

# The Elks

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20 CENTS A COPY

*Magazine*

MARCH, 1929



Haskell Coffin

*This Month: Octavus Roy Cohen, Arthur Chapman, and Henry Irving Dodge*



## Bad weather is SORE THROAT weather *Gargle when you get home*

**A**S soon as nasty weather sets in thousands are down with sore throat, colds, grippe, flu, or worse.

Don't be one of them. Gargle with Listerine full strength every day—especially after exposure to rain, severe cold and coughing crowds in public places—buses, street cars and movies. This simple act may spare you a costly and possibly a dangerous siege of illness.

Because Listerine, full



strength, is powerful against germs—and sore throat, like a cold, is caused by germs.

Repeated tests show that Listerine kills even stubborn *B. Typhosus* (typhoid) *M. Aureus* (*pus*) germs, 200,000,000 of them in 15 seconds.

Realizing Listerine's power you

### Two ways of whipping a cold

Colds usually start in the nose and throat as a result of germs already present there or carried there by food touched by hands.

As a precaution against colds and sore throat, the use of Listerine full strength as a hand rinse before meals and as a mouth rinse and gargle every morning and

every night, is most effective.

When a cold or sore throat has already started, more frequent use of full strength Listerine is advisable. Its ability to get results lies in the fact that it is so powerful against germs. Don't hesitate to use it full strength. It's both healing and soothing to the tenderest tissues.

# LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

can understand its effectiveness against the milder winter complaints caused by germs. Each year increasing millions rely on it.

Keep a bottle handy and at the first sign of trouble, gargle repeatedly. Don't hesitate to use it full strength. It is entirely safe in any body cavity.

If a throat condition does not rapidly yield to this treatment, consult your physician. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



# Do Your Friends Feel Sorry for Your Wife?

Like it or not, your friends and neighbors size you up by what you EARN—judged by your home and family. Why not surprise them by making good in a big way? Tell them nothing, but on the quiet fit yourself for a bigger place!

ONLY a woman knows how much a wife can suffer when her husband fails to "make the grade"—

When she dreads to meet her old school friends—when she skimps on her own appearance "so John can make a good showing at the office"—when she can't give her children things as good as the other children have, and they ask her why—when she almost wishes she could "go away somewhere and never come back!"

Brave, loyal woman, she would be the last to reproach her husband because he doesn't earn as much as other men whose wives she is thrown with constantly.

"Money isn't everything," she tells him—yet how she longs for his promotion—for that bigger salary that means better clothes, greater advantages for the children, a new car, more of the comforts and luxuries of life!

What can you, as an ambitious husband, do to help?

No need to ask your wife to put up a brave front—she's already doing that. No use to ask for a "raise" on the ground that you "need more money"—"raises" aren't secured that way. No big gain in devoting longer hours to your work—chances are you are already giving loyal and conscientious service—

Only one thing, then, is left for you to do—so important to success that it may indeed prove the very turning point in your career: *you can and should pursue specialized business training and thus compel those larger opportunities that quickly lead to bigger income, real success!*

But let's get down to cases—so that you may see exactly what we mean—

## Assistant Superintendent Made Production Manager

Out on the Pacific coast lived a factory man, 30 years of age—assistant superintendent of a growing industrial plant.

Determined to save the years so many of his friends were wasting, he enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training in Modern Foremanship—and shortly after his enrollment he got together an informal class, made up of factory executives, for discussion and study. His general manager learned of this and stepped him up to production manager with a salary-increase of 125 per cent.

What would a 125 per cent increase in salary mean to your wife?

## Salesman Becomes Sales Manager

In a middle western city lived a salesman, 50 years of age. For 35 years he had sold—and sold successfully. Indeed, on nearly every sales force with which he had been connected he had been at or near the top of the list in point of sales—but he had never been able to sell himself as a sales manager or executive. He was earning between five and six thousand dollars a year.

Within 18 months after his enrollment in Modern Salesmanship, he stepped into the position of president and general sales manager—at a salary of \$15,000 a year.

What do you suppose that increase meant to his wife?

## Salary Increased More Than 500%

A railroad clerk in New Jersey decided—like Jack London before him—that the only way out of a pit was up!

Training in Traffic Management led to a better job—then further training in Business Management helped him make good as sales manager—with a resultant salary 500 per cent larger than when he started training. Now he operates his own successful manufacturing concern.

Would it not mean much to your wife and family if you could increase your income even 50 or 100 per cent—or could acquire and manage a successful business of your own?



## These Cases Not Exceptional

And so we could go on, with case after case—yes, thousands of them—and every man could tell of a salary-increase better than 100 per cent which he directly credits to LaSalle home-study business training—

Are you, then, so different from these thousands of other men who—faced with the problem, how to make more money—recognized their need and got the necessary training? *Have you less ambition? Do you lack the will power or the stamina to "see it through?"*

## Send for Free Book

Below this text there's a coupon—just such a coupon as thousands of other men used in their successful start toward greater earning power.

This coupon, filled in, clipped and mailed, will bring you an interesting booklet descriptive of LaSalle training in the field of your choice, together with a copy of that most inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." "Get this book," said a prominent Chicago executive, "even if you have to pay five dollars for it." LaSalle will send it to you free.

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



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 Number Ten

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Joseph T. Fanning,  
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John Chapman Hilder,  
 Managing Editor

Charles S. Hart,  
 Business Manager

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# 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.

97% of this tasteless drug is removed—you don't miss it. All the strength, all the coffee flavor you

love, are present. How much better than cheerless substitutes that can never satisfy the man who knows real coffee!

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already being served in your home. If not, why not stop by this evening and get a can from your dealer? Kellogg's\* Kaffee Hag Coffee comes steel cut or in the bean. Also served by hotels, restaurants and clubs—on dining-cars. Try it at lunch.

We will be glad to send a test can if you will mail the coupon. Your home address filled in below will bring new coffee enjoyment to your table.

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1840 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

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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 6, Sections 62 to 60a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Edward W. Cotter, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Pilgurd Building, Hartford, Conn.

# How I Made a Fortune With a "Fool" Idea

*Learn my money-making secret—Be a Real Estate Specialist—Start at home, in your spare time—Use my successful system—Free book shows how.*

"IT'S a fool idea!"

That's what my friends said, when I told them about my idea for starting a real estate business "on the side."

But with that "fool" idea I made more than one hundred thousand dollars net profit.

No matter who you are, where you are, or what your sex or present occupation, if you want to do what I did—if you want to get out of the \$25-a-week crowd and build up a high-class money-making business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—send at once for my free book which opens wide the door of the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of in your whole life.

## Use My Successful System

When I started in real estate, I tossed overboard all the hit-or-miss, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past, and put into operation a system of my own which is as superior to the old way as the modern Mazda lamp is superior to the tallow candle of our forefathers.

With little education—no experience—no influence—and less than five dollars capital—I started in my spare time and met with instant success.

If you want to follow in my footsteps—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—send for my free book now. It tells how I succeeded—how I have helped other men and women win big success—how you, too, can succeed—how you can have a splendid business of your own and make more money than you ever made before.



A well-known Cartoonist's conception of my idea

## A Wonderful Business

Real estate—conducted my way—is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting bigger and bigger as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn, like most other businesses and professions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system are making \$1000—\$5000—\$10,000 on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start with little or no capital—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

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These are just a few samples of success that you will read about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

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Print or write plainly

H. Weston Taylor



Epic gave a quick glance around the platform. Then he placed his lips close to Keezie's ear. "That ain't none other than Mistuh Ellis Warren!"

## Congeaed Weapons

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

**E**PIC PETERS, elongated Pullman porter, wrapped strong fingers around the pudgy arm of his colored companion. "Keezie," he breathed—"I got a hunch."

The portly custodian of the Atlanta Pullman looked up worshipfully into Epic's somewhat saturnine countenance.

"How come?" he inquired.

"See that white gemmum which just arrived ca'yin' his own suitcase?"

"Uh-huh! What about him?"

"Plenty," answered Mr. Peters as he hurried forward to greet the newcomer. Then, over his shoulder he flung back: "Stick aroun' Keezie, I 'splain in a few minutes."

Keezie followed the gangling Epic with his eyes. Seemed like to him things were always happening to Mr. Peters. The tall boy was everything that Keezie struggled hopelessly to be: an honor-roll man, well liked by most of the conductors on the Birmingham-to-New York run, and numbering many white folks among his friends. And there was something about Epic—an intangible measure of personality—which seemed to function uncannily well in extracting large tips from tired travelers.

But even so, Keezie could see nothing about the newly arriving passenger to inspire any profound hunch in Epic's skinny bosom. True, the hour was eleven at night, and the dim lights of the Terminal Station train shed were more or less blurred by the heavy smoke of switch engines, but Keezie could see well enough to experience a sense of disappointment.

The passenger was just a nice-looking white feller. About five foot eight, maybe; lean of flank and broad of shoulder; dressed well but not too well, and carrying a suitcase which was distinctly more neat than gaudy. Yet the fat little porter of the Atlanta car noticed curiously that Epic hovered over this person as though he were of very distinct importance.

They disappeared into Epic's New York

car. Less than three minutes later Mr. Peters leaped to the platform and approached Keezie. His eyes were shining and once or twice he looked back toward his Pullman. He came very close to Keezie and spoke in an awed whisper.

"Did you see him, Keezie?"

"Tha's the most thing I done."

"Ain't it excitin'?"

"Ain't what excitin', Epic?" Keezie made a grimace. "Always you ask me questions which I don't know the answer to."

Epic placed hands on hips and favored his friend with a disgusted and amazed stare. "Great Sufferin' Tripe!" he ejaculated. "Do you mean to stand there and tell me you don't know who that was just got in my car?"

"That's the one thing I don't mean to do nothin' else but."

"Well, of all the ignorant fellers I ever set eyes on—Keezie, if you had two times as many brains as you got now, you still woul'n't own enough to have a headache with."

"Who says?"

"I does."

"Well," demanded the other porter: "Who is he?"

Epic gave a quick glance around the platform, as though fearful of being overheard. Then he placed his lips close to Keezie's ear.

"That," he announced in an impressive whisper, "ain't none other than Mistuh Ellis Warren!"

Keezie was unimpressed—at first.

"Ain't it?" he inquired. "How 'stradinary!" Then suddenly his own eyes popped open and he looked into Epic's face with keen interest.

"You don't mean . . .?"

"Yassuh! Tha's the very feller!"

"Big Sufferin' Miracles!" breathed Keezie, properly impressed. "On yo' car?"

"Uh-huh. And not nowhere else. He's got lower two."

"Where's he ticketed fo'?"

"Charlotte, Nawth Ca'lina. Boy! ain't it somethin' to have a feller like that on yo' Pullman?"

"Yeh. . . . But Ise just as glad you has him, Epic. Me, I never was fond of white folks which toted guns and always is tryin' to kill somebody."

"Who's always tryin' to kill somebody?" demanded Epic, indignantly.

"Mistuh Warren, what's in yo' car."

"Who says so?"

**W**ELL, wasn't it on'y yestiddy afternoon that him an' Mistuh Donegan met right in the middle of Bummingham an' started shootin' at each other? An' woul'n't they maybe both of been kilt if the law hadn't stopped 'em? An' didn't they swear afterwards that they was gwine start shootin' again the minute they saw each other?"

Epic was forced to nod agreement to the other's indictment of the new passenger.

"Tha's all true, Keezie. But that don't say my passenger is *always* tryin' to kill somebody."

"Hmph! Once is too often. Ise heard 'bout that feller, Epic. He ain't bad—he's terrible. Mos' likely he's gwine spend all day to-morrow doin' target practice in the car. B'lieve me, Brother Peters, whatever tips you get fum havin' a feller like that ridin' with you, I claim you earn."

Epic smiled with a superior disdain which he did not precisely feel. He knew many things which could arouse greater enthusiasm than having Mr. Ellis Warren as a passenger. Not that he anticipated trouble, exactly; but then one had a sort of uncomfortable feeling cooped up with a white gentlemen who was inclined to shoot quickly and with lethal intent when affairs were not to his liking.



## The Responsibilities of a Pullman Porter Weighed Heavily Indeed Upon the Dusky Soul of Mr. Epic Peters

Consider the battle of the previous day, for instance. This very same Mr. Warren had met a certain Mr. Donegan on a busy down-town corner; two prominent men, persons whom one would credit with being law-abiding citizens. And then—Wham! Bang! Two guns, a half-dozen shots . . . and only the prompt and efficient intervention of an intrepid policeman had prevented a couple of fatalities. Epic found small solace in the fact that both had been hailed into court, where they were fined and admonished. He knewed that they was gemmun, an' when white gemmun was inclined to kill each other, they didn't much care 'bout what Judges had done told them.

**B**UT since there was admiration in the eyes of the shrinking Keezie, Mr. Peters felt that it would never do to admit his own trepidation. He strolled off with impressive insouciance to greet two ladies who were struggling toward his car with heavy suitcases. He conducted them to their section and noticed with some satisfaction that the duelling gentleman in lower two was already well along in the process of undressing. Let sleeping white folks lie, was Epic's present motto; and he knew that there was nothing which could give him greater pleasure than the thought of having Mr. Warren sleep all the way to Charlotte—which prospect he knew was well-nigh a physical impossibility.

On one point Epic was firmly resolved: whatever service lower two demanded would be given in a spirit of eager friendliness. "There ain't ary solitary thing," he reflected, "that Mistuh Warren could ask me to do which I would refuse. Ise gwine treat that feller with puffeck respectability."



Finally he drew a long breath, controlled the palsy of fear which shook him, and slipped one lean arm through the curtains of lower two

More passengers were arriving. From eleven-thirty until a few minutes before the 11.55 departure Epic and Keezie were kept on a rush arranging their passengers for the run. Until three minutes before train time Epic had little opportunity to worry himself about the presence of so fearsome a person as Mr. Warren. But precisely at 11.51 someone appeared on the platform; an formidable looking gentleman whose presence—however innocent—caused Mr. Peters to consider an instant and comprehensive resignation from the service of the Pullman Company.

At sight of the new passenger, Mr. Peters's jaw dropped. He knew that he should move—but he couldn't.

"Oh, Golla!" he murmured, "heah comes the other half of that shootin' scrape!"

There was no doubt in Epic's mind that this was indeed Mr. Leslie Donegan, the warlike person who had attempted to exterminate Mr. Warren the previous afternoon. Like Mr. Warren, the new gentleman gave no hint of his annihilation urge. He was slender and rather nice-looking, with bright eyes which crinkled good-naturedly at the corners.

"Here, porter," he said pleasantly, extending his suitcase.

Epic accepted the burden tremblingly.

"What . . . what space, suh?"

"Drawing-room A."

Mr. Peters breathed a sigh of relief as he escorted his passenger through the corridor and into the sanctuary of the private room. The Fates gave him a little

of kindness. With Mr. Warren already in bed, and Mr. Donegan occupying the drawing-room there was some slight chance that the artillery would not open during the night.

Epic made the new passenger comfortable in the drawing-room, then stood affrightedly outside the door until he heard the lock click on the inside. He reached the platform just in time to hoist his emergency step to the platform and shut the vestibule door before the monster locomotive puffed and snorted its way from under the cavernous trainshed.

The gentleman in the drawing-room was bound for New York. His arch enemy, Mr. Ellis Warren, held a ticket marked Charlotte. That meant that both men would be passengers on the same Pullman—Epic's Pullman—until at least four o'clock the following afternoon.

"That is," groaned Epic—"unless one of them extincts the other befo' then."

Before the train passed under the First Avenue viaduct, Epic had poked his



He concealed the revolver underneath some sheets on one of the topmost shelves

head into the corridor of Keezie's Atlanta car and summoned that individual.

"Oh! whoa is me!" he groaned.

"How come, Epic?"

"Seems like the on'y reason things ever git bad, Keezie, is just to prove they can become wuss."

"Again you talks puzzles."

Keezie was interested. This was the first time in years of association that he had ever noticed Epic thoroughly perturbed.

"You know who's in my car?" inquired Epic.

"Sure. Mistuh Ellis Warren—what shoots."

"An' who else?"

"Who?"

"The gemmun what he shoots at!"

For a moment Keezie did not grasp the horror of Epic's predicament.

"Y—y—y—you don't mean. . . ."

"I mean ezactly that. Mistuh Leslie Donegan just come in with two New York tickets an' took the drawin' room!"

The pudgy porter gave a long, low whistle indicative of horror.

"Gosh!" said he. "All two bofe of them fellers right in yo' one li'l car?"

"AN' NOT nowhere else. Can you 'magine what happens in the mawn-in', Keezie? Mistuh Warren gits up an' dresses. Mr. Donegan does likewise. They see each other in the aisle of my car an' right away they commence to explode. Mos' likely Ise somewhere in the middle of the aisle with them bullets zippin' all around—on'y maybe one stops zippin' when it gets to me." He shook his head sadly. "What yo' think 'bout that, Keezie?"

The little porter was sympathetic enough. "Epic," he asked—"is you fully paid up in the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety?"

"Is I . . . Hey! a swell friend you is, thinkin' 'bout my fun'ral when all I is cogitatin' on is can I keep on livin'."

"I wasn't thinkin' 'bout yo' fun'ral, Brother Peters. I crave to have you live long an' happy. But just the same when a feller is porterin' two homicidin' gemmun like Mistuh Warren and Mistuh Donegan it seems like he'd git some satisfraction fum knowin' that he would git a proper sendoff."

Epic felt slightly ill. "If it's all the same with you, Keezie—I'd sort of like to talk 'bout somethin' else. Seems like with all the subjects in the world to select fum, us was awful misfortunate in choosin' fun'ral."

"Yeh! I reckon you is correck, Epic." Keezie was eager to console his friend. "Maybe them fellers has made up."

"Hmph! All they has made up is their minds—an' what they has made up them to do is shoot each other."

"Well, when they does start shootin' cain't you duck?"

"Sho'ly I can. But what worries me is, can I duck swift enough?"

"Tha's right. Bullets sho' does travel speedy."

Epic felt empty inside. "All night long I is gwine sit up in that car wonderin' about to-morrow mawnin'. 'Taint on'y that maybe I gits kilt accidental. S'posin' ever I don't? I ask you, Keezie, is it any fun to watch them two fellers bang at each other right in 'one of Mistuh Pullman's best cars? Is it?"

"No, Epic—it ain't. But what can you do about it?"

"NOTHIN'," groaned Mr. Peters. "An' I got to commence doin' it right away, either I go crazy."

Epic returned to his car accompanied by his abysmal misery. Fright had turned his blood to water and his backbone to jelly. He placed his little stool at the end of the car near the men's room, dropped an aching head on trembling hands and gave himself over to a survey of the ghastly situation.

His first thought was of the Pullman conductor, but after careful consideration, he discarded that as hopeless. Cap'n Wilson was on the Atlanta run to-night, and while the Cap'n was a nice fellow, he didn't have no 'magination. One of them fellers that never believed trouble was goin' to happen until it was all over. Suppose Epic informed him that two antipathetic gentlemen were in the car? Cap'n Wilson would say: "Well, what about it? They had tickets, didn't they?" Epic remembered once before when he had sought Cap'n Wilson's aid in advance of trouble.

Hopeless. His natural ally in such a situation was no ally at all. Whatever was to be done must be done without the Pullman conductor. Cap'n Wilson would be efficient and sympathetic enough after the homicide . . . but he'd never interfere in advance. Afraid to jeopardize his own position by bringing a suit on the shoulders of the Pullman Company in case it developed that his interference had been unnecessary.

"That," reflected Epic gloomily—"let's the Cap'n out. An' leaves me in."

Epic had been thrilled by accounts of the original artillery argument between Messrs. Warren and Donegan. It was swift and picturesque. But he had lost some enthusiasm when it appeared that Mr. Warren was to travel on his car. Now that both principals were present—and their feud still in an unsettled condition—Mr. Peters was certain that he was not at all fond of melodrama.

He was completely and absolutely scared. He was fearful for himself and afraid for his passengers. Not Mr. Warren or Mr. Donegan. They could take care of themselves—and unquestionably would; but it was horrible to anticipate the morrow when the aisle of the car was certain to be converted into a No-Man's Land. They were two deadly gentlemen, and most likely impervious to argument.

Epic's brain commenced to function. The thrumming of wheels on rails, the occasional

erie shriek of the engine, the rhythmic swaying of the heavy car . . . all were conducive to intensive thought. Once Epic rose and approached lower two. He was greeted by a deafening snore. He jumped back, and then smiled. It was at least some relief to know that Mistuh Warren was a heavy sleeper.

He knew he had to do something. Something drastic. Something which would prevent a resumption of hostilities in the morning. Each combatant knew that the other would be armed. They were the type of men who would not start shooting under other conditions. If only one of them should be unarmed and the other knew it. Suddenly Epic's head jerked back as an idea struck him; an idea both brilliant and dangerous. It could work and then again. . . .

*A GREAT new actor, or a playwright of genius, may be sprung upon the public at a "first night"; or there may be backstage drama of a highly exciting kind, as when Robert Mantell kept order among his scene shifters with a property dagger and a mailed gauntlet. Jack O'Donnell writes of some historic occasions in "Famous First Nights." Look for it in an early issue*

Epic recalled the lusty snore which had emanated from Mr. Warren's berth a few minutes since. Suppose that, while the homicidal gentleman slept, he—Epic—should insinuate his hand into that berth and extract therefrom the gun which was ambitious to separate Mr. Donegan from his earthly existence? Once Epic had the gun securely hidden he would visit Mr. Donegan in the drawing-room. He would apprise that gentleman of the fact that his arch enemy was on the car in a totally unarmed condition. Mr. Donegan would not shoot Mr. Warren so long as the latter was gunless, and Mr. Warren could not shoot Mr. Donegan for the same reason.

It was really an excellent scheme. There was only one flaw, and that was its distinctly hazardous nature. Suppose Mr. Warren should apprehend Epic in the act of taking the gun? Mr. Peters might make some sort of an excuse. . . . On the other hand, Epic reflected, a cornered rat takes on many attributes of the lion. It was either that—"or else." And the "or else" did not make any vast appeal to Epic. This was not the first time in his traveled career that he had been forced to take desperate chances, and he had a sad hunch that it wasn't going to be the last. He was thoroughly afraid of Mr. Warren, but even more fearful of the certain battling of the morrow should he fail to put his present scheme into execution.

With pounding heart he made ready for his intervention. He extinguished all of the ceiling lights save one. He traversed the aisle three or four times to assure himself that all the passengers were sleeping or else totally disinterested in what might be occurring elsewhere in the car. Then he stationed himself outside lower two.

An ecstatic smile spread over Epic's ebony countenance. No question of the fact that Mr. Warren was an enthusiastic sleeper. Epic was certain that he would not wake when his expert fingers slipped through the curtain.

Mr. Peters braced himself for the ordeal. He realized keenly the risk he was running, but always in the back of his brain was the certainty of the next morning should he let matters remain as they were. Finally he drew a long breath, controlled—in some slight measure—the palsy of fear which shook him, and slipped one lean arm through the curtains of lower two.

Deftly and noiselessly he searched. He knew every square inch of the section and avoided with scrupulous care any contact with the slumbering warrior. Eventually he located Mr. Warren's pants. A swift feel conveyed the information that wherever else the gun might be, it was not in those trousers. Somewhat disappointed, Epic continued his hunt.

He quested along the little shelf into which the daytime head-rest is converted at night. Nothing there but a spare blanket. Then the hammock. Socks. A collar and tie. A pair of felt slippers. And then . . .

Epic's fingers closed around something large and heavy. He knew instantly that his search was at an end. With infinite care he withdrew his spoils from the section. One glance sufficed.

Epic Peters, veteran Pullman porter—known to his associates and a large portion of the traveling public as Hop Sure—held in his hand a large leather holster which was weighted down by a decidedly efficient-looking revolver.

Not a sound from lower two except snores. Epic's heart sang exultantly. The most difficult obstacle had been hurdled in safety. There remained now only the minor matters of concealing the revolver and indulging in a little diplomacy with Mr. Donegan, who lay slumbering in the drawing-room.

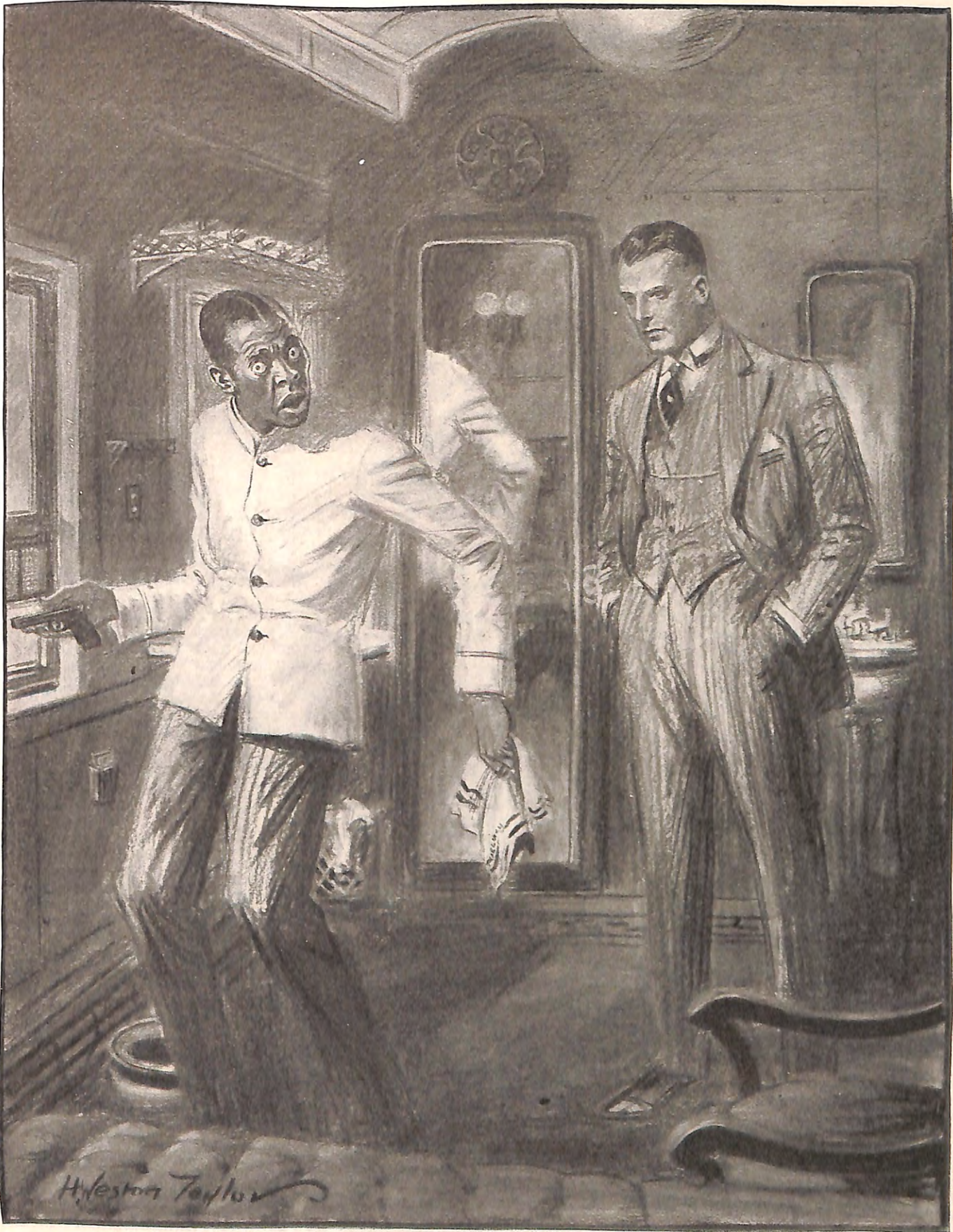
Still apprehensive, Epic sidled into the corridor between the main car and the smoking compartment. There in the dim half-light—and looking fearfully over his shoulder as he acted—he withdrew the revolver from its resting place. And as he did so, something happened: something of which Epic was blissfully unaware.

A flat, oblong object slipped out of the holster and fell noiselessly to the floor near the very large feet of the Pullman porter. Mr. Peters did not notice; he was too engaged in being frightened, watching for observers and staring at his trophy.

IT WAS indeed a gun. Large and ugly and murderously clean. With a frightened gesture, Epic returned it to its holster, slid holster and gun under his coat, and tiptoed into the main corridor again. Then—taking particular pains to make no sound—he opened the door of his linen closet and concealed the revolver underneath some sheets on one of the topmost shelves. He locked the closet door, shook his head in the manner of a diver coming up for air, and made his way to the smoking compartment, where he could find time to congratulate himself on his courage and foresight.

He felt the reaction from the terrific tension of the past hour, and so—soon after the train left Anniston—he lolled back against the leather cushions and dozed. He slept without interruption until the train approached Atlanta, where it was due at 5:55 A. M.

Only one person in Epic's car had dressed. That one—a youth with flappy pants and very bright eyes—rushed into the restaurant for a cup of coffee and returned to the platform to wait the continuation of the trip after a one-hour lay-over. Mr. Peters had mapped out his course. Immediately on leaving Atlanta he was going to enter Mr.



Donegan's drawing-room and explain conditions. That much was settled.

The new Pullman conductor arrived to take over the sleeping-car passengers as far as Washington. It was Cap'n Sandifer, a grizzled veteran whom Epic had known for years and liked considerably. Sandifer was a hard man, but a fair one. He was a thousand per cent. efficient, and demanded an efficiency no less great than his own. There was a bond of genuine friendship between the white conductor and the colored

*With knees trembling and heart pounding, Epic Peters turned to face his doom. Mr. Warren was standing in the doorway gazing first at Epic and then at the gun. Mr. Peter's lips moved in prayer*

porter, and they greeted each other brightly as they passed.

The train was made up anew. The "all aboard" sounded, and the locomotive puffed out on the second leg of the long journey. Epic swung aboard, and into the Pullman.

At the entrance to the car he stopped—assailed by the certainty of impending disaster.

There was a tableau in front of lower two. Cap'n Sandifer was standing in the aisle, feet planted wide apart, and lips grimly silent. Mr. Warren, clad only in pants and the upper portion of his pajamas, was facing him, talking loudly and gesticulating with vehemence. Epic was sorry. He had desired to be the first to tell Cap'n Sandifer the true condition. The Cap'n was a man

who would have applauded him for the act of the previous night.

Mr. Peters listened. And the words which cascaded from Mr. Warren's lips caused Epic to shudder as though some one had caressed him with a large brick.

"... and not only is my revolver gone!" raged Mr. Warren, "but in the holster was my wallet containing almost four hundred dollars in cash!"

Epic waited to hear no more. He was convinced that already he had heard entirely too much.

Mr. Peters was positive that there had been no wallet in the holster which he had borrowed. He knew nothing of the flat leather case which had dropped to the floor of the dimly lighted corridor when he, thoroughly frightened, had drawn the revolver from the holster for a final inspection.

**H**E DID some lightning thinking. Only one course was open to him. He must wait until Mr. Warren went into the wash-room; then he must get the revolver from the linen closet and return gun and wallet to the indignant passenger. After that he'd have to tell Cap'n Sandifer the truth. Perhaps the Cap'n could invent a method of avoiding manslaughter in the car. At least it would be a relief to pass the burden of worry to the shoulders of so efficient a person.

Epic sneaked into the car. Cap'n Sandifer had gone, and so had Mr. Warren. Epic walked swiftly to the end of the corridor, opened his linen closet and climbed up on his little stool. He was certain everything was all right, but he wanted to make sure.

His fingers touched the missing holster. Epic craned his neck and drew the gun from its nesting place. He inserted long fingers in the holster.

There was no wallet!

"Disaster," groaned Epic, "heah I is!"

The potentialities of the situation smote Mr. Peters with horrid force. Some way, somehow, Mr. Warren's wallet had vanished. Epic knew better than to dispute the loss of the wallet. In the first place, Mr. Warren was a gentleman, and in the second place, Epic felt keenly his own anomalous position. He recalled vaguely a pronouncement which he had heard sonorously roll from the lips of the erudite Lawyer Evans Chew on a somewhat similar occasion: "He who comes into Equity, had better sure wash his hands first."

Epic's hands were, figuratively, unwashed. Seeking to do a deed so heroically good that it would have served as a week's work on a Boy Scout's record, he inadvertently had taken, and lost, four hundred dollars cash money.

His hands were not only not washed as Equity demanded; they were also tied. He couldn't go to Cap'n Sandifer now and announce that he had taken the revolver in order to avoid a duel in his Pullman. Not so indeed. The Cap'n would quite rightly suggest that the money be returned immediately, and Epic didn't know anything about any money. He couldn't go to Mr. Donegan and tell him that Mr. Warren was disarmed, because that would be a too damning admission.

"I—cain't do nothin'," mourned Mr. Peters, "an' even when I does it, it's gwine be wrong."

He was sure that never in all the world had a colored man been so colossally miserable. Tell the Cap'n the whole truth? Absurd! His last opportunity to do that had disappeared with the wallet. He closed his eyes

and grieved over the immediate future. In the first place, Mr. Donegan would probably be signally successful in exterminating Mr. Warren; in the second place, Epic would always be terrified that the loss of the money would be traced to him.

He staggered to the vestibule and stood staring unhappily at the dreary landscape. Low-hanging clouds scudded across a gray and drippy sky; furrows between rows of corn and cotton were muddy rivulets; trees far off against the horizon moaned in sympathy with Epic's feelings as they swayed to the cruel blasts of a summer storm.

From inside the car came the sound of a bell, and Epic lurched to answer the summons. He passed through the corridor near the smoking-room to the main aisle of the car. Then, as something smote his vision, he ducked back and stared in terrible anticipation.

Mr. Warren was standing in section two. The drawing-room door had opened and Mr. Donegan was advancing toward the gentleman whose gun Mr. Peters had borrowed. Mr. Warren was staring at the other.

"An' now," reflected Mr. Peters affrightedly—"they begins to get murderous mutual."

He wanted to run, but stark horror held him rooted to the spot. He watched the deadly enemies draw closer. And then, as a fitting climax to a morning of unbearable misery, a sheer miracle occurred.

Mr. Donegan stopped at section two and a broad, friendly smile spread over his lips.

"Lo, Ellis," he greeted affably.

Mr. Warren looked up. "Howdye, Will. What are you doing on this train?"

"Running up to New York for a little



"And not only is my revolver gone!" raged Mr. Warren, "but also my wallet containing almost four hundred dollars in cash!"

business trip. Had breakfast yet? No? Come along with me. How about it?"

Arm in arm they walked off toward the diner, leaving Mr. Epic Peters more harassed than he had been in many a green moon.

Mr. Warren had called Mr. Donegan "Will." Epic knew perfectly well that Mr. Donegan's name was Leslie. Moreover, one could not mistake the deep friendship which existed between the men, and a dark, awful suspicion came to the Pullman porter that he had projected himself into a mess of wholly unnecessary trouble. He recalled one summer day at Blue Lake Park when he had come leaping out of a bathhouse in a suit of brilliant green. He had failed to heed the warning shouts of spectators and had plunged head foremost into the pool. Even yet he could recall with sickening vividness the split-second of terrible realization that the pool was waterless and that he had made a mistake. Yet the crack which his head received that day had been merciful and painless compared with the shock which followed his understanding of the fact that Leslie Donegan wasn't Leslie Donegan at all, because he was named Will.

Now indeed his last shred of alibi had been stripped from Mr. Epic Peters. A clean breast of the situation would only betray him as a fool and a dumb-bell, or else leave him open to the dark suspicion of having known all about the wallet from the first—and of having secreted it somewhere for his own future use.

**N**OW that Mr. Warren and his friend had vanished into the diner, Epic inaugurated a search of the car which for thoroughness exceeded any act of his life. Not a square inch escaped his questing hand. He even delved into his soiled-linen compartment and rummaged through every sheet and pillow-case which had been in use the night before. He opened upper berths and took down blankets and looked under mattresses.

There was no sign of the missing wallet with its four-hundred-dollar treasure. Not even a clue. Unutterably woe-begone, Epic isolated himself. He knew that there was genuine danger in the situation; danger of personal harm and even of prison. The smallest punishment that he could anticipate would be summary expulsion from the service of the Pullman company, and that Epic realized, would cause his heart to bust right up into little, tiny pieces.

"Two things aroun' here is completely gone," he soliloquized. "One of 'em is that pocketbook, and the other is me!"

Cap'n Sandifer came through the car. Epic plastered a brave smile on his face.

"Good morning, Hop Sure," greeted the conductor affably.

"Mawnin', Cap'n."

"How's things!"

"Oh! tol'able. Cap'n. Jus' tol'able. I ain't feelin' so terrible slick."

"Nothing wrong, is there!"

"Oh, nossuh! No, indeedy. Things couldn't be no righter if they was puffed."

"That's good." Sandifer looked into Epic's unhappy countenance.

"By the way, you didn't see any-

thing of a revolver last night, did you?"

"A which, Cap'n?"

"A revolver? A gun in a holster?"

"Gosh, no, Cap'n. What would I be doin' seein' revolvers?"

(Continued on page 62)



*Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne*

FLORENCE VANDAMM

**T**HESSE two working together are probably the most brilliant and finished exponents of high comedy on the American stage. There is a sparkle and exhilaration about their performance in "Caprice" that makes for an evening of fine entertainment. The play has been adapted by Philip Moeller

from the Austrian of *Sil Vara*, a light, frothy comedy that would be unimpressive as a play if the Theatre Guild had not mounted it so attractively and given it the benefit of faultless playing. In addition to Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne great credit goes to Ernest Cossart and Douglass Montgomery—E. R. B.



A comedy with a light flavoring of crook-melodrama, "A Most Immoral Lady," by Townsend Martin, owes its most distinguished moments to the playing of the three pictured to the left, Alice Brady, Austin Fairman and Guido Nadzo. Miss Brady is entirely convincing as a lovely, irresistible siren, her husband's partner in a profitable blackmailing game. But she really falls in love with a young musician and then it is all up with the partnership but it takes a good many clever theatrical devices to achieve a curtain which holds a promise of happy days for Miss Brady and her musician.



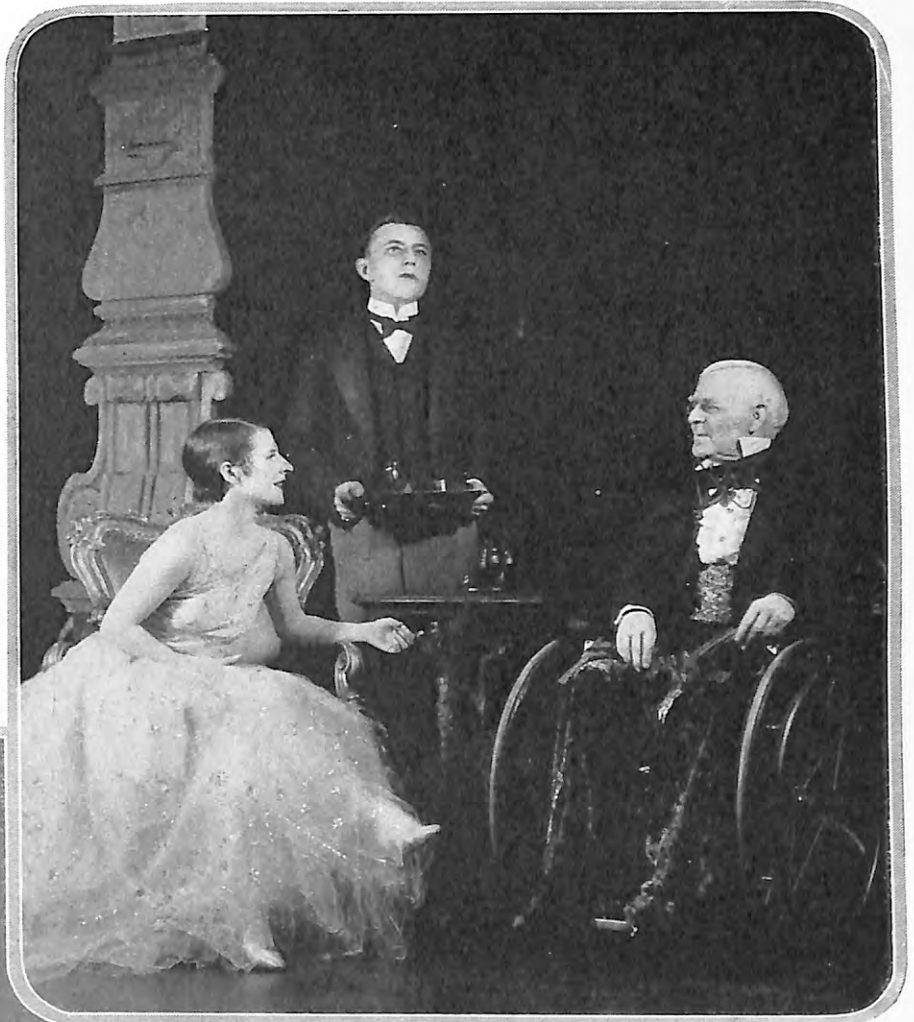
It's easy to understand why "Follow Through" is a hit, for it bubbles over with zestful youth and out-of-doors healthfulness. The story is a simple one of country-club life and a couple of rival women golfers, rivals not only on the course, but for possession of the hero. DeSylva, Brown and Henderson have equipped it with bright tunes and a set of remarkably clever lyrics. Zelma O'Neal and Jack Haley (above) score heavily as a comedy team and the rest of the cast, including Irene Delroy, John Barker and the chorus, makes an excellent showing.



Ruth Draper (left) holds a unique place in the theatre. For many seasons now her one-man show has been gaining in appreciation and popularity. She is an artist in mimicry and for three hours can entertain you single-handed with her poignant or mirthful impressions of such diverse things as a children's party in Philadelphia, an English house party, a Southern debutante, a domestic drama in County Kerry or a procession of tourists through a church in Italy. After a successful season in New York, Miss Draper is taking her wide assortment of character sketches on tour throughout the country.

"Serena Blandish" was a delightful book and is now a delightful satirical comedy. Serena is adopted for one month by the Countess Flor di Folio who worships money and has a passion for pets, and in that time she is expected to make a success by ensnaring a wealthy husband. But Serena has a soft heart and no instinct for success and ends by running away to Monte Carlo with an impecunious young dilettante to start a night club. The play is most happily cast with Ruth Gordon (right) as Serena, Constance Collier as the Countess and A. E. Matthews (also right) as her priceless butler with a bitter sense of humor

"Mima" is a morality play dressed up in modern trappings and adapted by David Belasco from Ferenc Molnar's "The Red Mill." The seductive Lenore Ulric, in the title rôle, plays Circe to Sydney Blackmer (below), a simple forester who has been selected to test the powers of a gigantic corrupting machine for his Satanic Majesty and his Court. This machine, which occupies the whole stage, is the most fascinating part of the production, especially in the last breathless moments when its mechanism fails and it crumbles to pieces



Captions  
by  
Esther R. Bien



A series of episodes rather than a play, "The Kingdom of God," adapted from the Spanish of Martinez Sierra, gives Ethel Barrymore (right) a great opportunity for character portrayal as Sister Gracia, and she rises nobly to the occasion. Covering a period of fifty years, probably the finest dramatic moment of the play comes near the close when Miss Barrymore, as Mother Superior of an orphanage, quells a revolt among her charges and pledges them to work for the unfortunates



## National Ache and Groan Week

**T**HIS is March. Already it is possible—except in our most northerly States—for the keen eye and the sharp nose to detect the signs and scents of approaching Spring. The earth is soft and moist with the thawing out of the frost; birds are flying north from their winter quarters; young shoots of new grass are modestly thrusting themselves into view among the sere and yellowed remains of their forefathers. In short, Nature, as the poet said, is burgeoning. And nine million wives are beginning to wear a depressed and apprehensive look. They are the wives of golfers and tennis players. They are looking forward with undisguised distaste to that annual festival which we shall designate as “National Ache and Groan Week.”

National Ache and Groan Week, celebrated every spring in all parts of the country, except the balmy portions of the South, is a great American institution. It is observed by more people, probably, than are any of our other annual “weeks,” such as Apple Week, Fire Prevention Week, Prune Week, Bran Week, and the rest. Yet, unlike these others, National Ache and Groan Week is no fun for anybody. For this reason, which seems as good as any I can think of, I take the stand that National Ache and Groan Week should be eradicated from the calendar. It is a malevolent growth upon the body politic.

While you are still wondering what this is all about, let me explain. To do so, it is necessary to draw a picture. This is March. In a month, or six weeks, depending on the locality, the golf links and tennis courts will be open to addicts. Millions of men and women, bursting with energy that has been bottled up all winter, will seize their clubs and their rackets, rush out right after breakfast—or maybe before it—and abandon themselves madly to long hours of strenuous exercise. We will assume, for the purpose of this discourse, that the links and courts will be open on a Saturday. That night, in the neighborhood of ten o'clock, National Ache and Groan Week will be ushered in. The following morning, Sunday, it will be in full swing.

If microphones could be placed in the homes of all golfers and tennis players that Sunday and hooked up to a central broad-

By James Charlton

Illustrated by Herb Roth

casting station, the ether would be burdened with something like this:

“Ouch, my BACK!—Can hardly walk!—Blisters on both hands!—My heels are raw!—Ow! Don’t rub so hard!—Mother, where’s the liniment?—Won’t be able to move for a month!—Adhesive plaster!—Don’t touch me!—”

It is all very silly; silly because it’s unnecessary. There is absolutely no need for any golfer or tennis player to endure this early season agony, or to subject an innocent family to the annoyances his or her sufferings may bring. One of these days the voice of the non-golfing and non-tennis people will make itself heard, and laws will be passed banning National Ache and Groan Week. Every man and woman helping to keep it alive by starting in to play without at least a month’s proper preparation will be arrested, convicted and fined. The rate will be \$5 for the first groan, \$50 for the second, \$100 for the third—and fourth offenders will simply be padlocked, and denied the privileges of all golf courses and tennis courts.

But that is looking quite far into the future. The voice of the people is notoriously slow in making itself heard. Years may elapse before any legislative action is taken. Meanwhile, it should be possible to eliminate National Ache and Groan Week from our

calendar by the use of a little common sense—which is sometimes almost as effective as legislation.

Right here I shall forestall an attempt on the part of the Association of Daily Dozen Takers to steal a little of my thunder. The secretary of that organization has a type-written statement ready to hand to the press stating that if all golfers and tennis players did a regular Daily Dozen through the winter they would have no aches after their first day’s golf or tennis. I do not question the veracity of his statement. I merely reply that his theory will not work.

**I**T WILL not work for a very good reason, which is this: There are two kinds of people. There are people who play games, such as golf and tennis; and there are people who do Daily Dozens. It is an East is East and West is West sort of thing. You cannot induce the average golfer or tennis player to indulge in calisthenics. And you cannot persuade the typical Daily Dozener to play golf or tennis. Speaking broadly, the two groups are a different breed of cats. Your golfer is attracted to the links not so much because he wants exercise—though of course that figures somewhat—but because he wants sport, and to his mind, rightly or wrongly, golf is sport. The Daily Dozener, on the other hand, wants exercise, together with the feeling of intense self-righteousness which seems to adhere to persons who tie themselves in knots in front of open windows in early morning. To him, golf is a form of mental ailment. To the golfer calisthenics are a form of mental and physical punishment. You cannot convince the man who would rather make a hole in one than be President that there is anything ennobling in trying to touch the toes without bending the knees. He will tell you he stopped playing with his toes some years ago. The two viewpoints are utterly irreconcilable.

