

# The Elks

*Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

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*Magazine*

APRIL, 1929



J. F.  
-KERNAN-

*Beginning in this issue:*

*A Colorful Novel of Native Life on the  
Mississippi River by Ben Lucien Burman*



## “The Old Grouch!”

No one likes to be called a “grouch.” Yet we all have days of chronic fault-finding... days when we scold and criticize.

And on just such days, if we only knew, the biggest fault lies with ourselves. It's an outward sign of an inward condition that needs correcting.

Constipation is mankind's greatest foe. Relief? . . . The *sensible* way is the *simple* way — through *water washing* with Pluto Mineral Water, advocated so widely today by the leading doctors.

You would not use harsh chemicals or drugs for cleansing the face. Is it not even more illogical to employ them for cleansing the delicate tissues *inside* your body?

Pluto Mineral Water really *washes* the intestinal tract. Common drinking

water would do the same thing if it passed through the intestines. But it does not. It is absorbed and passes out through the kidneys.

Pluto Water is different. It contains a percentage of minerals exceeding the mineral content of the blood. For that reason it does not go to the kidneys, but enters the intestinal tract, cleaning and flushing all that's before it.

That is why Pluto acts so quickly — 30 minutes to two hours. That, too, is why it never gripes—is gentle, harmless and non-habit-forming. Its effect is actually *soothing*.

Pluto Water is used in two ways. It brings quick relief when constipation is acute and *keeps away* constipation, colds and influenza when taken in small amounts daily upon arising.

Dilute with *hot* water — directions on every bottle. Sold at all drug counters and at fountains. Bottled at the Springs, French Lick, Ind.

### FRENCH LICK SPRINGS

*World-Famed Home of Pluto Mineral Water*

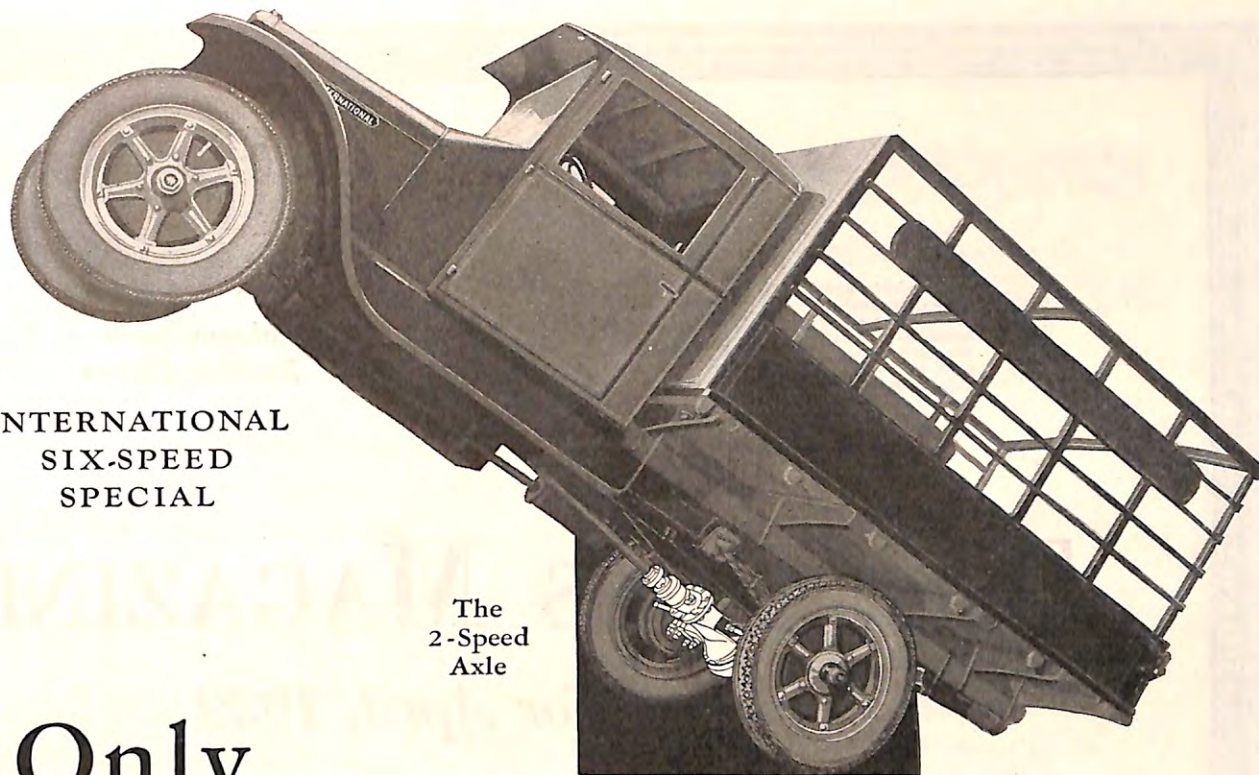
Springtime in the Cumberland foothills is a season of distinguished charm. From far and near people visit French Lick Springs — in the heart of this favored region — to drink health-giving Pluto Water—to take the rejuvenating baths—to cleanse the system—to store up new vitality. Wholesome outdoor diversions — golf on two 18-hole courses, horseback riding, tennis and hiking, make your stay, however extended, only too short. Accommodations and cuisine unexcelled at the French Lick Springs Hotel. Complete medical staff in attendance. French Lick is easily accessible from all points. Write or wire for reservations — or send for booklet. French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Indiana. T. D. TAGGART, *President*.

