

# The Elks

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## Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1929



This Month: George Middleton, W. O. McGeehan, and Lawrence Perry





# Worn-Out Appetites

Why don't they change the menu? Day after day, same old foods . . .

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

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

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

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, 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 Five**

*Enroute El Paso, Texas,  
January 25, 1929.*

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

DEAR BROTHERS:

February is a month of Anniversaries of peculiar interest to Elks.

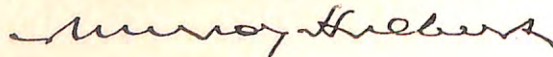
May I suggest that on your meeting night nearest to February 22nd, some Brother read Washington's Farewell Address; or on your meeting night nearest to February 12th, have a Brother declaim Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration; or on your meeting night nearest to February 16th, the Sixty-first Anniversary of the birth of our Order, induce a Brother to deliver a brief address on the origin, history and achievement of Elkdom.

February is the month for nominations. Every meeting required by your by-laws should be held. Dispensations to omit meetings can be granted only by the Grand Exalted Ruler personally.

In the selection of officers, I urge you to consider special fitness of candidates from a standpoint of character, ability and executive capacity, and not to be swayed by popularity.

The Elks National Foundation Trustees have organized with the selection of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley as Chairman; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin as Vice-Chairman; and Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, as Secretary-Treasurer (*pro tem.*); and plans are now being worked out for submission and consideration at the next meeting of the Trustees to be held in New York City on February 15th next.

Fraternally yours,



*Grand Exalted Ruler.*





**How, after 12 years' hard work as a railroad brakeman, I got into real estate, and now make more in a month than I used to make in a year**

BY L. C. CLARKE  
(Address furnished on request)

**F**OR TWELVE YEARS I was a brakeman on the Mohawk Division of the New York Central. During that time my wages averaged exactly \$638.40 a year.

Then I got started in the real estate business, and during the past year I made one sale that gave me a commission of \$4,500, which is more than I made on the railroad in *seven years of hard work*.

And I don't feel that I have done anything wonderful—anything the other fellow can't do if he will; I simply got into the right kind of business—a business of big opportunities—a business where big money is made.

You—who are reading these words—can do what I have done if you have a mind to. You don't need education, experience, capital or influence. I didn't have any of these things.

I had to leave school when I was thirteen, so I had mighty little education. I had no real estate experience. I never earned more than just enough to keep me out of the poorhouse, so I had no capital. And, as for influence, where would a \$50-a-month brakeman get any?

And you don't have to go to a big town to succeed. I am located in a little New York State town of only 3,000 population.

Of course, I am pretty enthusiastic about the real estate business. I think it's the greatest business in the world. It has more advantages and bigger opportunities than any other business I know of. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is almost unlimited in its possibilities—about ten million properties are always on the market. It is easy to learn. You don't need capital to get started, as you do in almost any other business. The business can't grow smaller—it keeps getting bigger as population increases. And you can get started in the business right at home in your spare time. When I realize that I have an independent, enjoyable business of my own, a good home, two automobiles, and every convenience and comfort a sane man could want I sometimes find it hard to believe that I'm the same fellow

that put in twelve long years of hard work as a railroad brakeman.

And I'm not the only one who has taken advantage of this wonderful business opportunity and pulled himself out of the rut of routine work. Chas. F. Worthen, formerly a salesman, did, and he made \$8,500 in 17 weeks. H. G. Stewart made \$14,400 in less than six months. Anthony C. Maurell made \$4,100 in 3 months. M. J. Stokes, a Pennsylvania man, made \$900 in three months, just in his spare time. H. J. Dwillard, of Michigan, was fitted to hold the position of Sales Manager of the largest contractors' and builders' real estate department in his city.

Now, if you are kicking about what I used to kick about—long hours, hard work and poor pay—if you want to get into a business where you can have the biggest kind of an opportunity to make good—simply send your name and address to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. B-33, 18 East 18 St., New York, and they will send you *without cost or obligation*, a copy of their free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

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## Ways Of Escape

By J. D. Beresford

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

MRS. TREVARRIAN was undoubtedly "queer." Her neighbors, the nearest of whom lived half-a-mile from her cottage, were agreed about that, though they differed as to the signs of her peculiarity. The Vicar, his wife and two or three of their friends thought Mrs. Trevarrian altogether too eccentric for wanting to live in a wretched, inconvenient cottage right out on the moor, when she might have taken poor old Miss Baker's house two minutes from the church. But Mrs. Holmleigh, who was a writer and had an imagination, said that she could quite understand that part of it; what she thought so queer was Mrs. Trevarrian's "complex."

"I'm afraid I don't quite . . ." the Vicar had murmured the first time Mrs. Holmleigh had brought that out.

"Freud, you know, and all that"; she had explained airily. "Suppressions and so on, a kind of mania it becomes."

The Vicar had looked very grave. He had a feeling that "Freud" was a slightly improper word for a lady to use.

"Oh! no, no, *nothing* of that kind"; Mrs. Holmleigh had continued. "With Mrs. Trevarrian it takes the form of longing for a domestic servant, reasonable enough these days in most cases, I grant you, but she has got a devoted retainer already in that nice old Sarah of hers. And surely there can't be work for more than one in that little place."

"Yes, I remember her mentioning the fact that she hoped to have another maid before long," the Vicar had commented.

"She mentions it to everybody," Mrs. Holmleigh had returned triumphantly; "and it doesn't stop there, for she has a photograph, a cabinet photograph if you please, of her former housemaid in a cap and apron, on the sitting-room mantelpiece; and always says at least once when you see her that she half hopes to get that particular maid back again, one day."

"True," the Vicar had agreed. "Odd, yes; certainly a little queer." And then: "Another little mystery, perhaps, for you to write a story about, my dear lady."

"Mystery? Well, hardly; for me, at least," Mrs. Holmleigh had explained. "Mysteries are rather *vieux jeu*, you know, Vicar, these days. What we go in for now is psychology. And if I *do* write a story about Mrs. Trevarrian, I shall concentrate on her complex."

"Ah! Indeed! yes, I see!" The Vicar had looked round for his hat at that point. There was something about the sound of the word "complex" that he found distinctly embarrassing; and he decided on the spot that it would be as well for him never to call on Mrs. Trevarrian alone. Mrs. Holmleigh was a very clever woman, and although he would never have guessed it himself, it was quite possible that Mrs. Trevarrian did suffer at times from this strange new mental disturbance that they spoke of as a . . . Quite a handsome woman, too, and not more than thirty-five at the outside.

It was perhaps with the idea of studying her material at first hand that Mrs. Holmleigh paid occasional visits to the cottage on the moor after that conversation with the Vicar. But she "got nothing useful," as she said, for literary purposes, until that memorable afternoon in early June; the first really fine day that they had had for weeks, according to Mrs. Holmleigh, who decided to make the most of it by taking a brisk walk across the moor, calling at Fern Cottage on her way back for a cup of tea and, if possible, more material.

The first part of her plan was upset by the fog, the opening incident of that exciting day. Fogs were quite common on the Moor in June, but this one had a dramatic quality from the outset. The sky had been cloudless until three o'clock, the sunshine gratefully hot after the spell of damp, cold weather; and the light northerly breeze that chilled the air up on the moors had only added a touch of exhilaration to a delightful day.

And then a little after three o'clock, a dense white fog came rolling out of nowhere like a vast bank of smoke. Mrs. Holmleigh had at first believed it to be actually smoke. She caught sight of it pushing between the tors, and thought the heather must be on fire. She had paused to watch it and had been scared by the rapidity of its advance. But though she was relieved to find that it was only the more familiar phenomenon of a moor-fog, she did not want to be caught by it in the open, and made at once for Fern Cottage, fortunately less than a quarter of a mile away. She reached it, full of excitement over her adventure, not, as she protested, a single minute too soon, for as she reached the door, the first streamers of cold dank mist came drifting over the hedge of Mrs. Trevarrian's garden, and before she was well in the house, the sun had paled, melted into a diffused halo of light, and vanished together with all the rest of the visible landscape. "Really, you couldn't see your hand before your face"; Mrs. Holmleigh asserted in a high, rapid voice; and indeed it was certainly true that from the sitting-room window, you could not then see across the little garden of Fern Cottage.

MRS. TREVARRIAN had often a preoccupied, abstracted air, and this afternoon, it was more marked than ever. She continually failed to answer Mrs. Holmleigh's questions; and more than once, she did not appear to be in the least aware that any question had been put to her. Mrs. Holmleigh was too uncomfortable even to make those mental notes that had been the original object of her visit. Obviously she was not wanted, but she really did not care to risk a half-mile walk across the moor in this weather. The fog was worse than ever. The windows looked as if they were filled with ground glass. It would be positively unsafe to leave until the fog lifted. Mrs. Trevarrian's complex must be a very bad one. Perhaps the fog made it worse. A touch of claustrophobia, very likely. Meanwhile, choosing between the unpleasant ultimatum of remaining where she was so very certainly unwelcome, and losing herself on the moor, Mrs. Holmleigh decided to go on talking brightly, telling her hostess true stories of





people who had come to grief in just such weather as this, walking in circles all night, or being attacked by tramps, or . . .

She was interrupted by the sound of a deep, low boom and the windows of the sitting-room faintly rattled.

"Oh!" Mrs. Holmleigh exclaimed. "My dear Mrs. Trevarrian, did you hear that?" And even as she spoke, the deep, low boom and the responsive tremor of the sash panes were repeated.

"You know, of course, what. . . ." Mrs. Holmleigh began again in high excitement, but before she could complete her explanation that extraordinary person, her hostess, had got to her feet and left the room.

"Well, really! Oh! She's quite mad, of course!" Mrs. Holmleigh softly protested with a shrug of her shoulders. But what was she to do now? It was most embarrassing. She stood up, crossed to the mantelpiece and stared idly at the photograph of Mrs. Trevarrian's ideal, deeply regretted housemaid—a good-looking girl, she reflected, with a stocky figure but not, one would guess, very intelligent. She was still staring when she heard the door open behind her, and turned with a faint sense of having been caught in some rather doubtful action. It was not, however, Mrs. Trevarrian who had come in, but her elderly maid, Sarah, in her hat and coat.

"Mrs. Trevarrian's not very well, ma'am," she explained in a harsh, slightly peremptory voice; "and I've come to take you back to the village."

Mrs. Holmleigh hesitated a moment and then decided that on the whole she preferred to take her chances with the moor and the fog.

"Dear me! I'm so sorry," she said. "I thought, you know, that she was not looking well, but ought one to leave her all alone . . .?"

"That's quite all right, ma'am," was the curt response.

"Oh! very well, if you are quite sure," Mrs. Holmleigh agreed amiably. "It's really very nice of you to offer to come with me, and I admit that I should be grateful, particularly in the circumstances. You heard the guns, I suppose. . . ."

But the elderly Sarah merely turned her head and went out, leaving Mrs. Holmleigh to follow her. Nor did she give that lady the least opportunity for conversation on her way home, an opportunity that Mrs. Holmleigh had thought might be discreetly used to obtain a little more information on the subject of that poor Mrs. Trevarrian's mental weakness. Indeed, it seemed that the maid was as eccentric as her mistress; she was so morose, so inattentive, and, considering her position, so positively rude in the way she kept hurrying on ahead, stead-

fastly refusing to respond to the most friendly advances.

When she was safely home again in her own snug drawing-room, Mrs. Holmleigh was inclined to congratulate herself on having had a very lucky escape. She was inclined to believe now that that surly woman was really Mrs. Trevarrian's keeper.

The fog was beginning to lift. Directly after tea she would go across to the Vicarage, tell them the story of her adventurous afternoon, and ask the Vicar what he thought they ought to do about that madwoman and her keeper on the Moor. Had she not warned him months ago . . .

## II

MRS. TREVARRIAN was standing at the window of her little sitting-room when Sarah returned.

The cold north wind that had brought the fog was increasing in force, blowing strange rents and alleys in the opaque white mass, revealing sudden unexpected distances and almost instantly closing them again. But there could be no doubt now that the fog was dispersing. The tumbling heap of low white cloud that the wind had brought in from the sea was rolling away to the South, and very soon the sun would be shining again in a clear sky.

Sarah came straight into the sitting-room without removing her hat, and looked up anxiously at her mistress. She did not raise her eyebrows nor perceptibly change her habitual expression of cold reserve, but the concentration of her stare had an effect of posing a vital question.

Mrs. Trevarrian shook her head. "Not yet," she said, after a short pause, and added: "It may not have been. . . . We can't be sure that . . ."

She turned back to the window, and there was something in the tenseness of her pose and the lift of her head that suggested a listener rather than a watcher.

Sarah came a little further into the room, and speaking in a low, even voice, said: "Everything's all ready. I put the things out, directly I heard the guns, and opened the window at the bottom."

"I know," Mrs. Trevarrian replied softly. "I've been in."

"I suppose, if he should come," Sarah began again after another short interval of silence, "that I'd better burn the other clothes as soon as he's changed 'em?"

"Not the shoes," Mrs. Trevarrian said. "Because of the smell. Bury them in the back garden. If they come after him, they may want to search the place."

At that reminder, Sarah glanced quickly at the mantelpiece, but the photograph of the housemaid had already disappeared.

"I've hidden it quite safely," Mrs. Trevarrian said. "I thought it better not to burn it, in case . . ."

FOR the past half-hour her mind had been working with an effect of extraordinary rapidity. In the course of the last ten months, she and Sarah had often spoken of the possibility that this occasion might arise, and had made certain plans to anticipate the event. But the thing had never been quite real to her, never been anything more than another of those fantastic, unconvincing schemes of her husband's, that so seldom worked out as he expected; so seldom seemed at all likely so to work out. She could never believe that any plan of his would be successful.

Pity had been her dominant emotion when he had so eagerly, and as she believed so futilely, made the suggestion to her before the trial. Now that he had come to final ruin, she felt that she must do everything in her power to comfort him. It had been as if she were sitting by his death-bed, unable to refuse him anything. Afterwards she had been bound by her promise and by a sense of horror at the thought that if, by one chance in ten thousand, he did succeed in escaping, he should find that she had failed him. And he had been right in two particulars: five years' sentence and his ultimate place of confinement.

Moreover, the moment she had heard those guns, a feeling of certainty had come to her; the fantastic plan had suddenly taken shape as a somewhat terrifying reality; and her mind for the first time had begun automatically to employ itself with a host of practical details.

She glanced at the clock and noted that three-quarters of an hour had elapsed since they had heard the signal announcing the escape of a prisoner, time enough—even if his escape had been announced at once—for him to have covered those four miles.

"I suppose, ma'm, I'd better . . ." Sarah began again, and broke off suddenly, arrested by a sound that came to them from the next room, the sound of heavy feet on



the floor, followed immediately by the thud of a smartly-closed sash window.

Mrs. Trevarrian put her hand to her side, and leaned against the jamb of the window. Now that he was, without doubt, actually in the house, the final absurdity of the plan revealed itself to her in a flash of realization. What possible chance had she of concealing his identity should the prison officials come to search the cottage? He was an absurdly bad actor. She remembered vividly his appearance as the comic housemaid in that play they had got up. She had thought, then, that he had had no sense of the part; and what would he make of it when called to play it again for so high a stake? He had neither the ability nor the nerve to carry the thing through.

"YOU'D better go into the kitchen, Sarah," she said. She wanted no witness, not even this dear, faithful Sarah, to her first remeeting with her husband. That deep sense of pity she had suffered two years earlier, had given place momentarily to a feeling of irritation. Why should she have this awful complicity in his escape thrust upon her? For presumably she would be liable to prosecution for harboring and abetting him. And she did not feel equal to the task. If the cottage should be searched, she would break down. Even now, her heart was beating as if it would suffocate her.

As Sarah left the room, Mrs. Trevarrian collapsed into a chair. She ought, she knew, to go to her husband and help him to disguise himself. He was sure to make a mess of it without her. She had had to do everything for him when he had played the part in those theatricals. But she had not the strength to rise from her chair. She felt utterly limp and helpless. She was terribly afraid that she was going to faint. At any cost, she must relax for a few minutes. If he called to her, she would go to him.

That terrifying palpitation of her heart had died down and the sense of weakness was passing when she was roused by a light tap at the door.

"Yes, yes; come in," she called to him. It was so like him, she reflected, to play the fool at a desperate crisis like this. But the reflection helped to brace her. Everything now depended upon her, and she dare not fail him.

The door opened and a figure in cap and apron came into the room with an effect of shy hesitation; a figure that most convincingly looked the part of a housemaid. As a disguise it was certainly admirable, but the man who wore it was surely not her husband.

She rose to her feet with an exclamation of surprise. "What's this? Who are you?" she asked. Just for the moment, the absurd fancy came to her mind that nearly two years of prison had altered him out of all recognition.

"I'll explain, ma'm, direc'ly," the stranger replied. "It's quite all right, quite all right. But first—you'll excuse me, ma'm, but we got to be quick over this job—'ave you by any chance a bit o' makeup for me eyebrows and eyelashes, to darken 'em, you know. If you 'aven't I'll have to do me best with a bit o' burnt cork."

"Yes, I have a box of theatrical make-up upstairs," she said, "and a stick of Kohl, but . . ."

"If you wouldn't mind gettin' it quick, ma'm," the convict returned. "You see I'm that fair, and with this dark wig an' all . . . To say nothin' of the chance o' bein' reckernized."

It was true that he was very fair-haired

and fair-skinned, and his face looked as smooth as a woman's; excellent recommendations for carrying off that disguise, once an adjustment had been made between the blond eyebrows and the brunette wig.

"But," she began again, and then left the room quickly and ran upstairs to fetch the Kohl pencil. She must decide later what she was going to do in the face of this new problem. For the moment the little man's effect of tremendous urgency and haste was irresistible. Her husband, too, was rather a little man; but there all physical likeness between the two ceased. And already she suspected that this stranger had some of the abilities her husband so obviously lacked.

That suspicion was further confirmed as she watched him two minutes later, deftly and rapidly darkening his eyebrows and eyelashes before the pier-glass in the sitting-room. He had slender, clever fingers, and all his movements were swift, effective, certain. When he had satisfied himself, he stooped down, slipped the Kohl pencil behind the register of the chimney with a muttered "Mustn't leave it where they'd find it, but we may want it again," and then lifting his skirt, carefully wiped his fingers on his petticoat.

"And now perhaps you will be kind enough to explain," Mrs. Trevarrian said.

"Yes, ma'm. If you will just sit down, and I'll stand inside the door, like as if you'd rung for somethin'. Never know that they mayn't come peerin' in at the winders, you know. Best to be prepared in any case."

The change that had been made in his appearance and expression by the use of the Kohl was astonishing. The pale eyebrows and eyelashes that had been almost invisible had now become a distinctive feature; and he looked not only like a housemaid, but like a distinctly pretty one. Moreover as he stood, meekly, by the door, telling his story, he showed a truly remarkable sense of the part he was playing, a part so strangely in contrast to his spoken words.

"But fust, about the things I took off, ma'm," he began.



"That's all right," Mrs. Trevarrian said. "Sarah . . ."

"Oh! yes, I've 'eard about 'er," he put in. "I heard her go in and fetch them," Mrs. Trevarrian continued. "She's going to burn the clothes and bury the shoes in the garden. We—we'd made all our plans."

He nodded, paused a moment as if he rapidly considered any other precautions that ought to be foreseen, and then continued:

"Now, about Mr. Conynghams, yer 'usband, ma'm . . ."

"I'm known here as Mrs. Trevarrian," she interposed quickly.

"Oh! Mrs. Trevarrian," he repeated. "E never tole me that. Mrs. Trevarrian? Yes. I got that. Well, about yer 'usband, ma'm, the truth is 'e turned pious, if you know what I mean. Got in with the chaplain, and all that. Jus' recently, that's to say. It was before that as he put me up to all 'is plans. We gets ways o' talkin' to one another, y'know; and some o' the warders ain't too pertickler if you got good chara'ters like 'im and me had; an' one time [an' another he blew me the 'ole bunk. Talked o' my comin' with 'im if we struck it lucky; tho' I knew that'd be no go. 'Owever, after he turned pi, he gave me the auction as it was all orf so far as 'e was concerned, and said as I might try it sometime on me own if I got a lucky charnce; an' 'ere I am, ma'm, with a fair 'ope o' puttin' the job through, if you don't go back on me."

YET that, she realized, was what she ought to do. She had made no promises to this man, and why should she incriminate herself by aiding his escape? But she was temperamentally incapable of taking the side of the strong against the weak. Had she not married Phillip against the wishes of his family and her own, with some sentimental idea of protecting him? And had she not done her best to stand by him, during all those ten miserable years?

"But do you think you could carry it off, if they came to look for you?" she asked.

"Trust me, ma'm," he replied eagerly. "I was in service myself, first go off, as boy in a big 'ouse. 'S'long as you don't go back on me. . . ."

"Very well," she agreed. "But I must explain to Sarah. You see she will be expecting Mr. . . . my husband. . . ."

She was interrupted by a sharp but almost inaudible "tst!" from the figure by the door, followed by a whisper of "'Ere they come. Soon's they ring I'll go an' let 'em in." Then raising his voice he went on: "Sarah says would you like 'er to do you a bit of toast with yer tea, ma'm?"

As he spoke, Mrs. Trevarrian became aware of a passing shadow that momentarily darkened the sitting-room window, followed almost instantly by a rough, almost brutal, knock at the front door. Her heart was beginning to thud again, but she made a great effort to control her nerves. The escaped convict had already left the sitting-room. Indeed, almost in the same moment, as it seemed to her, she heard his voice in the little passage-hall.

"You 'aven't caught them, then? Well, all I can say is, I 'ope you will. I dassent sleep up 'ere to-night if you don't; out on the moor with on'y us three women in the place. Must 'a been pretty careless some o' you, if you ask me, to let 'em go. 'Ow many was there got away?"

The answer was given in a gruff bass voice. "You mind your own business, my girl. Who lives here?"

And then: "Well, I like that! Mind my own business, indeed. An' 'oose business





will it be if I'm murdered in my bed, I'd like to know. I come from London, I do, and I'm fed up with this place a'ready. . . ."

What a nerve the man had, Mrs. Trevarian reflected. But, of course, he was right. The least appearance of shrinking from observation might attract suspicion. But she had her own part to play. She must support him, accept the one he had so

plainly offered. It would not be so difficult. She felt braced by the man's courage.

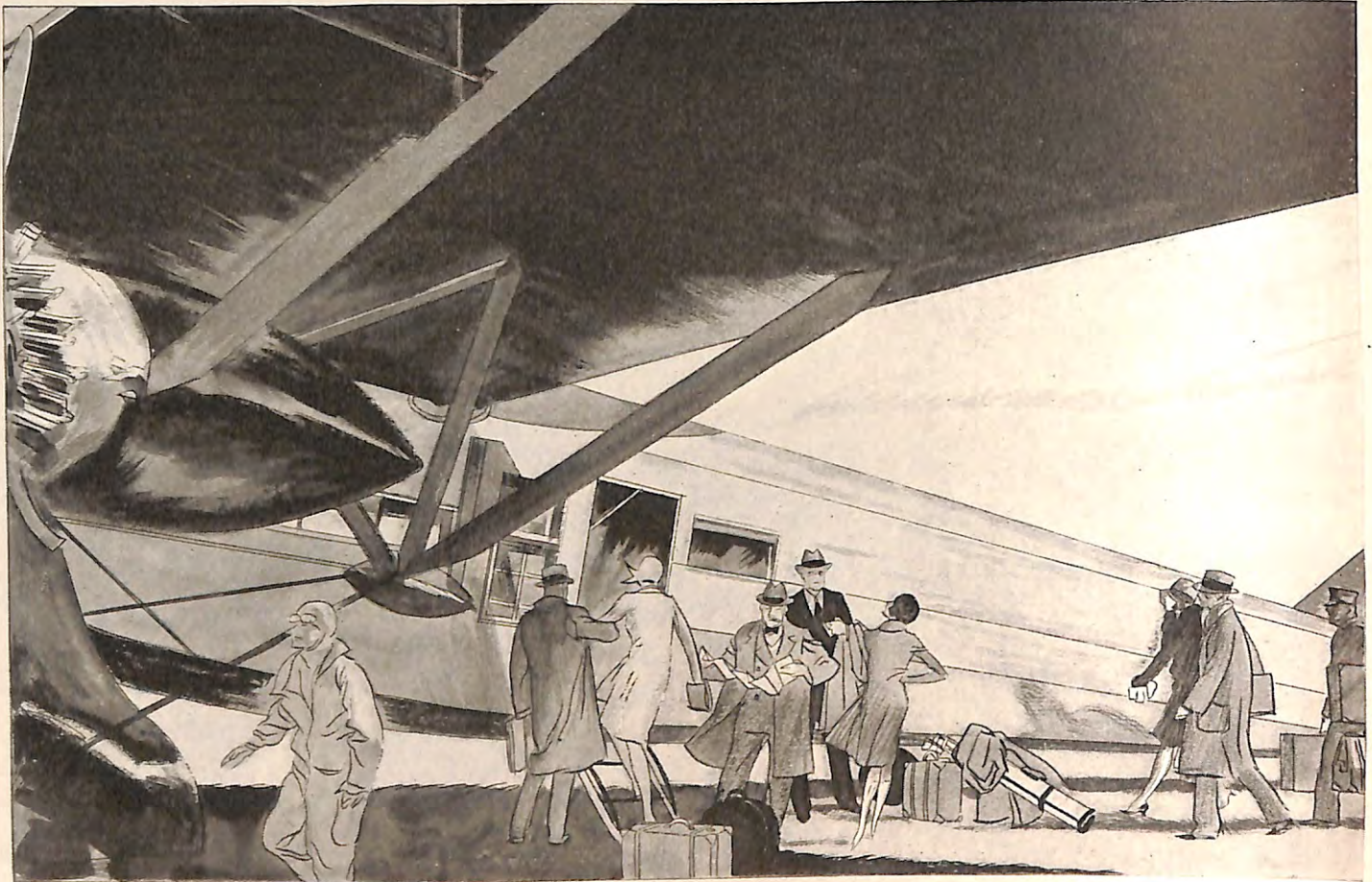
She went out into the passage, and "That will do, Emma," she said curtly. "You can go to the kitchen." And then to the two warders who stood gun in hand at the entrance, she said: "I can guess, of course, why you are here. You can come in. But we haven't seen anyone."

"Emma," with a toss of her head and an effect of threatening rebellion later, took herself off.

"A matter of form, ma'm," said the elder of the two warders, removing his cap. "We don't of course suspect you of harboring the escaped convict . . ."

"There was only one, then?" Mrs. (Continued on page 48)





## The Railroads Take to the Air

By Burt M. McConnell

Drawings by R. J. Holmgren

WITH one of the very big railroads an active partner in a transcontinental air transport line, and a dozen other railroads making aviation hook-ups, the United States is standing on the threshold of the greatest transportation era in history. For the railroads are seriously considering air transport as an adjunct, rather than a business rival, of their system. Their lack of vision regarding the motor-bus, the "ship-by-truck" movement, and the privately owned automobile has cost them millions of dollars in passenger and freight revenues, and no such short-sighted view is to be taken of the airplane. By cooperating with our airways, rather than fighting them, the railroads hope to recoup some of the losses they have sustained in the last five years through the competition of the motor-bus.

One of the largest lines, the Pennsylvania, actually has acquired a financial interest in the Transcontinental Air Transport. Moreover, it has secured the services of no less an authority than Colonel Lindbergh as consulting aeronautical engineer, while such well-known systems as the Santa Fé, Baltimore and Ohio, New York Central, Atlantic Coast Line, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Illinois Central, Missouri Pacific, Chicago and Northwestern, Florida East Coast, and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul have made arrangements whereby tickets can be bought and reservations made at their ticket offices over any part of our nation-wide network of airways.

Accustomed in former years to taking to the "tall timber," big business has taken to the air. If passenger-carrying aviation were

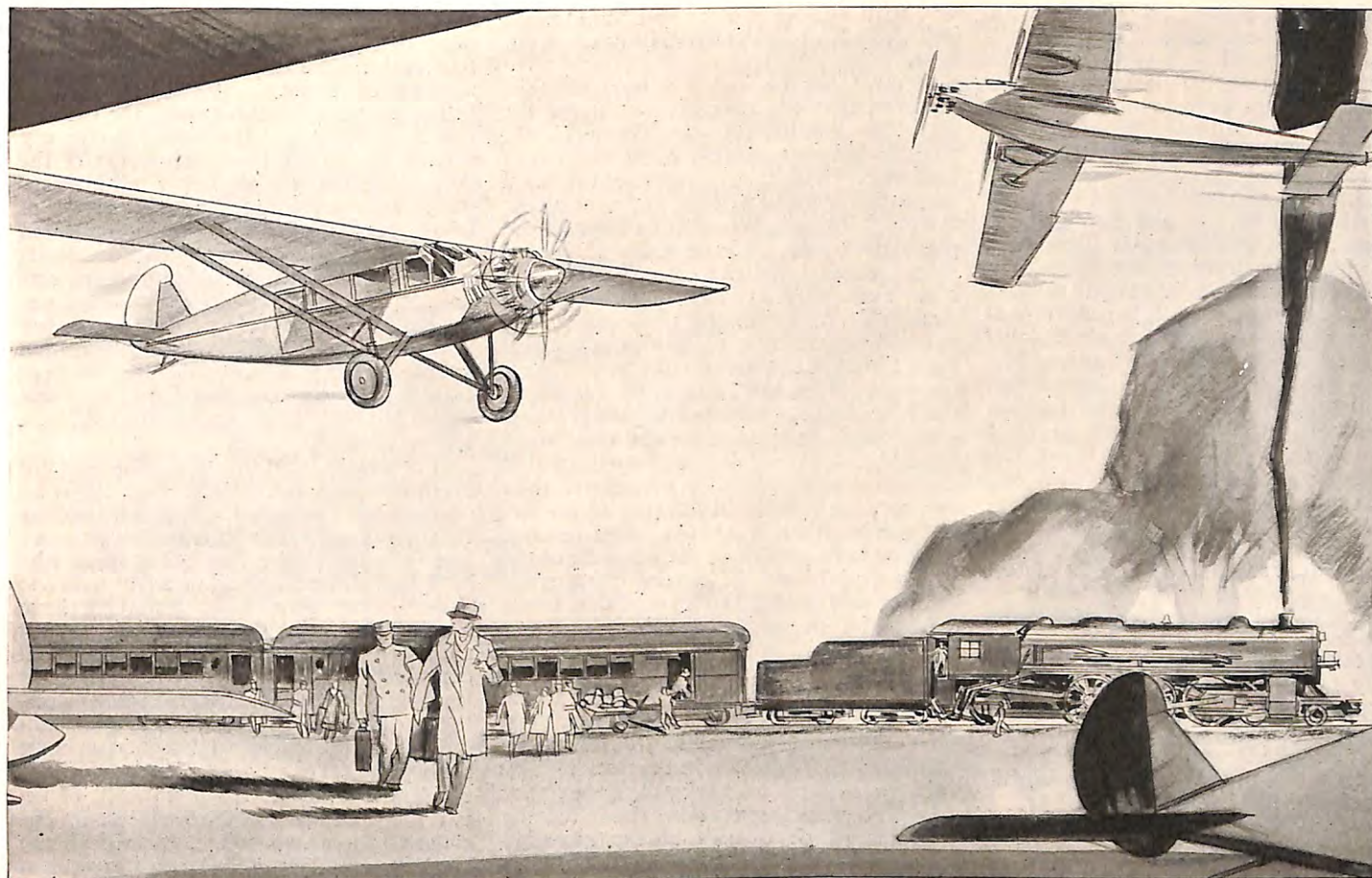
allowed to develop by itself, it would become a serious competitor of the railroads, as has the motor-bus. A coordinated service, however, brings to the railroads the essential element of speed, while the railway lines offer to this new transportation medium the aid of their enormous financial backing, the knowledge and experience they have gained in handling millions of passengers, a fund of express and freight information gained in seventy years of railroading, and much of their terminal facilities. Air transport will bring to the railroads a contact with a new and invigorating means of travel; the railroads will teach air transport the value of neatness and smartness of appearance, the value of discipline, and the necessity of a thorough ground organization as well as flying personnel.

Aviation, the railroads have learned, is a young and growing industry just emerging from the experimental stage. The fact that a dozen railroads have actually linked their passenger services with those of a number of air lines is the strongest possible indorsement of the airplane as a transportation factor. So far, the general public may have taken the indorsements of aviation enthusiasts with a grain of salt, but when some of our greatest trunk lines, with safety their first consideration, show their faith in the airplane, the traveling public is inclined to accept their mature and unbiased judgment. The railroads' stamp of approval upon the airplane as a safe medium of transportation has given a great impetus to the industry.

A few years ago the railroads might have dealt with aviation in relentless fashion, as

they would have done with any other form of competition. But railroad executives are more enlightened than they used to be; they realize now that air passenger carrying will prove a stimulus, not a deterrent, to the business of the railroads. The railroads, they declare, have been and will remain the backbone of the transportation industry. In fact, C. M. Keys, executive head of the National Air Transport, maintains that the railroads earn more money hauling supplies and materials for his concern than they lose through the carrying of air mail and passengers by "N. A. T." This transportation authority also believes that the same reasoning applies to the automobile industry; that, with the construction of new roads and the improvement of old ones, together with the building of bridges, additional sources of freight revenues have been opened up. Furthermore, the automobile and airplane have accelerated communication between men and facilitated their movement from place to place. And whatever makes for more travel makes for increased business. Not only is travel by air and automobile a tremendous producer of tonnage for the railroads, we are told, but good roads and safe airplanes and numerous airports have increased the desire of the head of the average American family, not only to see the country himself, but to have every member of the family see it, either by automobile or from the air. Railroad executives do not believe this will adversely affect the passenger and freight revenues of the railroads; rather that it will increase the business turnover of the entire country.





In the opinion of railroad executives, whose views the writer has obtained, the traveling public will receive a greater degree of service and convenience through the cooperation of the railroads and air transport companies than it would if these two mediums of transportation were competitors. They feel that each has its own particular field, and that the public is entitled to the best form of service that can be produced either jointly or separately by combined air and rail transportation. The railroads realize that the flying and ground personnel of the air transport companies are necessary to the success of an air-rail combination. Instead, therefore, of endeavoring to develop a trained organization of its own, the Pennsylvania, for example, has associated itself with, and taken a large financial interest in, an air transport company largely composed of men who are successful manufacturers of airplanes and airplane engines and operators of successful commercial aviation and air-mail carrying ventures.

The transcontinental route which the air-rail combination has chosen, largely upon the advice of Colonel Lindbergh, involves travel by train over that part of the East considered hazardous for flying, and flight over that section considered to be as safe as any route that could be selected anywhere in the United States. According to General Atterbury, head of the Pennsylvania system, greater comfort and speed on any train, even when accompanied by extra fares, has always increased the traffic on that train. There is every reason to believe that the airplane will not be an exception. Every type of high-speed transportation that has been introduced in this country in the last half century has succeeded financially, particularly the taxicab, *de luxe* passenger trains, and fast transatlantic steamers. The American people, by the very nature of things, are extravagant when it comes to the purchase of personal luxuries—and travel by air or air and rail comes under the head

of a luxury. Whether the business man and the traveler will pay the relatively high rates sufficient to make these operations profitable remains to be seen, but apparently General Atterbury and his aides believe they will. They admit, of course, that no one can predict the future of air transport. Twenty-five years ago no one knew the future of the automobile. Virtually everyone, including the railroads, failed completely to anticipate the development of the motor-car and its extraordinary effect upon the social and commercial life of the nation. But railroad executives are not going to make the same mistake regarding the airplane.

AS THE United States continues to grow in wealth, population, and purchasing power; and as our living standards become higher, we are going to demand greater speed in transportation and communication. The airways and railways, working together, offer the American business man the one item necessary to complete his program of efficiency—the saving of valuable time in traveling from one point to another, and the extension of the radius of action by mail from 500 miles in one day, under the older method, to 1,500 miles through the use of the air-mail. On the Pacific coast, where distances between large centers are great, the airplane offers tremendous advantages. When one can go from Los Angeles to San Francisco in three hours by air, why spend twelve hours on a train to cover the same distance?

The judgment of the writer, formed after a recent transcontinental journey by air, followed by one from San Francisco to Seattle, with stops at a dozen representative airports, is that in this country of great wealth, great distances, and great hurry, there will be a large body of people—men and women—who will avail themselves of the new transportation medium; people who can readily afford to pay the cost, plus a fair profit. True, the operation of an airplane is expensive to-day, but so were rail-

ways and automobiles in their infancy. The established air lines of the country are rapidly assimilating the lessons taught by seventy years of railroading, and aeronautical engineering will almost certainly show the same reductions in the cost of operation that we have seen in the operation of locomotives and automobiles.

A hundred years ago a map of the country's railways would have shown a tiny strip leading out of Baltimore and another under way at Albany; now there are 250,000 miles of main-line railroad in the United States. To-day, twenty-five years after the first successful airplane flight, there are more miles of airways in operation than was true of the railroad in the first quarter century of its existence. What will the air map of the next century show? It is now changing so rapidly that new airways are being projected from week to week.

No class of business men is following the growth of air transportation more closely than railway executives. Here is a medium that requires no expensive bridges, tunnels, roadbeds, or right-of-way. Neither mountain, swamp, forest, river, nor desert handicaps the airplane. The operating costs of commercial aviation are coming down, and the "life" of an airplane engine is being lengthened. As aerial safety and reliability increase, insurance rates are falling. These are some of the factors which influenced the conservative Pennsylvania System to purchase an interest in the Transcontinental Air Transport and to engage Colonel Lindbergh as its consulting aeronautical engineer.

In the new air-rail combine, the Pennsylvania will have charge of the routing of west-bound passengers. This road and the Santa Fe will each take its share of the fare for the service rendered, and so will the Transcontinental Air Transport. The latter's share has not been definitely fixed at this writing, but it is expected that the total cost for the air-rail trip between New York and Los Angeles will be approximately



double that of the present all-rail rate, with Pullman accommodations. The new service will be operated on a regularly established schedule, carrying passengers across the country in two days, or about half the time of the present all-rail journey.

The "T. A. T." will have as its operating head Colonel Paul Henderson, former Second Assistant Postmaster-General in charge of the Air Mail Service and now General Manager of the National Air Transport. With a view to fostering public confidence in the enterprise, and to have within the company the best expert knowledge and broadest flying experience, it has made Colonel Lindbergh responsible for the selection of its airplanes and landing fields, flying personnel, routes, and schedules. The landing fields will be designed and equipped to afford every comfort and convenience to the traveling public, and will be located whenever possible along the railroad right-of-way. Tickets for the air journeys will be sold in conjunction with railroad transportation at all Pennsylvania and Santa Fe ticket offices.

**T**HE ten Ford all-metal, three-engined transport monoplanes which are to be used in this service will be delivered about February 1, and early summer will see the inauguration of coast-to-coast air-rail travel. The trip will take from 48 to 50 hours. A passenger's hand luggage may be taken with him by train and in the air; his trunks will go by train all the way.

The transcontinental passenger will leave New York in the evening by way of the Pennsylvania, and will arrive in Columbus, Ohio, the next morning. He will fly from Columbus to Dodge City, Kansas, arriving there early in the evening. This flight will be broken by three intermediate stops—at Indianapolis, St. Louis, and Kansas City, Missouri. Luncheon will be served on the St. Louis airdrome, and the pilot changed, but the same plane will be used for the full flight.

At the Dodge City airport there will be waiting a train of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, ready for the night trip to Las Vegas, New Mexico. Arriving at Las Vegas the next morning, the passenger will change from the train to a second plane, which will land him in Los Angeles early in the evening of the second day out from New York, after intermediate stops at four airdromes and luncheon at Flagstaff, Arizona. The east-bound daily trip will be scheduled over the same route. Some 1,750 miles of the 2,800-mile trip will be spent in the air. Pilots will be selected with the same care that is used in choosing the captain of an ocean liner. The crew will consist of two pilots and a steward, and the planes will have a wing-spread of 84 feet, with a fuel capacity for a five-hour flight at a cruising speed of 120 miles per hour.

The Pennsylvania-T. A. T.-Santa Fe air-rail service calls for daylight flights only. The next stage probably will include day-and-night travel by air, with part of the journey by rail. The third stage perhaps will be a transcontinental flight, with three or four stops; and the fourth phase undoubtedly will provide for non-stop flights across the country in less than 24 hours in huge tri-motored planes, equipped with sleeping quarters. These air cruisers will have none of the jerky movements of the average passenger train. Instead, they will cleave their way through the

sky, with muffled motors and sound-proof walls, as silently and smoothly as an ocean liner.

It must not be assumed from all this, however, that the Pennsylvania, Santa Fe, and Transcontinental Air Transport are going to have a monopoly on coast-to-coast air traffic. Within a few blocks of the hotel where this is being written, in Los Angeles, the officials of the Western Air Express are planning a new 40-hour transcontinental air-rail schedule between Los Angeles and New York City by way of St. Louis or Kansas City. Beginning next spring, this enterprising concern, using the latest and fastest Fokker tri-motored planes, will carry passengers from Los Angeles to a point on the Mississippi in less than eighteen hours, where they can transfer to any east-bound railroad and reach New York City in another day. Not only will they inaugurate their service three months in advance of the air-rail combination, but their schedule clips eight or ten hours from the schedule of the "Lindbergh Line." Later the Western Air Express will inaugurate a 24-hour transcontinental passenger, mail, and express service.

The Fokker three-engined monoplanes of the Western Air Express, such as the writer and his wife used in their recent flight from New York to Los Angeles, are among the fastest and most luxurious airplanes in the world. They have no showers or gymnasium, but they have pretty nearly everything else in the way of Pullman fittings and equipment, in addition to a high speed of 148 miles an hour. The roar of the 400-horsepower engines has been deadened by insulating the cabin in a three-inch wall of shredded balsa wood. The Fokker Corporation is at present building for this company several huge four-engined monoplanes capable of carrying thirty-two passengers! The cabin is to be divided into four compartments, and each room is to be equipped with eight chairs and two folding tables, or for night travel with four Pullman-type berths.

The Western Air Express, which now transports more than 25 per cent. of the country's air mail between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, is looking forward to the time when it will be necessary to carry by air practically all the first-class mail traveling a distance of five hundred miles or more; when the business transactions of the entire United States will be on a 24-hour basis. They are surrounding their passenger-carrying operations between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City with all sorts of safeguards and providing their customers with every conceivable kind of luxury and comfort. Not only have they had no serious accidents

in three years of operation along a hazardous 660-mile route, but their planes seldom are late and their Los Angeles terminal is a model of efficiency.

The nineteenth century was the railroad and steamboat age; the twentieth century will be known for the development of the automobile and the airplane and air transport. In recent months a small number of business executives have virtually completed the task of consolidating the largest aircraft and air transport industries into huge corporations. They have brought almost unlimited funds into these consolidations; they have brought traffic and transportation knowledge and experience into the operating end; they are planning great trunk lines of the air that were undreamed of a few years ago.

It is believed that these combinations will eventually absorb most of the smaller companies now in existence. Bankers, recalling that about once in every generation some new industry is born, and that those who have had the courage and foresight to invest therein have been richly rewarded, have mastered their inhibitions and are putting millions into the new field of commercial aviation. They realize, of course, that air transport must go through the same vicissitudes that the telephone, telegraph, automobile, radio, and the oil industries went through. But they are willing to wait for dividends. Witness the investment of between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000 in one concern by a great New York securities house in alliance with one of the largest investment organizations on the Pacific Coast, and the entry of other substantial investment bankers into the field.

**S**OME of the railroads that now have arrangements in effect whereby air and rail transportation is coordinated as fully as present conditions permit are the Baltimore and Ohio, Atlantic Coast Line, Florida East Coast, Northern Pacific, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Great Northern, Illinois Central, Missouri Pacific, and Chicago and Northwestern. The Milwaukee road, in conjunction with the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Northwestern lines, established an airplane service between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul last September. This saves a business day for the passenger making the trip from Chicago to Seattle, and, while the railroads are not in partnership with Northwest Airways, they act as agents, selling tickets for the air journey. In virtually all of the other arrangements the railroad company agrees to make reservations on its trains for airplane passengers, and the air transport company agrees to make reservations on its planes for railroad passengers.

Under the Illinois Central arrangement, for example, passengers are relieved of the necessity of any negotiations with Middle Western airways for accommodations, these being made for the passenger entirely by the railroad. The Illinois road has provided a through inter-line ticket which offers the same convenience as through tickets sold over an all-rail route. In other words, they have put the air line on the same basis as any connecting railroad. Furthermore, they are negotiating with Pan-American Airways for the sale of through tickets, by rail and air, from

(Continued on page 79)







*Lucile La Verne in "Sun Up"*

**L**UCILE LA VERNE does a splendid piece of acting in this poignant play of life among the Carolina mountaineers. There is a rugged vigor and honesty to her acting that is very rare. By the time this reaches its readers, "Sun Up" will have been rele-

gated to the place of special matinées, while in the evenings Miss La Verne and her company devote themselves to a comedy by Helena Smith Dayton and Louise Bascom Barrett called "Hot Water." Later on she will play Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice"—E. R. B.

FLORENCE VANDAMM





No women in the cast, no love interest, yet one of the most gripping and interesting plays to be seen is "Wings Over Europe" (above) by Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne. This is the story of an idealistic young scientist who confronts the British cabinet with an invention powerful enough to blow the world up or bring the millennium. This calls forth a breathless struggle between the humanitarian instincts and the greed for power of the ministers. It is superbly acted by a large group foremost among whom are Alexander Kirkland, Frank Conroy, and Ernest Lawford

"Whoopie" might be termed a super musical comedy for in addition to Ethel Shutta and Paul Whiteman's band, a glittering chorus and gorgeous sets, it has Eddie Cantor (left). And Eddie Cantor at his best, as he is in this show, and almost continuously on the stage, is enough in himself to temporarily cure almost any degree of mental depression. The book was made by William Anthony McGuire from Owen Davis's stage success "The Nervous Wreck"



In "Courage" Junet Beecher (circle) has a very sympathetic rôle as the mother of seven promising youngsters for whose educational and cultural benefit she has torn up the family's mid-western roots and moved to Cambridge, Mass. The curtain rises at the moment when the Colebrook family faces a crash because mother is a more enthusiastic than wise financier. The family fortunes and the play are saved in large measure by a precocious young player named Junior Durkin



Captions  
by  
Esther R. Bien



A. A. Milne's latest play is "The Perfect Alibi," a "detective" comedy. Above are the actors involved: Harry Beresford, as a comfortable village constable; Philip Tonge, a nice young man in love with the heroine; Leo G. Carroll, son of the constable and an up-to-date product of Scotland Yard; and Vivian Tobin, who puts them all to shame by proving that the word "perfect" in the title is purely a relative term. A delightful and novel play of murder-mystery, charmingly acted by a very capable company of players



Stanley Weyman once wrote a stirring novel of romance and intrigue of the days of Louis XIV and Cardinal Richelieu, which has been dramatized into a musical drama, called "The Red Robe," in which Walter Woolf and Helen Gilliland (left) play the leads. With excellent voices and good songs this piece manages to be good entertainment, although lacking that mysterious punch that makes a play a topnotcher

PHOTOS BY  
VANDAMM



Eva LeGallienne (right) has made her latest appearance in a rôle most happily selected—that of Peter Pan. Not since Maude Adams's famous interpretation of the part has Barrie's classic fantasy had so good an all-round production as that now included among the plays of the Civic Repertory Theatre for the season





### Donald Ogden Stewart and Hope Williams

**T**HESSE two are the high lights in Philip Barry's comedy "Holiday." Mr. Stewart, the humorist turned actor, has a beguiling boyish charm that reaches its peak when he expounds in a nonsense monologue the story of his rise. Hope Williams has an individual comedy technique perfectly

suited to her rôle of the human and democratic daughter of a money-worshipping family, who marries her sister's fiancé when that young lady decides his economic ideas are too radical for her. Full of bright lines and excellently cast, "Holiday" is one of the season's best comedies—E. R. B.