Having exploded the theory of the Secretary of the Association of Daily Dozen Takers, let me advance my own. I have already suggested that National Ache and Groan Week can be abolished by common-sense-methods. Well, it can.

The best way for an amateur to learn anything, whether it be cost-accounting or some

(Continued on page 63)





# A Reporter's Friends at Court

## *A Famous Newspaper Writer Tells of the Important Men Who Helped Him in His Work*

By Henry Irving Dodge

*Illustrations from Culver Service*

**N**O MAN so requires personal friendships as the reporter. It is his professional capital; it opens doors that would otherwise remain closed. In a great city the reporter can not know everybody, but if he be a specialist he should know everybody who is worthwhile in his special domain, whether it be Wall Street, politics, sports or what not. Particularly should he have friends at court. That's where I made the greatest part of my success. I didn't know any better than other reporters how to ask questions to draw out essentials nor how to write them up. But I *did* have friends at court.

This will show how it works: I was a Wall Street reporter at the time. United States Leather was the cynosure of all speculative eyes. I used to visit their offices on Ferry Street, down in the Swamp, as the leather district was called, every day for items of news and forecasts as to dividend probabilities. You understand that the talent was forever watching reports of the trade and betting on prospects of an increase or decrease of dividend rates. By "betting" I mean operating on either the bull or the bear side of the market, according to fluctuating predilections.

Very well. I had written an item that had offended Mark Hoyt, President of Leather, and when I refused to retract, correct or apologize, I was denied the run of the offices henceforth. It was the custom of the reporters down in the Street to help one another out in such emergencies, that is, in the matter of relatively unimportant news items. But not in the matter of so vital things as forecasts of the annual statement or the declaring or passing of dividends.

I had foreseen just such an emergency—for a Wall Street reporter can't please everybody, you know—and had made a friend at court in the person of one of the Directors, a big Leather man.

I first got the Street by the ears by forecasting to within fifty thousand dollars an annual statement. When I tell you that the figures of that statement were forty millions of dollars, you will see how close I came to it. In fact, I had the figures down to the last cent, but through policy claimed only a close approximation. That very day I had the impudence to attend the meeting in Jersey City and partake of the banquet. Everybody wanted to know how I got my figures. I calmly told them that I had figured it out—a thing they knew to be impossible. My Director friend sat opposite me at the table while I was being besieged and cajoled for information as to my informant, and never turned a hair. For he saw that he could trust me.

**T**HE next service my Director friend did me was when speculation was rife as to the next Leather dividend. And it came within an ace of proving my undoing, my permanent retirement as a Wall Street reporter. The date for the meeting was set. As usual, a number of us reporters had preempted telephones in the offices of our friends in the neighborhood of Ferry Street. Not only was I personally denied the Leather offices, but so was every one representing our Bureau. I could not hope for any help from other

reporters. The matter was too vital. It was a matter of one Bureau beating another, even by a few minutes.

In the emergency, I went to my Director friend. He told me that it was their custom to meet at eleven o'clock; that they discussed preliminary matters for three-quarters of an hour and then took up the question of a dividend. It was agreed between us that



Grover Cleveland

I was to send by messenger boy a sealed telegraph envelope containing a blank—that is, blank with the exception of the words: "What dividend?" I knew the boy would, of course, be admitted to the office and that the message would be handed in to my friend in the Director's room. The Director was then to indicate on the blank the amount declared and himself hand it to the waiting messenger boy in the outer office, who would bring it to me in a certain broker's branch office in the neighborhood. If this could be accomplished I would be able to beat my competitors by some three-quarters of an hour. For the dividend meetings usually lasted until half-past twelve, when a statement as to proceedings was released—and not before.

Very well. Everything worked beautifully. I had, as a safeguard, posted a very reliable assistant on the sidewalk at the entrance to the Leather Building who would bring me the news when the meeting was over as to just what had transpired. So, if I didn't beat the other fellows, they at least couldn't beat me.

At eleven-thirty I sent the boy with the message to my Director friend. In about ten minutes he reported to me in the

broker's office. Of course I was exceedingly nervous, apprehensively nervous, as we reporters always were on such occasions. I opened the envelope with trembling fingers. On the blank was marked simply: "One per cent."

In a minute I had transmitted the news to my Bureau. Then I went to the ticker and watched the tape. Leather quotations began to boil and bubble, for the talent had only been waiting the word, either to buy or to sell. Of course, I was exultant. I had made a bet with my editor of a new hat that I would beat the enemy by three-quarters of an hour. I would actually beat him by an hour.

The important item, "Leather declares one per cent. dividend," had come over the news ticker. Customers in the branch office were tumbling over one another with orders.

**O**F A sudden I recollected that underneath the "one per cent." was a very finely written word, so finely written as to have—owing to my eagerness to transmit the news—escaped my attention. Again I scanned the paper. I couldn't make out the word. I folded the blank so that the word itself remained exposed, without the context, and asked the bookkeeper if he could read it.

"Yes," he said after a minute, "the word is 'recommended.'"

Great Scott! Only recommended, and I had put it out that the dividend was declared. Evidently they were discussing it when I sent my message to my Director friend, and in order to give me a chance to forecast, I suppose, he had sent this. To say that my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth and that my knees knocked together would have been putting it mildly. You've heard of nervous men spitting cotton. I never knew just what that meant before.

It was a cold day, bitterly cold—not in the slang sense, although that was true, too. I thrust my hands into my pockets and walked up and down the sidewalk, passing the end of Ferry Street. Back and forth I went, constantly watching the entrance to the Leather Building for signs of the boys rushing out with the news. I saw myself a disgraced reporter—although innocent. But I didn't mind that so much as the fact that I might have let my Bureau in for the most fatal kind of a blunder. For, remember, the watch-word of those Bureaus was, first, "reliability," then "speed." Millions of dollars changed hands on the words that they sent out over the tickers or on the printed slips. The situation was this: we would either have a magnificent beat or something that no kind of a "beat" could compensate, a fatal blunder.

There was no use telephoning what had happened to my editor. For the damage—if damage it were—had been done, done beyond repair. I could fancy no end of brokers, whose customers had lost money through my mistake, disgustingly kicking our papers out of their offices.

For one solid hour I walked back and forth across the head of Ferry Street, watching, oh, so fearfully watching, for the appearance of those boys. Of a sudden, I saw my man dash out of the Leather Building and

rush up the street. I dashed down to meet him.

"What have they done?" I shouted. "What have they done?"

"They've declared a one per cent. dividend," he called as he made a jump for a pre-empted telephone.

And then the sun burst out from behind those blizzardy clouds; I opened my overcoat, for I was very hot, and walked down the street, whistling as I went, joyous as the flowers that bloom in the spring.

A dozen leading brokers telephoned in to find out how I'd got the news, and my only answer was: "You know there are more ways of killing a cat than cutting his tail off close behind his ears."

Everybody that knew me congratulated me on the wonderful beat. But would you believe it, their congratulations gave me no joy whatever, for back in my consciousness was the spectre of the awful humiliation I had come within an ace of suffering. For, had I failed, I could never have truthfully explained my blunder; I could only have said that I had deduced from rumors I'd heard that a one per cent. dividend would be declared and that in my eagerness to beat my rivals I had taken a chance. Obviously, my Wall Street activities would then have been at an end.

Another friend at court I had was John Mitchell, the famous labor leader. I cultivated Mr. Mitchell as a reporter, but presently came to have a very warm personal affection for the man. He was a fine fellow, a man of wonderful ability, and he always played square with the reporters.

There was a certain occasion—a meeting of the coal operators and the miners. The question, as everyone knows, as to wages and hours had been—and still is, I suppose—a disputed one, a vitally important one. Very good. John Mitchell and his confrères were to meet the chief executives of the big coalers. Not only Wall Street, but

report of the proceedings was to be delayed until that hour—he would hand me the first copy to be given out. That was the best I could do.

At two o'clock next day the narrow corridor leading to the meeting room on the sixth floor of the Jersey Central Building was packed to suffocation with reporters from the evening papers, Wall Street Bureaus, and all other national and international news agencies. I was covering the meeting. I had with me James King—the ablest synopsisizer of reports I ever met, next to James Omsted, our Editor—and a very reliable and athletic young man named Barney. This was the arrangement: King was to be next the door; Barney and I next; King was to grab the first copy Mitchell should hand out; dash upstairs to a pre-empted telephone, and send Omsted the briefest, yet meatiest possible synopsis, which would be put over the ticker; Barney and I—both fleet-footed—were to take the next two copies and make a dash from Liberty Street to Beaver, so that the full text of the report could be put out on the printed slips. By having two men on line, I calculated to keep our rivals, who had been maneuvering to get next behind us, a few minutes away from their telephones and give King the advantage.

Very good. King grabbed his copy, footballed his way through the crowd, and dashed upstairs; Barney and I got our copies and rushed like mad, the one down Broadway, the other down Greenwich Street to the office.

Reaching there, we found everything in excitement.

"What's become of King? Where's King?" was the shout, accompanied by some profanity, I assure you.

Omsted, to save the day, grabbed my copy and sent the gist of it over the ticker. The opposition Bureau had some minutes before sent out an able synopsis, beating us to it.

Explanation: King, with his copy crumpled in his hand, had dashed up to the pre-empted telephone; had called up the Bureau; got Omsted; and then, spreading out the crumpled leaf, had discovered that it was absolutely a blank. Shocked to the point of demoralization, he had neglected to explain to Omsted, but had hung up and dashed downstairs, and after some frantic appeals had borrowed a copy from an evening paper man. But he didn't get

back to the telephone until after Omsted had put the thing out over the ticker.

It is remarkable—yet quite natural, come to think of it—how many persons want to feel that they know somebody connected with a newspaper, particularly the reportorial end; how many there are, big and little, who get a real kick out of having something to do with the publication of news articles or social bits. Such persons are at times direct—but in most cases indirect—sources of information. Even in the business world—among specialties such as Wall Street or yachting—men are keenly alive to putting out things pertaining to their department in the affairs of the world.

Obviously, the Wall Street reporter must be careful; he must learn to discriminate. Even when he gets his information from the most reputable men, he must weigh their motives in giving it. It is safe only for him to give out the bare facts, without any possible coloring or deduction or implication, that his informant may have conveyed. For, remember, a great many important—not necessarily Wall Street—men are interested in certain stocks in a speculative way. The experienced reporter can usually scent out a motive, where his informant is too eager to give information or too frequent in the giving of it.

Opinions as to the trend of the market are not worth a tinker's dam, no matter who gives them. Facts, and facts alone, are what count.

Obviously, through the policy of making friends, the reporter has a lot of men always on the lookout for him, ready to tip him off, men who expect *quid pro quo*, men who can use him and whom he can use—but, above all, men who know they can trust him.

I knew a merchant who was a heavy operator in tobacco stock. He never told me as much, but the signs were unmistakable. He was always advancing opinions as



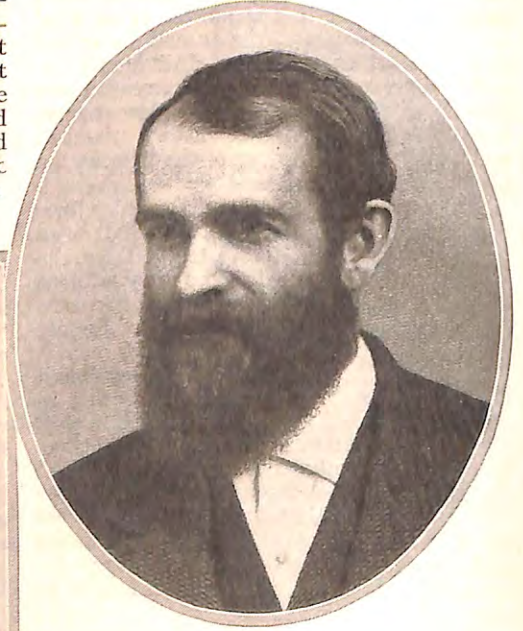
Mark Hoyt

America, the world at large, in fact, was actually—not academically—interested in the meeting.

The day before, I went up to the Ashland House, where Mr. Mitchell was stopping, and asked him if as a personal favor he would give me a forecast of what he would say. He could not do it, but promised that if I would be at the door of the meeting room next day at exactly three o'clock—the



George S. Dougherty



Jay Gould

to what effect this or that Government measure would have on tobacco, what Duke was going to do now, and the like. In fact, W—'s suggestions and opinions got to be quite tiresome, but I always accepted them with patient complaisance, for I knew that he was an important man and, being in touch with the insiders, might some day give me a valuable hint. In a word, W— was one of the many watchdogs I had.



ALMAN PHOTO

Clarence Stedman

American Tobacco was the big speculative feature of the day. James B. Duke was president. Mr. Duke, by the way, had always been very friendly to me personally.

Very well. The Street was on the *qui vive* as to just what tobacco was going to do at the next dividend meeting. But both the time of the meeting and the intent of the directors had been kept a close secret. Try my best, I couldn't get a hint as to either one or the other. Very good. I had just come into the office at two o'clock one day when I was told that a Mr. W— had been on the wire for me, and that he had left the enigmatic message that I was to go uptown at once. That was all. For W—, you know, didn't choose to identify or otherwise commit himself to anyone else in the Bureau.

**I** DECIDED on the instant. There was only one deduction: the tobacco people were holding a dividend meeting. Their offices were then at the corner of Nineteenth and Fifth Avenue. I took an L train and went up there. Everything in the office was quiet.

I affected an air of casualness in order to avoid being suspected of having been tipped off. I asked Henry, a semi-porter in the outside office, if anything were going on.

"No," he said, and then a little too emphatically, I thought, "absolutely not."

I knew that Henry had never liked me, and I also knew that I had never trusted Henry. For I suspected him to be something more than in sympathy with our competitors.

Said I: "It's a hot day; I think I'll smoke a cigar and rest awhile."

Here was where Henry fell down flat, showed himself to be no diplomat. "No use in your waiting for Mr. Duke, for he's out at his place at Somerville—won't be back till morning."

"Nevertheless, I'll have a smoke," said I.

I was convinced now that they were having the unsuspected dividend meeting, and that Henry was eager to telephone results to the enemy.

About five minutes later, a door down the corridor opened—the door of what I knew to be the directors' room—and Mr. Duke appeared. He was about to cross the hall to another office when I brushed Henry, who would have intercepted me, to one side and approached him.

"Mr. Duke, do you mind telling me what dividend you just declared at the meeting?"

He seemed surprised, but like all the big fellows didn't try to evade. He told me the amount declared. That was enough. I didn't care three whoops about when the books were



BROWN BROS. PHOTO

Irving Bacheller

to close or open again, or any of the other detail that goes with the paying of dividends; I had the one great fact: Tobacco had declared a dividend, so-and-so much.

I had received the information from W— down at Wall Street at two o'clock; had gone to the tobacco offices, Nineteenth and Fifth Avenue; at half-past two my Bureau made the announcement. And it created a lot of excitement. But, best of all, I beat the enemy by an hour.

Of course, all the newspaper men knew Russell Sage, "Uncle Russell," as he was called. But I knew him quite well. He was, in a way, arrogant, imperious, but when you got to know him he was a real good fellow. And when Mr. Sage found he could trust you, he didn't mince matters in speaking of men in the other camp.



BROWN BROS. PHOTO.

James B. Duke



ROCKFORD PHOTO

Russell Sage

Very good. On one occasion Collis P. Huntington and Jay Gould were engaged in a colossal railroad battle down in the Southwest. It involved the Southern Pacific, a Huntington road, and the Texas Pacific, a Gould property. One day I asked Mr. Sage, who was Mr. Gould's closest associate, about Mr. Gould's health. Everybody who knows anything of recent history knows that the wizard of the Street was not a strong man. He'd been living for decades on his nerve. And no wonder. For in a few short years he, a farm boy, had made himself president of Erie—only thirty-two at the time—had fought a famous battle to corner gold, and had, on dying at fifty-six—a comparatively young man—left a fortune of more than a hundred million dollars.

Well, I asked Mr. Sage how Mr. Gould's health was, and he answered in his quick, impulsive way: "Not so good—not so good. Besides, he's got a conference with that man Huntington to-day; it always makes Gould very nervous to meet that man Huntington; that man Huntington's such a bully, you know."

Observe the reiteration of the characterization "that man." It was a way, I noticed, those giants had of speaking of one another. And Mr. Sage must be esteemed a giant when one considers that for years he was the dominating money king of the Street, and that he, too, left more than a hundred millions.

There was no suggestion of contempt in Mr. Sage's words. They bore, it seemed to me, only the stern fighting antagonism of a man to a hated foe, worthy of his steel.

It was a revelation to me, a most significant revelation, that there existed *any* man Mr. Gould feared to meet.

**F**EW persons ever suspected that Mr. Sage had a human side to him. He had the reputation of being a very hard-boiled proposition, that he was closer even than the paper on the wall. One of the silly-ass stories that the Wall Street nit-wits used to tell was that Uncle Russell used to bargain with the apple woman on the corner for his mid-day lunch. But Mr. Sage *did* like to bargain, no question about that. It was a Yankee trait with him. In fact, one morning I saw him buying an alpaca coat at Siegel & Cooper's.

I said to him in a joking way: "I'll have to fine you if you're late, Mr. Sage."

He took it good-naturedly. "You can get a very good coat here for a dollar and a quarter," said he.

"But while you're saving a few cents, you're losing very valuable time," I suggested, "immensely valuable time."

"I guess they can wait down there," he said, "I guess they can wait."

Irving Bacheller was then editor of the *World Sunday Forum*. He asked me to get an interview with Mr. Sage. I went down to Lawrence, Long Island, to the Sage summer home. It was evening. Mr. Sage had not returned from his constitutional drive. His one sporting obsession was fast horses, and he had a wonderful team.

I was shown into the sitting-room, at one side of which was a large coal stove with a fire in it, for it was late October. In the room was a large extension table covered with white-and-red checkerboard cloth; kerosene lamps furnished the light. In a word, it was the kind of a home I used to know in the North, the home of a well-to-do village merchant. And I couldn't help thinking as I walked from the house to the depot, a mile away, and viewed the magnificent estate bordering the highway, that the man who lived in that almost ridiculously modest house could have bought the whole kit and caboodle of those show places and the businesses of their owners into the bargain. Surely, Mr. Sage had not departed from the ways of his youth.

Nor was it a matter of parsimony. For everyone knew that Mr. Sage had, through his wife, given millions to different institutions.

**P**RESENTLY, Mr. Sage returned, greeted me cordially, and, standing with his back to the stove and his hands under his coat-tails, talked freely. I've forgotten what it was about—some philosophico-financial phase, I reckon, for it was for the *Forum*.

I wrote what Mr. Sage said in the form of an interview, and handed it to Bacheller. I was expecting space rates for it—a matter of some ten dollars—but the editor suggested that it would be worth fifty dollars if I could consolidate it into the form of a brief editorial and get Mr. Sage to sign it. So I cut the questions and condensed the article, leaving it in Mr. Sage's own words, just as if he had dictated it to his stenographer. Then I proceeded to Mr. Sage's office in Nassau Street.

I had misgivings. To get the signature, that was the rub. For Uncle Russell, like the other great financiers of the Street, was exceedingly loath to put his name to anything. And if he did, it was a rare test of friendship.

I met him at the entrance to his office. He was on his way to a Western Union Directors' meeting at Dey Street, a few blocks up Broadway. We boarded a car and I handed the conductor a dime, which gave me the distinction of having paid the carfare of the money king. We arrived early at the Directors' room. No one else was there. I got Mr. Sage to sit down and scan the article.

"Yes," he commented presently, "that's all right."

With my heart in my mouth, I suggested: "Would you mind Okeying it, Mr. Sage?" That was less formidable than asking him to sign it.

"What for?" said he. "It's all right as it is. Your people will take your word for its being all right."

I was stumped for the moment. It wouldn't do to remind him that financiers sometimes repudiated what they'd said and that the signature was a safeguard. I ventured: "The editor's a crank on the subject, Mr. Sage."

"I don't see the difference," said he. "I said it, and I stand by it."

"The difference is this," said I. "As an interview, I get ten dollars for it; as a signed article, I get fifty. To be quite frank with you, Mr. Sage, fifty dollars will

buy me an overcoat, and the weather's getting cold."

Although I said it in a jocular way, he thought I was in earnest, evidently.

"Oh, goodness," he said, "if you need an overcoat, that's all right."

He picked up his pen and signed the article. So much for personal friendship.

I have never known a really big man of Wall Street to repudiate an interview, even under the most trying, the most nearly justifiable, conditions. On the other hand, I have known many a small man, of momentary importance, who sought to use the reporter for his own purpose and then, when the Street didn't react as he expected, to try to make that gentleman the goat.

Let me give you an instance, just to show

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***JACK CASEY** has written a fight story called "Cockeyed," that has a real punch in it and an unexpected twist to its ending. You will find the story of this likable battler in an early issue.*

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you what I mean: on an occasion, Pacific Mail promised to become a market factor. It had been speculatively inactive for years. But now there was much gossip about what Collis P. Huntington—recently made president of the company—was going to do in the matter of certain competing steamers at the Pacific end of the route.

**A** CERTAIN "big" corporation lawyer, one of the very biggest, told me in the presence of another reporter—he didn't know that the other man was a reporter—that certain negotiations looking to a favorable settlement of the matter were finished. I immediately put the story out over the news ticker; the Street reacted; and the stock jumped a couple of points. Then the president of a certain very influential bank that was interested in the matter called our friend, the prominent lawyer, down for giving out the information prematurely.

Without hesitation, the lawyer repudiated the interview; said that he'd never said it at all; that the reporter had made it up out of whole cloth. He did his repudiating through a rival Bureau, which made them very joyful and made our people very angry indeed.

I saw red.

I never was much of a person to let a fellow like that put one over on me, even if he did bear a high-sounding name, a name that



John Mitchell

BROWN BROS. PHOTO

would in itself give any ordinary person a most pronounced inferiority complex. No, sir. That wouldn't be ethical, to my way of thinking. For professionally I'd always held the idea that the reporter must never forget or let anyone else forget that he's a man to be respected, and he must see to it that he is treated that way.

Very well. I got my reporter friend to go with me to the lawyer's office and wait outside for me in the hall. Then I went in. I asked the big lawyer why he had repudiated what he had told me. And, would you believe it, he had the nerve to deny it to my face. I then called in my reporter friend to verify my words. At this the lawyer took water most humbly.

"I never should have said anything about it; I never dreamed you'd publish it."

"But you knew my business," I protested. And all he could say was that he was sorry, and turned to his private office, as if that ended the matter.

"But you made me out a liar," I shouted. He turned. "But my reputation is very important; I had no business to talk."

"And so you thought to save your reputation at the expense of mine. Well, you don't get away with anything like that."

And I went back to the office and wrote a full account of the whole affair; entitled it "An Enforced Repudiation of a Repudiation."

It was the talk of the Street for days.

Later, the lawyer became a very strong friend of mine and at times gave me much valuable information. Said he once: "You're a man I can trust; there's no nonsense about you."

But I didn't return the compliment.

If you will let me brag a bit, I will say that I have one of the largest circles of acquaintance of any private citizen of New York. Said circle takes in former bartenders, ex-convicts, merchants, bankers, shipbuilders, clergymen, physicians, actors, literary persons, police magistrates, Supreme Court Judges, and George S. Dougherty, the greatest criminologist of the day.

No matter what assignment a magazine editor might give me, I could think up at once some person who could give me the most valuable kind of a steer, if not some absolute authority. In fact, my circle is quite encyclopaedic. This is not a publicity stunt, for I am not looking for that kind of a job.

**W**HEN I made my debut as a Wall Street reporter, J. Pierpont Morgan, son of Junius Spencer Morgan—reputed to be the ablest financier of his day—and father to the present J. Pierpont Morgan—also a very able banker—was the center of all attention, the most talked of man of the day, of many days.

It was the great period of reorganization. Things were being done on a colossal scale. It was as if the whole financial world were being remade.

The Morgan of whom I write was a particularly commanding figure. He was of the highest type of Yankee, Yankee in his ability, Yankee in his arrogance. Above all others, the quality of romance attaches to this particular Morgan. He was so picturesque, so princely in the things he did and in the way he did them. There was something splendid about Morgan, something brilliant about him. While, I imagine, he loathed being spectacular, he just couldn't help being spectacular. Conditions made him spectacular.

Many men loved Morgan; many men adored him. I suppose many hated him; many feared him. But no man ever had

(Continued on page 70)



Sam stood in the door a moment to let them all see him and then came into the room

ALL over Izard county and as far up White River as Yellville Bat Sillery's Saturday night dances and Bat Sillery's jokes were equally known and feared. The timber-jacks in the pine country knew that the cabin was ticklish ground and the quarrymen at Dinwiddie's knew it, too, but none of them could keep away, even at the chance of falling a victim to one of Bat's pranks, for aside from his trickiness Bat outplayed any fiddler in the country and made the best corn whisky, and plenty of it, too.

There had never been a friendly feeling between the pine-jackers and the rock-men, and it was inevitable that encountering each other at Bat's hospitable cabin, warmed by the kick of Bat's white mule, there would be such fighting and hell raising generally, that the bosses of each camp would have to take notice of it. Old Man Dinwiddie himself listened, but there was nothing to be done about it that he could see. Rock and timbermen always had fought and always would, though why they should no man could tell. That was true; for between their field of action, the torn breast of Nature, there was every relation but hatred.

It was no solution to fire men and hire more; it was better to simply pretend not to see or hear. Good hands were hard to get, and they were all the same after a Saturday night or so; same grievances, same liking for fighting and whisky. New crews never helped.

The trouble began ostensibly over the water rights. When logs were floated downstream it interfered with the big clumsy turtle-back scows; which, loaded with stone, had sometimes to be dredged from a narrow channel. In the same event the scows interfered with the traffic of the logs, and the men showed their teeth to each other, making a mountain out of a molehill situation that had always existed and could not be helped.

The trouble began on the river, but it ended at Bat Sillery's, and while it hovered there, Sandy Macrae, a quarryman, got an arm broken in two places and a pair of lumberjacks went to a company hospital,

## Medicine

By Evelyn Campbell

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

one with a bashed head and the other with a strained back that would keep him quiet for a month or two. There were lesser casualties that went more for bad blood than for actual damage, and the sheriff rode over from Mount Olive to Bat's place near Wild Haws and had a talk with Bat about it.

"You'uns'll hev to choosen yuah friends," the sheriff said when he had sampled the moonshine, which was good. "Timber an' rock don't just nat'chelly mix—you know that, Bat, same as I do. Now whichaone yo'll favor? Yo' kain't run with th' hare and hide with th' houn'."

BAT considered the matter, waiving preference before profit, though in this case the two were on the same side. Bat cut some wood himself occasionally. There had always been timber-men, and the quarries had not been opened more than two or three years. He shifted his cud and made his decision.

"Ef ary one o' them rock splitters cums int' my clearin' he'll git a load of buckshot in his hide. Yo'uns hear me say it, sher'ff. I don't give my warnin' an' said a-my say. I don't want no truck with Dinwiddie's men, now er never."

This was all very well so far as it went but the sheriff was not to be fooled by such a quick capitulation.

"No shootin'," he warned, picking up his reins, "an' none o' yore skylarkin', Bat, a'tolin' somebody here an' then a'pepperin' him—holdin' me witness you give warnin'. I'll keep yo' accountable whatever happens."

It was not long before the word reached where it was meant to go and the bunkhouse at Dinwiddie's heard little else but heavily flavored talk about Bat and the Little Smoke men. But the boss took a hand just then,

seeing that he had a place to get a grip on. He issued orders that could not be mistaken. The men were to keep away from Sillery's. No fooling.

There were other dances and plenty of ways of getting corn whisky, but prohibition has never failed to make a thing doubly desirable, and when Sam Ogilvie came into the camp and said he was ready to go to work, there was enough grumbling and threatening going on to start a revolution.

"Sillery?" said Sam. "Who's Sillery? An' why can't a man go to his place if he wants to?"

They all knew Sam or had heard about him. He got jobs whenever he wanted them, for in his trade he stood head and shoulders above other men in proficiency, just as he did in stature.

Sam Ogilvie had come driving down the river road with his valise on the seat beside him. He had a fine black horse and a side-bar buggy, and when other men were content to tramp from camp to camp or ride the river boats, Sam always drove up in style. He liked good horses and washed his buggy regularly, wringing out the cloth as handy as a woman in those deceptive fingers that had never grown hard or calloused in spite of the rock he handled. It was hands that made Sam a master worker, the boss said. They were fine enough to feel the grain of granite.

HE WAS noticeable in other ways, too. Big, handsome, black-eyed; he took the devil into him like a brother with his whisky, and devilment sent him a step further than other men. He loved doing what made other men stop and think; he never heard rules; he was as fidgety as a colt at the smell of powder and nearly always he came off scot-free in the trouble he hatched by sheer force of daring. But even when drunk he was good-natured and generous and picked his enemies a size bigger than himself when he could find them. Wherever he went life sprang up anew and there was something to do besides pile into blankets when night came. He had one fault though, that nearly

outweighed the good and the spirit of him. He was a braggart, a boaster of the most outrageous sort. "Say you kin rassle any man three throws t'one?" he would challenge competition, "I'll take that on. Only make it five to one for me. I'll grease the floor with a hunk o' taller like you'll, an' then I'll grease the po'tico with ary one that'd like to try for hisself." And the irritating thing was that he always kept his word.

A braggart never has many real friends, but Sam had no active enemies, which evened matters. His fights were always fair and square, and even his opponents could not find anything to hang a grievance on, and Sam, innocently sure of himself, never suspected that he occupied a rather unique position. He was welcomed but watched for a weak spot, a sign of giving in to a greater force than himself. Had he given this sign they would have been on him like a hound-pack after a coon and he knew that well. But Sam had no weak spot. He honestly believed that he was a better man, a smarter and a stronger than any he was likely to meet, and every time he proved himself right, this good opinion grew and flourished. Old Cale Whitfellow said that Sam was a caution to snakes, all swelled up and ready to bust with his own importance when he drove up in his shiny rig and his valise full of Sunday clothes to join the Dinwiddie quarry crew.

But it was not altogether his belongings or his undefeated prowess that gave Sam his air of owning the world. It was Spring. Sam Ogilvie was twenty-five and he smelled Spring every time he took a breath. He had a good farm but he couldn't stay on it; he left another man to put in his crops on shares; he had to take his horse and buggy and wander. In the secret, silent places of his heart was the thought that when he came back to the farm he might not be riding in the side-bar buggy alone.

ALONG the low road there were green willow branches dragging in the yellow tide of the river; sometimes a barelegged farm boy fished for cat with a bamboo pole he had cut for himself from the clumps of rushes and reeds and a length of rope he had cut from the family clothes-line, moved by the spirit that every Spring sends men and boys alike, trailing along where water flows. Back among the trees the dogwood bloomed and mayapple hid modest bells under great curtains of leaves and a million birds fought and struggled for a strand of moss and a favored fork in the twigs of trees. Sam Ogilvie did a queer thing as he drove along the river road by the mud-caked banks with the whirl of wings in his ears. He raved a strand of silk from his necktie and gave it to the wind to take to the birds. But he felt like a fool after he had done it.

When he came into the camp a little later he shouted with scornful laughter at the notion of anybody being afraid to go to Bat Sillery's.

"I'll take a peek in thar myself Sat'day night. I'll see what it is yo'll air scairt

of. If he draws a bead on me I'll just turn 'round an' run, bawlin' fer help—like a calf!" his big laughter was all over the camp.

Cale said that nobody was afraid, but orders were orders. A man didn't want to get laid off just for daring Bat Sillery, and nobody told Sam that it wasn't Bat's gun they were shy of but the infernal ingenuity of his jokes. He had run men out of the county by turning its laughter on them.

The men hung around him, wanting his support and somehow wanting his defeat, too. "You wouldn't dast go over to Sillery's Sat'day night," somebody said. "Goin' agin orders of the boss an' agin Bat's orders, too."

"Wouldn't I dast?" Sam said with his chest out.

"Mebbe so, but you wouldn't come away with a whole skin."

This was the sort of tinder that set fire to the skyrocket inside him that was always going off sizz—sizz—boom! And ending in gorgeous wallops on some bloody face—or bending a back until it cracked. He didn't get mad at the man who baited him; he was saving his flare for better meat.

He heard all about the dances at Wild Haws. Folks came from all parts to shake a foot to Bat's fancy airs. Men rode as far as twenty miles with a girl sitting behind on the mule, and rode back after sun-up sometimes without the girl who had been taken away by a better man. The dances were getting pretty bad and it was rumored that the sheriff had been over again to see about it. It was getting so that unless a man was itching for a row he had better keep away from there. River men and lumberjacks; mountaineers and creek squatters. Women such as they were, and not worth fighting about.

"Not a decent huzzy amongst them," croaked Sandy Macrae, still nursing his arm. "A lowlife, brawlin' lot o' scum, leadin' clean livin' men off—"

Derisive laughter to this. "How about Bat's own gal? Ain't she decent?"

There was snickering at that; back-handed talk and sly winks and nudges. Bat Sillery's girl? All that buzzing was about her. Sam's quick black eyes roved around until he had marked the look on every face. They were baiting him, but how?

"Bat's gal's too good fer any feller hereabouts." "Bat's savin' her up fer somethin' spesh'ul." "Won't even leave her to dance with a quarryman. 'Fraid she'll git some stone-dust on her fingers if she touches a quarryman." Sam took fire at the last, which was what they wanted.

"She'll dance with me!" he shouted suddenly. "She'll come a'crawl'n' up an' ast me herself. Too good fer a quarryman, is she? We'll see about that. Who'll cum along o' me Sat'day night an' see me pull Bat Sillery's ear, an' watch that gal o' his'n dance to th' tune I set fer her?"

Sam was going fine by that time. He bragged like an Indian of his prowess; the victories he always won. He swaggered like a schoolboy wearing his first long pants.



He invited the whole camp, including the cook, to come along to Bat Sillery's cabin and have the place turned over to them by Bat himself in an effort to please a better man—Sam Ogilvie.

The invitation was not accepted. They all liked Sam and he was a quarryman, and if they went along they would have to fight for and with him. If they let him go his fool way alone, maybe he might lick somebody or get licked himself; the fun they got out of it was hearing him brag and chuckling behind his back at a private joke of their own.

Sam's imagination was fired by what he had heard, and a lot of his high talk was just ambush to hide his own lively curiosity. Bat Sillery's girl who was too good to dance with any of the fellows who had stone-dust on their hands! Well, he'd show her! He'd show her what a quarryman was like when he was out on a Saturday night spree. Sam did not like the part of Arkansas where he was now. He thought it was a mighty lone-some country with roads like towpaths and cabins so widely scattered that they looked like wren's nests clinging to the rocky ledges of the hills. He was from the good farm lands himself, and sometimes he thought about the time when he would be ready to quit hell raising and settle down to raise good corn and hawgs and cotton. As he glanced in the general direction of Bat Sillery's place he thought secretly that it was a mighty poor setting for a pretty girl and one that held herself above the company her father kept. But although he railed at her pride and promised to bring it to the dust he did not blame her for being as she was.

HE COULD hardly wait for Saturday night. All week long he talked about how he was going to handle Bat Sillery, talked and shouted and bragged until the sound of his voice traveled by mountain telegraph to the ears of Bat Sillery himself and caught him in a moment when he was sober enough to listen. He took down his double-barreled shotgun and ran a greasy rag down each barrel, already as clean and shining as a mole's back, but its owner acted through force of habit. "A'comin' here disturbin' my peace, is he?" the threatened man muttered and felt of his powder pouch. "A'comin' here makin' light talk o' my gal, is he?" Bat, in his way, was a thinker and this gave him mental food to occupy a whole afternoon sitting in the door with his jug by his side while his children fished in the bayou catching perch for supper. By the time they came through the wood carrying their string of sunnies their father had reflected well. He got up and put the gun away and even offered to clean and scale the fish while the girl brought the water from the spring and the boy chopped up some wood for the fire. After that, one of them could boil potatoes and stir up a johnny cake while the other one milked. Bat was always fair about a division of work between his young ones. It would be a right good supper when it was on the table. Bat Sillery was not nearly so black as he was painted. He looked after his family as well as a widow man could.

All week long Sam Ogilvie worked his full shift at a rate that put other men on their mettle. It rained nearly every day and the pits were deep in water so that the men were always soaked to the skin. They were tough grained, however, and that did not matter much. Sam never let up a minute about how he was going to make Sillery eat his own orders, and the rain and wet that brought grumbling from his companions seemed to put a spark in him that no damp-

ness could extinguish. The subject of Bat seemed to give an added vigor to his left sure strokes as well, but while he bragged he listened artfully for every word he could catch that concerned the enemy's proud girl who was too fine to dance with a quarryman. He heard quite a lot when it was pieced together, and with his mind turning that way it was natural that the imaginary picture he had of her began to take life and form. A big, broad-breasted, shining creature with impudent eyes and a quick tongue in her head. White arms that could make soap-suds fly and feet that could keep time with his when he wanted to dance. Something within him leaped to meet this vision. He knew how to tame a woman like that. He could hardly wait until he saw her.

THE gang boss had a talk with him. "I hear you're planning to go over to Sillery's," he said. "Don't do it, Sam. That's a bad lot, and it's against my orders for you men to mix in. Drink and fight all you want to, but keep away from Sillery's."

Opposition never got far with Sam Ogilvie. He did not answer the boss, but the minute he laid off work on Saturday evening he went to the bunkhouse and began to lay out the finery that for a week had been folded away in his valise. Getting dressed for a dance was a long and complicated piece of work for Sam. When he came into the cook tent for a belated supper, the other men took their pipes out of their mouths and stared. Sam was simply elegant and there was no other word to describe him. He wore a very tight-fitting blue suit with trousers that belled at the top and were nipped in sharply at the waist and ankles, showing off patent

leather shoes with long pointed tips to the best advantage. His shirt was white and glistening across his broad breast and was held together by gold studs that had crimson centers like little winking eyes. He was shaved as clean as an egg except for his mustache, upon which he had worked faithfully, training it in the way a mustache should go after a week of neglect. He had used plenty of pomade on his unruly black hair and it shone like an otter's back. But with all this he sat down and began to eat as complacently as if he dressed before supper every night.

Old Cale Whitfellow breathed deep. "Perfoomery," he whispered. "The like o' thet."

"Ain't ye fearsome youall'll muss up them fine clo's a'tusslin' with Bat?" warned Sandy, who had a frugal mind.

Sam finished his coffee, careful with his mustache. "Won't be any tussle," he predicted. "I just 'low to say my say an' let him lump it. There won't be no argyment. I guess Bat Sillery knows by this time who it 'tis is comin' to his house to-night."

The week of intermittent rains had washed out the wagon road, and at sundown it had started in again, so that Sam had to put a saddle on his black horse instead of using the stylish side-bar buggy that was to help impress Bat and his company of the stranger's importance. But he had his slicker and the horse was a single footer, so it was not so bad.

It was a ten-mile ride but lengthened to twelve or fourteen by detours and the Stygian darkness that set him off the trail several times. The rain fell in cold, penetrating arrows that lashed all the spirit out

of the black horse, and if pride had permitted, Sam himself would have turned about for home before he was halfway to his destination. As it was his high spirit was considerably sunken by the time a yellow light showing through wet branches and the squeal of a fiddle told him that he was in the right vicinity at last.

THE cabin where the dance was in progress sat on a knoll in the middle of a clearing of oak saplings and a by-trail led up to it from the wagon road through what seemed like a jungle in the dark and pouring rain. In daytime the house might have been passed unnoticed but by night it was widely advertised; it had only one door but this was wide open according to custom and the light and din from inside poured into the night. Two pine torches sheltered by overturned tin buckets made a ground flare that came and went flickering across the clearing as low as the stumps of trees. A number of dejected, pinch-tailed horses and mules were tied to the stake and rider fence and even a wagon or two which had made the journey in safety across a better road. From the cabin the shuffling of heavy feet, the shrill squeal of the fiddle and the wailing drone of an accordeon mingled with the shouts of the caller who could be nobody but Bat Sillery himself.

Sam tied his horse well apart from the others and carefully folded his slicker and secured it to the saddle. He was not discounting what might possibly happen but he was ready to meet it in a good-tempered way. In spite of his blustering there was in the background of Sam's mind an intention

(Continued on page 51)



After a little while she said timidly, "you won't hold it agin' C'leb that he drawd a bead on you?"



Reproduced from a camera study by John Kabel

*"UNDER our keel, a glass of dreams,  
Still fairer than the morning sky,  
A jewel shot with blue and gold,  
The swaying clearness streams and gleams;  
A crystal mountain smoothly rolled  
O'er magic gardens flowing by—"*

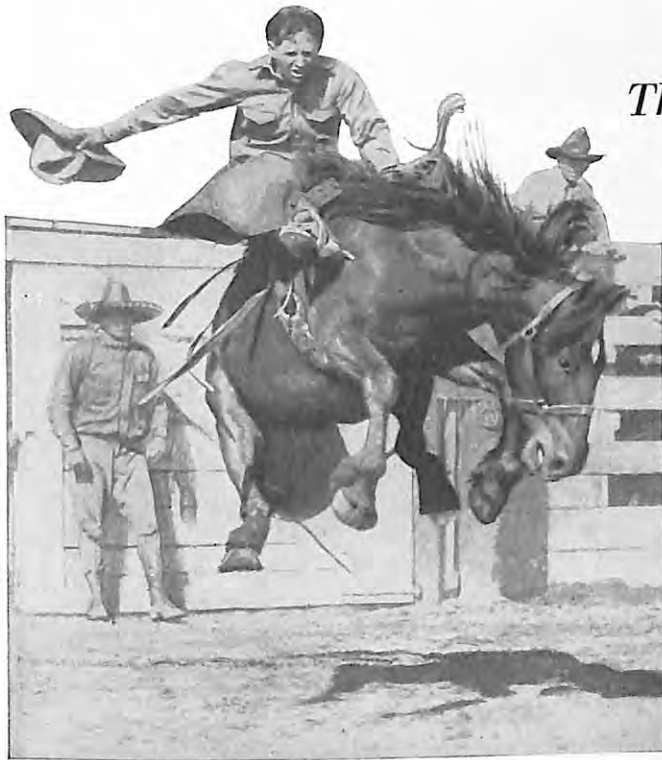
—From "Morning at Sea,"  
by Richard Le Gallienne



*The Deathless Spirit of the Old Frontier Lives On in These Untamed Horses*

# Outlaws All

By Arthur Chapman



*A splendid action picture of Breezy Cox, a top-notch bronco rider, coming out of the saddling-chute in proper form on Wildfire at the Calgary Stampede. Below, another rider is thrown for a loss*

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**T**HREE cowboys were saddling a bronco in a Southern Utah ranch corral. Several other punchers, seated on a top rail, looked on critically.

"All right," said the cowboy who was adjusting the saddle, "you kin turn him loose."

The two men who were holding the bronco by the ears released their grasp, at the same time whisking the blindfold from the horse's eyes.

There was no rider in the saddle. Instead, there was a bunch of old tin cans attached to the saddle horn. The bronco humped his back and began the peculiar gymnastics known as bucking. At every leap the tin cans rattled and the bronco bucked harder. He was a pitching type of buckler, kicking his hind legs high in the air, to the crescendo of the tin cans.

"That'll do, Bill," called the foreman from the fence, where he had watched the gyrations of the horse. "He's performin' better than he did yestiddy. We'll make another Bumblebee outa that sorrel yet."

The cowboy who had adjusted the saddle gave a tug at a long rope which he held in his hands. The other end of the rope was attached to a tongue and slip-ring on the cinch. The saddle, being suddenly released, fell to the ground with a final clatter of tin cans. The bronco, relieved of its noisy burden, stopped bucking. Something in the bearing of the horse seemed to say:

"Did you see me buck that thing off my back? I guess those men will get tired, after awhile, of trying to make a saddle nag out of me."

The bronco then trotted into a side corral, from which another buckler was chosen. Again the process of saddling was gone through and the riderless horse bucked to the music of the tin cans. Once more there was a tug at the rope, and the saddle fell to the ground, after the buckler had made a dozen or more jumps which would have tested the ability of any rider.

Such is the daily round of training at any one of the numerous "finishing schools" which turn out bucking broncos for rough-riding contests.

Good bucking horses are scarce. Their value is increasing every year. Any horse



that can "buck jump" hard enough to make him difficult to ride is worth from \$1,000 up. A top-notch buckler, in the class of Old Steamboat, would be worth \$10,000 to-day and would draw more gate money than many a celebrated racehorse.

The scarcity of bucking horses is in inverse proportion to the widespread popularity of the rough-riding contest, or, as it has come to be known, the rodeo. When Buffalo Bill started his wild west show and carried a string of bucking horses to prove the prowess of Buck Taylor and other old-time saddle-men, there were no competitors in the field. But now, with innumerable local rodeos staged every-

*Otto Plaga takes a thrilling spill from K. C. Roan, a bucking horse that mocked the ambitions of many high-riding cowboys*

© DOUBLEDAY



where in the West, and with Eastern cities turning out big crowds to see bucking contests, it is difficult to meet the demand for horses that will test the capabilities of the best riders.

The public has grown critical. It can distinguish between "rocking chair" performers and horses that really buck. Consequently when a real outlaw horse is discovered to-day he gets the same acclaim that would greet another Koh-i-noor in the South African diamond fields. He is trained and grained and made much of, and is shipped from one frontier exhibition to another, and his value goes up in accordance with the consistency of his performance and the number of riders he hoists out of the saddle.

The greatest of all bucking horses was Old Steamboat. He bucked for thirteen years with only one decision rendered against him—the fairness of that ride being in dispute to-day. Old Steamboat is buried in Frontier Park, Cheyenne, the scene of many of his triumphs. Someday he is going to have a statue erected to his memory. The citizens of Cheyenne, who run the annual Frontier Days' show, have pledged themselves to that. It will be a statue which will typify the courageous spirit of the western horse, and the subject is worthy of another Remington or Russell.

Old Steamboat, then a nameless three-year-old, was picked up by cowboys of the Swan Land and Cattle Company in the Chugwater district of Wyoming, on the spring roundup of 1898. Jimmy Danks, one of the best riders in Wyoming, drew the horse for his saddle string.

To the cowboy's astonishment he was thrown into the sagebrush the first time he tried to ride the new horse. For several days the performance was repeated. Then Jimmy went to Al Bowie, foreman of the outfit, and asked for his time.

"If I can't ride any horse in my string I guess I don't belong here," said the cowboy.