*When  
Nature Won't,  
PLUTO Will*



# PLUTO WATER

*America's Laxative Mineral Water*



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SPECIAL

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2-Speed  
Axle

# The Only Speed Truck Built with *Two Complete Power Ranges*

This new 1-ton truck—the International Six-Speed Special—has already rolled up a remarkable repu-

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fleet speed for the straightaway or ten times the pulling power for capacity loads in the toughest

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And you'll like the low price as well as the truck.



*The International line also includes the Special Delivery for loads up to 3/4-ton; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1 1/4, 1 1/2 and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2 1/2-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 172 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.*

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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."  
 —From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Seven  
 Number Eleven

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 60a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Edward W. Cotter, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Pilgard Building, Hartford, Conn.

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

Official Circular Number Six

En Route, Savannah, Ga.  
 March 28, 1929

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

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

APRIL, MAY, JUNE—LOS ANGELES

To the retiring Exalted Rulers I desire to express my appreciation of their earnest and whole-hearted support, my commendation of the results achieved, and the hope that, as a reward for faithful service, each of them has been honored by election as representative of his respective Lodge, and will be present at the Sixty-fifth Reunion in Los Angeles.

To the officers elect, and to be installed, at the first Subordinate Lodge meeting in April, I desire to extend hearty congratulations upon the trust reposed in them, renewed assurance of my desire to establish and maintain cordial relations during the balance of my term, and best wishes for a record of successful accomplishment.

It is my hope that the installation ceremonies will be conducted in such a befitting and dignified manner that the newly installed officers will take seriously their responsibilities—and especially the necessity for an impressive exemplification of the Ritual of Initiation.

The Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee will be glad to aid you in any manner in which you indicate to them they can be of service. It will also be the duty of that Committee to follow up the work of the newly installed officers, and to report to me any delinquency in the exemplification of the Ritual.

The Good of the Order Committee will continue to function as it has in the past and, in addition to following up suggestions of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, prompted by his official visitation to your Lodge, will be happy to cooperate with you in any manner that will advance the welfare of your Lodge and of the Order.

To the membership at large I desire to make a special appeal. Encourage your newly installed officers by attending the regular sessions of the Lodge, and particularly the initiations, more frequently. Realize that this is *your* Order, and all that you put into it in service will be reflected in the bounty which Almighty God will shower upon you. As is your Lodge, so is your community, estimated, and measured. Therefore, help to make the Elks Lodge its outstanding fraternal and civic agency.

Let us make the name of Elk one to conjure with, and during this new Elk year we will continue to ascend the pathway to the mountain tops of Idealism and successful achievement.

*There are two kinds of people on earth today,  
 Just two kinds of people, no more I say,  
 Not the saint and the sinner, for 'tis well understood  
 The good are half bad and the bad are half good;  
 Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth  
 You must first know the state of his conscience and health;  
 Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span  
 Who put on vain airs is not counted a man;  
 Not the happy and sad, for the fast flying years  
 Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.*

*No! the two kinds of people on earth that I mean  
 Are the people who lift and the people who lean.  
 Where'er you go you find the world's masses  
 Are always divided in just these two classes;  
 And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,  
 There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.*

*In what class are you? Are you easing the load  
 Of over-taxed lifters who toil down the road?  
 Or are you a leaner, who let others bear  
 Your portion of labor and worry and care?*

Fraternally yours,



Grand Exalted Ruler.

# Wanted—Men With Cars



A. D. Perkins from Connecticut, made over \$2,000 in 2 months.



E. H. Morris, a Pennsylvania man, used my system and in one half hour made \$315 on his first deal.



Mrs. J. H. Hastings, a Michigan woman with no business experience, has won big success.



V. R. Williams, a Tennessee man, made \$350 in 2 weeks, using my system.

# Make Big Money My Way

Do what these folks did. Get my free book. Handle real estate my way. Start in your spare time. Build a business of your own. No capital or previous experience needed.

### \$20,000 a Year

J. M. Patterson, a Texas man, with a sick wife, a baby and only \$10.20 in cash, took my advice, got into real estate my way, and now he is in the \$20,000-a-year class.

### \$5,500 in One Deal

Mrs. Evalynn Balster, a widowed Illinois school teacher, got my free book and made \$5,500 on her first real estate deal—more money in two days than she made in several years as a school teacher.