VANDAMM





"Solomon Gittelson," said Mr. Blick, wagging his forefinger, "you trimmed me once already"

## Masked Batteries

By Carl Clausen

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

MR. BEN BLICK, mate and half-owner of the two-masted fore-and-aft schooner *Irrepressible*, was seated at the mess-room table looking over the documents relating to the vessel's recent baptism and transference from one Uncle Sam to Messieurs MacQuoid & Blick for the sum of eight thousand, two hundred and fifty-five dollars, the receipt of which was hereby acknowledged in the quaint phraseology of the law appertaining to the transfer of estate, more or less real.

A few days previously, in anticipation of the receipt of these documents, Mr. Blick had caused the name *Seagull* to be painted out, fore and aft, and the name *Irrepressible* substituted on her broad stern in letters a foot high.

Her commodious, four-hundred-ton hold had been swept and white-washed, her bilges overhauled, and certain minor changes had been effected in her cabin arrangement, consisting of a modern and well-appointed bath-room and a row of built-in bookcases for Mr. Blick's modest library of poets, minor and major, and philosophers astute and otherwise. These bookcases were of the variety known as open. Books behind glass always reminded Mr. Blick of the signs on the pillar fire-boxes: "Break glass and use if necessary."

If Mr. Red Shane, the former owner of the schooner, had wandered down the gang-plank—which he was extremely unlikely to do since a Federal judge had put certain very definite restrictions upon his wanderings for the next two and one-half years, for coming through with Rye—he would hardly have recognized his trusty bark. The protective coloration of battle-ship gray had been replaced by a snow-white hull. Her spars and masts were white, also, and below her waterline she glowed a soft-toned pastel pink.

She looked more like a gentleman's yacht than a prosaic freighter.

Mr. Blick had just put the documents away when Captain MacQuoid, his partner, resplendent in a new brass-buttoned, double-breasted uniform and gold-braided cap, came down the companionway puffing on a very fat, and very expensive-smelling cigar.

"You've always told me what a rotten business man I am, Ben," he said. "Take a look at this and change your tune."

He laid an envelope on the table and stood before his partner and mate with the slightly fatuous look on his face of an expectant schoolboy about to receive the accolade of approval from his teacher.

Mr. Blick opened the envelope. It contained, he saw, a typed sheet of legal dimensions and aspect, with a notary's seal in the lower right-hand corner over the signatures of MacQuoid and another. This other who was referred to frequently—and oftener—in the document as "the party of the first part," was set forth to be one S. Gittelson. The moment Mr. Blick read the name above his partner's he feared the worst. He was not disillusioned. The document stated that, for a consideration of sixteen dollars per ton, the party of the second part (MacQuoid & Blick) agreed to carry and convey to Garvanza, capital city of the Republic of Enchilada, Central America, four hundred tons of freight, designated vaguely as "general cargo."

Mr. Blick drew a deep breath. He read the document a second time for possible loopholes in the wording of the contract, but he knew from past experience that contracts from the pen of S. Gittelson were singularly free from such apertures, and his worst fears were re-affirmed when he fetched up against the notary's seal for the second time.

"Now, what d'you think of me?" MacQuoid wanted to know. Legs apart, he stood rocking back and forth on the balls of his feet with his thumbs hooked triumphantly into the armholes of his vest.

"I prefer not to state lest a friendship of many years' standing be jeopardized," Mr. Blick replied, gently.

"Wot you mean?" the skipper bristled, "ain't it a bona-fide contract?"

"Extremely bona-fide," Mr. Blick agreed. "Gittelson's contracts usually are."

Captain MacQuoid's sandy eyebrows came together in a scowl.

"You're always belittling my efforts at bringing business to the firm," he growled. "I won't stand for it, d'you hear! I'm not as big a fool as you seem to think!"

"You couldn't be, my dear Mac," Mr.

Blick replied, without rancor, as he folded up the contract and handed it back to the skipper.

MacQuoid's black eyes flashed fire. He jerked the sheet of paper from his partner's hand.

"I'm not going to stand for any more of your insinuousness!" he stormed. "There's a limit to patience—even between friends. Here I go and get a good short-haul charter with a three-thousand-dollar profit in plain sight, and you try to make small mouth of it!"

Mr. Blick sighed.

"Don't be so hard to get along with, Mac," he said. "Have you read the morning paper?"

"I have not," the skipper snapped. "I've been hustling for a charter all day. If you had done the same for the past two weeks instead of sojering around with a paint pot and sand-paper, we'd have been outward bound a week ago. Morning paper! Bah!" he ended explosively.

"Too bad you didn't read it," Mr. Blick said, "or you'd have been informed that the Republic of Enchilada declared war on the Commonwealth of Coralia at 6 P. M. last evening, in consequence of which a vessel carrying freight to either of the belligerents would be regarded by the other with somewhat unfriendly eyes."

"Pshaw!" MacQuoid scoffed, "what's it to us if them Wops cut each other's ears off. They wouldn't dare interfere with a ship flying the Stars and Stripes—or the freedom of the seas."

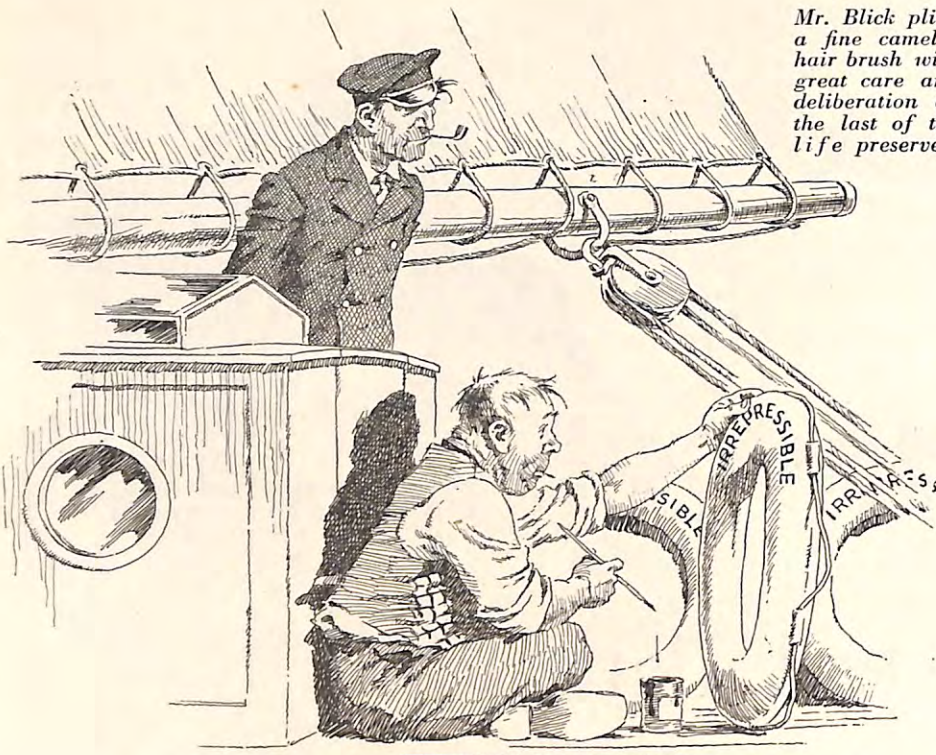
"That was the pleasant illusion shared by every one of the forty-eight States, including the territory of Alaska, Guam and Mindanao prior to nineteen-fourteen," Mr. Blick pointed out.

"Ye-ah, but this is different," MacQuoid interjected; "besides all we need to do is rent a couple of second-hand one-pounders and mount them on the foc's'le head. That'll scare 'em off."

Instead of replying, Mr. Blick went to one of the bookcases and took down volume C. of the Britannica.

"You seem to have certain quaint Richard Harding Davisesque notions regarding our sister republics to the south," he said as he thumbed through the volume. "Listen to





Mr. Blick plied a fine camel's-hair brush with great care and deliberation on the last of the life preservers

this: Republic of Coralia, Population, six million. Capital, San Paole. Navy: One armored cruiser, two monitors, six gunboats, six torpedo boats, four submarines and nine smaller craft. Personnel, 1435 officers and men." He closed the book gently and returned it to its shelf. "For a country with less than two hundred miles of coast-line, Coralia seems to be fairly adequately policed," he reflected.

"Hm," was all MacQuoid said.

"Your remark is well-chosen," Mr. Blick concurred. They looked at each other in silence. "If you had read the morning paper, as I said before, you would also have been informed that the foreign office at Washington sent formal notice to all American shippers, that any one attempting to run the blockade of either country does so at his own risk, and may expect no protection from our great and illustrious government."

"WHAT to do?" MacQuoid groaned. "We'll have to break our contract with Gittelson."

"Mr. Gittelson's contracts are of the cast-iron variety, and this one is no exception," Mr. Blick replied sadly.

"I'll run uptown and get my clearings papers," MacQuoid said, "while you signal for a tug. We'll show Gittelson a clean pair of heels. That's one way of breaking a contract."

"A poor one," Mr. Blick objected; "he'd slap an injunction on us and nail us to the wharf. Unless I have misjudged friend Gittelson he's got such an instrument ready to serve on us the moment we show signs of restlessness. Let's go topside and think it over."

As if in confirmation of Mr. Blick's surmise, the moment they emerged from the companionway, a small swarthy man, somewhat splay-footed but brisk of step, came down the gang-way and greeted them cheerily.

"My tug'll be alongside in an hour to pull you over to pier twenty-two," he said; "can you be ready?"

Mr. Blick's mild blue eyes regarded the

speaker with a mixture of admiration and apparent good-nature.

"Solomon Gittelson," he said, wagging a gentle forefinger in the face of the corpulent merchant, "you trimmed me once already. Naughty, naughty, to try it again!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Mr. Gittelson retorted coldly. He threw open the flaps of his coat, from the inside pocket of which a legal-looking document protruded ostentatiously. "What I want to know is—can you be ready to take my tug's hawser in an hour from now?"

"Yes, Solomon," Mr. Blick replied.

"My name is Gittelson," the other retorted, his black brows lowering.

"Yes, Mister Gittelson, we will be ready," Blick amended humbly.

That afternoon, when the loading of the schooner was progressing as fast as the waiting trucks could be emptied, Gittelson came aboard.

"You will leave here on the midnight tide to-morrow night," he said to Captain MacQuoid. "Shortly after noon I'll have six truck-loads of welded steel cylinders on hand which I want stowed midships the last thing before you put the hatch on. The bulk of the cargo is consigned to Sepulveda & Del Valle, general merchants and importers, at Garvanza, Republic of Enchilada—all, in fact, except these six truck-loads of steel cylinders. A government vessel, the *Encantada*, will come alongside for these the moment you are tied up at the wharf, and you will get a receipt for the consignment from its commander. Not until then will you begin discharging the rest of the cargo."

Mr. Blick, standing near the hatch watching two men aloft slushing down the main topmast, asked a question:

"What is in the cylinders, Mister Gittelson?"

"Acetylene," the other replied shortly.

"I see," said Mr. Blick. "All right, boys," he sang out to the two men aloft, "foretop, next."

"Aye, aye, Sir!"

The following evening, after the steward had cleared the dishes off the messroom table, Mr. Blick said to Captain MacQuoid:

"I don't want to appear mercenary, Mac, but in view of the fact that this unfortunate charter is due to you—shall we call it ingenuity—I have taken the liberty of transferring four thousand, one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents, half of the purchase price of the *Irrepressible*, from our joint account to my own private one."

"You've—wot!" MacQuoid howled.

"Just that," said Mr. Blick, "in interest of equity and justice. I hope you do not think that I intend to lose my half interest in this hard-acquired schooner when the gentle Coralians turn loose a flock of torpedoes on her?"

MacQuoid banged his fist upon the table.

"I think that you're a rotten sport and a low-lived wharf-rat—that's what I think, Ben Blick!" he bellowed.

"I foresaw that so I'm herewith tendering my resignation as mate of the *Irrepressible*."

MacQuoid glared at him.

"Of all the white-livered hyenas! Going to welch on me, eh!"

"Not exactly," Mr. Blick replied, mildly nettled. "I'm going with you to Garvanza as your passenger. You'll have my best wishes and, er—moral support," he added as he met his partner's eyes glowering at him across the table.

The skipper leaned forward and thrust his face within two feet of Mr. Blick's.

"One of these days, Ben," he said slowly, as if for fear of being misunderstood, "somebody's going to run six inches of Sheffield cutlery into you."

"POSSIBLY, my dear Mac, but not you. I must confess that homicidal contemplations enter my mind also, ever and anon. We shall, no doubt, both come to a violent end—but not at the hands of the other. We need one another too badly. You have the sanguinary temperament and the reckless courage that goes with it. I have—if I may be permitted to point out—the scientific and analytical mind. But without you to execute, my best-laid plans would come to naught, and without me, you'd be merely another historic bull in a china-shop. In other words, by murdering each other we'd commit suicide."

"Ye-ah!" MacQuoid growled, somewhat mollified, however, at the very obvious truth of the other's argument. "P'raps your scientific and anne lit—what-you-may-call-'em mind'll see us through this mess, too?"

"Perhaps," Mr. Blick agreed with becoming modesty; "who knows."

"You got a plan?" MacQuoid asked, grasping at the tiniest of straws.

"My plan," Mr. Blick replied severely, "is to go with you to Garvanza as your passenger. To make it legal and binding I herewith tender you two hundred dollars in the coin of the realm for the passage, together with a bill of sale for my half interest in the schooner, with the privilege of buying it back from you at the same price within ninety days if I wish."

"You sure like your percentage when you sit in a game," the skipper remarked sourly, as he stuck the currency into his pocket and tossed the bill of sale into a drawer of the table without as much as looking at it.

"As the dealer I'm entitled to it," Mr. Blick said. Just then a youth in the uniform of a delivery boy came down the companionway stairs. In his arms he carried a large package done up in brown paper.

"Mr. Benjamin Blick?" he inquired, looking from one to the other.

"Ah, yes, you're from Bernheim Brothers Army and Navy store," Mr. Blick said. Arising, he relieved the youth of the parcel, signed for it and carried it to his cabin.



When he returned to the messroom the boy was gone.

"What've you been buying?" MacQuoid wanted to know.

"Nothing that would interest you, Mac," Mr. Blick replied. "I'm going topside to see that the hatch is battened down properly—my last official act as mate of the *Irrepressible*."

## II

THE schooner had been sailing south before a light six-knot breeze all night when Captain MacQuoid came on deck for his after-breakfast pipe and found Mr. Blick seated Turk-fashion on the poop deck abaft the cabin skylight. Between his legs was a small can of black paint, and in his right hand a fine camel's-hair brush which he plied with great care and deliberation on the last of the row of white-painted life-preservers tied to the taffrail.

So intent was he upon his work that he did not as much as turn his head when MacQuoid came up and stood watching him trace the last black E in the word *Irrepressible* on the smooth, rounded surface of the life-preserver.

"Fine name for a decent ship," the skipper remarked disagreeably as he squinted around the circle of life-preservers similarly adorned. He was in a crusty mood, and every knot the vessel logged toward their warship-infested destination increased his tartness.

"What's wrong with it?" Mr. Blick asked gently, brush poised in mid-air and head cocked to one side, artist-fashion.

"Everything!" MacQuoid spat the word into Pacific Ocean with noisy indelicacy.

"What, for instance?"

"It sounds like—like—"

"Well?"

"It *might* sound good set to music!" the skipper qualified finally with a snort.

Mr. Blick ignored the somewhat elephantine attempt at humor.

"I chose it for divers reasons—"

"Nobody could have done worse," MacQuoid agreed.

"—paramount of which is its pregnant meaning," Mr. Blick finished as he wiped the brush carefully on a piece of waste.

"You and your big words," MacQuoid scoffed. "Some day one of them'll get stuck crossways in your windpipe and choke you."

"You're a confirmed pessimist, my dear Mac," Mr. Blick replied with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I'm not! I'm what my father was before me—a Presbyterian, and I was confirmed in that faith, I'll have you know," the skipper retorted belligerently.

"Very well," Mr. Blick conceded patiently. He straightened up and glanced ahead where a long, low tongue of land was just visible through the light morning mist. "I see that we're nearing Point Loma."

MacQuoid nodded. "We'll clear it about noon if this breeze holds out," he said without enthusiasm.

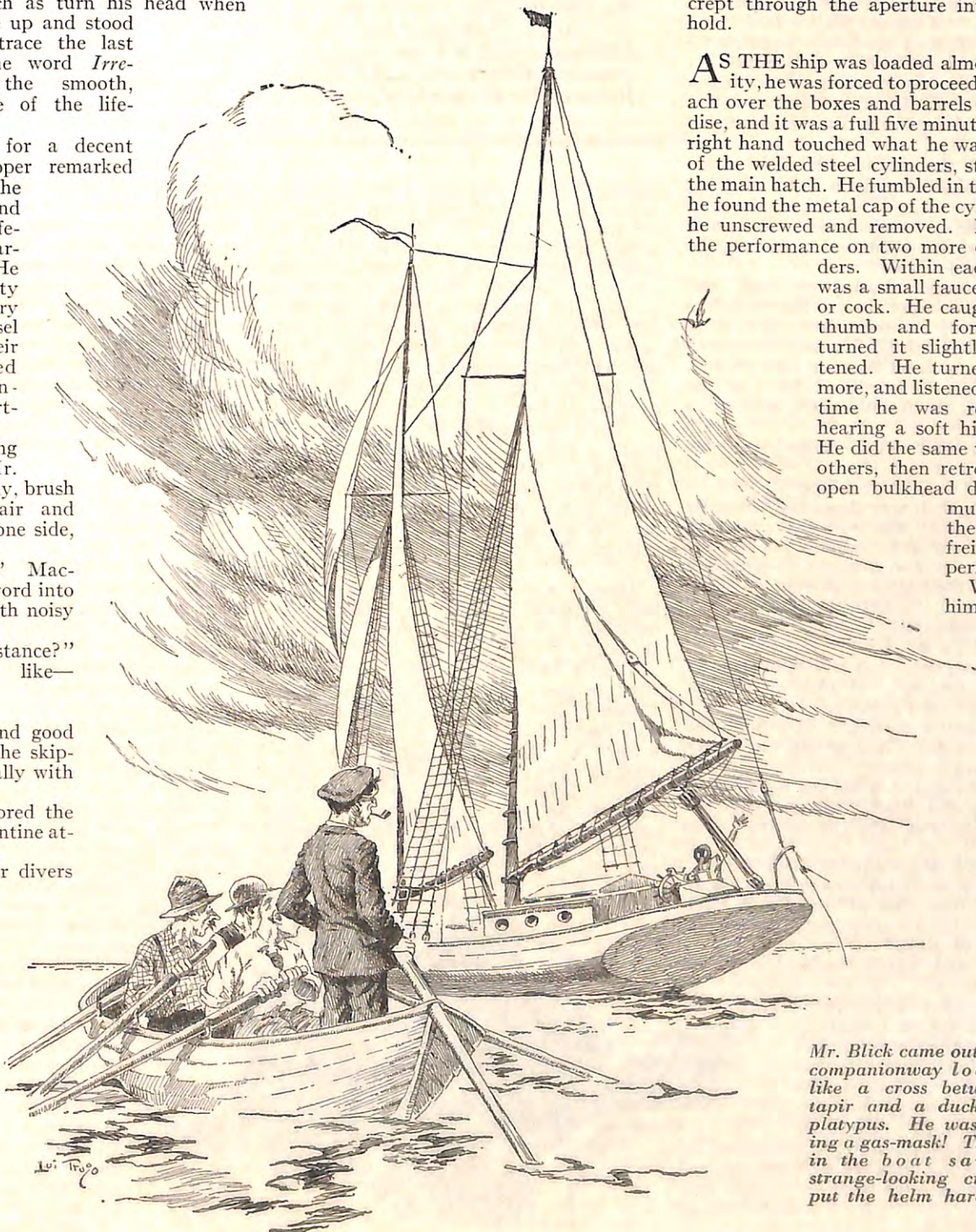
Mr. Blick gazed at the land in silence for several moments as if debating if he should immortalize it with his brush, then apparently thinking better of it, he picked up the can of paint and went for'ard without a word.

The paint locker was a small dark space abaft the forecabin. To get into it, it was necessary to go down the foc'sle ladder and through the crew's sleeping quarters. As he passed through there he was apprised by the sounds of gentle snoring that the three men of the starboard watch were sound asleep.

When he had put the paint can away, he stood listening for some moments to assure himself that this was indeed so, then he tiptoed to the bulkhead under the ladder and began to remove the nuts of the bulkhead door with a monkey-wrench which he had brought with him for that purpose. He worked carefully and softly so as not to awaken the sleeping men. When the nuts were removed, he lifted the door off and crept through the aperture into the main hold.

AS THE ship was loaded almost to capacity, he was forced to proceed on his stomach over the boxes and barrels of merchandise, and it was a full five minutes before his right hand touched what he was after—one of the welded steel cylinders, stowed under the main hatch. He fumbled in the dark until he found the metal cap of the cylinder. This he unscrewed and removed. He repeated the performance on two more of the cylinders. Within each cap there was a small faucet-like valve, or cock. He caught this with thumb and forefinger and turned it slightly, then listened. He turned it a little more, and listened again. This time he was rewarded by hearing a soft hissing sound. He did the same with the two others, then retreated to the open bulkhead door with as much haste as the piled-up freight would permit.

Worming himself through



Mr. Blick came out of the companionway looking like a cross between a tapir and a duck-billed platypus. He was wearing a gas-mask! The men in the boat saw this strange-looking creature put the helm hard over



the aperture, he closed the door, replaced the nuts and returned on deck.

Sometime later when he was examining the log for the mileage covered during the morning watch, MacQuoid came on deck.

"Funny smell, below," the skipper said. Mr. Blick glanced ahead at Point Loma, now clearly visible some eight or ten miles ahead.

"What did you say?" he asked absently. "I said there was a funny smell below," the skipper retorted crossly, "in my cabin, in the messroom—every place."

"I suppose it's the fumigant we used," Mr. Blick said. "I had the man go over the ship thoroughly for rats and roaches. It'll go away in time."

"IT'S getting stronger every minute," MacQuoid objected. "I had to leave my cabin. Come down and smell for yourself."

Mr. Blick followed the skipper down the companionway. At the foot of it he stopped and sniffed the air.

"It does smell, doesn't it?" he remarked thoughtfully. "I wonder what it could be?"

"That's what I've been wondering," MacQuoid said. "It fairly chokes you. I was lying in my bunk reading when I began to notice it. First thing I knew, I was coughing and spitting like a receiving hospital."

He suited the word with action, and Mr. Blick joined him in a brief coughing spell.

"Something's wrong below," he said; "better rouse the watch and unbatten the hatch and take a look."

The two men returned on deck and MacQuoid gave orders to call the starboard watch. One of the men went forward to carry out the order. He came running back a moment later blowing and puffing. "I can't rouse 'em, Sir," he told the skipper, "and the foc's'le smells something awful."

MacQuoid and Blick looked at one another.

"Come on!" said the skipper. They made their way down the fore-castle ladder. The smell was even stronger down here than in the after cabin. They shook the sleeping men and managed to get them roused from their stupor and out on deck.

Five minutes in the fresh air and they had recovered sufficiently to assist in the unbattening of the hatch.

Only one section of it was removed. It was hastily replaced. A rush of invisible fumes assailed their nostrils.

"A nice kettle of fish!" MacQuoid exclaimed when they had gotten the hatch fastened down securely. "What to do?"

"As a passenger it is not for me to say," Mr. Blick replied, "but I'd suggest that you swing the life-boat into the davits for an emergency."

MacQuoid's face turned a shade paler. "You think we might blow up?" he asked.

"I don't know what to think," Mr. Blick confessed. "With a cargo such as we have, anything is possible."

"Lay aft and unlash the life-boat!" the skipper sang out.

How necessary this precaution was, was soon to be demonstrated. By the time the boat was swung into the davits, the invisible but insidious fumes were pouring out of every cranny and nook. The men were driven from place to place followed by the fumes. Some took refuge in the rigging. The helmsman deserted his post and climbed into the life-boat, coughing and spitting. MacQuoid's bawled orders were

utterly disregarded. He went tearing about the deck waving his arms windmill-fashion spluttering half-choked and wholly ineffectual oaths.

Mr. Blick, handkerchief at mouth, called out:

"Better take to the boat, Mac, before it's too late. I'll go below and try to get the log and the ship's papers."

"All right, men—into the boat with you," the skipper bawled.

The crew needed no second invitation. In less than two minutes the life-boat was

**JACK RICHARDSON** has been making racing history for a good many years. He has a genius for making winning race-horses out of bad cripples and this, together with his sometimes spectacular betting, has won him the title of "The Miracle Man of the Turf." Sometime soon Jack O'Donnell will tell you some interesting things about the high-lights of Mr. Richardson's career.

floating astern, with every man but the skipper in it. MacQuoid stood waiting at the davit falls for Mr. Blick. When the former mate of the *Irrepressible* did not appear, the skipper went to the companionway and called out to him, but received no answer. He stood for a moment in indecision, then despite the strong fumes that poured up the stairway, made his way down the steps, hand at mouth. When he opened the door of the messroom he was forced back by the fumes.

"You damn-and-blasted Ben—where are you!" he howled. In his quaint way he was fond of his little bandy-legged ex-partner. He tried to fight his way through the invisible wall that barred him, but was flung back coughing and half-choked. "You little runt! You devil! Come here, d'you hear!"

There was no answer so he clawed his way back on deck through the fumes, cursing fearfully, and was finally forced to take to the boat.

They pulled away a short distance and tried to keep up with the jibing vessel. Presently Mr. Blick came out of the companionway, but it was a strange, almost exotic Mr. Blick that appeared to their amazed vision. MacQuoid had seen magnified moving-picture close-ups of the proboscis and other implements with which certain insects go about their nefarious business. Mr. Blick was dressed for the rôle. He looked like a cross between a tapir



and a duck-billed platypus. He was wearing a gas mask!

The men in the boat saw this strange-looking creature take the helm and put it hard over. The schooner luffed into the wind slowly, and went over stays. The boat-load of amazed refugees watched Mr. Blick haul the sheets home and shape a course for San Marco, the port they had left the night before, in the freshening breeze.

"I'll be damned!" was all MacQuoid could think of saying as Mr. Blick waved a debonair hand to them over the stern taffrail.

### III

Late in the afternoon of the following day we find Mr. Solomon Gittelson seated at his Circassian walnut desk in his very comfortable office overlooking the docks. His short squatty figure was doubled up toad-like in the massive swivel chair. He was smoking a very black cigar from which rolled cumuli of satisfying smoke, and through which his somewhat oleaginous face shone like a harvest moon drawing water.

He was engaged in the pleasant contemplation of how he was going to spend the profit on the cargo of the *Irrepressible* if she were fortunate enough to elude the Coralian torpedoes, or the insurance money on said cargo if she were not. With consummate forethought he had, in spite of the very stiff premium, insured the cargo for enough to show him a very nice profit—unless the underwriters should smell a rat, which they were unlikely to do, since torpedoed or confiscated vessels tell no tales.

He had just about decided to call his home on the telephone and inform Mrs. Gittelson that she might order the Rolls-Royce sedan and the mink coat which she had been pining for, when the door opened and Miss Korn-gut, his secretary, informed him that pier twenty-two had just rung up stating that the *Irrepressible* had dropped anchor in the outer harbor.

MR. GITTELSON'S black porcine eyes registered incredulity, hurt and amazement in one turn of the crank, and the knuckles of his flabby hands, clutching the arms of the chair, turned white. The next moment he catapulted his two hundred pounds out of the chair and sprinted for pier twenty-two, where he secured a launch to take him out to the schooner.

Mr. Blick met him at the accommodation ladder with a smile.

Mr. Gittelson waddled up the ladder with the grace and agility of a mudturtle making for tide water. He was spluttering incoherently in trying to find something to say. Mr. Blick led him below.

"From your attitude and symptoms I gather that you're curious to know how the *Irrepressible* comes to be riding at anchor upon the bosom of this pleasant haven," he said. "Am I right?"

"You've broken your contract!" Gittelson spluttered. "I'll—I'll sue you for your shirt!"

Mr. Blick smiled indulgently. "If you get the price of my shirt out of this deal, Solomon, I'll henceforth believe implicitly in the efficacy of horseshoes, shamrocks, and bunnies' hind feet."

Gittelson brushed him aside. "Where's Captain MacQuoid?" he shouted. "I want to see the skipper! He's the one that's responsible to me!"

"But there's the rub," Mr. Blick said.

(Continued on page 50)



# Reading—From Left to Right

## *We Are Pretty Busy, But Not Too Busy to Glance at Some of the New Books and to Listen to Some Good Stories About Mark Twain*

By Claire Wallace Flynn

WHAT America needs, we are certain, is to talk awhile about our own Mark Twain whom, we confess it with shame, we appear to have sadly neglected.

We discovered that a friend of this book page, Mr. Charles I. Earll, of York, Pennsylvania, has been treasuring for years some memories of Mark Twain. So we looted him of these all-too-few reminiscences and determined that we would hand them on to our readers.

We wish that we could have prevailed upon Mr. Earll to have written these anecdotes himself, for he is splendidly enthusiastic about the great author whom he considers, so rightly, the very quintessence of American letters and philosophy and humor. But having failed in that, we shall try to remember all that Mr. Earll told us and to set it down without embellishment.

During the years between 1894 and 1898, C. I. E., a young chap just out of the University of Wisconsin, was one of the engineers connected with the staff of James W. Page in Hartford, Connecticut. Page was then deep in the work of designing and constructing the Page Type-Setter which ultimately cost one hundred and ninety thousand dollars and for which Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) was furnishing the money. In fact, this venture was one that helped put him "on his uppers," as he himself said. But during those busy years of construction, he was vitally interested in the invention and on intimate terms with the "boys" connected with the shop, which was not far from the Clemens home in Hartford.

His great joy was to drop in on the crowd and regale them with wise and sparkling talk upon the universe at large, and always, said C. I. E., he sat amongst them wearing a deeply thoughtful expression, for, remembers our friend, Clemens rarely smiled.

One of his hobbies was the subject of telepathy—in which he firmly believed.

"Why," said Mark Twain, "not so long ago I ordered some shirts and they promised them to me on a certain day and the — things didn't come. Well, boys, in a little while I wrote that shirtmaker a letter . . . you know the kind of letter I can write. Blasting! Blasting! But you know, too, that I never send that kind. Give them fits, that's all right, but put the letter with the fits in a desk and never mail it. . . . That's what I did with the shirtmaker's letter. Put it right away in the desk. And along about dusk, what should arrive but those shirts! How's that for proving the truth about telepathy?"

Then there was the even more striking (to him) instance of a one-time warm friend, a literary man, who lived out West and who had played a practical joke on him, Clemens, which had made him furiously angry. For ten years a breach had separated the two chums, when suddenly the question of the necessity of a certain book being written came up.

Casting all thought of the estrangement aside when a subject so close to his heart and his profession arose, Mr. Clemens wrote to his one-time friend urging him to undertake the work, and was immensely impressed when he discovered that in the other's

breast animosity had also died down, and that at the very moment of Clemens' writing, the Westerner had also sent him a letter about the same matter.

So the old friendship revived and Mark Twain's belief in telepathy deepened and deepened. In fact, so many instances of strange coincidence had he to tell, that often he would camp out in the machine shop in the morning and ramble on to a charmed audience. Luncheon time would come, all would scatter, only to hurry back as quickly as possible praying the great man to take up his yarn—and he would, on the very word with which he had broken off.

One morning he had cut himself while shaving, and appeared later in fine humor to tell the "boys" how his wife, in the next room to his, had heard him swearing. And Samuel Clemens, as you know, was a prince at cuss words. Well, Mrs. Clemens had burst into his room and had repeated his lurid words, in the hope, obviously, of shaming him into reformation.

"And I told her," said Mark Twain, chuckling, "Ah, Ollie, you have the words but you haven't got the tune!"

He used to ask the type-setter men to do all sorts of things for him. They considered it a privilege, indeed, to help him out in every way they could, but sometimes his demands threw them into confusion. For instance, C. I. E. recalls that William Dean Howells had written asking Mr. Clemens to be one of a distinguished dinner party. The writing was not all that writing should evidently have been, and Clemens spent but little time in trying to decipher the address given in the invitation. In a sort of rage he burst into the Page office and called out to Mr. Van Scruyver, who was engaged upon the Type-Setter:

"Van, send word to Howells to telegraph me his address—not in his own handwriting *but in a legible hand!*" and out he stalked, still upset about Mr. Howells' penmanship.

ABOUT that same time two American baseball teams made a tour of the world, playing in China and Japan and all sorts of places where the great Yankee game was a curiosity and where bleachers were unknown. On their return to their native land, the teams were tendered a dinner at Delmonico's and the most famous speaker announced for the evening was Mark Twain.

To prepare for the event, the author came into the *Type-Setter* office one morning and wrote for about an hour without once looking up. This was preposterous in that friendly place. Not to have him talk, swear, weave a yarn! The "boys" didn't know what to make of it. A hush fell upon every one.

At last Mark Twain finished, and gathering up his sheets of paper thrust them into the hands of Van Scruyver.

"Van, have these set up and send proofs to the newspapers," he commanded, knowing how eagerly the nation drank up every word he uttered and wishing to be quoted properly.

As the speech was put into type, the "boys" enthusiastically read it: How the Equator had been used for a first-base line;

the strange customs of the South Sea Islanders who so lately had been entertaining the ball players. Why, Mark Twain had even heard that upon some of the remote islets down in that part of the world a woman often had four or five husbands, and that upon the birth of a child, he had been informed, the husbands got together and elected the father who promptly went to bed to get over the exciting circumstances, while Madame Mère nobly took up her work again.

The young engineers and mechanics in the Page "shop" held their sides as the sheets came from the Type-Setter, but—as is the way of this world, they lived too close to greatness to fully appreciate all their advantages. The original of the priceless Delmonico speech was nonchalantly tossed into the waste-basket, and only last week Mr. Earll, when speaking of it, groaned.

"Imagine!" he cried, "all in his own handwriting and I didn't know enough to pick it up and save it."

The Page Type-Setter was, as we have intimated, not a success and cost Mr. Clemens a fortune. But he was a great loser. Page, the designer of the machine, was a clever mechanic, a clever negotiator, but perhaps not so thoroughly sound an engineer as he might have been. And Mark Twain recognized all this.

There was the time, for instance, Mr. Earll tells us, when Page—all alight with enthusiasm—burst in upon his associates and explained that he had discovered a new law of electricity; that he was going to invent a unipolar-motor; that, in fact, a new era was at hand!

His excitement finally reached Mark Twain who wagged his massive head at his glowing friend and said:

"Page, if you have discovered a new law, you'll be the first to break it."

And in a word, like this, he often summed up with uncanny insight, the characters of those around him.

Some of these little tales of America's most loved writer, may have found their way into print in some guise before. Here in these book pages we blush to admit that we have not read all that has been gathered concerning the author of "Huckleberry Finn" and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," and so we may be repeating what others of the Page Type-Setter crowd may have handed down. But we hope that we have unearthed at least one new picture of the famous story-teller who is so dear to all of us.

"Mark Twain," says William Dean Howells, the man whose chirography once threw Clemens into an impatient spasm, "*will be remembered with the great humorists of all time, with Cervantes, with Swift, or with any others worthy of his company; none of them was his equal in humanity.* . . ."

And that being very decidedly that, we think the best thing we can do is to indulge in a copy of that excellent biography of Mark Twain written by Albert Bigelow Paine, which Harper & Brothers have just republished in a new and handsome three-volume edition.

(Continued on page 71)





*When a bob-sledder strikes an obstacle the obstacle usually gets the decision*

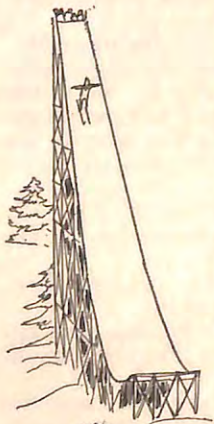
# Winter Also Brings Sports

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by George Shanks

**T**HERE are those to whom winter sport means golf on the sand greens of the East Coast of Florida, open-air checkers or horseshoe pitching on the West Coast or fishing and swimming in the waters of the Gulf Stream. Or it may mean the eternal golf, tennis and swimming in Southern California.

But there are those who stay to meet the winter or even move north to greet it. The hardy ones know the bravest and fastest of the sports. Far be it from me to wish to depreciate the trade of the winter resorts, but there are many reasons, it seems to me, that the best winter resorts are where the winter really touches—from



*There are many who would be adventurous enough for the take-off, but the feat of ski-jumping is landing*



Quebec and Lake Placid in the east to Tallac in the western Sierra.

Consider the winter sports: hockey for the young and athletic, bob-sledding and ski-jumping for the daring, ice-boating for the nautically inclined, curling for all ages with a particular appeal to those with a trace of Scottish blood, ice-skating and tobogganing for all ages.

Hockey, which once was almost exclusively the winter sport of the Canadians, has come to the United States with a vengeance. After many misgivings professional promoters in the United States experimented with a league of professional hockey players. It caught on so rapidly that now there are two leagues, organized after the fashion of professional baseball.

I should say that there are two big leagues and a number of minor hockey leagues in the United States with affiliations in Canada. Naturally the American clubs have bought up the best of the players. Last year one of the American Clubs won the Stanley Cup, the perpetual trophy for professional hockey in the post-season play which corresponds to the world series in baseball.

Hockey started in Canada as an amateur intercollegiate sport. The first organized game was played at Kingston, Ontario, between teams from Queens University and the Royal Military College. It caught on as rapidly as did baseball after the first game at Cooperstown, New York.

Interest in the game grew so rapidly in Canada that it was not long before there were professional clubs, just as professional baseball clubs were started when the principles of the American

game were grasped by the people of the United States.

Unquestionably hockey is the swiftest game played by human beings and it is so simple that anybody who watches it can understand it. On the other hand, it is not a simple game to play. I think that it is a toss-up as to which is the hardier athlete, the American football player or the Canadian hockey player.

Before the professional game took on in the United States the hockey players were content with fairly modest salaries. In the off time they worked in the lumber camps and some of them followed trap lines into the Arctic Circle. But the expansion of the game which crossed the border into the United States changed that. Just as the Yankees and the Giants paid the highest prices for baseball players the New York Americans and the New York Rangers made lavish bids for hockey players.

At first this roused no little resentment in Canada. The complaint was that the Americans were buying their national game away from them. But the thing seems to have evened itself out. The Canadian hockey clubs have been getting their share of gate receipts in the United States. And, after all, the United States gave to Canada its own national pastime, where it is gaining so that interest in baseball is passing that in the game of cricket.

**N**OW that professional hockey in the United States has become quite as stable a business in its season as is professional baseball in the summer American promoters are wondering why its possibilities were not realized long before.

The more sedate game of curling has a strong hold in Canada, and is beginning to find no little favor in the United States. "Curling," somebody was explaining to me once, "really is nothing but shuffle board on the ice." The man was stricken down as he uttered these blasphemous words by some dirty looks from a little group of glowering Scots.

For curling came from ancient Scotland. It probably started in that country, concurrently with the game of golf, which is another game that is not to be mentioned lightly when there are Scots about.



You may recall the curling match in "The Little Minister." Curling is such a dignified game, and is so hallowed by Scottish tradition that even a minister might indulge in it without losing one bit of his dignity.

Curling stones of polished marble are handed down from sire to son. You might replace a golf club but never a good curling stone. The stones and a broom, a natural or artificial rink with the concentric circles marked out on it are the only accessories needed for this game, excepting that each man must carry his own bottle of Scotch whisky.

I am afraid that this last factor may bar the development of the game in the United States. As I studied it the bottle seems to be an important implement of the game. The curling teams are made up of four men apiece, the captain or "skip" in command.

When the game is about to start the skip takes his position with the broom planted in the center of the innermost concentric circle and calls for the first shot. The player signaled slides his stone with a curve to the target.

Once the stone is in motion the skip is permitted to guide it to this extent. If he feels that it will overshoot the mark he may slow its progress by brushing powdered ice in front of it with the broom. If it is traveling too slowly he may speed it up by brushing away what powdered ice may be in its way with the same homely but useful instrument.

**EXPERIENCED** skips are as expert in the matter of the curling rink as are cricket experts in regard to the pitch. The condition of the ice is everything just as the condition of the green is everything when it comes to the putting department of golf. In the curling match you get all of the excitement that is felt around a putting green when a final putt is to decide an important match—that is if you have a bit of Scotch in you. If you have not then it seems like much ado about nothing, which is the attitude that the uninitiated take toward all games.

One of the most dangerous of the winter sports is bob-sledding. This would seem a bit silly, since every Christmas in climates where the snow is fairly dependable the favorite present for the youngster is a bob-sled. But when you picture yourself lying on one of these things and sliding down the side of a small Alp, you can get what I mean.

In the bob-sledding contests these slides are as steep as any mountainside, and the bob-sledding course runs from half a mile or more downward. In mid-course the bob-sledder is traveling at the rate of a mile a minute and guiding himself by that most awkward of rudders, his foot. Obstacles, when any occur, loom up in front of him just a "blink" before he strikes them, and when he strikes an obstacle the obstacle usually gets the decision.

Tobogganing is a comparatively safe sport. Three generations can pile into the toboggan and slide down the carefully prepared paths. A little roll in the snow at the bottom only adds zest to the sport and freshens the tobogganing party for the long climb to the top.

The most spectacular of the winter sports

*At best hockey is a swift, rough game and has developed fans as rabid as baseball fans*



came from the Scandinavians, the sport of skiing. This is the nearest thing to flying without wings or motors. The skis first were invented for utilitarian purposes. They made travel over the snow much easier than the snowshoes invented by the American Indians.

In the north country now they use the skis for winter travel. In the Sierra in California the rural mail is delivered by runners on skis, and the Royal mail in Canada is carried to the isolated places, where the habitants are snowed in, by men on skis.

The ski-jump for contests is carefully prepared. There is a slide like a toboggan slide where the jumper may gather momentum for the take-off. The landing is an incline. This is where perfect balance and perfect coordination are required. The true ski-jumper must have some of the instincts of the bird or the bird man.

Gathering momentum he is catapulted into space and the skis that must become part of his anatomy must be held at just the right angle so that when he hits the incline, perhaps a hundred and eighty feet from the dizzy height from which he has taken off, they must touch the surface perfectly. If one ski is a few inches askew, then he is spilled, and the jump is spoiled.

It is a much more delicate operation, this landing, than the landing of an airplane. There are many who would be adventurous enough for the take-off, but the feat of ski-jumping is in the landing. It takes constant practise, and there are those who might

practise forever without ever becoming adept, for one must, in the first instance, have the ski-jumper's reflexes.

**ANOTHER** of the winter sports that holds some breathless thrills is ice-boating. You may have been yachting on all sorts of waters and in all sorts of weather, but there is no sailing as swift as the sailing of an ice yacht with a north wind behind, and there is no sailing that calls for the swiftness of action in handling your sheets as in ice-yachting.

In fact, I think that the ice yacht is the only craft without machinery that can hit up the mile-a-minute pace, and even faster. There is no roar of motor, just the rush of the wind in your ears, and the shore on the other side of the lake rushing out to meet you almost before you can think of how to avoid the collision. The helmsman of an ice yacht must be constantly on the alert, always ready to guess his wind currents and the shifts, or there is a wrecked boat and broken bones.

The Eskimos contributed a sport that rapidly is gaining in popularity—the dog race.

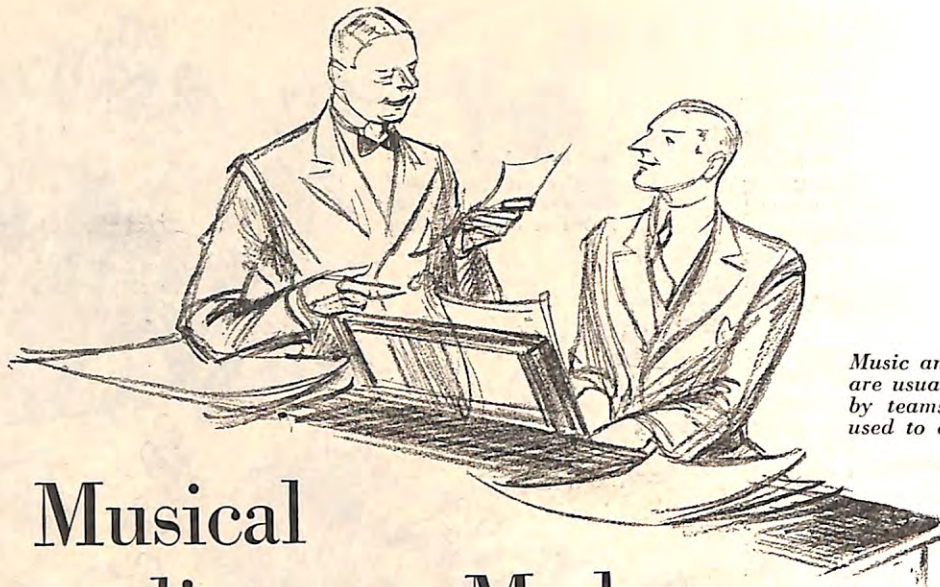
They tell me that the Dog Derbys which are held in all parts of Canada and in the eastern States were organized for improving the breed of the sled-dog. There is as yet no established breed, though the base of the good sled-dog is wolf. Whatever utilitarian purpose the sled-dog race may serve it is a great sport to watch, and to me it gives a greater thrill than any stereotyped horse-race over the geometrically perfect track. I can see the finish of one at Quebec, and hear the triumphant yelping of the lead dog as he swept into the finish line in that ancient city, his driver covered with snow, while two icicles formed from his breath clung to his drooping gray moustache.