The foreman knew that the Danks boys were first-class riders. In fact Clayton Danks, Jimmy's brother, later on was twice winner of the world's championship at Cheyenne. Bowie looked the new horse over, and the other cow-boys took turns trying to ride the animal. Not one of them succeeded in staying in the saddle. The big horse made no very serious objections to being saddled, nor did he throw himself backward or offer any other evidence of being a man-killer. He simply bucked with such effectiveness that he could not be ridden.

The fame of the Swan outfit's black outlaw began to spread. Several top hands tried to ride him and were thrown. The horse was named for a Wyoming hot spring, which makes a noise like the puffing of a steamboat. It was evident that he was never going to be tamed. The Swan outfit had the privilege of buying the three-year-olds on the Chugwater range, which was then occupied by the herds of Judge Foss and several other Wyoming stockmen. Steamboat had been included with some of Judge Foss' young horses, the owner knowing nothing of the animal's ancestry. Several of the celebrated Rainsford stallions were then running the Chugwater range, and it is believed Steamboat had thoroughbred blood in him. He weighed 1,125 pounds—considerably more than the average range horses—and his general conformation indicated good blood.

The Swan outfit had no use for horses that would not fit into ranch work, so Steamboat was sold to the late John C. Coble, who entered the animal in a bucking contest at Denver.

"Steamboat was drawn by a celebrated rider who began beating the horse over the head with his quirt," said Mr. Coble. "Steamboat backed, but made no attempt to buck. I promptly withdrew him rather than let such an unsportsmanlike contest go on."

Incidentally, riders to-day are not allowed to carry quirts, and bucking contests are staged in accordance with Humane Society rules in all States.

Steamboat was then entered in the Cheyenne Frontier Days show. T. Joe Cahill, who for years has been one of the chief guiding forces behind the show at Cheyenne, had had a private view of Steamboat on the rampage.

*A bronco rider tackles a plunger at the Pendleton, Ore., Roundup. Below, a rough performer sends his rider "floating around up there"*

© DOUBLEDAY



He had seen the big horse throw Bud Gillespie, one of the best riders on the Bosler Ranch. "T. Joe," as he is known throughout the Inter-Mountain region, prophesied that Steamboat would be a sensation. He was. On the first day Steamboat unseated three riders who thought they were going to have an easy time with the unknown entry from the Chugwater.

From then on, Steamboat became a great attraction. His very name was sufficient to insure a crowd at an arena. Those were the days of such riders as Sam Scoville, Harry Brennan, Hugh Clark, Guy Holt, Thad Sowder, and Clayton Danks—all of them champions at one time or another. Steamboat humbled the best of them. He was taken to Denver, Colorado Springs, and into Nebraska, the Dakotas and Montana. Everywhere he went, the result was the same.

When Theodore Roosevelt was President,

*Bobby Askin, winner of the bronco riding contest at the Madison Square Garden in 1923, makes a perfect ride on Rawlins Gray, a consistently bad performer in the arenas*

© DOUBLEDAY



he visited Cheyenne and expressed a desire to see Steamboat in action. A famous rider agreed to touch off the fireworks, so far as Steamboat was concerned. It was realized that the famous onlooker knew what real riding was like, not only on account of his ranch experience in North Dakota, but because there had been many celebrated "busters" in his regiment of Rough Riders.

Steamboat made a few jumps, and the rider, unable to stand more punishment, jumped out of the saddle and alighted sprawling in the dust of the arena.

Clayton Danks was asked by the writer why Steamboat was so hard to ride.

"It's the way he hits the ground," said the cowboy, still panting from his exertions in endeavoring to subdue the outlaw. "There are lots of other horses that do more fancy pitching than Steamboat, but he just puts his head down and fights. He's a heavy horse, and there is a little side-twist to his jumps that racks your whole frame when he comes down to earth."

The greatest ride on Steamboat was made by Otto Plaga, of Sybille, Wyoming, an unknown youngster who had come down to Cheyenne to try his luck in competition with famous rough riders from all over the West. Otto drew Steamboat, and about all that remained for him, after the first few jumps, was to prove his gameness, which he did in plenty. Never was such a contest staged between man and horse. Rules were suspended while the judges looked on in amazement. Otto was hoisted high in the air, and came down on Steamboat's back, behind the saddle. In some miraculous manner he climbed back into the saddle and his feet found the flying stirrups. Minute after minute he stayed on, while Steamboat's hoofs shook the earth. Finally, at the end of one of those crashing descents, the rider was caught off balance and fell headlong to the ground.

As Otto rose from the dust, Steamboat, according to his usual custom, stopped bucking and quietly submitted to being caught by the pickup men. The cowboy was shedding tears of mortification, thinking that he had been disgraced. But audience, judges

and rival cowboys united in giving Otto a cheer for the longest and gamest ride that was ever made on Old Steamboat. It was this same green young cowboy from Sybille who won the world's championship in 1901.

Like another D'Artagnan, Dick Stanley came down from Portland, Oregon, with his worldly goods wrapped in a blanket roll, to have a try at fame and fortune in the Paris



*This type of spill is vividly described in cowboy parlance as "hunting gravel"*

© DOUBLEDAY

of the cowpunchers. That was in 1908, and Steamboat was still going, without a decision having been rendered against him. Only they called him Old Steamboat, inasmuch as a pretender of no great attainments had been given the title of Young Steamboat.

The day Dick Stanley made his ride on Old Steamboat, the Cheyenne arena was heavy with mud. Stanley made a great ride. There is no desire to take any glory away from him. But John Coble, who watched his horse from the grand stand, assured me that if the ride had gone to a finish, Steamboat would have won.

"Steamboat stopped to get his second wind," said Mr. Coble. "He would have gone on again in a few seconds, but the judges were too quick with the whistle, and Stanley jumped off and claimed the ride."

**S**TANLEY'S claim was allowed, but, in proof of the contention that the going was too heavy for any horse, Steamboat threw three riders the next day when the arena had dried out somewhat. Dick Stanley and Old Steamboat never fought it out again. The brilliant rider was killed while doing some motion-picture work. A bucking horse, far from Old Steamboat's class, fell with Stanley and crushed out his life.

Old Steamboat had an individuality all his own. He was docile in the corral, and a child could lead him in a street parade. He was far from the frantic, pawing, biting horse of the man-killing type. He never put up much objection to being saddled, but he was determined not to be ridden. He never tried to crush a rider or dash him into a fence. He fought like a champion—always fairly.

The end came for Old Steamboat in 1911. He broke his leg in a stock car, on the way from Crawford, Nebraska, to Fort Morgan, Colorado, to be featured in a rodeo. Gangrene developed, and in a few days Old Steamboat was mercifully killed and was given a hero's burial at Cheyenne.

No State or sectional part of the West has anything approaching a monopoly when it comes to producing bucking horses. Draw a line through the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, and you have the eastern boundary of the great natural range wherein has been developed the horse which the early-day Spaniards dubbed "bronco," meaning "bad." Undoubtedly the name has been given too general an application, as not all broncos are bad. Most of them, in fact, are as gentle as they are sturdy and willing. But nearly all of them have inherited that strange, inborn desire to keep their backs free from human impedimenta. Perhaps it comes from the old days

when mountain lions dropped from convenient trees to the backs of wild ponies. Anyway, the instinct to buck is there in more or less pronounced form. One ride may take it out, or it may increase under the horse-breaker's efforts, in which case the stubborn bronco is marked down as an outlaw.

Mexico has its share of such horses—witness Mark Twain's description, in "Roughing It," of his ride on a "genuine Mexican plug." So has Canada, which produced an outstanding example of outlawry in the bucking horse known as No Name.

The buckaroos of the Northwest claim that No Name was the equal of Old Steamboat. The records, however, indicate that No Name was ridden several times. But at that he was a great horse, dreaded in the finals by every "buster" who made the Pendleton Roundup. When the Pendleton show was young, word came of a super-horse in Canada—a horse that could not be ridden. The horse was known as The Fox, and had thrown Canada's best riders. The outlaw was bought for \$1,500, a fraction of what his worth would have been to-day, and was featured at the Pendleton show. A new name for the horse was desired and a voting contest was held, in which the rodeo-going public participated. No Name was chosen as the winning appellation.

No Name proceeded to make good

*Old Steamboat, greatest of all bucking horses, who bucked for 13 years with only one decision rendered against him, is pictured here taking Champion Clayton Danks "for a ride"*

© BY J. E. STIMSON



his Canadian reputation. He was a heavy horse, weighing 1,250 pounds. He was a fast buckler, and kicked high with his hind feet. If he caught the rider with the cantle of the saddle, the cowboy invariably went over No Name's head.

Like Old Steamboat, No Name was not a man-killer. When the business of bucking was over, he was as docile as any horse in the corral. He was kept for the finals at the Pendleton show and his name drew thousands of dollars in gate money. Such was the growing fame of No Name that he was in demand all over the country, and in 1916 he went through his bucking paces at Madison Square Garden in New York. A few years ago No Name was pensioned, as the outlaw was getting old. He was given the run of a big pasture, and no bothersome saddle was put on his back. Last year, when the old outlaw was led around the track at Pendleton, the crowd stood up and gave hearty cheers for the horse that had thrown the best riding talent in the Northwest. A few months later No Name died at twenty-six, untamed, unbroken.

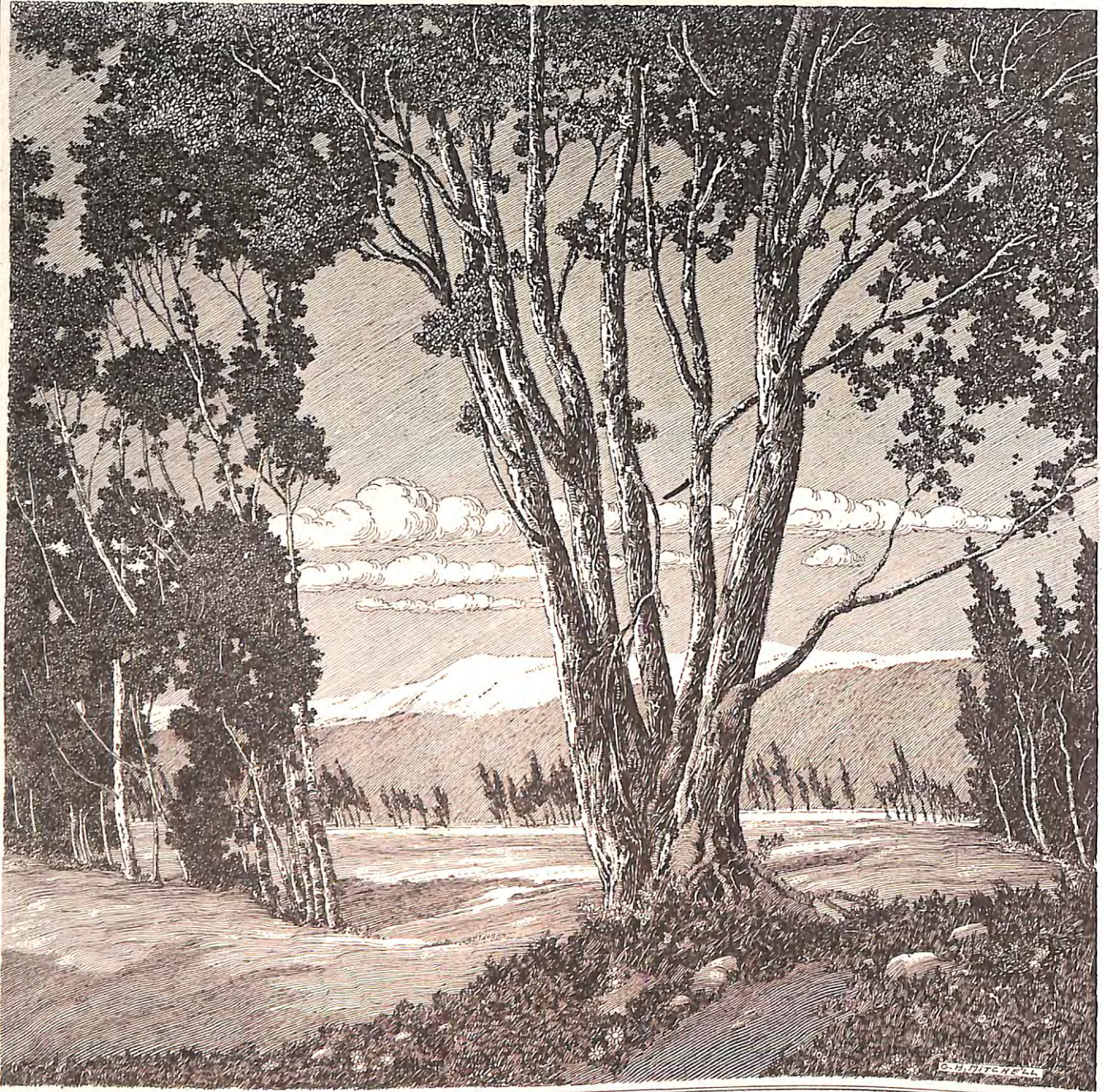
Next to No Name the riders at Pendleton have had cause to dread a horse known as William G. McAdoo, formerly Ferocious Red. Weighing 1,350 pounds and possessed of fighting spirit in proportion, the McAdoo horse has ruined the reputation of many a skilled rider. Sam Jackson is another great performer that has been reserved for the Pendleton finals.

At Cheyenne there has been a constant search for a logical successor to Old Steamboat. Millbrook, K. C. Roan, Senator Warren and Teddy Roosevelt were all very hard horses to ride, as were Headlight, Lightning Creek, Laramie Plains, Red Bird, Beaver, Done Gone, I-Be-Dam, General Pershing, and Rawlins Gray. Headlight, named for a white mark on his forehead, is still bucking, though he is twenty years old.

Certain localities, and even certain ranches, have become famous in the way of turning out bucking horses. I-Be-Dam and Lightning Creek are both products of the 88 Ranch, in Douglas County, Wyoming. Teddy Roosevelt and Senator Warren began life in the Snake River country in Southern Wyoming, a district that has furnished many bucking horses.

Nearly every locality in the West has its horse outlaw which is featured at local rodeos and is regarded by the home folks as being of big-league material. Sometimes such a horse, on being looked over by a scout, is bought for the "big circuit." Done Gone was picked up at Tucumcari, N. M., where he had thrown all local contenders. Canada Kid, featured at

(Continued on page 56)



## Friends

By Charles Davies

**MY TOWN** has towers taller than you,  
But their shadows fall on hate and grief.  
My city has gold, but it never shines  
Like the dew on your uncurled leaf.

They are no friends, these trees of steel,  
These stones that hurt the homeward feet.  
I shall go out to your kinder world,  
Away from the troubled street.

I shall go back to you soon,  
Green brothers, and make amends  
For the small, warped thoughts of the city year,  
For the selfish deed and the act of fear.

I shall stand up straight and my eyes be clear,  
And I shall grow with you, my happy friends.

The time has come for the heart to speak,  
For the flesh to be done with chains.  
Now even the city gods look up  
At the sound of the April rains.

And I shall be back with you soon,  
You dear neglected friends!  
For my office window is open now,  
And I dreamt last night of a silver plow  
And a gay, bright bird on a shaking bow  
In a place where the winter ends.



"Don't beat me," Cameron whimpered. "I didn't mean anything. I won't do anything to you. Let me go—"

## The Captain's Chair

### Part V

By John Chapman Hilder

and

Robert J. Flaherty

Illustrated by Donald Teague

NICHOL'S first thought, after he had ascertained that the captain was merely unconscious, was to go to the aid of the stricken seaman. The engineer's announcement of the loss of the bilge keels caused him momentary worry, but he realized that just then they were of minor importance. Requesting MacTavish to remain with the skipper and do what he could for him, Nichol dashed down to the foredeck.

Already, under the direction of Simpson, the third mate, some of the crew had begun to clear away the wreckage created by the broken fragment of topmast. When Nichol arrived on the scene and made his way through the group clustered about, he found the injured man still conscious in spite of the blow that had felled him. Writhing in agony, his face covered with blood, he was a sorry spectacle. According to witnesses, the plunging mast, by a miracle, had not struck him directly. One end had hit the deck first; the other had hit the man, knocking him down.

A hasty examination showed that the man was indeed badly hurt. His right shoulder appeared to be crushed, and so heavy had been his fall that it had added a broken nose and a severely cut forehead to the major injury. The first thing to do was to carry the victim to the sickbay, a cabin fitted up with such hospital facilities and appliances as Captain Small had considered necessary for the treatment of casualties. As the stretcher was being borne aft, Mary, in nurse's apron and cap, met it.

"Can't I help?" she asked. "I'm used to this kind of thing."

"Glad to have you," said Nichol, with considerable relief. "I'm not much on doctoring myself."

Always before, in case of emergency, Captain Small had taken the rôle of ship's doctor. The little man's years at sea had

equipped him with skill enough to cope with the usual accidents of a voyage. Now, of course, it was out of the question to call on him for assistance. His own condition was precarious, as it was. And, though Nichol had a crude knowledge of rough-and-ready first-aid methods, he was by no means an expert. The present case was more serious than any he had previously been required to take care of. He had but the vaguest notion of how to take care of it. Mary's offer to help could not have been more opportune.

After the man had been laid in the bunk, Mary's first thought was to ease his pain. The medicine closet in the sickbay being locked—Captain Small had the key—Nichol broke it open. The interior revealed neat rows of bottles of assorted sizes and colors.

"Here we are," said the mate, "morphine. Tablets. That all right?"

"Have to be," said Mary, taking the bottle. "Slower than a hypo, perhaps, but safer."

She poured a glass of water and, not without difficulty, administered the dose. "You'll feel better, after a bit," she told the sufferer. The man looked at her dumbly through pain-dulled eyes.

"It'll be about a quarter of an hour before that takes effect," whispered Mary to Nichol. "If you've anything to do till then—"

"I'll go and see how the captain's getting on and come straight back," said the mate. But he did not carry out the intention. For, on opening the door, he heard a commotion along the deck, further aft. Voices were being raised in angry altercation mingled with cries of pain and yells for help. Among them he recognized that of Cameron. It was the loudest.

When Captain Small hurled the ship headlong into the ice, Cameron was lifted from his chair on to the floor. He suffered no injury save to his dignity; but he could not resist the impulse to find out the cause of the sudden shock, and to tell somebody what he thought of it. So, for the first time since the captain's attack on him, he ventured out of his cabin. The first persons he met on emerging from his stateroom were some of the crew, themselves in no very equable temper.

"What's this infernal racket?" he shouted, on seeing them. "What's going on?"

The sight of this man whom they despised daring to show himself at this time, and the sound of his bullying voice, naturally infuriated them.

"You shut your face," retorted an A. B., whose shins had been barked against a winch when the ship struck. "You shut your ugly face, you dirty mongrel, you—" The man walked up to the director and thrust a grimy fist under his nose.

"Give 'im what for, Georgie," said another, encouragingly.

"Knock 'is blasted 'ead off," suggested a third, drawing near.

"Chuck the old devil overboard," put in another. "Let's get rid of him."

"He'd never be missed."

CAMERON grew purple. He'd put these men in their places. Thought they could insult him openly, did they? Thought they could threaten him! Him, a director! He'd show them.

"You men are all discharged," he began. "I shall order you put in irons—" He got no further.

"Listen to the old swine," said one, a thick-set, sandy-haired Irishman. "What'll we do with him, boys?"

"Eave 'im overboard."

"Keel haul 'im."

"Give 'im a taste of rope's end first."

"Where's a rope?"

"Yus, get a rope."

"I'll get one," said the first man. "You skin 'm."

When Cameron realized of a sudden that these men were in earnest, his knees turned to butter and his face turned gray. As three of the men seized him and began to strip off his clothes, he changed his tune from one of bluster to one of pleading.

"Don't beat me," he whimpered. "I didn't mean anything. I was only joking. I won't do anything to you. Let me go—"

He was answered by jeers and commands to keep quiet. The man who had gone for a rope returned with it. The director's face turned from gray to yellow.

"Help," he bellowed, "help."

A CALLOUSED hand was clapped over his mouth. In desperation he lashed out with his fists. The man directly in front of him let out a yelp of pain. The one with the rope slashed at the old man's legs with it. The others hurled imprecations at him. At the sting of the rope he yelled again for help.

Just then Nichol charged down upon the group. He saw in an instant what was taking place. A certain grim satisfaction took possession of him when he realized that Cameron, though not hurt, had felt the rope and was badly frightened. The old man's assailants scattered.

"Line up against the rail, you men," Nichol ordered. "And you, Mr. Cameron, get to your cabin at once."

The half-naked director picked up his clothes and obeyed. The men also obeyed, but sullenly, like animals cheated of their prey.

"Now then," said Nichol sternly, "what's all this about?"

None of them spoke. The mate drew closer to them, his long arms swinging carelessly, his chin set at an aggressive angle.

"Speak up, somebody," he said.

Still the men remained silent. Nichol singled one out from the group.

"Come here, Naylor." The man stepped forward. "You can speak for the rest. What happened?"

With considerable prompting and urging, Naylor told him.

"Which of you started it?" asked Nichol.

"None of us," answered the man. "It was 'im wot started it, sir. Ain't that the truth?" he turned to the others for corroboration. They assented in chorus.

"I see," said Nichol. "Well, understand this, you men. There's to be no more rough work on this voyage, see? If anything happens to Mr. Cameron after this I shall hold you four responsible. Understand? Hands off. Is that clear?"

The mate fixed a steady eye on each of the men in turn and strode off, his long arms swinging loosely as he went. The four culprits waited until he was out of sight, then looked at each other and grinned.

"Blime," observed one, "that was easy."

"Yus," agreed another, "'e's a bit of ol' right, Mr. Nichol is."

"I 'arf expected to get one of them fists down me throat," said a third. "Gawd, what an arm that young feller's got."

"Ever 'it you?" asked the red-headed Irishman.

"No, but I seen 'im kill a mad malamute with 'is bare 'ands once. Up on Charlton Island, that was. Broke its back, 'e did."

"Well, we give the old cove a fright," said Naylor, with a chuckle.

"Not 'arf," assented the others. Which thought, for a time at least, consoled them to some extent for the loss of their quarry.

AFTER making enquiries as to the captain's condition, Nichol rejoined Mary in the sick bay. The opiate had taken effect and Mary, with the mate's help, bathed the injured seaman's nose and forehead. Though she had never actually performed it before, she had witnessed the operation often enough and now, as best she could, she set and bandaged the man's broken nose. That done she examined the shattered shoulder. There were severe fractures; breaks which should have had the most skilful surgical treatment. Mary shook her head sadly.

"Pretty nasty," observed Nichol. "Can we do anything?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "It's hard to tell without an X-ray just what needs to be done. We'll have to guess at it and trust to luck. It's a shame, though. Heaven knows whether he'll ever be able to use his arm again—if he recovers at all." She said this so that the man himself, thoroughly numbed by now, though quite conscious, could not hear it.

She set the broken bones to the best of her

### Beginning Next Month

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN'S

## MISSISSIPPI NOVEL

*A thrilling new serial of life on the mighty river of romance and drama*

ability, and bound up the mangled shoulder with straps of plaster to permit as little movement of the limbs as possible.

"He's a tough customer," said Nichol, grinning at their patient with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling. "It's hard to kill a man like him."

The flicker of a twisted smile played over the man's features. His lips moved. Nichol bent closer to hear what he had to say. The injured seaman repeated what he had said.

"He's going to be all right," Nichol told Mary.

"That's half the battle," said she, taking her tone from the mate.

The man lapsed into a state of torpor. Mary made a chart and recorded his pulse and temperature. Nichol watched her with admiration, marveling at the way she had stepped into the breach, and the good use she had made of the scant facilities at hand.

"I'll stay here with him," she said, "you must be anxious to get back to your work. Later on, if he isn't busy looking after the captain, perhaps Mr. Mac could relieve me."

"Right," said Nichol. "I'll see that he does." At the door he paused. "Look out for bumps," he warned the girl. "I'm going to push her through to the bay."

Up on the bridge, he was met by a querulous group. What with the complaints of Poole that half the pantry dishes had been smashed to atoms, and of the cook, that the galley fire had been spilled out; what with the grumbling of the bos'n that some of the cargo had been shifted; what with the cursing of the chief engineer about the loss of the bilge keels and the resultant straining of the bottom plates, and the report of the third mate that many of the crew had sustained minor cuts and bruises, Nichol's next hour was far from a placid one. Finally, however, he despatched the grumblers to their respective jobs and prepared once more to resume his assault on the narrow barrier of ice which still separated the ship from the open waters of the bay.

"Mr. Nichol, for the love of God, handle

her gently," begged the engineer as he started back to his station. "I don't know how much she'll stand."

The young mate smiled grimly.

"Never fear, Mr. Burns," he said. "I'll be easy on her." He turned to MacTavish. "How's the skipper, Mac? Come to all right?"

The trader shrugged dubiously.

"He came to soon enough. He was only knocked out. Must have hit his head against the telegraph when she struck. But he's in a bad way, George."

"Say anything?"

"Nothing but to order me out," said MacTavish. He drew closer to Nichol and lowered his voice. "I'm afraid of what he may do next, my boy. He's crazy as a loon, but he knows what he's doing just the same. Keep your eyes open, George. He's going to wreck this ship if he can. He tried once and failed. But mark my words, he'll try again."

### CHAPTER XVII

AT LAST, thanks to skilful manoeuvring by Nichol, the *Mackenzie* broke through the remaining field of ice and glided out into the vast inland sea. Already she was four weeks overdue and a month's lateness, in waters open to navigation for only three months of the year, was no slight handicap in itself. It meant that the men in charge of the company posts would be badly worried, with starvation staring them in the face. It meant, also, that the margin of safety was considerably reduced. For any serious delays on the return voyage would bring added danger of the ship's being nipped in the strait while outward bound. That some such delay might be occasioned was no idle fear. One can never foretell what freaks of weather the arctic skies might suddenly unleash. The *Mackenzie's* engines were sound and powerful. Without bilge keels, however, it would be impossible, under some conditions, to drive the ship at full speed. Lacking those stabilizing fins she would roll like a log. All these points the mate considered as he set his course for the northwest coast of the bay.

He reckoned that it would take at least two days and a night of steady steaming to make his first landfall on that coast. From then on, heading south, he would need to proceed gingerly. The coast was uncharted and festering with shoals. Captain Small, who had always handled his old ship here himself, had made rough notes and charts of it and knew it fairly well. To Nichol, however, though he also had studied it, the vagaries were less familiar. The captain had a sixth sense which came to his aid at critical times. The young mate had developed some of this subconscious sensitiveness to impending danger, but to a lesser degree. He had never needed it so much as now. He hoped that if the emergency arose he would be able to meet it unflinchingly and without misstep.

It was good to be once more in open water, to feel the steady pulsing of the engines and the easy motion of the ship as she slipped along at full speed. As if to compensate for the man-made troubles of the voyage, nature presented a smiling aspect. The skies to the west were clear; the sun bright and warming. The sea was blue and placid. But for a gentle swell, it was smooth as a canal. There was little wind. To take advantage of the calm, Nichol called on the engineer to extract every ounce of energy from the turbines. For he knew that such weather was too good to last long, even though the barometer at the moment indi-



cated rising pressure. In that part of the world the glass drops in no time.

In spite of the relief that came to him on leaving the ice-choked strait astern, the mate was disturbed. The events of the morning still oppressed him. MacTavish's prediction that the captain would try again to destroy the ship kept ringing in his ears. The first attempt had seemed, somehow, to simplify matters. It had showed, at least, in what direction the demented man's mind was working. Obviously there was but one way to eliminate him as a source of danger: that was to keep him closely guarded in his room.

*The ship was rolling both rails under. She was broadside on to the seas. From the hold sounded a muffled "boom, boom." Someone had altered her course*

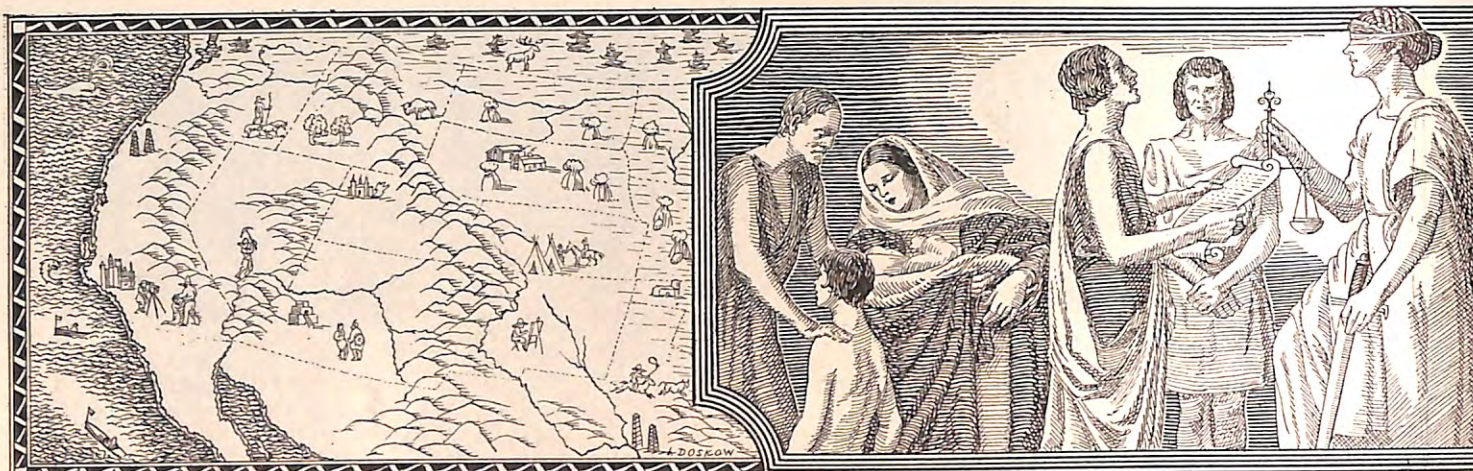
This elementary precaution Nichol had already taken, but in spite of it he could not help worrying. He had thought the captain to be safely under guard before, yet that very morning the little man had got free—had simply walked out of his prison, using a pistol as a pass-key.

For that escape, Nichol blamed himself. He should have searched the captain's

cabin immediately following the latter's attempt to shoot Cameron. He might have known, he told himself, that if the captain had one gun, he probably had two. Now, suddenly, he wondered whether those two, at present in his own possession, were all. Perhaps there still remained a small arsenal among the captain's effects! The thought shocked him. How could he have been so negligent as to overlook that possibility.

There was only one way to make sure. He would have to search the captain's cabin. He shrank from entering it and rummaging

*(Continued on page 42)*



## EDITORIAL

### HELP THE FOUNDATION GROW

EVERY Elk, upon occasions more or less numerous, has been moved, by a distinct consciousness of his fraternal obligations as well as by his natural impulse, to do some kindly act, to exert some good influence, to undertake some helpful service. And every such experience has brought a gratifying feeling of duty well performed which every man thoroughly enjoys.

These experiences are all too few in our lives. In our busy preoccupation with our own affairs we overlook many opportunities to earn for ourselves this inward satisfaction. Indeed it is but rarely that any of us lie down to rest at night without recalling some such opportunity neglected during the day. And it is but to be expected of human nature that this will continue to be true.

But there is one way in which every Elk can insure for himself an ever-present gratification, born of the knowledge that he is constantly, day by day, assisting in the performance of charitable works of the noblest kind. Indeed an added glow will come from the realization that his help will be continued and his influence carried on perpetually, after he is gone. That is by a donation to the *Elks National Foundation*, already established and to which accretions are now being sought.

The Fund is to be preserved; the income only is to be applied to the various benevolent purposes selected. So that a gift to the Foundation means that it will continue to promote its objects, without diminution of its power, through the years to come.

The figures that are being considered are large; they run into the eventual millions. But that does not imply that contributions must be proportionately large. The sources from which they are sought are so numerous that the aggregate of even small donations will build up a most effective corpus, if they be made as is confidently anticipated.

There are nearly a million Elks on our rolls

to-day. Suppose each one should provide in his will (and every man should carefully prepare and execute his will), for a modest bequest to the Foundation. In a few years the fund would be one of the greatest of humanitarian agencies. And in this manner each member would leave a perpetual memorial of his charitable disposition. It is inconceivable that the beneficiaries of any estate, however small, would not delight to have such a memorial established in so easy, and yet so effective, a manner.

There is no member of the Order who has not derived more from it than he has put into it. This is inevitable, because the more one gives of himself to it, the greater the return. The suggested bequest to the Foundation is a method by which he can, in a measure, square the account.

It is the very last chance he will have to prove himself a true and loyal Elk.

### INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS

THE Grand Lodge statutes require that the newly elected officers of each subordinate Lodge shall be installed at the first regular session in April. This is one of the most important events of the lodge year, for which a special ritual has been provided; and the occasion should be observed with formality and impressive dignity, in keeping with its real significance.

Unfortunately, in too many of the Lodges, both large and small, this is not done; but the induction ceremonies are conducted in a manner that leaves an unfavorable impression upon the minds of the members in attendance and must be depressing to the officers themselves. In the hope that this careless and indifferent attitude may be changed, the suggestion is made, thus far in advance, that those charged with duty in the premises begin now to arrange for a ceremonial this year that will prove stimulating and inspiring to all.

The officers of a Lodge are chosen not merely as a compliment to them which exhausts itself in the election, but because of their ability and willing-





ness to render acceptable service during the ensuing year. They are assuming real responsibilities. It is natural that they should regard their inauguration as a matter of importance to the entire Lodge. It is a matter of importance. And their whole disposition is necessarily affected by the manner in which the event is celebrated.

It is the occasion upon which the members formally pledge their allegiance and cooperation to their new leaders. They should be present in person to give evidence of their sincerity, and their interested loyalty. In no other way can they so effectively do this.

The ritual for the ceremony is beautiful and impressive when properly exemplified. And the installing officer should prepare for the task by familiarizing himself with the charges, so that he may deliver them with dignity and intelligence. When this is done the effect is not merely temporary but will continue to be felt throughout the official terms. Not only will the officers be inspired to a higher conception of their duties and a more determined purpose to perform them creditably, but all present will likewise be stimulated in their fraternal loyalty.

If, as is too often the case, the ceremony be conducted in a slipshod fashion, as if it were only a required formality of little moment, naturally that attitude will be reflected in a like attitude of indifference on the part of the officers. They will assume their respective stations without enthusiasm. And the members themselves will derive little or no benefit from an occasion unusually rich in possibilities.

The retiring Exalted Rulers are urged to begin at once to plan for the installation of their successors and their associates. If the District Deputy be not available as installing officer, request should be made of him that he appoint some Past Exalted Ruler who is capable of conducting the ceremonies in a proper manner and who will obligate himself to adequate preparation. Make a special effort to secure a full attendance of members; have all the officers-elect on hand, and a full complement of station officers in place, preferably in uniform dress; have such rehearsals as may be needed to insure a smooth and effective performance; and make the occasion a big, fraternal event.

It is only by such preliminary care that the ceremonial can be given the consideration its importance demands, even as a fraternal spectacle. And when it is conducted in the manner that such preparation alone can insure, the beneficial results will prove as lasting as they will be obvious.

It is the final official service of the retiring exalted ruler. He should make it a notable one.

#### FACES

PERHAPS most of us are susceptible to the fascination exerted by crowds of people as they pass before us, while we are able to observe the individuals who compose them, though ever so briefly. The really interesting thing about such an experience is the faces of the passers-by.

As each countenance registers itself momentarily upon our perception, we instinctively construct in our minds the character that fits it. We attribute a distinctive personality to it. And occasionally one stands out above the others and graves itself indelibly upon our memories.

The capacity to accurately read character in this manner is more highly developed in some than in others. But in its broad aspect of perceiving the predominance of good or evil, the benevolent or selfish, the kindly or harsh, nine out of ten intelligent people will read the record aright.

For the record is almost inevitably there to be read. Faces are much more frequently advertisements of what lies within than they are concealing masks. Emotions are revealed by facial expressions, the physical details of which are mere involuntary muscular reflexes. And the countenance sooner or later naturally takes on the general aspect which it is most constantly called upon to assume, and thus bespeaks the dominating personality.

If we thought of this fact more frequently, we would probably be more careful of the emotions which we permit ourselves to indulge. This is, at least to a degree, within our control. It is one more, and a very strong, reason for keeping our minds and hearts clean and fine; for no man wishes others to see in his face any evidence of unworthiness within.



*This good-looking, dignified and comfortable Home is enjoyed by the members of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779*

# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### *New Home of Niles, Mich., Lodge is Dedicated*

**S**TARTING with special exercises in the afternoon, followed by a banquet, and culminating in the initiation of a class of eighty-nine candidates in the evening, the new Home of Niles, Mich., Lodge, No. 1322, was impressively dedicated with many prominent members of the Order taking part and numerous delegations from Dowagiac, St. Joseph, Benton Harbor, South Bend, Three Rivers and Kalamazoo Lodges in attendance. The principal speakers at the dedication were Judge Charles L. Bartlett, President of the Michigan State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Servaas; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles J. Dovel, who made the principal address at the laying of the cornerstone last July; and senior Past Exalted Ruler Dr. F. N. Bonine who reviewed the growth of Niles Lodge in its fourteen years of activity.

The above past and active officers also made brief addresses at the banquet held afterwards, which was served to upwards of 420 members and guests at two sittings in the dining-room of the Home. That evening the officers and Lodge quartet, headed by Exalted Ruler Marion A. Rutherford, letter-perfect in their several parts and with a high degree of dramatic skill, conducted the initiation of the candidates and received much praise for their distinguished exemplification of the ritual.

Niles Lodge still retains ownership of the old Home on an adjoining property, and is now considering a plan to utilize it as a source of added revenue.

### *Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge Honors Veteran Members*

Some seventy-five veteran members of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, were guests at a dinner, given in their honor before a recent regular meeting. In the Lodge room afterward Exalted Ruler George H. Wobensmith called the roll of the guests, and presented them individually to the large gathering present. Oldest, both in years and membership, Frank Glading, who joined the Order just half a century ago and carries card No. 12, was the principal speaker for the

oldsters. A close second in period of membership is Past Exalted Ruler Cornelius E. Henney, who was also present. Mr. Henney carries card No. 30, and is in his forty-eighth year as an Elk. He is one of Philadelphia Lodge's most ardent ritualists and can fill, at a moment's notice, any part in any ritual of the Order. Other veteran Past Exalted Rulers who took part in the meeting were James H. J. McNally; Dr. Tullus Wright; T. T. Burchfield, and W. Norman Morris.

Following out its program of inviting well-known speakers to address its meetings, Philadelphia Lodge recently had the honor of entertaining two United States Senators. Senator Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio, made an address at the December initiation, and was followed in January by Senator "Pat" Harrison, of Mississippi, who is a member of Gulfport Lodge, No. 978. As this was written the Elks of No. 2 were expecting to hear in the near future two nationally-known churchmen, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

### *District Deputy Grayot Makes Official Call on Frankfort, Ky., Lodge*

Great interest was taken by the members of Frankfort, Ky., Lodge, No. 530, in the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John L. Grayot, and there was a capacity attendance at the meeting. Mr. Grayot was met at the station upon his arrival in Frankfort by a committee composed of the chair officers of the Lodge, and escorted to the Capitol Hotel, where he was the guest of honor at an elaborate dinner. At the meeting in the Lodge Home which followed the District Deputy made a most able and interesting address on the workings and plans of the Grand Lodge, to which Past Exalted Ruler Charles J. Howes responded. The occasion was one of the most successful ever held in Frankfort Lodge.

### *Bluffton, Ind., Degree Team Initiates Large Class for Huntington Lodge*

In the presence of more than 350 Elks, members of Huntington, Ind., Lodge, No. 805, and visitors from half a dozen near-by towns, the famous degree team of Bluffton, Ind., Lodge,

No. 796, initiated a large class for No. 805. The members of the Bluffton team, headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Ardner, were the guests of Huntington Lodge at a steak dinner in the dining-room of the Home before the meeting. The ceremony of initiation was performed in the faultless and impressive manner which has won for Mr. Ardner's team its enviable reputation. An entertainment and buffet supper rounded out a delightful evening, and the District Deputy complimented the Lodge highly upon the fine class and the arrangement of the occasion.

### *Elks From Many States Form Club on Cruise Ship*

When some twenty-five members of the Order from half a dozen states found themselves together on the S. S. *City of Los Angeles* for a sixty-four day southern cruise, they formed the Lasso Cruise Elks Club, and elected officers for the temporary organization. As the ship approached Panama, a greeting was wireless to Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, and when it reached Balboa, the officers came aboard to extend to the floating club members a hearty invitation to visit the Home of No. 1414. The formation of the club added greatly to the pleasure and activities of the traveling Elks, who are to be congratulated on their enterprise and fine fraternal spirit.

### *500 Elks Gather to Welcome District Deputy Bain to Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge*

Some 500 Elks, believed to have constituted the largest gathering in the history of Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 788, were on hand to give an enthusiastic welcome to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Fred W. Bain, on the occasion of his official visit to No. 788. The splendid turnout of members from the home and many near-by Lodges was particularly gratifying to Judge Bain, who left a sick-bed and braved rain and sleet to keep his appointment. The meeting was as successful as it was large. The conduct of the initiation called forth the highest praise from the District Deputy, and the entertainment which followed the formal session was greatly enjoyed. Before

adjournment from the Lodge-room, Past District Deputy William H. Kelly, substituting for Judge Bain, whose weakened condition prevented public speaking, made a most interesting address, to which Exalted Ruler James Finnerty replied. An interesting feature of the evening was the playing of the fifty-piece band of Weehawken, N. J., Lodge, No. 1456, which is known throughout its part of the State for its generous contribution of time and talent to sister Lodges.

Bloomfield Lodge members have enjoyed an active social season. In February there were two performances of the Entertainment Committee's annual show, and plans are now being made for an elaborate supper dance to be held in the Home on St. Patrick's Eve.

**Omaha, Neb., Lodge Holds Old-Timers' Night**

Old-Timers' Night, recently celebrated by Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, was marked by a fine fraternal spirit as a large number of old and young members got together for a general jollification. Following a short Lodge meeting, many speeches were made, there was an exchange of reminiscences, and several poems, written in honor of the occasion, were read. After the meeting adjournment was made to the dining-room where a Dutch lunch was served, and a number of musical selections were rendered by an orchestra.

**New Home Is Planned for Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge**

Following a unanimous vote by the membership, plans were drawn, a financing program arranged, and a site selected for a new Home, for Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1448. The estimated cost of the site, construction, and furnishing will be in the neighborhood of \$50,000. The architect's plans call for a building 50 ft. by 120 ft. of the club type. The basement, which is really the first floor, four feet below the level of the street, will contain the lounge, library, social rooms, secretary's office, dining-room, kitchen, and heating plant. The second floor front will contain a large lobby and committee rooms with the Lodge-room at the rear rising to two stories in height. The front half of the third floor will contain the ladies' quarters, which will include a large reception-room with a kitchenette, a parlor, and cloak-room.

**District Deputy Stahl Visits Victor, Colo., Lodge**

With Elks to the number of 80 present in the Home, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry J. Stahl made his official visit to



*Veteran guests of honor at the "Old Timers' Meeting" held by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2*

Victor, Colo., Lodge, No. 367. Mr. Stahl addressed the gathering on the National Foundation Fund, and the charitable work of the Order, making a fine impression on all present with his message. A social session and lunch followed the District Deputy's speech.

**Secretary of Olney, Ill., Lodge Seeks News of These Life Members**

Secretary Donovan D. McCarty of Olney, Ill., Lodge, No. 926, is anxious to secure the addresses of three life members of his Lodge, who moved several years ago without notifying him. They are James W. Lechnor, No. 231; G. W. Jennings, No. 252; O. A. Hitchcock, No. 295. These three Elks are not receiving their copies of this magazine, and Secretary Donovan is unable to notify them of the activities of their home Lodge. Any one knowing of their whereabouts will be conferring a favor by bringing this notice to their attention.

**Secretary Coulston of Shamokin, Pa., Lodge Is Dead**

William A. Coulston, Secretary of Shamokin, Pa., Lodge, No. 355, a leading Elk and one of the city's most esteemed citizens, recently passed away in his home from an illness which had lasted since last March, when he was first stricken. Aside from Mr. Coulston's success as a business man his record as Secretary, after serving his

Lodge as Exalted Ruler, was an unique and outstanding one. Over the period of fourteen years, during which he served in that capacity, his was always the first annual report to reach the office of the Grand Secretary with all remittances in full, and his record of transactions with that office was unmarked by a single error in all his years of Lodge service. Mr. Coulston is survived by his widow and two children.

**Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Receives District Deputy's Visitation**

Despite the inclement weather which prevailed at the time, the official visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck to Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, was a most successful one with a large attendance of members and distinguished Elks to accord him a hearty welcome. Accompanying the District Deputy was a group including the drill team from his home Lodge, Freeport, No. 1253. Mr. Beck was introduced by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler August W. Glatzmayer, and among the other prominent visitors present were James T. Hallinan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Secretary Philip Clancy and Vice-President M. Burr Wright, Jr., of the New York State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James A. Farley and Edward S. McGrath, and many Past and active Exalted Rulers of the district Lodges.

The initiation of a class of candidates by the Bronx Lodge officers and drill team, assisted by the nattily-uniformed team of the visitors, received a decided ovation and drew particular praise from Mr. Beck, who also complimented the Lodge on its exceptional financial condition and small number of delinquent members.

**Washington, Pa., Lodge Holds Gala Meeting and Initiation**

More than 300 members and visiting Elks, many from West Virginia, were present at the gala meeting and initiation held in the handsome new Home of Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776. The exemplification of the ritual by the officers and crack degree team of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, during the initiation of a class of twenty-five candidates, was one of the most impressive ever witnessed in the local Home. Among the many prominent visitors present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ralph C. Robinson, Jay Reefer, Secretary, and James A. Dyson, Trustee, of the West Virginia State Elks Association, and Past District Deputy L. N. Reefer of Wheeling.

**Boston, Mass., Lodge Forming A Degree Team**

As this was written, Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, had just started to form a degree team, and had selected Major James P. Winston to captain it. Major Winston was responsible for the creation of Boston Lodge's famous Guard of Honor in 1924 and is its present director, and



*This handsome and well-situated property is the Home of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61*



*The comfortable and substantial home of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Lodge, No. 161*

under his energetic direction a first-class degree team will undoubtedly be developed with no loss of time.

#### **District Deputy Hirschl Visits Davenport and Muscatine, Ia., Lodges**

A class of 16 candidates was initiated into Davenport, Ia., Lodge, No. 298, on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sam W. Hirschl. Many prominent officials of the Order were present, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph F. Cahill, Iowa, Northeast, and Ray Weingartner, Illinois, Northwest; Clyde E. Jones, Vice-President of the Iowa State Elks Association and a number of past and present visiting Lodge officers. The visitors were entertained at dinner prior to the Lodge session, and along with the District Deputy, made brief speeches after the initiation ceremonies.

On the preceding evening Mr. Hirschl and some thirty-five members of Davenport Lodge visited Muscatine Lodge, No. 304, and were entertained at dinner after which they assisted at the initiation of a class in the local Home.

