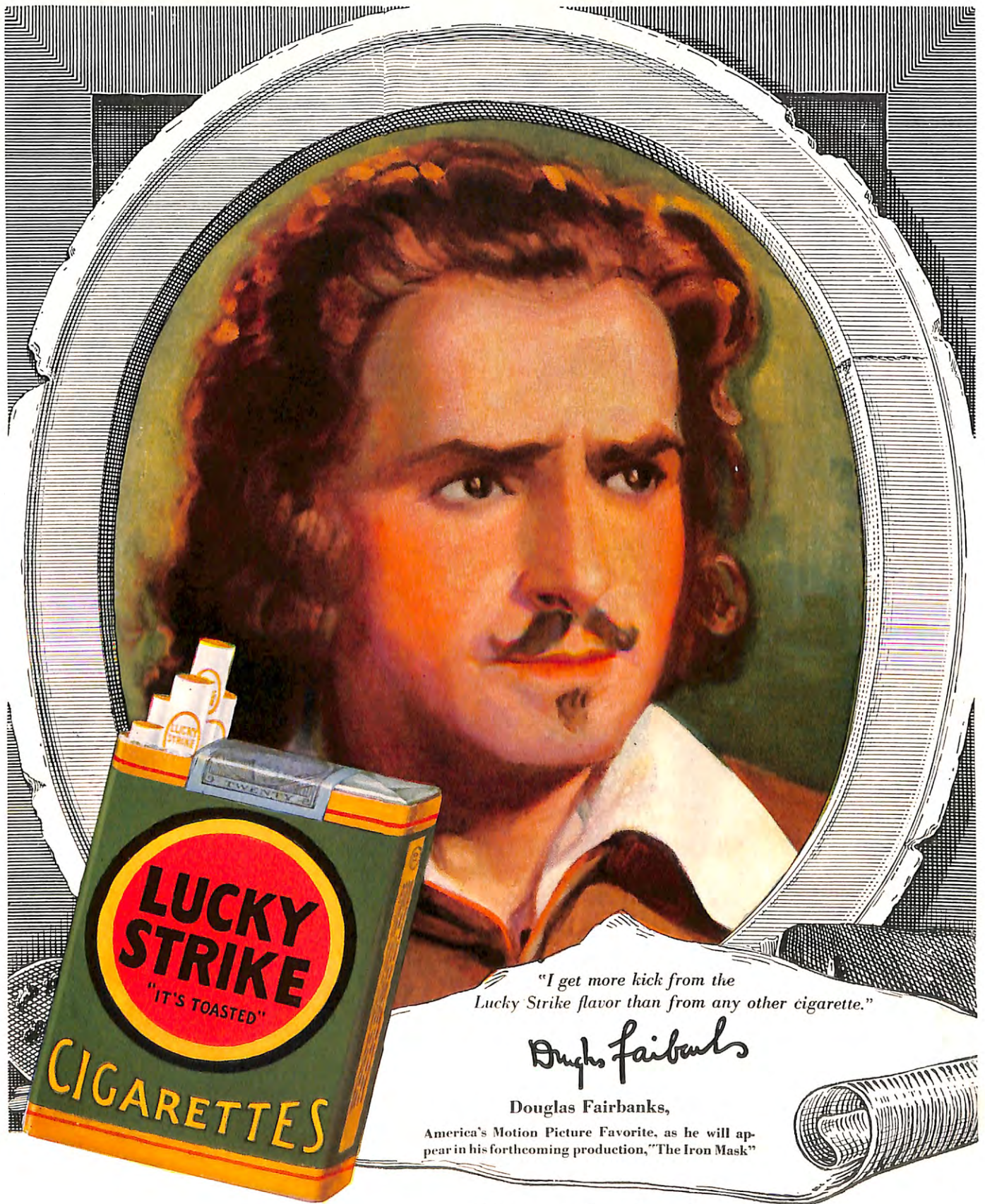
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