For winter sports I will take the sports that winter brings.



*Curling is not to be mentioned lightly when there are Scots about*





*Music and lyrics are usually written by teams who are used to each other*

## How Musical Comedies are Made

By George Middleton

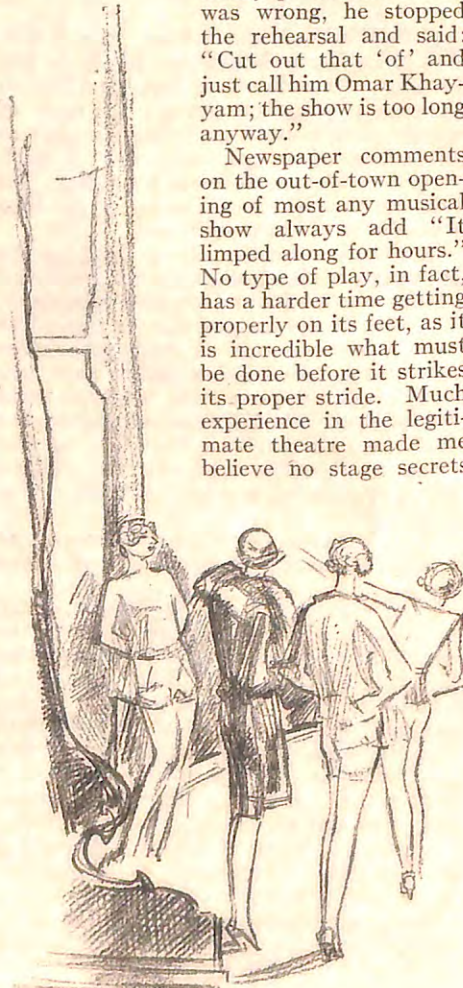
Illustrated by Oscar F. Howard

**T**HERE is a popular Broadway story about a manager long on money but short on poetry. During a rehearsal of a musical comedy he heard Omar Khayyam's name used in the dialogue. Stopping the actor, he said:

"The name is Omar of Khayyam."

In spite of protests the "of" continued in the spoken text till one day, after his more courageous friends had finally persuaded him he was wrong, he stopped the rehearsal and said: "Cut out that 'of' and just call him Omar Khayyam; the show is too long anyway."

Newspaper comments on the out-of-town opening of most any musical show always add "It limped along for hours." No type of play, in fact, has a harder time getting properly on its feet, as it is incredible what must be done before it strikes its proper stride. Much experience in the legitimate theatre made me believe no stage secrets



were hidden from me; but observing how musical comedies are put together explains at last why managers charge so much for theatre seats, and why the insane asylums are full. Then, too, the very looseness of the musical comedy form makes it a liquid quantity flowing in amazing contours amid songs, gags and personalities. When you pay six-sixty at a Broadway box office you pay for what you see and for what you don't; half of most every musical show is discarded before it is ready for New York; and every department has spent thousands to obtain the best an exacting public now demands. Beside the author of the so-called "book," the musicians, lyricists and the cast, there are others who are also laboring in the vineyard: the stage director, who "puts on" the spoken dialogue; the dance director, who sometimes, like a doctor, calls in a specialist to rehearse the principals in the "numbers" while he concerns himself with the figurations, gyrations and whatnots of the chorus; the costumer who must think not only of individual effect, but also of "ensembles"; the designer of the scenery ever after more visual appeals; the electricians, stage-hands, property men and others scattered about at the beck and call of the manager himself, who has ideas on how all departments should be run, and who quite also rightly wants a little say for his money. Yet, somehow, out of this conflict of personalities—each of whom feels he must be aggressive to protect his dignity—the production gradually takes place; for each is aiming at the big hit which means added money and reputation to all. And only a big hit survives nowadays in the theatre; a show is a "smash" or a "bust"—which seems to be saying the same thing, only isn't.

It is a popular idea that when a manager is inspired to produce a musical play, after finding one already written with proper words and music, he then engages a cast to act it. This almost never happens. I asked an author, who has made over \$500,000, how the average "musical" gets written.

"Well I never begin a show till I know who the actors are. It's generally they who draw, not the play; though they must have material. A manager will ring up and say, 'I need a play next year for Marilyn Miller.

I've got Jack Donohue under contract.' Often I've been given five actors already signed by the manager and told to write a play to fit them. Every one must be 'taken care of' with 'numbers' and scenes. After you get it worked out the manager may engage somebody else. Some actors can dance and not sing, while others can't do either, but are great on 'drunk' scenes. That's why the actual script is seldom ready in advance, since so much of it is written during rehearsals to fit cast changes. Often thousands are invested by the manager before I begin my second act. What's the use? He may decide to lay it in Mt. Vernon and not in Venice, as originally planned, or may suddenly recall he could use a \$30,000 set in his storehouse. Sometimes a script may be written and then cast; but nowadays making a 'musical' is an industry with laws all its own."

Once, when a promising ingenue was to be turned by him into a star, this author deliberately listed, as he would his stocks, the things she could do best. She was a "soft-shoe dancer," had a nice sense of burlesque and mimicry, could carry a love story on her beautiful eyes, but couldn't carry much of a tune. The play and part were then deliberately tailored to suit her; and the author, thus selling her personality to the public, gave her the chance to score a big hit, become a lasting "draw" and land among the constellations. Playing up the qualities and soft-pedaling the defects of an actor is an old playwright trick: Shakespeare did it for Burbage, altering the lines of Hamlet to fit his increasing girth.

Consider other physical limitations the author must remember when he "builds his book": there are about ninety minutes of spoken dialogue possible, as the average musical has twenty numbers which must punctuate every ten pages of dialogue. Then, after each song and dance, those concerned must be taken off the stage to get their breath. Further, each individual scene must end in a situation, and the songs should generally aid in carrying on the plot. As one must break the visual monotony of looking at the same scenery and costumes, both must be changed several times with some rhyme and reason. The plot structure must give the hard-worked actors and



chorus time between scenes and songs to take off their veils and things, and put on some more veils and things; the stage hands, too, must have spare minutes in which to change the "Home of Reginald Van Der Vere" to "A fortified castle in Moravia"; and when some of these changes occur during the act, one doesn't dare drop the curtain for fear of losing the plot and the audience. So "front scenes" are devised: short episodes before a drop, in which the plot is sometimes remembered, or a funny incident introduced and finished in a "blow out," when they "black out" all the lights on a laugh! Often, in the old days, when the laugh wasn't worth much, a sudden blare of trumpets would so startle the audience that the drop on the next scene could be quickly raised before anyone had time to realize how bad the joke really was. Of course, convenient cabaret scenes are very popular; and it is surprising how many of the leading characters in musical shows give cocktail parties—the real managerial reason being that "specialties" may be then introduced that have nothing to do with the case. Nowadays we are finding more and more plays like *The Show Boat*, built upon a dramatic story; but I'm speaking here of the type of entertainment so recurrent each year.

What may sometimes happen to the plot structure, mentioned above, calls to mind how one successful Broadway play was turned into musical comedy. It dealt with a minister's daughter, who after his death, had gone to New York, and become a housemaid in a bachelor's home. The charming actress engaged for the leading part was English; so, because of her accent, her birthplace was changed from Ohio to Ottawa. Unbeknown to the author, the manager had engaged a Dutch comedian, who had consequently to be pried into the script. The manager, misunderstanding, perhaps, the nature of another part had engaged a droll, slow-talking small-town comedian of the highest quality for a fast-talking society rôle; so it had to be completely rewritten to suit his tempo. Then the actor felt like a fish in another social world; so he was shifted to a minor rôle which was built up to suit his importance. Meantime the former society part was restored to its original Fifth Avenue haberdashery. When the play opened, the Dutch comedian was thought to be out of key; so he was given his notice and an actor with a Scotch accent was substituted. Finally the play didn't draw as expected, due partly to the absence of names, so a famous male star was engaged and a new part was written into a completely altered script. The daughter of the minister, who had been a servant, now became a cabaret girl; her parson father, who had died even before the comedy was written, was brought to life as a highly amusing drunken comedy sot. Three or four of the original cast survived, some of the music, part of the scenery and most of the authors. Naturally it takes not only an expert dramatist to be able to do this, but also a gymnast. And that, too, is really why most musical comedies are written among a small group of authors whom the management trusts and who themselves know what to expect when each production gets under way.

Of course, no author supplies all the "gags" and "nifties" in such a piece. Here is where the comedians get in their fine lines; for many not only roll their own, but write them. Once an inexperienced author complained that such a comedian never spoke the text he had written for



After songs and dances principals must have a chance to get their breath

him; so the actor used the original lines and there wasn't a laugh in the part! When one hears of the large salaries paid such actors—often between \$2,000 and \$3,000 a week—it is partly because they contribute to the wit of the play, and thus help put it over. These men are known as "writing comedians." In "front" scenes, a sort of "working routine" may be mapped out by the author, and each night the comedian tries new lines till the best are found. Many of these actors will only whisper their "gags" and stories at rehearsals for fear somebody in the wings will steal them; they also often have an understanding with the management that when they leave the show their lines, like Mary's lamb, go with them.

"We funny men have got to be careful," one sadly said to me once. "There's a certain firm here who engages us and then, after they've got all our best gags in their script, they give us the gate and put a cheaper man in with our stuff. I once had a graveyard painted on a curtain to back my act; it was so arranged that every time I cracked an old joke it would turn over in its grave. When I quit the show those

managers kept my drop and it cost me \$200 to get back the tombstones I'd paid for myself."

However, something must be written to begin with, and nothing can be sadder than the first reading of the script to the company. Not a laugh helps the author along; for most of the actors are only concerned with their own part and not with the play. Revue comedians, or those drafted from vaudeville, seldom see what is known as a "situation laugh"—one which may not be funny in itself, like a "gag," but which gets its humor out of where it is placed. That is why when the piece is given before an audience, actors are constantly surprised at how witty some authors really are. While the principals are trying to believe their parts have lots of laughs, the manager and dance director are on the crowded stage picking the chorus. Most of the girls are in "practice clothes," which vary from acrobatic costumes and gingham concoctions, to bathing suits, intended to be seen but not swum in. In all colors these bare-legged damsels mingle with others wearing afternoon frocks and tidy morning suits; one may even be sporting a silver-fox neck-piece.



Nowadays Chorus Equity brings back its stranded members



At first, after being looked at in general, they are called out individually, and put through tests which include "front kicks," "side kicks," and "time steps"—the fundamentals of all dancing steps required. The director's quick eye detects those who know their business or those he had in other productions. Then the "show girls" are made to parade. The pianist, who for long hours at rehearsals is to grind out the music, strikes some march tune, while the girls glide about with hands held out in a sort of la-di-da attitude no one would ever use in life. Here again a quick selection is made by men who have been "picking 'em" for years. Though only needing thirty-odd girls, the fifty or so that remain are now lined up and told to run the scales. But the management is more concerned with looks than notes.

The amount of knowledge now necessary to be a qualified dancer has brought a hard-working group into the chorus. Schools are now full of youngsters who must frequently study a year before even hoping to compete for a job with a big management. It is estimated \$3,000,000 is invested over America in chorus schools teaching different types of dance routine, as the increased demand for such girls by large picture houses offers opportunities for steady employment, aside from the legitimate theatre itself. It takes a girl months to "limber up" and do "splits" and "cartwheels"; and she can only graduate after learning all sorts of fancy steps with fancy foreign names. In many Broadway companies most any girl could do "a solo"—that is, dance by herself—and get away with it. Some girls have even had ballet experience, and can do "toe" or "three-quarter" dancing requiring special training; which is why the new blood often knows more than those more experienced, who, at best, can only last about ten years in all.

**T**HANKS to the Chorus Equity Association, backed by the power of Actors Equity, and the Federation of Labor, fair contracts are now given its 3,500 members. The manager obtains a chorus by posting a call at the Association. No agent thus takes a percentage out of their small wages. If accepted the minimum conditions of employ are fixed and insisted upon; for no manager can otherwise produce, since no member can work for him unless he lives up to the agreement.

The date of the first performance is stated in the individual contract, together with the salary. This can not be less than \$30.00 weekly in New York City, and \$35.00 outside, except for certain specified second road companies, where \$30.00 may be given; but eight performances now constitute a week, and no longer can extra ones be played unless paid for pro rata. Those managers who give five or ten dollars more, get the best choice; and chorus girls avoid certain firms as they would the plague. The individual contract further depends in turn upon the Agreement the Association itself has made with the manager group. Here all possible conditions are covered, and old abuses wiped out.

The opening date, for example, must now be specified, because formerly many a poor girl struggled to keep the proverbial wolf from the door, while managers leisurely took their time with rehearsals; and even after seven weeks rehearsing without pay, the girls could be dropped without reason and without redress. Others were taken out on the road with salaries scantier than their costumes; and though railroad companies got what was left of the manager's cash for distances covered, the chorus girls, who spangled so beautifully under the calciums, sometimes weren't given a cent for the midnight biscuits; and, in addition, were often stranded near the water-towers. Stage literature is full of girls who "slung griddle cakes" in "the tanks" to earn enough to get back to Broadway. This is all changed. Now return railroad fares are guaranteed—often by the less-known managers having to put up bonds—and should the manager "go bust" the Association brings back its own. Every contract compels the manager to pay the Pullman fares where night jumps are necessary; he having, however, "the right to put two in a lower berth and only one in an upper." It was surprising, too, how much small salaries were reduced by fines and by cost of shoes, stockings and the like; for during the run of a piece, a dancer can easily wear out three pairs of slippers. Stockings are seldom worn since bare legs have become popular; the manager has thus saved thousands on hosiery bills which he is now compelled to supply, "together with costumes, shoes, wigs" and the pre-historic "tights" grandmother felt so shocking when granddaddy went off to the play. Further, only four weeks are allowed for rehearsals without pay, and should additional time be required, half salary must be paid for two weeks, and full salary after that. Seven days are given the manager in which to decide whether he wishes a girl or not; if she rehearses after that and then is sent out into the cold, at least she goes with two weeks salary in her mittens.

This seventh day has its tragedies as the final eliminations must then be made. The management and those concerned sit out "front" as the last line-up begins. Sometimes personal considerations interfere; but generally it's a cold proposition. "Many things enter into the decision: She's too fat," says a backer. "I had her in another show and she's a trouble maker," pipes in the dance director. "You've got to keep her; her sister's got a part," replies the manager. "P—sent her around; put her in the front line"—and the like.

"Can you sing?" the manager asked one show-girl. "No; but I can harmonize," she replied brightly. And as nobody knew what she meant she got the job.

It's a bit pitiful, also, to see the girls standing there, some with sad little smiles, trying to be unconcerned and impersonal, each literally putting her best foot forward. And where it isn't a foot it's a profile—to catch the approving eye and make a quick sale of her personality. But when the case-hardened manager decides, the girls who are dismissed pick up their little hand-bags, left by the footlights where they can be watched, powder their noses and disappear. They have been turned down before or not made the grade. One can't be bothered by all the toy-tragedies that may be back of not getting the job. Some do appeal personally to the manager, showing him perhaps a letter from a down-town broker who says, "I found Miss Goldwin quite a cute child with a great interest in art." But the grind goes on.

At least now, under the Equity contract, they know their fate in seven days. Even those who are chosen often have a hard time making both ends meet till the show opens—and the company manager is touched for the usual "fiver," to carry over. The salary paid, particularly on the road, gives but small margin. Hotels will sometimes take "four in a room at six per"; but with beef-steak costing what it does, one can hardly buy furs with what's left. The "show girls," who incidentally get \$50.00 or \$60.00, and often more, depending on their looks, voices and reputations, earn considerable money while in New York by posing for artists and photographers, or by acting as mannequins in the large dressmaking establishments. The show girls, however, are a world apart. They are usually tall and especially chosen to decorate the stage with their costumes and languid beauty. Besides, in fiction and in fact they may be destined to marry some Lord . . . and lots of them have hopes he will be wealthy if there should be a divorce.

**B**UT for both chorus and show girl, with a long run and rehearsals over, the work, while concentrated, is not strenuous and much more attractive than standing all day behind a ribbon counter. The routine is fixed and only about thirty hours of actual physical work each week is required. And



"Can you sing?" "No, but I can harmonize?"





By the time the changes are over, the girl who was to be a maid finds herself cast as a cabaret star

then the glamour of it . . . the lights, the music and the chance of stepping out of the chorus into a part, and having some real words to speak—for some of our loftiest stars have begun to twinkle in that line of girls kicking their way so rhythmically toward the footlights. It is surprising how personality does stand out even when dressed as thirty others.

AFTER the chorus is set the four weeks' rehearsal grind begins. While the director of the book is working with the principals in some nearby lodge room, the dance and music directors peel their coats for action. The lyricist now comes into the picture to distribute the printed sheets on which the words of his songs are typed. Most audiences never understand what the chorus is singing anyhow; but the girls must have to have something to learn. They drape around the piano and like little children at school repeat the words and tune together. Then the dance director takes hold; the girls are divided into three groups; the little girls or "shorts," the "mediums" and the show girls. They are measured and given numbers. The men are generally selected for size, dance ability and with the hope they will look well when made up. It's very mysterious to see how they are made to weave in and out, with every sort of complicated step and figure. Somehow the director never seems to get mixed up as each dance is put together in sections; though once, I heard a director say: "I got the quartette in on this dance, but I don't know how to get rid of them." "Why don't you give them their notice?" the manager ventured.

Of course, it isn't all plain sailing for the boys and girls, and maybe more than once during the strenuous drill, the ribbon counter may seem like heaven. Here are a few expressions used by the picturesque director at one rehearsal I attended—to indicate how literature and art are mixed. "For a big man you are the dumbest I ever saw." "Stop chewing that gum; you'll drag what little brains you've got into your mouth." "Sing louder; sing as loudly as you talk in the wings." "Fine; but I didn't

understand a word." "Travel travel; you dumbbell. You don't know what to do unless someone gives you a push." All of which was said as he sat on the top of a chair with a big club in his hand loudly beating time, while eagerly watching to detect the slightest false step or variation from his instructions. Sometimes he he blew a traffic cop's whistle and all stopped dead in their tracks to see what was going to hit them.

At these rehearsals the composer, or music director, begins to fit his "score" to the needs of the chorus. Often the dance director says, "I must have a few more bars to complete this figure and take 'em off and I need a crash in the middle so they can hold the picture before it breaks." So bars and crashes are supplied while you wait. The music thus, like the dialogue, becomes adapted to the physical needs of the movement. The composer also begins to change the tempo of his tunes; a march song when repeated as an encore becomes a waltz for sake of variety; another number must be re-synchronized for the quartette so that they can "support" a song which the chorus men haven't enough voice to "put over."

Gradually, too, the principals begin to rehearse their numbers with the chorus. Here the dance director maps out the steps which the leading lady is to do, and the whole number takes shape. This must be so built that the ending has a climax destined to win applause. And while all these rehearsals are going on, strange isolated figures, off by themselves in back, are repeating the steps and movement of the chorus; they are the understudies who are thus prepared literally to step in, should any of the chorus fall out. And during the pause, when the music is being fixed or the girls are given a short rest, one doesn't easily forget the picture: some of them using their lipsticks, some stretching their legs against the wall to limber up, and others rushing to finish the interrupted game of cards with the boys on an improvised table, while the tired piano player takes up her cross-word puzzle again, thinking of six lettered animals, to keep from going mad. Strange to say, here and there some are avidly reading *Variety*, other theatrical papers, sundry mystery novels and even Voltaire and Tolstoy! . . . During these pauses, too, come the "auditions" when other "acts" are tried out or when sad sopranos and tired tenors are given a chance to show their "goods."

I'm told there is no fixed civil law to make the words and music of a song marry; each couple seems to have its own special custom. Whether the tune or the lyric

comes first is like the hen and the egg—a grave problem. One famous musician never consults his lyricist at all: he writes out the tunes and then dares the lyric writer to do his worst. Another composer himself writes a "dummy" lyric in a gibberish whose syllables fit the tune; then an expert comes with a dictionary, and puts it into comic-opera English. Some few write both words and music; but it is more often done by teams used to each other. One will sit at the piano till the theme comes, and the other then urges words and music into a perfect wedding. A famous pair of brothers work the other way about; the lyric is often written first and from it bubbles up the tune. Others write a catchy refrain and then hunt for a first verse to see what it is all about. There is thus no rule.

But often the rehearsals begin with only half the necessary music written; it may not be known what the situation requires, especially if, as often happens, the composer only has a vague idea of what the book is about. Here structure again determines the type of words and music necessary in certain "spots." The first number must be an "ice breaker" of formidable proportions; this warms up the audience—hence the title, which is also what the taxi drivers call their first morning fare. The "theme number" generally carries the sentimental part of the story, and it is repeated with variations wherever an excuse can be found for it. When repeated often enough it is called a "reprise." It is very important to have a big "hit" number at the beginning of the second act so that it, too, is started with a "bang." A bad opening can kill the entire act. Two duets mustn't follow one another and two numbers must be separated if they have the same tempo. Often a sentimental song will die in its tracks if it follows a "hot number"—one with a big dancing effect where the chorus drops exhausted in the wings; but the same sad sweetness will blossom beautifully if planted in another place. Thus, numbers, like the scenes, are often built at rehearsal and switched all over the lot. The importance of a song "hit" need not be stressed; one or two in a play will do more than anything else "to put it over"; when these are found, after the play is produced, every effort is made to "plug" them till no one could possibly forget them till death do them part. Here is why you see composer and lyricist standing in the lobby after the show is first produced to watch the music sale, as one does a thermometer, to learn how the songs are faring.

FINALLY the day arrives when the show is "put together." It is here where book and chorus meet for the first time amid much rewriting. The most important need is to see how the numbers are "cued in," for the dialogue must be so prepared in approaching a number that it seems to grow naturally out of what has been said. And if this can be done on a laugh so much the better. The chorus or show girls now get some lines. Often a dozen such "bits" are saved till this great moment and some proudly walk off with a "So glad you're here, Mr. Van Alston." But everybody isn't always happy, as I heard one girl complain because "the sentence given her was too long." The dance and book directors now begin to hate each other more than ever. The entrances and exits of the principals arranged by one director may be exactly opposite those planned by the other; and the one must have furniture in which to play scenes, and the other must have a bare stage for his

(Continued on page 61)



# How Well Do You Know Your Country's Gateways?

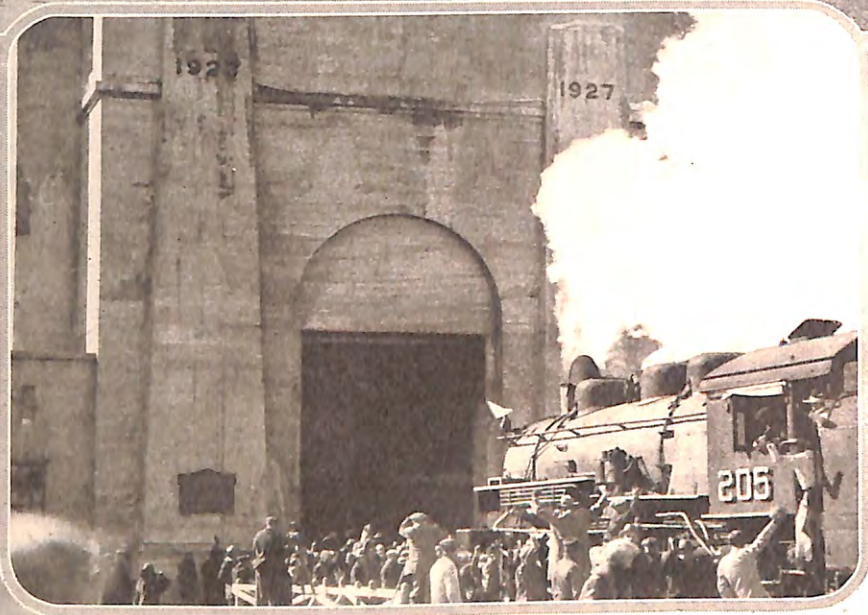
Compiled by Charles Phelps Cushing

Answers to Questionnaire on page 63

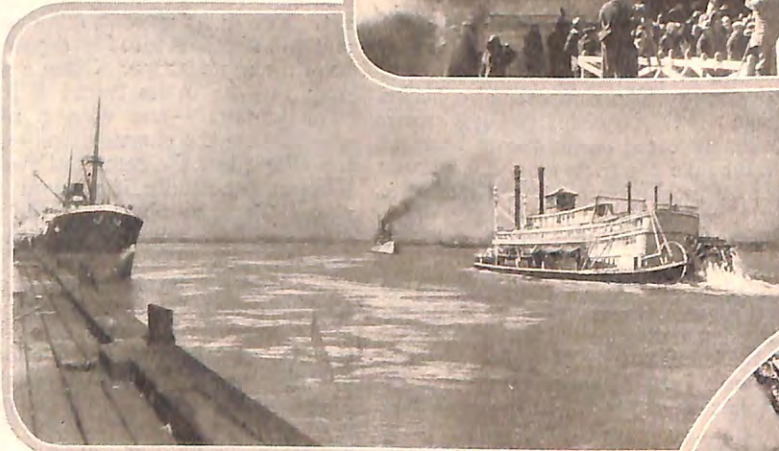


KEYSTONE

1. Gateway to our largest territory—590,884 square miles—is this port above. Does the landmark of its sky-line, a forty-two story office building, help you any to identify this city?



2. By boring for six miles through a mountain this new tunnel (right) shortens the haul to an "inland empire" thirty miles. What's its name, please—and in what state is it found?

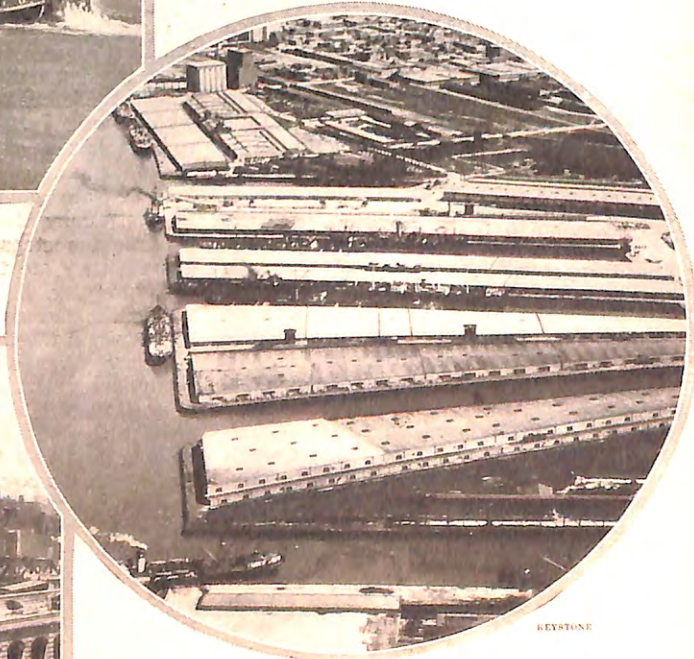


WIDE WORLD

3. Below is an airplane snapshot of a section of the harbor in the city which boasts: "This is the leading cotton port of the world." Now where do you suppose that could be?

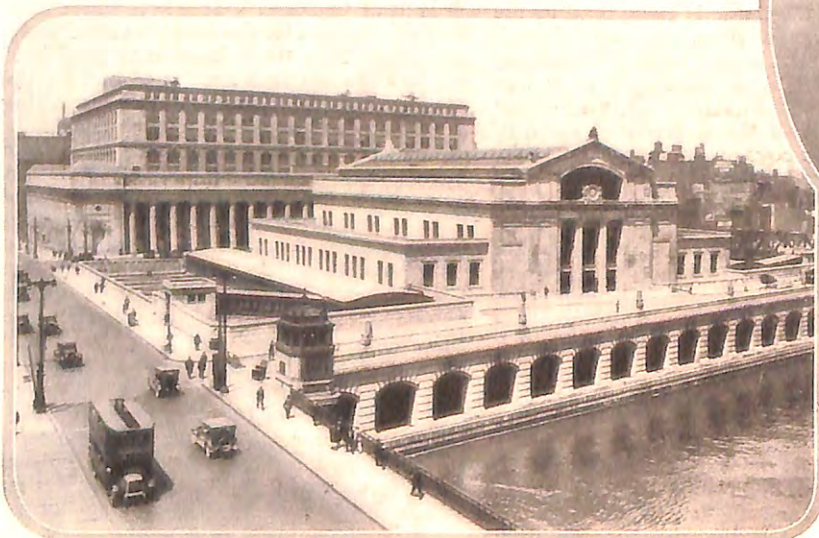
KEYSTONE

4. More than a hundred miles above the mouths of a great river is a big gateway city. Do you know this port, (above) where ocean ships and river boats flock?



KEYSTONE

5. In what young but mammoth city can you find the new Union Station which is pictured at the left? As a hub of railways this city scorns all rivals



EWING GALLOWAY



6. Exciting news came out of the city at the right last summer: "The Gateway of the West." Now can you guess this city's name?



EWING GALLOWAY

7. A city within a city has sprouted up around the railway station at the right; a place now advertised as "Gateway to a Continent." Where?



KEYSTONE



WIDE WORLD

8. The gateway above, a harbor entrance, is a "gate" of water with a fame which is not only nation-wide but world-wide. Poetic is its name—but not too poetic. Can you name it quickly?



EWING GALLOWAY

9. A port far from salt water is the one pictured above. A history-making canal opened it to ocean shipping and helped build a great city here. With these two leading hints are you wise to its name?



EWING GALLOWAY

10. A proud old city which is the capital of a New England state high-hats other gateway cities unless they have real gateways to show. This city has (at left) her Soldier's Memorial Gate. Know the place?



"Nothing." Mary Tomlin could always tell when her husband was lying to her, and she knew he was lying now. But she said nothing, noting the clearing of his countenance. "Only," he said, going to a corner and picking up his bag of clubs, "I'm goin' out on the course for a whilst." Going to her, he kissed her. "Don't you be worryin'. Everythin' will be all right. And don't you—" he paused with an exclamation, slapping his hand upon a pocket. "By my soul! I near forgot this." He drew forth a telegram. "It's for you."

"Michael!" She drew back, staring in terror at the yellow envelope, her mind black with the dread of bad news which she associated with messages of the sort. "Read it. Read it quick, and then break what it says gently."

In heavy silence Tomlin ripped open the envelope, glanced at the sheet it contained.

"It's all right, Mary. It's from the boy. He says he will be here to the Open, and that him and his wife will come up to the house to-night in time for dinner."

"Well! Did he have to scare me to death to tell me that? Anyway the saints all be praised!" Mary Tomlin hurried to the table. "Clear out of here, Michael. Get you away. Here's the lunch dishes to wash and the spare room to be got ready and me to go to the market for more food—" her voice broke in excited laughter. "Jerry coming home! Think of it! Our Jerry and his dear wife! And you keeping the telegram in your pocket all this while! Mike ain't you the happy man? Now, ain't you?"

Tomlin pursed his lips trying not to smile. But he had to smile.

"You and your Jerry!" He went to the door, and there turned. "Sure I'm happy," he said with a sort of chuckling reluctance. "Is it marble you think I'm made of?"

WHEN Mike Tomlin returned from a long afternoon on the links, in which with painstaking care and unwearied repetition he had practised every shot known to golf, his rugged features were wrinkled serenely.

"Mary," he said to his wife as she met him, as was her custom, at the door, "you ought to see me to-day. A miracle has happened! That rheumatiz down my right shoulder is all gone. I was off the tee like a rifled gun, and them little chips and pitches went up like butterflies and come down like lumps of lead. And puttin'? The balls had eyes if you want to know."

His wife smiled. It was always the way with the old warhorse. Before every great tourney he would go out with his clubs, come home with great stories of his unbeatable form, and thereafter fill the cottage with sighs and moans that he had not dipped into their little nest egg, taking funds sufficient to have paid his way to and from the scene of the event, and his expenses while there.



And each morning as he read in the papers of the scores turned in, his lamentations would reach high crescendo. Mrs. Tomlin was used to all that.

She knew, and her husband knew, that a professional golfer who has had the high distinction of winning the National Open does much more wisely when youth has gone if he rests upon that reputation, declining to tarnish his fame by trailing a score of younger stars tourney after tourney thereby, establishing evidence ever fresh that he is a has-been.

It served to maintain his faith in himself, and just as importantly, it helped him in the club, inasmuch as in this country where reputation means so much you have to prove you're a has-been before that stamp has been publicly applied.

"Yes sir." Mike deposited his bag of clubs in its accustomed corner, rubbing his hands. "I could go into that tournament day after to-morrow and show them all. I played the third hole with Walter Hagen to-day—he was practisin' like me. He had a birdie four. I had an eagle three. An eagle, mind! He says to me says he, 'Mike why ain't you in there like you used to be when I was readin' about you in the papers? You still got a swing that's a dream, and your touch is like a billiard player's.' I gave him a wink. 'Walter, I says, 'I got a son ain't I?' And he says, 'You have. And what a son!' I winks again. 'Walter,' says I, 'I've got my title. Would I be showin' up the boy?' And he winks back. 'Fair enough,' he says. Ah, a grand man is Walter! They was all out there to-day, all

the class. Except Jerry. Have you heard from him?"

"No." Mrs. Tomlin pushed her husband toward the stairs. "Do you go up and put on a shirt and collar and your Sunday suit."

"I had a shower at the club." Tomlin drew back. "What's the matter with me?"

"Your Sunday suit—and a collar, I said."

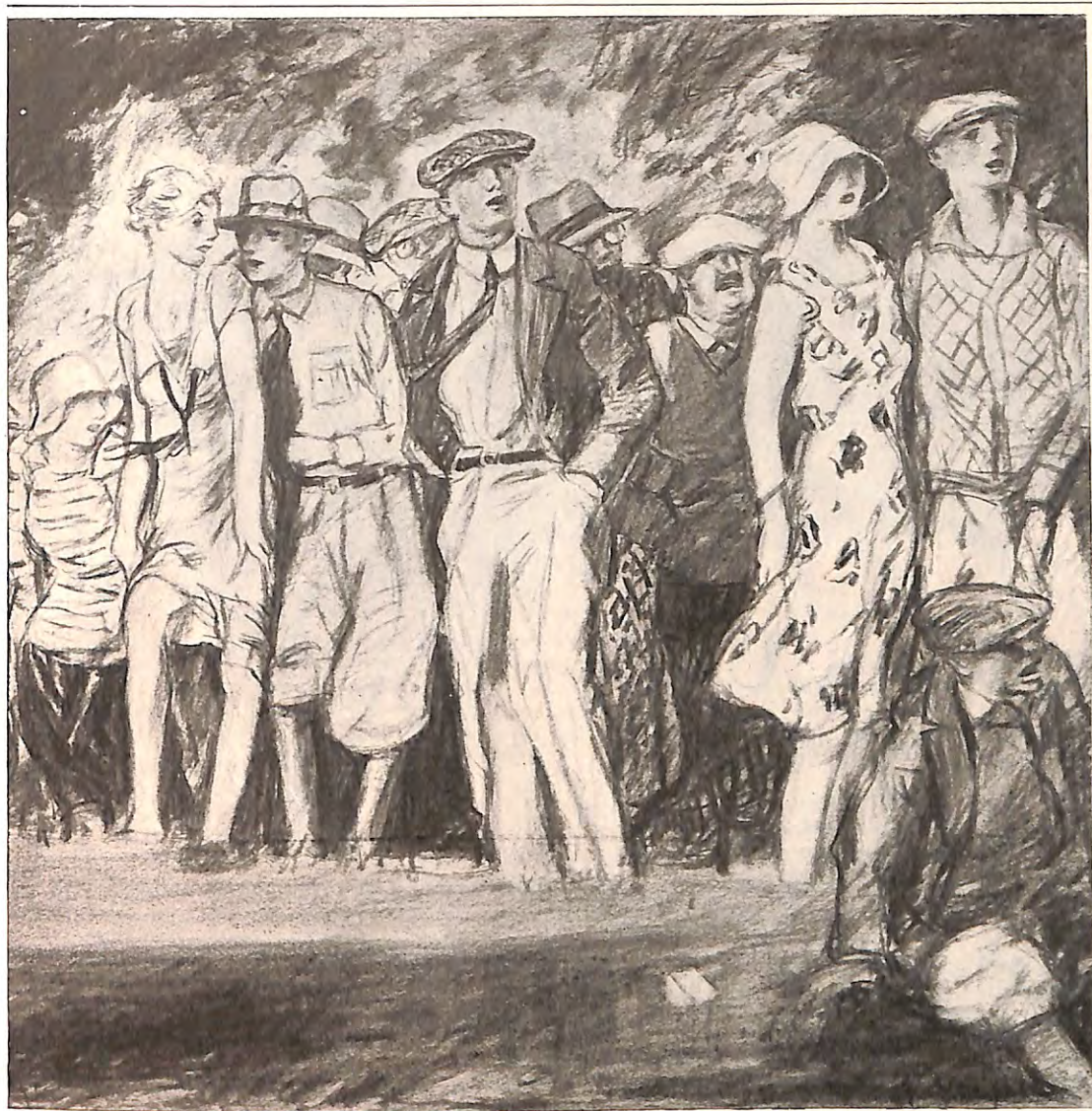
"For Jerry?"

"He's got a wife hasn't he? Would you disgrace him?"

"Oh, all right." Reluctantly Tomlin moved up-stairs and he had just completed dressing when he heard the wail of a siren and the grinding of brakes in the lane below. Walking to a window he looked down upon a sumptuous, shining roadster of famous make, saw his son helping a girl from the car with one hand, his other arm around his mother's waist. He was laughing, he was jaunty, and in his white flannel Norfolk jacket, his white flannel plus fours, green stockings and tie, he was most certainly a figure to attract attention. He had his mother's black hair, her blue eyes and he was as bonny a lad to look upon as Tomlin had ever seen.

Yet as he went down-stairs his brow was wrinkled in a frown, a puzzled frown. For Michael Tomlin was one of those fathers who are never able to accept the fact that their sons have grown up, have acquired individualities of their own, are in every way distinct personalities. Inseparable as man and boy, Tomlin unconsciously had demanded that Jerry remain a boy. And this Jerry had not done. So between the two, even before the son had left home for





*"May the devil take that shot!" Michael stood a moment, surveying the outcome of his drive with unbelieving eyes, finally making way for his son who sent a beauty winging straight up the fairway*

voice caught. She turned away, a hand rising to her mouth. "I'll be after putting dinner upon the table."

With a little exclamation of concern Jerry's wife slipped to Mary Tomlin's side.

"Mother Tomlin, we're just going to stay here all night and you hear me say it. We're going to do nothing else. I think Jerry must have been insane telling me there wouldn't be room here."

"There isn't room. You can see ma is doing her own work and all the trouble we'll be for her."

"You never thought about that before you left here," said Tomlin grimly. "I mind you'd lie in bed and have your mother bring up your breakfast and let her wait on you. There was no thought about trouble then!"

"Oh, dad!" Jerry smiled patiently. "You're all wet."

"All wet am I!"

"Now Michael Tomlin! Now Jerry!" Mary Tomlin's voice had a note that neither in all their lives had ever dared ignore. She turned to Jerry's wife.

"You're a sweet girl, you are, Annie dear, but you'll go to the hotel where you'll be more comfortable."

"I'll be comfortable here. This is a duck of a cottage, and I wish Jerry and I had one like it. And we will if I have my say. I had no idea it was so lovely. And so, Jerry, you can drive to the hotel after supper and get our things."

"Oh, all right," returned Jerry good-naturedly. "Suits me to the ground. I was only thinking of ma, on the level."

"I'm glad you're beginning to do that, my boy," Tomlin winked dourly at Jerry's wife. "It's the first time I remember you're doing it in a long time."

"Buck up, dad. All is not yet lost."

Tomlin stared at his son, bemused by his lofty imperturbability, his unassailably flippant good-nature. He had acquired, his father suspected, that jaunty estate which renders a man aloof from the petty emotions of his inferiors, that tolerance which those who tread the lofty heights maintain not through any great virtue in this respect, but because they are really untouched by what underlings think or feel. And thus suspecting it seemed to Tomlin that the boy he had once loved with utter unselfish devotion and this poised, smiling, deft young man were two different persons.

He would have given anything he owned or hoped to own, not to have felt this way. But facts were facts, and he was not the man fatuously to evade them.

If in the course of the dinner that followed—and it was a dinner prepared by a master

*(Continued on page 52)*

the world, subtle barriers had developed which neither had understood.

So now as Tomlin came to his son in the little parlor there was a constraint in both, while underneath, they were yearning to break the mysterious obstacles and fall into each other's arms.

"Hello, Jerry. How's the famous golfer?" Tomlin seized his son's outstretched hand, the wife and mother observing them with concern in their eyes.

"Raring to go. And how's the old-time champion?"

"Good as ever, lad. Just as good." Tomlin darted a quick glance at Jerry who turned to the girl at his side.

"Dad, I want you to meet your daughter-in-law, Annie."

"Pleased to—" Tomlin was holding out his hand, but the girl stepped past it, putting her arms about his neck and kissing him.

"Daddy Tomlin!" She laughed. "I've heard so much about you, you know."

She was a lithe girl with beautifully shingled blond hair, frank, level gray eyes and expressive lips. Tomlin didn't mind being kissed by her a little bit, and the Irish in him helped to take the unexpected salute standing up.

"Well!" He grinned. "It's glad to see Jerry's girl I am, although it's taken long enough I must say."

"Well, you see, daddy, we were married in California, and Jerry's been playing all over the map since we came back. But I've been wanting to see you both to tell you how grateful I am you brought up the finest, cleanest and dearest boy in the world for me."

"That's sweet of you to say, Annie." Mrs. Tomlin, her eyes suffused, patted the girl upon the shoulder. "Well, we'll have a good long time to talk at dinner and after. There's so much to say, I don't know what time we'll go to bed, all of us. I hope you'll like the bedroom, Annie. It's Jerry's old room."

"Oh." Jerry looked at his mother embarrassedly. "I forgot to tell you, ma. We won't be staying here all night. We've got a room and bath at the Massasoit in the city."

"Jerry!" Mrs. Tomlin surveyed her son in distress, her hands rising in a pathetic little gesture. "I was expecting—I was hoping—" her voice trailed away. Jerry caught her hand.

"Now, ma, it's all right. We'll spend the evening with you and to-morrow I'll drop Annie in here for lunch and dinner while I go over the course a couple of times. So you see we—"

Michael Tomlin who had been surveying his son with a portentous light in his terrier eyes interrupted.

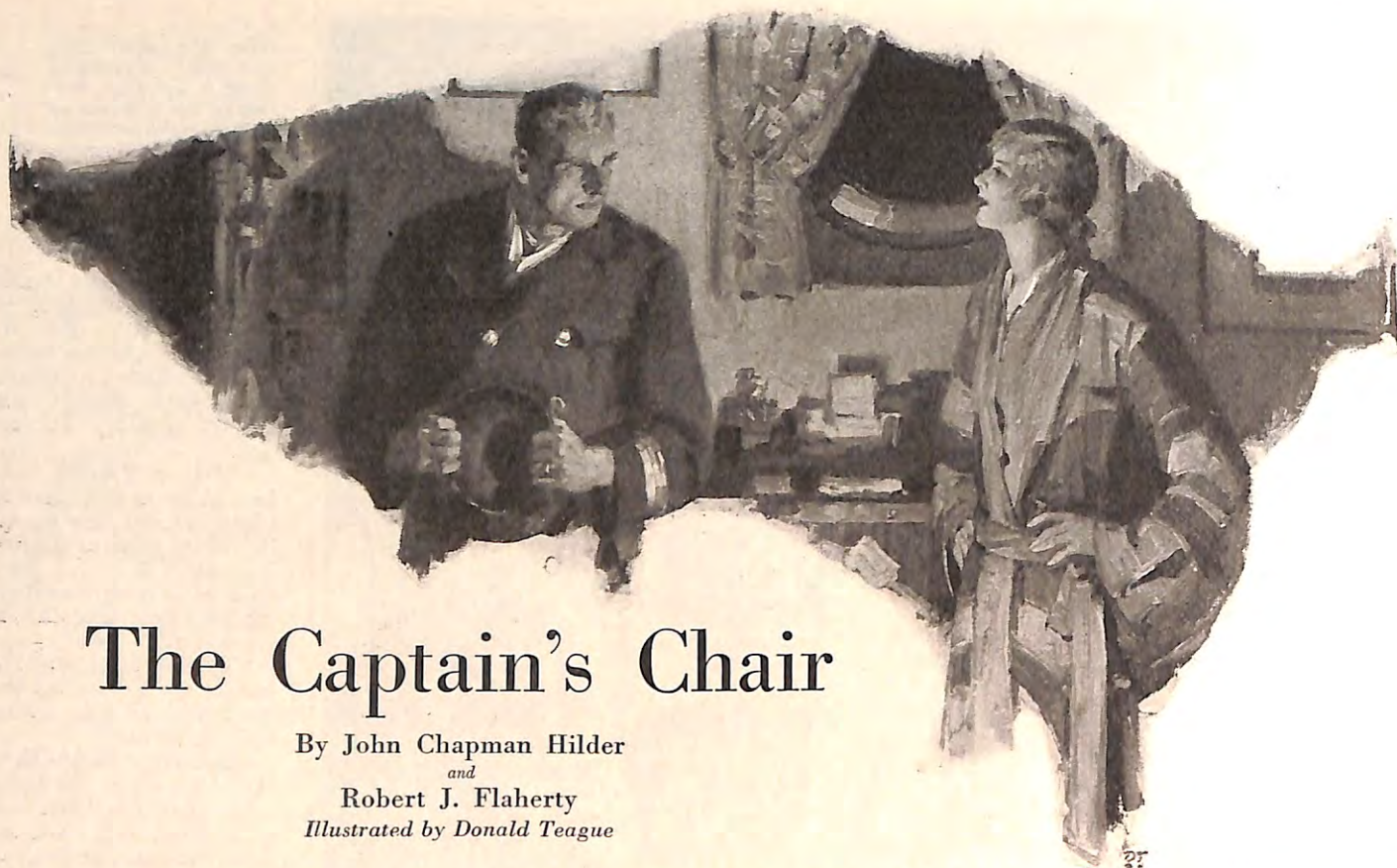
"Is it that your old home ain't good enough for you and your wife to spend the night in?"

"Now, dad!" As Jerry looked at him with a propitiating laugh, Tomlin raised his head jerkily.