#### **Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge To Hold Circus**

As this was written Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480, had planned a circus to be held in the State armory for the purpose of raising funds to finance the furnishing of its recently remodeled Home. No provision was made for this work when the old Home was reconstructed, but it is expected that the proceeds from the circus will refurbish the building throughout.

#### **Coast Counties Elks Association Holds December Meeting at Santa Cruz**

The central Coast Counties (California) Elks Association held its semi-annual meeting and initiation in the Home of Santa Cruz Lodge, No. 824, with large delegations present from Santa Maria, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Hollister, San Jose, Watsonville and Salinas. With the Exalted Rulers of the various Lodges occupying the chairs, the ritualistic work was exemplified in excellent fashion, and a bountiful buffet lunch and a number of vaudeville acts added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

#### **Denver, Colo., Lodge Initiates Class of Forty**

Elks to a large number from Lodges throughout the district and State, were present at the

meeting and initiation held by Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, some time ago. John R. Coen, member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, and several local civic officials were guests of honor of the occasion. The officers of Boulder Lodge, No. 566, inducted the class of forty candidates into the Order, their notable exemplification of the ritual receiving much praise. A social session with refreshments followed the initiatory ceremonies.

#### **District Deputy's Official Visit To Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge**

A large number of members and many visiting Elks from the Lodges of New York, Southeast, were present in the Home of Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842, on the occasion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck's recent official visit. Prior to the meeting the District Deputy, Past Exalted Rulers of the local Lodge and visiting Lodge officers were entertained at dinner, with Exalted Ruler Charles S. Hart presiding as toastmaster. The meeting was marked by the initiation of twenty-five candidates by Mr. Hart and his staff, their excellent rendition of the ritual receiving the high praise of Mr. Beck. The District Deputy's address of the evening was devoted to an outline of the work of the Order. Past Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher addressed the newly made members on the 11 o'clock observance and an elaborate buffet lunch completed a thoroughly interesting evening. Among the out-of-town visitors at the meeting were members from Yonkers, New Rochelle, White Plains, Bronx and New York, N. Y., Lodges.

#### **Crippled Children's Committee of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge Reports**

The report of the work of the Crippled Children's Committee of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, for a recent period of seven months, is a fine record of accomplishment. Following is printed a record of these activities: Cases under observation, 70 (40 girls and 30 boys); Visits to Dr. Doran's office, 25; Visits to Dr. Keppler's office, 65; Visits to Dr. Ollinger's office, 39; Children taken to the Betty Bacharach Home at Atlantic City, 4; X-Ray treatments, 6; Operations and Casts applied, 5; Treatments at Rehabilitation Clinic, 1,620; Visits by Registered Nurse, 805; Orthopedic Shoes supplied, 8; Children to Camp, 6; Children entertained at Theater Party, 65; Children at Crippled Kiddie Outing, 100.

An automobile was engaged for the entire year to take the crippled children from their homes to

the clinic on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and on other special occasions when needed.

#### **Sarasota, Fla., Lodge Banquets District Deputy Henderson**

Sixty members and their guests attended the banquet given by Sarasota, Fla., Lodge, No. 1519, in honor of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul Henderson, when he came to pay his official visit. Accompanying Mr. Henderson as his escort for the occasion were Exalted Ruler Paul G. Corker of Bradenton Lodge, No. 1511; Past District Deputy L. D. Reagin and W. A. Joughin, Vice-President of the Florida State Elks Association. Following the dinner, the members adjourned to the Lodge room, where the District Deputy witnessed an initiation and meeting, and made a brief talk to the membership.

#### **Special Meeting Held by Lakeview, Ore., Lodge a Gala Event**

When Lakeview, Ore., Lodge, No. 1536, held a special meeting, under dispensation from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. R. McKy, more than 200 visiting Elks foregathered with the baby Lodge of the State. A special train brought groups from Alturas and other California towns, while a large delegation, including the full complement of officers, came from Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge, No. 1247. The visitors and Lakeview members enjoyed a splendid banquet before the initiation of the large class, which was the occasion for the event, took place. The officers of Klamath Falls Lodge conducted the ceremonies for their hosts of the evening in a most impressive fashion.

#### **Working Boys' Band Gives Concert For Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge**

The Working Boys' Band sponsored by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, recently gave a splendid concert in the auditorium of the Home which created much favorable comment. Among the guests present at the concert were the boys from Glen Lake Farm School. The band takes rank with the best youthful organizations of its kind in America. At the present time approximately 200 boys are being given musical instruction and as rapidly as they obtain the degree of proficiency required they are added to the band roster. It is expected that 100 finished musicians will comprise the working personnel of the band by the first of July.

#### **Hancock, Mich., Lodge Receives Visit of District Deputy Leininger**

Five Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers were among the large audience which gathered in the Home of Hancock, Mich., Lodge, No. 381, to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Earl Leininger on the occasion of his official visitation. A dinner to the guest of honor, and an entertainment which featured the Lodge's orchestra and quartet, preceded the meeting. The formal session included the initiation of a large class, and the address of the District Deputy. Mr. Leininger warmly complimented the Lodge, which is one of the most active in Michigan, North, upon its activities and good record.

#### **District Deputy Bain Visits Montclair, N. J., Lodge**

With delegations of Elks present from Orange, Nutley, Bloomfield, Union Hill, East Orange and Irvington, N. J., Lodges, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Fred W. Bain, and an escort of members from his Home Lodge, Boonton, No. 1405, made his official visit to Montclair Lodge, No. 891. Mr. Bain delivered a fine and instructive talk on the progress of the Order and traced the outline of the Elks National Foundation and commented on its aims and potentialities. After Exalted Ruler Edward H. Jaeger of Union Hill Lodge had delivered the eleven o'clock toast, a musical and social session was enjoyed.

The Crippled Children's Committee of Montclair Lodge recently celebrated the sixth anni-

versary of its inception. During the six years 249 clinics have been held with an average attendance of fifty patients. Following is the report of the committee for the month ending December 31: Clinics, 4; patients, 190; patients at Convalescent Home, 3; post operation cases returned to clinic, 4. With the completion of a recent survey of the community for the purpose of compiling data relative to crippled children, it is expected that many more patients will be cared for in the future.

### *Charleston, W. Va., Lodge Celebrates Its Twenty-fifth Anniversary*

A banquet, an entertainment and the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. C. Hicks constituted the program of celebration held by Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, No. 202, to mark its twenty-fifth anniversary. A feature of the enjoyable evening was the presence of many Elks from nearby Lodges who came to congratulate Charleston Lodge on its birthday. Huntington Lodge, No. 313, sent all of its officers and about thirty members, and good-sized delegations were on hand from Logan and Beckley Lodges, Nos. 1391 and 1452. At the banquet Past Exalted Ruler R. P. De Van was the toastmaster, while Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. Kemp Morton made the principal address of the evening.

### *District Deputy Machtolf Visits Three Alabama Lodges*

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. J. Machtolf recently made his official visits to Birmingham No. 79, Ensley No. 987, and Bessemer No. 721, Ala., Lodges and found them in a generally flourishing condition and animated by a fine spirit of fraternal enthusiasm. After visiting Ensley Lodge where he delivered an address to a capacity gathering of members and visiting Elks, Mr. Machtolf attended the large meeting held in his honor the following evening in the Home of Birmingham Lodge. Exalted Ruler Ben Mendelsohn presided with a full complement of officers at their respective stations. Accompanied by the Lodge orchestra, the officers initiated a class of candidates, their dignified and effective rendition of the ritual making a decided impression and receiving the particular praise of Mr. Machtolf. A lunch and social session rounded out the evening. The District Deputy's next visit was to Bessemer Lodge where he was greatly impressed with the spirit of the membership and the fine work being done. On this occasion, as on each of his other two visits, Mr. Machtolf was escorted by delegations from nearby Lodges.

### *San Diego, Calif., Lodge To Have New Home*

A new Home for San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, seems definitely assured. The Lodge, partly through the sale of its present inadequate Home and property, is now out of debt, has close to \$100,000 in cash and, in addition, owns one of the finest building sites in the city on which its new quarters will be erected. The architects are now at work on building plans which will embody every feature of a modern Home, including a beautiful and capacious Lodge room, gymnasium and bowling alleys, auditorium and ladies' quarters.

### *District Deputy Toulouse Visits Waterville, Me., His Home Lodge*

A large number of members and guests were present at the turkey dinner given in celebration of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William P. Toulouse's official visit to his home Lodge, Waterville, Me., No. 9015. Among the well-known Elks who attended were, in addition to the guest of honor, District Deputy Dwight Stevens, and Past District Deputies E. D. Noyes, R. L. Ervin, and H. Wesley Curtis, of Massachusetts. Following the dinner, short talks were made by several of the members and guests, after which the company repaired to the Lodge room for the initiation and meeting. At the close of the session Exalted Ruler J. O. E. Noel, Jr., on behalf of the Lodge, presented Mr. Toulouse with a handsome white gold watch and chain.

### *Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge Honors Past Exalted Rulers*

Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters was present and took active part when Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, No. 290, celebrated Past Exalted Rulers' Day in the Home on the afternoon of January 1. With close to 150 members present, including Past Exalted Ruler Charles E. Witt, assistant to the Grand Secretary, Mr. Masters made the principal address, praising the past officers of the Lodge and giving special mention to the late James C. Murtagh, one of the most prominent and best beloved figures in Iowa, who, after serving his Lodge as Exalted Ruler, had held many important posts in the Order. Other short talks were made by Mr. Witt and the Past Exalted Rulers who were present.

### *District Deputy's Visit to Burlington, N. J., Lodge*

One of the most interesting meetings held for some time by Burlington, N. J., Lodge, No. 996, was on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Albert E. Dearden who was accompanied by the band and uniformed drill team of his home Lodge, Trenton, No. 105. After a short street parade the meeting was called to order by Exalted Ruler Richard P. Hughes and a class of candidates was initiated in notable fashion. A novel second part to the ceremonies was staged by a visiting delegation of officers from Freehold Lodge, No. 1454, and a social session with refreshments brought the evening to a close.

### *Reynoldsville, Pa., Elks Initiate Class for Punxsutawney Lodge*

The skilful degree team of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, assisted by the orchestra, recently conferred the degree of the Order on a class of candidates for Punxsutawney Lodge, No. 301, at a meeting which drew a large attendance of members and visiting Elks. The occasion was marked by the fine work of the visiting officers and the spirited address of President Howard R. Davis of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, who was present for the ceremonies. At the conclusion of the Lodge session a fine lunch was served.

### *New Athletic Building for Sacramento, Calif., Lodge*

With the preliminary work of planning and financing over, construction on the new athletic building of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No.

6, has now been started. The building is to be of reinforced concrete immediately adjoining the Home and will have three floor levels, equal to five stories in height. On the first floor there will be locker rooms and hand-ball and golf practise courts. The second floor will contain two handball courts with galleries and a golf practise court. The third floor will be used for boxing, volley ball, basket ball, a gymnasium and drill room. It is expected that the new building will be ready for occupancy on April 1.

### *District Deputy Wharton Visits Orangeburg, S. C., Lodge*

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. M. Wharton recently paid his official visit to Orangeburg, S. C., Lodge, No. 807, and delivered an address on the work of the Order throughout the State and country. He spoke of the National Foundation and the assistance which South Carolina Elks are lending several young women in getting college educations. In the course of his remarks he paid tribute to the fine record of service of Dr. T. A. Jeffords, who has been secretary of the local Lodge for twenty-six years.

Exalted Ruler J. D. Parker and a full complement of officers occupied the chairs during the session and a buffet lunch brought the evening to a close.

### *State Association President Visits Lockport, N. Y., Lodge*

The largest attendance of the year to date for Lockport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 41, was on the occasion of the visit of D. Curtis Gano, President of the New York State Elks Association, who was accompanied by Joseph Fitzgerald, Vice-President, of New York, West. Mr. Gano complimented the officers and members of Lockport Lodge on its rapid improvement and progress and outlined the work of the Order in social and community welfare work. A feature of the evening was the initiation of a class of candidates by the degree team of North Tonawanda Lodge, No. 860, which received much applause. After the regular meeting a dinner, social session, and program of orchestral music were enjoyed.

### *Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge Receives District Deputy Moses*

Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1478, held a most interesting and largely attended meeting on the occasion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Theodore Moses' official visit. A



*The Lasso Cruise Elks Club, composed of members from many States who found themselves together on the S. S. Los Angeles*

large class of candidates was initiated by the Lancaster officers, and Mr. Moses delivered a forceful address. Vice-President Joseph V. Fitzgerald of the New York State Elks Association also spoke of the gathering which included visiting Elks from Batavia, Lockport, and North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodges. Following the meeting refreshments and an entertainment were enjoyed in the dining room of the Home.

Mr. Fitzgerald, who is a member of Lancaster Lodge, will pay his official visit to No. 1478 on March 26, and preparations are under way to make the home-coming celebration one of the finest occasions of the year.

### Johnstown, Pa., Lodge Members Honor Officer

A farewell party was given a few weeks ago by the members of Johnstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 175, for their Esteemed Loyal Knight, Eugene C. Sanderson, whose work is carrying him abroad for the next two years. An orchestra furnished music in the social rooms of the Lodge Home, and a number of talks were made, including one by Exalted Ruler V. A. Stanton, who eulogized Mr. Sanderson's faithful performance of the duties of his office.

### Marysville, Calif., Lodge Soon to Occupy New Home

Construction work on the new Home for Marysville, Calif., Lodge, No. 783, to replace the one destroyed by fire two years ago, is well under way, and it is expected that it will be completed by the first of April, 1929. The new building will be strictly an Elks Home, there being no rooms or apartments for rent. Its location is ideal, overlooking to the east, Ellis Lake Park, a municipal playground and lake. On the west and south it is bordered by other parks. The new structure is of concrete, ornamental stone and brick, and will contain the many features that are essential to an Elk Home and club. The corner stone of the new structure was laid during the early part of February, and was the occasion of a large gathering of members of Marysville Lodge.

### Muskogee, Okla., Lodge Entertains District Deputy Woody

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. W. W. Woody made his official call on Muskogee, Okla., Lodge, No. 517, he was greeted by a fine attendance of members. Following the meeting, which was marked by an initiation, an excellent buffet supper was served. Twelve acts of interesting home-talent vaudeville were then put on, and greatly enjoyed, District Deputy Woody being enthusiastic in his praise of the Lodge spirit.

### Father of District Deputy Pengelly Dies in Canada

The Rev. J. H. Pengelly, of Leamington, Ontario, died recently at his home after a brief illness, in his seventy-sixth year. Mr. Pengelly, who was the father of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Bradford Pengelly, of Michigan, East, retired from the ministry eight years ago, having spent the whole of his active life in the Church in Canada.

### Largest Meeting of Year Greets District Deputy at Huntington, W. Va., Lodge

The largest attendance of the year marked the meeting of Huntington, W. Va., Lodge, No. 313, at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. C. Hicks paid his official call. In addition to the Huntington members there were large groups of officers and others from Charleston, Logan, Ashland and Catlettsburg Lodges. Following the meeting, which was marked by the initiation of a class of candidates, there were a buffet supper and social session.

### Seattle, Wash., Lodge's Membership Campaign

With the holiday festivities over, Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, has been concentrating on an ambitious membership campaign. A fine list of prizes will be awarded on April 1, at

the close of the campaign, to those who bring in the most new members. To aid in this work a number of social events have been scheduled, the first of which is the regular weekly dinner dance, and numerous added functions will be held until the close of the canvass.

### News of Alfred Alcorn is Sought by Friend

F. C. Finkle, a member of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, is anxious to get in touch with Alfred Alcorn, who is a member of the Order, though Mr. Finkle does not know of which Lodge. Mr. Alcorn's last address was Birmingham, and should he or any of his friends see this notice, he is requested to communicate with Mr. Finkle at the U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego, Calif., or at his permanent address, 717-719 American Bank Building, Los Angeles.

### Butte, Mont., Lodge Holds Large Social

More than 300 members and visiting Elks attended the social session given by Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, as the first of its fall and winter entertainment activities. The program consisted of several boxing matches and a number of vaudeville acts staged by talented members of the Lodge. An interesting feature of the occasion was the presentation of a handsome gift to Frank L. Riley, who has been secretary of No. 240 for the last fourteen years. Past Exalted Ruler P. J. Driscoll expressed the esteem in which Mr. Riley is held by the membership, and the secretary responded with an appropriate speech. The eleven o'clock toast was delivered by Past Exalted Ruler P. E. McBride, who headed a delegation from Anaconda Lodge, No. 239, and a buffet luncheon was served as the climax to a thoroughly interesting evening.

### Beloit, Wis., Lodge Initiates A "Henry C. Baker Class"

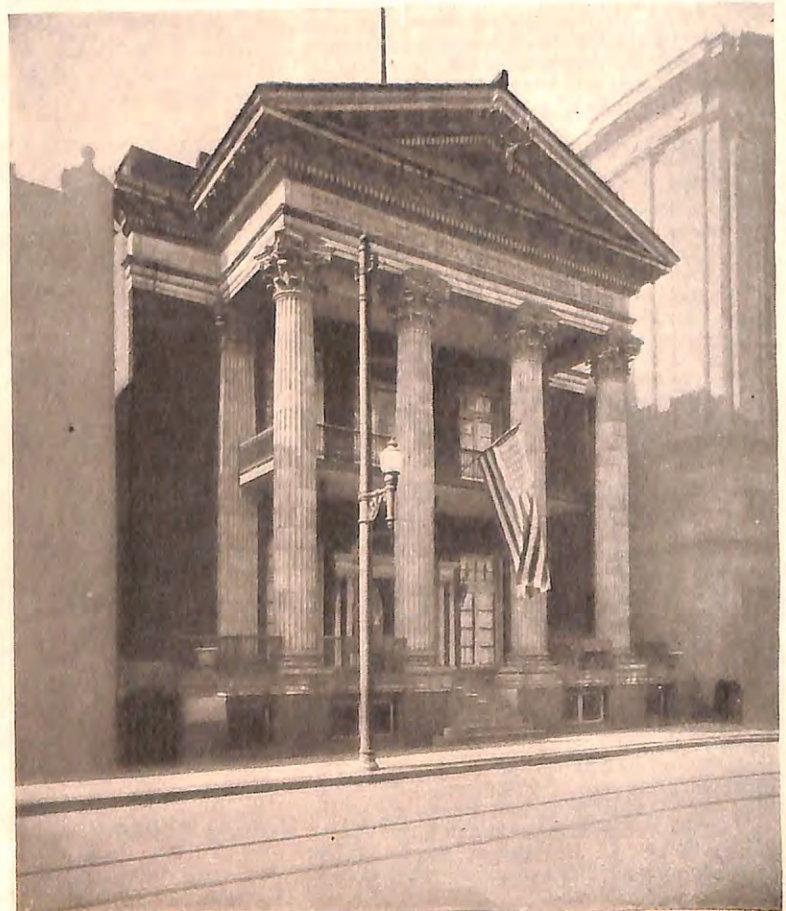
Honoring the District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Wisconsin, East, Beloit, Wis., Lodge, No. 864, recently initiated the "Henry C. Baker Class." At the chicken dinner held in the Home prior to the meeting there were more than 100 members who, at its conclusion, adjourned to the Lodge room for the interesting occasion. Among the well-known Elks present was Charles

E. Broughton, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, who gave a most interesting talk on the work being carried on by the Association among the crippled children of the State. Another feature of the evening was the conferring of honorary life membership on Past Exalted Ruler R. C. Dailey, in recognition of his fine services to the Lodge.

### Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge Celebrates Fourth Anniversary

Some 220 members and guests of Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge, No. 1499, were on hand for the celebration of its Fourth Anniversary. The gathering assembled in the Lodge's present meeting place, K. of C. Hall, and were entertained with several reels of motion-pictures showing the various activities of No. 1499 during the past summer. A parade was then formed, and with red flares lighting the way, the assembled Elks marched to the Hotel Brooks, where a lavish banquet was served. Exalted Ruler Charles F. Mann welcomed the guests and outlined the Lodge's impressive record of welfare work. Among others who made brief addresses were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Riley C. Bowers, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert V. Crowell, Past District Deputy W. P. Hogan, and Joseph N. Shafer, of Boston, who presented the Lodge with a handsome gavel and block made from the original hull of *Old Ironsides*. Following the banquet and speech-making a number of vaudeville acts and musical numbers rounded out the festivities.

The second annual charity ball given by Brattleboro Lodge, in Community Hall, surpassing in brilliance even the event of last year, was considered one of the most beautiful and elaborate social functions ever held locally. Nearly 1,000 persons, including visiting Elks and their ladies from Bellows Falls and Bennington, Vt., Manchester, Lebanon, Hinsdale and Keene, N. H., and Greenfield, Mass., participated and were high in their praise of the event. In the handsomely decorated ballroom the program opened with a short concert, and then District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert V. Crowell and Mrs. Crowell led the grand march of some eighty couples. There was a pause at 11 o'clock as the toast of the Order was given and all joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," after which dancing was resumed and refreshments were served. The proceeds from the ball will be



This stately building, situated well in the center of things, is occupied by Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, as its Home



This beautiful, tree-shaded mansion is the Home of Kent, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1377

devoted to the work of the Social and Community Welfare Committee.

### Somerville, N. J., Lodge Entertains District Deputy Van Minden

Exalted Ruler Frank Munzing and the other officers of Somerville, N. J., Lodge, No. 1068, were hosts at a duck dinner in their Home to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Rene P. Van Minden and his escort, on the occasion of Judge Van Minden's official visit. The meeting and initiation which followed were marked by interesting talks from a number of well-known Elks. In addition to the District Deputy's address, there were brief speeches by John H. Cose, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and Frederick A. Pope, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, who is also a Past President of the State Association. At the conclusion of the session the large number of members present enjoyed a Dutch supper, during the course of which music was furnished by a five-piece orchestra.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Appoints Committee for Convention Train

Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert has appointed the following committee to take charge of his special train to the annual convention of the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles in July: William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, Chairman; Philip Clancy, Secretary of the New York State Elks Association, Secretary; and the five New York District Deputies, Harry S. Nugent; George W. Denton; Arthur G. Holland; Peter Stephen Beck; and J. Theodore Moses.

It is planned to have this train leave New York and travel to the convention by way of Yellowstone Park, the northwest and the Yosemite Valley in the latter part of June, arriving in Los Angeles for the opening of the meeting.

### District Deputy McClelland Visits Macon, Ga., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland paid his official visit to Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, a few weeks ago, on which occasion he witnessed an initiation and delivered a splendid address to the membership. Accompanying the District Deputy were Exalted Ruler R. T. Williams, of La Grange Lodge, No. 1084, and Past District Deputy Arthur Flatau. At the conclusion of the meeting those present were the guests of the Lodge at an oyster supper.

Robert S. Barrett, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, and a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, is another distinguished Elk recently to visit the Home of Macon Lodge. Mr. Barrett was attending the Annual Council of the Diocese of Atlanta, at which he made one of the principal addresses,

and while in the city called on the Lodge, where he was welcomed by the members.

### 2000 Members Greet District Deputy Beck at Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge

More than 2,000 members, visitors and well-known dignitaries of the Order were present in the Lodge room of the magnificent new Home of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck, accompanied by twenty Past Exalted Rulers, paid his official visit. In addition to his escort, Mr. Beck was accompanied by the famous Drill Team of his home Lodge, Freeport, No. 1253, which was given an enthusiastic ovation.

A class of ninety candidates was initiated by the officers of No. 22 in a fashion which called forth the highest praise of the District Deputy.

### Improvements in the Home of Seattle, Wash., Lodge

Extensive improvements of the gymnasium in the Home of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, were voted some time ago at a regular meeting and are now in process of being made. These include a resurfacing of the swimming-pool with new concrete; a new illuminating system; repainting the office, locker rooms and showers and the construction of a new hand-ball court. A false ceiling also will be constructed over the pool to prevent condensation of warm air.

### Recent Activities of Richmond, Calif., Lodge

A gala meeting held on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur H. Brandt, the annual banquet, and an inter-Lodge celebration have been among the recent varied activities of Richmond, Calif., Lodge, No. 1251. On the occasion of Mr. Brandt's visit Past District Deputy C. Fenton Nichols and other distinguished visitors were present as well as a fine turnout of members. An enthusiastic interest on the part of all present manifested itself as the District Deputy outlined the past work and present plans of the Order. Prior to the Lodge meeting the visiting officials were guests of the officers of No. 1251 at a dinner at the Hotel Carguinez.

Some 225 members were present at the Lodge's annual banquet, held at the Berkeley Country Club. Past Exalted Ruler A. B. Hinkley presided as toastmaster and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James Shanley was the principal speaker. The gathering included a large number of past and active Subordinate Lodge officers and members from out-of-town Lodges. A program of entertainment followed the speech-making and contributed to the success of the affair.

With the officers of Pittsburg Lodge, No. 1474, headed by Exalted Ruler Charles F. Ward,

conducting the ritualistic work, the initiation of a class of candidates marked the celebration of Up-Country Night held in the Home of Richmond Lodge. Exalted Ruler Frank E. Tiller was host to the visiting officers and the membership committee of Richmond Lodge at dinner prior to the session, and an entertainment followed the initiation ceremonies.

### Wheeling, West Va., Lodge Receives Visit of District Deputy Ashton

More than 200 Elks, one of the largest crowds to attend a meeting in some time, were present for the official visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas C. Ashton to Wheeling, West Va., Lodge, No. 28. The session was marked by the initiation of a class of candidates by the officers and drill team of No. 28, and by an interesting address from the District Deputy, who outlined the plans of the Grand Lodge and the West Virginia State Elks Association. After adjournment the members and their guests met in the auditorium of the Lodge for a supper and vaudeville entertainment, which were greatly enjoyed.

### Of Interest to Directors of Elks Bands

The Tourist Department of the Panama Association of Commerce is offering to supply all Elks Bands with copies of the National Anthem of Panama, and the March of Panama. They may be communicated with at P. O. Box 641, Panama, R. P.

### Ex-Senator Oscar W. Underwood, Life Member of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge

By the death of former U. S. Senator Oscar W. Underwood the nation loses one of its most devoted servants and the Order one of its most distinguished members. Mr. Underwood's public career, extending over more than 30 years, and including his able leadership of the Democratic party in the House of Representatives during the 62d and 63d Congresses and, later, in the Senate, is too well known to need retelling here.

Oscar W. Underwood was initiated into Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, on January 10, 1889, and on October 1, 1923, he was elected to life membership. He was always more than generous in his donations to the charity funds of his Lodge, and always proud of his membership in it, but because his official duties in the House and in the Senate kept him in Washington for thirty years, he would not accept election to fraternal office. He was an able statesman, a patriot, and a loyal and devoted friend who, all his life, practiced the cardinal principles of the Order as a matter of course. The outpouring of affectionate tribute to his qualities of heart and mind from all classes in his beloved South was spontaneous and heart-felt. Crowds waited at the railroad stations for the passing of the train bearing his body from Virginia, where he died, to his old home in Birmingham, and a great multitude attended his burial in Elmwood Cemetery. The funeral services were simple in the extreme, but 600 square yards in the cemetery were covered with the flowers sent by his friends and admirers.

### Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge Welcomes District Deputy Smith

A banquet attended by some 250 members and guests and the initiation of a class of 50 candidates marked the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James W. Smith to Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335. The activities got under way with the arrival of Mr. Smith, when he was met by a committee and escorted to the Hotel Adams for the banquet. Past Exalted Ruler Joe C. Haldiman welcomed Mr. Smith, and Exalted Ruler Bernard E. Gilpin served as toastmaster. The District Deputy's speech was devoted to the growth of the Order and its objectives for the future. Following the banquet a concert was given in the lobby by the newly formed Lodge band. The assembled crowd, headed by the band, then marched to the Home, where the initiatory ceremonies took place.

(Continued on page 58)

# 1929 Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles

Bulletin No. 3

**I**N ITS allure, the Pacific-Southwest centering around Los Angeles, scene of the Elks Sixty-fifth Grand Lodge Convention in the week of July 7 to 13, offers more than balmy bathing beaches beside the placid Pacific, vivid orange-groves with a background formed of the snow-clad Sierras, movie studios with their beauties and bizarre "sets," airplanes, auto tours, receptions, and dances.

It offers, to competing Elks—Lodges and individual sportsmen—many rich prizes!

All prizes enumerated in the appended list will be paid in cash, except where trophies are specifically indicated.

The prize list and contest rules follow.

Every Lodge in America can assure success and banish inconvenience at the coming Los Angeles Reunion of the Grand Lodge by doing two things quickly:

1. Arrange for hotel reservations. Los Angeles is a big city and hotel accommodations are ample, but Los Angeles is a summer resort, and the All-Year Club of Southern California advises that a record westward exodus is certain for this summer. Write to Convention Headquarters, 2400 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, and your arrangements will be made for you.

2. Have paid-up cards, and be sure that the wife, mother, and daughters of each member carry them. No registration will be accepted from an Elk or his ladies, and no coupon books will be issued to them at the Sixty-fifth National Convention unless they have full proof that they are in good standing in their home Lodge.

## Band Contest

*Class "A,"* composed of not less than thirty-five musicians: First, \$750.00; second, \$350.00; third, \$150.00.

*Class "B,"* composed of not less than twenty-five musicians: First, \$500.00; second, \$250.00; third, \$100.00.

*Drum, fife, bugle-corps contest:* First, \$250.00; second, \$100.00.

## Drill Team Contest

*Class "A,"* over twenty-four men, exclusive of officers and file-closers: First, \$500.00.

*Class "B,"* twenty-four men or under, but in no event less than sixteen, exclusive of officers and file-closers: First, \$500.00; second, \$250.00.

*Class "C,"* special prize for Zouave or novelty drill organizations, irrespective of numerical strength, \$250.00.

*Grand Prize,* for best team, open to winners in all classes, \$500.00.

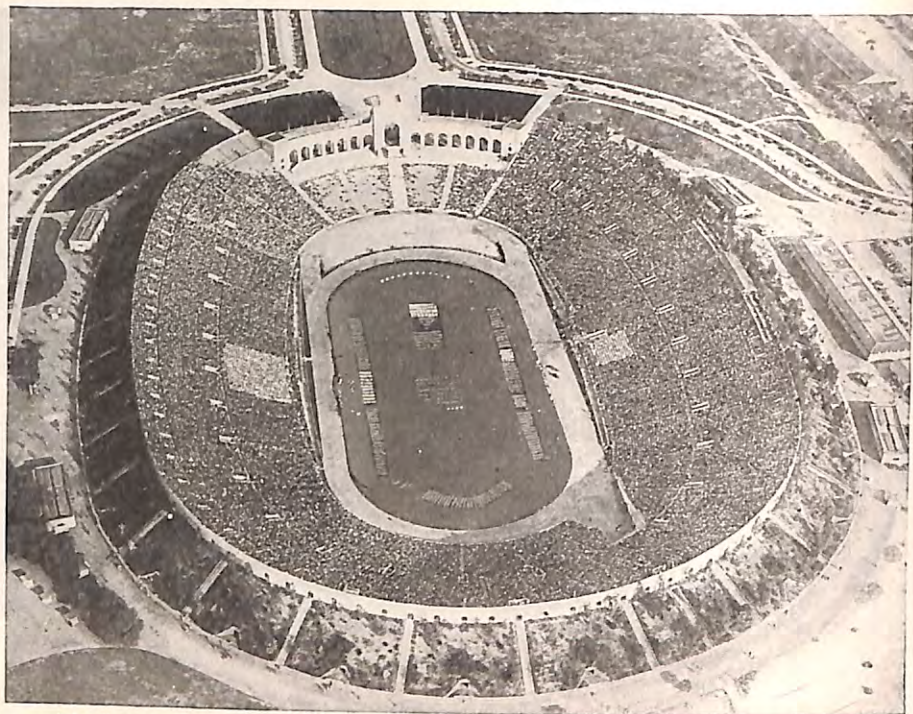
## Parade Prizes

*Elks Bands,* best appearing band in parade (from outside of California): First, \$200.00; second, \$100.00; largest band coming the greatest distance, \$200.00; best appearing California Elks band, \$200.00.

*Antlers Bands,* not less than twenty musicians: Best appearance in line, first, \$100.00; second, \$50.00.

*Marching Uniformed Bodies.* Largest number coming greatest distance (from outside of California), first, \$400.00; second, \$200.00. Best-appearing uniformed body in line (from outside of California), first, \$300.00; second, \$200.00; third, \$100.00. Best-appearing uniformed California body in line, first, \$300.00; second, \$200.00; third, \$100.00. Best-singing, marching uniformed Glee Club, \$100.00.

*Lodge with Most Original Costume* (from outside of California): First, \$300.00; second, \$200.00; third, \$100.00. California Lodge having most original costume, \$250.00.



The Los Angeles Coliseum where the annual convention parade will be held. The marchers will enter by the tunnel shown in the lower right-hand corner.

*Floats.* Best-decorated float by a Lodge or community (from outside of California): First, \$500.00; second, \$250.00. Best-decorated float by California Lodge or community: First, \$500.00; second, \$250.00.

*Lodge Bringing Greatest Number of Ladies* (from outside of California), \$100.00.

## Novelty Prizes

Tallest Elk in parade, \$25.00; shortest Elk in parade, \$25.00; heaviest Elk in parade, \$25.00; thinnest Elk in parade, \$25.00; oldest Elk in parade, \$25.00.

## Elks National Golf Tournament

*Grand Prize.* The John J. Doyle perpetual trophy, valued at \$1,000.00. Winner of fifty-four-hole gross score will be declared champion, and to his Lodge will be presented the perpetual trophy, to remain the property of said Lodge until the next Grand Lodge Convention; the winners to receive a silver replica of such perpetual trophy.

Additional prizes to be announced later.

## Rules Governing Band Contest

No band will be eligible to compete in the contest unless each of its members has a B. P. O. Elks membership card, showing that all dues have been paid up to date, and they must be their own membership cards and signed with their own signatures.

Bands shall be divided into two classes, A and B respectively. Class A bands to be composed of at least thirty-five musicians. Class B bands to be composed of not less than twenty-five musicians.

No Los Angeles city bands will be allowed to compete for these prizes.

The position of each band in the contest will be decided by lot immediately before the contest.

Each band will be allowed to play a number of its own selection, not to consume more than five minutes of time, to be followed by the official contest number.

Judges will be competent and experienced band men, and are to be selected by Grand Lodge Convention Band Contest Committee.

Points for rating on a basis of ten points for each of the following: 1—intonation, 2—tone, 3—tempo, 4—balance, 5—attack, 6—expression and phrasing, 7—instrumentation, 8—appearance, 9—leadership, 10—department.

Contest numbers:

Class A: Overture—Il Guarany—Gomez.

Class B: Overture—Orpheus—Offenbach.

In the event of a tie, the two leading bands will play:

Class A: Overture—William Tell—Rossini.

Class B: Overture—Light Cavalry—Suppe.

Entries for the contest close on Tuesday,

July 9, 1929, and all bands register (leader or manager) at Convention headquarters immediately upon arrival.

## Rules for Drum, Fife, Bugle Corps Contest

No drum, fife or bugle corps will be eligible to compete in the contest unless each of its members has a B. P. O. Elks membership card, showing that all dues have been paid up to date, and they must be their own membership cards and signed with their own signatures.

Entries for the contest close on Tuesday July 9, 1929, and all drum, fife or bugle corps must register (leader or manager) at Convention headquarters immediately upon arrival.

Prize-winners will be judged on the points following:

Appearance, 20 per cent.; uniforms, drums, condition, broken or patched heads. Left-handed players O. K. if arranged in corps symmetrically. Height of players arranged properly by squads. Drum major, director, etc.

Marching, 40 per cent.; formation, 4-5-6 or platoon front. Line files, front and back. Keeping step, Cadence—120 steps per minute. Drill efficiency.

Playing, 20 per cent.; two numbers marching—1 6-8 tempo; 1 2-4 tempo. One concert number, standing. Rhythm. Cadence—120 per minute. Spectacular stick or stop-beats. Regulation holding of sticks. Drums slung at proper length.

Leadership, 10 per cent.; tone, 10 per cent.

Movements which will detract from the score are: adjusting clothing, equipment or instruments, inattention, falling out of step, dropping sticks or drums.

## Drill-Team Contest Rules

1. *Place*—The competitive drill for Elks Drill Corps will be held at the Los Angeles Coliseum.

2. *Time*—The competition will take place on the 2d and 3rd day of the sixty-fifth Grand Lodge Convention of the B. P. O. E., July 9 and 10, 1929, starting at 10:00 A. M.

3. *Entry*—Entry shall be made on a prescribed form to the Executive Secretary of the Grand Lodge Convention Committee, 2400 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, California, not later than June 28, 1929. Entries received after that date cannot be considered.

4. *Teams*—No team will be eligible to compete in the contest unless each of its members has a B. P. O. E. membership card showing that all dues have been paid up to date, and they must be their own membership cards and signed with their own signatures.

*Class "A."* The Class "A" teams shall consist of more than twenty-four men not including guides, file closers, and one leader.

*Class "B."* The Class "B" teams shall consist

(Continued on page 64)



# Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

## Many Eastern and Southwestern Lodges Receive Mr. Hulbert

**A**FTER visiting with Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, the only official visit made by the Grand Exalted Ruler during the holidays, as reported in our February issue, Mr. Hulbert resumed his program of visitations when, with Mrs. Hulbert, he left New York on January 4 to attend a banquet given that evening in his honor by Baltimore, Md., Lodge. The fine program arranged by Exalted Ruler Charles Newman and his staff included a list of speakers prominent in civic and fraternal life. Among the guests and those present at the speakers' table were the Hon. J. Cookman Boyd, who presided as toastmaster, Governor Albert C. Ritchie, Mayor Albert Broening, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William J. O'Brien, Past Grand Trustee Henry W. Mears, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight John J. Powel, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence E. Ensor and William M. Bovey, President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association. Mr. Hulbert made the principal address of the evening and was presented with a handsome silver chafing dish as a memento of the occasion. Late that evening the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Hulbert, who had been entertained during the banquet at a dinner and bridge party given by the wives of members, entrained for Cumberland, Md., where Mr. Hulbert was scheduled to dedicate the new \$100,000 Elks Home there. Arriving early the next morning they were met by Thomas B. Finan, chairman of the reception committee, who escorted them to his home, where they were guests during their stay. That evening a special meeting was held in the Lodge's new quarters in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and a class of twenty-five candidates was inducted into Cumberland Lodge by

the fine degree team of Towson Lodge, State champions, headed by District Deputy Ensor and Exalted Ruler Joseph P. Connor. Among those present to greet Mr. Hulbert were Judge Robert E. Mattingly and D. R. Nihion, Past Exalted Rulers of Washington, D. C., Lodge, President William Bovey and Past President A. Charles Stewart of the State Association, and Congressman Frederick Zihlman. After the initiation a buffet luncheon was enjoyed by the record crowd of members and visitors.

Practically all of the out-of-town Elks stayed over for the public, formal dedication ceremonies which Mr. Hulbert conducted at 3 o'clock the following afternoon, and their number was swelled by additional delegations from Lodges in Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Washington and Maryland. The Grand Exalted Ruler was assisted in the special ritual of dedication by a full complement of chair officers composed of Past Exalted Rulers and ex-officio Grand Lodge members of Cumberland Lodge. Speeches were delivered by Mr. Hulbert, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. Lindley Sloan, and Albert A. Doub, while numerous musical selections contributed to the effectiveness of the occasion. After the dedication exercises Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert and an escort motored to Frostburg, where they were the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Charles Stewart. At 8:30 the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a public gathering in the Lyric Theater and at 10 o'clock he and Mrs. Hulbert were tendered an informal reception in the Home of Frostburg Lodge, after which they motored back to Cumberland to the home of their weekend hosts. Monday night the party left on the National Limited for Louisville, Ky.

Arriving in Louisville on the morning of

January 8, Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert were met by a delegation headed by Past Exalted Ruler Roscoe Conkling, of Louisville Lodge, and escorted to the Kentucky Hotel where they established headquarters during their brief visit. In the afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler's party went on a sight-seeing tour and Mr. Hulbert visited and inspected New Albany, Ind., Lodge, finding it in excellent condition. At 7:30 Mr. Hulbert was guest of honor and principal speaker at the fifty-third annual banquet of Louisville Lodge, held in the Kentucky Hotel. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke on the work of the Order and was followed by Exalted Ruler William J. Goodwin and District Deputy George Grayot. Unable to stay for the dance, Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert left soon after the speech-making and boarded a train for St. Louis, Mo.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's visit in St. Louis was crammed with activity. Accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Mr. Hulbert, shortly after arriving, addressed a combined noon luncheon of the Elks and several business clubs in East St. Louis, Ill., at the Broadview Hotel. After Mayor Frank Doyle and Exalted Ruler Gordon Davis had welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler's party to the city, Mr. Hulbert gave a brief history of the Order, and paid tributes to Mr. Campbell and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. Emmett Costello for their fine work in its behalf. After visiting with Mr. Campbell in his home that afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a banquet and fine meeting of Belleville Lodge, Illinois, in the evening. The Grand Exalted Ruler found a notable spirit of fraternal enthusiasm there, and predicted a substantial increase

(Continued on page 67)

## News of the State Associations

### Indiana

**T**HE mid-winter meeting of the Indiana State Elks Association was held in the Home of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13 on Sunday, January 27. Committees were named by President John F. Holliday, and plans for the special train to carry Indiana Elks to the Grand Lodge convention at Los Angeles next July were approved. The special will leave Chicago on the night of June 29 at 5 o'clock, and the trip will be via the Canadian National Railways to Vancouver and down the Pacific coast to Los Angeles; Salt Lake City and points of interest in Colorado will be visited on the way home, the entire trip occupying about 18 days.

Present at the meeting were President Holliday, First Vice-President Fred C. Cunningham, Fourth Vice-President Victor Bournique, Secretary Don Allman, Treasurer Harry Kramer, Trustees Frank Flanagan, Joseph L. Clark and Joseph Getz; Members of the Advisory Board, Ed J. Julian, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frank J. McMichael and John C. Hampton. The three other district deputies of the State, Fred Ardner, Will C. Groehl and George S. Green, were also present, as were William E. Hendrich, chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, and S. W. Snively, recording secretary. Among the committees appointed was a Lapsation Committee, consisting of the five district deputies.

### Massachusetts

**R**ICHARD A. CANTWELL, Past Exalted Ruler of Worcester Lodge, No. 243, was appointed by President George Stanley Harvey at the January 17 meeting of the Massachusetts State Elks Association to fill the unexpired term of Trustee Theodore S. Ellis, who resigned. Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady was appointed chairman of the Lapsation Committee recommended by the Grand Lodge.

The officers of the Association and members of its Scholarship Foundation Committee are visiting the Lodges of the State to explain in person the plan of the foundation, and to urge that contributions be made in sufficient time to allow the announcement of several awards at the annual convention, to be held at Pittsfield on June 2, 3 and 4.

On February 18 the Association tendered its annual banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler in the Home of Boston Lodge, No. 10, at which time the winning team in the State-wide ritualistic contest was announced, and awarded the James R. Nicholson trophy. This event will be fully reported in the April issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

### Texas

**T**HE annual convention of the Texas State Elks Association will be held at Breckenridge, on May 24 and 25. Breckenridge Lodge, No. 1480, assisted by other Lodges of the Oil Belt Association, is planning to make it a gala meeting and is hard at work on elaborate plans for the entertainment of the delegates and visitors.

### Washington

**T**ACOMA LODGE, No. 174, entertained the mid-winter session of the Washington State Elks Association in its Home on Sunday, January 13. There was a total attendance of 110, representing 21 Lodges. The principal discussion concerned the dissolution of the B.U.C.K.S. and a committee was appointed to wind up its affairs and transfer its assets to the treasury of the State Association. The resignation of First Vice-President George W. Duncan was accepted with regret. Emmet T. Anderson was appointed Third Vice-President to fill the vacancy thus created, as the constitution calls for the automatic advancement of the second and third in

such cases. The invitation of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, to hold the mid-summer convention in its city was accepted. During the day Tacoma Lodge was host at a luncheon for the visiting members.

### New Mexico

**A**S a result of the efforts of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. G. Turley, there will be a meeting of New Mexico Lodges at Albuquerque on April 1 and 2 for the purpose of reorganizing the State Elks Association. The officers and members of Albuquerque Lodge are enthusiastic about the prospect of entertaining their fellow Elks of the State, and a thoroughly enjoyable and interesting time is expected. The fraternal program will include a ritualistic contest, for which a handsome loving-cup will be the prize, between the retiring officers of the participating Lodges; the installation of the newly elected Lodge officers, and business meetings of the State Association.

The affairs of the Order in New Mexico are in flourishing condition. A 4 per cent. gain in membership has been made during the past year, and two new Lodges, one at Las Cruces and one at Carlsbad, are being organized.

### Virginia

**J**OHAN G. SIZER, President last year of the Virginia State Elks Association, has been presented with a handsome gold watch in recognition of his earnest efforts for the advancement of the Order in his State during his term of office. The presentation was made during the course of a regular meeting of Mr. Sizer's Lodge, Richmond, No. 45, by President J. Garnett King, on behalf of the Association. President King, who is Mayor of Fredericksburg, was accompanied on his visit to Richmond by some fifty members of Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 875,

(Continued on page 42)



# Chester

*MILD enough for anybody*



## What a cigarette meant there

*Ten seconds to go—*  
and raw nerves fighting wearied muscles,  
driving them on into that fearful unknown  
beyond the wire. What man will *ever* for-  
get the steadying solace of that last sweet  
stolen smoke?

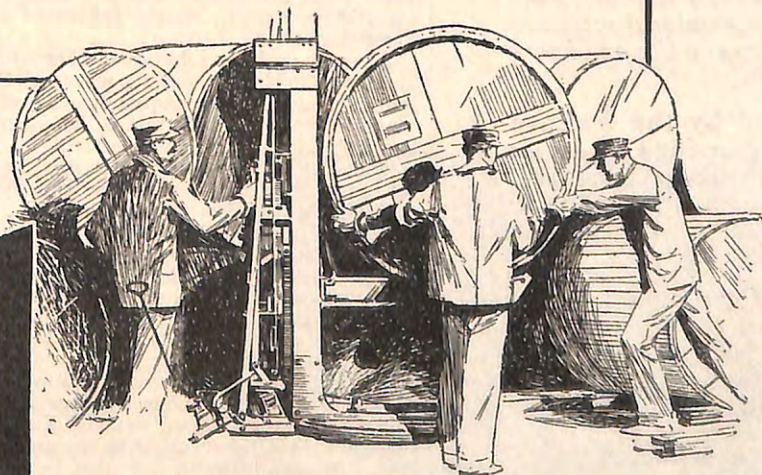
## What a cigarette means *here*

*Two years to go—*  
the slow "ageing" by which tobaccos for Chester-  
field lose all bite and harshness . . .

Mysterious, this chemistry of Nature! Endless  
rows of great hogsheads, stored away in darkness;  
choice tobacco, tightly packed . . . just waiting.  
And as if on signal, twice each year the leaf goes  
through a natural "sweat"—steeps in its own es-  
sences, grows mild and sweet and mellow.

Selected leaf, costly patience, endless care —  
that's what a cigarette means *here*. But right  
there is *exactly* the reason why Chesterfield  
means what it does to you!

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*



# field

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

*Millions of pounds of  
choice tobacco from each  
crop are stored away in  
great warehouses to "age."*



Use it for a month  
—then never without it!

## AQUA VELVA

for After-Shaving

For thirty mornings, finish your shave with Aqua Velva. After that you'll never be without it. And you'll rank it high among your best habits.

Aqua Velva will start your day with a livening tingle. Then, all day long, it will give you a sure sense of fine face care.

*It tends to tiny nicks and cuts, seen and unseen; makes facial tissues firm; closes pores; prevents chapping; protects from indoor dryness, outdoor weather; conserves the natural moisture that means a live and buoyant skin.*

Blended by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream, Aqua Velva keeps the skin all day as the super mild, super moist Williams lather leaves it, flexible and fit.

Try it for a month, you men of all ages to whom good appearance is a sensible duty and face comfort a reasonable requirement.

5-oz. bottle, 50 cents at all dealers.  
Or a Free Trial Size by addressing:  
Dept. E-19, The J. B. Williams Co.,  
Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.

# Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 39)

including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William F. Cole. Following the meeting the visitors and several hundred Richmond Elks gathered for a banquet and entertainment.

### Pennsylvania

THE work of establishing some definite and worthwhile welfare enterprise as the principal activity of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association is progressing rapidly. As this was written meetings, under the auspices of the Special Activities Committee, had been held in three of the seven districts into which the State is divided, with others planned for the near future. Other plans being fostered by the State Association include a special train to the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles in July; and the formation of marching clubs, and the holding of ritualistic elimination contests in preparation for the annual meeting to be held at Sunbury next August.

### New York

THE officers and members of Rochester Lodge, No. 24, are hard at work on plans for the entertainment of the annual convention of the New York State Elks Association, which will be held in their city during the first week of June. Every effort will be made to have this the outstanding convention in the history of the Association, for the fellow members in Rochester Lodge of President D. Curtis Gano are determined to do him the fullest honor. Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert has

accepted an invitation to be present at the opening ceremonies, which will take place on June 2. A feature of the meeting will be the first presentation of the David Moses trophy to the winning ritualistic team.

### Grand Lodge State Association Committee

THE following letter has been sent to the Secretaries of all State Elks Associations by William E. Hendrich, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee:

"In compliance with Section No. 232 Grand Lodge Statutes please furnish me immediately:

"1st: A copy of constitution, by-laws, rules and regulations of your State Association, and all amendments thereto, or changes therein.

"2nd: A copy of the proceedings of your last meeting.

"3rd: A copy of the annual report of the Treasurer.

"4th: A correct list of your officers and the Lodges comprising your State Association, together with the correct post-office address of your President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and of each member of its governing body.

"5th: The date of the next annual meeting of your Association.

"6th: Has your State Association appointed a committee on Ritual? If not, will you please appoint such committee at once, and send me the names and addresses.

"Please forward this information as early as possible."

## The Captain's Chair

(Continued from page 29)

through his chief's things, but he saw no alternative. A search would have to be made. Properly it could be conducted by no one but himself. His mind balked, however, at the prospect of doing this in the presence of his crazed superior. He decided to remove the little man temporarily to another place of confinement. As he reached this decision, he turned instinctively and looked toward the captain's quarters. A gray face was framed in the porthole; a pair of frosty blue eyes were focussed on him, shrewdly. The little man's lips were moving. He was talking to himself. As Nichol's gaze fell upon him, he left the porthole. The mate shuddered.

A plan formed hastily in his mind and he proceeded to execute it.

"Bailey," he called to one of the seamen on guard, "find Mr. MacTavish—he's probably in the sickbay—and Mr. Brand. Tell them I'd like to see them at once."

When the trader and the second officer arrived in response to his summons, the mate took them into his confidence. Moving out of earshot of the captain's room, he told them of his intention to search it for additional weapons.

"But not with him looking at me," he explained. "I'm going to move him, temporarily, to Cabin C—next door to Cameron. You, Mr. Brand, will first see that Cabin C is in order, and have the deck and alleyways on that side of the ship cleared of people. Then come back, go to the skipper's room—here's the key—tell him I need to see him in the other cabin and lead him there. Stay close to him and be ready for any attempt to escape. I think he'll understand you all right and go with you. The two guards will follow you and remain on watch outside the cabin. Meanwhile, Mac, you and I will go through his things and see if he has any more guns. As soon as we've done that he can be brought back. I want you with me as witness. Never can tell what may come up afterward."

As Nichol had foretold, Brand had no difficulty in leading the captain out of his quarters and off the bridge. From a place of concealment the mate and the trader watched the quartette descend to the deck and enter the doorway leading to the staterooms. In spite of having been knocked unconscious a few hours earlier, the captain walked firmly, without signs of weakness.

"Doesn't look so bad, Mac," remarked the mate.

"No. He looks pretty fair, to me. Doesn't

look crazy, either, the way he did. Notice his face?"

"Aye," said Nichol. "I noticed it. You never could tell over much about him by his face, but if he isn't up to some trick I'm a Chinaman. He was watching me through the port a while ago. When he saw me look at him he went away from it, quick. Hatching mischief of some kind. I could see it. That's what gave me the idea of doing this. No telling what he's got in his room."

The two men made their inspection rapidly, taking care to leave everything, as nearly as possible, just as they found it. They were not unrewarded. A brace of revolvers and ammunition to fit them they found stowed in a chest under a pile of clothes. In a cupboard, behind a row of whisky bottles, was a small wooden box containing sticks of dynamite.

"Phew," whistled Nichol, "enough to blow the ship off the map!"

The old trader nodded.

"Wonder why he didn't use it?" ruminated the mate.

"Not his way, I expect," said MacTavish, filling his pipe. "He's probably got some fixed idea about the whole business. Besides he's an Englishman. It's them Sicilians and schluck that blow things up. An Englishman doesn't think of dynamite until he's tried everything else. He begins with fists. Only furniners begin with bombs."

"Well, thank God he's got some other idea," said the mate, fervently.

Aside from the revolvers and the explosive, their search yielded no other agents of destruction. Before leaving the cabin, Nichol sent to his own room for cartridges of a caliber that would be useless in the captain's weapons. Substituting some of these for the ones they had found, he replaced both guns and ammunition in the chest where they had been hidden. He carefully abstracted the dynamite, replaced it with heavy nails and returned the box to its repository behind the bottles. After some debate, both he and MacTavish decided to leave the whisky as it was. With that, they agreed, the captain could injure no one but himself.

Their task completed, Nichol sent MacTavish below to tell Brand that the captain could now be brought back.

In a few moments, the trader, breathless, raced up to the bridge.

(Continued on page 44)

★★★★★★

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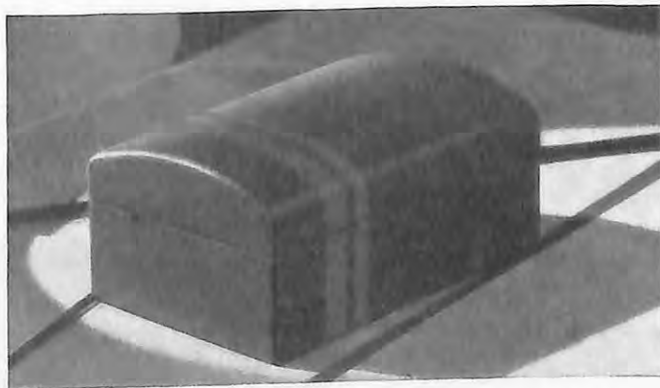
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## The Captain's Chair

(Continued from page 42)



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# Rocky Ford 5¢

"George," he gasped, "he's disappeared—Captain Small has disappeared! He's gone! He's not in the cabin."

### CHAPTER XVIII

FOR a moment Nichol was aghast. "Great God!" he exclaimed. "Not in the cabin? He must be."

"He isn't."  
"Wasn't the door guarded?"  
"It was."

"Well, I'm damned."  
The mate calmed himself. No use getting excited. If the captain had disappeared they would have to find him. He couldn't have gone far. If they combed the ship— But suppose, the idea struck him in a flash, suppose he was no longer on the ship. Suppose—

"My God, man," he cried, "you don't think—"

Without finishing the sentence, Nichol poked his head into the wheelhouse.

"Steady as she goes," he shouted.

"Steady as she goes," repeated the helmsman.

"Come on, Mac." Nichol dashed from the bridge, down three steps at a time, followed by the old trader at his best speed.

The door of Cabin C was open. Outside, stupefied at what had occurred, stood the two seamen. Inside was Brand, peering for the tenth time under the bunk. In his left hand was a pair of shoes. As Nichol entered he stood up.

"He's gone, sir," he said, crestfallen. "There's nothing here but his boots. Must have gone over that way, Mr. Nichol." He pointed upward. Nichol's eye followed the gesture. In an instant he saw how the captain must have escaped. As in many ships, the top of the inner cabin partitions of the *Mackenzie* did not quite reach the deck above. There was a small open space above them through which ran pipes and girders. A slight and agile man could easily climb over the top of a partition, gaining access to the room adjacent. Captain Small was slight and agile as a monkey.

On one side of Cabin C was another stateroom, Cameron's. On the other side was a linen closet. But the door of this closet was round the corner—out of sight of the watchers in front of the cabin.

"The linen closet," exclaimed Nichol, hope reviving.

Brand shook his head gloomily.

"Empty, sir," he said. "I looked. The door was unlocked, but it's one of them snap locks. Any one could open it from the inside, locked or not, and set the catch so the door would close without making a noise."

Nichol swore softly.

"That's the way he got out," he said. "That's certain. Now we've got to find where he went from there. Funny nobody saw him."

"No, George, it isn't," put in MacTavish. "You ordered them to clear this side of the ship. Remember?"

"So I did. Well, come on, men. He can't stay hidden forever—if he's not gone over the side. Mr. Brand, organize the crew into squads and comb the ship."

As they left the cabin, Nichol looked toward Cameron's room. The captain could, of course, have climbed into that, as easily as into the linen closet. But if he had, the resulting uproar would surely have been heard. The cabin's occupant was not one to be mute in face of an invasion by his bitter enemy. But still, thought Nichol, Cameron might have been asleep and the captain, moving stealthily, might have managed to creep in and quietly throttle him. There was a bare chance that this had happened. Better not overlook it. He rapped on Cameron's door.

A moment's silence. Then:

"What is it?" came the director's rasping voice.

"It's Mr. Nichol. Wanted to know if you were in, that's all."

Another pause.

"Well," growled Cameron, "I'm in. What do you want?"

"Nothing," said Nichol. "Sorry to disturb you. Surly old brute." This last he murmured to himself. Aloud he said: "Let's see. Where the devil would the skipper hide? There's a hundred places."

This was a fact. On the *Mackenzie*, as on every vessel of any size, there were any number of odd crannies where a man who knew his ground could hole up. She was no puny tugboat, but a big freighter, tunnelled and veined below decks with a labyrinth of passages and conduits. If stowaways, as frequently happens, can elude detection on unfamiliar craft, what chance of finding Captain Small, to whom every inch of his ship was as familiar as a baby to its mother. His size was in his favor, too. And his cunning; the sharpened cunning of the madman. All this went through Nichol's mind as he and MacTavish poked vainly into secluded corners and checked up on the efforts of the other searchers.

Once, going to the sickbay, Nichol stopped in to have a look at the patient and to acquaint Mary with the news of the captain's disappearance. The injured seaman was lying white and still, more like a corpse than a living being. The girl rose upon the mate's entrance.

"How is he?"

"Bad. I had to give him another dose."

Nichol shook his head.

"A goner, eh?" he whispered.

"Can't tell yet. He may pull through. I'll have to keep him under morphine. He's in agony without it. How about you? Have you found him?"

"You knew, then?"

"Poole told me."

"Of course. No. There's no sign of him. We've looked everywhere. I'm afraid we'll have to give it up. We've looked in the staterooms, the coal-bunkers, every possible place. I'm pretty sure, now—I'm afraid—he isn't—on board—" his voice wavered and his eyes filled. He had not meant to admit this fear. He had not hinted it to MacTavish or any of the others.

MARY noted his emotion and her heart went out to him. He had loved his chief. He had borne the trials of this troublous voyage like a stoic, buoyed up by the hope that once it was over the little captain would become normal, and that all would be right again. Now, convinced that the captain had done away with himself, he had lost hope. For the first time his control showed signs of weakening. She moved to his side and laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"You really don't believe he's gone," she said. "You mustn't believe it. He's hiding somewhere. He'll turn up. I'm sure of it."

Nichol smiled wanly.

"I'd like to think so. But I can't. Everything's gone wrong. Every time I've thought things would straighten out, something's happened. I've been a fool. I've taken too much for granted. I've been lax—"

"George. Don't, please." Mary looked at him pleadingly. "You mustn't blame yourself. You've done everything possible. You mustn't let down now. We all believe in you. The whole ship believes in you."

For a few minutes there was silence. The mate stood staring at the floor as one hypnotized. Presently he straightened up and his eyes met hers.

"I don't know what we'd have done without you," he said, at length. He held out his hands, as though to take her in his arms, then dropped them, flushed and hurried to the door. "I'm going to start hunting again," he said, opening it. "If there's anything you need, let me know. Poole and MacTavish will help you all they can."

When the door had closed behind him, Mary sighed. She bent over the motionless figure of the injured man on the bunk and listened to his breathing. From a shelf near the medicine chest she took a worn volume on diseases, which constituted the entire medical library of the ship, sat down and opened it. For a long time she failed to notice that she was holding it upside down. Evening drew on, but still no trace of the captain. It was a silent company that gathered in the saloon for supper. All felt as if a dark pall were hanging over the ship. More than once Nichol observed the glances of the others resting upon the captain's chair, as though that symbol of their misfortune might

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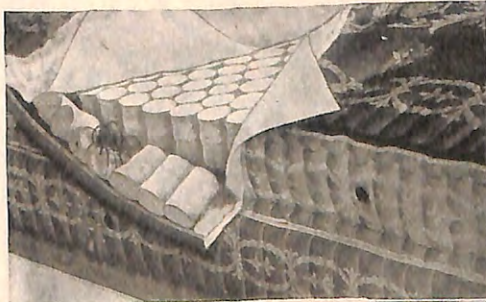


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*Geo. Fried*

George Fried  
Commander of "S. S. America"

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## The Captain's Chair

(Continued from page 44)

hold the secret of its owner's fate. None could bring himself to voice his belief that Small would never be seen again. It was impossible, however, not to know what was the general feeling. There was little sleep on board that night. Nichol did not close his eyes.

### CHAPTER XIX

DURING that night the wind changed. By morning there was a sea running. Menacing clouds hung low, blotting out the violet-blue "open-water" sky. The barometer dropped rapidly. Minus the steady influence of her bilge keels, the *Mackenzie* began to roll. Anxious to cover as much distance as possible before the storm broke, Nichol drove her on. The air was damp and chilling. Hour by hour the wind increased in force. At noon it was blowing half a gale. The sea grew angrier. The ship rolled more heavily. Reluctantly the mate cut down her speed.

"Looks as though we're in for it, Mr. Brand," he said, when the second mate came on watch as the bell tolled the hour. Brand squinted at the lowering sky and the tumbling seas.

"Snow," he remarked.

The two officers conferred briefly and Nichol went below. He ate his dinner perfunctorily, without noticing what was brought him. He was thinking of the captain, picturing the dark speck that would be his body, being tossed this way and that in the frigid waters of the bay. Recoiling from the image, his mind grappled afresh with the question as to where the little man could be. If he had not jumped overside where could he be hidden? It seemed incredible that so thorough a search should not have revealed his refuge. And was it a refuge, or an ambush? If the captain was concealed on board, what was his purpose in remaining so? To be free from restraint, only, or to be at liberty to endanger the lives of one or all of them? Brooding over these questions Nichol finished his meal and started for the sickbay, to see how Mary and her patient were affected by the added movement of the ship. So deep in thought was he, that at the door he nearly collided with the steward, who was balancing a tray laden with food.

"Hullo, Poole," he said; "didn't see where I was going. Sorry."

"No 'arm done, sir," said the other with a wry grin. "Only Mr. Cameron's dinner, anyway. Almost wish I 'ad spilled it."

Nichol smiled, in spite of himself.

"He isn't sea-sick yet, that's plain."

"No, sir. Not 'im. It beats all what an appetite the old cove's got. 'E must thrive on rough weather, sir. You ought to 'ave seen the breakfast 'e put away this morning."

Nichol grunted. It was like Cameron, he thought, to be unmoved by anything that might happen on board to anyone but himself. Lighting a cigarette he strode out, headed for his interview with Mary. As he stepped from the shelter of the alleyway a blast of wind spun him across the deck. It was blowing a full gale now, and the seas were beginning to break over the bows. Turning his coat collar up over his ears, and bracing himself against further gusts, he made his way forward.

Mary's report differed little from that of the day before. The seaman's condition seemed to indicate no change. To keep him as steady as possible, she had wedged extra pillows on each side of him. He had been able to take some broth. But she had been forced to keep on with the morphine. His pain was still so acute as to cause him agony when the effect of the opiate wore off. As for herself, she was all right. The rolling of the ship did not distress her.

"Are you sure about that?" asked Nichol. It seemed to him that she looked unusually pale.

"Quite."

"Ever been sea-sick?"

"Never." She smiled. He thought it rather a wan smile.

"Well, remember, you don't need to go on with this longer than you want to. If you get feeling queer, give it up. I'll have some one relieve you. We're probably in for a storm. I want you to consider yourself for once."

"I will."

"I'll tell Mac to see that you do."

"Don't worry, I'll be all right."

The mate went on up to the bridge. In spite of her brave front, he was worried. He had seen older hands than Mary succumb to the insidious motion of boats—men who had followed the sea for years, and who believed themselves immune from it. If signs meant anything, this was no ordinary squall the ship was running into, but an arctic tempest that would toss her about like a fleck of swansdown in a mill-race.

As the afternoon wore on, the storm broke in earnest. The wind shrieking through the shrouds, slung stinging sleet onto the ship. Green combers climbed the bows and raked the decks. Bursts of spray enveloped the bridge, coating all things with a dripping glaze of ice. A sudden squall picked up a batch of canoes consigned to one of the Indian posts, smashed them against the cabins and swept the pieces overboard. With each fresh assault of gale and sea, the ship staggered. Simultaneously she rolled and pitched, with a fiendish, twisting motion that racked her from end to end. Her slippery decks were deserted. No man could have traversed them and kept his feet.

On the bridge, Nichol and Brand, taking what shelter they could in the lee of the whipping canvas windbreak, clung to the rail. Looking up, one moment, at wave crests towering above them, then down into deep, spumy troughs, they wondered how much more tipping the ship could stand. No longer was she being urged on. Headed into the wind, with her screw barely turning over, she now made only enough speed to give her seaway.

AT FOUR o'clock, when the watch was due to change, two of the crew appeared at the door to the forecabin and made a tentative effort to cross to the bridge companionway. Nichol, seeing the futility of such an attempt, yelled at them to stay back. His voice was drowned out by the hubbub of the storm. He waved, but, intent on making the passage, they failed to see the gesture. First one, then the other, ventured out into the danger zone, only to lose their footing and roll helpless into the scuppers. Bit by bit, on all fours, securing holds wherever a ring bolt or a stanchion offered a grip, they edged their way back to their starting point. Having gained it, they looked up and saw the mate's arm waving them to stay there. Simpson, the third officer, whose duty it was to relieve Brand, also endeavored to reach the bridge. Knowing it would be vain to try to walk, he started forth on hands and knees. A cataract of water caught him, rushed him aft along the deck and threw him, bruised and gasping, against the hatch-combing. Only half-conscious and with a darting pain in his leg, he, too, returned laboriously to his cabin, and collapsed.

Nichol put his mouth close to Brand's ear.

"Go into the skipper's room," he shouted.

"I'll stand this watch. You get some rest."

The second mate was reluctant to leave him, but finally yielded to Nichol's insistence. The latter shuffled over to the wheelhouse, wrenched open the door and addressed the helmsman.

"You all right, Spike?"

"Yes, Mr. Nichol, I'm all right."

"Can you hang on a bit?"

"Yes, sir, I'm all right."

"Sure?"

"Quite sure, sir."

Out in the open once more, the mate sought his partly sheltered spot. He was wet and cold. Clots of ice clung to wrinkles in his clothing. His face stung as from a thousand pin-pricks. But as he stood there watching the turbulent waters, with the roar of the gale in his ears, his mind was not on his own discomfort. He was wondering about Mary and how she was; and about the captain and where he might be. He wondered how this voyage could end and where it would end.

Illogically, he pictured Mary not as he had last seen her, in nurse's cap and apron, but as she had appeared that fateful evening in the saloon, the evening of the desecration of the captain's chair. She had looked very beautiful, he remembered. She had worn a black dress, and he had noticed her arms and how round and white they were. She had been talking with him, laughing and

joking. One minute, gaiety—the next, horror, as the captain, reaching the saloon, grasped the fact that Cameron was sitting in *his* chair. The bleak face of the captain, rigid with anger, replaced the picture of Mary in Nichol's mind. He strove to banish it, but could not. It haunted him.

CHAPTER XX

THE afternoon passed. With evening came snow—the dread of mariners in the North. Dense and impenetrable, it was more blinding than the thickest fog. Swirling and scudding in the gusty wind, it dashed in forty directions at once, blotting out all vision. Peering down from the bridge, barely able to discern the deck below, Nichol gave thanks that there were still a hundred miles between the ship and the treacherous west coast. At least the menace of reefs was not among the immediate dangers.

Little by little the violence of the wind abated as the hours went by. It was a gradual slackening. Waves still broke over the bows and flushed the decks, yet with diminishing frequency. But as the wind eased, the snow seemed to fall more thickly. And the ship wallowed sickeningly in the heavy sea.

At eight Brand reappeared. He had managed to doze.

"Why not leave her to me?" he suggested. "Nothing to do but keep her hove to. You're drenched."

Nichol acquiesced. There was no need for him on the bridge. He could trust Brand. He slithered down to his own quarters, hastily threw on dry clothes. Then, though he was worn out with worry and lack of sleep, he made his way to the sickbay.

The injured seaman was moaning. Mary, white and ill, lay huddled in a corner. Seeing Nichol, she tried to get up, but she was too sick and exhausted to move. Very gently he lifted her and laid her on the unoccupied bunk.

"You poor kid," he said. Steadying himself against the wall of the cabin, he began to pour her a glass of water from a carafe in a rack above the washstand. Before it was half full, the boat gave a terrific lurch and began to roll as she had never rolled before. The door of the medicine chest flew open. Powders, syrups, black draughts, assorted drugs, scattered over the floor, filling the room with a pungent odor. The injured man, smelling them, screamed for morphine. A muffled "boom, boom" sounded far down in the depths of the ship. Some huge object had broken loose in the hold.

For a moment Nichol was puzzled. It had all happened so suddenly. He sprang to the door and looked out. Then he understood. The ship was rolling both rails under. She was broadside on to the seas. Some one had changed her course.

As he dashed out of the cabin, with the cries of the frenzied seaman ringing in his ears, a babel rose on all sides. Frightened men tumbled out on deck, bawling that the ship was going down, yelling for life-belts, for boats. Partly hidden by the curtain of snow, their swaying figures loomed like fantastic shapes in the weird half-light.

Skidding and falling and scrambling forward again, pulling himself along by every fixture he could grasp, Nichol, after what seemed an age, gained the bridge. The inert body of Brand, lying face downward in the snow, tripped him. He staggered to his feet and made for the wheelhouse. The helmsman lay in a crumpled heap on the floor. At the helm, screeching with wild laughter, stood Captain Small.

In a flash, Nichol was on him. His powerful hands tore the wiry little man, kicking and screaming, from the wheel and flung him headlong outside, like a bundle of rags. The next instant, he slewed the vessel back on her course. He had arrived just in time to save her from certain disaster.

After a time, relief came, enabling Nichol to leave the wheel. A little liquor from the captain's store helped him bring the second mate and the helmsman back to consciousness. Brand had no idea of what had happened. He had been leaning against the bridge rail when, without warning, something struck him at the base of the skull. A myriad bright lights blazed in his brain and were smothered by darkness. He

(Continued on page 50)

# WALK-OVER SHOES



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## The Captain's Chair

(Continued from page 49)

remembered nothing more. The helmsman's story, however, disclosed some facts.

He had been standing at the wheel, he said, and had his hands full keeping the ship hove to. All of a sudden the door had burst open with a bang and the captain had rushed in. Before he could duck, or lift a finger to defend himself, the skipper had jumped at him. He felt a heavy blow on the head, and the next thing he knew Nichol was bending over him. Ruefully he felt the knob on his forehead.

"Lucky you weren't killed," said Nichol. "Narrow escape all round. He tried to roll the ship under and came damn near doing it, too."

"Where is he now?" asked Brand. He slowly dragged himself to his feet and slapped the powdery snow from his clothes.

"That's what I'd like to know," said Nichol. "Where was he before, for that matter?" He turned to one of the crew. "Seen Mr. Simpson?"

"No, sir."

"Find him and ask him to come on watch." He questioned another man. "What is it bashing about in the hold? That big safe?"

"Yes, sir. Bosun's gone down with slings to try and secure it."

Nichol thought rapidly. There were a dozen things to be done at once: to find the captain; to investigate the damage to the ship; to see Mary and the poor devil under her care—

"Mr. Brand, think you're strong enough to carry on till the third comes up? Only a minute or two, I expect."

Brand nodded. "I'll be all right, sir," he said. Descending to the deck, Nichol was met by his messenger, wearing a long face.

"Mr. Simpson's in his room, sir. I found him on the floor. He can't move. Broken leg, I think, sir."

Nichol raised his eyes heavenward. Another casualty! This accursed voyage!

"Do what you can for him, Naylor. I'll be along presently."

He started off again, frowning. There seemed no limit to the calamities. Only one propitious sign was in evidence. The snow had stopped and the sky was clearing. The ship still rolled heavily and with every roll the "boom, boom" of the sliding safe sounded from the hold. Nichol was approaching the after hatch, down which the bosun had gone, when Poole, the steward, ran out on deck calling him.

"Mr. Nichol! Mr. Nichol! Quick! In the saloon—!"

Sensing the cause of the steward's agitation, he ran as fast as the slippery deck would permit. On the threshold of the saloon he pulled up with a jerk. For there, at the head of the table, seated in the fateful chair, was the gaunt figure of Captain Small.

At first glance he looked to be alive. But as Nichol and the steward gazed, in awed fascination, the body swayed with the motion of the ship. The head dropped and the slight figure fell forward slackerly onto the table. Captain Small was dead.

Nichol could neither move nor speak. He felt faint and sick and had to cling to the door jamb for support. He had forseen some such end as this; and even, in moments of trial, wished that it might come. Now that he was face to face with the end it seemed unreal.

It was Poole, the little Cockney steward, who broke the silence. He did not speak. He began to whimper, like a little boy crying softly in the dark.

Nichol went to him and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Good old Poole," he said . . .

### CHAPTER XXI

OF THE balance of the voyage there is little that need be told. By morning, a long swell was all that remained of the storm. Listed to one side because of her shifted cargo, much of which had been smashed by the careening safe, the ship limped on toward her destination. A battered and weary crew worked to wipe out the traces of damage wrought by wind and water, and to rid decks and rigging of ice and snow. The news of the captain's death weighed heavily on all—with one exception.

Pressed into service to make up for the loss of

Simpson, the third mate, whose broken leg rendered him useless, MacTavish was assigned the duty of finding out the condition of Cameron. To the trader's knocks, the director at first made no reply. After the knocking had been repeated several times, he asked who was there, and to MacTavish's surprise, finally opened the door.

He looked pale and haggard, and there was fear in his eyes.

"Where's Small?" he asked, peering suspiciously over the trader's shoulder.

"Dead," said MacTavish, soberly.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course."

An expression of intense relief came into Cameron's face. Leaving the door open, he went back into the cabin and slumped into a chair.

"Thank God," he said.

"What's that?" MacTavish bristled.

"I said: 'Thank God,'" snapped Cameron harshly. "Do you know what that madman did to me? He climbed over that wall into this cabin and threatened to kill me if I made a sound. He sat and grinned at me until I thought I'd go mad myself. He ate my meals and let me starve. When I tried to sleep he prodded me with a knife, the little —"

"That'll do, Cameron," said MacTavish sternly. "The captain is dead. You killed him—don't interrupt me—you killed him just as surely as if you'd shot him with a gun. Remember that, you cowardly swine and don't ever dare—"

"I'll say what I please," snarled the other.

For answer MacTavish struck him across the mouth with the flat of his hand and left the cabin.

WHEN Nichol picked up the beacon of the first post, the *Mackenzie* was overdue a month—a month—a month where the open year is only three months long. With engines slowed down, a lookout on the crow's nest and two leadsmen calling soundings in the bow, she crawled through the shoals toward the thin line of coast over which a column of smoke twisted in the sky. As she drew in, those on board could see the feathery white wave caps which showed the almost submerged reefs that stood head-on. Every one was leaning over the rails on the forward deck, breathing the air of land, the tree country, into their lungs once more.

The river's mouth widened out, revealing the post, a mile long clearing beside the water's edge, a row of white, red-roofed houses, so old that some of them leaned. In front of one stood two ancient cannon, their muzzles lofted toward the sky. Over them towered a flag mast. At the top of it hung the company's ensign, drooping in the calm air.

Past reefs and bars the ship threaded her way and swung to an anchorage. No sooner were the anchors down than a red, square-sailed Tork boat set out with a bone in its teeth from the river's mouth. The factor of the post, his apprentice, and a long-haired crew of Indians in hooded blue capotes, belted with the varicolored sashes of the habitants, climbed up the ladderway.

The factor, one of Small's life-long friends, began to make for the captain's room. But Nichol halted him, led him aside and told him the news. They had buried the captain the day before. Scarcely able to believe his old friend gone, the trader began to ask questions. How did it happen? Why was the ship so late? They had given her up for lost—

Before Nichol could explain, Cameron, his courage returning with the sight of shore, swaggered up and told, with dire threats mixed in, his own version of what had taken place. With every second word, he justified himself. Nichol, disgusted, stood aside and let him have his say. MacTavish, his kindly face suffused with indignation, was on the point of contradicting Cameron, but the young mate, with a warning hand restrained him. It was Mary who came forward.

"Mr. Muir," she said, in a clear voice, "all that you have just heard is utterly false. My uncle is quite incapable of speaking the truth. I'm sorry to say this, but you must not believe a word he has told you."

While the factor stared at her in amazement,

Cameron first blinked, then began to sputter. Mary faced him and looked him straight in the eye. The words died on his lips. He shifted uneasily.

Turning to Poole, who was listening on the fringe of the little group, he ordered his belongings over the rail. He had done with ships, he announced. He would go home overland with Indians and canoe. No one tried to dissuade him.

He looked sideways at Mary and from Mary to Nichol, standing glumly beside MacTavish. It was a difficult moment. Mary walked over to the rail, leaned on it, and stared out toward the open bay. At a nudge from the old trader Nichol went to her.

"Mary, you're to stay," he said. "My orders." Then, lowering his voice: "If you're willing—there's a missionary at the post—"

He took her hand. She did not withdraw it. Slowly she nodded.

Cameron understood. Grimly he grunted a good-by, descended the ladder way to the factor's boat and seated himself in the stern. His baggage was hoisted down. Saying he would be back shortly, the bewildered factor joined him. As the stout little boat approached the river's mouth, Cameron ironically waved farewell. The *Mackenzie's* crew jeered noisily.

After the boat had reached its landing, Nichol and Mary, still hand in hand, stood gazing down at the mirror of water below them. They were silent and motionless for a long time. Old MacTavish, with a wink and a chuckle, herded every one else off the bridge and went below himself.

Presently, as if with one accord, the young mate and the girl straightened up.

"Are you sure?" he asked her.

"I was afraid you'd let me go with him," she said, smiling.

### Medicine

(Continued from page 21)

to avoid open rupture with his host if it could be done, and he had his reasons for this. It might be true that Sillery was as tough a customer as he was said to be, and it might be true that he had sworn to shoot up the first quarryman who crossed his doorstep, but Sam intended to show that the enemy was a wise man and could change his mind.

When his horse was well secured, he wiped his face with his scented handkerchief, gave his hair and mustache a final fillip and walked to the lighted doorway ready to meet Bat Sillery as pleasant and smiling as a basket of chips.

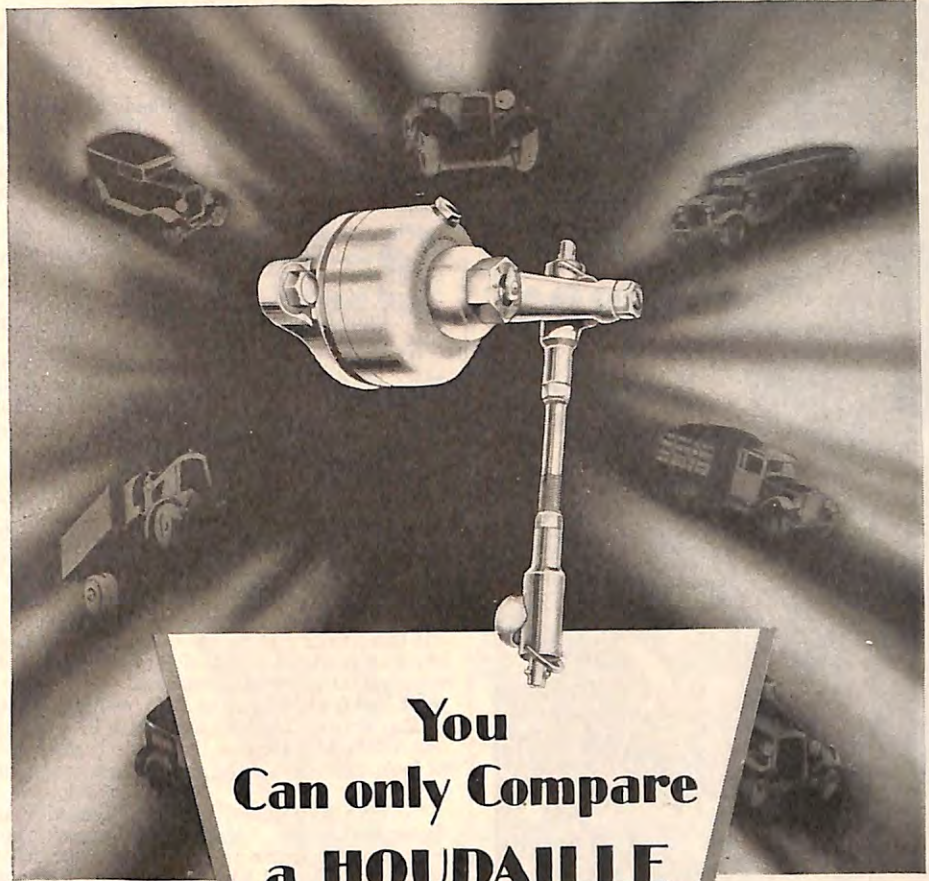
The one big room was lighted by tallow dips stuck in tin cans and broken bottles, and was full of people, steaming, hot and red-faced from dancing with all their energy and from the close air that reeked with moonshine whisky. There were big, earthy wood sawyers in their everyday clothes and heavy boots, and river-men and girls with hard silly faces who had come out of burrows like rats to play around in the evil light of Bat Sillery's dips before at daylight they slunk back to their crevices. Their finery was slashed and torn and muddy from riding through the sticks, but they giggled and hung on to their men when Sam appeared, as if anything under the sun or the pouring heavens could hurt them.

Sam stood in the door a moment to let them all see him and then came into the room meeting all eyes with a lazy grin. "Looks like somethin' goin' on here," he said easily. "Lowed I'd drop in an' take a sup of likker if there's any handy. Warm up after a wet ride, if thar ain't no objection."

Out of the tail of his eye he saw the fiddler handing his instrument to the sixteen-year-old boy who played the accordion. He knew this to be Bat Sillery before the big man got up and came hulking across the floor, and braced himself for his famous wrestling grip without seeming to move a muscle. He hated to do it though; it would probably slit his coat clear up the back.

Bat Sillery was formidable; he was a giant with a shock of heavy red hair hanging over his mean little eyes, and lips that parted over wolf's teeth. He had a soft voice with a sort of purr in it that he used to entice people into believing in him. He fiddled and made corn whisky instead

(Continued on page 52)



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## Medicine

(Continued from page 51)

of working his crop and nobody crossed him unless they wanted trouble. Three wives had died on his hands and he complained about this unceasingly but without convincing any other woman that she wanted to try to fill the vacant place.

The crowd hung back against the wall expecting what did not happen. They had all heard about Sam and he was recognized at once, but instead of throwing the impudent stranger into the middle of the clearing Bat put out his hairy paw with every evidence of friendliness.

"You-all Sam Ogilvie?" he inquired with great heartiness. "I done been hearin' about you-all. Step in, Sam, an' git you a swig. I'm mighty proud you rode over facin' th' rain to git acquainted with me an' my folks."

Sam never blinked one of his black eyes at this unexpected reception. "I don't keer if I do," he returned and shook Bat's hand.

It was his immeasurable egotism and self-confidence which did that; not his common sense. He thought to himself, exulting: "He's heard about me and he's scairt clean through—th' big red-headed loafer. I could lick him with one hand tied." High blood raced up from his heart to his head. But victory was only half complete; the best of it remained.

He had his whisky from Bat's own jug, white stuff as fiery as live coals and which bit even his iron vitals, and then as the music began again he looked around for the girl who was too proud to dance.

"Git ye a pardner!" the red-headed man shouted in his ear. "Ain' none o' them pe'tic'lar. Slip 'er a half dollar an' she'll dance like hell!"

The music would have tempted any feet, and Sam's began to twitch as if they didn't belong to him. One part of him wanted to step out on the floor and show that crowd of sawyers and river rats what he could do; he had a clear vision of himself in his stylish clothes and shiny shoes cutting capers that none of the boggling, hob-nailed company could dare to follow, but the other part of him didn't want to dance—not then. He saw no woman in the room that he would have touched with his little finger. She wasn't there, that was plain. He would have to stay until she appeared.

He had another drink. The whisky was pure and first rate. When Sam complimented the brew Bat laid down his fiddle and had one himself, leaving the accordeon to keep up the tune.

FINDING himself sole entertainer the boy responded with such a flare of variations that the instrument seemed about to leap from his grasp. The dancers acknowledged his prowess with louder stamps and now and then a whoop from some over-charged spirit, but the player did not appear to be personally affected by tribute. He was a thin, undersized youngster with no likeness to Bat, though undoubtedly a Sillery. He had a rabbit face coupled with a demeanor that was somehow sorry and weak and he kept his eyes down with a serious air while he played.

"That's my he-chap," the father said admiringly. "He knows how to git the music outa that thar hand pianny. I don't grudge the haws I traded fer it. Some day he'll hold a dance all to hisself."

"He'll never make a fighter, though," Sam offered.

"Fighter!" Bat echoed the word disparagingly. "I should hope not. I dunno as I hold with fightin'. I want my chap to use his brains not his fists. Ef he had to fight, he's got his gun an' I can tell you, stranger, that young'un can pick any leaf off'n a bough you ast him to."

But Sam was not interested. He kept looking around the room vaguely dissatisfied with the evening's results. There was the ghost of uneasiness in him, too. He did not like the way Bat Sillery looked, laughing out of his reddish eyes at some sinister notion of his own. "Why don't you-all dance?" he kept asking. "Ain't these gals good enough? Maybe you'd like somethin' stylisher 'n them?" He resined his bow and drew the screaming thing across the strings. But still Sam wouldn't choose a partner from the blowzy array of girls although he knew that his attitude was a sure and certain breeder of trouble. "Pe'tic'lar!" said Bat, twisting a sneering lip. His pleasantry was still there but it

was an ominous pleasantry, for if he kept it from his soft voice he could not banish it from his face.

Sam smelled trouble then but he could not tell from where. Nobody joggled or tripped him; they were all intent upon the business of having a good time. The rain pounded on the roof and trickles of water seeped in through the cracks of the log walls. The horses must have been half drowned outside. Once or twice Sam caught the pale eyes of the boy musician on his face but they were always turned quickly away. The whisky jug was emptied and filled again.

The fact that he was being let alone by everyone but Bat was a warning to Sam. Even his confidence was not enough to keep him from seeing that this meant something. The temper of the crowd was changing by this time, and there was no more fun or horse-play among the dancers. A fight started on the floor and ended outside where the combatants rolled in the mud and pummelled each other like floundering buffalo bulls. A girl kissed the wrong man and got a handful of hair pulled out by a rival, and here and there trouble broke out and was quelled by peacemakers or burned itself out with oaths and threats for another day.

Sam thought he would be going. The victory had been so easy that he nearly wished himself back in his dry bunk at camp. Maybe the boys wouldn't believe that he had been at Bat Sillery's at all. But he was still worried and a little wistful about the primary cause of his visit to the cabin though there seemed to be no way of forcing this to an issue, without tactics to which he was averse. Sam had had raising and it went against him to drag a girl's name into a situation where she clearly was not present.

"I'm right ashamed that none of the wimmen folks takes yore eye," said Bat, grinning over his bow. "I hate to hev you-all go back without enjoyin' yoreself when thet's whut ye cum fer. It might give my house a bad name down t' th' quarry."

There was that in his voice that set the flame to mounting in Sam. There was a taunting, a reminder. There was a jog to his elbow that made him remember his own high talk. Or maybe he had one drink too many.

"Well, yas," he swaggered, "thet's whut I come fer an' I don't allow to leave without choosin'. I'm right pe'tic'lar about my partners. How about yore own gal? Where's she?"

The accordeon slipped off the boy's lap. He leaned over and touched something against the wall; it was a shotgun as tall as himself, leaning there in a familiar attitude like a friend. The dancing stopped when Bat abruptly put aside his fiddle and stood up with a great pretense of distress.

"Naow why didn't you-all mention thet before," he cried. "Pore timid cuss, a'waitin' all this time jus' to dance with Sjs. Fetch 'er out, Cle'b. She's likely in the cowshed on a night like this." But the boy turned on him with a wolf's snarl and he had to go himself, passing through a group of whisperers and gigglers huddled before the door.

Sam's heart began to thump against his ribs. He knew now that there was something! He backed against the wall, understanding that the door was intentionally blocked against him. Bat Sillery's girl! The cowshed! The rabbit-faced boy with the gun!

In a minute or two Bat could be heard coming back. He was talking in the bantering tone he had used, but under it was an ugly threat. "Naow don't you try to slip me agin, young'un. If ye do, I'll swear you'll lay in a ditch the rest of th' night. C'mon along, now, an' act like a decent well brung up gal when a feller comes a'courtin'." The crowd at the door, shouting with glee, parted to admit him and the girl he dragged with him; a fluttering thing, helpless as a chicken in the talons of a hawk. Inside the room he spun her around, gave her a shove that threw her against Sam Ogilvie, leaning against the wall; but though Sam put out his arm to break the fall there was no need to for the girl recovered her footing like a young panther. The room was in an uproar. "Thar she is!" Sillery shouted, louder than the rest. "Thar's the cattymount! She bit me plum through the hand. Take 'er an' dance with her—if ye can!"



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"Lord a'mighty," Sam said, speaking low. "Good Lord a'mighty, but I been made a fool of!" He looked at Bat's girl and remembered all he had heard about her and remembered, too, that he had put his own construction on what his companions said. He had invented the big shining creature with white arms, not they. They couldn't have fooled him if he wasn't aching to be fooled.

The girl stood panting before him, head turning from side to side as an animal watches for a chance to escape. She was the littlest, skinniest, wretchedest girl to be found in the borders of a State. She looked like the crows had picked her carcass and left it to be dressed in a ragged cotton skirt and a sort of shift made from a gunnysack. Her shoes had been cut from unfinished cowhide and home-cobbled with nails and her hair hung in a tangled red cloud over her eyes that were black with rage or fear.

"Don't you-all tech me," she cried in a high trembling voice. "I'll claw yor eyes out!" She looked at Sam; she meant him and nobody else.

Sam had never seen such a scarecrow. "Lord!" he said devoutly. "I ain't goin' to tech ye."

"You-all let her be," said the boy. He had the shotgun across his knees instead of the hand piano. "All o' ye. Stop laffin'." The room fell into silence.

ONLY Bat Sillery laughed on and on until he had to hold his sides. "Don't let thet little runt skeer ye off atter ye cum all this way to see her," he urged, when he could speak. "She's got claws'n teeth but she'll be like anny anymile atter ye git her tamed."

The girl quivered all over at the sound of her father's voice, but she stood still, watching through the hanging curtain of her hair. Her thin body was as tense as a lynx and as dangerous. And Sam felt a burning begin at the back of his neck that threatened to sear him with shame and confusion. The circle of red, grinning faces waited for him to make his choice. He was in a trap and he knew it. No matter which way he stepped he would be wrong. Bat's soft whining voice taunted: "We-all done heered about yore gal-tamin'. Go on an' show us how."

But the boy stood up, shoving his stool aside and with the gun hanging negligently from his limp hands. "Thar won't be no more dancin'," he said in a furtive, timid sort of way that matched his rabbit face. "You-all better be puttin' out fer home, maybe." With a movement as rapid and sly as a wild thing the girl slipped over to the place behind him and was sheltered there. Her father gave her an evil look that somehow missed the boy and astonishingly agreed with what the youngster said. The dance broke up and people began to drift out of the room. "Better luck nex' time," Bat said to Sam as if that was good-night between them.

Sam went out into the clearing among the turmoil of men and mules and screaming women to get his horse. The clouds were breaking and the rain had ceased and a moon was coming out, feeble as if all the light had been washed from it. But there was enough left for him to see that his horse was gone.

There was nobody in the cabin but Bat and his girl and boy. Bat, yawning prodigiously, was getting himself a last drink from the jug and the girl was dragging a curtain of sacking across a corner.

"My horse is gone," said Sam standing in the door.

Bat was all concern. A joke was a joke, he said, but this was serious. "You don't say? Ain't that a shame? Mebbe you-all didn't tie-up the Wild Haw way. What'll aim to do, stranger?"

"I aim to walk back to camp. If he comes up in the mornin'—" He stopped short. The spindly boy was playing with his gun again and the barrels were pointing right at Sam.

"You kain't think o' walkin' back," Bat said solicitously and without appearing to notice anything wrong. "You lay down an' sleep along o' us. Cum daylight mebbe you'll find yore nag."

The boy fingered his hammer. "Sis'll fix you up a spread," he offered in his nasal voice.

Sam lay on a shuck mattress that burned like coals of fire. He called himself a fool because he could not figure it out. It all seemed simple and natural enough but he knew that it was not,

(Continued on page 54)

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# Granger

ROUGH CUT



## Medicine

(Continued from page 53)

because of the humiliation that gnawed like teeth in his breast.