"You didn't answer my question."

"No, and he is not going to answer it." Mrs. Tomlin went to her son, slipping a hand through his arm. "Michael, we've got to realize now that our boy is married and must go his way as he—as he—" Her





# The Captain's Chair

By John Chapman Hilder

and

Robert J. Flaherty

Illustrated by Donald Teague

## Part IV

MARY and MacTavish stopped the rushing Cameron before he could reach the deck, and with blankets seized from the former's bunk quickly extinguished his blazing dressing-gown. Then, while the crew attended to the burning cabin, the two of them rushed the old man through the alleyway to an empty stateroom on the other side of the ship. He was not badly burned, only his legs having been somewhat scorched; but he was not a little frightened, and imagined himself worse off than he actually was. Mary sent Poole for unguents and, with the trader, did her best to calm her uncle down. Though they tried not to show it, both she and MacTavish were intensely excited. Cameron's voice, as he rushed from his flaming quarters, had been loud enough to carry half a mile. It seemed inconceivable that Captain Small should not have heard it. Even if he had not, however, he would certainly investigate the fire and its origin. When Poole returned with the tube of salve for Cameron's burns, they told him to keep watch outside, and MacTavish held the door open a fraction of an inch, to be able to hear what went on.

Roused by the commotion and the smell of smoke, Nichol, half-dressed, came on the scene, in time to see his fellow-conspirators whisking the director out of sight. He took a hasty glance at the fire and, assured it was already under control, started for the bridge, hoping to head off the Captain.

But he was too late. Before he could get even so far as the door, the little man elbowed a path through the men clustered outside and stepped into the alleyway.

"It's all right, sir," said Nichol, "only a bit of a flare-up. Not much harm done. It's out already." He stood facing his chief, blocking his view. Despite his assurance that the fire was out, smoke still issued thickly from the cabin behind him. Captain Small looked at him grimly.

"Stand aside, please, Mr. Nichol," he said.

Nichol let him pass. The captain stalked to the cabin door and peered in through the murk at the seamen who, with buckets and brooms, were snuffing out the sparks of the still smoldering bedclothes. For a few minutes, the captain stood watching the proceedings with reddened and watering eyes. Nichol, edging up close behind, looked in over his shoulder, and as he did so his heart sank. For, thick as was the air in the cabin, it was possible, by the electric light which still burned there, to see everything it contained. And the room had an unmistakably lived-in appearance. On the floor, near the bunk, lay an open book. On a corner of the washstand was a box of cigars, also open. On a small chair in the corner was the most damning evidence of all—a tray, bearing the remains of a meal. On the saucer was the stub of a cigar and a pile of ashes. These things the captain saw, and Nichol knew he must see them. He knew, too, the questions he would inevitably be asked, and his mind began to reach out frantically for answers that might suffice.

But the captain did not immediately question him. He continued to stand at the door, silently taking in every detail of the cabin. Presently he looked around and noticed the steward.

"Poole," he said, "what's that tray doing in there?"

"Tray, sir?"

THE steward came forward and looked into the cabin, as if he did not know what tray the captain meant.

"Oh, that tray," he said; "well, sir, you see I was coming through here with that tray when I seen smoke coming under the door, and I looked in to see what it was from, and when I seen the bunk was afire I put down the tray and yelled for help, sir. That's how it was."

The captain listened to this explanation without comment. His face, as usual, was perfectly expressionless. He turned to Nichol, as if to speak, but changed his mind

and addressed the steward again. In the other stateroom, a few feet away, Mary and MacTavish listened with stricken faces.

"Whose tray was that?" they heard the captain inquire.

"Miss MacKenzie's, sir," replied Poole glibly.

"Miss MacKenzie's, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

Again the captain was silent. Behind his back Nichol frowned at the steward and shook his head. Moving his lips he tried to make Poole understand that he had made a mistake. The watching crew nudged one another and listened breathlessly. Then the question Nichol had foreseen.

"You're sure that was Miss MacKenzie's tray, Poole?"

"Positive, sir."

"Then how did that cigar get to be on that saucer?"

Nichol's heart began to pound. It seemed as if the steward was trapped. But the man showed himself an accomplished actor. He shuffled his feet and looked a little shame-faced.

"That cigar, sir? Why, I was smoking that myself, sir. You see," he hesitated, "after Mr. Cameron—I mean, sir, Miss MacKenzie said I could have them cigars—the ones that was left—"

"Ah," said the captain. He looked again at the tray.

"You smoked quite a lot of that cigar while you were carrying the tray from Miss MacKenzie's room to this one, didn't you, Poole?"

"No, sir," said the steward.

"It's more than half smoked," said the captain.

"I started it before I went in to get the tray," said Poole.

"Oh," remarked the captain, "you started it before you got the tray. Sat in here reading and smoking before you got the tray. That it?"

The steward nodded. He was beginning to show signs of nervousness. Nichol, seeing what the captain was leading up to, writhed



with helplessness, powerless to stop the cross-examination. He experienced a certain relief when the captain, suddenly abandoning Poole as a witness, turned to him.

"Mr. Nichol," said the little man, "where were you when this fire started?"

"In my cabin, sir," said Nichol.

"Then you know nothing about it?"

"No, sir."

"You were asleep?"

"Lying down, sir."

"Poole," said the captain, returning to his questioning, "do you generally carry the ashes of cigars you are smoking around with you in your hand?"

The steward was silent.

"I asked you a question."

"No, sir."

"But in this case you did carry them around in your hand until you picked up that tray, and then you put them in the saucer."

Again the steward did not answer.

"The ashes are there, Poole," said the captain. "If you didn't put them there, who did?"

"I put them there," said the chalk-faced steward.

MARY looked hopelessly at MacTavish and shook her head. The trader pursed his lips and shook his head, too. Then he held out his right hand and signed to Mary to bandage it. Outside, there was a short spell of silence, broken by the captain's voice as he resumed his questioning.

"Have you any idea how the fire started, Poole?"

The unhappy man looked over the captain's shoulder at Nichol. The latter frowned at him and nodded.

"Y-e-e-s, sir," faltered the steward. "I must have done it myself, sir. I—I—when I lit the cigar, sir—the match—"

Captain Small eyed him, a moment, in silence. The seamen in the cabin carried out the charred remnants of a water-soaked mattress and blankets and took them on deck. The alleyway was still smoky, but becoming rapidly clearer. The captain entered the cabin and inspected it minutely, even to examining the clothes hanging on the hooks, the box of cigars and the open book. As he went inside, the door of the stateroom to which Cameron had been spirited opened quietly, MacTavish peeped out and then emerged, closing the door behind him. Coming up behind Poole, he laid his left hand on the steward's shoulder, making that worthy jump with fright. He looked at Nichol and winked and pointed to his right hand, which was heavily bandaged.

"Well, boys," he said loudly, "did you put her out?"

At the sound of his voice Captain Small bobbed out of the cabin like a jack-in-the-box. His eyes lit on the trader's bandaged hand and traveled thence to his wrinkled face.

"Where did you come from?" he inquired.

"My cabin yonder," said the other, easily. "Gettin' my hand bound up."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing much, John. A bit of a burn."

"A bit of a burn, eh? How did it happen?"

It was plain that the captain had not believed the steward's story. His masklike face, as he awaited MacTavish's version, if it could have been said to express anything at all, certainly expressed nothing but extreme skepticism. Nichol, Poole, and the others, standing near by, waited breathlessly for his answer. Had he heard what had gone before? Did he know that Poole had shouldered the blame for the whole episode?

"Poole, here, just told you a cock-and-bull story," began MacTavish. "I heard him while I was having my hand done up—"

The pallid steward's jaw dropped. What next? Nichol shifted uneasily.

"The fact is, John," MacTavish went on, calmly, "Poole had nothing to do with the fire." He paused. "I started it myself—accidentally, of course. I was smoking that cigar in there after lunch—"

"Wait," interrupted the captain, "did you have your lunch in there?"

"I did," said MacTavish, looking him steadily in the eye. "And when I'd had the cigar I was lyin' on the bunk there, with my pipe and I sort of dozed off and the pipe fell out of my mouth. I thought I put out all the sparks, but I must have missed some. And just then along came Miss Mary and asked me wouldn't I walk out on deck with her, and I went. And the next thing I knew there was a smell of burning and I ran in and found the cabin afire. Then I got this hand—"

He walked over to the steward, patted him on the shoulder and smiled at the captain.

"It was decent of Poole, here, to try to take the blame. He thought you'd be angry with me, I suppose, for being careless and putting the ship in danger. I'm sorry, John, that it happened—"

The captain had listened unmoved to this recital. On his face skepticism was still the dominant expression. He seemed scarcely to have heard what the trader was saying.

"There's something queer about all this," he said, at length, "something I don't understand." He looked from MacTavish to Poole, to Nichol, and back again to MacTavish. "I've never had reason to doubt you before, Mac, but I doubt you now. I feel you're not telling me the truth."

"Now, John," said MacTavish, "have you ever known me to lie to you before?"

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*AS LONG as anyone can remember, a bitter feud has been waged on the Mississippi—the feud between the steamboat men and the shanty-boat folk. In our next serial, Ben Lucien Burman, who knows the old river and its people at first hand, tells a dramatic story based on this unceasing warfare, a story full of color, characters, humor, action, and thrills. Begin it in the April issue of this magazine.*

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"No," replied the captain. "But I've never known you to have your dinner on a tray in your room before. And I've never in thirty years seen you smoke a cigar before. Always a pipe. And, besides, why were you in this room? Why not in your own?"

The little group of listeners, who had begun to breathe easier, again grew tense. How could MacTavish meet this last question? They didn't see how he could answer it convincingly. But he did not hesitate.

"Pon my soul, John, you are suspicious. I was in this cabin straightening out some papers—Miss Mary had asked me to go over them for her."

Captain Small's frosty blue eyes did not leave the trader's face for an instant. But the old fellow did not falter under the scrutiny. He returned his inquisitor's gaze

levelly and answered his questions patiently and with a smile on his lips.

In the stateroom to which she and MacTavish had rushed Cameron, Mary listened spellbound to what was going on in the alleyway. Her uncle, his legs bandaged from ankle to knee, lay on the bunk, alternately listening and muttering angrily under his breath. As she heard MacTavish serenely find answers to the captain's questions, Mary began to feel that for the time being, at least, the danger of discovery was over. Then suddenly, as the captain began to speak again, Cameron sat up, listening intently.

"Mr. Nichol," she heard the captain say, "I want this cabin cleaned out. Any papers of value to Miss MacKenzie she may take. But the rest of this gear, that trunk and these clothes are to go overboard—"

At this Cameron, in spite of his burned legs, leaped out of the bunk and started for the door. "The dirty little rat," he exploded, "he can't throw my things away—"

Mary flung herself on him and tried desperately to clap her hand over his mouth and push him back. But the infuriated old man was too strong for her. Yelling that he wasn't going to be made a fool of any longer, he threw her aside and burst out of the cabin, the girl close on his heels.

CAMERON came charging at the captain, roaring imprecations. He was a wild-looking object, with his bandaged legs protruding beneath the charred remnants of his dressing-gown and his white hair standing in a tousled mop above his purple, fish-shaped face.

At the first sound of his voice and the first sight of him, Captain Small had stood transfixed, as though he had seen a ghost. His mouth hung open and his eyes held a look of horror. Then, as Cameron kept coming, he realized that the apparition was flesh and not a ghost. Murderous rage came into his face. Before the paralyzed group about him could regain their senses, the little captain, with a piercing scream of fury, that echoed through the alleyway, leaped upon his enemy like a wildcat.

Light as he was, he would undoubtedly have torn Cameron to ribbons had not Nichol and the others sprung into action. The bigger man was no match for the maddened, wiry bundle of sinew that was Captain Small. Even though Nichol and two of the crew seized their chief and dragged him, kicking and struggling, from his quarry, less than thirty seconds after the attack, he had already inflicted considerable damage. One of Cameron's eyes was closed, blood flowed from his nose, and a livid scratch ran from his temple to his chin. While Nichol and his men subdued the captain, MacTavish, Poole and Mary took Cameron in hand. Spluttering oaths and threats, both combatants were led away; Small to his quarters on the bridge, and Cameron to the cabin he had just left.

Out of sight of the object of his rage, the captain stopped struggling and walked, docilely enough, along the deck and up to the bridge. He looked straight ahead of him, appearing not to see the excited, chattering crew who had been milling around the entrance to the alleyway, trying to catch a glimpse of the fight, and who scattered as Nichol brought the little man outside. Once in his room, into which the mate followed him, the captain slumped into a chair, leaned forward, and buried his face in his hands. His shoulders shook.

It was the first time Nichol had ever seen him betray any sign of emotion except



anger. He looked at the slight figure of the man with whom he had served so long and a deep compassion surged up in him. He went over slowly to the captain and laid his hand on his arm. Captain Small shrank from his touch.

"You lied to me," he lamented, "you all lied to me."

"We were only trying to help," said Nichol.

"Leave me alone," moaned the captain. Then, abruptly straightening in his chair, he pointed a bony finger at the mate. "Leave me alone," he cried, shrilly, "get out and leave me alone!"

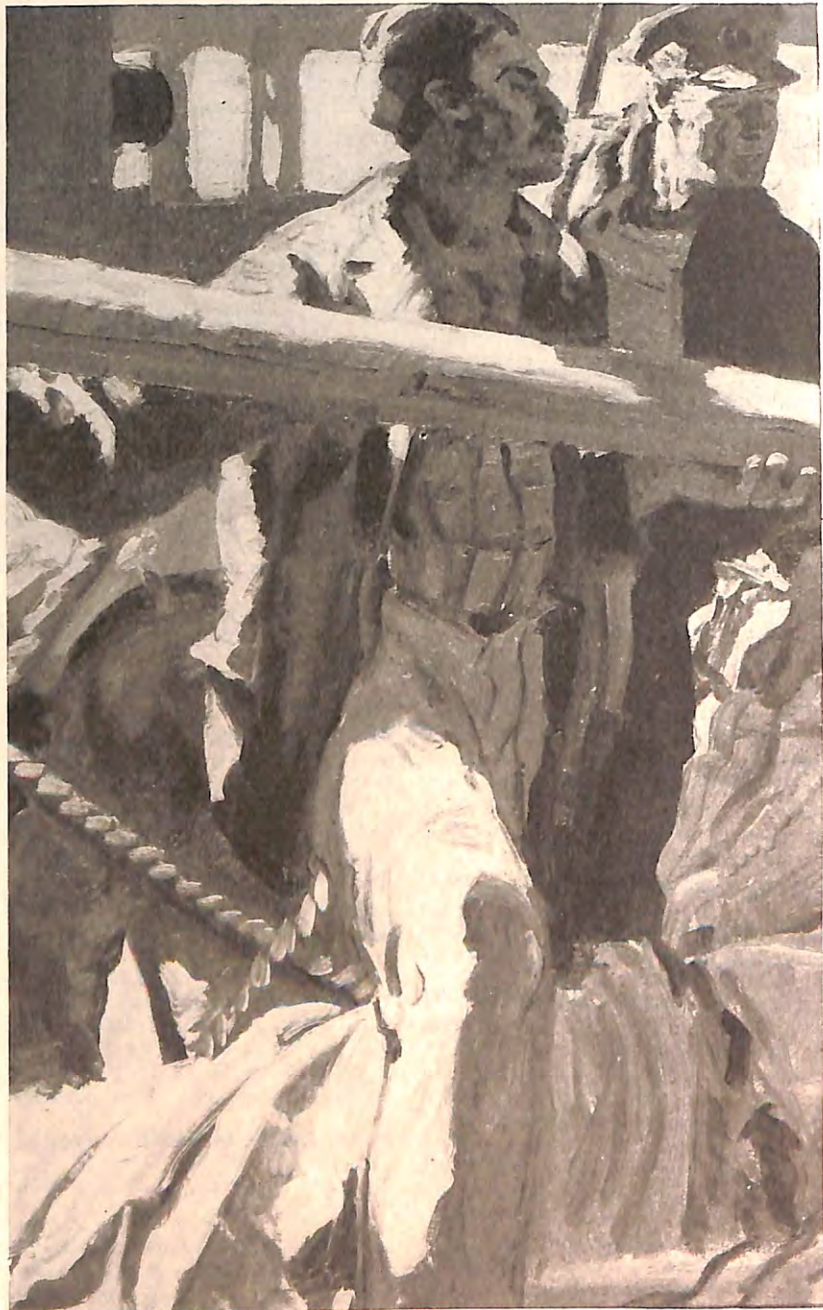
Nichol left him. As he closed the cabin door, he heard the click of the lock behind him. Stationing two seamen outside, with instructions to see to it that the captain did not move from the bridge, he went below. Still collarless and in his shirt-sleeves, he repaired to his own quarters, to finish dressing before seeking Mary and MacTavish to learn how they had fared with Cameron.

#### CHAPTER XIV

AFTER the fracas, Mary piloted her uncle, with the assistance of the trader and the steward, back to the cabin from which he had erupted. Cameron was in a state bordering on hysterics. He cursed and whimpered by turns, like an ill-tempered child who has been justly whipped and who passionately resents the justice of his punishment. He slumped onto the berth and alternated between groans of self-pity and violent threats as to what he would do to all of them when he set foot on land.

While she expertly inspected his injuries and bathed and ministered to them, Mary felt that it was as much as she could do merely to touch him. She would never have believed herself capable of experiencing so powerful a feeling of loathing for any human being as that which swept over her at that moment. It took all her strength of will to keep herself from denouncing the old man and walking off and leaving him to take care of himself as best he might. Sometimes in the hospitals where she had served, she had encountered patients who had disgusted her. Never before, however, had the sense of revulsion been so nearly overwhelming. That her sense of duty prevailed was due to the training of years gone by. Then, too, the need for immediate action steadied her nerves. The strain of the past week on board had weighed heavily on her; and the swift and sudden smashing of the plans on which they had all set their hopes had come close to upsetting her equilibrium. As she plied the gauze and warm water and antiseptic which the steward brought her, she blamed herself bitterly for all that had happened. The idea of making it appear that Cameron was dead, an idea which had seemed so full of promise at the moment of its conception, now struck her as preposterous. Looking at it in the light of its final result she could scarcely believe that she and the others could ever have placed any faith in it. And it was her idea; her theorizing had led to its adoption. Whatever might befall from this point on, whatever of hardship, or even tragedy, the days to come might bring upon the ship, hers would be the responsibility.

MacTavish watched the girl with increasing admiration as she worked. An understanding person, he divined how she must be feeling, both with respect to her uncle and to the disastrous end of her well-meant design to deceive Captain Small. He marveled at the control which enabled her to go through with a task he realized must have



been revolting to her. As for himself, he shared the disgust which Mary felt. Cameron's combined whining and blustering made him regret, kindly though he was by nature, that the captain had been so quickly torn from his throat. He would not have been averse to flaying the old man on his own account. Indeed, when the director began to evince gratitude for Mary's attentions by turning the blast of his invective on her, MacTavish lost no time in cutting him short.

"LOOK here, Mister Cameron," he said, bristling like an old terrier, "you be civil to Miss Mary here, or by gravy I'll finish the job Captain Small started. I'll scrape that bandage off your nasty mug in just about—"

Mary laid her hand on his arm and looked at him beseechingly.

"Please—Mr. Mac—please! Let's have no more to-day."

"All right," conceded the trader, "but just let him mind his tongue, that's all."

Cameron glared at him balefully, yet said nothing. MacTavish, with a snort, left the cabin. "I'll be out on deck," he said to Mary as he went, "will you join me when you're ready?"

"Perhaps," said she.

She did not join him. She was too sick

at heart to want company. After she had finished with her uncle she shut herself in her own stateroom. For the first time on that troublous voyage she gave herself up to tears.

When he had dressed, Nichol started out in the direction of the cabin to which Mary and MacTavish had led Cameron. He had no sooner left his own quarters, however, than word was brought him that the lookout had sighted a lane opening in the pack not far to the westward. The wind had changed, and the ice, which for almost a week had been a solid mass without a rift, and had borne the ship backwards in its steady course to the ocean, was once again breaking up. It was with no little relief that Nichol went immediately to the bridge, sending a message to old MacTavish to join him there, if he wished.

An hour's blasting and battering broke through the tongue of ice separating the ship from the newly opened lead, and once more the *MacKenzie* floated free. Once more she throbbed with the rhythmic beat of her engines.

"Well," observed Nichol to the second mate, "let's hope to God this lead'll hold open for a while."

Brand nodded. "Yes," he said, "things





were getting a bit thick." He looked around and drew close to Nichol. "You know, sir," he continued in low tones, "we'd have had trouble with the crew pretty soon if this ice hadn't opened up."

"They are in a nasty mood," said the mate.

"Worse than that," replied Brand, "murderous."

"What do you mean?"

The second drew his forefinger across his throat in a significant gesture.

"Cameron," he said.

Nichol whistled.

"Seriously?"

"Absolutely."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"NO NEED to, sir. Didn't want to worry you. Nothing had been decided. Only discussed."

"Who told you?"

"Bos'n. Said he'd let me know if things came to a head. They were going to wait one more day. Then if the ice didn't break—"

"I see," said Nichol, thoughtfully. Then he asked: "How about the girl?"

"Nothing."

"Wasn't she mentioned?"

"Yes. But most of 'em are sorry for her, by this time."

*Fairly leaping ahead, the ship plunged with a terrific, wrecking crash into the ice. The upper part of one of the top-masts broke off and plunged like a spear to the deck, pinning a seaman under it*

"Well," said Nichol, "that's something. She's been punished enough."

The two officers were silent for a little as they looked ahead at the widening lane of water. Presently Nichol glanced at his watch.

"No need for you to stay up when Simpson comes on," he told Brand. "Thanks for your information. Old Spragg'll give you the tip, I suppose, if the men make any plans?"

Assured that the bos'n had promised to keep the second in touch with the situation, Nichol left the bridge. On his way he stopped at the captain's cabin. The porthole curtain was drawn so that he could not look inside. Listening at the door, he thought he could hear the sound of a bottle against a glass. But the noise was very faint.

"Any stir?" he asked of one of the men on guard.

The man answered in the negative.

"No attempt to get out?"

"Not so far, sir."

"Keep your eyes and ears open. If anything happens, let me know at once."

As he descended the companionway to go in search of MacTavish and Mary, the young mate was oppressed with a sense of the responsibility that had again descended upon him. The outlook now was more ominous than ever. For, added to the uncertainty of the captain's future actions was the uncertainty of the future actions of the crew. And these two elements of doubt, piled onto the unguessable vagaries of the ice and the weather, threatened to raise obstacles difficult, if not impossible, to overcome. Nichol found the trader leaning against the rail, aft, smoking his pipe and staring down at the narrow ribbon of water between the ship's side and the edge of the pack.

"Why didn't you come up, Mac?" he asked him.

"I dunno, George. Didn't much feel like bein' up there, I reckon. What do you know?"

"Nothing good," said Nichol, "what do you?"

"The same," replied the old fellow. He drew ruminatively on his pipe. "It's fine to be moving again, though. Gets on your nerves bein' stuck in this ice."

(Continued on page 56)





## EDITORIAL

### SIXTY-ONE YEARS AGO

JUST sixty-one years ago a few congenial souls, all of the theatrical profession, had formed a modest little society, for purposes almost wholly social and personal. But they had come to realize something of its possibilities for broader usefulness, if given a more serious objective. And on February 16, 1868, with earnest hearts and intelligent minds, they founded a new fraternity, which, while preserving the pleasing social features of their existing association, assumed a more definite obligation of unselfish humanitarian and patriotic service.

It may be truly said that they builded better than they dreamed; for that fraternity is the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Those noble founders, with all their hopes and lofty aspirations, could hardly have foreseen the tremendous growth of the new Order; nor have anticipated its rapid rise to leadership among the charitable and benevolent organizations of the country. It would have required the inspiration of a true prophet to have predicted that fifteen thousand members would be added to its rolls for each of its first sixty years of existence. It is to be doubted if any one of them caught even the faintest vision of the high place the Order would win for itself in public regard and esteem.

And yet those figures correctly indicate its growth in numbers; and that suggested claim of its position in public confidence and affection is soundly based. The Order has achieved a notable success, both in the consistent increase in its numerical strength and in the scope and effectiveness of its fraternal activities.

Of course, as the years have rolled by, numerous and varied problems have presented themselves, many of them undreamed of by its founders. And the Order has established its right to stand in the forefront of kindred organizations by the manner in which it has grasped and solved those problems. But those who have most closely and intelligently watched its progress, know that it has grown great

primarily because of its adherence to the basic principles of its foundation.

And now, in the stalwart maturity of its accomplished years, when it celebrates with just pride its sixty-first birthday, no better suggestion can be made for its future course, than that it should continue to maintain, as its chief aim, an unfaltering fidelity to those fundamental purposes which were adopted for it by its fathers, sixty-one years ago. That way leads surely onward and upward.

### LODGE-ROOM SPEECHES

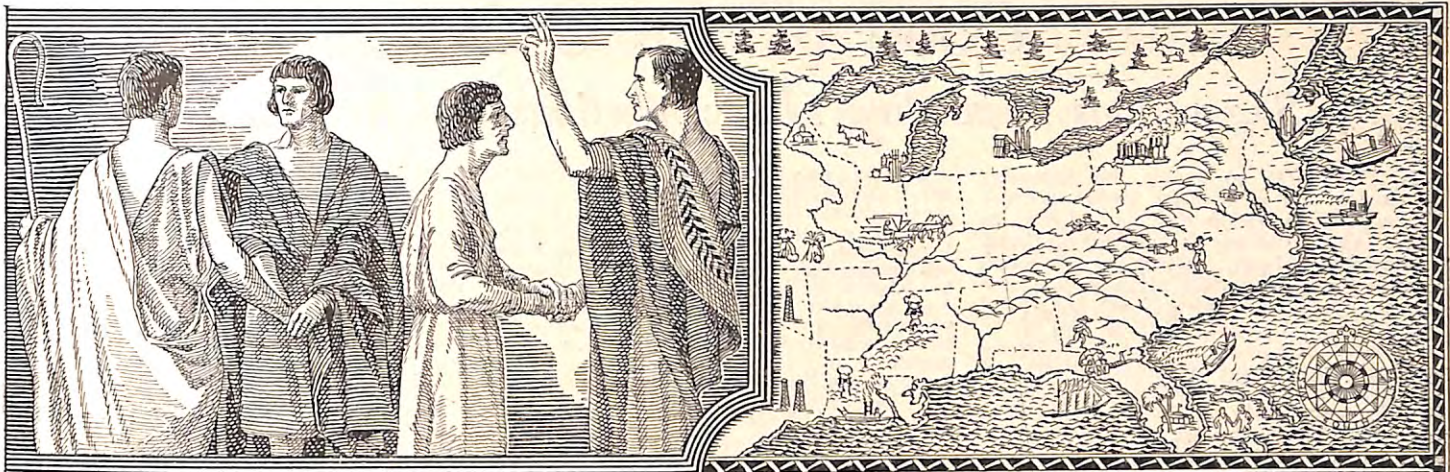
IT IS not an unusual incident, during sessions of the subordinate Lodges, for one or more of the visiting brothers who may be in attendance, to be invited to address the meeting. It is a gracious custom; and its observance is generally prompted by two considerations. The one is the purpose to pay a pleasing compliment to the visitor. The other is a desire to have the assembled members receive some fraternal message that will be helpful and entertaining.

Unfortunately the opportunity thus afforded to perform a real fraternal service is too frequently permitted to pass unheeded, or is thoughtlessly wasted. Often the one invited to speak modestly feels himself unfitted for the task, and declines. In many other instances the guest, with more assurance and less basis for it, endeavors to be merely "funny" and makes his response a series of more or less pointless anecdotes. In both cases there is a misconception of the occasion and of the conditions.

One does not need to be a trained orator in order to speak most helpfully and acceptably to a gathering of Elks. They are peculiarly responsive to real sincerity. And sincerity is the one essential of true eloquence which any speaker, however inexperienced, may confidently rely upon to win an appreciative hearing.

Every Elk has had some experience that has enriched his fraternal life. A relation of it with simple sincerity will help others. Every Elk has some definite opinions about the activities of





the Order. A frank expression of those opinions and the reasons for them will be interesting and informative. Every Elk has some specially appealing reason for his pride and pleasure in his membership. A brief statement of it may aid some other brother to a new view-point of his own association with the Order. It is easy to multiply suggestions as to how any speaker may make a worth-while contribution to a Lodge session.

Of the other class, those who really waste the opportunity presented, it need only be said that they underrate their audiences. Good humor and clean fun are always in good taste in the Lodge-room. They add to the pleasure of the meeting. A smile born of wholesome merriment is always worth the winning. But it is generally a transient emotion when it has not been induced by a serious purpose behind the humor. Elks appreciate a sincere expression of an uplifting thought more highly than they do a mere effort to amuse. They would rather listen to the statement of a new worth-while idea than to hear a new joke.

When you are next called upon in the Lodge-room, give them something that will make them recall you with pleasure and appreciation rather than with a feeling of disappointment.

#### APPROACHING ELECTIONS

**U**NDER Grand Lodge statute, the election of subordinate Lodge officers is required to be held at the first regular session in March. And to insure, as far as possible, due deliberation and calm judgment in dealing with this important matter, it is also provided that nominations may be made at any regular session held after the first day of February; and that no nomination for any office shall be made on the date of the election, unless there be no candidate previously nominated, or unless such previously nominated candidate has declined the nomination.

In accordance with these statutes, it is customary to make nominations at the first meeting in February. And this is wise. It gives the whole membership an opportunity to carefully consider the respective qualifications of the several candidates, which cannot well be done when the nominations are first made at the very time the election is to be held.

It should be unnecessary to remind the members of the various Lodges of the definite duty that devolves upon them with respect to the choice of their officers. It is so obvious that the success of the Lodge, during the ensuing year, depends upon the character, ability and enthusiasm of its official leaders, that it would be natural to assume that this particular function of membership would be exercised with scrupulous care and with the sole purpose to select those officers best qualified to promote that success.

Experience teaches, however, that in all too many instances this lofty purpose does not actuate the whole fraternal electorate. Too large a number of them fail to attend the election meeting, or to vote at all. Too many of those who do attend permit themselves to be unduly influenced by other considerations. Personal friendship, the local popularity of the candidate, the fact that he has been faithful and effective in some other station, his desire to win the honor, may properly be taken into account in determining one's vote. But these should be properly subordinated, and made merely supplementary to the primary consideration.

The candidate who is best fitted by native ability, proved loyalty, training, experience, and disposition, to serve most effectively in the particular office to be filled, and whose situation affords reasonable opportunity for him to perform that service, should receive the support of the members, irrespective of personal friendship, or popularity in the community. The good of the Order and of the Lodge should be the real end in view. Any less exalted attitude is to be deprecated, as too often productive of unfortunate conditions not easily remedied.

It is to be hoped that the approaching elections will be conducted in accordance with this high conception of the duty that rests upon the members; and that they will take enough interest in the event to register their thoughtful preference. At least, if they fail to do this, they should be very slow thereafter to register any criticism of those officers who are chosen by the members who have displayed this appreciation of their obligation.



# Good of the Order

## Suggestions Regarding Lodge Meetings and New Lodges

IN ADDITION to issuing the customary monthly official circulars, mailed to every Lodge to be read in meeting and given to THE ELKS MAGAZINE for publication, Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert has also found occasion to write letters of suggestion and advice to the Exalted Rulers of each Lodge, and to his District Deputies. A good deal of the contents of these letters, having to do directly with matters pertaining to the administration of their offices by the Exalted Rulers and District Deputies respectively, has held no immediate interest for the individual member and the letters have therefore not been published in THE ELKS MAGAZINE in full as issued. Certain features of them, however, should be of interest to the members, and we present a condensation thereof.

Following a meeting in Chicago with the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order last December, Mr. Hulbert wrote to the Exalted Rulers of all Lodges, informing them of the results of the meeting and enclosing a number of recommendations made by the Committee with a view to stimulating Lodge attendance and keeping alive the enthusiasm of the membership. Here are the suggestions of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Committee:

1. *See that Your Entertainment or Program Committee is Active.*—Upon the work of this committee depends much of the success of the meetings. If the committee is not functioning properly, impress upon them the importance of their duties, or appoint a new committee. If necessary, appoint sub-committees to have charge of weekly or monthly dances or card parties, theatre parties, or other forms of entertainment for the members and their families.

2. *Make the Lodge Meetings Interesting.*—Meetings that are given up to business alone are uninteresting to the rank and file of the membership. If your Lodge holds weekly meetings and it is not possible to have four snappy meetings each month with worth-while programs, hold two short meetings for business alone, and two with interesting programs (or reduce the number of monthly meetings to two and make both of these attractive). In either case have initiation ceremonies at only one meeting each month, except in exceptional cases. Give one meeting each month some special characterization—see suggested programs.

3. *Secure Interesting Speakers.*—Make it a point to have a good speaker at each of these meetings. On the Grand Lodge Night, secure a Past Grand Exalted Ruler, or some other officer or committeeman of the Grand Lodge. One of these officers will come if you will give him sufficient notice. On the State Association Night secure the President or some Officer of the State Association. It is preferable to secure speakers who are Elks, but if this is not always possible the Lodge can be regularly closed before the visitor is introduced.

4. *Fraternal Visits Desirable.*—Visits to and from sister lodges are desirable. On these occasions the officers of the visiting Lodge often confer the degree.

5. *Class Initiations Produce Results.*—Many Lodges find they secure excellent results by having class initiations once or twice each year. These classes are sometimes named after some prominent member of the Order. In working up the membership in some places teams compete with one another and the victorious team is given a dinner and special recognition by the Lodge. In all instances of this kind, the list of prospective members should be carefully scrutinized before any definite approach is made.

6. *Don't Forget the Ladies.*—Bear in mind that if members of the Lodges are to be kept interested, members of their families must also be entertained. Many Lodges turn over their club rooms to the ladies one day in each week. Others have special rooms for the families of members open at all times. Still others provide weekly or monthly dances or card parties. Your Program Committee should arrange a number of entertainments every year.

### Suggested Programs

A. *Past Exalted Rulers' Night.* We suggest that you appoint a committee of active Past Exalted Rulers to have charge and see that every Past Exalted Ruler is present. Have the Past Exalted Rulers fill the chairs and conduct the initiation which should be a feature of this night. Ask the Past Exalted Rulers to send out letters to Elks whom they initiated during their term of office, urging them to be present.

B. *District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers' Night.* If the District Deputy has not already paid you his official visit, notify the entire membership of his coming, and see that he is given a worthy reception. He will bring you the latest news of Grand Lodge activities, and instruct newly made members upon many points regarding Elkdom which they should know.

C. *State Association Night.*—Invite the President

of the State Association to be present or to be represented by a Vice-president or other officer. Let your members know what the State Association is doing. It is one of the most valuable adjuncts of the Order.

D. *Grand Lodge Night.*—Invite the Grand Exalted Ruler, some near-by Past Grand Exalted Ruler, or some officer or committeeman of the Grand Lodge. One of these Brothers, who have devoted years of labor to the Order and are familiar with its problems, can be secured if you act at once. Your District Deputy or this Committee will be glad to help you.

E. *Judiciary Night.* Have a special night in honor of the members of the bar who are on your rolls. It is generally possible on an occasion such as this to have a member of Congress, or a Judge, deliver the address.

F. *Sister Lodge Night.*—The exchange of fraternal visits between near-by Lodges when the officers of the visiting Lodge perform the initiation ceremonies is one of the most valuable features of the programs of many Lodges.

G. *Out-of-town Members' Night.*—Out-of-town members of many Lodges do not receive as much value from their membership as those who live near the Home and avail themselves of its advantages. A special effort should be made to keep the out-of-town members interested. Have a special night for them and see that they are given a good time. A theatre or movie party might be arranged for their families, while the members are attending Lodge.

H. *Old-timers' Night.*—Keeping the interest of the older members is most important. One night each year should be especially dedicated to them. Encourage some of the old members to talk about the early history of the Lodge and its struggles.

In a letter to the District Deputies written in January, the Grand Exalted Ruler pointed out that six months of the Grand Lodge year had passed, and urged his representatives to do everything possible to speed up the formation of new Lodges in their districts. Under the Grand Lodge law, it takes at least ninety days for the Grand Exalted Ruler to issue a dispensation for a new Lodge after he has received the application. Mr. Hulbert emphasized the fact that applications must be in his hands on or before March 1, 1929, for any new Lodges it is hoped to bring into the Order before the close of the Grand Lodge year in July.



## Elks National Foundation Trustees Meet and Organize

THE first meeting of the Elks National Foundation Trustees was held in St. Louis, Mo., January 10, 1929. This important body, the members of which were appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert in December, 1928, following the ratification by the subordinate Lodges of the Constitutional Amendments adopted by the Grand Lodge at Miami last July, is now functioning. As their initial business at the St. Louis meeting, the Elks National Foundation Trustees organized, electing the following officers: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Vice-chairman; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Secretary-Treasurer *pro tem*.

After a general discussion of problems and policies, the meeting was adjourned. The Elks National Foundation Trustees will meet again in New York City, February 15 and 16, at which time they will adopt formal plans for the formation of the Elks National Foundation Fund and its administration. The January meeting was attended by Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert.

### Elks Memorial Day Address In Congressional Record

THE Memorial Day Address delivered by United States Senator Guy D. Goff at the Memorial Services of Fairmont, West Virginia, Lodge No. 294, so impressed Senator Samuel M. Shorridge, of California, that he asked, and received, unanimous consent of the Senate that it be printed in the Congressional Record. Senator Goff is a member of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, and his address was a very beautiful and poetic tribute to those brothers who had passed on.



### Calendar, February Term, 1929, of the Grand Forum

THE Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America will convene February 15 and 16, 1929, at 11 A. M., at the Hotel Commodore, New York City. The cases on its Calendar for hearing at this term are Numbers: 328, 329, 330, 331, 332 and 333.

According to the Constitution of the Order, Article V, Section 3, the Grand Forum is required to hold at least three terms in each year, at times and places to be determined by it.



# 1929 Grand Lodge Convention At Los Angeles

## Bulletin Number Two

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

### Greetings:

Fourth time honored, Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99 in pleasurable anticipation waits to welcome the Sixty-fifth National Convention of American Elksdom.

"Join the Joys of July," is the invitation that California voices to you.

In 1909 our Order focused the attention of the world upon Los Angeles. The Grand Lodge met again in this city in 1915, and six years later made a third visit. In this year of opportunity, Los Angeles is the focal point of California's welcome to those who live under the Antlers.

Preparations for a program which emphasizes entertainment for lay members of the Order and their wives have provided the happiest task in our existence, and yet, one calling for the impartial judgment of a second Solomon, because every Lodge, every community, and seemingly every group of people organized for whatsoever purpose, wants the entire Order of Elks to visit with them and spend, not a week, but a whole season as their honored guests.

This sixty-fifth meeting, once business is done, is planned as a voyage to discover the great outdoors of America. On the journey across the country visiting Elks will see through glass the myriad charms of America; once in California they will feel their country with their own two hands.

Those coming by train or boat are urged to have their tickets include San Diego at the time of purchase. This cordial neighbor, adjacent to the Mexican boundary line, offers alluring diversions after the Grand Lodge has concluded its business.

Subsequent bulletins will detail contests, prizes and particularly additional entertainment features for the mothers, wives, sons and daughters of visiting Elks.

And, above all, remember that the Elks Sixty-fifth Convention Committee wants to help you, to make your plans clear, your arrangements easy and your way smooth on this great Western Pilgrimage. You are urged to address inquiries to us with

the assurance that prompt answers will be given.

The advance story of the Convention should be saved in the form of a permanent file of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The Sixty-fifth Convention Committee, while daily adding new features to the amusement program for visiting Elks in 1929, is at this time able to announce the schedule following:

### Friday, July 5, and Saturday, July 6

Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler and staff, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committees and District Deputies Grand Exalted Rulers.

All Grand Lodge officials and visiting delegations will be welcomed upon their arrival at railroad stations and steamship landings by the famous White Squadron Drill Team of No. 99 and the Greater 99 Band of one hundred soloists, official guides, the Reception Committee and trained squads who will take charge of baggage, transportation to hotels and other functions necessary to avoid delays and inconveniences.

Registration of delegates at Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel, the scene of all formal functions, Grand Lodge meeting, Committee meetings and the housing of all Grand Lodge officers.

Registration of Elks and their families at the official registration headquarters adjacent to the Biltmore Hotel. Assignment of hotel rooms, distribution of official badges, and issuing of hospitality coupon books, assuring a week of diversified entertainment.

While these two days are outside of the regularly arranged program of the Convention, all local committees will be functioning and will be glad to suggest informal entertainment and guide the visitors to points of interest in and around Los Angeles and near-by cities.

### Sunday, July 7

A special service in churches of all denominations to be featured by addresses by Past Grand Exalted Rulers, visiting clergymen, and other speakers of national prominence, their words with special music for the occasion to be broadcast by remote control from several local radio stations.

Automobile tours of Los Angeles and Southern California, including the principal points of interest in the city and Hollywood, the Universities, Roosevelt Scenic Ocean Highway, Los Angeles Harbor, the Spanish Missions, the

tropical Botanic Gardens, the oil-fields and the citrus groves.

Concerts by visiting bands and Glee Clubs in Westlake Park, Pershing Square, Lincoln Park, Exposition Park, Lafayette Park and other recreational centers, music to be broadcast through local stations.

Recital by Sibley G. Pease, resident organist, Lodge Room, Elks Temple.

### Monday, July 8

Registration of Grand Lodge officers at Grand Lodge registration headquarters at the Biltmore Hotel, and all visiting Elks and their families at general registration headquarters. Issue of hospitality coupon books, distribution of badges and programs, detailing of guides, information and directions regarding local points of interest and entertainment centers. Registration will be absolutely necessary and will continue each day until adjournment, headquarters being open for the purpose from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Trap-shooting practise at Los Angeles Gun Club. Opening of first Elks National Golf tournament, 54 holes; medal play at handicap 18 holes. Golfing for all visitors at a score of world-famous golf clubs in and around the city. Automobile tours of Los Angeles and near-by cities.

Reception of delegations will continue throughout the day and evening.

8 P. M. Official public session celebrating the sixty-fifth opening of the Grand Lodge session. Addresses of welcome by the Governor of California, the Mayor of the City of Los Angeles, the President of the California Elks State Association and the response of the Grand Exalted Ruler. A musical program of rare charm will be followed by a public reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge officials and Grand Lodge committeemen, who will be greeted by public officials, military and naval Commanders of the district, presidents and officers of Chambers of Commerce, and other local organizations.

### Tuesday, July 9

Grand Lodge registration will be continued at the Biltmore Hotel.

10 A. M. First business session of the Grand Lodge in the Sala de Oro, Biltmore Hotel.

Seashore Day for visiting Elks and their  
(Continued on page 77)

## Candidates for Grand Lodge Office

THREE subordinate Lodges have announced their endorsement of candidates for the offices of Grand Secretary, Grand Treasurer and Grand Trustee, to be elected at the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Los Angeles, Calif., next July.

### Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents J. Edgar Masters For Grand Secretary

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, announces that it will present Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters as a candidate for reelection at the 1929 Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles, next July.

Mr. Masters has been an Elk since 1903, when he became a member of Charleroi Lodge. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1908 and was Representative to the Grand Lodge in 1909. In 1911-'12 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. He was elected a Grand Trustee in 1915 and acted as Chairman of the Board for three years of his term. In 1920-'21 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. He was elected Grand Exalted Ruler in 1922.

From that year, when he was a member ex-officio, to 1927, Mr. Masters served on the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. He was appointed Grand Secretary in September, 1927, and was subsequently elected to that office at the 1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami.

Mr. Masters was Treasurer of his home county of Washington, Pennsylvania, for several years and also was President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

### Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge Presents Lloyd Maxwell For Grand Treasurer

Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge, No. 312, presents Lloyd Maxwell as a candidate for the office of Grand Treasurer, to be elected at the 1929 Grand Lodge Convention.

Mr. Maxwell is an honorary life member of Marshalltown Lodge, into which he was initiated in 1899. He served for two years as Esteemed Leading Knight and was elected Exalted Ruler for two terms. He was elected Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1912 and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1914. For five years, 1921-'25 inclusive, he served as a

member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. In 1926 he was appointed Chairman of the Grand Lodge New Activities Committee; and in 1927 was appointed Grand Esquire. He is senior Past President of the Iowa State Elks Association.

### Frostburg, Md., Lodge Presents A. Charles Stewart For Grand Trustee

Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, announces that it will present A. Charles Stewart as a candidate for the office of Grand Trustee at the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles.

Mr. Stewart is a charter member of Frostburg Lodge. He passed through the chairs, was elected Exalted Ruler and is now Chairman of the Board of Trustees of his Lodge. In 1924 he was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia. He served as a member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee for the year 1926-'27. He was one of the organizers and is a Past President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association.



# Four Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

**A**FTER meeting with the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and his party were met and entertained at dinner in Chicago on December 9, by an escort of officers headed by Exalted Ruler Richard Quiter, of Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge. Following the dinner the party journeyed to Elmhurst where Mr. Hulbert impressively conducted the formal, public dedication of the handsome new Home of Elmhurst Lodge that evening. Assisting the Grand Exalted Ruler at the ceremonies were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; President William M. Fraser and Secretary George W. Hasselman of the Illinois State Elks Association; Louie Forman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; John R. Coen of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; Charles E. Witt, Assistant to the Grand Secretary; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Nelson Millard and John O'Keefe; and a number of Past Exalted Rulers of the district. Amplifiers to take care of the overflow were installed in the gymnasium and lounge of the Home, so that the record crowd of visitors missed no important part of the exercises.

Following the dedication ceremonies in Elmhurst Mr. Hulbert and Grand Secretary Masters traveled to Wisconsin and were met in Kenosha, on December 10, by Exalted Ruler Chauncey Yockey and a number of the other officers of Milwaukee Lodge. The party then visited Kenosha and Racine Lodges and arrived in Milwaukee for the gala dinner, meeting and initiation held in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler in the Lodge Home that evening. A "Murray Hulbert Class" of forty candidates was initiated before a representative gathering of Elks from some twenty State Lodges, and the meeting was further marked by a special concert rendered by the crack band of Appleton Lodge, and a spirited address by the Grand Exalted Ruler on the ideals of the Order and the development of a nation-wide organization of Junior Elks.