Bat snored before the fireplace and the boy with his gun beside him slept like a cat before the curtain that hid the girl. But every time he moved Sam felt those pale eyes upon him, and for this reason he lay motionless until his tense limbs felt like logs, and his back was one long ache. And through his smothered fury and outraged pride he caught himself thinking of the girl now and then—the trapped catamount, her father called her—the creature with teeth and claws. His reaction had been so sudden and intense that she had seemed worse than she was, maybe. His rage did not extend to her; there was no use thinking of her at all in relation to getting even with the man who had shamed him, but he did think of her, nevertheless—seeing the mop of dark red hair and the defiant, scared eyes peering through. The thought that she was asleep only a few feet away sent the creeps over him. But finally it was daylight and he could get up and shake off the tormenting fancies of the night.

THE sun came up bright and shining; a cow bellowed over the fence and a mule brayed mournfully but there was no sign of Sam's horse. After Bat had his first drink for the day he was his old genial self. "Now you-all stay an' eat along o' us," he insisted. "Atter we had some grub we kin look aroun' fer that hawss o' yourn. He's over in the bresh like as not, but ain't no use to spile yore sparkin' along o' him." He gave a meaning to that which definitely linked the morning with the night before.

Sam stayed. There was nothing else he could do. The boy C'leb was sitting in the door, petting his gun like a kitten.

The girl came from behind her curtain, stirred the fire and began to heat a dutch oven, and make a place in the coals for a long-handled frying-pan. All of the fury and fight had gone out of her overnight and she was merely pitiable and meek, stumbling around in her cowhide shoes. Her hair got in her way and she brushed it aside with a disconsolate elbow. Sam tried to keep from looking at her but she drew him like a magnet. He kept comparing her with what his friends had said over and over again, but there was no excuse for his own foolishness in not seeing through their mockery. It was plain enough now.

"My chaps knows how t'keep th' place a'goin'," Bat said complacently. "I don' miss havin' a woman, not much, though I hold fer a man a'marryin' onct or twict. I allus like t'see young-uns settin' up."

When the meal was on the table Sam's place was beside the girl while the man and boy sat opposite, the gun between them. The food choked him but he had to eat it under Bat's pressing attentions. The sight of the dark green soda biscuit, the salt meat floating in grease, black beans that came from a perennial pot on the fireplace sickened him, but he ate of it all.

"That's right," Bat approved, "thar ain't no medicine to fill a hearty young buck like a mess o' good vittles. Eat it an' like it, I says."

Sam was in a fever to be gone—fever made up of rage, of humiliation and bewilderment. He was like an untrained young bull, goaded and tormented by invisible enemies. He wanted to find his horse and be gone—out of the country as soon as he could draw his money. There wasn't a thing yet that he could lay his hand on that Bat Sillery had done, except to take him at the word he had himself spread through the country. But he felt that only by putting a wide distance between himself and this experience could he hope to retain the self-respect that had somehow mysteriously disappeared.

"Naow about thet there hawss o' your'n," Bat said when he had finished and filled his pipe. "I don't reckon thar's any use o' lookin' fer him right away. He'll turn up when he wants co'n." His quizzical little eyes searched the younger man's face; he was enjoying himself, and his victim tried to swallow his anger and return a grin of his own.

"That's right," he agreed. "No use walkin' further'n I hev to. Just lemme know down to the quarry when he comes up and I'll fetch him along." What Sam really wanted was to get

out of that house. He'd find his horse soon enough then.

Bat nodded approval. "The right way to look at it. . . . I mought use him to put in a few rows of co'n when I git him, but I won't backsoe him none. I'm a man o' my word. I live up to whut I say. I done promised the sher'ff I wouldn't draw a gun on no quarryman an' I leave it to you-all if I hev so done. I treated you-all like one of th' fambly, stranger, an' I hope you let it be knowed."

"Et's gittin' on to noon, pap," reminded the boy.

"No, you ain't drawn a gun on me," Sam admitted slowly. "Ain't nothin' to bother the sher'ff about thet I can see."

"Whut would I wants fer, when all you done was to come a-sparkin' Sis?" Bat inquired, reasonably. "She ain't a gal that's likely to have many fellers. Why sh'd I be pickin' an' choosin'? I don't hold with guns myself, but that he-chap, he ain't but fifteen year old, but he's a plum fool about shootin' irons. Never lets his'n outa his hands. I let him play along with it. He kin shoot ary leaf frum a tree—"

"Sis has got the mule hitched," announced the sharpshooter.

A crazy wagon drawn by a bony mule appeared in the clearing. The girl, her red hair hidden by a slatted sunbonnet, was driving and Bat motioned the visitor to climb up beside her. "Couldn't think o' lettin' you walk," he declared. "Them chaps'll see you safe hum an' save th' looks o' thet fine shoe leather o' your'n. She'll do th' drivin' an' C'leb'll jus' walk along with his gun and maybe scare up a squirrel or two."

Sam Ogilvie climbed into the wagon without a word. He had a mental picture of himself arriving at the cookhouse, delivered there by Bat Sillery's red-headed girl. He would have to leave the country after this even if he wanted to stay—but he'd leave it anyway for jail, after he'd come back and broken half the fiddler's bones. His tormentor's voice echoed in his ears. "You kin cum back mos' any time an' co't Sis. Her bark's worse'n her bite."

The wagon creaked out of the clearing and into the wood road. The cabin was blocked out instantly by the masses of wild haws that grew everywhere in full leaf and bursting with crimson streaked buds. Down coiled the road, down. The mule stumbled and was jerked back to his feet. "Giddap," called the girl.

THE red mist began to clear from Sam's eyes and the roaring died out of his ears. He was glad he hadn't killed somebody or been killed. As the distance grew between him and the cabin his brain cleared. He'd fix a way to deal with Bat Sillery when he had time to think it over.

"Pappy won't buy me no better clo's ontel I say I'll dance with the men," said a very soft, thin voice under his elbow.

He looked down at her. The sunbonnet had fallen back and he saw that she had combed the mop of hair away from her face in a wet plastered sheet that revealed her features for the first time. Little and pinched with black smudges for brows and lashes. He felt a little sorry for her; she was so small and none of it was her fault.

"I'll keep my feet hid when we git thar," she went on, faltering. "Mebbe I won't look so funny to them if they can't see all o' me."

So she knew. This poor little runt of a girl knew that she was being used to make him a laughing stock before the quarrymen. "C'leb don't know," she whispered, reading his face. "Keep it back from him. If he thought there was any fun-makin' o' me he'd pop you over. He—he—thinks you're keepin' comp'ny. Pap tole him thet."

The full scope of Bat Sillery's wit overwhelmed Sam. He fooled his own young ones,—made them play into his hands like silly partridges run into a bag. Only the girl knew. He was not fooling her.

The rain had left behind a day full of sweetness and clean earth and woods drying in the high hot sun. Water trickled somewhere in new little brooks, but all the dogwood that had been in bloom was crushed and broken and only here and there a white waxed face peered from the ruin of the flowers. It was the same road that

(Continued on page 56)



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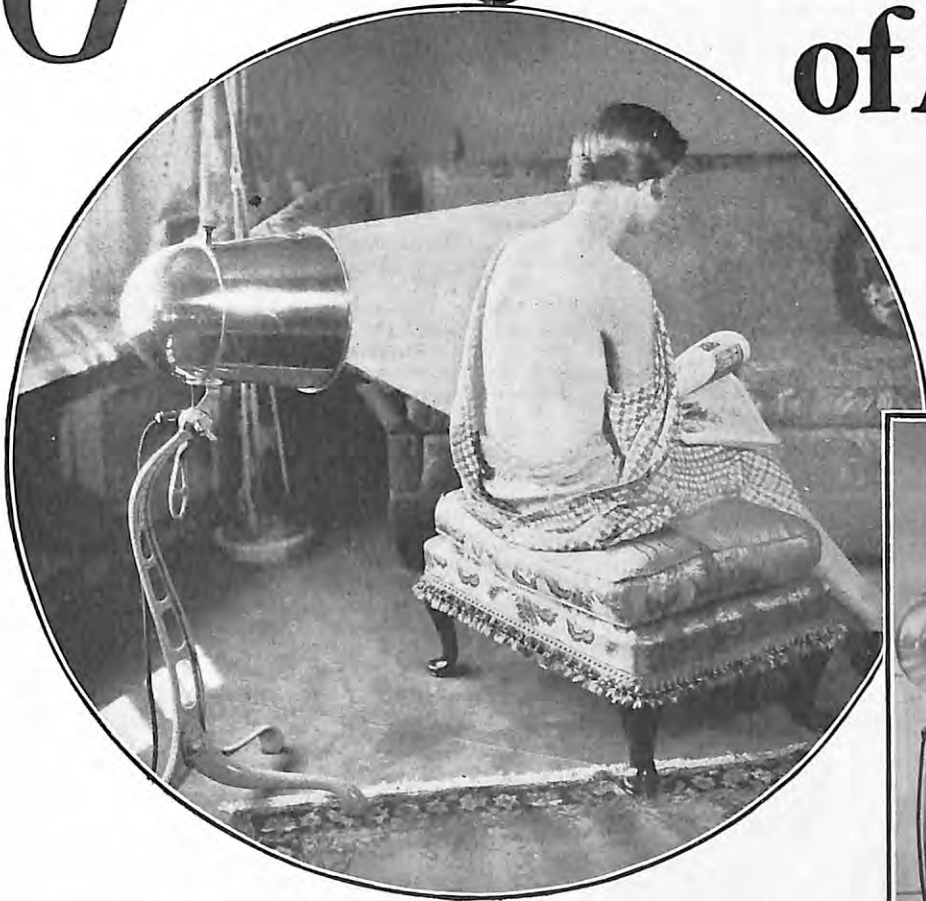
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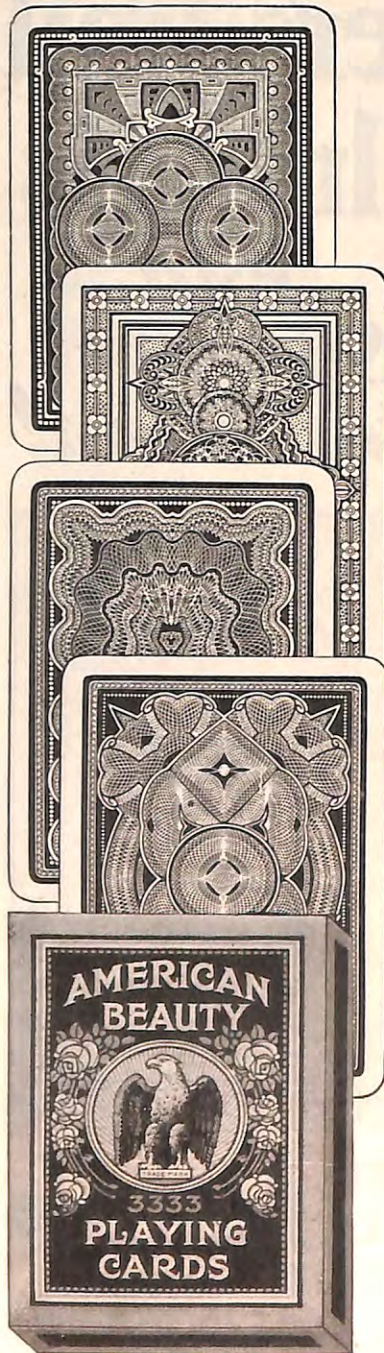
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## Medicine

(Continued from page 54)

Sam had passed over a week before in his side-bar buggy and he remembered some of the bold thoughts he had then, and the silk ravelling given to the nest-building birds. He would have to go back to the farm and plant a crop. Life couldn't be lived in the quarry camps after he came riding up with the girl, brought there at the point of C'leb Sillery's shotgun.

"T'ain't no use trying to git even with pappy in his jokes," said the faint little voice that had no likeness to the catamount of last night. "Nobody kin git even. Three o' his wives died account of his jokin'. That's why C'leb took up shootin', an' why I——"

"Why you hide in the cowshed," Sam said, thinking.

"Most always I run off in th' woods," she told him earnestly, "but when he ketches me I bite. He's afraid o' gittin' hurt, he is——"

"They most always are," Sam agreed, remembering with satisfaction a certain back-breaking hold of his.

After a little while she said timidly. "You won't hold it agin C'leb that he draw a bead on you? He 'lowed he'd see I was co'ted right, an' after whut pappy said——"

"No, I won't hold it agin him," Sam promised gravely.

The mule clambered over the clean rocks and the wagon pitched and rolled. The boy shot a squirrel and then another as he picked up the first. He was never far from the wheel and Sam felt an eye continually on the small of his back.

"I got to drive right up to the camp," said the girl trembling. "If I stopped anywheres else, C'leb'd think you was a'shamin' o' me. Pap's got him that fooled."

That wouldn't be easy for her, little shy, wild thing of the woods. She knew that she was a scarecrow, a ragamuffin, a shamed bit of girlhood but she drove her mule bravely up to the cookhouse door where a score of eyes were waiting with open-mouthed grins to meet her. As the mule stopped C'leb swung himself into the box and returned the looks he got with a vacant stare.

SAM got down with the best manner he could. He was muddy and wet and one trouser leg was ripped. His patent-leather shoes were squelching ruins. "Mighty fine o' you givin' me a ride," he said in a loud, carrying voice.

He looked up at her. The sun had dried her hair and it was pure red gold, crinkling around her face like fluted leaves. The fresh air had brought a fugitive color to her cheeks, and the face that in her brother resembled a rabbit was in her a pointed rosebud. Sam saw her eyes as they really were as they looked down into his, dark blue eyes hiding under those black smudgy lashes. He thought about the dogwood, crushed and broken with a fresh bloom peeping out here and there. She was like that. And then as he looked longer he saw that she was crying. Her tears had washed the homeliness from her face. Very quietly great-drops came rolling down her

cheeks but not a muscle in her face quivered. He had almost not seen it.

Something strange and warm and sweet rose up in his heart and spread all over him like a wave. He had felt like that once before but he could not for the life of him remember when. Suddenly it did not matter who laughed.

"Why, honey," he said. "Honey!" The word surprised him as it dazzled her but he reached up and touched her rough little hand. "Say, honey, how'd you like to go buggy ridin' some day?"

Bewilderment, disbelief! But she managed a stammering reply. "I'd like to, mister, if you wouldn't care."

"Then I'll be along next Sunday about three." The blue behind her tears was like a river under the sun.

"Pappy turned yore hawss loose, I reckon you know that. But I'll get C'leb to catch him up an' bring him over."

Sam lifted his voice so that the loungers in the doorway could hear him. The old force was springing up stronger than ever. He felt light as air.

"I'll fetch the hawss myself," he said loudly. His head was up and his big shoulders squared. The audience straining eyes and ears to miss nothing were careful to pass their nudges unseen. The challenge in Sam's voice chilled to a quick death the laughter waiting for him. "You tell your pappy I'll meet him in the clearin' man to man to-morrow night, an' no shotguns. I don't hold with shotguns neither." His drawl held a tinge of amusement but beyond that was a steel blade. He held up an arm slowly tensing the muscles that leaped to his will. "There's one sort of medicine that's good for a joker like him and I aim to hand him a good dose of it. I expect it may crack his ribs, but it'll cure him in the long run."

A look of fearful, trembling joy crept mistily over her face. She barely whispered: "What'll you goin' to give pappy? You goin' to make him swaller some hawss medicine?"

Sam broke into a big laugh that somehow set them back on ordinary ground. "I'm goin' to give your pappy the durndest lickin' with my two fists that a man ever got. That's the medicine he's goin' to take an' plenty of it. I'm goin' to wallop him like I would a houn' dog that bit a baby." He laughed again, sure and confident, a big man in a little world, and nobody hearing him could doubt that he would do what he said. But before her adoring eyes he softened and said to her alone, "What's your name, honey? I don't know what to call you before folks."

"Delight."

"D'light. Say, D'light, stop bawlin'. Ain't nothin' to bawl about. When I get done with your pappy I aim to take the medicine he set up for me, see? Then him an' me'll be quits. Only I reckon I'm goin' to like mine first rate." His bold black eyes ran over her face like a flame.

"Giddap," she cried to the mule, slapping the reins in a panic, and blushed as red as haw buds.

## Outlaws All

(Continued from page 25)

Pendleton, was brought from California, where he had made a clean sweep of all aspirants for saddle honors.

In Montana there is a big gray horse named Butterfly which is regarded as unbeatable. Butterfly is a powerful horse and usually elects to toss riders over his head. South Dakotans will travel miles to see a bucking horse named Tipperary. In Texas there is a horse named Bluejay which has not been ridden in two or three years. Black Jack, a buckler from the old trail town of Ogallala, Nebraska, has been featured all over that State and Kansas, and has appeared at Denver. Down in Southern Utah, close to the wild-horse country, the American Legion Rodeo at Cedar City has found a big drawing card in a horse named Bumblebee. This horse, after being "half broke," was picked up by a sheep herder for use as a pack horse. The first time a pack was put on his back, Bumblebee made such an artistic job of bucking it off that

the herder brought him in and sold him at a good price as a rodeo performer.

AN INVESTMENT in a bucking horse is not always a paying proposition. Such horses frequently develop severe cases of temperament. A horse named Coyote created a sensation at Cheyenne several years ago. He was what is known as a "sunfisher"—that is, he spun round and round as he bucked—and was looked upon as a real competitor of the horse Teddy Roosevelt in that difficult class. Coyote was brought from California, after \$1,000 had been paid for him. Perhaps the change in climate disposed Coyote toward the quiet life. At any rate he quit bucking altogether inside of two years, and became as well mannered as any down-east Dobbin. Surprisingly few bucking horses are killed or badly injured, when one considers that life is a constant battle with them.

It is not uncommon for a horse to change his

style of bucking, or to develop new tricks, from year to year. Outlaw horses are as clever as foxes. I have the testimony of "mustangers" in the Southwest to the effect that the wild horse, as found in Utah and Nevada, is the most cunning animal that is hunted by man. So it is not surprising that the outlaw horse has inherited a tricky disposition from his long line of free and untamed forbears.

Such horses as No Name and Lightning Creek did not depend alone on bucking and high kicking to empty the saddle. They were what is known as "strong-headed" horses, and thereby spilled many a good rider over the saddle horn. Ray Bell, a first-class rider who is known to rodeo fans from New York to Pendleton, told me of a characteristic ride on Lightning Creek.

"The horse made a few jumps out of the saddling chute with his head pretty well up," said Bell. "Then suddenly he thrust his head down and sidewise. His head was close to the ground, and he twisted his neck like an eel, from side to side, all the time emitting a roar of rage. If I had had a tight grip on the reins I would have been pulled over the saddle horn in a jiffy. As it was I 'fed' him rein and he didn't get away with his trick. But I've seen him throw several riders by pulling them forward and then catching them with the cantle of the saddle in one of his high kicks."

THE horse known as "You-Tell-'Em" changed his style of bucking overnight. He had been known as a straightaway buck, rough but not unbeatable for a good rider who had the knack of "timing" his jumps. Suddenly You-Tell-'Em began to vary his performance with a series of freak jumps, with his legs spread out, as if falling. It was disconcerting to some of the boys who had hoped to be in the prize money. Until the riders began to watch for his trick, You-Tell-'Em had some expert riders "locating homesteads"—that is, picking up handfuls of dirt when they should have been staying in the saddle.

Thousands of ownerless horses are roaming the unfenced ranges of the West. Some of them, particularly in the Southwest, are to be classed as genuine wild horses. They are the descendants of the wild horses of early days. But most of the so-called wild horses in the West are merely animals that have been abandoned by ranchers. Montana and several other States have declared such animals to be a public nuisance and have authorized county roundups. The horses so rounded up on the public range are sold to factories that supply canned horse meat for European consumption. If there is no sale for them, they are shot.

Among such horses an occasional buck is found, of sufficient fighting attainments to indicate that he has rodeo possibilities. Thereupon the candidate is put through a course of training which is calculated to bring out the best—or, more properly speaking, the worst—that is in him. Riding an "unknown" is sometimes dangerous work, as no one knows just what the horse will do, but there are always cowboys ready to "take the top off" any animal on four legs.

Just what a cowboy faces in trying out such problematical riding material was shown not long ago at Casper, Wyoming, where Ray Bell and other top riders were testing the possibilities of some range horses.

The ranchman who owned the horses was confident that he was going to find another Steamboat among them. The likeliest looking animal was a big black, which Bell essayed to ride. The test was being made at the fair grounds where there were saddling chutes and plenty of space for any horse that wanted to buck.

Bell's horse did not elect to buck. As many wild horses will do, the animal chose to make a run for freedom. He bolted straight across the arena at top speed. In his blind rage, the horse misjudged the height of a low fence around the race-track.

"A drowning man can't possibly think of more things than a man who is being thrown out of the saddle," said Bell. "That horse was traveling so fast that he must have gone twenty feet through the air after he hit the fence. I must have been thrown fifteen feet farther ahead of him. When I hit the ground I just kept rolling, as it had flashed through my mind while I was in the air that I must keep out of that horse's way or get crushed. I had it all figured out, in a fraction of a second, that the horse, being

(Continued on page 58)

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# SIR WALTER RALEIGH

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## Outlaws All

(Continued from page 57)

heavier than I, was going to catch up with me in the rolling match unless I turned over mighty lively. So, as soon as I hit the ground, I just rolled over and over as far and fast as I could. But I couldn't roll as far and fast as that horse. He caught up with me, on his last roll, and managed to crush my leg. Was the horse hurt? Just a little dizzy for a while."

**B**UCKING horses for the big rodeos usually are secured under contract. A ranchman who has a "string" of buckers sends in his bid, which may run into five figures, depending on the size of the rodeo and the number of horses to be furnished. Some ranchers have specialized in collecting valuable bucking stock. They take the most painstaking care of horses which would be looked upon as a combination of poison and dynamite on any ordinary ranch. Most of their horses are known by name and reputation. If they have any "unknowns," they must be guaranteed not to be runaway stock. If there is anything that bores a modern rodeo audience it is to see a horse come out of the saddling chute and dash across the arena without pausing to make so much as a single hop.

A good string of bucking horses means an investment of thousands of dollars. It means that the horses are a total loss between rodeo seasons, as they are of a type which cannot even be ridden for pleasure. And a few weeks before they are called upon to go in the arena, the horses are put through a training course, either by riders or by the saddle-and-tin-can method which has been described, so that they will be in top form when they are matched against the best saddlemen in the world. They are fed on grain, and no horse who is "off his feed" is allowed to go into the arena.

Pendleton owns its bucking horses, which are featured in the annual Roundup there. Twenty-five or thirty buckers are kept in ease and comfort until it is almost time for the big show. Then they are brought out and put through their paces, and, if any of them have concluded to abandon the strenuous life, they must make room for other candidates for the arena.

Considerable human ingenuity has been expended in devising fitting names for the bucking horses that are recognized gate attractions. In some cases the names of localities are applied, indicating where a horse is from. Rawlins Gray, Chugwater, Cody, Powder River, Tie Siding—all horses worthy of use in the finals—have names with a Wyoming geographical application. Of late years it has been a custom to give a peculiarly bad horse the name of some prominent individual—a more or less delicate compli-

ment which is accepted in wholesome spirit. McAdoo, Cal Coolidge and Senator Warren are as distinct entities in the rodeo arena as in the field of politics. The only woman political leader so far honored is former Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross of Wyoming. The horse Governor Ross is one of the finalists at the Cheyenne Frontier Days show. Such names as Volstead, Highball, Seriously, Flying Dutchman, Rocking Chair, Yellow Fever, and Up-and-Going have been given to horses that are in the crowd-drawing class at Cheyenne. At Pendleton the horse Big Munn, which is being groomed—with long-handled curry-combs—as a possible successor to No Name, has a name that smacks of high finance.

A few years ago a big, powerful horse with a punishing way of bucking, was developed from the unknown class at Cheyenne. The newcomer had cowboys falling right and left. It was imperative that some descriptive name be found for him.

Then somebody called him Invalid, and the name stuck.

One thing that tends to make bucking broncos hard to secure is the general decrease in horse raising. In 1917 there were 21,555,000 horses on farms in this country, according to Department of Agriculture figures. In 1927 the number had declined to 15,279,000, a loss of more than 6,000,000. In the same period the average price of horses had declined from \$120 a head to \$73. During the war period, when almost anything in the way of a horse was in demand for military purposes, the Western ranges were combed for animals of every sort and condition. Wild horse hunters carried on a profitable business in rounding up unclaimed animals on the open range. Cowboys at points of shipment "half broke" such horses, so inspection could be passed. Many outlaw horses were found in the process of such a general weeding-out. Some were turned back on the range and others were sold for rodeo purposes.

To-day little wild horse hunting is done, except for sport or for the purpose of ridding the range of animals that are said to be eating grass which should go to sheep or cattle.

It is in the realm of sport that the horse is "going strong" nowadays. The demand for good saddle horses and polo ponies is steadily increasing. Bronco busting comes within this sport realm, as the public never will lose its admiration for the daring type of horsemanship developed on the Western plains. Nor will there cease to be a warm spot in the public heart for the hardy and sometimes untamable bronco, whose fighting spirit has made possible the American rough rider.

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 37)

### District Deputy's Visitation To Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck, accompanied by an escort of officers and members from his home Lodge, Freeport, paid his official visit to Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, No. 707, late in January. Mr. Beck witnessed the initiation of 38 candidates by the efficient officers of Yonkers Lodge, and the District Deputy outlined the activities of the Grand Lodge under the leadership of Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. Delegations from Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, White Plains, Glen Cove, Hempstead, Brooklyn and Queens Borough were present in large numbers for a notably enjoyable evening.

### Dispensation is Granted for New Lodge in Panama Canal Zone

Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, heretofore included in the jurisdiction of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, situated at Balboa, is now to have a Lodge of its own. Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert granted the dispensation under date of February 1. The membership of the new Lodge will be made up largely of Cristobal Elks who affiliated in the past with the original Lodge on the Isthmus, and who are now securing dimits. Balboa is on the Pacific side of the Canal Zone, while Cristobal is on the

Atlantic, fifty miles away. Since the membership was about equally divided between the two towns, this resulted in considerable difficulty in the conduct of Lodge affairs, difficulties which the formation of the new Lodge will overcome. A committee of the chair officers and all the Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1414 recommended to their Lodge that 50 per cent. of No. 1414's funds be turned over to the baby Lodge, and every promise is seen for a fine, healthy addition to the roster of the Order.

### District Deputy Beck Visits Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge

With members and visiting Elks in large numbers to welcome him, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck recently visited Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, and delivered a stirring address which made a decided impression on all hearers. The work of the officers, drill team and glee club in exemplifying the ritual met with Mr. Beck's most enthusiastic praise. A social session, with refreshments, contributed to a notable meeting.

### Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Shiel, of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, is Dead

The untimely death, at the age of thirty-four, of Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Shiel, of Jersey

City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, robs his community and his Lodge of one of their ablest, most respected and most promising figures. Mr. Shiel had achieved, at his comparatively early age, a position of which any man might be proud at the end of a long life. He was by profession a certified public accountant, and his ability, integrity and energy had carried him into positions of high responsibility in many New York and New Jersey business enterprises. He was the president of the Associated Auditors Co., of New York, and secretary-treasurer or director in a dozen other important concerns.

Thomas F. Shiel was initiated into Jersey City Lodge on March 22, 1920, and was elected Exalted Ruler in 1928, after having served as Chaplain, Esquire, Esteemed Lecturing, Loyal and Leading Knight. He died on March 18 at his home, and on the evening of March 21 his body was escorted from his late residence to the Lodge room of No. 211, where it lay in state as his fellow members paid their last tribute. Never before had so many Elks gathered in the Lodge Home. Every floor was thronged to capacity before, during and after the services. Secretary William T. Phillips, of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, delivered a eulogy that profoundly moved his hearers, and group and solo vocal selections were beautifully rendered by friends of the deceased Exalted Ruler. At the conclusion of the solemn ceremonies the body was returned to the Shiel residence, from which it was taken on the following morning for a requiem mass at St. Joseph's Church and interment in the Holy Name Cemetery. Further Elk services were held at the graveside, following the ritual of the Church.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends to Mr. Shiel's family and his Lodge its sincerest condolence and sympathy.

**Fire Ravages Home of Hannibal, Mo., Lodge**

A fire of undetermined origin, believed to have started in the basement, ravaged the interior of the Home of Hannibal, Mo., Lodge, No. 1198, a few weeks ago, causing an estimated loss of \$40,000. This well-equipped Home of Hannibal Lodge, one of the finest in its section of the country, was completely remodeled in 1925, and was a source of pride to the members. Despite the serious loss involved there was, however, no let-down in the spirit of Hannibal Elks. Even as the fire was raging, the Board of Trustees of the Lodge met and completed arrangements for temporary quarters for both the social and fraternal activities of the Lodge. Through the courtesy of the local chapter of the Eagles these will be carried on in their building, across the street from the damaged Home, with full club privileges accorded to the Elks. Announcement was made by the Trustees on the same day that the work of reconstruction would be commenced at once and pushed to a rapid conclusion, and the members are counting on returning to a finer Home than ever within the next two months.

**Joseph G. Buch is Awarded Trenton Times Civic Cup**

The Capitol Theatre in Trenton, N. J., was crowded to the doors, on Sunday afternoon, January 20, when Governor Morgan F. Larsen, a member of Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784, presented the Trenton Times annual award of a silver cup to Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, as the citizen having rendered the most outstanding public service during the year. More than 1,500 Elks, representing practically all the New Jersey Lodges, were in the audience, as were officers and members of the New Jersey Hotel Men's Association, of which Mr. Buch has served as president, and officials and prominent citizens of Trenton. The Board of Award, composed of local citizens and officials, was unanimous in its choice. Commenting editorially on the event, the Trenton State Gazette says in part:

"The award of the Times 1928 Civic Cup to Joseph G. Buch may properly be considered as a faithful reflection of a deep public sympathy which is felt for the cause to which he has devoted himself so unselfishly. Not only in Trenton but throughout New Jersey, Mr. Buch is (Continued on page 61)

When food is too dainty then Nature rebels



**Bran Biscuit and Milk**

For between meal snacks, let the children have bran biscuit with or without milk. These crisp, tasty wafers put an edge on the appetite. Featured this month at all Health Food Centers.

CHILDREN need bulk or roughage as much as their parents. Many childhood ailments may be traced to delayed elimination.



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# "Unaccustomed as I am-

"I . . . er, er . . . don't know just what to say on the subject."

"I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak."

"Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can."

"Er . . . that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do."



# ...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"

"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home-study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day, would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to

talk at business meetings, clubs, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this

time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic, banquet and club affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts con-

tained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words*.

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

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 59)

recognized as a leader in the movement which has the welfare of crippled children as its objective.

"Every activity which has been either intimately or remotely concerned with this purpose has enlisted his enthusiastic and effective co-operation. The cause has been close to his heart. He has given to the work energy inspired by intense zeal and the benefits of exceptional capacity as a leader and administrator."

One basis for the award was Mr. Buch's instrumental effort in the legislative enactment of six bills creating a commission with the necessary appropriations to carry on the work of caring for all cripples in the state, and his subsequent appointment as chairman of the commission by former Governor, A. Harry Moore.

### Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge Forms Past Exalted Rulers' Association

Sixteen of the Past Exalted Rulers of Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 436, recently met at a dinner in the Home and organized themselves into an association which will have for its objective the improvement of the fraternal and financial condition of the local Lodge. They will meet semi-annually. William G. Lentz was elected president, Grover Shoemaker, secretary, and Fred R. Hippensteel, treasurer.

### Marion, O., Lodge Pays Tribute to Chaplain and Past Exalted Ruler Wark

Members of Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, were present to a large number at the recent annual testimonial banquet given in honor of James "Daddy" Wark, eighty-two years old, who has served as an officer of the Lodge for thirty-two years. Mr. Wark served one term as Exalted Ruler and thirty-one years as Chaplain. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. R. Perrin had rearranged his schedule of visitations to be present on this occasion, and at the banquet, served prior to the meeting by the ladies' auxiliary, praised Mr. Wark for his noble record both as a citizen and Elk. A feature of the meeting which followed was the exemplification of the ritual by the officers of No. 32 during the initiatory ceremonies.

### Alma, Mich., Lodge Gives Fine Dinner and Program

Alma, Mich., Lodge, No. 1400, recently gave a rabbit dinner in the Home followed by an interesting program of music and speeches. John J. Lee, Supervisor of Education in the Rehabilitation Department, at Lansing, gave a talk on the work being done by that department and lauded the activities of the local Elks in behalf of the crippled children of Gratiot County. Mr. Lee was followed by Miss Margaret Ruba, State Nurse, who also thanked the Lodge for its co-operation in this movement. The Elks orchestra furnished music for the occasion.

### Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge Holds Annual Charity Ball

The Eighth Annual Charity Ball staged by Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378, was given with great success in the Mandarin ballroom in January. The affair was attended by about 200 couples and around \$500 was raised to be used by No. 1378 in carrying on its charity program for the year. Prizes, totaling \$200 in value, were awarded during the evening. Exalted Ruler Michael Moore was too ill to be present, and C. J. Schaeffer, Leading Knight, acted as general chairman for the evening.

The spacious ballroom was made attractive by the use of potted plants, pepper boughs, and festoons of purple and white, the colors of the Order.

### Milk Fund Raised by Beardstown, Ill., Lodge

More than \$700 was raised by Beardstown, Ill., Lodge, No. 1007, at the annual duck supper and stag party held in the Home as a benefit for the "Milk in the Public Schools" fund, sponsored by the Lodge. The local Lodge six or seven

years ago sponsored the movement to provide milk in the schools for undernourished and needy children.

Following the dinner served at seven o'clock there were short talks by various Lodge members and visiting guests, and the evening was spent in a thoroughly enjoyable fashion. Visitors were in attendance from Astoria, Virginia, Canton, Ashland, Macomb, Jacksonville, Springfield, and other cities.

### District Deputy's Official Visit to Juneau, Alaska, Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry Sperling paid Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, a recent official visit and found a large and appreciative gathering of members at the meeting. A class of candidates was skillfully initiated by the officers and degree team of No. 420, and the District Deputy's address under Good of the Order, in which he outlined a constructive program for Lodge progress, was well received.

### State Official Visit Batavia, N. Y., Lodge

Over 100 members, a number of prominent visiting Elks, and a full complement of chair officers headed by Exalted Ruler Dr. John W. Le Seur, welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Theodore Moses to Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950. Chief among the visitors were D. Curtis Gano, President, and Joseph V. Fitzgerald, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John Bordwell, and Past State Vice-President Clayton Blood. Mr. Moses, the other visitors, and the past and active Batavia Lodge officers sat down to a banquet in the Hamilton Hotel previous to the meeting. The regular session was featured by the notable initiation of a class of candidates by Dr. Le Seur and his staff, and by a number of speeches by the visitors. After District Deputy Moses had closed the Lodge, a social session was held.

### Sedalia, Mo., Lodge Initiates Large Class in New Home

Three different sets of officers conducted various parts of a recent gala meeting held by Sedalia, Mo., Lodge, No. 125, in its new Home. It was the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. Lewis Covington and of the Lodge's celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night. Colonel W. H. Powell, assisted by a staff of other Past Exalted Rulers, opened the meeting; the officers of Warrensburg Lodge, No. 673, under the leadership of Exalted Ruler S. R. Sweeney, conducted the initiation of the class of thirty-one candidates, while the business session was presided over by Exalted Ruler Dr. M. E. Gouge, of Sedalia Lodge, and his staff.

The attendance of members and visitors from near-by Lodges was the largest in the history of No. 125, and the evening was a most enthusiastic and successful one. Among other plans decided upon was a movement to revive the Missouri State Elks Association, and a committee, under the chairmanship of Otto C. Botz of Jefferson City, was appointed to go into the matter. A supper and social session rounded out the enjoyable and interesting occasion.

### Boy Scout Council Entertained At Vicksburg, Miss., Lodge

Major A. A. Weille, a member of Vicksburg, Miss., Lodge, No. 95, recently was host to 100 business and professional men from the State who compose the Kickapoo Area Boy Scout Council of Mississippi, at a dinner in the Lodge Home. Exalted Ruler Sam Albrecht welcomed the visitors and after a delightful dinner speech-making was in order with O. H. Benson, National Director of Rural Boy Scouting, and the Hon. Thomas L. Bailey, speaker of the House of the State Legislature, delivering the principal addresses. Following the meeting plans were adopted by the Lodge to sponsor a Boy Scout troop, as part of the Lodge's program of com-

(Continued on page 73)

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# Congeaed Weapons

(Continued from page 10)

"Sure you didn't see one, eh?"  
 "Cap'n, I know most positively that I never see no gun, an' what's mo', I don't crave to see one. Guns was always poison to me."

The Pullman conductor moved on, and Mr. Peters gazed after him as a shipwrecked mariner stares at the sinking hull of his ship.

The die was cast. He definitely had disclaimed any knowledge of the missing revolver. Necessary, of course, else he laid himself open to suspicion of knowing something about the wallet. Quite definitely he had separated himself from his last and only ally. Whatever happened now was strictly Epic's trouble. Even poor, pudgy, dumb Keezie had been left in Atlanta. Not another friendly porter into whose ebony ears Epic could pour his troubles.

"It's all over now," reflected the unhappy Hop Sure, "cept the singing of hymns and the plantin' of lilies."

Epic was seated in an empty section when Mr. Warren and the friend whom he called Will instead of Leslie returned from breakfast. Mr. Warren wasn't any more popular with Epic than he had been.

The more Mr. Peters thought about the situation, the more appalling it became. Suppose—as was not at all unlikely—Mr. Warren should raise a real protest and Cap'n Sandifer should search the linen closet. The revolver would be discovered, and Epic precipitated into awful trouble.

He realized that his only hope of salvation was to get rid of the revolver. Ordinarily such a task would not prove difficult, but Mr. Peters was firmly convinced that this was far from being his lucky day. Suppose he should be caught attempting to throw the revolver away! He shuddered.

He determined grimly to remain on guard and watch his chance. He felt certain that some time during the day an opportunity would offer to smuggle the gun into the smoking compartment and throw it out of the window. Epic knew that once he had performed that act successfully he would breathe with much greater ease.

He realized that he must take no chances. His job, a possible sojourn in prison, the rancor of Mr. Warren, and the ill-will of the revered Pullman conductor all hung in the balance. Mustn't run the faintest scintilla of risk. Accordingly, Epic settled himself to watch. It seemed that never had he seen such a steady stream of passengers moving through his car, nor such a constant number of sitters in the smoking compartment. Once or twice he considered opening his vestibule door and heaving the revolver away, but there was too much danger attendant on that. He could be seen by those whom he could not see, and there was always danger that the porter in the next car, or even Cap'n Sandifer, might catch him in the nefarious act.

MID-MORNING, when ordinarily Epic would have visited the dining-car for his lunch, he contented himself with fruit purchased from the news butch. He was afraid to leave his car even for a few minutes. Suppose he did go, and the conductor selected that time to search his linen closet!

At one o'clock the train passed Greenville, South Carolina. At 1:05 it paused briefly at Spartanburg. At four o'clock it was due in Charlotte, where Mr. Warren was going to leave. Epic wanted desperately to get rid of that gun before Mr. Warren left the train. The sooner the better, because it occurred to him that there was grave danger the white gentleman would demand a final thorough search before arriving at his destination.

Epic's vigil was a long and arduous one, but at a few minutes after three o'clock it seemed as though his opportunity had come. Mr. Warren stepped into the drawing-room occupied by the friend whom Epic had believed was Mr. Donegan. The conductor was in another car. The passengers were curled up in their seats dozing, or else in that state of wide-eyed coma which comes with the exhaustion of a long railroad journey. Epic wandered back to the smoking compartment. It was empty.

The gangling Pullman porter worked swiftly,

He opened the door of his linen closet and felt for the gun. He wrapped it carefully in a Pullman towel, so that he would not be betrayed instantly should some one see him on his journey from the linen closet to the smoking section.

Apparently nothing could be working more smoothly, yet Epic was oppressed by a certainty of impending disaster. He had a hunch that something was preparing to go wrong and that he was to be cast very distinctly in the rôle of wrongee. It wasn't a pleasant feeling, but Epic went ahead because he had thought over his troubles until his head ached and his brain had ceased to function. It was now or never with him, and he wondered what his Birmingham friends would think when the news of his disgrace reached them in the event that his scheme did not pan out as hoped.

With the gun securely wrapped in the towel, Epic staggered toward the smoking compartment. He stood in the corridor and peeped through the curtain. The place was still empty. But Mr. Peters was too wise to hasten. He entered the room and took another careful survey. Then he shoved up the window screen. Now, more than ever, he wished to be sure of himself. It would never do to have some one walk in the room just as he was in the act of throwing the gun out of the window. By the same token, he knew that he must unwrap the gun before he threw it away, else some person might report to the company the finding of a revolver wrapped in a Pullman towel.

He hesitated for a few moments, and then decided that his time was ripe. Swiftly he unwrapped the gun and stood for an instant balancing it in his hand preparatory to flinging it into the North Carolina landscape. He even drew back his hand.

A voice came to his ears, a voice which was about as welcome as the greeting of a hangman.

"Hey! Porter!" said the voice.  
 Epic knew who it was even before he turned. Nobody but Mr. Warren could speak in such a deadly voice.

With knees trembling and heart pounding, Epic Peters turned to face his doom. Mr. Warren was standing in the doorway, gazing first at Epic and then at the gun. Mr. Peters' lips moved in prayer.

He bowed his head and waited for the onslaught—wondering whether it would take the form of a verbal assault or physical battery. There raced through his head all the tales of Mr. Warren's compromising badness. Epic recalled Keezie's encouraging reminder that he was, at least, a member in good standing of The Over the River Burying Society.

And then Hop Sure received another shock. Once again Mr. Warren spoke, and even in his despairing condition Epic realized that the white gentleman's voice was full of gladness.

"Where in the world did you find my revolver?" inquired Mr. Warren.

Slowly an idea sifted into Epic's brain. The word "find" gave him a wild hope. He tried to look innocent as he struggled to adjust himself to this new development.

"Y-y-y-yo' revolver?" he gasped.  
 "Yes: mine. Some one took it from my section last night, and the conductor has been looking everywhere for it. Where did you find it?"

Epic was thinking with amazing speed. He flung his eyes upward.

"Golla, Major—I never knowed this was yo' gun. I found it up yonder in them towel rack."

Mr. Warren extended his hand. "I'm mighty glad to get it back. It's my favorite gun."

"Y-y-yassuh. I reckon it would be."

Mr. Warren was actually beaming.

"Reckon you've earned a reward for finding this," he smiled. "How would five dollars suit you?"

Epic shook his head. "Honest, Major—I couldn't take a nickel fo' findin' yo' gun."

"Absurd! Here. . ."

Then occurred the ultimate miracle. Quite calmly and naturally, Mr. Warren reached into his hip pocket and extracted therefrom a small, oblong leather wallet. Under Epic's popping eyes he flipped it open and selected from among a wad of bills a new crinkly five-spot which he handed to Epic.



Weakly and gratefully Epic accepted it. But even yet he couldn't quite believe the evidence of his senses.

"Is—it that wallick which was lost?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," smiled Mr. Warren. "But it wasn't lost long. I told the conductor about it this morning and he had it. Seems as how it was found in the corridor yonder."

"Gosh . . ." murmured Epic.

"Queer thing, too," went on Mr. Warren, conversationally: "Whoever took the revolver evidently was hunting for the wallet, and then dropped the thing in the corridor. About four hundred dollars in it. I'll bet that fellow felt funny when he discovered that the holster had nothing in it but the gun."

"Y-y-y-assuh," agreed Epic fervently; "I know he felt funny."

"And now," smiled Mr. Warren, "I'd like you to brush me off. I'm leaving the train at Charlotte."

Epic worked with amazing willingness. Mr. Warren fairly shone. And all the time Epic polished shoes and brushed clothes he was thinking.

His brain was busy with thoughts which seemed about to drive him crazy. In the first place, his original fear had been unnecessary because Mr. Donegan was not Mr. Donegan at all, but a friend of Mr. Warren's named Will; therefore Epic need never have worried. In the second place, Mr. Warren had recovered his wallet the minute he made his report to Cap'n Sandifer. Of course Epic understood that: the conductor on duty between Birmingham and Atlanta had found the wallet and turned it over to his successor, knowing it would be claimed in the morning. Thinking back over the events of the hectic day, Mr. Peters remembered that Cap'n Sandifer had not asked him whether he had found a wallet, but whether he had discovered a revolver.

A warm glow suffused Mr. Peters. He fingered the crisp new five-dollar bill which represented liquidated damages for his period of misery. A tremendous load of trouble had been lifted from his shoulders. The sun was shining again, and Epic's job seemed safe and worthwhile.

He wanted to tell some one. The sudden break in luck was too good to keep to himself. He felt that he must share his happiness with a friend.

And so when the train stopped at Charlotte, Epic rushed to the telegraph office. There, with much thought, he created and dispatched a telegram. It was, in truth, rather cryptic, but it satisfied Epic's craving to share the news of his good fortune with some one else. It was a wire written from the heart; a composition which was, to Epic's way of thinking, complete and comprehensive:

FLORIAN SLAPPEY  
CARE BUD PEAGLER'S LUNCH ROOM  
BIRMINGHAM ALABAMA  
ARRIVED CHARLOTTE SAFE WILL EX-  
PLAIN LATER EPIC

### National Ache and Groan Week

(Continued from page 14)

kind of game, is to take lessons from a professional. To advance my argument, I now call to your attention the common-sense arrangement employed by the professional baseball industry. The ball-players do not play ball during the winter, but operate stores, sell insurance, act in the movies, and engage in other unathletic occupations; yet they do not participate in National Ache and Groan Week. They do not step onto the diamond on the first day of the season and surprise their systems with sudden exercise. They go into training camps and break the news to their muscles gently. The average golfer or tennis player cannot go into a training camp, but he can—and should—go into training.

Ball-players do not condition themselves for their special form of exertion by doing daily dozens, but by putting their muscles through the routine movements involved in the game, throwing and catching, batting and running. At first they do very little. As their arms and legs

(Continued on page 64)

## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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and find yourself in the lingerie . . .  
be nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD.

They taste just like they did 20 years ago.

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by us if proof is shown that the merchandise advertised in our columns is not as represented. It is obviously impossible for any publisher to guarantee financial offerings, but we do guarantee to our readers that we will make every effort to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable banking houses.

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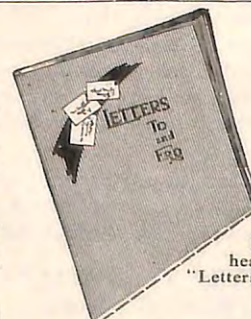
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A SMALL boy with a bent pin will catch more fish than the "city feller" with his fancy fishing kit. In "Letters To and Fro" there's many a "bent pin" to catch the heating fish for you.

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Brother Elk—here is just the type of bill-fold you have been looking for! It will never bulge, no matter how many bills you stuff into it. The open end in this new Enger-Kress hip-fold allows the bills to lie perfectly flat. The most compact hip-fold and pass container on the market.