After a quick trip East from Milwaukee, Mr. Hulbert, accompanied by Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, William Conklin, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, was honor guest on December 12 at a charity beefsteak dinner given in the Home of Bayonne,

N. J., Lodge with a capacity crowd of some 300 members and guests, including many prominent State and local officials, present. Mr. Hulbert was given a rousing reception as he entered the hall and later when he rose to speak. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was a tribute to New Jersey Elks and their work on behalf of crippled children, and he also spoke on the development of the Junior Order of Antlers for which a ritual

only official visit during the holiday season. Prior to the meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler's party and several Lodge officers were dinner guests of Exalted Ruler Charles S. Hart at his home. Three members of Mount Vernon Lodge who have achieved wide fame in the world of golf, Johnny Farrell, national open champion, his brother Jimmy Farrell, and Tom Kerrigan, professional at the Siwanoy Country Club, were

presented with gold membership card-cases at the meeting by Mr. Hulbert, in recognition of their recent participation in the golf exhibition held for the benefit of the Lodge's charity fund. Mr. Hulbert addressed the meeting on the growth of the Order and spoke particularly on the Junior Order of Elks, for which he has recently appointed a board of trustees for the purpose of raising funds for its foundation. The Grand Exalted Ruler also praised Mount Vernon Lodge for its fine spirit and urged it to renewed activity on behalf of crippled children. Mr. Hulbert's visit was the first that a Grand Exalted Ruler in office had ever paid to the local Lodge.

Following his visit in Mount Vernon Mr. Hulbert left on the following schedule of visitations, which will



Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, presenting gold card-cases to three famous Elk golfers. Johnny Farrell, national open champion, is accepting his, while at his left are Jimmy Farrell and Tom Kerrigan. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning is in the second row, between the two Farrells

based on clean sport and fair play, is now being drawn up by the Grand Lodge.

On December 18, Mr. Hulbert, in company with President D. Curtis Gano, Trustee William T. Phillips, Secretary Philip Clancy and Frank L. Armstrong of the New York State Elks Association, called on the governor-elect of New York State, Franklin D. Roosevelt, by appointment and discussed with him the manner in which the State might aid the crippled children of the many communities. Mr. Roosevelt, who is a member of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, expressed appreciation of the efforts of the Elks in securing the enactment of legislation which will operate for the betterment of the afflicted, and requested support during his administration of such measures as he may deem wise and sufficient to strengthen the present laws concerning child welfare.

On the evening of December 27, Mr. Hulbert, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance, was guest of honor at the semi-monthly meeting of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, which was his

be reported in coming issues:

Jan. 4, Baltimore, Md.; Jan. 5, Cumberland, Md.; Jan. 6, Frostburg, Md.; Jan. 8, Louisville, Ky.; Jan. 9, East St. Louis, Ill., and Belleville, Ill.; Jan. 10, St. Louis, Mo.; Meeting Elks National Foundation Trustees, and St. Louis and East St. Louis, Ill., Lodges; Jan. 11, East St. Louis, Ill.; Mid-Winter Meeting of the Illinois State Elks Association, and Alton, Mo.; Jan. 12, Kansas City, Mo., and St. Joseph, Mo.; Jan. 13, Lawrence, Kans.; Jan. 14, Newton, Kans.; Jan. 15, Wichita, Kans.; Jan. 16, Albuquerque, N. M.; Jan. 17, Gallup, N. M.; Jan. 18, Prescott, Ariz.; Jan. 19, Phoenix, Ariz.; Jan. 20, Yuma, Ariz.; Jan. 21, Nogales, Ariz.; Jan. 22, Tucson, Ariz.; Jan. 23, El Paso, Texas; Jan. 24, San Antonio, Texas; Jan. 25, Houston, Texas; Jan. 26, Austin, Texas, Meeting of Texas State Elks Association, and Austin Lodge; Jan. 27, Dallas, Texas; Feb. 1, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Feb. 2, Ponca City, Okla., and Enid, Okla.; Feb. 3, Tulsa, Okla.; Feb. 4, Little Rock, Ark.; Feb. 5, Memphis, Tenn.; Feb. 6, Philadelphia, Pa.; Feb. 7, Nashville, Tenn.; Feb. 8, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Feb. 9, Philadelphia, Pa.

## News of the State Associations

### New Jersey

**A**T THE quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association held in the Home of Bergenfield Lodge, No. 1477, on Sunday afternoon, December 9, Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Kiddies Committee, reported that every Elks Lodge in the State has pledged itself to do its full part in carrying out the program of the State Committee for the Care of Crippled and Defective Children.

This program provides for 100 per cent. care of the more than 10,000 cripples and defectives under 18 years of age in New Jersey, under a co-operative arrangement between the Elks State Association and various state agencies author-

ized under the provisions of six laws enacted by the New Jersey legislature in January, 1928, and approved by Governor A. Harry Moore, former President of the State Elks Association.

This joint action by the State Elks Association and the state government marks the first instance in the history of any state in the Union, where a survey has disclosed all crippled children and provision been made for their complete rehabilitation, including, as well as medical care, vocational guidance and training. The announcement of the completion of this program was greeted with cheers by the more than 250 delegates and visitors present. It is the culmination of eight years' continuous labor on the

part of the committee, headed during all of that time by Mr. Buch.

The third quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Association will be held at the Home of Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784, on the second Sunday in March, 1929. The next annual convention will be held at Asbury Park on a date in June, 1929, to be fixed by the Board of Trustees of the State Association.

### Massachusetts

**PRESIDENT GEORGE STANLEY HARVEY** has divided the 57 Lodges of the Massachusetts State Elks Association into groups. (Continued on page 77)





### *Wide Area Covered by District Deputy Sperling, of Alaska*

THE visitations of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry Sperling to the five Lodges of Alaska have taken him many thousands of miles by land and water. Starting on the first and longest lap of his journey, he left his headquarters in Juneau, and traveled by steamship the more than 700 miles to Seward, from where he took one of the biweekly trains to Anchorage, 114 miles up the coast, to visit No. 1351, the "farthest North" Lodge of the Order. The Anchorage Elks, some 750 in number, have a fine large Home, which was the scene of a most interesting meeting and of a number of excellent entertainments during the week of Mr. Sperling's visit. While he was there telegraphic bowling matches were started between the men's and women's teams of Anchorage Lodge and those representing Juneau Lodge, No. 420. At the same time word was received that the bowling team of Ketchikan Lodge, No. 1420, was to leave in January for matches in the Home of Anchorage Lodge. The round trip means a journey of 3,000 miles, and is in return for a tournament held last year in Juneau, attended by Ketchikan and Anchorage teams, each of them accompanied by a good-sized delegation.

Leaving Anchorage, the District Deputy traveled to Fairbanks, the terminus of the Alaska Railroad, 356 miles to the north, where he met with the Elks living there, who recently applied for dispensation to form a Lodge. The 140 members of the Order in Fairbanks organized a Bill's Club some time ago to engage in work typical of the Order, and are enthusiastic over the idea of a Lodge of their own. Turning south Mr. Sperling next visited Cordova Lodge, No. 1483. This Lodge is now four years old, and is making fine progress, according to the report of the District Deputy.

On his return to Juneau, Mr. Sperling had traveled more than 2,300 miles, and was planning to leave in January on visits to Ketchikan and Skagway Lodges, a trip which would add another 900 miles to his total.

### *Activities of Independence, Kansas, Lodge*

Independence, Kans., Lodge, No. 780, is one of the most active in the state, engaging in many social, fraternal and charitable programs. Bridge parties and dances provide occasions for the whole family to enjoy themselves in the Home, while there are plenty of other events for members only. On the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. G. Lobbon, a class of thirty-four candidates was initiated in impressive fashion. The 1028 charitable record of Independence Lodge was a fine one, and the members are looking forward to even more community welfare work during the present year.

### *Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge Entertains Grand Trustee and Mrs. Burch*

One of the finest dancing parties ever given in its Home was held by Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, in honor of Grand Trustee John

K. Burch and Mrs. Burch. As a memento of the occasion Mr. Burch was presented with a traveling toilet set, and Mrs. Burch with a basket of roses. Decorations arranged by the wives of the members beautified the Lodge room, and a delightful supper was served.

### *District Deputy Huey Visits El Paso, Texas, Lodge*

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler B. S. Huey officially visited El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187, a short time ago, and highly complimented the Lodge for its fine enthusiasm and healthy condition. A class of five candidates was initiated, and the able ritualistic work of Exalted Ruler George Arnold and his staff was accorded an ovation. Mr. Huey delivered the Grand Exalted Ruler's message, and gave a practical talk on Lodge work, urging the building up of the membership, attention to the functions of the Lodge and interest in the selection of capable officers. Following the meeting a buffet lunch was served.

### *Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge Holds Meeting for Charter Members*

Seven candidates were initiated, and one new member was admitted by transfer at the recent meeting held in honor of its charter members by Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, addressed the new members, and many reminiscent speeches were made by the old-timers. After the meeting a supper was served.

### *Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge Purchases Property for Country Club*

The special committee appointed by Exalted Ruler M. J. Harrigan, recently selected and purchased for Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, a farm of 160 acres, situated about three and one-half miles from the Lodge's city Home, which will be made into one of the outstanding country clubs of the state. A golf course, tennis-courts, a baseball diamond, horseshoe pitching courts and a place for trap-shooting are some of the planned features, and work will start on the project as soon as possible.

### *Recent Activities of San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge*

Members and visiting Elks from Riverside, Redlands, Ontario, and Santa Ana to the number of 300 were present at a dinner given to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William C. Jerome, by San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, No. 836, some time ago. At this time and later in the Home of Pomona Lodge, No. 780, plans were considered for maintaining a district headquarters for California, South, at the Grand Lodge convention next July in Los Angeles. A committee was selected from the eleven Lodges of the district, and Pomona Lodge, to arrange for the location and make plans to dispense hospitality to the visiting delegations.

Formation of a Past Exalted Rulers' Association for the Southern district was voted at a meeting in San Bernardino Lodge, at which

Past Exalted Rulers A. R. Schultz, of Redlands Lodge, No. 583, and R. H. Mack, of No. 836, were named as temporary chairman and secretary respectively.

### *District Deputy's Visitation to Lockport, N. Y., Lodge*

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Theodore Moses, accompanied by Joseph T. Fitzgerald, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, made his official visit to Lockport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 41, and expressed himself as being most pleased with the condition of the Lodge. The work of the officers headed by Exalted Ruler Ralph Quinlan, during the initiation of a class of candidates, received the praise of all present, and the District Deputy's vivid address of the evening on the duties of an Elk, made a decided impression. After the meeting a lunch and social session were enjoyed.

### *Somerville, N. J., Elks Visit Red Bank Lodge*

The officers and a good-sized delegation of members of Somerville, N. J., Lodge, No. 1068, visited Red Bank Lodge, No. 233, some time ago and participated in a meeting and initiation, with the visiting officers conducting the initiatory work. A pleasing incident of the evening was the presentation by Past Exalted Ruler Peter Eichele of the giant key which Red Bank Lodge received from Rahway Lodge last year, to the Somerville Elks. The idea of the key originated at Somerville several years ago, and it has since made the rounds of a number of Lodges in the district.

### *Ouray, Colo., Lodge Receives District Deputy Dailey*

In response to a special invitation, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Dailey, Sr., made a recent official visit to Ouray, Colo., Lodge, No. 492. Mr. Dailey complimented the officers of No. 492 for their exemplification of the ritual during the initiation of a class of seventeen candidates, and praised the splendid standing of the Lodge and its beautiful Home. A number of the Lodge's Silverton members were present at the meeting.

Over \$350 was cleared for the charity fund of the Lodge from its recent third annual charity ball. Two hours of Keno, with many liberal prizes donated by local merchants, preceded the dancing, and a fine supper was provided in the tastefully decorated dining room of the Home.

### *District Deputy Beck Visits White Plains, N. Y., Lodge*

An overflow gathering of members and visiting Elks, including a distinguished turn-out of past and present officials of the Order, was on hand to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck, when he paid his recent visit to White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535. Among those present were Philip Clancy, Secretary; M. Burr Wright, Jr., Vice-President, and Joseph Brand, Past President of the New York State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frederick





*This dignified and comfortable building is the new Home of Paris, Ill., Lodge, No. 812*

Hughes, Hugh C. Harris, Richard Leo Fallon, and William C. Clarke; and a number of Exalted Rulers, and Past Exalted Rulers of near-by Lodges.

The efficient administration of the Lodge's affairs and its excellent condition, as well as the conduct of the meeting, and the rendition of the ritual by the officers, drew the heartiest praise from Mr. Beck.

#### **San Pedro, Calif., Lodge Officers Visit Redondo Beach Lodge**

The officers of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, paid a fraternal visit to Redondo Beach Lodge, No. 1378, some time ago. Meeting at the Home early in the evening, the visitors were escorted to the picturesque La Vente Inn, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. After a sumptuous dinner the diners returned to the Home where the visitors conducted the ritual for their hosts during the initiation of a class of candidates. At that time the San Pedro delegation arranged to have the Redondo Beach membership return the call on an early date.

#### **Plainfield, N. J., Lodge Observes Twenty-fifth Anniversary**

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885, successfully celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on the evening of December 5. Two hundred members and visitors, the exact capacity of the Lodge room, sat down to a dinner, starting at 6:30 o'clock, at which Past Exalted Ruler John H. Cose presided as toastmaster. Enjoyable speeches were made by William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York Lodge, No. 1; William Conklin, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Rene P. F. Van Minden. Ten of the twelve surviving charter members present were presented with life-membership cards, while the absent two will receive theirs in the near future.

Following the dinner, a parade was formed with some 600 marchers and several visiting Elks bands in the column. For this event Elks from Dunellen, Bound Brook, Somerville, Elizabeth and New Brunswick, had gathered.

#### **Providence, R. I., Lodge Brings Cheer to Shut-Ins**

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, made its semi-annual visit to St. Joseph's Hospital Annex at Hills Grove on December 9, and provided an entertainment for the patients and resident nurses and doctors, which lasted for

more than two hours. After the entertainment the committee, assisted by a number of Lodge members, presented the children patients with dolls, toys and picture books, and distributed cigars, cigarettes and tobacco among the men. The shut-ins and hospital personnel were also provided with bountiful supplies of ice-cream, cake and candies.

#### **San Mateo, Calif., Lodge Presents Annual Charity Show**

The annual charity show of San Mateo, Calif., Lodge, No. 1112, scored another triumph this year both from an artistic and financial point of view. Presented to capacity houses on the evenings of December 5 and 6, the production comprised an excellent musical comedy, "Student Days," followed by a minstrel show. A fine added attraction was the act presented by the Lodge orchestra, which made a great hit.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur H. Brandt, accompanied by C. Fenton Nichols a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, recently made his official visit to San Mateo Lodge, and delivered the Grand Exalted Ruler's message to the membership. Mr. Brandt found the affairs of the Lodge in excellent condition, and complimented the officers on their efficient administration work. Mr. Nichols spoke of the work of his committee, and told of the growth of the Order of Antlers, in which he is keenly interested.

#### **Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge's Crippled Children's Clinic**

Six children are now being taken care of in the clinic of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, which is in full operation. The children are brought to the clinic every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday, when two doctors and several assistant nurses from the Richmond Memorial Hospital give them treatments. The little patients are supplied with milk, cake, and other refreshments, and are furnished with toys on their visits.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee is negotiating to have an eminent orthopedic surgeon visit the clinic weekly.

#### **Summer Camp Report of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge**

The summer camp report of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216, shows a fine record of work achieved by the small and efficient camp personnel. In all 237 children spent three weeks each at the camp, making an approximate total of 3,555 child days. Only undernourished and underprivileged children were selected by the

nurses of the city's health department, and the report shows an average gain of 3 2-10 pounds in weight per child in the three weeks of vacation. Besides furnishing the children with plenty of good, wholesome food, well prepared, a full and active day's program was planned for all. This included physical drill, swimming, hiking, picnics, baseball, volley ball, see-saw, boxing, and swimming. Added attractions were two four-reel moving-picture shows, especially suited for children, each week, shown outdoors just after dark. The total expense of operating the camp was \$3,400.45.

#### **Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge Holds Anniversary Celebration**

About 200 members and friends sat down to a sumptuous dinner in the dining-room of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, in celebration of the fifth anniversary of its institution. With the coffee, Exalted Ruler James F. Carroll, acting as toastmaster, outlined the history of the Lodge and called on a number of prominent Elks present for speeches. Among those who delivered brief addresses were Mayor Charles Grabowski, of Bergenfield; William Conklin, President, and Leo Slater, Vice-President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Judge Fred W. Bain and Lewis Mory; and Dr. Joseph Morrow of the Bergen Pines Hospital. A large birthday cake was cut by Mrs. Lewis Mory and served to each of the diners. As the hour of eleven approached the lights were dimmed, and the toast of the Order was impressively delivered by District Deputy Bain, and a silent tribute paid to John W. Fallon, late Secretary of No. 1477. An entertainment and dancing concluded a memorable evening.

#### **Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge Receives Visit from District Deputy Denton**

A fine turn-out of members was on hand to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George W. Denton when, accompanied by Dr. Leo W. Roohan, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, he visited Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500. William F. Drislane, Past Grand Trustee, and Past District Deputy Peter A. Buchheim, were among the many guests from Albany, Amsterdam, Gloversville, Troy, and other near-by Lodges. Following the meeting and initiation, there was a social session and entertainment, and supper was served.

#### **Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge Honors State Association President**

One of the biggest events in the history of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 209, was "State President's Night," observed in honor of C. E. Broughton, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, by the initiation of a large class, a concert by the crack band of Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No. 337, and visits of many prominent Elks from throughout the State.

In the face of a bitter, wintry night, fifty members of the Appleton band made a trip of over 150 miles to attend the function. And then, in spite of the near zero weather, Director Edward F. Mumm, and the members of the band which has won prizes at Grand Lodge Conventions in the past, led a parade a block long up and down Sheboygan's main streets.

Five officers of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, including President Broughton, were present. The others were T. A. Pamperin, First Vice-President; Henry C. Baker, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and Second Vice-President; Theodore Benfey, Secretary, and E. W. Mackey, Trustee.

Festivities opened at the club-house at 6 P. M., when members of the Appleton band and other guests were greeted by officers of Sheboygan Lodge, and members of the reception committee. After refreshments had been served the membership of the Lodge gathered for a brief concert, and then with the visitors and the Appleton band, formed a parade. Following the parade, a regular meeting was held, during the course of which District Deputy Baker inspected the Lodge and witnessed the initiation and other ritualistic work by the officers. An excellent concert by the Appleton band, which featured several



dances by a number of entertainers, followed, after which refreshments were again served.

A number of speeches paying tribute to Mr. Broughton were made by visiting members, and a beautiful floral bouquet was presented by the Elks of Sheboygan Lodge to the guest of honor, who is the first member of No. 299 to receive the honor of the State Association presidency.

So large was the attendance at this fine affair that it was found necessary to hold over some of the candidates for another initiation in the near future.

**Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge's Boxing Exhibition a Success**

One way in which Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, raised funds to make some 300 children happy during the holidays was by the presentation of a boxing exhibition which drew a crowd of several hundred fight fans, and contributed a handsome sum to the Social and Community Welfare fund. Six good boxing bouts and a wrestling match, refereed by former lightweight wrestling champion, George Bothner, member of No. 842, whose life story recently appeared in THE ELKS MAGAZINE, were a part of the benefit card.

**Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge Receives Visit from District Deputy Nugent**

Accompanied by D. Curtis Gano and Samuel D. Matthews, President and Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, and delegations from Rochester, Watertown, Malone, and Ticonderoga Lodges, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry S. Nugent paid his official call on Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 772. The distinguished visitors were entertained at a banquet before the meeting and initiation that took place. Following the close of the ritualistic ceremonies, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Gano, and Mr. Matthews addressed the members. A social session and a bountiful supper wound up the evening.

**Activities of Willimantic, Conn., Lodge**

Willimantic, Conn., Lodge, No. 1311, has requested THE ELKS MAGAZINE to correct its statement, in the December issue, that Windham is among the Connecticut towns of more than 5,000 population that do not have Elks Lodges. The explanation of the Magazine's error is that Windham is a township, a "town" by New England usage, of which Willimantic is the center of population.

Willimantic Lodge, established in 1914, is in flourishing condition, with an active and enthusiastic membership of some 600, and an unusually beautiful Home, which was opened in



*This crack drill team of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, won second place in the contests at the California State Elks Association meeting and will be a formidable contender at the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles next July*

the spring of 1927. The officers and members take their community responsibilities seriously, and have made their Home the center of many activities. During the past year the conventions of the Connecticut Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias; the State Exchange Clubs Associations; and the Federated Girls' Clubs of Connecticut were held within its hospitable walls. During the past months the Lodge has engaged in other activities, including the arrangement of an outing at which nearly 1,000 underprivileged and tubercular children were entertained.

**Florida Chamber Reelects Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Sholtz**

The directors of the Florida State Chamber of Commerce have reelected Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, to his second term as president of their organization. A typical editorial comment on this action was as follows:

"In reelecting David Sholtz of Daytona Beach as President of the Florida State Cham-

ber of Commerce for a second term, the directors of that organization have accorded their chairman recognition which he has earned by brilliant leadership during the last year. Although it has meant almost constant traveling about the State, Mr. Sholtz has been the stimulating power that has kept chambers of commerce and business organizations functioning in willing enthusiasm for definite Florida-forward activities.

"It is indeed fortunate that a man with the initiative, ability and experience which Mr. Sholtz has displayed, is available for president of the State organization. It is a foregone conclusion that the Florida business community will benefit even more richly under his leadership during the coming year than it did in the year of splendid work he has just closed."

**Motor-Boat Entered by Charleston, S. C., Lodge Wins Long Race**

The first outboard marathon ever held by South Carolina power-boating enthusiasts was won by the entry sponsored by Charleston Lodge, No. 242, and piloted by one of its members, John W. Geraty, Jr. Fifteen of the South's fastest outboard-motored craft shot away at the boom of the starting gun on the twenty-one-mile run from Charleston to Folly Beach. *Elks 242*, pulling up from fourth place to even terms with the leader, *Baby Whale's Baby*, battled hammer and tongs with the other boat in a thrilling race, until an accident put her rival out of the running two miles from the finish, and pilot Geraty was able to bring his boat in first, eighteen seconds ahead of his next closest competitor.

**Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge Buys Site for Home**

A lot, 60 x 330 feet, running from Kinoole Street back to Ulalani Street, has recently been purchased by Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 759, as a site for an elaborate new Home. The land was once part of the old Wetmore estate, obtained by grant from King Kalakaua, and adjoins the Hilo Hotel property. Plans for the Home have not yet been announced, but it is understood that the new building will be one of the finest in the Order.

**Union Hill, N. J., Lodge Holds Open House**

One of the pleasantest functions ever held by Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, was the open house on the night of December 1. The Home was thrown open in its entirety for the first time to Elks, their families and friends, who

*This fine Home is the property of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, No. 90*







The handsome new Home of Corpus Christi, Tex., Lodge, No. 1030, dedicated last spring

availed themselves of the opportunity to inspect the quarters and to participate in bowling, billiards, dancing and a generally fine time. Many amusing vaudeville acts were interpolated between dance numbers, and a delicious lunch was served.

#### Haverstraw Elks Visit Bronx, N. Y., Lodge

The recent fraternal visit of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, to Bronx Lodge, No. 871, gave the latter its long-awaited opportunity to reciprocate the many courtesies extended it by the sister Lodge. Following a dinner given in their honor the visitors were escorted to the Lodge room and were welcomed by Exalted Ruler William P. Dunne, and a gathering of some 500 members. With the Haverstraw officers conducting the ritual, a class of eighteen candidates was initiated.

Through the courtesy of the Keith and Loew circuits, a program of vaudeville acts, followed by a buffet lunch, rounded out a memorable evening.

#### Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge Welcomes District Deputy H. C. Baker

A splendid turnout of members of Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge, No. 1380, was on hand to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. C. Baker when he paid his official visit. With Mr. Baker were President C. E. Broughton, of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, and Edward W. Mackey, Exalted Ruler of Manitowoc Lodge, No. 687, and the three visitors were entertained at a large dinner before the meeting.

As the District Deputy was escorted into the Lodge room he was given a great ovation by the members present, after which he witnessed the exemplification by the officers, who were assisted by Manitowoc Lodge's orchestra, of the ritual of initiation. In his address of the evening Mr. Baker complimented his hosts on the work of their officers and their Lodge's accomplishments and position in the community. Mr. Broughton also addressed the members, as did several Lodge officers, and the newly made Elks.

#### Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Closes Fall Charity Campaign

After activities which had extended throughout the fall season, the Elks Charity Circus, given for four nights in the municipal auditorium by Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, recently brought the Lodge's campaign for charity funds to a close. Numerous acts of

vaudeville followed by dancing crowded the house on each occasion, and netted No. 6 substantial returns.

#### District Deputy Mallett Visits Alexandria, La., Lodge

Accompanied by a delegation of members of his Home Lodge, Jennings, No. 1085, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. S. Mallett, paid his official visit to Alexandria, La., Lodge, No. 546. Mr. Mallett found the affairs of the Lodge in flourishing condition, and at the spirited meeting witnessed an excellently presented exemplification of the ritual by the officers of No. 546. Following the meeting, the visitors and members enjoyed a barbecue supper.

#### Child Welfare Work of Burlington, N. J., Lodge

The Crippled Children's Committee of Burlington, N. J., Lodge, No. 996, has been functioning splendidly for some time, and the membership feels a justifiable pride in its activities. Since its organization, 25 per cent. of the 126 cases taken care of have been operated on, and crutches, braces, raised shoes and other beneficial apparatus have been provided when necessary. Regular reports and investigations are made, clinics are held, and the numerous details incident to the work are constantly being performed. Many unfortunates will be directly benefited by the funds derived from a recent charity ball, generously given by the Nu-Eta-Chi Sorority for the Lodge's crippled children's fund.

This float was entered in the civic Armistice Day parade by Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, in commemoration of the close relations between the Order and the Salvation Army during the days of the world war



#### Ladies' Club of Irvington, N. J., Lodge Makes Large Gifts

The Ladies' Social Club of Irvington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1245, wound up its 1928 activities by making one gift to the Lodge of \$1,000, and another of \$1,340 to the Elks Christmas fund for crippled children. These fine sums were raised at various club affairs during the year, and no time was lost in starting the 1929 activities; on January 19, the ladies held a card party for which a record number of tickets was sold. The club is a recognized community asset, and one of the most popular social organizations of the city, and its splendid record of achievement is due to the devotion of its officers and members, and the able handling of its publicity problems.

#### Panama Canal Zone Lodge Invites Grand Lodge Convention Visitors

Handsome, four-page Christmas cards were sent by Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, to all the Lodges of the Order, carrying, in addition to the sentiments of the season, a cordial invitation to all Elks planning to travel to Los Angeles for the Grand Lodge Convention next July, to do so by way of the Panama Canal. A royal welcome and open-handed hospitality are promised all visitors by the membership of No. 1414.

#### Bluffton, Ind., Lodge Degree Team Initiates Class for Tipton

The famous degree team of Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, No. 796, winners of the State championship at Gary last summer, recently initiated a class of candidates for Tipton, Ind., Lodge, No. 1012. Its work was declared by Tipton members to exceed in perfection and impressiveness anything of the kind they had previously seen. Before the meeting the visitors were entertained at a largely attended dinner in the Home of Tipton Lodge.

#### State Association President Visits Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge

D. Curtis Gano, President of the New York State Elks Association, paid an official visit to Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, on December 18. He was accompanied by a delegation of State Association officers and distinguished Elks including Vice-President M. Burr Wright, Jr.; Secretary Philip Clancy; Trustee William T. Phillips; Chairman David Moses, of the Committee on Credentials; Chairman Joseph E. Steinmeier of the Drill Team Committee; Past State President Joseph Brand; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Clayton J.

(Continued on page 64)



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WHATEVER your car will do on gasoline, it will do better on *Ethyl* Gasoline. And the reason is simple:

Ethyl Gasoline is good gasoline *plus* Ethyl anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) which automotive science developed to give the motoring public the advantages of high compression. These are: more power from each gallon of fuel; stronger, smoother engine action; less shifting; quicker pick-up—better performance and control in every respect.

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of men who use  
*Williams*"



The Cream that  
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**FIT!**



*Texture!*

Lather of close texture is lather that holds a maximum of moisture.

Williams lather is lather of the closest texture. It holds 10% more moisture, by actual test, than any other we know of.

Lather of close texture is super mild. It's the thin, open lather that roughens and stings.

Texture—moisture—mildness! Williams gives a new glimpse of shaving comfort to the man who uses it for the first time.

The drug clerk knows. Listen to him: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,  
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Next time say

**Williams**  
**Shaving Cream**  
*please!*

Afterward find out how perfectly AQUA VELVA completes the shave. Made just for that!

## Ways of Escape

(Continued from page 9)

Trevarrarian put in with a thought to that suggestion she had overheard. How was she to know that only one convict had escaped?

The warder hesitated a moment before he said: "There was only one got away, ma'am."

"And you want to search the premises?"

"Just in case he's hiding here without your knowledge, ma'am. It's been done before." And indeed the rapid search was almost perfunctory, although Mrs. Trevarrarian's nerve trembled again as they entered the little room on the ground floor in which the convict had changed his clothes. Suppose Sarah had overlooked something? But the room was in perfect order, the window closed and fastened; no sign of foot-marks on the carpet.

"My maid's room," she explained.

"And is this all?" the warder inquired.

"Except the kitchen," she said.

"And the outhouses?"

"There's a coal-shed and a garage outside," she told them.

In the kitchen, Sarah was bending over the fire making toast and "Emma" sitting with her back to the window, was engaged with a piece of Sarah's knitting. She rose with an effect of slightly rebellious reluctance, as the search-party entered, but continued to knit.

The two warders glanced carelessly round the little kitchen, but the regard of the younger one dwelt for a moment upon "Emma"; suspiciously, Mrs. Trevarrarian thought, until she recognized with a thrill half of admiration and half of amusement that "Emma" was actually having the effrontery to "make eyes" at him.

"An' 'im a married man with two children," was his soft comment as the two big men passed out through the scullery to examine the outhouses. He seemed positively to be enjoying himself. His eyes were shining and his mouth curved into a grin of almost childlike glee.

They did not have to speak to the warders again, though they saw them through the kitchen windows cross the garden at a trot and turn in the direction of the village. The fog had all gone now and the sun was shining in a clear sky.

"Seems as if they're in a bit of an 'urry," "Emma" remarked. "Well, good luck to 'em. An' now, ma'am, question is what to do next? The way I been lookin' at it is this, either I got to stay with you for a month till me 'air grows and I get off quiet in the car, disguised as a gentleman, or else I got to do a bunk as quick as I can, dressed up as Emma. Once I get to London, I'm all right. I got friends there as'll 'elp me. The point is whether I can risk the train journey, supposin' you was to drive me to the station and see me off?"

Sarah with a very dour expression was standing by the range, looking at her mistress as if waiting to be addressed, and it was to her that Mrs. Trevarrarian spoke first.

"What do you think, Sarah?" she asked.

"We couldn't keep him here a month, ma'am," she replied promptly.

"Sarah's got the spike with me for spoilin' 'er knittin'," "Emma" commented. "I on'y knows one stitch as me aunt taught me when I was a nipper, but I can do that to beat the band."

Sarah did not deign to reply to that. "And what's happened to the master, ma'am?" she continued. "Suppose he was to come after all?"

"It seems that there's no chance of that," Mrs. Trevarrarian said. "He has decided to give up any attempt to escape."

"Well, you've only his word for that, ma'am," Sarah replied, with a brief nod of contempt in the direction of "Emma."

That was true, Mrs. Trevarrarian reflected, but "Emma" gave her no time to think about it. "Sarah's right as usual," he put in quickly. "Wouldn't never do for me to stop 'ere a month. So the best thing is fer me to get away soon as possible. They'd be less suspicious of me dressed as Emma, this evenin', than they would be after they'd 'ad a bit o' time to think about it. Been a bit too saucy, I 'ave, see? An' got the sack double-quick. My little bit in the 'all jus' now led up to that all right. Next point is, what about a few outdoor things; better not be too cheeky or I shall 'ave the porters makin

love to me, and this journey I'd like to keep meself to meself, like. An' by rights, I ought to 'ave a trunk o' some sort. Now, what about trains?"

It appeared that there was a train for Plymouth that left Yelverton at 6:46 which would give them more than an hour to make all the necessary preparations and get to the station in Mrs. Trevarrarian's little car.

### III

IT WAS a lovely evening. The cold wind from the north had died away and the air was warm and fragrant with the scent of gorse. Mrs. Trevarrarian, driving back alone from Yelverton station, drew up as she topped the rise and looked out across the broad swell of the moor with a little sigh of regret.

The comedy of Emma's departure had been played without a hitch. The station had been "watched" only by a couple of local policemen, who had permitted them to pass with hardly a glance, though "Emma," with the cool effrontery that had distinguished her conduct throughout, had very noticeably looked at them. "It's skulkin' and lookin' as if you was tryin' to 'ide yerself as draws attention to you," he had confided to Mrs. Trevarrarian in the course of their short wait on the station. "Look 'em in the heye and they never suspect you. Is me 'at on straight, ma'am?"

It was not on his account that Mrs. Trevarrarian had sighed. She had little doubt that he would make good his escape and she could not help feeling glad in the knowledge of his freedom, even though her conscience was already reproaching her for the part she had played in helping him. For the more she reflected on the incidents and the conversation of the past two hours, the more convinced she felt that cool and clever though the man undoubtedly was, he was also a dangerous criminal, a man who would stick at nothing if he were thwarted. And yet she had, as it were, turned him loose on the world, in all probability to pursue his career of crime. No, she saw very clearly now that she ought not to have done it.

But her sigh had been due less to self-reproach than to self-pity. Alone there in the golden sunshine of that lovely moor, she was all too painfully aware that life held for her little promise of happiness. That hint she had received of her husband's newly found piety had not served to reassure her. When he learnt that her aunt, whose name, among others, he had forged to a cheque, had died and most forgivingly left her a small fortune, he would cast his newly found piety to the winds. He was a gambler by nature, and an unlucky gambler—possibly because he had not the ability to gamble sanely—and unless she obtained a legal separation from him, he would run through her money in a twelvemonth. And that she would not do. It had become a religion to her to stand by him whatever happened. She neither respected nor loved him, but she believed it to be her duty to do all that was humanly possible to save him from himself.

With an even deeper sigh, she let in the clutch and continued her way home, forgetful now even of the beauty of the evening.

On her way through the village she saw Mrs. Holmleigh coming out of the Vicarage, and stopped the car. She had been rather rude to Mrs. Holmleigh that afternoon, and owed her an apology.

And Mrs. Holmleigh on her side, with all that recent aspersion of Mrs. Trevarrarian's sanity behind her, confronted now with this quiet, well-mannered apology coming from a woman whom she very grudgingly admitted was better bred than herself, suffered a painful twinge of conscience.

"Oh! really, no! I quite understood," she said effusively. "It must be terribly trying to the nerves living all alone there up on the moor, and with that fog and the signal of the convicts' escape and all. No, really, I can quite understand." She lowered her voice and rested her hand on the side of the car as she added: "And such a dreadful man to be loose, too. I suppose you've heard?"

(Continued on page 50)





# A message for men to read before 5 o'clock

AT THE end of a busy day, what man is there who doesn't enjoy sitting down to a good meal and a cheery cup of coffee?

And yet often he must forego the pleasure of coffee—particularly at dinner—or else risk a sleepless night.

You need never again think of choosing between coffee and sleep. You can enjoy both. Kaffee Hag Coffee is the finest, purest coffee—but it will not keep you awake. It is free of the harmful effects of the drug caffeine.

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**NO STROPPING**—no human hand can equal Schick precision—perfect grinding, honing, stropping. Schick blades load inside the handle—20 in a clip. The razor itself is perfectly balanced. Blades are changed in 1 second by a pull and a push of the plunger—Marvelous shaves in half the time! Schicks from \$5 to \$50 use the same fine blade—all shave the same. Ask your dealer to show you.

Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Ave., New York. Canadian Distributors, T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B.



**Schick Repeating Razor**

## Ways of Escape

(Continued from page 48)

"No, I—I've heard nothing," Mrs. Trevarrian said with a sudden catch in her breath that Mrs. Holmleigh attributed to fear, and sought thrillingly to accentuate as she continued:

"It was the Vicar who got the news first, and I'm sure I don't know if I've really the right to pass it on, though I suppose all the world will know to-morrow morning—but the ghastly fact is that two men tried to get away in the fog and one of them—" she paused dramatically—"actually murdered the other! Isn't it altogether *too* horrible to think of? And so purposeless, apparently. There doesn't seem to

have been any reason for it. Smashed in his head with a stone! Sheer brutality as far as one can see. And they say, too, that the man who was killed had been a gentleman once—*quite* good family—but he got five years' penal servitude for forgery. A married man, too. Well, I don't want to be cynical, my dear, but it does look rather as if it must be a lucky escape for his poor wife, whoever she may be. . . ."

There certainly must have been something very queer about Mrs. Trevarrian. She started the car so quickly and unexpectedly that poor Mrs. Holmleigh was nearly knocked down.

## Masked Batteries

(Continued from page 20)

Blick said. "I'm wondering myself where he is. The last seen of him and his crew was in a lifeboat ten miles off Point Loma. I wouldn't worry, however; they are all extremely good sailors, and the sea was very smooth. They, no doubt, made shore without difficulty."

Gittelton blinked.

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean that they were forced to abandon ship on the high seas because in some manner several of the steel cylinders leaked some sort of very—ahem—noxious gas," Mr. Blick explained.

"What?" Mr. Gittelton's small eyes grew wide with concern.

"Yes, Solomon," Mr. Blick went on. "I hope that Captain MacQuoid won't find it necessary to see an attorney about damages. I shall try my best to dissuade him—unless his health is permanently impaired. It was very fortuitous that I had the forethought to bring a gas mask along, and so be able to bring the *Irrepressible* safely into port."

Mr. Gittelton drew a deep breath.

"I'm a fair man," he wheezed. "I'll see that the skipper is taken care of."

"I knew you would," Mr. Blick beamed, "and so you'll no doubt see that I'm taken care of, too?"

"I thought you said that you wore a gas mask?"

"I'm not referring to my health, Solomon. It was never better. The matter in my mind is my salvage claim."

"Salvage claim! Ha, ha! That's a good one!" It was so good that Mr. Gittelton leaned back in his chair and laughed until the tears ran down his fat face. "Why, man, don't you know that an employee of an abandoned vessel can't claim salvage for bringing her into port? You simply did your duty—for which I shall reward you suitably. As I said I'm a fair man."

Mr. Blick leaned back in *his* chair and joined the other's merriment. Presently Gittelton stopped laughing, but Mr. Blick kept on. The shipping merchant's small black eyes narrowed angrily. He was a sensitive soul, and he felt that he was being laughed at, instead of with.

"What's the idea?" he growled suddenly.

"It's so—ha, ha—ludicrous," Mr. Blick chuckled, "you see. I—ha, ha—resigned as mate and sold my half-interest in the—ha, ha—schooner to MacQuoid before leaving port," he explained between paroxysms of laughter. "That makes me a puff—perfectly disinterested party entitled to salvage."

He paused in his merriment long enough to reach into the drawer of the messroom table for the bill of sale and hand it to Gittelton.

"You can't get away with anything like that!" the merchant sneered as he threw the document on the table. "How d'you explain your presence aboard?"

For answer Mr. Blick pulled out a slip of paper.

"My receipt for two hundred dollars for my passage south, signed by Captain MacQuoid," he said.

Gittelton leaped to his feet.

"I charge conspiracy to defraud!" he belated.

"Better be a wise little Solomon and charge it to inexperience," Mr. Blick admonished, changing his tone. "The manifest shows that the cargo is valued at sixty thousand dollars. My salvage claim according to law is half of that,

or thirty thousand. Certified check or big bills, please."

Mr. Gittelton leaped out of his chair as if he had been stung—which indeed it seemed that he had—and almost fell into the waiting launch in his hurry to get back and consult with his lawyers, and extract, if possible, nepenthes from dry and dusty Blackstone.

### IV

"**C**ONSIDERING everything," Mr. Blick said to Captain MacQuoid when the two men were lunching together at Soifflefinger's Aquatic Grill one day a week or so later, "our little filibustering expedition came off very well."

The skipper nodded. He was looking at a certified check for thirty thousand dollars, signed by Solomon Gittelton, which Mr. Blick had taken from his wallet.

"I certainly got to hand it to you, Ben!" he said with undisguised admiration.

"You had better," Mr. Blick agreed, gently as he reached for the valuable scrap of paper. "I'll deposit it to our joint account at the Marine Bank, together with my personal check for four thousand, one hundred and twenty-seven fifty."

He folded up the check, returned it to his wallet and took from his coat pocket the bill of sale for the half-interest in the schooner. This he tore into bits.

"All's well that ends well," the skipper remarked with an air of first rights on discovery.

"Right!" said Mr. Blick, "so if you'll give me your check for two hundred dollars for the passage I purchased in your schooner, and with which you did not supply me, the incident will be closed."

"You never overlook a bet, Ben," MacQuoid remarked somewhat ruefully as he reached for his check book.

"I'm not kicking, you understand," the skipper explained virtuously, as he filled out the check and passed it across the table to his mate and newly restored partner. "But you might have charged it to profit and loss."

"I did, my dear Mac—your loss." He blotted the check and stuck it into his vest pocket. "You can include it in your credits on your next year's income tax. In that way our estimable Uncle Sam will bear the brunt of your folly."

Captain MacQuoid grinned sheepishly.

"I'll be good," he said. "But what I can't understand is—what kept the ship from blowing up with all that gas escaping and all of us going around with our pipes lit. You certainly took a long chance opening them cylinders."

Mr. Blick smiled.

"Phosgene," he said, "is a highly toxic, non-inflammable compound of carbon monoxide and chlorine used by the Allies in the earlier stages of the late overseas unpleasantness. It is a very good substitute for mustard gas, its more deadly cousin—which the gentle Coralians would have discovered to their sorrow if we had kept our date with the Encantada."

"Phosgene!" MacQuoid exclaimed, "d'you mean to say that we carried war gas enough to confiscate an army?"

"Asphyxiate," Mr. Blick corrected gently, "not an army, my dear Mac—an entire continent." An almost spiritual look came into his mild blue eyes. "I think that I shall apply for the Nobel Peace Prize this year," he said.



“...in more pipes every day”



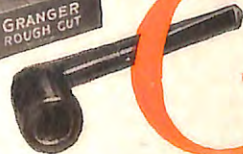
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# The Red Hat

(Continued from page 33)

hand rendered more deft through loving service—Mrs. Tomlin shared the thoughts of her husband; it was not apparent. Probably she did not; for her son paid her constant attention in a lightly humorous, bantering way, revealing an affection his father with his edged sensibilities thought might more fitly have been shown in other ways. For while there really was an underlying depth to it, Tomlin either could not, or would not, see it.

He was irked, and he was not the man to conceal it successfully, try as he honestly did. When the meal was over, Jerry's wife, who had been watching father and son with covert steadiness, rose and went to Tomlin's side, resting a hand upon his shoulder.

"Mr. Tomlin, it's so funny. Ever since we've been married Jerry's told me what a great man you are, the things you two used to do, the fun you used to have. He said I'd laugh my head off at what you say and do. And now—" her fingers tightened upon his shoulder—"it's so disappointing. You know I never had a real pa and ma. I was brought up by my grand-mother, and I went into vaudeville when I was a kid. From what Jerry said this was the sort of home I'd never known, and I wanted to see it." She paused. "Mr. Tomlin, have I come between you and Jerry?"

Tomlin looked up with a start.  
 "What's eatin' you, girl?"  
 "Nothing; except I thought you and Jerry were such pals. You don't seem to be, and I've wondered if it was because I married Jerry."  
 "Tush!" Tomlin patted her hand. "It's nonsense you're speakin'."

"Jerry and his dad are all right, you silly girl." Mrs. Tomlin shook her head at her husband. "My man's always this way when there's a big tourney on and him not playing and—"  
 "Mary Tomlin, just a minute." Gesturing admonishingly, Tomlin turned to his son. "Jerry is it, or is it not, true, if you win this Open you get the pro job here?"

"Why, that's just it, Mr. Tomlin," Jerry's wife interposed hastily. "It was a secret we were keeping."  
 "What secret?" Tomlin's stared at his son.  
 "What's all this?"

"**NOTHING**, dad, except that we may live around here after all. I've got an offer of fifteen thousand a year, and all the time away I want, to be pro at Miantonomah, if I win."  
 "Fifteen thousand a year and me getting six!" Tomlin's voice was bitter.

"To be on the level, dad, I accepted the offer on the ground you stayed in your job. I got it on the best authority that they had plans laid to ditch you."

"You heard that did you!" Tomlin rose, his eyes flashing. "Jerry, my boy, you meant well, and I know it. But do they think I'd be assistant to my own son, him whom I taught the game and can beat the best day he ever saw?"

"There you go, Michael!" Mrs. Tomlin eyed him sternly. "Do you know they say my boy is one of the two best pro golfers in the world?"

"And what about his dad?"  
 "Oh, dad!" Jerry laughed good-naturedly. "We know you're good; everyone knows it."

"Everyone knows it, eh!" Tomlin smote the table with his fist. "Well, listen to me; everyone will know it come next Saturday night. For I'm goin' to play in the Open, and if you're one of the two best pros in the world, which I'm not denyin', all I've got to say is that I've been kiddin' myself and lettin' others kid me about this old man stuff. Come here, Jerry."

As the younger man rose and approached his father, staring curiously, Tomlin held out his hand, grinning amiably.

"We're father and son. And—Annie was right—we haven't been actin' it. Shake, you young spalpeen." As their hands clasped Tomlin went on, wringing his son's fingers in emphasis of every sentence. "You're the lad of my heart, and there's none like you. But I can beat the likes of you—me who taught you all you know—any time, any place. And I'm goin' to. So until that tourney is over, friendship ceases; you and me is just two players and you can stay in that hotel with Annie—until the Open is over.

Then you come here, you and your girl, with no shinannynin or airs, and 'twill be father and son, win or lose. Are you on?"

"Sure I'm on, dad." Jerry gave his father's hand a final shake and withdrew it. "Except—well, now let's be on the up and up with each other. You have to admit you're past your best and you'll be showing yourself up before your home club. And that's just what a lot of your enemies want."

"Will I!"  
 "Michael," cried Mrs. Tomlin, "you're not going into that tournament."

"Ain't I!" Tomlin went to the mantelpiece for his pipe and returned. "Now then, no more golf. Father-and-son stuff ceases for three days, beginnin' Thursday morning. But to-night we're goin' to show Annie what a happy family is." Thereupon lowering his head he bored into his son, his short arms, hands open, flailing, while Jerry, with greater sparring skill defended himself, and it was not until they had gone twice around the room, upsetting three chairs and a small table that Mrs. Tomlin succeeded in parting them.