### Special Compartment for Passes

Now you can show your passes, lodge cards and driving license without fumbling through your personal cards, notes or other contents of your bill-fold. Simply unloosen the flap on the pass container of this handy Enger-Kress hip-fold and turn the sheaves down to the card you want. Celluloid files offer space for seven cards and protect them against soiling or loss. There are two pockets for personal cards on the right hand side of pass case.



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If your local dealer does not handle, write us giving his name and we will send a bill-fold immediately to you through him.

ENGER-KRESS COMPANY  
West Bend, Wisconsin

ENGER-KRESS  
Leather  
Craft

## National Ache and Groan Week

(Continued from page 63)

and bodies gradually become limbered up, they increase the amount of play and also its speed. They start slowly. Pitchers do not pitch, they simply toss the ball. Batters swing bats without even being pitched to. Sprints are not attempted in the early stages of training. The whole process is aimed at a gradual working up to form.

Amateur golfers and tennis players can imitate this process. Golf depends on stance and swing. Tennis depends on footwork and swing. Both games require that the player keep his eye on the ball. The golfer walks; the tennis player runs. Very well.

The foundation of both games being in the swing, the golfer and the tennis player alike can begin training by simply swinging, the one his club, the other his racket. Any man can find room somewhere, if he wants to, to swing a golf club or a tennis racket. Ten or fifteen minutes of this a day, for the first week, will begin to condition the muscles; longer periods may be indulged in as the opening of the season approaches, so that by the time it actually opens, the swings involved in a full round of golf, or a couple of sets of tennis, will seem to impose no strain whatever.

In the matter of training the coordination of hand and eye, the golfer has the advantage over the tennis man. For it is possible for him to buy, for a few cents, practise balls of wool, light rubber, or even ping-pong balls, which will break no windows, but which will afford the necessary white sphere to focus his eyes on. For grass, if he must do his training indoors, he can use an ordinary hempen doormat. But if the golfer has an advantage over the tennis player in being able to use a ball, the tennis player has the better of him in another respect, namely, that he can practise his swing in front of a mirror, analyzing it and correcting its mistakes. This is a really excellent plan, followed and advocated by some of the great players.

Strength in the wrists and fingers is essential in both tennis and golf. Swinging the club or the racket will, of course, help to develop this. The tennis man will find that keeping the cover and the press on his racket, thus giving it extra wind resistance and weight, during the training period, will make it seem light as a feather when he actually plays later on. One of the commonest faults of the average tennis player is holding the racket too loosely. At the moment of impact with the ball the racket should be held in a vise-like grip. Little steel-spring finger exercisers are to be had at almost any sporting-goods store at a cost of a dollar or so, and may be highly recommended for developing the grip. The writer keeps one in his desk and uses it for a few minutes daily, and as a result now has a handshake that makes callers cringe.

Swinging the club and the racket every day for a month before the opening of the outdoor season may be counted on to condition certain sets of muscles. There are others, however, which are used in actual play, that mere swinging will not bring into action. For the golfer must walk and the tennis player must run. Obviously, part of the training time should be devoted to walking or running, as the case may require. During the conditioning month, the golfer should do a certain amount of walking every day. Beginning with short distances, he should gradually increase the length of his stint, until he finds

he can cover at least twice the yardage of his home links without feeling tired. It is a good idea, whenever possible, to select hills to train on; walking up and down hill brings more muscles into play than are used on level ground. If the district is flat, its lack of hills can be partly compensated for by walking up and down stairs. (If the family object to this, tell them to go to the movies, but do not let their remarks weaken your resolution.) Here's another point: do your walking in the shoes you will wear while playing, not in street shoes. If you need new golf shoes, buy them now and break them in on your practise walks, instead of giving them a chance to break you in when you first start actual play. Wear the customary woolen stockings, also. In this way your feet will become gradually accustomed to the conditions they will encounter on the links.

Contrary to general belief, I do not hold that walking is of much benefit to the tennis player. Tennis is a game of short sprints, from sideline to sideline, from baseline to net and back again. It is a game of quick starts, quick stops, quick turns. And it is a game in which grace and balance are all-important. Leg-practise for the tennis man should consist of short dashes, to right, to left, forward and backward, in simulation of his movement on a court. While engaged in this, he should carry his racket and swing at imaginary balls, paying attention not only to the form of his swing but to the position of his feet and the balance of his body at the moment of swinging. One of the commonest faults of the average player is getting too close to the ball. In this preliminary work he can improve his game by remembering that the ball should be struck at arm's length, and by keeping his elbow and wrist perfectly stiff and straight. He can learn, likewise, to jump away from the ball, so that his swing will not be cramped. This business of darting about over a restricted space looks so singular to the uninitiated bystander that there is danger of being arrested for lunacy while one is at it. Should this happen to you, explain to the officer, or the keeper who brings the strait-jacket, that you are simply "shadow-playing." Every policeman and every keeper knows enough about sports to understand the term shadow-boxing. Tell them you are doing the same sort of thing, with a racket instead of gloves.

Swinging the racket or the golf-stick daily for a month should toughen the skin of the hands sufficiently to avert the forming of blisters by actual play. The daily walks and shadow-play should do the same for the feet. If in past seasons your feet have given you trouble, forestall it this year. You can do this by beginning now to consult a competent chiropodist, or, if necessary, and orthopedic surgeon, so that your foot troubles may be eliminated before they come upon you.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, how about my great Reform Movement, the eradication of National Ache and Groan Week? Will you pledge your support? Will you faithfully go into training for the outdoor season? Probably not. Great reforms are seldom popular.

But if you espouse the cause, don't forget to write a letter to the Editor of this magazine, certifying that your first week of golf or tennis was painless. The Association Opposed to National Ache and Groan Week can use such letters in its future literature.

## 1929 Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles

(Continued from page 38)

of twenty-four men or less, not including guides, file-closers, and one leader.

*Special.* Special teams may be of any number of members and shall consist of Zouave teams, mounted teams, or other special units.

*5. Order of Drill.*—The officer in charge of teams competing shall meet with the Drill-team Committee prior to the drill and draw for place. Captains of drill teams will not be permitted to visit with the judges prior to the contest.

*6. Uniform and Equipment.*—The style and color of uniforms and kind of equipment carried

shall be optional with each team, and the equipment may be omitted if desired.

*7. Inspection.*—Each team shall be inspected on the grounds by the captain, supervised by the judges. The kind and style of inspection and formation used shall be optional with each captain, except that the time limit on same shall be five minutes. The judges shall not consider the expense of uniforms, but the presence or absence of equipment shall be credited for or against said team.

*8. Length of Drill.*—Each shall be allowed fifteen minutes for drill, exclusive of inspection,

commencing and ending at signal from judges, but the team will be allowed to complete an unfinished movement before leaving the field, without penalty.

9. *Cadence*—Cadence to be optional with each commanding officer but must be uniform throughout the drill, to be checked at least three times during the drill by the timekeeper appointed for the purpose.

10. *Style of Drill*—The movements may be either military or fancy display, or both; and the choice, order and variety shall be optional with each team.

11. *Judges*—The judges to be not less than three commissioned officers of the United States Army. These officers are to be selected by the committee in charge of arrangements. A timekeeper will also be appointed, and he will present his data to the judges at the finish of each drill.

12. *Promptness*—Want of promptness is a military offense and may be treated as an error. A drill corps may forfeit its place by reason of delay, and in such instance, shall drill after all other contestants.

13. *Percentages*—Awards will be made on the following points:

Points	Point Weight	Sub-Weight
1. Inspection	10%	Sizing—Alertness, condition of uniforms and equipment
2. Appearance	10%	General set-up, physique and carriage
3. Cadence	10%	Maintenance of regularity
4. Alignment and distance	10%	Maintenance of alignment; regularity of distance
5. Manual	10%	Snappiness and efficiency
6. Commanding Officer	10%	Appearance, Proper bearing, position and alertness
7. Drill	40%	Variety of movements, precision, attentiveness, alertness and efficiency

14. The weight of points will be divided, by the judges, into ten and deductions of one-tenth point weight made for each error. No other markings than those stated will be permitted, and the checking of percentages will be given careful consideration by the judges.

**Golf Contest Rules**

A 54-hole medal play tournament at handicap for individual Elks in good standing with their respective Lodges, also of amateur standing: 18 holes, Tuesday, July 9th; 18 holes, Wednesday, July 10th; 18 holes, Friday, July 12th. A different golf course for each day's play.

The sixty-four low gross scores to compete in the finals, Friday, July 12.

*Four-Man-Team Tournament.*—Teams of four men representing their respective Lodges to compete in a 36 hole medal play tournament at handicap: 18 holes to be played Tuesday, July 9th; 18 holes to be played Wednesday, July 10th.

The four-man team registering the lowest combined gross score will be declared the winner. The four-man team having the low net combined score will be declared runner-up.

- Prizes to be awarded as follows:
- Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, first 18 holes.
  - Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, second 18 holes.
  - Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, 36 holes.
  - Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, third 18 holes.
  - Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, 54 holes.
  - Winner of 54-hole gross score will be declared Champion.
  - Winner of 54-hole low net score will be Runner-up.

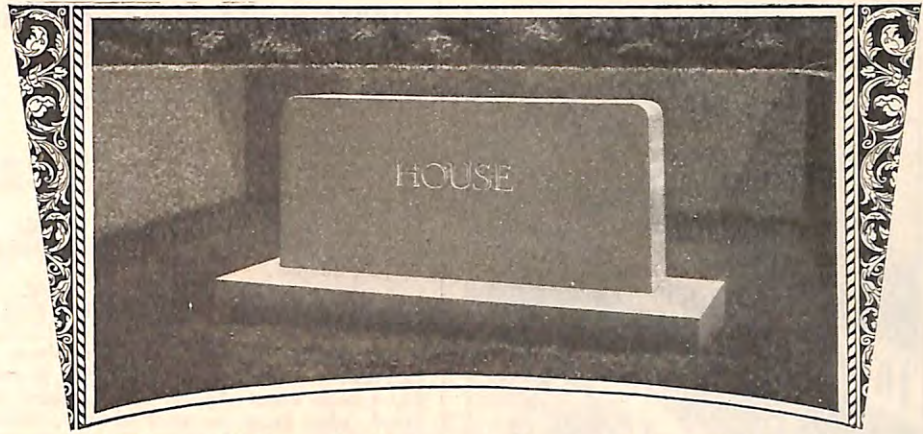
**Rules Governing National Trapshoot**

The Fifth National Elks Trapshoot will be held at the Los Angeles Gun Club during the convention, beginning Sunday, July 7th, and closing with the double-target championship, Wednesday, July 10th.

The first two days will be open to all Elks and non-Elks; however, the Tuesday and Wednesday programs are confined strictly to Elks and their ladies.


Further details will be furnished in a later issue.

(Continued on page 66)



*Build while you live* The creation of a trust fund, like insurance is a provision for those we love. A carefully considered act—it is one of the provisions that one makes for the proper disposal of an estate built up during a lifetime. The selection of a family memorial is also a matter calling for good judgment, deliberation and thorough investigation. We urge you—now—to erect a memorial to perpetuate your family name. Let us assist you to simplify your task. Use the coupon below or better still, write us in detail of the memorial you would like to erect.

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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. 304, Norwalk, Conn.**



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### NEW GAS SAVING INVENTION ASTONISHES CAR OWNERS

A marvelous device, already installed on thousands of cars, has accomplished wonders in utilizing a portion of this waste energy and is producing mileage tests that seem unbelievable. Not only does it save gasoline, but it also creates more power, gives instant starting, quick pick-up, and eliminates carbon.

### FREE SAMPLE and \$100 a Week

To obtain national distribution quickly, men are being appointed everywhere to help supply the tremendous demand. Free samples furnished to workers. Write today to E. Oliver, Pres., for this free sample and big money making offer.

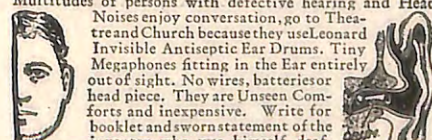
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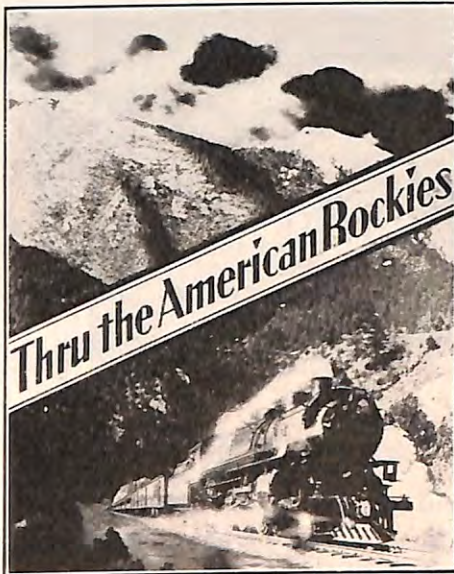


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### Yellowstone

and Rainier Parks, Rocky Mountain Dude Ranches, Mt. Baker Lodge, Puget Sound, Columbia River, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland are on your way. May we help you plan a western vacation?

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Please tell me how I may include the following in my trip to the Elks session at Los Angeles:

- Yellowstone  Rainier  Rocky Mountain Resorts
  - North Pacific Coast  Yosemite
- (Cities or other places interested in)

Name .....

Address .....

Telephone No. ....

## 1929 Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles

(Continued from page 65)

The program follows:

**Sunday, July 7th.**—\$500.00 added. 100 16-yard targets. 50 17 to 23-yard handicaps. 25 pair doubles.

**Monday, July 8th.**—\$500.00 added. 100 16-yard targets. 50 17 to 23-yard handicaps. 25 pair doubles.

**Tuesday, July 9th.**—\$500.00 added. 100 16-yard targets, Elks Championship. Elks Ladies' Championship. Elks Lodges (five-man team). Qualification Elks Shoot: Above 100 targets shot in four 25-bird events. Entrance \$2.00 each event—\$50.00 to be added each event, plus \$1.25 for each shooter. Money divided four equal moneys class system—25-25-25-25.

**Tuesday Afternoon:** Elks Lodge Team Championship, five-man—100 targets per man. Members of each team must be members in good standing of the Lodge they represent.

Membership in a Lodge must be residents of that individual Lodge, and this will determine the eligibility of the contestants.

Professionals who can qualify as above will be eligible to compete in this event. The members of each Lodge team will be squadded together.

Each team member is requested to wear a badge on his shooting-jacket, designating the name and number of his Lodge. No limit to number of teams from any one Lodge.

Above event shot on full 100 birds—entrance, \$2.00, each shooter. \$300.00 added, plus \$1.25 per shooter, each event. Money division, 40-30-20-10.

A beautiful trophy will be given to each member of the winning team.

The ELKS MAGAZINE perpetual trophy will be awarded to the Lodge winning this event. It is now held by Tallahassee Lodge of Florida.

**Wednesday, July 10:** 100 16-yard Targets Elks State Team Championship. The above 100 targets shot in four 25-bird events—entrance, \$2.00 each event—\$50.00 to be added each event, plus \$1.25 per shooter. Money divided four equal moneys class system—25-25-25-25.

A beautiful individual trophy will be given each member of the winning team.

Elks National Handicap: 100 targets, 16 to 23 yards. Entrance, \$2.00 each event, \$75.00 added each event, plus \$1.25 each shooter. Money divided 40-30-20-10.

A beautiful trophy will be given the winner of this event for his personal property.

Elks Championship Double Targets: 25 double targets (50 targets). Entrance, \$1.50.

A beautiful trophy will be awarded to the winner of this event.

### All Elks Events

A trophy for high average. 300 16-yard targets.

A trophy for high average on all program targets Tuesday and Wednesday.

A trophy for long run on all 16-yard targets.

Any shooter may contest for targets only at 3 cents each, allowing him to contest for all trophies.

Further announcements will be made in the program of additional trophies.

Yardage trophies will be given to each high gun on handicap shoot. All targets for the four days are registered with the A. T. A. A. T. A. card, \$1.00. A. T. A. registration fee, 50 cents.

For entry blanks and further information address the undersigned at Convention Headquarters, 2400 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Fraternally yours,

ELKS 65TH NATIONAL CONVENTION  
by CARL E. McSTAY, General Chairman,  
MONROE GOLDSTEIN, Executive Secretary.

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Dept. 5, Coldwater, Mich.  
Shoe Dealers write at once!

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DON'T DISCARD YOUR OLD SUIT. Wear the coat and vest another year by getting new trousers to match. Tailored to your measure. With over 100,000 patterns to select from we can match almost any pattern. Send vest or sample of cloth today, and we will submit FREE best match obtainable.

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THIS GARTER (PAT'D) Makes Trousers Hang Straight If Legs Bend In or Out

Free Booklet. Plain Sealed Envelope

The T. Garter Co., Dept. B  
South Bend, Ind.

## Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 39)

in its membership for the coming year. The following morning the Grand Exalted Ruler met with the Elks National Foundation Trustees in St. Louis, at which the officers, as listed in the directory on page 4 of this magazine, were elected. At a meeting held in the Home of St. Louis Lodge early that evening, the officers initiated a class of forty-four candidates, and received the praise of the Grand Exalted Ruler for their noteworthy ritualistic work. A banquet in Mr. Hulbert's honor followed, attended by an imposing array of Grand Lodge officers and committeemen including Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, John F. Malley, Charles H. Grakelov, John G. Price, James G. McFarland, Raymond Benjamin, Bruce A. Campbell, J. Edgar Masters, James R. Nicholson and Joseph T. Fanning; Will E. Hendrich and Louie Forman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers G. D. Bartram and Harry G. Owen. Owing to illness, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Edward Rightor and Charles E. Pickett. Trustees of the Foundation, were unable to be present. Mr. Hulbert had to leave immediately after he spoke to keep a broadcasting engagement. The next day the party went to East St. Louis to attend a midwinter meeting of the Illinois State Elks Association, which the Grand Exalted Ruler found accomplishing much excellent work in behalf of crippled children.

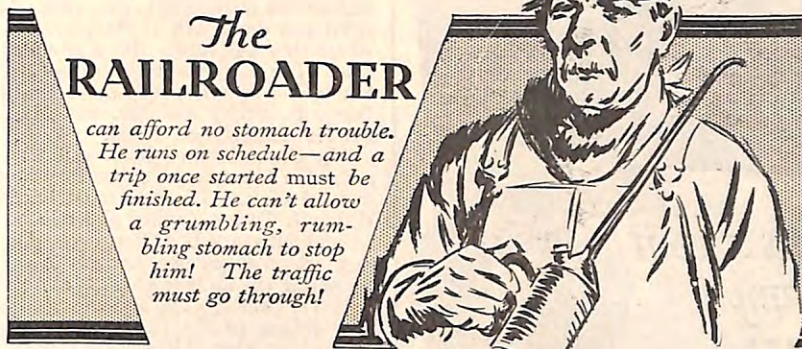
THE Grand Exalted Ruler's party with the addition of Mr. Campbell, Mr. Malley, Mr. Masters and Mr. Costello, then journeyed to Alton, Ill., and participated in a banquet in the Stratford Hotel, given by the local Lodge for Mr. Hulbert. The dinner was attended by some 175 members and their ladies, and speeches relating to the history of the Order were delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the other Grand Lodge officers. Following the dinner, the visiting officers held a reception in the Lodge Home prior to the Grand Exalted Ruler's departure on his schedule of further visits.

Arriving in Kansas City, Mo., on Saturday, January 12, the Grand Exalted Ruler was joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers R. Lewis Covington and Harry G. Owen and Past Exalted Ruler R. Emmett O'Malley, and was guest at a noon luncheon of Kansas City Lodge, at which a large turnout of members, including ten Past Exalted Rulers, and numerous Elks from Springfield, Joplin and Warrensburg were present. As the St. Joseph Lodge meeting had been cancelled, Mr. Hulbert visited Lexington Lodge that evening where a well-attended meeting was held, representatives being in attendance from Excelsior Springs, Marshall, Maryville and Moberly. The return was then made to Kansas City. On Sunday, after attending church services, Mr. O'Malley drove the Grand Exalted Ruler's party some forty miles to Lawrence, Kan., where they were met by William H. McKone, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. The party visited the charming Home of Lawrence Lodge, and was taken on a sight-seeing tour of the community by Exalted Ruler Ernest Seidel and Mr. McKone, visiting the Kansas State University, the Haskell Indian School and other points of interest. At a dinner and meeting held in the Home that night Mr. Hulbert delivered a forceful and inspiring address before a gathering of some 200 members and visitors, including District Deputy Belden Bowen. During the Lodge session Mrs. Hulbert was guest of the wives of the members at an interesting dinner and informal reception.

The next day the party motored to Newton, Kan., and was met by J. M. Houston, President of the Kansas State Elks Association, and Exalted Ruler Dr. R. C. Porter. With Past Exalted Ruler H. Glenn Boyd and a number of Wichita Elks present, Mr. Hulbert attended a meeting of Newton Lodge that evening, and found its affairs in excellent shape. The work of the officers during the initiation of a small class greatly impressed him. The next morning

(Continued on page 68)

## Hard Workers Eat Hearty!



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Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 67)

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden and several members of Alva, Okla., Lodge, arrived and drove Mr. Hulbert over to Wichita where they had lunch with a group of Wichita Elks. The party was then driven back to Newton by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James F. Farley and Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert left for Albuquerque, N. M.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Hulbert arrived in Albuquerque on January 16, and were met by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter J. Turley, Exalted Ruler F. B. Kimberlin and Secretary L. J. Benjamin, who escorted them to Albuquerque Lodge's Home. After inspecting the Lodge's quarters and its fine collection of paintings and Indian rugs, the visitors were driven to the Country Club for lunch. The party then visited the Isleta tribe of Indians and was welcomed by its governor. A sight-seeing tour and a visit to the Indian school, where a drill and an exhibition were staged for the distinguished guests, rounded out the afternoon. The Lodge session that evening, following a dinner to Mr. Hulbert, was largely attended, with Elks present from Las Vegas Santa Fe, Gallup and Clovis. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an address and was presented with a blanket by the Indian Governor of the Isleta Pueblo. After a diversified entertainment which included an interesting tribal dance by the visiting Indians, a supper was served.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party arrived in Gallup the following morning in a driving snowstorm, which necessitated a change in sight-seeing plans which had been arranged. At noon Mr. Hulbert was guest of the Kiwanis Club at a luncheon with representatives from all of the local civic and fraternal organizations present, and Mrs. Hulbert was taken by a number of Gallup ladies to Crafts del Navajo, at Coolidge, where luncheon was served in her honor. A banquet and ball held in the Lodge Home that evening attended by some 200 members and guests, came as a climax to a memorable visit.

LEAVING on the morning of January 18, for Arizona, the party was met at Ashford by a delegation of Elks headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James Smith, who escorted the visitors to Prescott, where they arrived in time for the Grand Exalted Ruler to visit the local Lodge Home, and to be guest of honor at a banquet at the Yavapai Club, which was attended by an enthusiastic throng of members and visiting Elks from surrounding Lodges. Mr. Hulbert delivered a notable address at this function, and was presented with a copper gavel and stand in behalf of Jerome Lodge. During the banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mrs. Hulbert was tendered a reception and dinner by the wives and ladies of Prescott Elks. After breakfasting with the officers of Prescott Lodge and a committee of past and active officers from Phoenix Lodge, the party made the trip to Phoenix and was met by the newly formed band of the Lodge, making its first public appearance for this occasion. After a tour of sight-seeing and a banquet at the Hotel Westward Ho, a huge procession headed by a corps of motorcycle police and the Elks Band paraded the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Lodge Home where he spoke to an overflow gathering on the progress and the future plans of the Order.

Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert, accompanied by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred W. Curtis and Mrs. Curtis, arrived in Yuma the next morning and, as they stepped off the train, were serenaded by the noted Yuma Indian band, and were greeted by Exalted Ruler William J. Dunne and a committee of local Elks. Mr. Hulbert was presented with a sombrero, after which the party was taken to the Lodge Home for luncheon. After lunch a trip was made to Laguna Dam, and the irrigated ranches of the district. A delegation from El Centro, Calif., met the party on the middle of the bridge crossing the Colorado River, which is the dividing line between Arizona and California, and escorted them to Algodones, across the

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Mexican border, for a banquet. While Mrs. Hulbert was entertained by the ladies that evening, Mr. Hulbert attended a meeting of Yuma Lodge and addressed the membership, complimenting them on their fine Home and praising their prosperous condition. A concert was given by the Indian band, and Mr. Hulbert was presented with a bead belt by its leader.

On arriving in Tucson the next morning, the party was met by Exalted Ruler Jacob Gunst, and a large delegation, including the high school band, who escorted them to the Santa Rita Hotel. After motoring some eighty-five miles over the mountains the party arrived in Nogales late that afternoon and was welcomed by Exalted Ruler M. A. Wuerschmidt, the officers and ladies of Nogales Lodge and the Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry band in the lobby of the Montezuma Hotel. After a tour of the surrounding country and across the border into Mexico, a joint meeting and banquet of Nogales, Tucson, Bisbee, Douglas and Globe, Arizona, Lodges was held in the Cavern Café at Sonora. After spending the night in Nogales, Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert, District Deputy Curtis and Exalted Ruler Gunst motored back to Tucson, arriving in time for a luncheon at the Masonic Club. That evening Mr. Hulbert was guest of honor at a banquet and spirited meeting of Tucson Lodge.

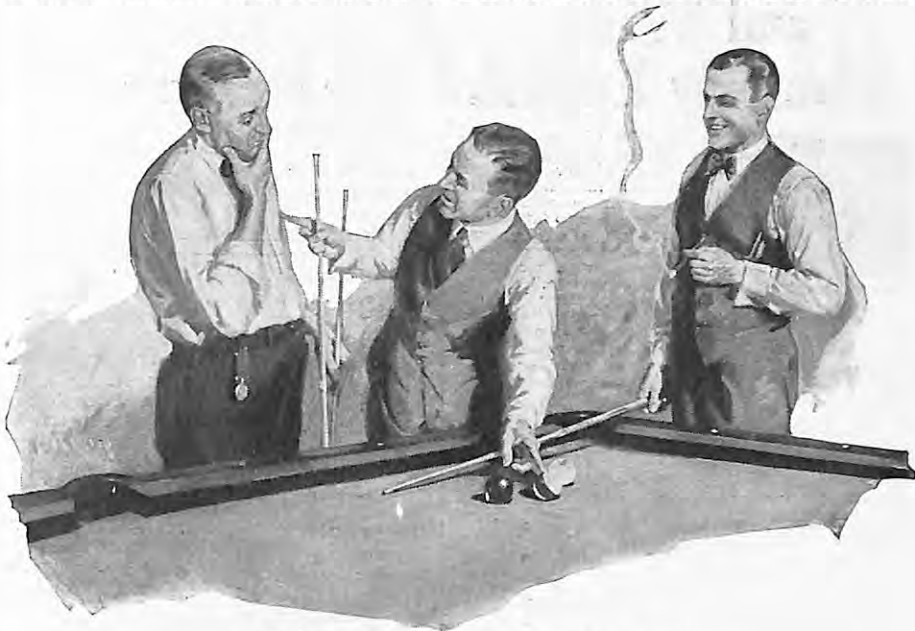
AS ON all other visits in the Southwest, the arrival in El Paso the following day was featured by an extensive program of entertainment. Met at the station by Exalted Ruler George L. Arnold, Brigadier General Walter C. Short, who acted as a special representative of General Pershing, a life member of El Paso Lodge, and a number of prominent Elks and business men, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party formed the center of a parade from the train to the Hotel Hussmann. After a brief rest at the hotel, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Hulbert were taken to Fort Bliss to witness a review of the cavalry and other units stationed there, which had been especially arranged in their honor. After a sight-seeing tour the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest at an afternoon banquet given for him by the local Elks, at Juarez across the border, and attended a meeting of El Paso Lodge in the evening and addressed the membership. Following his speech, Mr. Hulbert was presented with a vermilion Mexican sombrero and serape by Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler W. W. Bridgers on behalf of the lodge. Here, as elsewhere on the Grand Exalted Ruler's tour, Mrs. Hulbert was entertained by the ladies during Mr. Hulbert's fraternal activities.

A delegation of fifty members of the local Lodge, headed by Exalted Ruler Jack R. Burke, and a number of county and city officials, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler and party when they arrived in San Antonio on January 25. A welcoming breakfast was served at the Gunter Hotel, at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul E. McSween acted as toastmaster. A sight-seeing trip was made during the morning and at noon two luncheons, one for the Grand Exalted Ruler, the other for Mrs. Hulbert, were given at the hotel. Mr. Hulbert held an informal reception after the luncheon and later, with Mrs. Hulbert, attended by an escort of motors, went for an extended drive through the surrounding country. At 6:30 Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert were honor guests at a banquet with many visiting Elks, city and county officials and their ladies present. Mr. Hulbert made the principal address, and other brief speeches were delivered by President Charles Mangold and Past President James H. Gibson of the Texas State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler Jack R. Burke, District Deputy McSween and Mayor C. M. Chambers, who presented the visitors with a painting of the Alamo. Following the dinner a splendid meeting was held in the Lodge Home. Representatives from Lodges in San Angelo, Austin, Corpus Christi, Yoakum, Seguin, Del Rio and Mercedes, arrived in San Antonio in the morning and participated in the various functions.

Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert accompanied by Mr. Mangold, left San Antonio the following day, arriving in Houston on Sunday, where they were met by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Block and Exalted Ruler Walter Eggers, and taken to a luncheon given by

(Continued on page 70)

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# Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 69)

Galveston Lodge. Addresses by Mr. Hulbert and Mr. Mangold featured the occasion, and the party then was taken for a boat trip on Galveston Bay, returning to Houston at 6 o'clock. A cruise over part of the fifty mile waterway leading to the gulf, a luncheon at San Jacinto Inn, and a tea and reception for Mrs. Hulbert given by Mrs. Frank Nash Bullock, were prominent on the day's program of activities for the party. At a joint meeting of Houston and Galveston Lodges, held that evening in the Home of the former, with Exalted Ruler Walter Jones presiding, Mr. Hulbert delivered a masterly address. Following a musical program, the party left at 11 o'clock for Austin.

An address before a joint session of the Texas legislature on the morning of January 29, was the start of a busy day in Austin for the Grand Exalted Ruler. His speech before this body was well received, and at noon he was guest of the Rotary Club at a luncheon, followed by a visit to the University Stadium, accompanied by an escort of athletic officials. That evening he and Mrs. Hulbert were formally welcomed to Texas by Governor Dan Moody, at a banquet given in their honor by Austin Lodge of Elks at the Driskill Hotel. The Governor introduced Mr. Hulbert as a benefactor to Texas, through his influence as a congressman and member of the Harbors and Rivers Committee, in giving Texas several deep water ports. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke on the Order, outlining its aims and potentialities. Among the other speakers of the occasion introduced by Colonel John L. Peeler were, Lieut.-Governor Barry Miller, Mayor P. W. McFadden, Mr. Mangold and Colonel P. L. Downs, Past President of the Texas State Elks Association. The party left late that evening for Dallas, arriving early the next morning. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge William Hawley Atwell, heading a delegation of local and visiting Elks, escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler's party from the train to a breakfast at the Jefferson Hotel. Later, the Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by Mr. Atwell as chief speaker at a noon luncheon of the Dallas Rotary Club. Exalted Ruler George Loudermilk, Mr. Mangold and Mr.

Downs delivered brief speeches. Mr. Hulbert was guest of Mr. Atwell at the Palace Theatre following the luncheon and spoke from the stage to a public gathering. The afternoon was spent in sight-seeing followed by a dinner at the Dallas Athletic Club, and a huge and enthusiastic meeting in the local Lodge's Home. While the Grand Exalted Ruler was busy filling his official engagements, Mrs. Hulbert was the guest of Mrs. Atwell and Mrs. Loudermilk at a dinner and theatre party. The following morning the party left for Oklahoma.

Arriving in Oklahoma City, Okla., on the morning of Friday, February 1, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party was entertained at breakfast in the Skirvin Hotel by Exalted Ruler Norman Vaughn and a committee of local and visiting Elks. Immediately after the repast, Mr. Hulbert motored to Norman and addressed the University students there at 10 o'clock chapel services. Mr. Hulbert left in the early afternoon and went overland to Enid for an evening banquet and meeting, held in his honor in the Home. The Grand Exalted Ruler next visited Ponca City, Pawhuska and Tulsa Lodges on Saturday, and Sapulpa and Muskogee on Sunday, returning in the evening to Oklahoma City for an entertainment in the Lodge Home. The next afternoon at 2 o'clock, following an address to the students of the Classen and Central High Schools, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a speech before a joint session of the State Legislature, and participated in a street parade held in his honor. That evening he was guest at a banquet and dance of Oklahoma City Lodge and broadcast a speech over the radio.

Other scheduled visits of Mr. Hulbert, which will be reported in the April number of the Magazine, are listed here. February 3, Tulsa, Okla.; February 5, Little Rock, Ark.; February 6, Memphis, Tenn.; February 7, Nashville, Tenn., and Chattanooga, Tenn.; February 9, Morgantown, W. Va., and Pittsburgh, Pa.; February 16-17, Anniversary Banquet and homecoming, New York, N. Y., Lodge; February 18, Boston, Mass.; February 19, Portland, Me.; February 20, Sanford, Me., and Concord, N. H.; February 21, Brattleboro, Vt.; February 22, Providence, R. I.; February 23, New London, Conn.

# A Reporter's Friends at Court

(Continued from page 18)

contempt for Morgan. It would have been like having contempt for the Atlantic Ocean.

I asked Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet-banker, or banker-poet, as you like, author of the Anthology, what he thought of Morgan's financial genius, and he said: "I can't think of any word for it but magnificent. I don't like to use the word in such a way, connected with an abstraction; it is more proper to use it in describing a sunset or a storm at sea; but it's the only word I can think of."

Clearly, Stedman was not a Morgan hater. I suggested to former Postmaster-General James, then president of the Lincoln National Bank, that he classify Morgan. "You can't classify him," said he. "He's *sui generis*—which means, I believe, the only one of the kind."

It was said that Mr. Morgan was a hard man to approach. But I never found him that way. I went to him many times, while running down rumors, and don't remember more than half a dozen occasions when he uttered a word, always a nod and an inscrutable smile, as if it were easier for him to move his head than his tongue.

At least, one couldn't misquote a nod. I know Mr. Morgan liked me personally; I think he liked me because I never asked him an impertinent question, never a direct question. I used to suggest, rather: "Mr. Morgan, so-and-so is the case." Or: "So-and-so has occurred"

A moment's pondering, then the negative nod and the smile.

Although Mr. Morgan never gave me any information, I got so I could interpret his way of smiling or not smiling. It became a kind of deaf-and-dumb language between us. And as I never wrote anything that I was not justified in

writing about Morgan matters, I never was denied the office.

One day—it was during the reorganization of Reading—my editor told me that Mr. Morgan was arriving from London by steamer in the afternoon. I was to go down the bay, meet him and interview him. It was before the days of wireless. So it occurred to me it would be a good scheme to post up on everything that had transpired during the week on Reading, in case Mr. Morgan wanted to know.

In company with about forty reporters, all on the same errand, I went aboard the revenue cutter and later boarded the great ship.

Mr. Morgan was standing at the rail observing the *Corsair*, his beautiful yacht, which was gliding up the bay a hundred yards or so from the liner.

I observed the reporters go to him in a body, and after a few words move on, the whole kit and caboodle of them. Then I approached. At the moment, however, a reverend gentleman—yes, a right reverend gentleman—in a great flat-topped hat and with the general appearance of the Vicar of Wakefield—stepped up. This person, I learned afterwards, was Bishop Duane of Albany, a close friend of the banker. They chatted for some minutes while I waited. Then the Bishop put his hands under his coat-tails—as became a bishop—and strolled off.

I was at Mr. Morgan's side instanter. He recognized me with a nod and a smile. I began by asking him if he'd like to know what had been doing in Reading during the week. And for some minutes he interviewed me, but gave no hint by word or by nod whether what I said interested him. Probably it didn't particularly.

(Continued on page 72)





# I GUARANTEE NEW HAIR in These Three Places—

## OR DON'T PAY ME A CENT!

ARE you sincerely anxious to be done with dandruff, itchy scalp, falling hair and baldness? Do you *really* want to grow new hair?

Perhaps you've *already* tried hard to overcome these afflictions. Perhaps you've put faith in barbershop "tips," and used all kinds of salves, massages, tonics, all with the same results . . . lots of trouble and expense but no relief!

Now, consider that I offer you. And figure out for yourself what a handsome proposition it is. I GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—on the top, front or temples—IN 30 DAYS . . . or not one red penny of cost to you.

Isn't that a different story from those you've heard before? I don't say, "try my wonderful remedy—it grows hair!" I say, and I put it in writing, "I GUARANTEE to grow hair . . . or no cost!"

### My Method is Unique

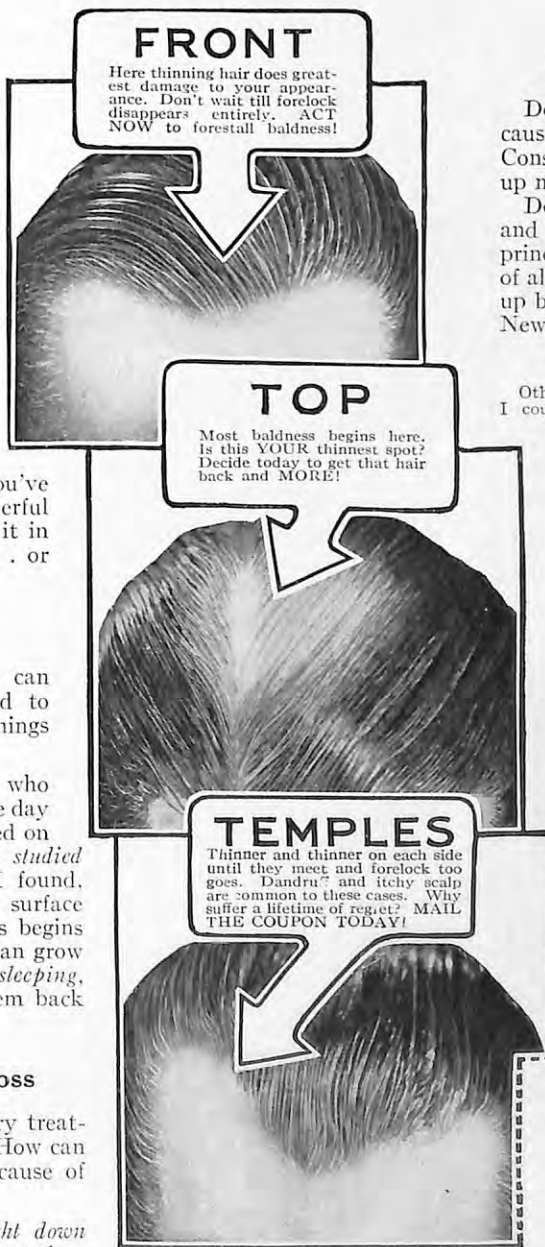
Naturally, you say to yourself, "How can anyone make such a guarantee? It's hard to grow hair. I know, for I've tried a lot of things and failed."

Ah, that's exactly the reason thousands who formerly suffered from scalp troubles bless the day they heard of me. For my treatment is based on science, on years and years of research. I *studied* scalps, not how to sell treatments. And I found, as did leading dermatologists, that ordinary surface treatments of the scalp are futile. Baldness begins at the ROOTS. If roots are dead, nothing can grow new hair. But in most cases, roots are only *sleeping*, waiting for the right treatment to bring them back to healthy, normal life.

### I Reach the Cause of Hair Loss

Now, I leave it to you. How can ordinary treatments penetrate to the roots of your hair? How can ordinary tonics or salves remove the *real* cause of baldness?

My treatment goes *below* the scalp, *right down towards the hair roots*, awakening them to new action. My treatment works surely and quickly, all the while stimulating the tiny blood vessels around the roots to new life and action. And with just the mere investment of a *few* minutes a day, thousands get these results from my treatment . . . or they never pay a cent!



#### FRONT

Here thinning hair does greatest damage to your appearance. Don't wait till forelock disappears entirely. ACT NOW to forestall baldness!

#### TOP

Most baldness begins here. Is this YOUR thinnest spot? Decide today to get that hair back and MORE!

#### TEMPLES

Thinner and thinner on each side until they meet and forelock too goes. Dandruff and itchy scalp are common to these cases. Why suffer a lifetime of regret? MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

### I Welcome Investigation

Do you want absolute proof of the true causes and proper treatment of baldness? Consult your family physician. Or look up medical reference books.

Do you want positive proof that I can and do apply these accepted scientific principles? I offer you the best proof of all . . . my personal guarantee, backed up by the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York.

### A Square Deal Guaranteed!

Others may make rosy but flimsy promises. I could do that too! But I don't. I couldn't afford to, for every statement I make is guaranteed by the Merke Institute. This scalp research bureau, established 13 years, is known to thousands from Coast to Coast. It has a reputation to keep up. It wouldn't dare to back me if I didn't tell the truth. So when I guarantee to grow hair or not a penny of cost, you're absolutely sure of a square deal.

### Why Suffer Years of Regret?

Before you turn this page take a look in the mirror at those thin spots on your head! Think how you'll look when *all* your hair is gone. Consider how much prestige and attractiveness you'll lose. Then decide to act at once! Right now, tear out the coupon shown below and mail it in for the FREE booklet giving my complete story. In it you'll find, not mere theories, but scientific FACTS, and the details of my "hair grown or no pay" offer. My treatment can be used in any home where there is electricity. Send the coupon NOW! And by return mail the booklet is yours without the slightest obligation. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 243, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

**MAIL IT TODAY!**

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,  
Dept. 243, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

Please send me—without cost or obligation—in plain wrapper, copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name.....

Address.....

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

(My age is.....)

DANGER: One, two, three—BALD! And perhaps total baldness, say leading dermatologists, if you neglect any one of the three places shown above. But so gradually does hair depart, so insidiously does baldness creep up on the average man, that thousands fail to heed the warnings. But there is hope for everyone, no matter how thin the hair. Read my message to men growing bald. Study my guarantee. Then ACT!



## Reducing?

*How much per pound  
are your nerves  
and vitality paying!*

Chronic fatigue, mental dullness, and "hair-trigger nerves" . . . are often the penalty for radical changes in our food and new fads in our diet, which deprive the body of its fair share of nourishment. By replenishing the body's vital mineral salts and aiding nature in keeping a reserve of strengthening elements, FELLOWS' Syrup may ward off or relieve mental depression and physical exhaustion. In 58 countries, physicians prescribe this fine old tonic to rebuild energy and endurance. Not a wonder worker, FELLOWS' Syrup simply acts by supplying, in concentrated form, important "chemical foods" needed by the system.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild yet effective.

At all  
drug stores



# FELLOWS' SYRUP



## NEW SHIELDED GROUND-ANTENNA Gets Clearer Reception



A wonderful thing has happened in radio! New convenience. Less static! Interruption! Sweeter tone! These things are brought to you by the amazing, tested, approved Earth Antenna. **TEST IT FREE** You don't have to take our word however, or that of engineers, for the value of the Earth Antenna. Just write today for the thrilling details of this important radio development and our **FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

MODERN ANTENNA CO., Dept. 555-C. E., St. Clair Bldg., Cor. St. Clair and Erie Sts., Chicago, Ill.

### EARTH ANTENNA

## A Reporter's Friends at Court

(Continued from page 70)

At any rate, I thought it was no more than fair that he should now tell me things. So I asked him about the financial situation in London. He talked very freely, gave me some corking bits of information. I was quite amazed, for I'd seen him turn the other reporters down, the other reporters who were now in a group some fifty feet away, curiously observing my rather prolonged talk with Mr. Morgan. And I was not a little exultant, for those gentlemen represented the biggest, the most influential newspapers in America.

I made careful mental notes of everything Mr. Morgan said, not venturing to use pencil and paper for fear he would realize he was being interviewed, that he would suddenly wake up.

By jingo, was I dreaming? Had the great, the un-interviewable Morgan talked so frankly, said all those things to me? It was as if somebody had left me a fortune out of a clear sky, to be a bit mixed in metaphor. But I had a vague feeling of uneasiness. Something seemed to tell me that all was not right, that I was reckoning without my host. "By jingo," I thought, "if I can only escape with this, get it put out before Morgan wakes up, has a chance to interdict."

I fervently prayed that the good bishop might return and engage Mr. Morgan's attention. I started to talk about the beautiful lines of the *Corsair*. Mr. Morgan was interested at once. Ah, the bishop was returning. I patted myself on the back. That would cover my retreat. He was here; they were talking.

Morgan's back was turned to me. We were standing about thirty feet from the great smoke-stack. My purpose was to get to the other side of that before Mr. Morgan should intercept. I made stealthy but speedy steps toward the goal. I had succeeded at last in putting the great funnel between us, and was congratulating myself when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was Mr. Morgan.

"Not a word, not a word that I said to you."

"All right, Mr. Morgan," said I, crestfallen, "not a word it is."

Said he: "I've promised those young men over there that I'd give out a statement from my office to-morrow afternoon. Nothing before."

That was Mr. Morgan all over, the very soul of honor with reporters.

I might have published what Mr. Morgan told me, published it accurately to the very letter—and it was important enough to have made a big hit, a very big hit. For at that moment, as I have said, he was the cynosure of all eyes; an enormous number of persons, stockholders in great corporations, were reading with the keenest interest every word from him or about his vast financial movements; everybody was asking: "What's Morgan going to do with Reading?" "What's he been doing in London?"

But Mr. Morgan knew me as a reporter; knew that I knew his policy of silence; knew that I knew that he had turned the other reporters down and that I understood from that that he was not giving out anything for publication. He trusted me; talked frankly to me; and of course I kept faith with him.

Years later, I happened one New Year's Eve to attend the midnight service at St. George's Church, New York. As I entered, I saw Mr. Morgan standing in the vestibule. He was alone; he had his overcoat on, his hat in his hand, evidently waiting for a pause in the service to go in. He was much older then; his great-coat was tightly buttoned; he seemed shrunken; a bit stoop-shouldered; not so tall; his head bowed a little, I fancied, like a man who had done his bit, who was tired, ready to go at the last summons.

But he was still Morgan the Magnificent. Make no mistake about that.

A few months later he passed on.

The first and only time that I ever had stage fright in my magazine work was when I was given an assignment to secure an article from Grover Cleveland. I'd been told that Mr. Cleveland was a formidable person, impatient, arrogant, in a word, quite impossible.

My experience with Mr. Cleveland taught me the value of patience, the danger of trying to force a card; it also taught me that some men must be handled with the softest kind of gloves.

It was between his two terms as President; he was practising law down in William Street and was, of course, a very busy man indeed.

The circumstances under which I had the assignment were not favorable. My principal was Robert Belford, who was running a very brilliant, but comparatively unknown magazine, a magazine that would not have been of value for publicity purposes to a man like Cleveland—even if Mr. Cleveland had been courting publicity, which, if anything, I fancied he was rather seeking to avoid. Belford was not in a position to offer a large honorarium. And, of course, it meant a very large honorarium or nothing at all.

The question was then, how to get Mr. Cleveland for nothing. For it would never do to go to that gentleman, who was probably getting fees running up into the tens of thousands of dollars for a few hours' work—or a few days, at most—and offer him a hundred dollars, which was all we could afford to pay, for a job which would take him two or three weeks, perhaps, to do.

I figured out that I would have to engage his interest. It wouldn't be a matter of vanity, because Cleveland had none of that.

It was clear Mr. Cleveland had his eye on a second term. Very well. I couldn't go to him and ask him to write on some special subject, some phase of corporation law, for that might have no bearing on his presidential prospects.

Presently, discussing it with Belford, I hit upon a scheme, and this is how we went about it: during Mr. Cleveland's first campaign he put out, as I remember, a very lengthy and exhaustive paper entitled A CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION. We got hold of a copy of this. Now we quite logically calculated that Mr. Cleveland had his eye on a second term, and so this paper would be quite as available—with a few alterations to bring it up-to-date—as it had been originally.

The next thing was to get to Mr. Cleveland. I figured that Dan Lamont, with whom I had some slight acquaintance, might help me. Lamont was famous as Cleveland's very able secretary when that gentleman was Governor. I went to Lamont, told him what I wanted Mr. Cleveland to do, and asked him if he would help.

"I will not," he said, very decidedly, "and if Mr. Cleveland asks my advice in the matter, I'll strongly advise him not to do it."

That was honest, anyhow. And it was characteristic of Lamont.

I next went to Mr. Cleveland direct. He gave me two minutes. I took the newspaper containing his great speech, suggested that the country wanted to know how he stood in the matter, and that Belford proposed republishing it. Would Mr. Cleveland like to read it over and suggest any change?

Mr. Cleveland would. He took the paper and suggested that I come back in three days. I did so. Meantime, Friend Grover had made several blue-pencil alterations—quite a number, in fact, and some of them quite lengthy. I told him I'd have it recopied, nice and clean. Very good. I was to return the second day thereafter. Again I handed him the document, typewritten. Again he took two or three days and made many and lengthy changes.

This process was taking considerable time; my principal was becoming impatient; I warned him that Mr. Cleveland would not be hurried.

Said the editor: "Why don't you suggest so-and-so?"

"Suggest nothing. The thing's got to sell itself to him. I'm getting him by keeping my mouth shut."

But the editor didn't agree with me. I was too slow. And presently he got a friend of his—a famous Washington correspondent—to go and see Mr. Cleveland and hurry him up.

By that time, the article was practically a new one, having been revised and re-written so often that there was scarcely a bit of the original left.

Well, our friend suggested that Mr. Cleveland sign the thing and let him have it. Bang! The fat was in the fire. That was Mr. Cleveland all over again.

All efforts were lost. If ever there was a case of carrying your milk to the door and spilling it.

The moral I got from this experience was: When you want to get a big man, simply start him thinking and let the idea sell itself.

# A Treacherous Affliction Healed Without Surgery

The old theory that surgery was the only method by which hemorrhoids (piles) could be successfully treated has been wholly disproved. If taken in time this treacherous affliction which slowly but surely undermines ones health can be cured without recourse to surgical aid or confinement with large hospital bills or the dangers of chloroform or ether. As pioneers of the non-surgical treatment of hemorrhoids Dr. McCleary and his associates have established a wonderful reputation for their skill in treating all curable Colon and Rectal conditions. Their reference list now contains the names of over 15,000 persons including business men and women, farmers, bankers, teachers, ministers, railroad officials and employees, in fact those from almost every vocation in life.

**These Symptoms are Warnings** Thousands suffer from various ailments without knowing that rectal trouble is directly responsible for it. Many have spent years not knowing what was wrong with them and have found new health when these troubles were corrected.

**Illustrated Book Free!** Our new book is fully illustrated in colors, and copyrighted. It gives you the facts, in clear, understandable language. We will send it to you in plain wrapper, FREE, together with our large reference list of cured patients, upon request.

**THE McCLEARY CLINIC**  
1197 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.



The largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the treatment of rectal and colonic troubles

## Take off that excess FAT!



Without dieting, or drugs, or exercise, you can take off pounds of fat, reducing abdomen 4 to 6 inches in a few weeks.

**MIZPAH REDUCER** shows results almost immediately, and relieves that tired feeling generally—excess fat is burdensome and wears down the whole system.

Made of best quality Para-rubber and Egyptian thread especially woven for this purpose, also in superior quality of Rayon. Can be boiled to cleanse without injury to the rubber.

No lacing, no fussing; simply step into the Mizpah, pull it into place where it

stays, without rolling or slipping, conforming to every movement of body.

Made and guaranteed by one of the largest, oldest and best-known makers of surgical belts.

Price, Superior quality of Rayon, \$8.00 each

Egyptian Thread, \$5.00 each

If not entirely satisfactory in one week, return and money will be cheerfully refunded. Suitable for either men or women.

State waist measurement at "A" and height.

The WALTER F. WARE CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. E. Makers of the No. 4, Mizpah Jock

## Save Your Feet

When all else fails, end your suffering with the

**Heefner Arch Support**  
No Metal



Heefner Arch Support Co., 30 M.E. Taylor Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

**US GOV'T. JOBS**  
Pay \$35 to \$70 weekly. Men, Women, 18-55. Home or elsewhere. Big List and "How to Qualify" mailed Free. Write Instruction Bureau, 351, St. Louis, Mo.

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 61)

munity work for the coming year. The Scoutmaster, Assistant-Scoutmaster and Troop Committee will be composed of members of No. 95. The troop will be known as the "Elks' Troop" and will be the seventh troop in Vicksburg's Boy Scout organization. Plans are being made to make this new Lodge activity one of the leading ones for the coming year.

### Grand Lodge Officers and District Deputy Visit DeLand, Fla., Lodge

A recent distinguished visitor to DeLand, Fla., Lodge, No. 1463, was Walter P. Andrews, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, who delivered a speech before the members which received a fine ovation. Mr. Andrews was accompanied on his visit by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, and a delegation from Daytona Beach Lodge.

A large representative gathering of members was present in the Home when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Baker visited No. 1463. A class of seven candidates was initiated and Mr. Baker delivered a splendid address and praised the Lodge's condition and the fine work of the officers in administering its many affairs.

### Three Mississippi Lodges Hold An Interesting Joint Meeting

The first of three inter-city meetings of the Mississippi coast Lodges was held in the Home of Pascagoula Lodge, No. 1120, with Biloxi and Gulfport Lodges, Nos. 606 and 978 participating. Exalted Ruler H. A. Davis was assisted in his conduct of the meeting, which had been preceded by an enjoyable luncheon, by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. A. Carrier. Mr. Davis read a communication of interest to the Lodge, Mr. Carrier outlined the plan of activities for the coming year, and District Deputy W. G. Paxton made a brief address. A committee was appointed to look into the advisability of forming a State Elks Association among the Mississippi Lodges.

A pleasing part of the program was the enthusiastic reception given B. W. Booth, ninety-five-year-old member of Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66, when he was introduced to the meeting. Mr. Booth told the Elks present something of the associations he has enjoyed during his long years of membership in the Order.

### District Deputy Stern Visits Jamestown, N. D., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sam Stern made his official visit to Jamestown, N. D., Lodge, No. 995, and was accorded a warm welcome by the large crowd of members present. Mr. Stern found the affairs of the Lodge in healthy condition with a high record of attendance both for officers and members. The District Deputy's speech made a fine impression.

### Judge Martin J. Cunningham Honored by Danbury, Conn., Lodge

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his becoming a member of the Order, Judge Martin J. Cunningham was honored at a meeting of his Home Lodge, Danbury, Conn., No. 120. He had been elected to the first honorary life membership ever bestowed by the Lodge a few weeks before, and on this occasion was presented with a handsome gold case and replica of his card. Secretary William T. Phillips of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, made the presentation on behalf of the Danbury members, speaking of Judge Cunningham's long and devoted service to the Order. In 1906 Judge Cunningham was elected Exalted Ruler, after having filled all the chair offices, and was again chosen to lead the Lodge in 1911. He is the only Past Exalted Ruler of No. 120 to have held the office twice. He also served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and last year was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

A large attendance of members, many of whom had worked with the guest of honor in his early days as an Elk, were in attendance to extend

(Continued on page 75)

WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS OF THE BETWEEN-THE-ACTS CLUB



ALAN HALE  
Popular Pathe Star

No matter how busy the days and nights there'll be no half-smoked cigars in this vest-pocket box of Havana charm. All the taste without waste. The 15¢ cigar in ten delightful installments.



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10 for 15¢

## BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS

Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15c to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail us 15c (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

## EARN UP TO \$250 per month SALARY



**AS A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR** We want you to a salaried position in Railway Traffic Inspection upon completion of three months' spare time hours study or refund your tuition. Many positions are open to normal men. You start at a good salary, and advance rapidly to \$185, \$250 with experience. Full particulars of this fascinating profession are explained in our free booklet. Send for it today. Standard Business Training Institute Buffalo, N. Y. Div. 33

## 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 show how to sell. Profits 100 to 300 per cent. Unlimited demand. Men or women. FREE Book explains. H. HILLIER RAGSDALE East Orange, N. J. Drawer 141

## \$2.50 Imported Pig-Skin TIE-HOLDER



Every tidy man will find this tie-holder one of the most useful additions to his wardrobe. It keeps the ties neatly arranged—even saves money by preventing them from getting creased. Hang it on a hook inside your closet door. Made of genuine pigskin. Regularly valued at \$3.50. Send postpaid if cash, check or money order accompanies order. Few cents extra if sent C. O. D.

MERTEN SALES CO. 33 Union Square New York, N. Y.

Please send imported pig-skin tie-holder.  (\$2.50 enclosed)  (Send C. O. D.)

Name . . . . . Address . . . . .

# ...Raised His Pay \$4800\* After Reading This Amazing Book Which Is Now *FREE!*

\*Based on the combined experiences of F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn., A. F. Thompson, Sioux City, Iowa, B. F. Boilon, Columbus, Ohio, and many others.



## Caught in a Rut

I wonder I put up with it as long as I did! Every day was filled with nothing but deadly routine and monotonous detail. No freedom or independence. No chance to get out and meet people, travel, nor have interesting experiences. I was just like a cog in a big machine with poor prospects of ever being anything more.



## Long, Tiresome Hours

Every hour of the day I was under somebody's supervision. The TIME-CLOCK constantly laid in wait for me—a monument to unfulfilled hopes and dying ambition. Four times a day, promptly on the dot, it hurled its silent challenge at my self-respect, reminding me how unimportant I was and how little I really counted in the business and social world!



## Low Pay

Paid just enough to keep going—but never enough to enjoy any of the GOOD things of life every man **DESERVES** for his family and himself. Always economizing and pinching pennies. Always wondering what I would do if I were laid off or lost my job. Always uncertain and apprehensive of the future.



## Desperate

Happened to get a look at the payroll one day and was astonished to see what big salaries went to the sales force. Found that salesman Brown made \$200 a week—and Jenkins \$275! Would have given my right arm to make money that fast, but never dreamed I had any "gift" for salesmanship.



## A Ray of Light

Stumbled across an article on salesmanship in a magazine that evening. Was surprised to discover that salesmen were made and not "born" as I had foolishly believed. Read about a former cowpuncher, Wm. Shore of California, making \$525 in one week after learning the ins-and-outs of scientific salesmanship. Decided that if HE could do it, so could I!



## The Turning Point

My first step was to write for a certain little book which a famous business genius has called "THE MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PRINTED." It wasn't a very big book, but it certainly opened my eyes to things I had never dreamed of—and proved the turning point of my entire career!

## What I Discovered

Between the pages of this remarkable volume, I discovered hundreds of little known facts and secrets that revealed the **REAL TRUTH** about the science of selling! It wasn't a bit as I had imagined. I found out that it was governed by simple rules and laws that almost ANY man can master as easily as he learned the alphabet. I even learned how to go about getting into this "highest paid of all professions." I found out exactly how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco was enabled to quit his \$8 a week job as a restaurant-worker and start making \$125 a week as a salesman; and how C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, jumped from \$15 a week to \$7,500 a year—these and hundreds of others! It certainly was a revelation!



## An Added Income Guarantee

So typical and numerous have these experiences been met by N. S. T. A. trained men that they now include an amazing Double Money Back Bond. This is a written pledge that unless N. S. T. A. training adds at least a certain minimum figure to your income, the course costs you nothing.



## Employment Service

Last year requests from all over the U. S. and Canada were made for over 50,000 N. S. T. A. trained salesmen. This Employment Dept. is conducted as a **FREE** extra service to N. S. T. A. graduates. When I was ready the employment managers found me over a dozen good openings to choose from—and I selected one which paid me over \$70 a week to start.



## Was It Worth It?

Today my salary is \$4,800 greater than ever before! No more punching time clocks or worrying over dimes and quarters! **NOW** my services are in **REAL DEMAND** with bigger prospects for the future than I ever dared **HOPE** for back in those days when I was just another "name" on a payroll!



## Get Your Copy Free

Right now this book, "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship," which showed these men how to get started on the road to success and independence, will be mailed as a gift to any ambitious man—absolutely free and without obligation. Why not see for yourself what amazing pay-raising secrets it contains? There is no better way to invest a 2c stamp!



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Simply fill out coupon below and mail to National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. C-471, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Assn., Dept. C-471  
N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation, send me a free copy of "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship," and full details about your guarantee of additional earnings while learning.

Name .....  
Address ..... State .....  
Town ..... Occupation .....  
Age .....

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 73)

their congratulations and take part in the jollification which followed the formal session.

### Le Mars, Iowa, Lodge Visited by District Deputy C. G. Clark

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. C. G. Clark made his official visit to Le Mars, Iowa, Lodge, No. 428, he was entertained at a dinner in his honor by the officers and trustees of the Lodge. The meeting and initiation were then held in the Home, and were followed by an enjoyable entertainment and social session.

### Secretary John P. Wessel of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge

John P. Wessel, Secretary for many years of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge, No. 552, recently passed away. Mr. Wessel was an esteemed and respected figure in his Lodge and community, and one who truly exemplified the cardinal principles of the Order in both his fraternal and public life.

### Gary Elks Accompany District Deputy on South Bend, Ind., Visit

More than forty members of Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, including the thirty piece band, accompanied District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Frank J. McMichael on his official visit to South Bend Lodge, No. 235. By special dispensation the regular Gary Lodge session was suspended to allow the officers and members to accompany Dr. McMichael. The party left at 6 P. M. and returned shortly after midnight in a special car over the South Shore line.

### Superior, Wis., Lodge Initiates A Class of Forty-Seven

Forty-seven candidates, the largest class since 1919, were recently initiated into Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403, in the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills, a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 403, and a fine gathering of members. Mr. Mills delivered an inspiring address at the meeting on the origin and history of the Order. Following the initiation an entertainment was provided in the form of an indoor circus. As this was written extensive arrangements were being made for a banquet in honor of the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers.

### Beacon, N. Y., Lodge Active in Social and Community Welfare Work

The accomplishments of Beacon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1493, for the past year have been noteworthy and a credit to the Order. Successful in promoting work along civic lines, it enjoys the respect of the entire community. A few months ago a number of members headed by Exalted Ruler Henry L. Forrestal, Past Exalted Ruler James A. Kennelly and Chairman Dugan of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, sponsored a movement to raise \$10,000 for an athletic field for the school children and within a short time raised the amount in cash, and an extra \$1,000 to help develop the field, which was turned over to the Board of Education in the name of the Order. Another interesting piece of public-spirited work was the presentation to the city of \$500 to help maintain a city nurse.

### Ansonia, Conn., Lodge Holds Services For Past Exalted Ruler James T. Smith

Memorial exercises in honor of the memory of Past Exalted Ruler James T. Smith, who died of pneumonia a few weeks ago, were recently held in the Home of Ansonia, Conn., Lodge, No. 1269. Past Exalted Ruler James L. McGovern of Bridgeport Lodge, delivered the eulogy and others who spoke were Past Exalted Rulers William T. Phillips and Arthur V. Dearden of New York Lodge, No. 1, and many past Exalted Rulers from Lodges in Connecticut. Mr. Smith, who was one of the leading Elks in the East, had given many years of his life to the work of the Order, and was a familiar figure at the annual conventions of the Grand Lodge. He helped institute both Derby and Ansonia Lodges and

served as Exalted Ruler of them both in turn. He was also a Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Connecticut. Close to 300 members of the Order from New England assisted at the requiem mass which was sung at the funeral services.

### District Deputy Groehl Visits Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge

A banquet was given to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William C. Groehl by Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, when he made his official visit there. A large class was inducted into the Order at the meeting which followed, and the District Deputy delivered his message from the Grand Exalted Ruler. An enjoyable buffet luncheon and social session rounded out the evening.

Terre Haute Lodge is forming elaborate plans to make the coming year one of the most successful in its history.

### Providence, R. I., Lodge Initiates Governor Norman S. Case

One of the finest meetings in the history of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, was held a short time ago when the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Hartigan coincided with the initiation of the class which included Governor Norman S. Case. Mr. Hartigan's suite for the occasion was made up of eighty-two members of the Order who are prominently identified with the fraternal and political life of the State. It included the Lieutenant-Governor, a former Governor of Rhode Island, members of the State Legislature, judges and municipal officials. The District Deputy, during his address, read a telegram of congratulation to the Lodge from Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. Other speakers were Judge Ira Lloyd Letts; Mayor James E. Dunne, of Providence; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James F. Duffy and Governor Case. A feature of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Hartigan by Exalted Ruler Charles M. Thompson of a beautiful watch, on behalf of the District Deputy's fellow members in Providence Lodge. At the close of the meeting a banquet was served in the Rathskeller of the Home, with a number of vaudeville acts furnishing enjoyable entertainment.

### Warsaw, Ind., Lodge is Visited By District Deputy Ardner

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Ardner addressed a well-attended meeting of Warsaw, Ind., Lodge, No. 802, on the importance of the Elks National Foundation when he made his recent official visit there. The District Deputy also spoke on the importance of keeping up and increasing the membership during the coming year. Mr. Ardner was accorded an enthusiastic welcome at a dinner served prior to the meeting.

### McKeesport, Pa., Lodge is Host To Braddock Lodge Bowlers

The bowling team of Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, recently played a special match with the team of McKeesport Lodge, No. 136, in the beautiful Home of the latter. After the match had been played with the Braddock team winners, the visitors were entertained at a sumptuous dinner followed by a social session and general jollification.

### John C. Barry, Widely Known Elk, is Dead

John C. Barry, widely known Elk and citizen and former Mayor of Cortland, N. Y., passed away at the age of seventy-six years on February 2, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Maude E. Cummings. Long a sufferer from heart trouble Mr. Barry died of a seizure brought on by a shock experienced some time ago. Mr. Barry served as Exalted Ruler of Cortland Lodge, No. 748, for four terms, 1906-07, 1918-19 and 1925-27. He was one of the organizers of the New York State Elks Association of which he was

(Continued on page 78)



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## Concerning Investments

By Paul Tomlinson

MR. WINANS seated himself in the chair beside the banker's desk. "Tell me," he said, "what does it mean when I see a bond or a stock quoted in the papers at two different prices, one called 'bid' and the other 'offered'?"

"Well," said the banker, "you know that when a thing is for sale the seller puts a price on it and offers it at that price; the man who is thinking about buying usually hopes to get it for a lower price. One man may offer to sell a bond at one hundred, and another man may bid ninety-nine for it; in the lists you are talking about you would see this bond quoted ninety-nine bid, one hundred offered."

"I see," said Mr. Winans. "The actual sale might be a compromise at ninety-nine and a half, I suppose."

"Exactly. If a man really wants to buy something that another man wants to sell the chances are good that they are going to come to an agreement, and that a price, mutually satisfactory, will be found."

"I notice," said Mr. Winans, "that the bid-and-asked quotations for unlisted securities are usually farther apart than those listed on the regular exchanges. Why is that?"

"That's true," the banker agreed, "and the answer is the law of supply and demand, or perhaps more exactly, the question of marketability. The securities listed on the exchanges are in greater demand than those dealt in 'over the counter.' If you want to sell a listed security your broker can send the order down to the floor of the exchange, and there are any number of other brokers with orders to buy that same security; transactions in it are frequent and the result is that the difference between the bid and offered prices is narrow. With an unlisted security the broker has got to go out and find a buyer, and that is always a somewhat harder thing to do; transactions, moreover, are more infrequent, the demand is less, and buyers will bid farther under the offered price for unlisted securities than for listed."

"Do you think that listed securities are better than unlisted?"

"Their value is not necessarily any greater; that is to say, their intrinsic value. On the other hand there is a certain value attached to a thing from the mere fact that it is easy to sell. You know how certain makes of automobiles have a larger resale value than others; the cars themselves may not have any better materials in them, but buyers are influenced by the fact that if they want to sell or trade they are assured of a good price. So it is with securities. You have to pay a little more for an investment which is readily marketable than for the other kind, but as compensation you are likely to get a better price for it when you come to sell."

"That's an interesting statement," Mr. Winans observed. "I had never thought of that before. Tell me this: if you can buy an investment that is hard to sell for less money than the marketable one, that means you receive a higher yield on it, doesn't it?"

"It does."

"Then why aren't they the kind to buy?"

"Frequently they are," said the banker. "You want to remember this, though: that it is wise to have a considerable part of your money invested in marketable securities, because you never know when you may want ready cash, and if you should want it in a great hurry and there was no particular market for your investments, you might have to dispose of them at a considerable sacrifice."

"I see that," said Mr. Winans; "but couldn't a man obtain a larger average yield on his investments by mixing some of those hard to sell with others having a ready market?"

"Undoubtedly. And lots of people do that very thing."

"Here's another thing I want to ask. When a bond is quoted and its yield is given, how is that yield figured?"

The banker laughed. "Many people ask me that question," he said. "The yield is figured to maturity; or in other words, to the date on which the principal is due and payable."

"How is that done?"

"BY LOGARITHMS," said the banker with a smile. "I don't imagine you would want to tackle it. In the investment houses and banks they use tables already worked out, with answers provided. Suppose you bought a four-per-cent. bond at eighty, due July first, nineteen fifty-one; the so-called straight yield would be exactly five per cent., but on July first, nineteen fifty-one, the bond would be worth a thousand dollars, two hundred dollars more than you paid; so that if you held the bond to maturity your yield would be the regular forty dollars a year interest plus the appreciation of two hundred dollars properly apportioned over the time from when you purchased till the bond came due."

"The yield, in other words, would be more than five per cent."

"It would. On the other hand, if you paid more than a thousand dollars for a bond, bought it at a premium, the yield would be less than the percentage named in the bond. All bonds obviously tend to sell closer and closer to par as they approach maturity; a bond bought for less than par returns you more than the straight yield, while one bought at a premium returns less."

"That is," said Mr. Winans, "if I buy a bond at ninety I make a hundred dollars at maturity, but if I buy one for eleven hundred dollars I lose a hundred."

"That's about it," agreed the banker. "You see, bonds differ from stocks in that they always mature, and the owner receives a certain fixed sum of money at a fixed and certain date; stocks, on the other hand, never come due; and if the owner wants to convert them into cash he gets whatever the current market quotation calls for."

"But isn't it true," asked Mr. Winans, "that whereas the value of a bond is more or less limited, there is no limit to what a stock may be worth?"

"That is particularly true of common stocks," said the banker. "The dividends a common stock may pay are limited only by the size of the corporation's earnings, and in theory at least, a common stock may attain any value you wish to name."

"Why aren't common stocks the things to buy, then?"

"Many people think they are. There is another side to it, though; bonds are secured by definite property which the bond owners can sell for their benefit in case of necessity; stocks are secured by whatever is left over after the bondholders and other prior creditors have been paid. Stocks can go way up, but they can also go way down. A bond-owner, you see, is a man who has loaned a corporation money and received a pledge of property for his loan; he is a creditor. A stockholder is a man who has put money into the concern as a partner; he gets the big profits, if there are any, but he also shoulders the losses. Bonds are safer investments than stocks. Of course some stocks are safer than some bonds."

"That sounds confusing."

"Well," laughed the banker, "let's put it another way. In a given corporation the bonds are safer than the stock, for a creditor's claims naturally come ahead of the claims of a partner."

"What are sinking-funds?"

"Perhaps I can answer that best by a definite example," said the banker. "Suppose a corporation sells five million dollars' worth of bonds due in thirty years; we take it for granted that the security for the issue is ample and worth considerably more, in fact, than five million dollars. On the other hand, this security is probably not in the form of cash, and it is obvious that when the bonds fall due the corporation must have five million dollars in cash on hand to pay them off. In order to make sure that this cash will be available, provision is frequently made for a sinking-fund, the setting aside of a

*(Continued on page 78)*

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## Concerning Investments

(Continued from page 77)

fixed amount of money at regular intervals to be used for redeeming the bonds and for nothing else. In the case I have mentioned there are five million dollars of bonds due in thirty years. The sinking-fund might provide that an amount equal to one-thirtieth of five million dollars be set aside each year; if this were done it is obvious that at the end of thirty years the money with which to pay off the issue all would have been provided. Sinking-funds vary considerably in their provisions, of course; sometimes they don't begin to operate until the bonds have been out several years; sometimes the money set aside is used to buy back issued bonds, and then those so purchased are canceled; sometimes the money put into a sinking-fund starts with small amounts, and increases each year as the maturity date of the issue approaches."

"There seem to be no hard-and-fast rules in financing, do there?" observed Mr. Winans.

"None at all," said the banker. "No two bond issues are any more alike than any two issues of stock. Each one must be studied for its individual characteristics and merits."

"I'm beginning to appreciate that fact," laughed Mr. Winans. "If you don't object to what seem to you very elementary questions though, I'd like to ask what serial bonds are and what are debenture bonds?"

"Serial bonds are due in instalments," explained the banker. "A good example would be an issue of equipment trusts. A railroad wants to buy five million dollars' worth of freight-cars, say; they sell bonds to the public in order to raise the money, and the security for the issue is the cars. Now, freight-cars deteriorate like all other rolling stock, and if the bonds were due all at the same time, at some future date, due to depreciation, the security would not be as good at that time as it would when the bonds were first issued. To guard against this it is provided that a certain percentage of the equipment trusts mature and be paid off each year. In this way the amount of the obligation is reduced, and the security for what remains continues proportionately the same. Equipment trusts, incidentally, are rated very high as investments."

"What about convertible bonds?"

"They are bonds convertible into stock, on

certain terms and under certain conditions. A railroad may sell an issue of convertible bonds which, say after nineteen thirty-eight, can be exchanged for shares of stock, one or two shares or whatever it may be, for each hundred dollars of bonds. The conversion, further, may be at a certain price, or merely call for a certain number of shares. Suppose you owned a thousand-dollar bond convertible at any time into ten shares of common stock; if you paid a thousand dollars for your bond and the stock was selling at eighty, there would be no point in your exchanging a thousand dollars' worth of bond for eight hundred dollars' worth of stock; if the stock were selling at one hundred and eighty dollars a share the situation would be quite different. A convertible bond will fluctuate in price with the price of the stock into which it is convertible; it is an obligation of the corporation ranking ahead of the stock, and therefore safer, but having some of the speculative possibilities of stock."

"Why aren't they good things to buy?" Mr. Winans demanded.

"They are," laughed the banker. "Lots of people buy them, too. Some people like one kind of an investment and some like another. There are thousands of good things to buy, you know, and everyone can find not only the kind he likes best, but the kind best suited to him."

"I suppose most people want the kind they think will make money for them."

"Well," said the banker, "it is perfectly true that the lure of profits is pretty strong. If it weren't, the promoters and sellers of fake and worthless stocks would have a hard time making a living."

"Do people buy fake securities as much as they used to?" Mr. Winans asked.

"About a billion dollars' worth last year," said the banker.

"But, why?"

"Because," said the banker, "these people are all trying to get something for nothing; because they believe, or want to believe, what the sellers of fake securities tell them; and because they know nothing about investments themselves, and fail to realize that all the bankers and investment bankers in the country stand ready to give them advice and help. It's no disgrace not to know, but it is inexcusable not to ask."

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 75)

president in 1914-15, and was Mayor of his city in 1909-10. Mr. Barry is survived by two daughters, a son and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Impressive funeral services were conducted from the Home of Cortland Lodge which was filled to capacity, and many prominent Elks and civic officials acted as honorary pall-bearers.

### Mankato, Minn., Lodge Royally Entertains Grand Secretary Masters

The visit of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and his assistant, Charles E. Witt, to Mankato, Minn., Lodge, No. 225, was the occasion of a splendid celebration, despite the fact that it took place during one of the worst blizzards in years. The distinguished visitor and his companion arrived at Mankato in the morning, and was entertained during the day at the Lodge Home and at the residence of John E. Regan, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Past President of the Minnesota State Elks Association. At 6:30 a banquet, attended by more than 125 Mankato members and visitors, was given in honor of the Grand Secretary at the Masonic Temple. With Mr. Regan acting as toastmaster, the program of speeches was opened with an official welcome to the visitors, extended by Exalted Ruler G. M. Bergmann. Others who spoke were Secretary Vincent Jenny, of St. Paul Lodge, No. 59; Lannie C. Horne, Secretary of the State Elks Association; Past State Association President Dr. W. L. Bryant; Mr. Masters and Mr. Witt. Mr. Regan then presented the visitors, on behalf of the Lodge, with golf bags as mementoes of the occasion. At the conclusion of the speech-

making, the gathering adjourned to the Lodge Home, where a meeting and initiation followed by a social session were enjoyed. Though the storm kept many who expected to be present from attending, representatives from a number of near-by Lodges were there, including District Deputy Dr. Chester R. Leech.

From Mankato Mr. Masters and Mr. Witt journeyed to Albert Lea Lodge, No. 813, where the Grand Secretary was the guest of honor at a mid-day luncheon, and where he met some seventy-five members who had come to greet him.

### "Knockers' Club" of Portland, Ore., Lodge an Active Organization

An organization within an organization is the "Knockers' Club" of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. Its membership includes some of the most prominent citizens of Portland and aside from taking an active part in all Lodge affairs, it does much fine charity work on its own account. Among the well-known members are District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan; Exalted Ruler Frank F. Tension; Mayor George L. Baker and City Commissioner Stanhope S. Pier. Under the chairmanship of Count Maurice Senosky, its President, the club meets every day in the dining-room of Portland Lodge for luncheon and "conference," and during the course of a year holds a number of banquets and parties which are eagerly looked forward to.

### Delegations from Hartford, Conn., Lodge Accompany District Deputy

Large delegations of his fellow members in Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 19, accompany



District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Mack on his official visits to the Lodges of his jurisdiction. Especially notable were the calls made on Middletown and New Britain Lodges, Nos. 771 and 957, when the hosts and their many visitors enjoyed fine fraternal evenings.

**Secretary Osborn of Brookfield, Mo., Lodge Has Fine Record**

Serving his twenty-first consecutive term of office Secretary William H. Osborn, of Brookfield, Mo., Lodge, No. 874, finds himself with a record of but two meetings unattended, on both of which occasions he was kept away only by illness. Mr. Osborn is extremely popular in his community and to him is given much of the credit for the flourishing condition of his Lodge. Of a population of 7,000, 302 are active members on the roster of No. 874, and the ambition of every boy in Brookfield is to become an Elk as soon as he is of age. The Home of the Lodge is valued at \$50,000 and contains a large ball-room, bowling alleys, pool and billiard rooms, and a splendid Lodge room.

**Influenza Epidemic Caused Eighteen Deaths at the Elks National Home**

It is the sad duty of the Magazine to report that the recent influenza epidemic swept through the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia, causing eighteen deaths and affecting, to a greater or lesser degree, some 75 per cent. of the residents. The first death occurred on December 18 and was followed by five others between the 24th and the 31st. At this time the hospital was filled to capacity and Superintendent R. A. Scott, himself seriously ill, found it necessary to open several emergency wards. Additional nurses and orderlies were secured, and a physician engaged to assist Dr. J. A. Rucker, resident doctor. After a week or so, however, Dr. Rucker was forced to carry on alone as the other physician himself came down with the disease. On January 10 further serious cases broke out and in the next fourteen days twelve more deaths took place. When things were at the worst Mr. Scott wired for Edward W. Cotter, Chairman and Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, who spent ten days at Bedford and took over supervision while Mr. Scott was confined to his bed.

As this was written there had been no new cases for ten days, and those in the wards were well on the way to recovery. It was the opinion of Mr. Scott and his staff that the epidemic had run its course.

**Panama Canal Zone Lodge Holds Big Barbecue**

One of the largest and best outdoor events ever staged on the isthmus was the recent barbecue given by Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, at which some 1,000 Elks, their families and friends were entertained. Past Exalted Ruler Hugh V. Powers acted as chairman of the committee which had arranged a program of athletic games and a band concert as well as a repast of numerous juicy, barbecued meats for the gathering.

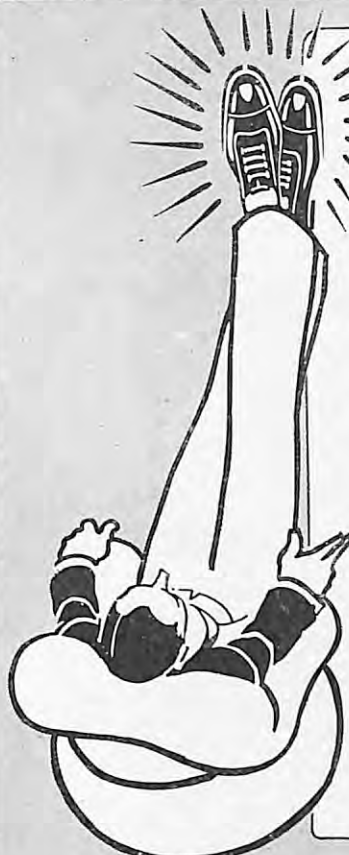
Among recent visitors to Panama Canal Zone Lodge were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George Spaven and Mrs. Spaven of San Juan, Porto Rico, Lodge, No. 972, who were entertained during their stay by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard M. Davies and Past Exalted Ruler Grover Bohan, of No. 1414.

**Passaic, N. J., Lodge Presents Orthopedic Clinic to St. Mary's Hospital**

Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387, has presented to St. Mary's Hospital the fully equipped orthopedic clinic, which was established and has been operated through the generosity of its members. It will be known in the future as the St. Mary's Elks Orthopedic Clinic, and the Crippled Children's Committee of the Lodge will continue to exercise a certain supervision so that the members may be kept fully informed of the work being accomplished as a result of their gift.

During the eleven months ending December 26 last, 1,023 treatments were given in the clinic.

(Continued on page 80)



**LOOK at your SHOES!**

Look Neat—  
Be Shoe Conscious!  
Know that your shoes are nicely shined—spend the necessary 2 minutes daily.  
You'll reap the reward that carefulness in little things always brings at some important time in life.

Every morning—Rise and Shine with  
**2 IN 1** OR **SHINOLA**  
The HOME Shoe Polishes **LARGE TIN 15c** All Colors At All Dealers

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Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

**Play With Your EYES CLOSED after these odd lessons!**

With my third lesson you'll play one piece after another. Then close your eyes and see who's right. My method is truly amazing. Notes are taboo! Forget them. Nothing to remember, either. You don't have to "Take lessons" and plug for a week to play the scale. After thirty years of teaching I stumbled onto this odd idea. From this discovery I developed the COL-DROTONE. Now it is used the world over by professionals as well as beginners. Who they are and what they say is in my BOOK, which I send with two FREE LESSONS.

**NO MUSIC TO BUY—NO TEACHER TO PAY**  
From your enrollment to graduation, the Quinn Conservatory furnishes everything. The complete course makes one of the world's most valuable reference works of music. All this for a few cents a day. But the actual value can never be estimated for it moulds you into an accomplished person—ready to entertain friends—ready to teach, or ready to accept professional engagements.

**MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE LESSONS AND INSTRUCTIONS**  
As soon as your coupon arrives, along goes Dr. Quinn's masterful book, "How to Learn Piano," and your TWO FREE LESSONS. Everything is free. When your lessons arrive, begin to plan your time so that you can devote a few pleasant minutes to get the swing of this simple method. The book touches every point you'll ever need in pianoforte. Your own responsive fingers will do the rest. Now take your scissors and clip the coupon.

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39R Quinn Bldg., Boston (Allston Sta.), Mass.  
Gentlemen: May I have your Free Lessons and book, and explanation of your teaching method. I understand this does not obligate me in any way.  
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Street .....  
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The quick, easy, sure, safe, inexpensive way to get rid of waist-line fat—look better, feel better—be better.

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**Does More Than Reduce.**  
Gently, magically massages surplus fat away—meanwhile building up flabby tissues—strengthening weakened muscles. The Belt does it all. No dangerous drug, diet or back-breaking exercise.

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**FEATURES**  
Made by America's leading maker of elastic webbing for over 50 years. Absolutely guaranteed to produce results. We prove it.  
**FREE TRIAL** Send the coupon today for folder, and **10 DAYS** full particulars of our free trial offer. For women, too.

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## A New Improved CHAMPION for Every Type of Engine

**DESIGNED** and made to meet the stresses of the most advanced modern engines, the new improved Champion is far in advance of the Champion Spark Plug of even six months ago.

So much better, so greatly improved for modern high-compression service is this new Champion that motorists will find it a revelation in exacting the utmost in power and economy from modern day fuels and high-compression engines.

The new and exclusive sillimanite insulator is as vast an improvement over all previous insulators as the original sillimanite over porcelain. It has been specifically designed to meet all conditions of the most advanced engineering. A remarkable new sillimanite glaze remains practically impervious to carbon and oily deposits.

The advanced new solid copper gasket seal remains absolutely gas-tight against the much higher compression of today's engine. The special analysis electrodes have been greatly improved to resist pitting and burning.

**Remember—**it is a genuine economy to install new Champions every 10,000 miles. A complete new set of improved Champions installed in your car will show actual savings in gas and oil which will more than offset their cost.

# CHAMPION

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 79)

### Past District Deputy August W. Glatzmayer is Dead

It is with the most profound regret that THE ELKS MAGAZINE reports the sudden death on February 8, of Justice August W. Glatzmayer, Past Exalted Ruler of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for New York, Southeast, and one of the ablest and most affectionately esteemed members of the Order in his city.

Justice Glatzmayer was a lawyer by profession, graduating from New York University Law School and being admitted to the bar in 1900. His interest in politics was always keen and he was, at various times, Alderman, Secretary to the Sheriff of Bronx County and to the Borough President, and License Commissioner. In 1924 he was appointed to a ten-year term as magistrate, which he was serving at the time he died.

Death followed an operation for appendicitis, from which Mr. Glatzmayer had apparently rallied, only to sink into a relapse. Elk services were held for their fellow member by the officers of Bronx Lodge at the Glatzmayer residence on the evening of February 11, with church services at St. Vincent's Church on the following morning.

August W. Glatzmayer was initiated into Bronx Lodge on December 23, 1909. He served as Exalted Ruler during 1915 and 1916, and as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler in 1922 and 1923. He was always extremely active in all the affairs of his Lodge, and was perhaps its most prominent and best beloved figure. To his family and to his fellow members goes the sincerest sympathy of a great host of friends both in and out of the Order.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert Appoints New Chief Justice of Grand Forum

Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert has appointed Judge Arthur S. Tompkins, of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, to fill the unexpired term as Chief Justice of the Grand Forum of Walter P. Andrews, who resigned upon becoming a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler.

Judge Tompkins, a charter member of Haverstraw Lodge, and one of its earliest Exalted Rulers, is an able, devoted Elk, widely known for his interest in the welfare of the Order. He is one of the most distinguished lawyers and jurists of New York, and is a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

Martin's Ferry, O., Lodge observed its twenty-fifth anniversary in January with a gala celebration.

Macon, Ga., Lodge has a custom of presenting each of its newly made Elks with a pin, or a lapel emblem of the Order, the presentation usually taking place immediately after the exemplification of the ritual.

The sum of \$500 was appropriated by Davenport, Ia., Lodge, at a recent meeting, for the use of its Social and Community Welfare Committee in their work for the school children of the city. The work of this committee has attracted widespread attention in the community.

Some \$1,700 was netted to the charity fund of Ogden, Utah, Lodge in its recently conducted blanket campaign.

Sixteen candidates recently took the obligation, and were inducted into New Orleans, La., Lodge by its highly efficient degree team.

Seventy officers and members of Ballard, Wash., Lodge paid a fraternal visit to Seattle Lodge and participated at a meeting and general jollification of their hosts.

The lavish revue called "Hello Bill!" staged by Manila, P. I., Lodge was an unprecedented success.

One of the finest social affairs given in recent

years by San Mateo, Calif., Lodge was its New Year's Fete, enjoyed by one of the largest crowds ever to gather at a local function.

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge will celebrate its forty-first anniversary with a fine program of music, speeches, dancing, a supper and other features.

Following a five-minute talk by Dr. A. F. Walker, head of the Tarentum, Pa., Library, at a public entertainment given by Tarentum Lodge, the Elks presented the librarian with a substantial sum for the purchase of books.

A noteworthy gathering of Elks attended the exercises prepared by Toledo, O., Lodge for the dedication of Boyville Hall in the club-house of the Toledo Newsboys' Association.

The officers of Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge recently journeyed to Rahway Lodge where they competed with the visiting Dunellen officers in a ritualistic contest and enjoyed a banquet served after the meeting.

At this writing some 343 applications had been secured as a result of the membership campaign being conducted by Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge.

Eleven members of the Order recently meeting on board the S. S. *Resolute* on its cruise around the world, organized an eleven-o'clock club for social and fraternal purposes and elected Commander F. Kruse of the ship as an associate member.

Middlesboro, Ky., Lodge recently was host to some fifty members from Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge. The officers of the visitors conferred the degree on a class of candidates for their hosts, receiving much praise for their ritualistic work.

DeLand, Fla., Lodge was the recipient of a handsome mounted elk's head, the gift of Johnny J. Jones, owner of the Exposition Shows which makes its winter quarters in DeLand.

On New Year's Eve, Naugatuck, Conn., Lodge was host to the Weehawken, N. J., Lodge orchestra and entertained some 300 couples with a turkey supper and dance in the Home.

Columbia, S. C., Lodge gave a performance of its minstrel show at Orangeburg for the benefit of the latter's charity fund.

More than 700 guests were present at the New Year's function given by Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge.

A group of officers and members of Ouray, Colo., Lodge, headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Dailey of Colorado, West, recently paid a visit to Montrose, Calif., Lodge and discussed plans for attending the national convention in Los Angeles in July.

Beginning with a show staged at St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum in January, Detroit, Mich., Lodge launched a monthly series of such entertainments for the crippled children confined to the various institutions of the city.

During the past year thirty-three candidates were initiated and three former members reinstated by Latrobe, Pa., Lodge.

Following a nomination period of two weeks the Santa Monica Antlers Lodge held its semi-annual election of officers in January.

Over 350 members and guests were entertained at the New Year's celebration staged by Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge.

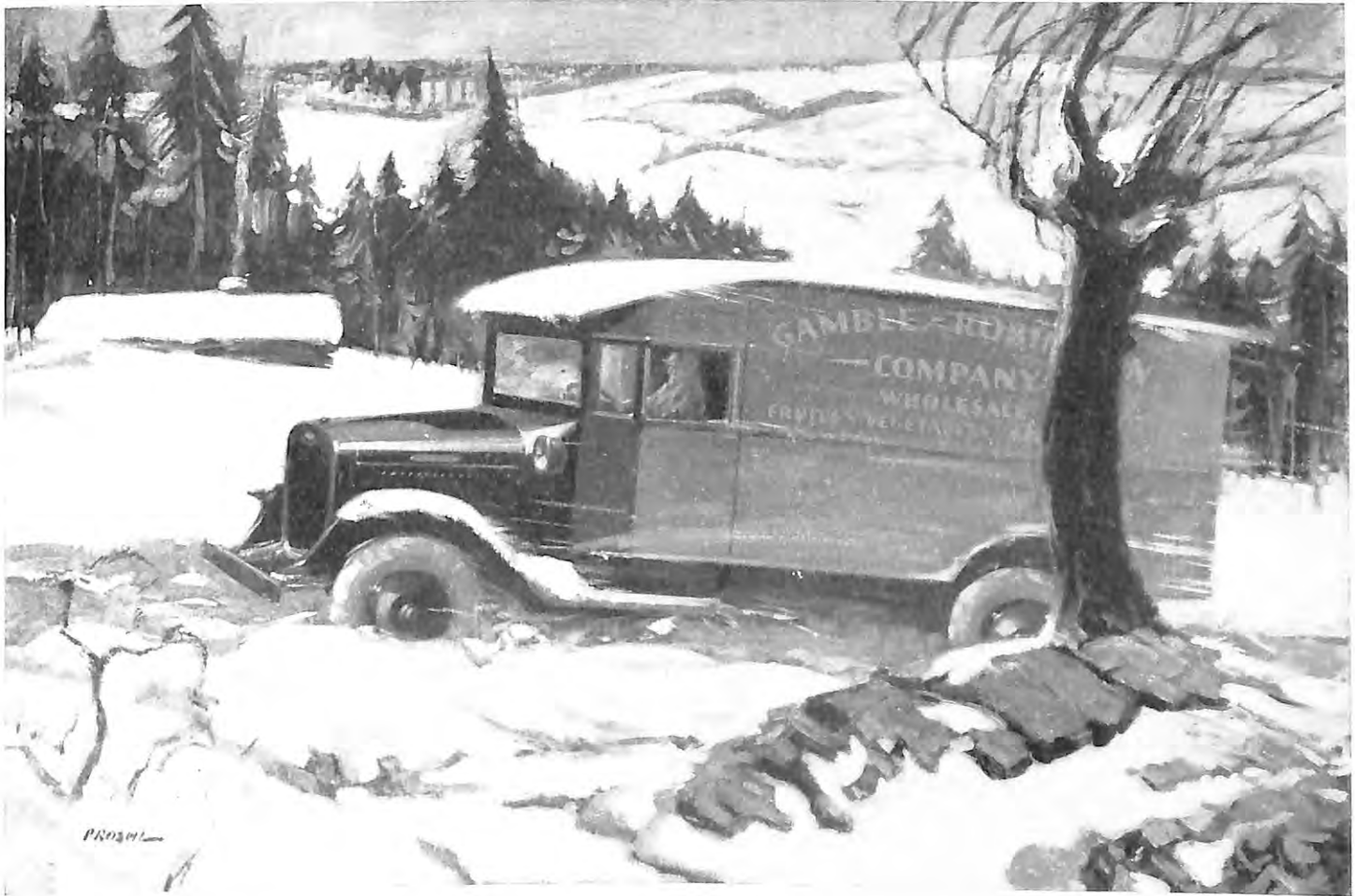
A record gathering of members greeted District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis Mory when he visited Passaic, N. J., Lodge.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge's New Year's Eve party was one of its most brilliant social functions of the year and was correspondingly successful financially.

A memorial scroll was formally presented to Paterson, N. J., Lodge by its Past Exalted Rulers' Association in memory of the late Raymond J. Newman. Following the presentation, the bronze Newman memorial tablet was unveiled in the parlor of the Home with appropriate ceremonies.



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