LATE the following Thursday afternoon the brilliant golf writer of a great New York daily newspaper sat at his typewriter placed upon a rude board table, one of the many tables under a marquee tent, which had been erected for the convenience of the press. At other tables a score and more telegraph instruments were clicking stridently, almost drowning the pecking clatter of twice as many typewriters.

Twice this golf writer had written introductory paragraphs, which, having read with frowning mien, he had drawn from his mill and thrown away in crumpled balls. Then, glancing at his notes, he smiled and began to bang his machine with the touch of assurance. And this, in part, is what he wrote:

"Before one of the largest galleries ever to witness an opening day's play the dark horses of golf stole all the honors in the first eighteen-hole round of the National Open Championship at the Miantonomah Golf Club to-day.

"Fully eight thousand persons who desired to watch only a few of the stars, notably Hagen, Bobby Jones, Jerry Tomlin, Armour, Farrell, Compston, saw the best golfers, but missed the best golf.

"The feature of the day was in some part the uprising of the unknowns, but in larger part the superb play of old Mike Tomlin, who finished the first round as leader in the race for the biggest prize known to golf. Tomlin, who won the National Open title so many years ago that almost everyone had forgotten it, who for nearly twenty years has been the pro at Miantonomah, and is the father of the peerless Jerry Tomlin, stood at the top with a nifty 69, two under par, and just below him stands Hank Cellini, the twenty-year-old pro of Green Brook, Pa. Not until we count seven do the names of the ranking favorites begin to appear, with Jerry Tomlin tied with Bobby Jones for eighth, and other stars trailing. The elder Tomlin's game was marked by hair-line accuracy, an uncanny skill with irons and unbelievable putting. It was a curiously dramatic fact that in the drawings Mike had been paired with his gifted son whom he quite outshone on the basis of the day's play. The two had a respectable local following, though were rewarded, in addition to superfine golf by the sire, by a line of conversation between the two which should improve Jerry's vaudeville act immensely if he and his actress wife can remember it.

"Of course it should be understood that one day's play does not make a match, and that despite the showing of Tomlin senior and the rest of the underdogs their chances of ultimate victory are thirty or forty to one, if not more."

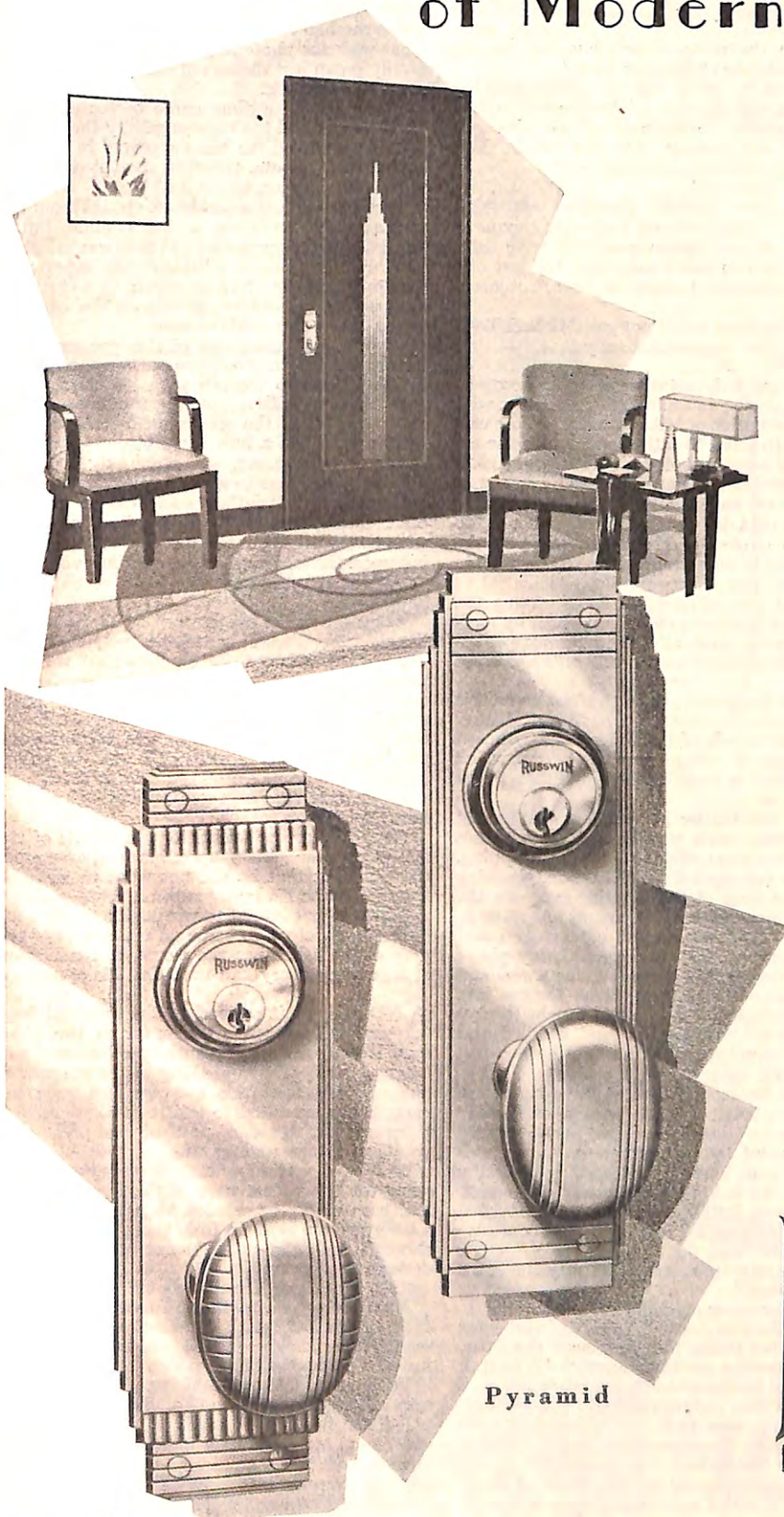
Michael Tomlin seated at ease at the breakfast table next morning, his wife hovering devotedly near, grunted when he came to this pessimistic paragraph.

"Is that so!" He cast the paper upon the floor, rising then and flexing his muscles. "Is that so! Mary, did I feel any better to-day there'd be no room for anybody but me on the course."

(Continued on page 54)



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## EARTH ANTENNA

## The Red Hat

(Continued from page 52)

"Yes." Mary Tomlin picked up the paper, adjusting her glasses. "It says here that Jerry spent too much time talking to you."

"Yes," Tomlin chuckled. "And the rest of his life he'll be talkin' to me, explainin'. You should have seen Atkinson's face and the rest of the Miantonomah big wigs yesterday afternoon when the scores were all up on the big board outside the club-house door."

"All right." Mrs. Tomlin confronted her husband, arms akimbo. "But listen to me, Michael Tomlin. From now on you play golf with Jerry, not talking. Do you mind? You could always out-talk anybody—"

"Except you—"

"Except me—maybe. Anyhow you mind what I say. Play golf and keep that tongue of yours still, do you hear me—or I'll have some talking to do you won't soon hear the last of."

"It's a handicap I ought to have," objected Tomlin.

"It's a handicap you'll not get, Michael Tomlin." And that was emphatically that.

THE day saw a devastating sweep of those who had begun the tournament so valiantly, with the signal exception of Mike Tomlin. Those who had been attracted to father and son in the expectation of a renewal of spirited and witty give-and-take were disappointed; but as a compensation they saw an exhibition of as fine golf as was played that day in which Jerry pulled up to within two strokes of his father, finishing the second round in an extraordinary 68, giving him 142 for the first thirty-six holes while Mike Tomlin had a dazzling 140. Thus leading the field the two Tomlins saw trailing them by margins narrow or great all the illustrious professionals in the country and several of the greatest amateurs.

When the two holed out on the final green this fact, over and above their own particular rivalry, occupied the minds of both men as they heard the applause of the mammoth gallery, which had assembled in front of the club-house to see them come in.

Like the old battler he was Michael Tomlin raised his head, fairly sniffing, as a hound raises his head to the scent, the clatter of handclapping. He saw the fairway rolling on and on, gleaming softly in the light of the lowering sun, saw the red flags which marked the greens snapping in the breeze. And the dogged old fighter could not know that by some strange alchemy of the spiritually unknowable he was living a renewed youth, because the partner whom fortune had given to him was the lad he had taught to play golf, whom he had spanked and coddled and loved, who never for a minute had he doubted he could beat, great as the boy had become.

And then because he had an Irish heart and an Irish sentiment a little section of fairway upon which his gaze had absently concentrated became peopled by two figures—a sturdy, reddish, sandy man, club in hand, leaning tutorially over a stripling in knee-breeches and shirt-waist. Moisture came into Tomlin's eyes. He turned to his son and touched him upon the shoulder.

"They can't beat the Tomlins, lad."

"Don't crack to-morrow. Thirty-six holes you know, dad."

"A Tomlin never cracks, Jerry boy."

And somehow as Annie Tomlin who had come up to meet her young husband heard this little, low-voiced passage she turned away with a quick gulp, dabbed her handkerchief to her eyes . . .

When the first eighteen holes of play on Saturday morning were turned in by the field word went clattering throughout the country that if the Tomlins maintained their game the fight for the championship would lie fairly between them. Jerry came in with a neat 70 and Mike with a 71, making their respective totals 212 and 211. Behind them—Bobby Jones' 218 and Johnny Farrell's 220 being the nearest—trailed the illustrious golfers of the land, some of them, as is so often the case in the Open, hopelessly out of it; others still in the hunt, provided the leaders cracked—as also so frequently happens in this grimly competitive test.

At luncheon in the club-house it was a family party so far as the Tomlins were concerned. Mary Tomlin was at the table, her husband beside her, and also there were Jerry and Jerry's

wife who was glorious in a white flannel costume, red hat, stockings and tie. It was a perfect truce party. The tournament was not even mentioned, and indeed there was hardly time for that, what with the crowding up of Miantonomah folk, who now without any exception whatever had reinstated their pro as their hero, what with the photographers who found in this family group just the sort of heart stuff for which they were seeking.

When later the time came to tee off, Mike Tomlin surveyed the biggest gallery that he had ever seen, waved his hand serenely in reply to encouraging shouts, and then motioned his son, who had the honor, to the tee.

Jerry's drive was a screamer, straight and far-throwing. Michael's was no less straight, but as usual did not carry so far. Which was all right for the elder Tomlin's brassie was laden with dynamite and the cleek to which, in memory of the past, he fondly clung had all the carrying power it had ever held for him.

Jerry was on the green of this 530 yard hole with his second, but took two putts while Tomlin, pitching dead to the pin with his third, holed a putt of a foot, thus squaring the hole. So nip and tuck went the game until the seventh. Jerry would win a hole by a birdie—which, as the match was going, was absolutely necessary if either player was to gain or recover a stroke—and next hole his father would cap it with another birdie, while the huge gallery struggled with the marshals, interrupted play by crowding upon the fairway, and set rattling volleys of handclaps echoing over the links as the rivals holed out.

Being the underdog, as well as the local pro, the elder Tomlin was quite obviously the favorite. But it was equally obvious that the partisanship of the crowd, verging occasionally upon downright unsportsmanship, had no effect upon Jerry. A thorough sportsman, game to the core of his being, endowed with all a sportsman's philosophy, he knew full well the paltry value of the applause of the crowd; finally, he was glad that after all these years it was coming once again to his father.

None the less he feared for the effects of the attitude of the gallery upon his temperamental parent. Not that he did not want to win this match—it was his business to do that—and not that he did not intend to win it if he could; but he wanted victory to come on the merits of the play and not because the evanescent adulation of a golfing gallery had unsettled his opponent.

AND this, as it seemed to the watchful boy, was an imminent danger; for as the older man teed up for the eleventh hole his chest was out and his head was shaking in the manner of one who felt that this comedy had gone far enough and intended to end it in a spectacular manner that would dispose of his presuming young rival once and for all.

Instead of continuing his safe and sure tactics, going for the widest part of the fairway as he had been doing, he whaled his tee shot, and as a heavy groan went up from the gallery the ball sliced off into the embankment of a creek bordering the fairway.

"May the devil take that shot!"

Michael stood a moment, surveying the outcome of his drive with unbelieving eyes, finally making way for his son who sent a beauty winging straight up the fairway.

With perspiration streaming from his face, eyes staring, body tense, Tomlin hacked at his ball through a clod of mud. Click! A mighty cheer went up as he took hold of it in masterly fashion, and it was bad luck and not his fault that the ball dropped into heavy ground a hundred yards ahead. In the end he got out of the mess nicely enough with a five. But Jerry had sunk his ball in four bringing him square with his father in the matter of total strokes.

Tomlin had had his lesson, but as hole after hole of the last seven was halved, it began to look as though the lesson were to be a costly one—a play-off, perhaps, to-morrow for the championship, and he knowing that everything he had to give he was giving on this day, with little or nothing left for the next.

Word had come, as word does come through

(Continued on page 56)



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light on the sweets

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and star of song.

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instead of  
a sweet.



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## The Red Hat

(Continued from page 54)

that curious process of human telegraphy over links where a great golf event is being played, of pair after pair finishing with scores which would not compare with the totals of either of the Tomlins, provided they held on as they were going, while strokes accumulated to the account of those that had not finished. Jones, Farrell, Hagen, and everyone else, made it equally apparent they were out of the running if the Tomlins held up.

And now the two were on the eighteenth tee and silence hung as heavy as though they were standing together in some desolate spot instead of on a square mound of earth surrounded by twenty-five hundred staring, tensely breathing men and women.

As Jerry rose from thrusting his tee peg into the ground, he glanced at his father. Tomlin did not catch the look. His face was turning obliquely toward the tee, but his eyes were vacant and it was obvious he was sunk within himself. And in that brief glance the boy caught something he had never before seen. The flame of competition had died in his father, temporarily or otherwise. The rigors, mental and physical, of this grueling contest were plainly to be read upon the rugged face which was turning pale and Jerry, with a catch in his throat saw an old man. Yes, old. But youth must be served. This was golf. He had his career to make just as his father had made his and so—and so—But hang it! He couldn't get that catch out of his throat.

He launched into his drive and the ball drew a straight, rigid line over the turf of the fairway, thirty feet in the air, until, dropping it left him a perfectly beautiful iron shot home. He waited tensely while his father teed up, and with emotions he did not attempt to diagnose, saw the old warrior straighten out his ball dead for the pin actually ten feet ahead of Jerry's mammoth drive.

"Good work, dad." Jerry fell into step at his father's side. Seeing he did not reply Jerry gazed at him. The older man was breathing heavily, his eyes were screwed half shut. Jerry hit him upon the back. "Keep up, old horse, it'll be over soon now."

"You never saw a Tomlin quit—man or boy." "Righto." Jerry lined up the situation for his second shot. Ahead, topping the edge of

a gentle rise, he saw a flash of red. Hesitating for an instant he addressed the ball. Then, as though in doubt, he lowered his club, leaning upon it, his mien abstracted. Then, nodding with decision, he raised his iron, sending the ball for the flag straight as a bullet.

"That," he said to his scorer, "ought to leave me a holable putt for a 3."

The man regarded him curiously but made no comment. And his father was staring at him, too, his forehead wrinkled in a perplexed frown.

"Jerry."

"Yes?"

"Nothing." Tomlin swung his iron and the ball soared away. But it was off the line of Jerry's shot. Looking up the fairway Jerry no longer saw the red flag at which he had aimed. He gazed toward the spot whence his father's ball had gone. A little smile curled his lips.

Hastily the rivals, followed by a spellbound gallery, made their way over the rising turf to the crest of the slope, and then Jerry saw the ball lying at his wife's feet, seventy-five yards to one side of the green. He gazed at the ball. His eyes rose to the girl's red hat.

Michael Tomlin glanced also at the red hat, and upon his face was a grin as he turned to his ball, which lay not two feet from the hole.

"There will be," he murmured, "hell to pay in one branch of the Tomlin family this night."

He waited until Jerry made his chip. And Jerry did not move to the green as his ball fell three or four feet from the hole. He stood, an arm about his wife, as Tomlin with deadly deliberateness addressed his ball. And then as the putt dropped into the hole, Annie Tomlin turned to Jerry, her voice lost to all but her husband in the stentorian shout that rocked the echoes. She was half crying, half laughing.

"Jerry, can you ever forgive me? All life's ahead of us, you know, and I would hate to see that fine old father of yours beaten. Or—" she paused struck by a thought—"did you know it was not the flag?"

Jerry turned from the howling mob which had picked Michael Tomlin up on its collective shoulder and was making off with him. He grinned, seizing his wife's chin in his fingers, tweaking it.

"Do you suppose I'd ever fail to recognize a bonnet that cost me forty-five bucks?"

## The Captain's Chair

(Continued from page 37)

"Don't I know it," said Nichol, drily. "Makes you wish you could blow up the whole damned Strait and the ship with it." He lit a cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke into the chill air. He wanted to ask MacTavish about Mary, but a sudden self-consciousness checked him. As if through telepathy, the trader mentioned her himself.

"She's taken this pretty hard," he volunteered.

"Has she?"

"Aye," went on MacTavish, "the poor child. She thinks everything's all her fault. And what with one thing and another she's fairly down in the mouth. That swine of an uncle of hers had the nerve to turn on her, which didn't help either. While she was patching up his face, that was. You ought to have heard him carryin' on after we got him back to the cabin. Enough to make you sick. I stopped him when he began cursing at her, though. Think of it, after all she's done! Ungrateful old beast. If it hadn't been for her, I'd have gone for him myself. She wouldn't let me, of course."

"Where is she now," asked the mate, "still with him?"

"Shut up by herself. She wouldn't come out. I wanted to try to cheer her up."

"Poor kid," said Nichol, flinging his cigarette overside and putting his hands in his jacket pockets. "I'm afraid the skipper is off again," he added, irrelevantly.

"The bottle?"

The mate nodded.

"God only knows what'll be the end of it this time. We can't have any more mock funerals. The next may be a real one." He whispered to

the trader what Brand had told him about the crew.

MacTavish listened to this news gravely. "They'd never do it, George," he said.

Nichol shrugged.

"Perhaps not. Still it makes something else to think about." He laughed mirthlessly.

"No, George, they'd never do it," repeated the trader, taking the stem out of his pipe and squinting through it against the pale rays of the setting sun. He fussed with the pipe for a few minutes and finally made it draw. "I say, George," he said, casually, "why don't you try to get Miss Mary to come out of her room? Try to talk to her and comfort her a bit."

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

"If she wouldn't come out for you—" began the mate.

"Don't be a fool, George. Go on, now. You ought to try. It's your duty."

The mate shuffled, uneasily.

"You think I ought to? What can I say? I'd make an ass of myself."

"You'll have to see her some time," persisted the old fellow. "You can't avoid her for the rest of the voyage. You'll have to say something to her to-morrow. It'll be easier now than later. You don't want to hurt her feelings, do you? After all she's been through, don't you think you owe it to her to go and ask her how she is and if there's anything you can do? She'll think it strange, seems to me, if you don't."

Nichol hesitated. "I expect you're right, Mac," he admitted. "But—hang it all—I don't know. What is there I can say?"

(Continued on page 58)



# How to avoid SORE THROAT...and COLDS



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Get in the circle of men who've found the perfect shave—the cool shave with  
**LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM**



**Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!**

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs, carried by the hands to the mouth on food, attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown before, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

**LISTERINE**  
*The safe antiseptic*

## Tests show amazing power against bacteria

*Kills typhoid germs in 15 seconds*

More than fifty diseases, some slight, some dangerous, have their beginning in the nose or throat.

Therefore, an irritated throat demands immediate attention. It may be the symptom of a cold—or worse. The germs causing the irritation must be killed before they get the upper hand.

Listerine, used full strength as a gargle, is a powerful aid in killing germs. Repeated tests by laboratories of national repute prove it. For example, Listerine, full strength, in 15 seconds destroyed even the virulent *M. Aureus* (pus) and *B. Typhosus* (typhoid) germs.

Yet Listerine is so gentle and safe it may be used undiluted in any cavity of the body.

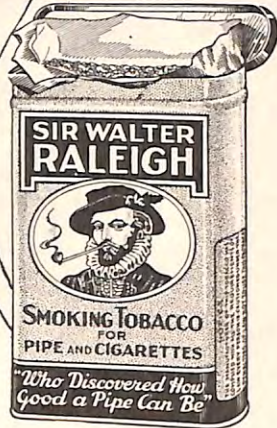
Now you can understand why millions rely on Listerine to avoid ordinary sore throat and colds entirely, and to check them should they gain a throat hold. You'll be amazed to find how quickly Listerine brings relief.

If, however, a feeling of soreness persists, call your physician. It is no longer a matter with which an antiseptic can deal.

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Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky



SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's



milder

## The Captain's Chair

(Continued from page 56)

For answer MacTavish took him by the arm and propelled him in the direction of Mary's stateroom.

"Get on with you, George," said he with a grin.

Timorously the mate approached the dreaded interview and, quaking inwardly, knocked on Mary's door. To his first knock there was no answer. Overcoming his desire to turn tail and flee, he rapped again. The second time there was the sound of movement in the cabin and Mary's voice called asking who was there.

"It's me—Nichol."

"Just a minute."

As he waited, the mate felt hot and cold. Little drops of perspiration broke out on his forehead. He struggled to get a grip on himself. It was absurd to be so nervous. Then the door opened and Mary appeared. She looked pale and her eyes were swollen.

"You want to see me?" she asked. "Is something wrong?"

She seemed small and helpless at that moment. Nichol's heart went out to her.

"Nothing specially wrong," he said. "I only came to see if you were all right—if there was anything I could do—I er—"

Mary looked relieved.

"I was afraid something had happened," she said. "I mean something else—" she smiled a trifle wanly.

"No," said he, "nothing else has happened."

There followed an awkward pause. His embarrassment communicated itself to her. They did not look at each other.

"How is Captain Small?" asked she, at length.

HE MADE a wry face. She made a little clucking sound of commiseration and shook her head. Another pause.

"Well," said Mary, "it was nice of you to come down."

"Not at all," returned Nichol. "I'd have come before, only I couldn't get away from the bridge. We're moving again, you know."

"Yes, I noticed. It's good to feel the engines going. . . . One misses them. I missed them dreadfully."

"Did you? So did I." Which struck Nichol, immediately he had said it, as an inane remark. He tried to retrieve himself. "I thought—" he ventured, "that is, Mac thought, I mean we thought you might come out on deck for a bit. Pretty lonely for you here all by yourself—"

The girl smiled almost imperceptibly.

"Mr. Mac's an old dear," she said.

"One of the best," Nichol agreed. He grew suddenly confidential. "It was his idea, my coming to see you."

"Was it really?"

"Well, that is, I mean—he thought it was a good idea. You know, I mean—"

Nichol could have kicked himself for his clumsiness.

"That's all right," said Mary. "It was a nice idea whoever thought of it first." She could tell that Nichol had considered the visit an ordeal and, though touched by his genuine sincerity, could not help being secretly amused at his ineptitude. He was as transparent as a glass of water.

"What do you think? Would you like to come out?"

"I think I'd better not," she said; "thanks just the same. I'm awfully tired."

Manlike, Nichol took her at her word.

"Well—" he began, "you know best. I'm sorry. But I can understand that you're tired." He summoned the courage to look straight at her. She returned his gaze steadily and with a searching look that made him feel she was looking right inside him. He had not known before quite how lovely her eyes were.

Mary smiled.

"Good-night," she said, and held out her hand.

The touch of her fingers made Nichol tingle from his scalp to his soles. A sudden boldness seized him. With a quick movement, he raised Mary's hand to his lips. Then, blushing and confused, he blurted "Good-night" and rushed out on deck.

"You fool," he muttered to himself, "now you've done it. She'll never speak to you again."

But Mary stood in her doorway for a long

time after he had run off, looking at the fingers that he had kissed. And presently she smiled and pressed them against her cheek.

### CHAPTER XV

DURING the three days in which the navigable leads remained open, the ship, zig-zagging sometimes to the north, sometimes to the south, but always, providentially, bearing farther west, made steady progress. As luck would have it, the weather did not materially impede her. Squally winds, some of them fraught with bursts of snow and sleet, came out of Baffin Land, to the north, making things difficult while they lasted. But they did not last long. In a region where driving blizzards that blot out everything may swoop from the skies at almost any moment, a mere hour's flurry is of little consequence. And though piloting a good-sized steamer between saw-edged banks of ice is by no means as easy as it may sound, to Nichol and his fellow officers it represented easy sailing.

One factor, which meant much to their peace of mind, was the sterling behavior of the *MacKenzie*. In all her tests, so far, the ship had acquitted herself splendidly. The strain of cutting into the pack, than which no more exacting work could be imagined, had brought to light no apparent weakness in either her hull or her engines. Of course Nichol had handled her very carefully and hurled her at the frozen barriers with no more speed than necessary to break through little by little. Yet even with all his care the shocks of impact with the ice had wracked her enough to uncover any weaknesses in her construction. On the last few voyages of Captain Small's old ship, there had been an ever-present anxiety as to her ability to weather the stress of the passage through the Strait. Years of being pounded and crushed by the grinding pack had sprung her plates so that much of the time her pumps had even more to do than her engines. On this maiden trip of the *MacKenzie*, troubled though it had been, officers and men had found consolation in the thought that at least they were spared the worry of wondering about the seaworthiness of their ship.

While the leads held open, and Nichol drove her at the highest speed he dared to use, life on board settled down into an uneventful routine. The crew, once more given their customary quota of work, seemed to forget the disturbing happenings of the preceding days; or, at any rate, if they had not forgotten them, they ceased for the time being to discuss the matter of reprisals, with Cameron as the victim. The latter, having apparently realized at last that safety for him lay in silence, kept himself in surly seclusion. To Mary, when she went into his cabin to examine his wounds, he said nothing at all. To Poole, who took him his meals, he addressed only the necessary remarks. He spent his time brooding and reading and smoking. It was obvious, however, according to the steward, that he was being careful with his ashes and his cigar ends.

"Keeps a little pail o' water by 'im now, 'e does," Poole told Nichol; "and throws all his ashes and butts in that."

Of Captain Small, the steward's report was less encouraging.

"I don't know what to make of 'im, sir," he said to the mate. "He just sits and sits and looks at nothing all day long. When I go in to do 'is room or take him 'is food, 'e follows me round with 'is eyes—like a dog that's been kicked by its master." The steward shivered. "'E don't seem to be drinkin' much—and 'e 'ardly eats enough to feed a fly— I don't know what to make of it, Mr. Nichol. He hasn't got that crazy look 'e 'ad before. You know, wild like. Only dull, as if 'is brain was numb."

"Has he said anything?"

"Not a word, sir."

The mate shook his head sadly.

"Afraid he's a goner," he said. "Still, you never can tell. If we ever pull him through this voyage, he may get over it. Do all you can for him, Poole."

Thoughts of the captain's condition weighed heavily on the young mate. The knowledge that the little man was in a dangerous state was doubly oppressive because he knew of no way in which to help him. Nor could Mary ner



MacTavish offer any suggestion as to what might be done. The situation baffled them, too. Nichol had thought that possibly the old trader, because of his long friendship with Small, might be able to talk to him to some advantage. And MacTavish had tried. But, as he said afterward, you can't do anything with a person who does not seem to hear you or even recognize your presence. All three felt that it was only a question of time before the captain would somehow precipitate another crisis. Exactly what form his action might take none of the three could guess. True, old MacTavish thought he knew what Small might try to do, but he kept his theory to himself. He did not wish to seem an alarmist. He did, however, urge Nichol to keep a guard outside the captain's door at all times.

To the mate's surprise and relief, Mary's attitude towards him, the day after he impulsively kissed her hand, was not frigid, as he feared. It was no different, as a matter of fact, from what it had been before the incident. Always bashful and ill at ease with women, Nichol's experience with them was practically nil. He had none of the wiles or graces of a ladies' man nor had he sought to cultivate them. Almost painfully modest, he had never been able to believe that any woman would give him a second thought. And in the case of a girl so manifestly desirable as Mary, it would not have occurred to him, in the normal course of events, to consider himself as eligible for her notice.

He had put her on a pedestal at the very beginning; a pedestal higher than he might ever hope to reach. To find that she did not seem to resent a familiarity, for which he had mentally castigated himself, at first astonished him. Then, on thinking it over, he decided that her conduct must imply one of two things: either that she attributed his action to an upset state due to the evening's excitement and, as such, condoned it, or that she had accepted it as a mere gesture of loyalty from one of whom she could think only as her inferior. In either case, he told himself, it could not have meant to her all that it had meant to him. For he had kissed her hand that night only because he had not dared kiss her lips. He knew he was desperately in love with her. And, still seeing her upon a pedestal, he was convinced that there was no possible hope for him.

Old MacTavish could have told him otherwise, having seen the way Mary looked at him, when she thought herself unobserved. But, being not without a certain wisdom for his years the trader merely chuckled to himself. When Nichol invited him to join Mary and himself in walks about the deck in the evenings, he assented. "If the boy's coward enough to ask me," he thought, "I'll go with them. If he hasn't nerve enough to be with her alone, he deserves not to win her."

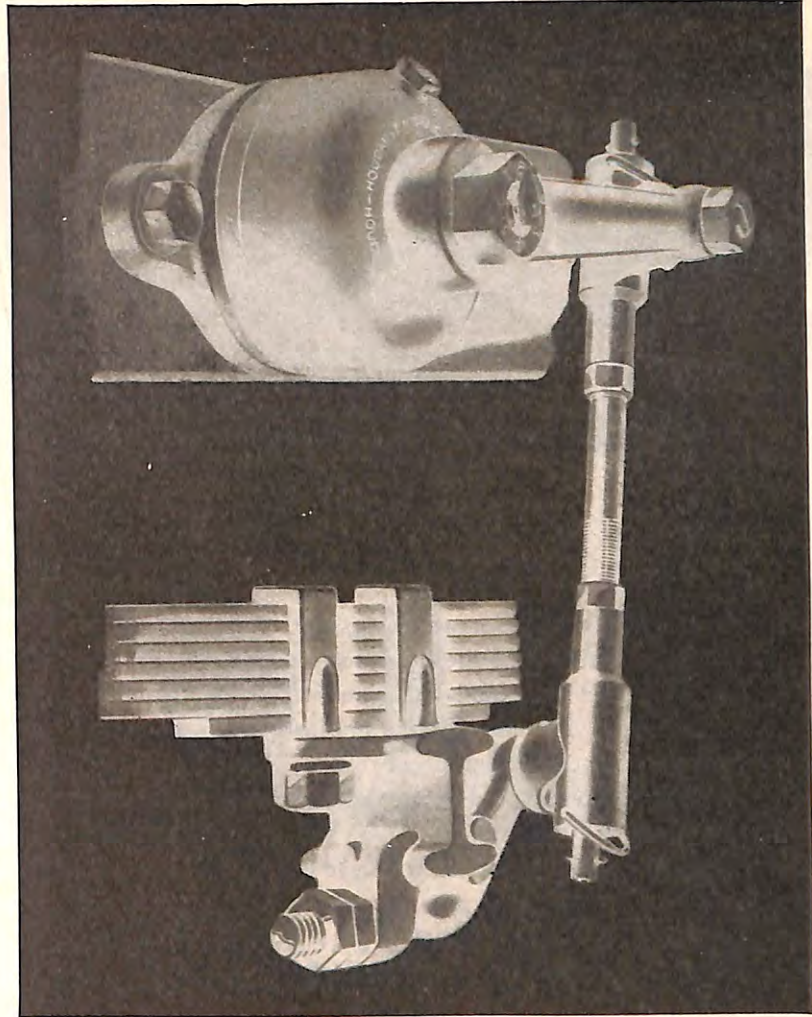
CHAPTER XVI

THE ensuing week brought little change. There were days on which the open leads pinched out and the ship lay at a standstill, followed by days of fighting the ice when explosives, kedges, ropes, winches, and all the resources of ship and men were brought into action to gain inches, yards, and sometimes miles, of seaway. On occasion they came within rifle shot of land, only to veer off and follow a lead half-way to the opposite shore of the Strait. In that week all varieties of Arctic weather were visited upon the ship. Sleet, hail, snow, biting gales and clear, crisp sunshine followed in a mad succession. It was as though the weather gods had said: "Here are our samples. How do you like them? Wait till we catch you in the open sea!"

Through it all the ship went on toward her goal. And through it all her captain sat, staring with dull eyes at his cabin walls, or stood at his porthole with fixed, expressionless gaze. Nichol, MacTavish, Poole—all tried repeatedly to talk to him, but in vain. Not a word would he utter to any of them. His silence and the look of him began to work on Nichol's nerves. He would wake up, at night, wondering what was going on behind that mask in the room on the bridge. He did not have to wait much longer to find out.

A day came when the lookout reported that he had sighted Hudson Bay. It was but a splinter of blue sea in the west, but the effect of its sighting worked like magic on the spirits of

(Continued on page 60)



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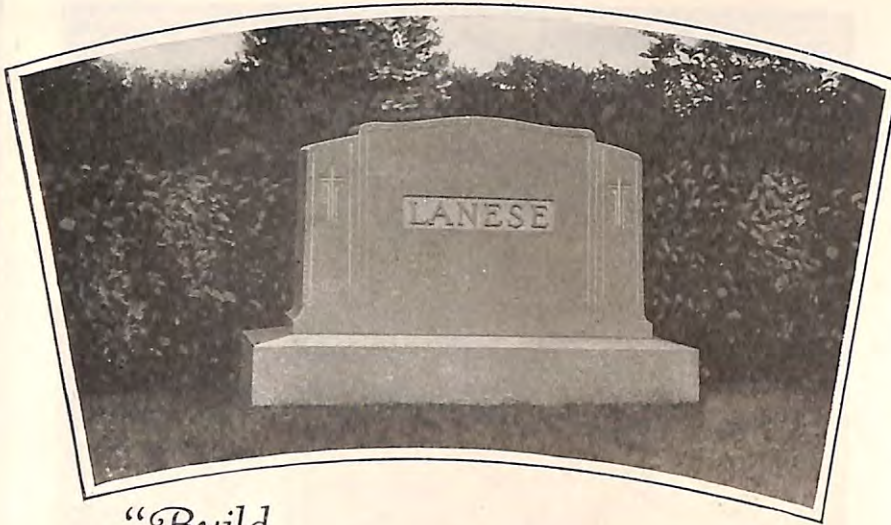
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## SHOCK ABSORBERS



## The Captain's Chair

(Continued from page 59)



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all on board. The opening to the Bay was now only a few miles away. Soon open lanes were showing everywhere. Nichol, up in the crow's nest, fought her ahead, battering through the smaller floes, smashing from one open lead to another, talking to her, cajoling her, urging her on. By evening the ship was in the last clutches of the ice. Half a mile ahead was the open bay.

Dead ahead was a solid barrier of ice, a field made jumbled and chaotic by the piling up of pressure ridges as the winds and tides of the Bay and of Fox Channel pressed the pack out into the Strait. Nichol reversed the engines and backed the ship prior to a preliminary assault. All hands were gathered near the bows—save those who were needed elsewhere—to watch the conquest of the last barrier. At Nichol's invitation, Mary and MacTavish had ascended to the bridge. In the general excitement, past troubles were forgotten. Half a mile more and the Strait would be behind them.

**SUDDENLY** the door of the cabin on the bridge was flung open. Captain Small, a grim, gray apparition, stood there with a revolver in his hand. Unsteadily he stepped out. The on-lookers froze with horror as they watched the little man make his way to his accustomed place by the telegraph. His appearance was so sudden and so unexpected that no one was able to move. Fascinated, they watched him. He did not hesitate. Before Nichol, up in the crow's nest, or Brand, down on the bridge, could realize his purpose, the captain reached quickly for the handle of the telegraph and pulled it to full speed ahead.

As the engines drove into action, the ship trembled. She shot forward. There was a yell from Nichol.

"Stop her," he shouted, "stop her!" and he began to scramble down the ladderway.

The captain whirled and took a shot at him. The bullet went wild. Then, as both Brand and MacTavish started for the telegraph, he brandished his gun.

"Stand back," he snapped. "I shoot the first man that moves."

Nichol kept coming down the ladderway, but before he could get more than half-way the damage was done. Fairly leaping ahead, the ship plunged with a terrific, wracking crash into the ice. With a sound of rending metal, her bow slid up onto the floe. The shock of the impact threw the bystanders in heaps. The upper part of one of the topmasts broke off and plunged like a spear to the foredeck, pinning a seaman beneath it. The next moment the ice pans gave way under her weight and the ship's nose dipped down to her hawse holes. Her stern rose and the free propeller raced.

While the vessel, still boring forward against the ice, swayed slowly to an even keel, and Mary, MacTavish and the others were picking themselves up, Nichol, who had managed to cling to the ladderway for his life, slithered down to the bridge and stopped the engines. An inert mass, beside the telegraph, lay the figure of Captain Small.

As the mate and the trader carried him to his cabin, the chief engineer came up to the bridge on the run.

"Good God, Nichol," he shouted, "you've ripped the bilge keels off this ship!"

"Shut up, Chief," said the laconic Brand. "It wasn't him. It was the captain."

The engineer with difficulty stifled the tirade he had been about to launch at Nichol and looked in at the door of the captain's cabin. The little man was stretched out on the berth. The mate was listening to his heart.

From the foredeck rose a babel of voices mingled with the cries of the injured seaman.

(To be continued)

*It is urged that prompt action be taken toward completing hotel reservations in Los Angeles for the week of July 7. Address inquiries to Elks National Convention Committee, 2400 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.*



## How Musical Comedies Are Made

(Continued from page 27)

chorus numbers. In fact, October first has nothing on the furniture moving that takes place during the run of most any musical comedy. What is more astonishing is that often the ends of the acts and scenes are now generally written and composed for the first time.

Each act and scene must generally end in music devised to fit the plot. The end of a scene is called the "finaletto," the end of an act is the "finale," though the last curtain bears the lofty name of "ultimo." In the latter several of the lively numbers are brought together for a sort of hurrah finish, so that the orchestra "plays them out" on the hit number. Nothing could be more absurd than the way characters and chorus just have to alternate song with words in the final situations. Here the lyric writer, composer and author sit at a piano and write on the spot. Care must be taken that the music doesn't spoil the comedy lines, and yet what is sung must carry on the story and situation; for a sudden beat on a drum will kill a laugh as quickly as if someone "stepped on a line"—which I'm sure is quite clear to the uninitiated. Here, too, scattered themes previously sung are picked up by the principals and woven into the plan, and at appropriate moments the chorus get in their fine sopranos. After a week or so of this weaving in and out, that would have made any tapestry worker blush with envy, the dress rehearsal finally arrives, when costumes are donned and scenery set.

During all this time the actors have been grubbing with foot and voice, the costumer has turned his costume plates into beautiful gowns of line and color, the stage designer has transformed his little cardboard models into paint and canvas ready to receive the modulated lighting the electrician has so carefully worked out, and the highly specialized job of orchestration has been brought to its rhythmic conclusion. The first notes written are those in which the mere tune is indicated; but this must be made into a real piano score, so it can be published, before finally arranged for the different instruments in the orchestra. Many a good tune may be made or ruined by this orchestration. Here also is where the principals are protected; for should the lady have a small voice, the orchestration can carry the tune in the strings and avoid the brass, thus saving her feeble pipings from being entirely drowned. One or two days will suffice for the orchestral rehearsals before they are ready to work with the troupe. And while the orchestra is tuning up, the parade of costumes across the footlights takes place; for the day of the dress rehearsal has arrived when most of what has been done is wrong.

ONE manager with whom I was seated in the orchestra, after several hours of agonized watching, finally became philosophical. "The good old days are gone forever. Now I take strychnine before I look at what all this is costing me. See that set? Years ago I could have had it painted for \$700. The scene painters got \$30.00 or so a week, and they hadn't hifalutin' ideas of how many hours hard work their constitution would stand. Now with their union, they are too delicate to work more than so many hours a day; and somebody has to hold their paint brushes; though they can struggle manfully on all night if we pay them for the extra time. They average about \$100 a week, normally; though most of our stuff always has to be rushed. As a result that 'Castle in Spain' now costs nearer \$3,000. You can figure out for yourself what six of them will cost if we splurge as we must to meet the competition. \$25,000 is a mild sum for a small affair, and most of my productions are nearer \$80,000. They expect if of me! And they thought I was just as extravagant when the same show cost about \$15,000. Why, I'm paying \$2,500 for artificial flowers I used in the first act, and I once sneaked a whole road show on for that! You see that green gown the star is wearing? That cost, with the imported feathers, more than all the costumes in one of my early shows. And look at it. They tell me I've got to store

(Continued on page 63)



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# They Jeered at Me— But I Made Them Applaud Me Three Weeks Later!

I HAD never been called on to speak before but I thought of course I could do as well as the rest of the bunch. When the chairman asked me to say a few words I told him I wasn't a speaker, but he said, "Oh, it's easy, you won't have a bit of trouble. Just talk naturally."

The minute I was on my feet I began to realize that speaking was a lot more difficult than I had expected. I had made a few notes of what I wanted to say, and had gone over my speech at home several times, but somehow I couldn't seem to get started. Everyone appeared to be bored and hostile. Suddenly I noticed two of the members whispering and laughing. For an instant I almost lost control of myself and wanted to slink out of that room like a whipped cur. But I pulled myself together and made a fresh attempt to get started when someone in the audience said, "Louder and funnier!" Everyone laughed; I stammered a few words and sat down.

And that was the way it always was—I was always trying to impress others with my ability—in business, in social life—in club work—and always failing miserably. I was just background for the rest—I was given all the hard committee jobs, but none of the glory, none of the honor. Why couldn't I talk easily and fluently like other men talked? Why couldn't I put my ideas across clearly and forcefully, winning approval and applause? Often I saw men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I pro-

moted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

## In 20 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. At the next meeting, just three weeks later, I got up and made the same speech I had tried to make before—but presented so forcibly, so convincingly that when I had finished they actually applauded me!

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home on this most fascinating subject.

\* \* \*

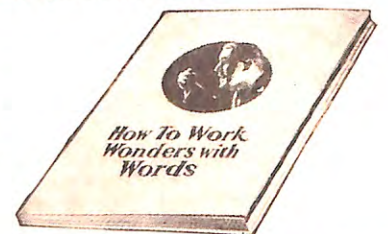
There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political

workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much-applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech.

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How to talk before your club or lodge  
How to propose and respond to toasts  
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 con-  
centration  
How to be the master of any situation



# How Musical Comedies Are Made

(Continued from page 61)

it away in camphor because she can't dance in it without tearing off all the rhinestones!

"These dresses the girls are wearing cost \$150 each; there are five changes and thirty girls. I'd have even more of a headache working out how much that adds up to than paying it when the time comes. My last operetta cost me about \$75,000 just to costume, and I haven't heard the last of this one as I don't know what country the author may decide to put the last act when he rewrites it. That young juvenile's salary has beat the rise in radio; he used to get \$250, and now he's only added a mere thousand because he made a hit, and the talkies want him. The 'bull' market has struck salaries all along the line. That bunch you see performing so gallantly cost me just a bit under 7,000 'bucks' each Saturday, rain or shine. And years ago \$2,000 for the same would have made everybody question my sanity.

"And what you see here is only the half of what's happened. The rent of this theatre is now over \$7,000 flat and once it could have been had for \$2,000. The electric signs I use take exactly \$100,000 a year out of the firm's pockets and that third act set has 3,000 electric bulbs playing on it. Edison ought to thank me every night. The press agent who tells a new lie each day about me and the show is just double his old salary and what the musicians get, besides pay at rehearsals, would have made Offenbach see he was born in the wrong century. I won't go into what the newspapers are now soaking us for their advertising; but if we don't 'play the game' some of 'em may forget to give us all that 'free' space for our feature stuff on Sunday.

"Do you realize this dress rehearsal will cost me just about \$10,000! That's for the all-night stage hands who get a million dollars a minute after eleven o'clock. Before we even open my preliminary bills will be about \$25,000. What for? Well, off the bat, besides this rehearsal I'd say typewriting parts and scripts; rent for the rehearsal halls, legal expenses for incorporating—a little precaution in case I go broke—and cartage of scenery, which will run about \$3,000 a show before we get set in New York. And then there's your author's expenses on the road and I never saw such appetites as you develop when I'm paying the bills—and then there's—oh, hand me a pistol—that comedian is terrible and I've given him a five-year contract."

Yet, in spite of his groans he has made a fortune from such plays. It is not uncommon for musical comedies to attract each week to the box office forty or fifty thousand dollars, especially with well-known stars. Even the smaller type of show averages nearly thirty, or it can not live. So that while the expenses are heavy—in some cases for a year the cost of production is not made and only small weekly profits are put aside—the collateral earnings in the long run from the road, the sale of foreign rights, and the like, bring large fortunes. The Australian rights of one success were sold outright for \$50,000. English options on American successes often bring as high as \$25,000 only as an advance on royalty. Rose-Marie, for example, is reputed to have made Arthur Hammerstein nearly \$3,000,000, and in one week recently a profit was made of over \$10,000—and this after four years. No one can count up high enough even to guess what *The Show Boat* will earn. To-day along Broadway, the majority of theatres are occupied by musicals,

and the average of success is greater than the legitimate plays now gasping for breath with "talkie" competition in de luxe picture houses. Soon, too, the talkie rights of the big musical hits of the past—now that the actual music can be employed on the screen without the expense of travel and orchestra—will unquestionably increase the value of all previous and future productions. It is this financial lure, though the money thrown upon the table must be greater, which makes many a manager turn to this type of play for his daily bread and Rolls Royces. Many are called and lots of them go broke; but a true gambler, which most theatrical managers must be, always plays on percentages.

For the author and musician also fortunes may be made. The average contract carries about 6 or 7 per cent. of the gross receipts, which is to be divided among those who make it. On a \$40,000 week, there is thus about \$3,000 royalty paid. The composer, if well known, generally gets the lion's share—from 2 to 3½ per cent., sometimes giving the lyric writer ½ to 1 per cent. out of his share; though often it is the manager who takes this responsibility. The author of the book also, if in demand, obtains 2 per cent. With large sums to divide, it is not unusual to find contracts dealing with the 32nds of 1 per cent., and the manager's book-keeper soon knows more about arithmetic than a stock broker's clerk. When the musical comedy is based on a Broadway play, the manager must pay 1 to 2 per cent. for its use and, depending on the original contract, this is generally divided between the original producer of the play and its original author. Many a dramatist has found that his old play, after lying asleep for years, suddenly wakes up and begins bringing him in a few hundred each week like manna from Heaven. And should this musical play make a success, not only does it have many weeks upon Broadway, but two or three road companies may be playing it at once; and Europe, too, holds out hands for it. More and more managers are trying to get simultaneous productions for, with the radio, gramophones and other means of diffusion, the music becomes known long before the play is elsewhere produced. Often very big hits, like *Rose-Marie*, will fail, as it did in Germany, partly because the music is too familiar, owing to its long run in Paris, or because the dance music has ceased at production to be a novelty. For, as soon as a play is produced the sale of the music begins, greatly adding to the profit of both musician and lyric writer. And, indirectly, through their protective society, royalties and dividends come for years everywhere the music is professionally played.

As I said, the highly specialized nature of the talent required to make a musical show, has limited the number of successful authors and composers working in this medium so that the experts are always busy; some not only take part in three or four new productions each year, but in addition need secretaries to keep track of the old plays still kicking money into the till. It is not unusual, therefore, to hear of certain musical comedy men who are earning \$3,000 a week. But as one said to me, after rewriting his new play for the sixth time, "It is certainly a crazy business for a sensible fellow to be in." Yet, if one must take part in these weird proceedings necessary to make a musical comedy, it is not so bad to be insane a little to profit so much.



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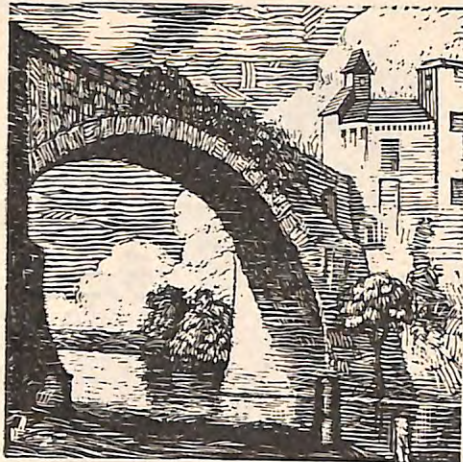
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- (2) The Moffat Tunnel, Colorado.
- (3) Galveston, Texas.
- (4) New Orleans, La.
- (5) New Union Station, Chicago, Ill.
- (6) Kansas City, Mo.
- (7) Grand Central Station, New York City.
- (8) San Francisco, Cal.
- (9) Buffalo, N. Y.
- (10) Hartford, Conn.





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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 46)

Heermance and Fred Hughes, and Exalted Ruler William Dunne of Bronx Lodge, No. 871. A splendid exemplification of the ritual was given during the meeting by the officers of No. 878, assisted by the drill team. Mr. Gano delivered a spirited address, which received a decided ovation. A fine dinner was served before the meeting and a buffet lunch at the close.

### Unique Boy Scout Troop Sponsored by Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge

A troop of Boy Scouts, believed to be the only one of its kind in the world, is being sponsored by Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge, No. 636, at the Reconstruction Home for the After-treatment of Infantile Paralysis. At the time of writing there were fourteen scouts in the troop, all of whom were crippled patients at the institution. Despite the heavy handicap of varying degrees of disability, no more earnest or cheerful troop is to be found anywhere. Among the activities of these crippled but courageous youngsters, whose Scoutmaster is L. J. Gaurnier, of Ithaca Lodge, is the production of a marionette show, the scenery and characters for which were made by a Scout who is an expert at this work.

Ithaca Lodge and the boys who are members of the troop are to be congratulated upon the success of this unique organization.

### Approvals Granted for Building And Property Purchase

Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and the Board of Grand Trustees have approved the following applications to build, purchase, and improve property: Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, to purchase plot of land for \$40,000; Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, to erect a building for \$25,000; Clarksdale, Miss., Lodge, No. 977, to expend \$5,000 to sink an artesian well.

### Port Chester Elks Receive District Deputy Beck

A gala evening was held in the Home of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, on the occasion of the official visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck. Dinner was served in the dining-room of the Home and upwards of 50 guests from neighboring Lodges sat down to a bountiful repast. A short business session followed, and then the officers, headed by Exalted Ruler John Holzworth, conferred the degree of the Order upon a class of candidates, rendering their several parts in efficient fashion. Mr. Beck impressed all hearers with his forceful delivery of the Grand Exalted Ruler's message, and M. Burr Wright, Jr., Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, conveyed President Gano's message relating to ritualistic work.

At the termination of the session a unique entertainment was provided by the display of several reels of moving-pictures taken by Exalted Ruler Holzworth on a trip to Alaska during the past summer.

### District Deputy Crowell Visits Home Lodge

Many prominent members of the Order from Massachusetts and Vermont were present to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert V. Crowell to his home Lodge, Brattleboro, Vt., No. 1499, when he paid his recent official visit there. The gathering was the largest since the institution of Brattleboro Lodge four years ago. Guests from Boston and other points in Massachusetts were met by automobiles at Greenfield and escorted to Brattleboro, where headquarters were established at the Hotel Billings. At 6:30 the guests were entertained at dinner in the Hotel Brooks and then adjourned to K. of C. Hall for the Lodge meeting. Following the initiation of a class of candidates Mr. Crowell delivered an address in which he praised the remarkable condition of No. 1499 and the work of its officers in their efficient and thorough manner of conduct of the meeting and ritualistic work. Following his remarks the

District Deputy was presented with a gladstone bag, and an overnight bag to be given to Mrs. Crowell. Among the prominent Elks present were E. Mark Sullivan, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers; Past Grand Tiler Michael H. McCarron, and many past and present subordinate Lodge officers. At the conclusion of the meeting a buffet lunch was served.

### District Deputy Visits Milledgeville, Ga., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, accompanied by Walter P. Andrews, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, and Charles H. Smith, Exalted Ruler of Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, paid his official visit to Milledgeville Lodge, No. 774, on December 19. The District Deputy and the official party were met by Exalted Ruler J. Howard Ennis and Past Exalted Rulers Joseph E. Pottle, John Hutchinson and R. W. Hatcher and escorted to the new Elks Home, where a splendid meeting of the Lodge was held. Addresses were made by Mr. McClelland and Mr. Andrews, and after the meeting a supper prepared by the wives of the members of Milledgeville Lodge was served and a thoroughly good time was enjoyed.

### Washington, Pa., Lodge Holds Dedication Week

Opening with a sacred service and musical program in the spacious auditorium of the new Home, on Sunday evening, November 11, dedication week of Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776, will be a long-remembered event in local Elk annals. On the following evening, with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. C. Robinson as guest of honor and some 400 visiting Elks from the jurisdiction present, a class of seventy-five candidates, all proposed by Past Exalted Ruler William Hancher, Secretary of Washington Lodge, were inducted into the Order by the crack degree team of the Pennsylvania Southwest Association, headed by Past Exalted Ruler J. P. Brownlee, chairman, of No. 776.

On Tuesday evening, at six-thirty o'clock, a sumptuous banquet was given in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert in the George Washington Hotel. Many dignitaries of the Order were present, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Charles E. Grakelow, Grand Secretary, J. Edgar Masters and State Association President Howard R. Davis. On behalf of Washington Lodge, the toastmaster, Past Exalted Ruler Walter B. Anderson, presented a handsome traveling bag to Mr. Hulbert, who accepted the gift with a gracious speech. Secretary Hancher was given a beautiful colonial grandfather's clock in appreciation of notable work for his Lodge and the Order. Immediately after the banquet adjournment was made to the Home where a reception, concert and dance proved brilliant spots on the evening's program. Interesting speeches were made by Mr. Hulbert, Mr. Grakelow, Mr. Tener, Mr. Masters and a number of past and active subordinate Lodge officers from the district.

The formal dedication of the new Home took place on Wednesday evening and was conducted by a corps of acting Grand Lodge officers headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. J. Schrader. The Hon. J. Boyd Crumwine, Presiding Judge of the Washington County Orphans' Court, made the dedicatory address and the officers, under the leadership of Mr. Schrader, rendered the special ritual in a noteworthy fashion. Instrumental and choral numbers rounded out the ceremony.

The dedication Grand Ball, a stag program, and dance, in respective order, were the functions which filled out the remainder of an eventful week.

### Anacortes, Wash., Lodge Officers Conduct Meeting for Bellingham Lodge

The officers of Anacortes, Wash., Lodge, No. 1204, recently paid a visit to Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, and conducted an initiation for their



hosts. Before the Lodge session the visitors and candidates were the guests of Bellingham Lodge at the monthly Goodfellowship Dinner, and afterwards enjoyed the broadcasting from the Lodge room by remote control, of the usual radio program, on which the crack Elks Band and the Glee Club of Anacortes Lodge were featured.

**Caldwell, Ohio, Lodge Entertains Visiting Delegation**

Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1448, was host to Nampa, No. 1389, and Boise, No. 310, on the occasion of the first of the ritualistic contests in Idaho, South. Accompanying the Boise delegation were the Bugle and Drum Corps and the Drill Team of No. 310. The contest was between Nampa and Caldwell Lodges, with the officers of the latter winning the decision of the judges after a spirited competition. Among the well-known Elks who were present and addressed the meeting were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. W. Jones, and Harry J. Fox, Secretary-Treasurer of the Idaho State Elks Association.

Caldwell Lodge is most active, with an able and hard-working set of officers heading an enthusiastic membership. Before the end of the current Lodge year not less than 200 new members will have been added to its rolls, and early next spring work will start on the construction of a fine new Home.

**Governor Fuller of Massachusetts Life Member of Malden Lodge**

Malden, Mass., Lodge, No. 965, recently conferred honorary life membership on Governor Alvan T. Fuller in recognition of distinguished public service. Governor Fuller was initiated into Malden Lodge in May, 1922, and is a loyal and devoted member. A notable feature of his long political career as Congressman, State Senator, Lieutenant-Governor and Governor, is that he has never accepted any salary from either the national or state government.

**District Deputy's Visit to New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck made his official visit to New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, on December 6. The District Deputy and his suite were entertained at dinner prior to the Lodge meeting, which started shortly after 8 o'clock. Past Exalted Ruler Hugh C. Harris, assisted by Past Exalted Ruler Richard Leo Fallon, presented Mr. Beck and the visiting delegation to the membership, and the initiation of a class of 17 candidates followed, in which was Louis Gehrig of the New York Yankees baseball team. The District Deputy complimented the officers on their efficient rendition of the ritual, and praised the able management of the Lodge's property, its general prosperity, and remarkable spirit of fraternal enthusiasm.

**District Deputy Robinson Greeted by His Home Lodge, Wilksburg, Pa.**

One of the largest crowds that ever gathered in the Home of Wilksburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 577, was on hand to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ralph C. Robinson on the occasion of his official visit, for his fellow members wished to express in the most concrete fashion possible the admiration and affection in which they hold him. Not only his home Lodge, but nineteen others of the district were represented among the Elks in attendance. The visitors included Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; two Past Presidents of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; seven Past District Deputies; nineteen Past Exalted Rulers; five Exalted Rulers, and twenty other chair officers, secretaries and trustees.

The meeting in the Lodge room included the initiation of a class of candidates, and the work of the officers in conducting the ritual, together with the active and healthy condition of the Lodge in general, was the subject of complimentary remarks by Mr. Robinson. Following the District Deputy's address, Past District Deputy A. J. Gerard gave a talk for the newly made Elks. Immediately after the adjournment of the meet-

(Continued on page 66)



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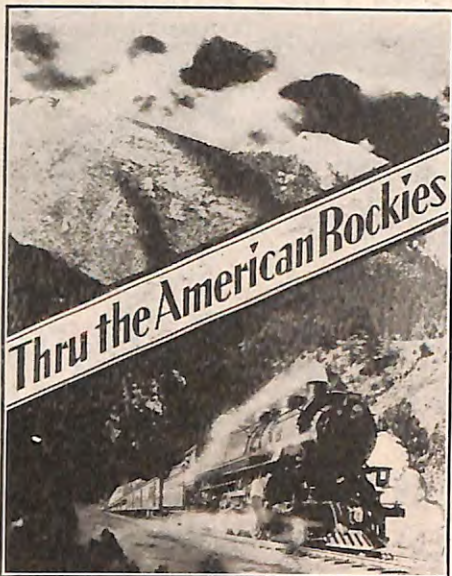
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Name.....

Address.....

Telephone No. ....

386

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 65)

ing supper was served in the grill, with covers laid for 300 guests. Short speeches paying tribute to Mr. Robinson were made by Mr. Masters; Past State Association Presidents George J. Kambach and F. J. Schrader; Past District Deputies John F. Nugent, William D. Hancher, John F. Lowers, John J. H. McCarty, and by Judge John H. McCann. Esteemed Leading Knight Carl C. Baldrige, on behalf of Wilkinsburg Lodge, presented the guest of honor with a beautifully fitted traveling bag.

### William J. Geer, First Exalted Ruler of Galion, O., Lodge, Is Dead

By the death of Hon. William J. Geer, Galion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1191, has lost one of its most valued members, and the community one of its most esteemed citizens. Mr. Geer was the first Exalted Ruler of Galion Lodge, serving for three terms, from 1910 to 1913, and an attorney of prominence in his home city. At the time of his death he had been for 35 years an active member of the Order which he served so well.

### District Deputy Hampton Visits Marion, Ind., Lodge

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John C. Hampton to Marion, Ind., Lodge, No. 195, was the occasion of a gala meeting and initiation. The class of candidates present was inducted into the Order by the famous degree team of Marion Lodge, which was formed in 1920. Mr. Hampton was lavish in his praise of the exemplification of the ritual by these members. The Lodge meeting, which was followed by a social hour, was marked by an unusually large attendance, which included twelve Past Exalted Rulers. Exalted Ruler Harry Carleton presided, and Past District Deputy Victor Bournique introduced Mr. Hampton. Past District Deputy A. C. Broughman was among the speakers who followed the guest of the evening.

### White Plains Elks Receive District Deputy's Visit

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, recently was host to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck and a retinue of past and active subordinate Lodge officers at a dinner held in the Home. Following the dinner, with the routine business of the Lodge session transacted, Mr. Beck and the visitors were escorted into the Lodge room and presented to the members by Past Exalted Ruler Edward F. Fitzgerald. The degree of the Order was then conferred upon a large class of candidates, the efficient and impressive work of Exalted Ruler Thomas H. Callahan and his staff calling forth much favorable comment. Mr. Beck commended White Plains Lodge for its admirable condition and fine hospitality, and other brief speeches in praise of its progress were made by Senior Past Exalted Ruler Frederick Hughes and Vice-President M. Burr Wright, Jr., of the New York State Elks Association.

### Testimonial Dinner is Given to F. J. Schrader

Many prominent members of the Order throughout Western Pennsylvania were present at a testimonial banquet tendered to F. J. Schrader, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, at the William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, on December 29.

Mr. Schrader, after thirty-one years of membership in Allegheny Lodge, No. 339, and after having held a number of prominent posts in the Order, is leaving Pittsburgh to take a position of importance in the office of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters in Chicago.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ralph C. Robinson of Wilkinsburg Lodge, No. 577, was the toastmaster, and addresses were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener; George J. Kambach, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Nugent, William D. Hancher and A. J. Gerard; Joseph

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L. Connell, President of the Pennsylvania Southwest Elks Association; Rev. M. F. Bierbaum, State Chaplain, and many others.

A beautiful gift, commemorative of the occasion, was presented to the honored guest, after an appropriate address by B. H. Giffen, of Pittsburgh Lodge, No. 11.

### Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Anniversary

One of the most enjoyable occasions recently held in the Home of Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, was the celebration of its 27th anniversary. With District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck and Vice-President M. Burr Wright, Jr., of the New York State Elks Association, present, the ceremonies attending the function were celebrated in the lower hall before a large gathering of members and visiting Elks, immediately following the close of the regular session.

### Massillon, O., Lodge Gives First Minstrel Show

The first annual minstrel show staged by Massillon, Ohio, Lodge, No. 441, was recently presented to crowded houses and achieved an unqualified success. The chorus and solo numbers were rendered by probably the best collection of male voices ever heard locally, and the smooth and efficient performance of the show as a whole was testimony to hard weeks of rehearsal by members of the Lodge. The first part was given along the lines of an old-fashioned minstrel show and the second half was made up of specialties. So enthusiastic was the reception accorded it that it was decided to make it a permanent annual affair.

### District Deputy McKy Visits Lakeview, Ore., Lodge

Motoring the 110 miles of snow-covered mountains between Klamath Falls and Lakeview, Ore., in less than three and one-half hours, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. R. McKy, accompanied by a number of companions, paid his official visit to Lodge No. 1536, at the latter place. The well-known Elks in the District Deputy's party included President H. B. Cusick, of the Oregon State Elks Association; Frank P. Light, Exalted Ruler of Lakeview Lodge; Secretary F. D. McMillan, of Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1267; and Harry S. Stone, of Lakeview. Mr. McKy was warmly welcomed on his arrival at the Home of the baby Lodge of the State, where nearly half of its membership was present for the visitation and meeting.

### Hawaiian Cruise of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Sails this Month

On February 27 the cruise to the Hawaiian Islands, sponsored by San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, will sail on the steamship *Maui*, to be gone for twenty days, returning to the Golden Gate on March 19. The Social Committee of the Lodge, which is in charge of this delightful expedition, has added several interesting features to its entertainment plans, notably a "luau," an Hawaiian feast in which the native dishes will be served in typical Island style. Those enjoying the cruise will be Elks, members of their families, and friends for whom they vouch. As this was written it was still possible to secure reservations, and any member in good standing of the Order, who is interested in making the trip, should communicate at once with Secretary Arthur J. Mangin of No. 3, at 456 Post Street, San Francisco.

### Joint Services Held by Oil Belt Association

The Oil Belt Association, composed of Cisco, Eastland, Ranger, and Breckenridge, Texas, Lodges, is most active in the promotion of the affairs of the Order in its territory. It holds monthly meetings, at each of which one Lodge exemplifies the ritual of initiation. At the end of the year the degree team which has most ably performed its office is to be awarded a trophy emblematic of the championship. The Association recently held a joint Memorial service.

(Continued on page 68)



## Midnight Marauders Don't Fear Telephones!

"Listen, Mister...when a guy gets caught in the act like you are — there ain't much left for him to do 'cept be non-shallant, as the cigarette fellers say. If I wasn't too damned easy-goin'—I'd..."

Tragedy and comedy so often sound alike until the last moment. *Your* thug might not have a sense of humor. The telephone that connects you with the outer world—the splendid police force that maintains law and order to the fullest possible extent of its powers—the financial satisfaction of adequate insurance—these cannot always replace the means of vigorous and immediate self-defense.

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### 1929 Convention in Los Angeles

—then back to your home town. You travel to the coast via Pikes Peak, Albuquerque and the Grand Canyon. After the Convention, home via San Diego (Coronado Beach), Yosemite Valley and San Francisco. Transfer to the great Panama Pacific liner, *S. S. California*, for the return trip by water. Stopover at Balboa to visit Panama City, Ancon and the ruins of Old Panama. Daylight passage of the Panama Canal. A stop at gay Havana, Paris of the Caribbean, as a "chaser" to the tour.

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

Since Breckenridge is to be the scene of the 1929 Texas State Elks Association convention, the Oil Belt Association Lodges are bending every effort toward making it a thoroughly successful occasion.

### District Deputy Magee and Suite Visit Winthrop, Mass., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles L. Magee, attended by a suite of 75 prominent Elks from all parts of the State, was present officially at a recent regular meeting of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge, No. 1078. As the District Deputy and his escort entered the beautifully decorated Lodge room they were accorded a warm reception. Mr. Magee delivered a fine address, and a program of orchestral music and several vaudeville acts, followed by a chicken dinner, contributed to a well-rounded evening.

### 1,000 Persons Attend Band Concert In Home of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge

More than 1,000 Elks and their guests, both men and women, attended the concert given a short time ago by the crack band of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, in the Home. Through the courtesy of Radio Station WFLA, the fine program, which included vocal solos, a vaudeville entertainment, and a number of brief talks by prominent members and guests, was broadcast. It is the plan of St. Petersburg Lodge to hold two such evenings of music each month through the winter season.

### A Tribute to a Loyal And Devoted Elk

Because it pays such understanding and deserved tribute to a member of the Order who for years, quietly and unostentatiously, but with a full appreciation of their worth, has practiced its four cardinal principles, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes real pleasure in reprinting the following editorial from the Anderson, Ind., *Daily Bulletin*:

"One of the most deplorable and regrettable accidents in this city was the one that befell Otis P. Warrender Saturday evening when he was struck by a street-car. He has lost a leg, and his tenure of life may depend on the injuries he received in the accident. At any rate, he will not be the strong, hardworking blacksmith he has been during a busy life.

"Otis Warrender was a real charity worker. As an active member of the Anderson Lodge of Elks, he was for many years chairman of the Lodge's committee to visit the sick and administer to their distress and needs. He ably and faithfully discharged these duties and assignments. He has spent a lifetime in such sympathetic relief work. With him it was a work not only of duty, but of love.

"His kindly nature and genial fellowship always brought hope to those in distress. His good work along those lines in this community has been of incalculable benefit and is worthy of emulation by every one. A wide circle of acquaintances will sympathize with him in his accident and hope for his speedy recovery."

### Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge Members Are Enthusiastic Bowlers

An unprecedented enthusiasm for bowling is marking the current season in Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 788. Under the leadership of Exalted Ruler James Finnerty twelve teams have been formed among the members and organized in a Home League. Four times a week there are League matches on the Lodge's alleys which are occasions of spirited contests and large turnouts of members.

### Past Exalted Ruler "Bob" Stratton of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, Dies

Milo R. Stratton, known to a legion of friends as "Bob," Past Exalted Ruler of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, and one of its most faithful and best-loved members, died at his home several weeks ago. Mr. Stratton had spent practically the whole of his life in Dixon, and his death was

a blow to countless friends both in and out of the Order. Interment was in Oakwood Cemetery, where Dixon Lodge conducted services which were attended by more than 200 of Mr. Stratton's fellow members of No. 779.

### Mother Lodge to Celebrate Its Sixty-first Anniversary

On February 16, at the Hotel Commodore, in New York City, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, will celebrate its sixty-first anniversary and commemorate the birth of the Order, with a banquet in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. All Elks and their male friends are invited to attend this annual birthday party of the Order. Those wishing to do so should communicate immediately with Louis H. Hyman, Treasurer, 108 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.

### Linton, Ind., Lodge Holds Christmas Dance

Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, held a very successful Christmas party in the Home on December 27. Elks, their families and friends to a large number spent a most enjoyable evening playing cards and dancing. Many young people from Linton and the surrounding towns were in attendance, and the party netted a substantial sum to the Lodge fund.

### Spokane, Wash., Lodge Sponsors Charitable Foundation

The Jacob Cohn Elks Charity and Relief Endowment, sponsored by Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, is now assured of success, with more than \$10,000 already pledged. The first gift was \$1,000, presented by Ben Cohn in memory of Jacob Cohn from whom the fund takes its name. All moneys received will be deposited and the interest used for public charity. All overhead charges will be avoided by having the endowment administered by the officers and charity committees of the Lodge.

Spokane Lodge is extremely active these days. Among other interesting events were two recent initiations, at each of which classes of more than sixty candidates were initiated. The harmonica band idea, introduced by Spokane Lodge at last year's convention of the Washington State Elks Association, is spreading through the city as a result of the efforts of interested members, who are organizing groups among children in the schools and orphanages.

### Duluth, Minn., Lodge Active During the Past Year

The last nine months of 1928 saw a varied program of public activities engaged in by Duluth, Minn., Lodge, No. 133. When the great singer, Madame Schumann-Heink, sang in Duluth last spring the officers of No. 133 were on the reception committee in her honor. That evening, at the Army where she appeared, Exalted Ruler Bert Duff, on behalf of the Duluth Elks, presented the beloved singer with a massive bouquet of American Beauty roses and an American flag, as an audience of 5,000 persons applauded. The flag now reposes in the Schumann-Heink Memorial in California, a gift of Madame Schumann-Heink to disabled veterans of the World War. During the summer Duluth Lodge built a cabin for the Boy Scouts at their camp, which was officially presented at ceremonies held in the Lodge Home, as reported recently in these columns. The Girl Scouts were not forgotten, and at the invitation of Duluth members held their annual council meeting in the Lodge room.

On November 11, Armistice Day, the Elks observed services at Leif Erickson Park, when the Veterans of Foreign Wars dedicated and presented to the citizens of Duluth a monumental flag-staff. The guests of honor of the Veterans were eighteen ex-soldiers of the German Army of the World War. During the service, the Exalted Ruler of Duluth Lodge presented the German veterans with silk American flags; in response to these gifts, they pledged allegiance

(Continued on page 70)



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If you are a *septic*, soap and water will not solve the difficulty. Nor will any refreshant neutralize unpleasant vapors of the body, or the breath for any length of time.

Nobody is septic by nature. It is a condition anyone can correct. Just a few days are sufficient to take the taint out of perspiration, and render one's breath as pure as can be; and this perfect personal cleanliness made permanent. Ask any doctor—or nurse—about *calcium wafers*.

You may not know whether you are a septic. Try some calcium wafers, and see! If there is any stagnant matter in the system, everything will speedily be sweet and clean. Your skin will be less acrid; color improved; this colonic correction even brightens eyes and whitens teeth! And you will never need another harsh cathartic from the time you have learned to prevent even semi-constipation by just occasionally taking a tiny calcium wafer.

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 68)

to the American flag and the protection and preservation of all it represents. In the afternoon of the same day the members attended the dedication of the new city hall, sponsored by the American Legion.

Joint Memorial Day Services were held at the Orpheum Theatre in Duluth. Five Lodges, Hibbing, Chisholm, Virginia, Eveleth and Duluth participated, the Exalted Ruler of each Lodge taking part. John T. Armstead, Past Exalted Ruler of Duluth Lodge, delivered the address. Elks, their families and friends, attended from a radius of one hundred miles.

Among purely fraternal matters the Lodge points with pride to its record of re-instatements. In December, Chairman Owen of the Lapsation Committee reported forty-two re-instatements, and predicted as many more by April 1. A campaign for new members was started in January with a large party for the members of the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the disabled ex-service men of the jurisdiction.

### Carlisle, Pa., Lodge is Host To High School Band

Prior to its annual Christmas activities Carlisle, Pa., Lodge, No. 578, was host to the town's high school band, an organization three years old and one of the best in the State. The event was held in conjunction with Ladies' Night and drew a large attendance. Following an excellently rendered program the band was presented with a substantial gift of money by the Lodge to help pay for its new uniforms.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

Friends of Past Exalted Ruler D. A. Preston of Rock Springs, Wyoming, Lodge gathered at dinner in the Home of the veteran Elk and statesman of the Northwest on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. Mr. Preston has had a notable career as an Elk and in public life. He has served as Exalted Ruler of his Lodge, as its representative at Grand Lodge Conventions, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and on many important Grand Lodge committees. He has served his state in its territorial legislature and as its Attorney-General. A few days after his birthday, according to his annual custom of eighteen years' standing, Mr. Preston was host to all the children of his city at a theatre party.

Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, Justice of the Grand Forum and recently Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, has become associated with a prominent firm of attorneys in Chicago. His new address is 11 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

After the meeting of Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter J. Turley attended in his official capacity, the guest of honor and the members present enjoyed a fine venison dinner, supplied by the rifle of one of their fellow Elks.

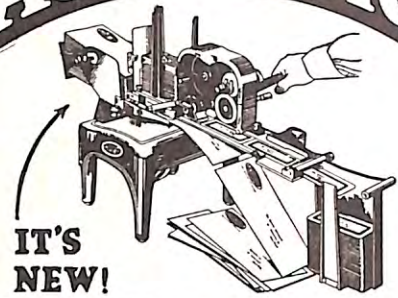
Secretary F. N. Chandler, of Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281, requests THE ELKS MAGAZINE to announce to members of the Order who are interested in collecting stamps that those used in Guam are United States stamps of the usual denominations. Mr. Chandler says that he receives many letters from members of continental Lodges requesting sets of the stamps used on his Island, and that these members are undoubtedly unaware that the familiar home stickers are used in this South Sea possession.

Through the generosity of members who are in the fruit business, Yakima, Wash., Lodge was able to present to Tacoma Lodge a car-load of fine Yakima apples which Tacoma members distributed to the poor children of their city.

A venison dinner was served before the meeting of Alpena, Mich., Lodge, at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Bradford Pengelly made his official visit.

The Glee Club of Oakland Calif. Lodge sang at the Fairmont Hospital some time ago, and several days later, with the Lodge orchestra, gave a combined patriotic program for the wounded World War veterans at the hospital at Yountville.

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Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge has undertaken the project of beautifying Brown Park, which is located just opposite the Home. The ground was presented to the city by a late member of the Lodge and the Elks will have the aid of the local park commission in their task.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Gordon Hay was present at a recent monthly meeting of Berwick, Pa., Lodge, and highly complimented the officers on their conduct of the initiation and the Lodge's affairs generally.

The officers of Ashland, Ore., Lodge, recently initiated a class of candidates for Klamath Falls Lodge and participated in an interesting fraternal occasion in the Home of their hosts.

Houston, Texas, Lodge put a radio program on the air some time ago which was picked up by Lodges all over the country. A speech by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell was a feature of the program.

A delegation of Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge members paid a fraternal visit to Alameda Lodge where the officers of the visitors conducted the meeting and initiation for their hosts.

Lamar, Colo., Lodge is planning a huge celebration for some time in March when it will burn the mortgage on its \$75,000 Home.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ray Weingartner paid a visit to Mendota, Ill., Lodge and found its affairs in flourishing condition.

Newport, Ky., Lodge officers recently conducted initiatory ceremonies for Cincinnati, O., Lodge at a gala meeting held in the latter's Home.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge officers initiated a large class of candidates for Patchogue Lodge on the occasion of their fraternal visit some time ago.

Thirty-five candidates were inducted into the Order by Exalted Ruler Harold Armstrong and his staff of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge at a December meeting. The crack band of the Lodge gave a concert at the close of the meeting and then the members and new Elks adjourned to the dining-room for a buffet luncheon.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward A. Counihan, Jr., recently paid an official visit to Natick, Mass., Lodge where he commended the officers for their ritualistic work and the Lodge for its healthy condition.

### Reading—From Left to Right

(Continued from page 21)

And now let us speak of some interesting books that have been sent to these pages.

#### Leonardo the Florentine

By Rachel Annand Taylor. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

SELDOM do moods or events come our way which cause us to yearn to have lived in another time or land.

But let us warn you. Once you have lost yourself in the fascinating chapters of "Leonardo the Florentine" something will happen to your contentment. This whirring civilization will—presto!—disappear and you will be beguiled into the "full tide of the Renaissance," into those great Italian cities of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries where beauty reigned in a sort of luminous triumph, where life, then as now, was compounded of human loves and hates, but clothed itself in such grandeur that those echoes of it which have come down to us through the masterpieces, fill us with wonder.

Some four hundred and fifty years ago the young Leonardo da Vinci was painting his ardent heart away in Florence, a city "new-coined from the Renaissance mint," gripped by strong walls and ancient gates, sparkling like a jewel with its beautiful bridges and piazzas, palaces and towers, and fragrant with its miraculous gardens and the vine-covered hills that rose around it.

Within this city a frenzy of creation went on, a passion to make still more wonderful things—mosaics, statues, broderies, the greatest paintings that the world has ever seen, wonders in gold and silver and precious stones—an outpouring of vision and talent that has never been surpassed.

(Continued on page 72)

## PLAY BILLIARDS FOR HEALTHFUL RECREATION



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BILLIARDS fascinates everyone. It's enjoyable to all. Entertaining from the very start, and its interest never wanes.

And billiards is a most inexpensive game that can be played in the club-like atmosphere of the modern billiard room, recreation center or at home. Brunswick home tables range in price from \$8.95 up. Each model, irrespective of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely

equipped with balls, cues, etc. The lower priced models are sold at leading stores everywhere. The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan (only a modest initial payment required) from the Brunswick branches, located in all principal cities. Mail the coupon for full information.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO. 623 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. In Canada: Toronto

## Play Billiards

On convenient terms, in your own Home. Tear out and mail this coupon for colorful book on Billiard Tables!

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., Dept. 132 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Gentlemen: please send me full information about your Home Billiard Tables.

Name..... Address.....  
City..... State.....

## FOOT PAINS GONE in 10 minutes OR COSTS YOU NOTHING

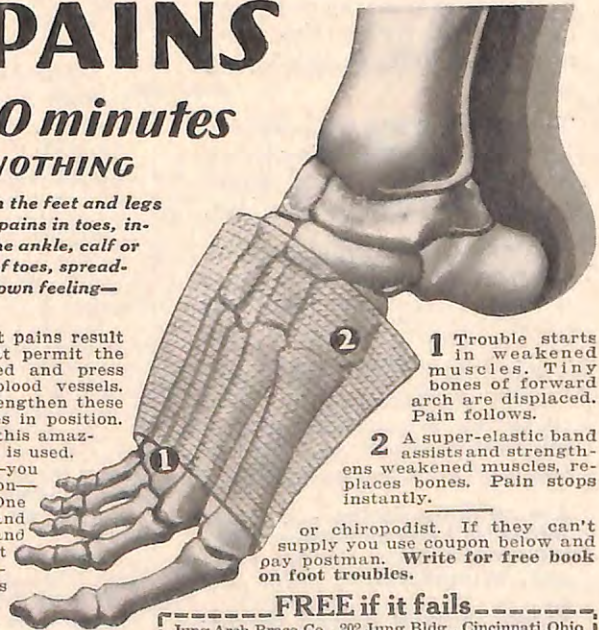
Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, in-step, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles that permit the foot bones to become displaced and press against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Now a way is discovered to strengthen these muscles while holding the bones in position. Pains stop in 10 minutes when this amazing band, the Jung Arch Brace, is used. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. An exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift is provided and urgently advised for severe cases. Worn with any style footwear. There is nothing stiff to further weaken muscles or cause discomfort.

Pain stops like magic. Soon band may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

Wear it 10 days; if not delighted, your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store

## JUNG'S ARCH BRACES



1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free book on foot troubles.

**FREE if it fails**

Jung Arch Brace Co., 202 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio  
Send one pair of braces marked below:  
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR SEVERE CASES —with cushion lift	FOR MILD CASES —without cushion lift
<input type="checkbox"/> BANNER (medium) \$2	<input type="checkbox"/> WONDER (medium) \$1
<input type="checkbox"/> VICTOR (long) \$2.50	<input type="checkbox"/> MIRACLE (long) \$1.50

Money enclosed.  Send C. O. D. plus postage.  
Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....  
Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices.



## Reading—From Left to Right

(Continued from page 71)



### AMERICAN BEAUTY PLAYING CARDS



**T**HE popularity of American Beauty Playing Cards proves that experienced players recognize the fact that there is a big difference in playing cards.

Their perfect slip is a necessity for easy accurate dealing, quick sorting of hands and rapid gathering of completed tricks.

Big, easy-to-read indexes mean easy, confident, faster playing, without straining the weakest eyes.

Their high finish and tough, flexible texture enable them to withstand shuffling, bending, and the soil of perspiration and continuous handling.

**A word to the dealer**—Ask your jobber for American Beauty Playing Cards. If he cannot serve you, write direct.

Other popular priced Standard brands include: *Liberty Bell*, *Radium*, *Auction Bridge*, *Society*.

STANDARD PLAYING  
CARD CO.

412-420 Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.  
212 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Into this Florence during the sway of Lorenzo de' Medici, one is swept by the superb descriptions in this book. Into the era in which flourished Brunelleschi, Donatello, Michelangelo, Raphael, Botticelli and countless others of that flaming brotherhood, Mrs. Taylor plunges, heart-deep, taking us along with her.

As with so many of his contemporaries, genius played like lightning about Leonardo. He was a sculptor, an architect, a musician, and inventor—a creature of godlike gifts and endless genius.

"The truth of things is a supreme food for fine intelligences . . ." we find written among Leonardo's notes, and somehow the words prick deeply.

Truly we are fed on so much hokum these days that it becomes almost more than we can do to digest an honest diet. In this book by Mrs. Taylor there is, dear readers, much truth—"for fine intelligences." It is, in fact, food for the soul, as well.

And now for a little fiction; something light and jaunty and decently sentimental.

#### Joshua's Vision

By William J. Locke. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

**N**OT long ago Mr. Locke was lured out to Hollywood, there to lend his brain to the mighty motion-picture business.

So we can fancy him working away at the "talkies" like all the rest of the literati, but he is not lost to us entirely as you see by this charming romance which he left behind to be published during his Hegira.

"Joshua's Vision" is a typical Locke story. A delightful Englishman (modestly middle-aged) finds himself a millionaire after the war. Up to that time he had been in the not-too-exciting shoe-manufacturing business, and had lived austerely, not to say a bit dumbly.

But now, a whole new set of values face him—a new world beckons. And as always in a simon-pure Locke novel, a gentleman needing guidance in such premises gathers unto himself some delicious ladies to see him through.

But, after all, what does it matter? The dreams were glamorous while they lasted, and the whole yarn is a thing to tuck under your arm after every one has gone to bed and you turn the hall light out and find the sanctuary of your own room at last.

#### The James Gordon Bennetts— Father and Son

By Don C. Seitz. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.)

**W**HEN James Gordon Bennett in 1835 issued his first copy of the New York *Herald*, that hard-headed, and willful and outrageous pioneer in newspaperdom could hardly have visioned that he was creating not only a daily paper but starting a world-known institution.

In those early days, little old New York with its unsensational population had the amazing total of fifteen other daily journals, and to all of these, Mr. Seitz asserts, "the newcomer was anathema."

The detested little sheet, however, came, in five short years, to outstrip them all, and in the years between 1873 and 1883 the *Herald* could justly claim to be "the most profitable and potentially the most powerful newspaper in the world."

In Don Seitz's account of the growth, the warfare, the uncompromising program of the *Herald*, he recaptures in a lively way the social and political history of New York as it played itself out over a period of eighty-three years, for a great newspaper is a sort of fiery sieve through which the world passes, and is, of necessity, a living part of it.

Then the story swings into the second reign of a Bennett as owner and editor of the *Herald*—when James Gordon Bennett, the younger, comes into his own.

And there's a tale as will make you stare!

"The Commodore," he was called—an enigma of a man, restless, brilliant, ruthless, unmatched for his newspaper originality and daring, a man hated and feared for his injustice and cruelty, yet perversely loved at times because of a fascination that was extravagantly poured out when he wished to win a point.

It was James Gordon Bennett, the younger, who, with a flair for journalistic enterprise, sent Henry M. Stanley to Africa to find Livingstone; and it was he who fathered the Jeanette Expedition to the North Pole, and who fostered countless other noted exploits which brought him and his paper into world fame.

Mr. Seitz writes as man to man. He is very much *en rapport* with this particular story, for he is a newspaper man himself and as a consequence this record of two amazing lives becomes a very full-flavored and racy piece of writing.

#### The Case of Sergeant Grischa

By Arnold Zweig. (The Viking Press, New York.)

**A**RNOLD ZWEIG, a German writer who served in the war, found in that welter of bloodshed and desolation the material out of which the plot of this significant novel is fashioned.

At first he put these annals of a Russian prisoner who escapes from a German labor camp, into play form, he having done considerable other work for the theatre, but in 1927 he turned his magnificent story into a novel which, in the English edition, is climbing quickly up on the best-seller list.

In achieving his escape, the lumbering and naive Sergeant Grischa assumes the identity of a dead Russian who, it develops tragically, had a price upon his head, a price that the humble Grischa unconsciously inherits.

When he is finally captured his trial creates more or less of a furore in the German Army, and his ultimate execution carries with it the inevitableness of a Greek tragedy.

Decidedly not a novel to neglect. "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," in our opinion, comes very close to the stuff of which classics are made.

#### Hunger Fighters

By Paul de Kruif. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

**A**N UNCOMMON story concerning our common food.

This fascinating volume, which we have mentioned before but which can bear a second word or two, is the history of those quiet and modest scientists who have devoted years of experiment to the finer growth and the greater production of those things upon which we humans live.

#### Goethe—A Magnificent Pagan

By Emil Ludwig. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

**G**OETHE? Oh, yes, he's the German fellow who wrote 'Faust!'

That—we say it without the blush it deserves—is nearly all that we, in these rushing times, know about that magnificent pagan who is the Shakespeare of the Teutons. Indeed, even his biographer himself says, ". . . this century has gone by as though he had never existed." But now, with Ludwig's nobly proportioned book in our hand, we suddenly realize all we have been missing in being so delightfully blind.

It is a wide and passionate history, this, about an untamable creature whom Napoleon once sent for and to whom he said, when the German poet came and stood at the other side of the Emperor's breakfast table: "You are a man!"

And it is the story of the great poet, dramatist and novelist of Weimar as a man that this work of Ludwig's most holds us.

His loves, of which his life was almost shockingly full, had a natural effect upon his writing, and Ludwig so intertwines the record of his heart and his mind that the whole presents a gigantic canvas—troubled, pathetic, heroic.





# Guarantee— New hair grown quickly or no pay—

Free trial—  
mail coupon  
below—NOW!



## The amazing story of INFRA-RED RAYS

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out, no matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff, stop falling hair and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

### Famous Surgeon's Discovery

All observant men have noticed that their beard grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: Heat rays of a certain kind that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues and so RESTORE HAIR in all

but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

### Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair, when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now for the first time, has Dr. Theodore H. Larson permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

### Infra-red Rays Reach the Roots

In nine out of ten so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the surface skin—never get to the roots.

Rough Diagram Suggesting: Left—the long-wave Infra-Red rays; right—short-wave Ultra-Violet.

Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair root and electrically, almost magically, revitalizes it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

### Send No Money

You can use DERMO-RAY in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness—or you pay nothing.

Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer will be sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To forever end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW.

### FREE TRIAL OFFER

THE LARSON INSTITUTE,  
216 North Wabash Ave., Dept. 436  
Chicago, Illinois.

Send me at once without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of DERMO-RAY.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_



**INVEST--\$1,000**  
*draw - - - \$2,000*  
*- - - in less than*  
**11 YEARS!**

**T**HE growing power of money invested in sound, first mortgage bonds is proved by this fact.

6½% compounded semi-annually will quickly change dreams of future financial independence into realities.

The F. H. Smith Company, since 1873 has helped investors **6½%** in the selection of bonds... backed by income-producing city buildings... and have safeguarded their investments by other protective features developed during more than a half century's experience.

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Investment Securities—Founded 1873  
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NAME.....  
 ADDRESS.....16-42

*Exempt from all Federal Income Taxes*

**Municipal Trust Ownership Certificates**  
**YIELDING 5.50%**

*A Perfect Security for the Conservative Investor*

- \$100,000 City of St. Louis, Mo.,  
December 1, 1930-33
- 200,000 City of Kansas City, Mo.,  
September 1, 1937
- 75,000 City of Charleston, W. Va.,  
August 1, 1939
- 25,000 City of Ft. Worth, Texas,  
July 1, 1934-35
- 42,000 City of Tulsa, Okla.,  
February 1, 1931-39

*Details of offerings upon request*

Legality approved by  
 Messrs. Clay, Dillon and Vandewater  
 New York, N. Y.

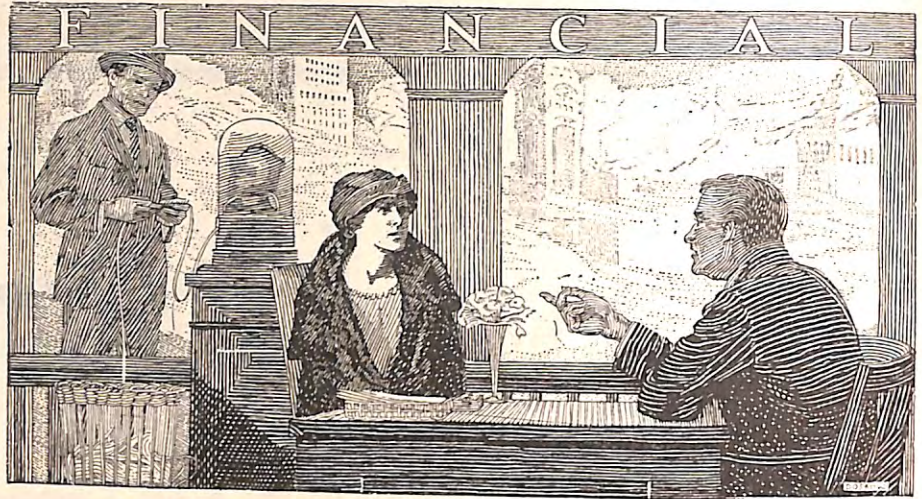
**HERBERT C. HELLER & CO.**  
 INCORPORATED

37 Wall Street New York  
 Philadelphia, Pa. Kansas City, Missouri Chicago, Ill.

Herbert C. Heller & Co., Inc.  
 37 Wall Street, New York

GENTLEMEN:  
 Kindly send details of your offerings of 5.50%  
 Municipal Trust Ownership Certificates.

Name.....  
 Address.....E2



**Tax Anticipation Liens**

By Paul Tomlinson

**E**VERY ONE knows the old saying about there being but two things in this world upon which human beings can rely with certainty. Neither of these things is pleasant to think about, but that does not make them less inevitable, and so far as taxes are concerned the fact that they absolutely must be paid has created a situation which presents an opportunity for investors.

One of the most interesting things in connection with the increase of wealth in this country, and its wide distribution, has been the development of new kinds of investments. It is another example of the age-old law of supply and demand; when there are funds seeking investment, investments will be created to meet the demand. Along with the increase in wealth has gone also the development of science, and these developments have created hitherto undreamed-of wealth, and opened up numerous unsuspected avenues of profitable investment. Further, and also important, investment has been handled on a more scientific basis than formerly. When more people have money to invest it is only natural that knowledge of investments should be more widely disseminated, and investors more discriminating in their choice.

If some one were to ask the safest investments in this country it is probable that most people would name government bonds, the obligations of the Federal Government, and its various sub-divisions—State, county, and municipal. This would be a good answer, for such bonds are in the majority of cases secured by the credit of the political division selling them. That this credit is considered good is attested by the low yield on municipals, the broad market for them, and their popularity with investors. When the Government of the United States, or cities like New York, Los Angeles, or Atlanta borrow money and pledge their word to repay the loan with interest, the loaner, that is the bond buyer, is not running much risk. Government and municipal bonds, further, are tax exempt and this characteristic appeals strongly to the large investor who is subject to heavy income taxes.

The fact that municipal bonds are so highly regarded tends, of course, to keep their price up, and their yield down. Many investors do not like this part of it quite so well; they like the tax-exempt feature of municipals, they like the high degree of safety they enjoy, but they would like to get a little better return on their investment, if all other things being equal that could be done. Evidently it can.

In this day of the motor-car, towns, boroughs, cities, political units of every sort, have found that it is essential for them to keep their streets paved and in first-class condition. Old roads have had to be rebuilt; new roads have had to be constructed. Whatever is done money is needed to do it with, and it is the municipality which must arrange to pay the contractors, engineers, and material men.

In a large number of States there are laws providing that the cost of street improvements be assessed against individual property owners whose properties abut upon the streets being

improved. When a street improvement is ordered the municipality accordingly issues what are known as tax bills against the property owners, each owner being billed, or assessed, for his proportionate share of the cost of improvement. Now one man will have a large property, with a large frontage on the street; another man's property will be small; in the whole list there will be a great variety, but in practically every case the tax bill will be for some odd, uneven amount. The municipality is glad to sell these tax bills and get cash for them, for it can then pay off the loans negotiated for the street improvements, and it will be relieved of paying interest, and of carrying complicated accounts on its books.

The ordinary investor does not want to buy something paying interest on an odd amount like \$327.89, or to have an investment for some such uneven figure in his safe-deposit box. He wants to buy something for \$500, or \$1,000. The result is that certain bond dealers have come to specialize in this form of investment, and matters are now arranged by them to suit the requirements of the security markets. Briefly, what they do is to bid for an entire offering of tax bills, just as they might bid for an entire issue of municipal bonds. The successful bidder takes his tax bills, places them in trust with some bank or trust company, and this trustee then issues its own certificates, secured by these tax bills as collateral. These certificates are in effect collateral bonds, carrying interest coupons which the purchasers cash when due, like any other bond coupons. The trustee collects the interest due from the municipality for this purpose, just as it would collect interest from a railroad or any other corporation having a bond issue outstanding.

**T**HE collateral for these certificates are, of course, the tax bills issued by the municipality against the property owners. What kind of collateral is this anyway? In the first place the bills average only about 2 or 3 per cent. of the property's assessed valuation, which means that they are in reality an even smaller percentage of the real value. Further, they are absolutely a first lien on the properties against which they are issued, ranking ahead of all mortgages. Suppose, for example, a man owns a piece of property assessed at twenty-five thousand dollars, and fronting on a street which is to be repaved. The practice of assessing properties is different in different places, but the chances are that the real salable value of this property is from 50 to 100 per cent. in excess of the assessed valuation. The tax bill issued against the owner of the property amounts probably to from \$500 to \$750, a rather small percentage of either its assessed or actual value. There may be a first mortgage on the property for \$10,000 and this mortgage incidentally would undoubtedly be considered an excellent risk by any bank or building and loan association. How much better is the tax bill, which ranks ahead of the first mortgage, constituting a lien on the property which would have to be discharged before



# Odd Lots

By purchasing 10 shares of stock of the leading companies in 10 diversified industries, greater margin of safety is obtained than by purchasing 100 shares of any one issue.

Adverse conditions may arise in which any industry might be affected, but it is unlikely that the ten industries would be affected simultaneously.

Many advantages of trading in Odd Lots are explained in an interesting booklet.

Ask for E. 613

## 100 Share Lots


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# John Muir & Co.

Members  
New York Stock Exchange  
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## Federal Bonds

*assure steady income without risk~*

Federal Bonds are as well suited for persons who desire to build Capital as for those with Capital to invest, and to whom assured maximum interest return and safety of principal are of vital importance.

All Federal Bonds are secured by first mortgages on homes and small business properties held in trust by the Empire Trust Company of New York. Such properties have always been highly regarded as security for loans. In addition to the mortgage security Federal Bonds, being direct obligations of the Federal Home Mortgage Company, are protected by all the assets of the Company, amounting to over three and three quarter million dollars.

### 5 1/2% to 6%

In view of the safety of these Bonds the income is unusually high. The yield from government and industrial bonds of comparable safety is considerably less, which means more income for the investor in Federal Bonds, and more rapid building of Capital.

Our new booklet No. 16 "Safety and Steady Income" will be mailed upon request.

**R. H. ARNOLD CO.**  
120 Broadway ESTAB. 1895 New York City

## INSURANCE STOCKS

participate in the earnings of one of the soundest, most profitable businesses in the country. We predict that 1929 will show new high peaks reached by this group. Investors will find insurance stocks of major importance in building up their financial estate.

### WE RECOMMEND

Baltimore American Insurance Co.  
(A Member of the Home Group)

Price about 53  
Subject to market

Ask for Circular E11

**E. A. Campbell & Son**  
Southern Building  
Washington, D. C.

Specialists in Bank and Insurance Stocks

the mortgagee could foreclose. And when it is remembered that all of the collateral for these municipal trust ownership certificates is of the same gilt-edged sort it is a question whether or not they do not constitute investments ranking at least equally with bonds secured by the credit of the municipalities themselves.

Is it any wonder that these certificates are becoming exceedingly popular with investors who know about them, and who therefore recognize what attractive investment characteristics they possess? Another feature of these securities is that customarily they are offered in series; that is to say, a certain percentage of them mature at stated intervals, usually each year, so that as payments are made on account of principal, money is automatically provided to pay off the certificates as they mature.

There is not a wide market for these certificates as yet, and lack of marketability is always more or less of a handicap to an investment's desirability. Investors want securities which are readily convertible into cash. In this particular instance, however, limited marketability is not of any great importance, and for the following reasons. The average term of these certificates seldom exceeds five years, and as they are issued in series a percentage of them are falling due and being paid off annually. Investors desire marketability because that keeps their investments liquid, but a certificate due in five years does not oblige the purchaser to wait a very long term for cash, and when certificates can be obtained, due and payable in one, two, three, or four years, they are fairly liquid even if the market for them is somewhat restricted.

To compensate for a somewhat restricted market the yield on municipal trust ownership  
(Continued on page 76)

### Investment Literature Sent on Request

"Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds Are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail"; The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co., of St. Louis, Mo.

John Muir & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 50 Broadway, New York, are distributing to investors an interesting booklet, "Odd Lot Trading," which contains valuable information to both the large and small investor, and shows the many advantages offered to traders in Odd Lots.

E. A. Campbell & Son, Southern Building, Washington, D. C., specialists in bank and insurance stocks, will be glad to send their booklet on request dealing with these securities. Send for Booklet E.

"How to Build an Independent Income" is the title of a new booklet by the F. H. Smith Company, and "55 Years of Investment Service" describes the history of progress of the same firm, as well as making an attractive suggestion in first mortgage real estate bonds.

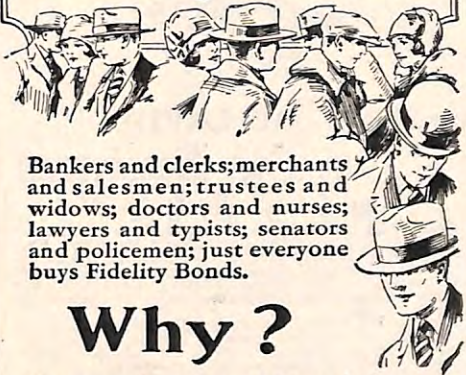
R. H. Arnold Co., 120 Broadway, New York City, have prepared a very interesting booklet on their 5 1/2% to 6% Mortgage Bonds. In view of the safety of these bonds, the interest is unusually high. They will be very glad to send you copy on request.

Public Utility Investing Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York City, will be glad to send on request their interesting booklet dealing with the Associated Gas & Electric Company Class A Stock. By taking dividends in stock the yield is well over 8%.

Herbert C. Heller & Company, of 37 Wall Street, New York City, underwriters and dealers in Municipal Securities, which are Tax Anticipation Liens issued in the form of Municipal Trust Ownership Certificates, will be very glad to give detailed information on their offerings, upon request.

In writing for information please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

# Who Buys Fidelity Bonds?



Bankers and clerks; merchants and salesmen; trustees and widows; doctors and nurses; lawyers and typists; senators and policemen; just everyone buys Fidelity Bonds.

## Why?

Because all prefer to invest their surplus funds in a manner that brings them the largest returns with the greatest margin of safety.

Fidelity 6% First Mortgage Bonds offer both—a high rate of return and utmost safety for principal. Their payment, when due, is made doubly certain by our guarantee. Learn more about Fidelity Bonds. Send for the booklet, "Your Money—Its Safe Investment". A copy is awaiting your request. We send it gladly, without obligation.

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FIDELITY MEANS KEEPING FAITH

M 553

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**SECURITY**—This is a sound investment in one of the oldest utility systems in the country—serving over 620,000 customers.

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Please send me information about Associated Gas and Electric Company Class A Stock.

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If you have not received a copy of our booklet, "Selling Securities by Mail," we shall be glad to send one to your Advertising Manager on request. This is a comprehensive booklet dealing with the various phases of mail order advertising for the investment house.

Financial Department  
THE ELKS MAGAZINE





**—now he owns  
a Big Business  
—and LaSalle helped!**

When W. R. MacNeal took his first small job with Hirsch Bros. & Co., food product manufacturers, Louisville, Ky., twenty-four years ago, he decided that unless he kept his eye always on the job ahead, his chances for success were mighty slim. He had left school before finishing even the grades. He knew that he must constantly build himself up as best he could.

Recently W. R. MacNeal resigned as vice-president of Hirsch Bros. & Co., to take over, as owner, president and general manager, the company of Knadler & Lucas, established, successful pickle manufacturers.

"Your Business Management training," writes Mr. MacNeal, "has broadened my mind for bigger business and larger possibilities, while enabling me to perform the present duties more efficiently. I have found that I can decide business questions faster and better with LaSalle instruction stored away in my brain and with the LaSalle manuals handy for quick reference."

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While still an executive of Hirsch Bros. & Co., Mr. MacNeal made his start toward greater achievement by clipping a coupon similar to the one just below this text. It brought him without obligation a 64-page book entitled, "The Modern Executive and His Training"—a book which to hundreds of ambitious executives has been worth many times its weight in gold.

If you are in earnest, and want to achieve the goal you have secretly set for yourself, this free book will show you a sure, safe and speedy way to the desired end. Mail the coupon NOW.

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**\$351.00 CLEARED  
~ IN ONE DAY**

So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio. Letter from Calif. man reports \$11275 sales in three months; New Jersey \$4000 profits in two months; Pa. \$3000 profits in four months. Ira Shook \$365 sales in one day. Bram bought outfit April 5 and 7 more by August. Iwata bought one outfit and 10 more within a year. J. R. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that equaled advertisement." John Culp says: "Everything going lovely. Crispette wrappers all over town. It's a good old world after all." Kellogg, \$700 ahead end of second week.



Wholesale or retail. Big profits either way. No town too small. Business is pleasant, fascinating and dignified. You manufacture a food product

**WE START YOU IN BUSINESS**

Furnish secret formulas, raw material and equipment. Little capital required; no experience needed.

**Build a Business of Your Own**

No limit to the sale of Crispettes. Everybody likes them. It's a delicious food confection. Write for facts about a business that will make you independent. Start now, in your own town.

**Profits \$1000 a Month Easily Possible**

Send coupon for illustrated book of facts. It contains enthusiastic letters from others—shows their places of business, tells how and when to start, and all information needed. Free. Clip coupon now. Please send Book of Facts at once.

**LONG-EAKINS CO.**  
286 High Street  
Springfield, Ohio

Name.....  
Address.....

**Tax Anticipation Liens**

(Continued from page 75)

certificates is considerably higher than on municipal bonds. Obligations of cities of the first rank will seldom return as much as 4½ per cent., while trust-ownership certificates will yield in some instances five and one-half. This 1 per cent. is a considerable difference, not so much to the small investor, but to the big institutions like life-insurance companies which are much attracted to this comparatively new form of investment. One per cent. on a thousand dollars is only ten dollars a year, but if a life-insurance company, with millions seeking investment annually, can obtain one per cent. more on say two million dollars that means a difference of twenty thousand dollars a year. And none of them is too big to scoff at that much money. As a matter of fact it is the ability to secure an extra one or one-half per cent. income which has made some of these great enterprises bigger and more successful than others.

The average investor can frequently learn a good deal from an examination of the securities held by our large institutions. The finance committees of these institutions are comprised of experienced, shrewd, investment experts; they buy first of all for safety, of course, but they do not overlook income return nor possibilities of future appreciation in value. When a particular investment is chosen by one of these institutions that is itself an endorsement of its worth and desirability which is not to be passed over lightly; following their lead investors generally are giving these certificates more of their attention. The result of this situation will be that yield will go down as the demand increases, and when these certificates are in the demand that their attractiveness warrants the objection that they lack marketability will no longer obtain.

IT SEEMS a curious thing, at first blush, to be investing in tax liens, and some people might think it was taking advantage of some one else's hard luck. No one likes to pay taxes, of course, but after all it is to a property owner's advantage to have the street on which his property fronts improved. It adds dollars and cents to the value of his holdings, but unless the municipality took the lead in proposing the improvement it is scarcely conceivable that all the property owners along the street would agree to do their share of the work and pay their share of the cost. When the work is done, however, the fact remains that the owners of the property reap a tangible benefit. With investors able to buy certificates secured by the tax liens issued for such work, they benefit, too.

Suppose there is a default on these tax bills, how does that affect the people who have bought the certificates? The answer is, not at all. Every one knows that tax bills on which a default occurs bring a premium, so that the investor is amply protected. Strangely enough, it might almost be said that it would be to the investor's advantage if a default occurred on all the tax bills pledged as collateral for his certificates. It would probably increase the value of the collateral anyway.

To summarize, here is a type of investment which offers excellent security, high yield, and because of its short life is sufficiently liquid to compensate for lack of marketability; it is a type of security which is being extensively sought after by discriminating investors, and will unquestionably be in increasing demand as time goes on. Those investors who favor municipal bonds will be particularly interested.

**HAVE** you a camera? Do your pictures always turn out well? They will, if you obey three simple rules for picture taking. Charles Phelps Cushing, writer and photographer, has written an article for The Elks Magazine in which he gives these three simple rules that will assure you of good pictures. Watch for it in an early issue.



**Herpicide**  
**Healthy hair-essential  
to well groomed appearance**

Your appearance expresses your personality in business or social activity . . . keep your hair healthy and well groomed. It is as important as brushing your teeth.

Don't envy the well-groomed man. Use Newbro's Herpicide and give your scalp that minute of massage each day and shampoo occasionally with Herpicide Tar Soap. Then forget dandruff, falling hair, and all of those natural deficiencies that rob you of that perfectly groomed appearance.

Sold at drug counters. Applied at beauty and barber shops. Send 10c for trial size bottle of Herpicide.

THE HERPICIDE CO., DETROIT, MICH.

**Agents!-Here's  
Something New**



**Make \$50 to \$90 A Week**

Amazing new fast-selling invention—Crystal Home Filter for fruit juices and beverages. Patented. Nothing like it. Removes all sediment, pulp, fibres. Filters a gallon every 4 minutes. Perfect results guaranteed. Simple. Practical. Low priced. Every home a prospect. Big profits. Quick, easy sales.

**Write Today for FREE Sample Offer**  
500 more agents needed NOW. Make money fast. No experience needed. Write quick for Free Demonstrator and territory offer. Send NOW. Home Filter Co., 402 Central Ave., Bay City, Mich.



**Be Careful  
in Writing  
Checks!**

**Check-Raisers Are at Work!**

Modern business demands modern protection against clever check raisers. They can easily alter the amount of any check that is not protected. Losses from fraudulently manipulated checks are estimated at \$250,000,000.00 in 1927. Get modern protection by using the new model Arnold just out. The 1929 Arnold will give you 100% protection. Does work equal to machines costing \$60.00 or more and yet costs no more than a good fountain pen. Prints and shades the exact amount in acid-proof ink. Self-inking. Automatic feed. Unconditionally guaranteed for five years. Write for free trial offer. No obligation.

ARNOLD CHECKWRITER CO., 843 E. Taylor St., Flint, Mich.

**SEND FOR  
FREE  
TRIAL OFFER**

**Amazing  
NEW TYPE BOAT**

Weights 15 lbs. Supports 1,000 lbs. Easily inflated with special pump. Used by governments as sea plane lifeboats; by sportsmen for hunting isolated lakes, duck hunting, trapping, etc. A perfect playboat for children. Two air chambers make it safe. Comes complete with take-down oars, pump and carrying bag. Direct from Factory or Through Your Dealer. Write for Catalog.



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106 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

**MINSTRELS** Musical Comedies and Revues. Unique Minstrel First - Parts for complete show with special songs, opening choruses, etc. Full line of plays, stage songs, crossdressing, monologues, afterpieces, vaudeville acts and make-up. CATALOGUE FREE. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 108, Chicago



News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 42)

assigning each group to one of his officers for individual attention. President Harvey has likewise arranged for regular monthly meetings of the officers. These are held on the third Thursday of each month, in the Home of Boston Lodge, No. 10, and are most helpful in carrying on the work of the Association.

An active ritualistic committee, under the chairmanship of Past Grand Tiler Michael H. McCarron, of Woburn Lodge, No. 908, has been appointed, and each Lodge in the State has been urged to appoint a local committee to foster greater interest in the rituals of the Order. The preliminary contests for the James R. Nicholson Ritualistic Trophy were scheduled to be held on January 13, with the winners in each district, and all Lodges scoring 95 per cent. or better, meeting in the finals on January 27. The trophy will be awarded at the banquet to Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, to be held on February 18, in the Home of Boston Lodge.

Utah

PRESIDENT W. H. NIGHTINGALE and Secretary D. T. Lane have paid a number of visits to member Lodges of the Utah State Elks Association. One of these was to Logan Lodge, No. 1453, at which time the officers of Ogden Lodge, No. 719, assisted by their orchestra, took charge of the meeting, in place of the Logan officers, all of whom, with the exception of Exalted Ruler Grant M. Cole, were incapacitated by the influenza epidemic. The visitors performed their parts with great success, and a fine evening was enjoyed. A few days later Mr. Nightingale and Mr. Lane paid an official visit to Ogden Lodge, and the following evening attended a great meeting and initiation in the Home of their own Lodge, Salt Lake City, No. 85, at which a class of 99 candidates was initiated. At present all the Lodges belonging to the Association are engaged in the preliminary ritualistic contests which are held each year to decide the State championship.

Chairmen of the standing committees of the Utah State Elks Association for the current year are: Committee on Laws, W. Hal Farr, Salt Lake City; Grand Lodge Committee, Moses G. Cardon, Logan; Foundation Fund Committee, O. R. Dibblee, Salt Lake City; Essay Contest Committee, Harry Joseph, Salt Lake City; Committee on Inter-Lodge Visitations and Ritualistic Contest, W. H. Nightingale, Salt Lake City.

Idaho

DURING January the Lodges of the four districts of the Idaho State Elks Association held their annual ritualistic contests under the supervision of State Association officers. The winner in each district will take part in the finals, which are to be held at Wallace, in June. The contests held last year were successful in bringing about a marked improvement in ritualistic work, and it was confidently expected that the 1929 events would see much fine work.

1929 Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles

(Continued from page 41)

families. Swimming, boating, deep-sea fishing and amusement concessions by courtesy to the visitors.

Drill-team contests and Band Contests at Exposition Park.

Inauguration of Elks national trap-shoot at Los Angeles Gun Club.

Elks national golf tournament, 54 holes; medal play at handicap, 18 holes. Golfing for all visitors at local golf clubs.

Auto tours of Southern California. Baseball at Wrigley Field, Pacific Coast League.

7 P. M. Banquet to Grand Lodge officers and delegates in the Sala de Oro, Biltmore Hotel.

8 P. M. Banquet to visiting hands, Drill Teams, Drum Corps, and Glee Clubs.

9 P. M. Grand ball for visiting Elks and their families.

(Continued on page 78)



Prosperity is Nation-wide  
... and thousands are smoking  
better tobacco

Better tobacco! . . . This is another sign of our prosperity. Like his home and his car and his clothes, his tobacco, too, distinguishes the successful man today.

More pipe smokers than ever before—more last year than in 1927—more this month than last month are giving themselves all the genuine pleasure and cheer of Old Briar tobacco and its extra quality and comfort cost so little.

Only the highest quality tobaccos, en-

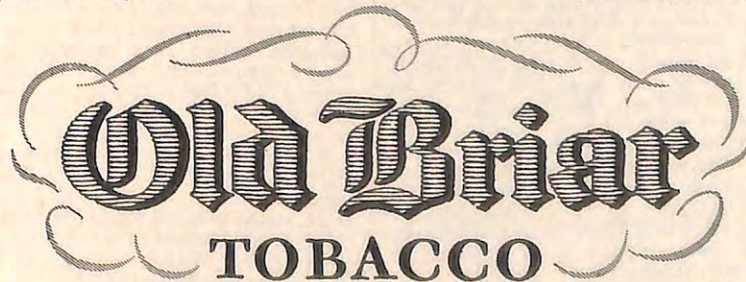
trusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, go into Old Briar tobacco. Quantity production makes

it possible at such a moderate price.

If you are not already enjoying Old Briar tobacco, give it a thorough trial. Send us the coupon below, with 10c—coin or stamps—to cover postage, mailing expense and tax, and we will mail you a full-size pouch of Old Briar tobacco.



The popular size 25c package—two pouches wrapped together.



"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE"

United States Tobacco Co.,  
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Print Name .....

E-2-29

Gentlemen:

Address .....

I would like a pouch of Old Briar tobacco. I enclose 10c for postage, mailing expense and tax.

City .....

State .....

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST



# New Way to Shield Tires

**Doubles Mileage**



**Three Years of Freedom from Punctures and Blowouts!**

Just a strip of pure flexible rubber . . . but it cuts tire cost in half. Saves car-owners about \$40 a year. Cofield Tire Protectors are shaped to fit snugly between tube and casing—no flaps, seams, or joints to pinch tube. Amazing new principle does not affect cushioning or flexibility, yet it reduces rim cuts, punctures and blowouts at the vanishing point. Allows you to wear tires down to the last ply of fabric. Hundreds of the biggest tire users, including Yellow Cab, Albert Pick, Lyon & Healy, etc., report that it adds 10,000 extra miles or more to any tire. Truly the most revolutionary tire invention since the pneumatic tube. Fully protected by patents—and guaranteed three years.

**Salesmen — Agents GET FREE SAMPLE and make \$75 to \$150 a Week**

SO GREAT is the tire economy of Cofield Protectors that one salesman, Warren Cobb, built a \$20,000 business the first year. So easy does this amazing invention sell that Richardson earned \$57 in five hours. Oliver made \$28 his first day. If you know a BIG proposition when you see it—if you want commissions of \$7 to \$10 on every sale—if you are interested in a proposition that sells in quantities to fleet owners—at profits of \$50 to \$100 or more—investigate this remarkable invention today. Send for a free sample and details—how it doubles mileage—how it even bends nails between tube and casing—how it checks rim cuts and prevents blowouts—why it allows perfect tire flexibility—and what “Canon-ball” Baker and hundreds of users say about it. This may be your one big opportunity to build a substantial business of your own—no stock to carry—no investment to make—and unlimited possibilities! You can find out everything free. Simply mail coupon. No C. O. D.—no deposit.

**COFFIELD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.**  
832 South Harshman St., Dayton, Ohio

COFFIELD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.  
832 South Harshman St., Dayton, Ohio  
Send me a free sample of Cofield Protector and full particulars. I understand that this does not obligate me.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

## 1929 Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles

(Continued from page 77)

Wednesday, July 10

Grand Lodge sessions, morning and afternoon in the Sala de Oro, Biltmore Hotel.

Foothill day—aeronautical spectacle and air circus at Glendale Municipal Airport, under the auspices of Glendale, Pasadena, Alhambra, Burbank, San Fernando and Monrovia Lodges.

Elks national trap-shoot at Los Angeles Gun Club. Elks national golf tournament, 54 holes; medal play at handicap, 18 holes. Golfing for all visitors by courtesy of all local golf clubs.

Automobile tours to the citrus-fruit district of Southern California.

Drill contests and band contests at Exposition Park.

5 P. M. Massed band twilight concert in Pershing Square.

8 P. M. Street dancing and carnival “Joy Lane,” Olive Street between Seventh and Eighth Streets.

9 P. M. Grand ball for Grand Lodge officers, delegates and their families in Sala de Oro, Biltmore Hotel.

Thursday, July 11

8 A. M. Breakfast to Grand Lodge officers and delegates at the famous Los Angeles Breakfast Club. Accommodations for 2,500 guests will be laid beneath the towering poplars of this unique organization on Riverside Drive.

10 A. M. Grand Lodge business session, Sala de Oro, Biltmore Hotel. Installation of officers.

Elks Grand Lodge parade, terminating in the Los Angeles Coliseum, one of the world's greatest stadiums, with comfortable seating accommodations for 80,000 persons. No charge of admission to this or any other special feature of entertainment to all visiting Elks and their families, on condition they are properly registered and equipped with coupon books.

8 P. M. Spectacular electrical pageant in the Los Angeles Coliseum by the motion-picture industry of Southern California. Electrically lighted floats, personal appearance of famous motion-picture stars, and scintillating ballets by five hundred trained dancers.

Friday, July 12

8 A. M. Excursion to Avalon, Catalina, “The Magic Isle,” for Grand Lodge officers and delegates. Trips to the submarine gardens in glass-bottom boats. Golf on famous Catalina Island courses. Visit to the world's largest aviary.

Reception at Los Angeles Harbor and entertainment at Avalon by the San Pedro Lodge.

Long Beach Day—visiting Elks and their families will be the guests of Long Beach Lodge. Deep-sea fishing, swimming, boat trips in Long Beach Harbor, amusement concessions by courtesy to the visitors, auto trips, including Naples, and the geological wonder, Signal Hill, visits to United States battle-ships.

Saturday, July 12

San Diego Day—special southern tour by train, automobile, or steamship. Reception by San Diego Lodge, San Diego California Club, and Chamber of Commerce. Auto tours embracing beautiful Balboa Park, naval establishments, army and navy aviation centers, including Lindbergh Field, Mission Beach, Coronado, open-air organ recital in Balboa Park, visit to Ramona's marriage place, air circus, visit to old Mexico, including picturesque Tia Juana and Agua Caliente, the Monte Carlo of the West. Special greyhound races at Agua Caliente coursing track, concerts by the Royal Marimba Band and Spanish troubadours in El Patio Lindo, Agua Caliente, swimming in El Bano, fed by the life-giving waters of Caliente Springs.

Start of Elks annual Honolulu trip, leaving Los Angeles Harbor. For particulars and reservations write immediately to C. G. Pyle, tour chairman, Elks Temple, Los Angeles.

Fraternally yours,

Elks Sixty-fifth National Convention Committee

CARL E. McSTAY,  
General Chairman

MONROE GOLDSTEIN,  
Executive Secretary.

## CAMPBELL'S

**INFRA-RED RAY LAMP**



**Have You Some Troublesome Ailment?**

Infra-Red Rays relieve congestion or troubles causing aches and pains in the body. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp concentrates a mild beam of Infra-Red Rays upon any part of the body.

These rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. As they penetrate they create an active circulation of the blood. Most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment. Nature herself does the healing by active, normal blood circulation.

**Why Suffer Needless Pain?**

If you or some friend have a troublesome ailment, a lamp like this is a blessing. May be used safely by anyone.

Relieve bronchial trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Flu and many other ailments.

**Tell Us Your Trouble**

**Get Our Book on Infra-Red Rays**

Quotes leading authorities as well as our own. Infra-Red Rays have brought wonderful results for others. Let us send you their letters. Write today for our book giving details.

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## SHOO FLY PLANT

**Keep Flies Out of the House**

Blooms (60 days from planting). Flowers summer and winter. To introduce our catalog, we will give the above with an order for



**Japanese Rose Bushes Five for 10c**

The Wonder of the World  
Roses on them in 8 weeks from planting seed. We guarantee this. BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS. Winter and Summer. Bush when 3 years old will have 5 or 6 hundred roses. Grows in the house in winter or in the ground in summer. Roses The Year Round. Both pkgs. of Seed by mail for 10c (coin) and 2c postage. NOVELTY SEED STORE, Dept. 210, Norwalk, Conn.

## PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

**REMOVES DANDRUFF STOPS HAIR FALLING**

Has been used with success for more than 40 years  
**RESTORES COLOR AND BEAUTY TO GRAY AND FADED HAIR**  
60¢ & \$1.00 at all druggists  
HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS  
PATCHOGUE, N.Y.  
When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo

## BECOME A FOOT CORRECTIONIST

A new profession not medical nor chiropody. All the trade you can attend to; many are making from \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

**GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME**  
Operating ORIGINAL “Specialty Candy Factory”; begin spare time. We instruct, furnish Tools and Supplies for turning out HUNDREDS of kinds PURE and DELICIOUS Candies and sell unlimited de. Profits 100 to 300 per cent. FREE Book explains. mand. Men or women. PRICE RAGSDALE East Orange, N. J. W. HILLIER Drawer 141



## The Railroads Take to the Air

(Continued from page 12)

Chicago, St. Louis, and other points on their line to the Bahamas, Cuba, and Porto Rico. This new service will cut the running time between Chicago and Havana almost a full day—from 63 hours and 35 minutes to 43 hours and 15 minutes.

This service, together with that inaugurated on January 10 by the Atlantic Coast Line, the Florida East Coast Railway, and Pan-American Airways between the United States and the West Indies, is the third international air route in America; the others are New York to Montreal and Seattle to Vancouver. It is the first major step in the development of a direct passenger system to link North America, South America, Mexico, and Central America by air. In fact, contrary to the general impression to-day, the United States has more extensive commercial and civil aviation facilities than the aggregate in the rest of the world, measured in terms of commercial airplanes, airways, and airplane and engine factories.

The production of three-engined airplanes capable of flying on two engines has been a great step toward safety and reliability. To-day these cruisers of the air are carrying from 12 to 20 passengers; they can lift paying loads of several tons. The improvement of engine superchargers is being hastened in order that high speed may be maintained at great altitudes, where the long-distance pilot of the future will cruise in search of favorable winds. It is entirely possible that our transcontinental air-mail planes, a few years hence, will fly at 300 miles an hour at an altitude of 30,000 feet, untroubled by clouds, fog, and other unfavorable weather conditions. Such a service would place London within twelve hours of New York; Los Angeles within nine hours.

We have only begun to solve the problem of scientific streamlining of airplanes, and have scarcely visualized the possibilities of the production of power at a far lower cost in weight. The development of a new form of cowling (hood) for radial air-cooled engines, so controlling the air taken in at the front to cool the cylinders that it issues from the rear in a smooth stream around the fuselage, is announced by one of the government bureaus formed for the purpose of developing just such improvements. By eliminating much of the air-resistance of the machine, the new cowling is said to add more than 30 per cent. to the effective horse-power of an airplane in flight. This means that an engine of 166 horse-power, fitted with the new cowling, will drive a plane at the same rate of speed as a 200-horse-power engine fitted to a present-day fuselage. It also means a saving of three gallons of fuel for each hour of flight; or the increase of the maximum speed from 118 to 137 miles per hour.

Experiments are being conducted which, if successful, will double the efficiency of gasoline used in internal-combustion engines. A radio-echo device is being developed for ascertaining the actual distance of an airplane from the ground, rather than its altitude above sea-level, which the present airplane altimeter records. This is expected to prevent such accidents as that which took the life of an experienced air-mail pilot a few months ago, when he crashed into a mountainside completely hidden by fog.

Methods of advising pilots by radio and radiotelephone of weather and other conditions are being worked out, so that early this year the air transport companies will be able to put into effect a safety program that could not have been foreseen a few months ago. For the smooth and safe movement of their air cruisers these concerns have devised a system of dispatching similar to that of the railroads. Both in this country and Europe rapid advances are being made in silencing the roar of the airplane engine and the swish of the rapidly revolving propeller, so that passengers may carry on a conversation without shouting. A German device, placed on the wings of the plane, draws off the gases from the exhaust, creating a vacuum in that part of the engine where the noise originates. American engineers have invented an airplane engine muffler which creates no back pressure to reduce the engine's efficiency or increase the fire hazard. This device is a four-inch pipe, inside of which is

(Continued on page 80)

# "I Had a Waistline Like His. I Got Rid of It in Less Than 35 Days—"



"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. My stomach is now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."



Send for Booklet TODAY

Reduce this waistline



to this



**T**HE Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. No more fat can form. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

**Slip the DIRECTOR On—That's All** Now you can quickly, easily and surely rid yourself of a bulging waistline. Let us prove that you can instantly redistribute the excess fat in such a way that the pulling-down weight is removed from the muscle structure of the stomach and properly placed where it is correctly supported, giving you comfort and freedom of movement you have not known for years.

The Director is made to your measure all in one piece. There are no buckles, laces or straps to bother you. It is light and compact and is worn with perfect ease and comfort. Director lies flat and cannot be seen or in any way noticed during everyday wear.

### Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

**LANDON & WARNER**  
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### MAIL COUPON NOW

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Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send me details of trial offer and free booklet.

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In 48 Hours—OR NO COST!

Are you timid? Bashful? Self-conscious? Are you afraid of people? Afraid of superiors? Give me 48 hours and I'll make you bristle with bulldog courage—or no cost!

Thousands of men and women are being held back—made miserable—made unhappy. Why? Simply because of bashfulness—self-consciousness, fear of criticism, business worries and dozens of other fears.

Yet fear is ABSOLUTELY UNNECESSARY. I have discovered an amazing method which banishes fear forever! No trouble! No inconvenience. No long waiting for results. My method is perfectly simple—perfectly natural—perfectly logical. It works almost instantly. Try it. You will be astonished! In just a few hours you will find yourself brimming over with splendid new courage—new daring—new self-confidence.

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Dr. Bush gives you his secrets of real, he-man courage in his book called "Spunk." It is one of the most startling books ever written. You can't read it without a quickening of your pulse—without a surge of red-blooded courage. This book is declared to be the masterpiece of Dr. Bush, who has astounded throngs in America's greatest cities and shown thousands the one way to health, prosperity and self-confidence. Write for this amazing book today. Send only 50 cents in full payment. If you are not delighted, return the book within 5 days and your money will be instantly refunded.

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Direct From ALADDIN MILLS AT AMAZING LOW PRICES!

5 Room ALADDIN \$1023  
All Materials Ready-Cut & Floor Plans We Pay Freight!



See them in the new, 1929 Aladdin catalog! Many beautiful designs, just out. Aladdin Ready-Cut system saves you \$200 to \$800. All lumber is cut-to-fit at mill on huge labor-saving machines instead of on the job where labor and lumber waste costs dearly!

**Prices Include:** All materials for a complete home, together with instructions and plans for erecting, also Plumbing, Heating and Lighting Equipment. WE PAY FREIGHT.



7 Room Aladdin \$2597

All Materials Ready-Cut Just one of many new prize-winning model homes in the 1929 Aladdin Line!

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Just out. Profusely illustrated. Overflowing with interest! Address nearest Office today for your FREE Copy—ask for Catalog No. 888. Send NOW. The ALADDIN CO., Bay City, Mich. Wilmington, N.C., Portland, Ore.

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FREE CATALOG SHOWING 200 DESIGNS  
EITHER DESIGN SHOWN. SILVER PLATE 35c EA. 12 OR MORE. \$3.50 DOZ.; STERLING SILVER OR GOLD PLATE. 50c EA. 12 OR MORE. \$5.00 DOZ.; 1 OR 2 COLORS ENAMEL. ANY 3 LETTERS AND DATE.  
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cut and styled to your measure from Pre-Shrunk materials, selected by you from our Samples, sent with Self Measuring Chart. No obligation.  
"THREADNEEDLE" Custom Shirt Makers  
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## Were off for the WEST INDIES February 25<sup>th</sup>

**ELKS** all over the country will be packing their bags in a few days. Soon we'll be off for our Third Annual Cruise to the West Indies. The great Red Star Transatlantic Liner "Lapland" is being groomed for the trip. James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., is making final travel arrangements—the same company that managed the two former very successful cruises.

### HURRY! Still Time!

Don't miss this year's cruise. We want you with us. *Act today.* A few excellent accommodations are still available. Rush the coupon or wire for full details.

We sail February 25th. 16 days packed full of balmy climate, tropical landscapes, picturesque scenes . . . good food, comfortable accommodations, not a single travel worry . . . and the camaraderie of congenial fellow Elks and their friends. We'll be back March 12th with improved health and renewed vigor.

We'll have delightful sea voyages on the S. S. Lapland as we cruise to picturesque Caribbean islands. And we'll take extended motor tours through colorful tropical country to old Pirate haunts, and historical scenes at the various ports of call—Hamilton, Bermuda; San Juan, Porto Rico; Kingston, Jamaica; Havana, Cuba.

### \$250 and up COVERS ALL

One single moderate fee—as low as \$250—covers all necessary expenses, including the shore trips. All travel details are being arranged by James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., which helped make the other Elks cruises run so smoothly.

*Come with us this year.* Mail the coupon or wire at once for full information. Last call! Act today!



**RUSH COUPON or WIRE!**  
ELKS MAGAZINE  
50 E. 42nd St., Dept. W-142, New York City  
Kindly have James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., rush me full details of the ELKS MAGAZINE Third Annual West Indies Cruise.

Name.....

Address.....

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

## The Railroads Take to the Air

(Continued from page 79)

placed a metal spiral that breaks up the sound-waves caused by the explosions within the cylinders. Thus, instead of an ear-splitting succession of loud reports, there is heard only a subdued hiss. If a really silent airplane can be produced, one of the most unpleasant features of air travel—the noise of the engine exhaust, rocker arms, and propeller—will be eliminated.

Aside from all this, the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, of New York, has inaugurated a movement to raise the standard of flying schools in the United States. The development of a fuel-oil air-cooled airplane engine that makes possible a 20 per cent. saving over gasoline, and a 70 per cent. saving in cost is being pushed to a successful completion by one of the large engine builders. As gasoline forms a heavy item in the cost of operating airplanes, the use of engines burning a cheap crude-oil fuel should lessen costs as well as the fire risk. Another factor of safety is the rapid development of radio-telephony in connection with air-transport operations. With this means, the pilot not only can report progress to the chief dispatcher, but can learn of weather conditions ahead. Communication of this sort between airports and planes in flight not only materially decreases the possibility of accident, but provides greater reliability of schedules, with increased comfort to air passengers.

Suppose, for example, that landing conditions at a certain field are made hazardous by unfavorable weather. From one of the radio control stations along the airway a radio-telephone message goes forth, instructing the pilot to "sit down" at the nearest field until the local flurry is past. According to C. M. Keys, President of the Transcontinental Air Transport, the hardest problem in connection with the inauguration of air-rail service across the continent was not the building of the planes or the construction of numerous airports, but the building up of a complete meteorological service along the right-of-way, a communication system along the ground, and a thorough system of radio-telephony. These, we are told, are not found in complete form in any other air transport operations in the United States. Continues Mr. Keys in a statement for THE ELKS MAGAZINE:

"We have drawn upon the Weather Bureau for personnel. We have drawn upon the records for fifty years past in making due allowance for prevailing winds, for fogs, for unfavorable air conditions, etc., at every point along the right-of-way. In the establishing of this detailed weather service, we have been enormously assisted by the two railroads—the Pennsylvania and the Santa Fé.

"The service of the Bureau to airplanes in flight is enormously better than it was a few years ago, and is improving day by day. It cannot, however, be expected to establish across a strip of the United States a hundred miles wide and 2,000 miles long a detailed weather service that will work at particular hours of the day for the benefit of the Transcontinental Air Transport. And we shall need that service at all hours of the day when passenger planes are flying. For instance, if the schedule calls for a west-bound plane to be approaching Indianapolis at ten o'clock in the morning from the East, the area between Columbus and Indianapolis must be thoroughly covered by detailed weather service between eight o'clock, when the plane leaves Columbus, and ten o'clock, when it approaches Indianapolis. As the plane leaves Indianapolis for the West, the service will be taken up between that city and St. Louis, and so on across the continent.

"The communication system also entails elements new and old. In fact, it entails elements which did not exist in this country when we started our demand for them. The land communication, of course, is by telephone and telegraph, and here again the railroads have cooperated as far as they properly could. But in the main, we rest upon our own resources, drawing upon the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the telegraph lines for our facilities. This is merely a draft upon things already well established.

"Radio communication consists of two elements: first, the radio direction installation, and second, radio communication both ways. The

directional radio has been worked out in close cooperation between the Government and the radio companies; and this installation, which will give the pilot his general location at all times while in the air, both by day and by night, is more or less standardized, being used on many of the air-mail lines of the country. The actual audible communication between the plane and the ground and the ground and the plane is No. 1 factor of safety in passenger transport. It is the block-signal system of the air. An air transport passenger line without it will be illegal a few years from now.

"All the weather information collected by the meteorological system must be transmitted from the ground to the plane instantaneously and continuously. With their wireless telephones, then, pilots can communicate at all times with the ground stations to ask for additional weather information, wind velocity, etc. This is important, for at times when the air is very rough at 3,000 feet, it is as smooth as glass at 5,000 feet; and when the wind may be blowing from the west at one altitude, it is almost certain to be blowing from the north or south or east at another. To a certain extent, the pilot now has to guess at these things; but that can be observed and studied for him from the ground and transmitted to him in the air. This will take a good deal of the guesswork out of flying, enable him to make better speed, and cut down fuel costs.

"To give you an idea of what it costs to lay down a modern, properly equipped airway in the United States, let me say that to begin with, it was necessary to locate first-class flying fields from 200 to 250 miles apart, because we contemplate that that is about the economical unit from the standpoint of fuel; and also believe that the passengers should have an opportunity to get out and look around at intervals. We sent Colonel Lindbergh and an associated group of engineers and pilots to locate proper fields at Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Wichita, and other points, and again on the long run from the end of a night run on the Santa Fé to Los Angeles. These are at Las Vegas, Gallup, Winslow, Kingman, and Los Angeles.

"We did not find a single field from one end of that line to the other which met the requirements laid down by Colonel Lindbergh. The intervening period has been entirely occupied by a group of men working under high pressure to get these fields located, laid out, improved, and prepared for the installation of hangars, runways, gas-stations, flood-lights, wireless towers, meteorological stations, and other appurtenances of a modern flying field.

"On top of this came the purchase of equipment. This involved a number of tests in Los Angeles, Seattle, Detroit, and New York of available planes for passenger transport service. The initial purchase of equipment, after these tests had been completed by Colonel Lindbergh, amounted to about a million dollars, and this will be considerably increased before full operation can begin."

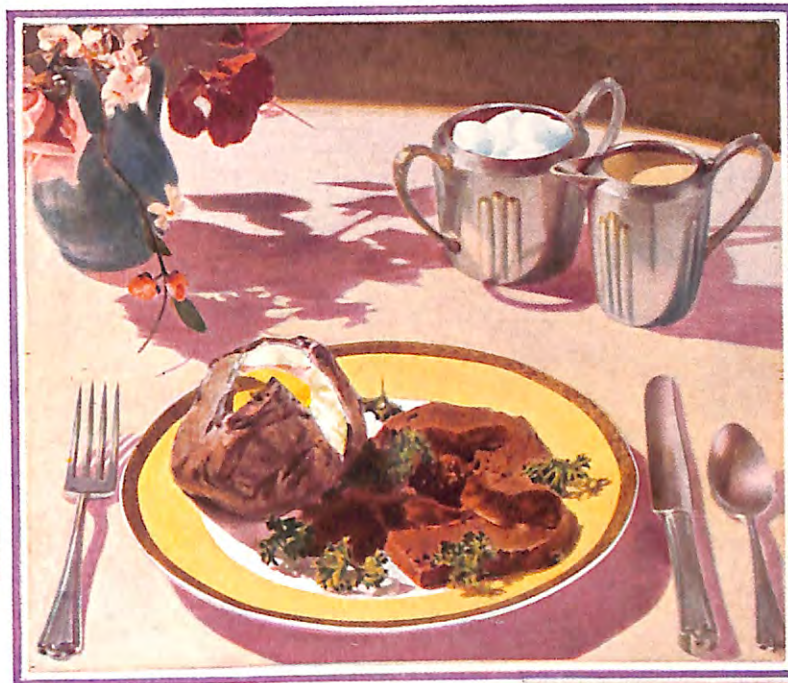
General Atterbury, of the Pennsylvania, is the first big railroad executive to seize upon the airplane as an adjunct to the passenger-carrying railroad. And General Atterbury takes no small degree of pride in the fact that the famous Colonel Lindbergh is associated with the Pennsylvania-T. A. T.-Santa Fé air-rail combination. According to the Pennsylvania executive:

"Our railroad has become part owner of the Transcontinental Air Transport in the belief that the time is ripe for the inauguration of safe and convenient passenger airplane service in this country, in accordance with rail facilities. "Colonel Lindbergh is an advisor in whom the public has complete confidence. He has done more than any other single person toward preparing the country for aviation. He is today contributing more than any other person in preparing aviation to serve the country. No better man could have been picked to head the Technical Committee, which is building the first transcontinental air-rail line. During the last year he has justified the nation's faith in him; and during the past few months he has justified fully the faith of railroad and aviation experts in placing such heavy responsibilities in his hands. Colonel Lindbergh is a very able advisor and a good executive."



*Savita  
Brown Sauce*

Butter, flour, water and Savita make a gravy rivaling mushrooms or beef in flavor. Excellent with Protose and baked potatoes. Featured this month at all Health Food Centers.



# Foods that build health can be palate-tempting . . .

RECIPES that actually make your mouth water may now be made from the most healthful of health foods.

At Battle Creek, specialists in diet have given attention to the taste and flavor as well as to health. Meatless dishes abounding in strength-giving qualities now rival choicest beef and chicken. Cereals that have a tang of parched wheat or a crunchy crispness call for second helpings. A food drink, rich as milk, makes the most delicious ice cream and salad garnish.

Particularly interesting is Savita. Aside from being the richest known source of Vitamin B, a remarkable blood and nerve-building food, this yeast extract is a boon to every cook. Savita duplicates the wonderful flavor of chicken, mushrooms and choicest beef. It is ready for instant use for broths, bouillons and soups; sauces, gravies and sandwiches. Wherever it is used, a piquant tang is added that satisfies the most exacting critic.

For Friday and Lenten menus, vege-

tarian dinners, and for those whose diet excludes meat, Savita offers a variety of recipes that tempt the palate. For years it has been served in never-ending variety at the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium and similar institutions all over the world.

Together with the other health foods in the Battle Creek line, Savita is sold by your Health Food Center—usually the leading grocer. Ask him to show you the variety of good things that mean so much to the fullest enjoyment of life.

SAVITA—Yeast extract rivaling finest meat flavor.  
PROTOSE—Vegetable meat rich as choicest beef.  
FIG BRAN—A dainty cereal of bran and luscious figs.  
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MALTED NUTS—Delicious food drink teeming with health.  
VITA-WHEAT—Appetizing all-wheat 6-minute porridge.  
BRAN BISCUIT—Crisp, tasty, wholesome bran crackers.

LAXA—Crunchy biscuits of bran and agar.  
LACTO-DEXTRIN—Refreshing anti-toxic colon food.  
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