### \$100,000 Business

Twenty years clerking in a grocery store ruined the health of H. D. Van Houten, a New Jersey man. But he got my free book, and with his car, he did over one hundred thousand dollars worth of business his first year in real estate. And, best of all, he regained his health.

### \$9,000 in 9 Months

Morris Horwitz was earning \$44 a week in a printing plant. Got my scientific System for making money in real estate. Cleaned up over \$9,000 his first 9 months in the business. Free book tells how he did it.

### \$8,500 in 17 Weeks

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

### \$14,400 in 4 Months

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

### 200% More Money

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

WHEN I say that my free book shows you how to make big money, that's just what I mean—*big money!* Read the records of results on this page. Then try to match them in any other business on earth.

With my amazingly successful System, wide-awake men and women, in all parts of the country and all ages from 19 to 78, are making more money than they ever dreamed possible.

But don't take my word for it. Don't take anybody's word. Get the free book of *facts* and *proof*. Learn for yourself what there is in this book for you. It costs you nothing, yet it can bring you

greater business success than any other book you ever read.

Why be satisfied with small pay? Why be content with \$20, \$30, \$40 a week? Why struggle along, *year after year*, on an income too small to give you the things you want? Why keep plodding away in a business that is limited in its opportunities—a business that offers you no golden future—no chance to get ahead—no chance to make really big money?

There is no room here to tell you all about the wonderful opportunities that exist for you in my kind of real estate business. But it is all in the free book. Get it now!

## 10 Million Opportunities

Real estate is the biggest thing there is. More than 65 per cent. of the entire wealth of the Nation is already invested in it. Its opportunities are practically unlimited. More than ten million properties are always on the market for rent, sale or exchange. Users of my scientific System sometimes make \$1,500—\$2,500—\$5,000—on single deals—more money than the average man or woman earns in a whole year of hard work.

And when you get into real estate you

get into a business as solid as the earth itself—a business that can't stop growing—a business that is not affected by human whims or a change in fashions—a business with a tremendous future—a business in which your earnings are limited only by your own ambition.

And you can now start in this business in your spare time—without giving up your present work—without making any sacrifices—without capital or previous experience.

### MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

Clip and mail the coupon now. Don't neglect it. For if the men and women whose records of success you have read on this page, had neglected to clip the coupon—had failed to get my book—they would probably still be tied down to a small-pay job. So, don't wait. Don't delay. Don't cheat yourself out of this great chance to get into the biggest business of all, where you can make more money than you ever made before in your whole life. **President, AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, Inc., Dept. D-33, 18 East 18 Street, N. Y.**

## \$1,000 Reward

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

AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, INC.

### MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc.  
(Authorized Capital, \$500,000.00)  
Dept. D-33, 18 East 18 St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book which shows me how to get into real estate, and multiply my earnings.

Name .....

Address .....

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

Office of the  
**Elks National Foundation Trustees**  
*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks  
of the United States of America*

15 State Street,  
Boston, Mass.  
March, 30, 1929

TO ALL ELKS—*Greetings:*

THE Elks National Foundation became an institution of this Order by virtue of the Constitutional Amendment adopted by the Grand Lodge in convention at Miami, Florida, July 11, 1928, and approved by a large majority vote of the membership acting through the subordinate Lodges, and promulgated by the Grand Exalted Ruler in official circular No. 3, dated December 1, 1928. Therefore, the Foundation is the creation of the membership of the Order. It is *your* project and the enthusiasm and immediate supporting action of each individual member of the Order and of each subordinate lodge is necessary for its early and complete success.

The national aspect and scope of the Foundation make it the paramount purpose of the present day endeavors of our great benevolent fraternity.

*Purpose*

The plan is to create a permanent fund of twenty million dollars to be invested, and to use the income of such fund to foster, promote and assist in financing the welfare activities of the Order which shall be carried on by groups of subordinate Lodges. To this end, the Lodges of every state will be encouraged to organize State Associations, or to support and strengthen the State Associations now existing. The Lodges thus grouped and organized will be urged to form plans for carrying on the welfare activity which best meets the needs of the respective communities, and which has the strongest appeal to the members of the Lodges composing the respective groups, or to increase the effectiveness and scope of the welfare activities which are now being carried on by groups of Lodges, and to show their enthusiasm and good faith in their projects by financing them to the degree that they are able.

*Distributions*

The income of the Foundation which is available for distribution annually will be apportioned in an equitable manner by the Foundation Trustees, with a view to advancing the philanthropic endeavors of the Order in every section of the United States and its possessions.

*Administration*

The Elks National Foundation is to be administered by a board known as the "Elks National Foundation Trustees" consisting of seven members of the Grand Lodge, appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler. The present members of the Board have been appointed for terms of one, two, three, four, five, six and seven years, respectively. Hereafter at each annual Grand Lodge Session, the Grand Exalted Ruler shall nominate and, with the consent of the Grand Lodge, appoint one member of the Grand Lodge to serve as trustee for the full term of seven years. Our present board held its first meeting at St. Louis, Missouri, on January 10th and duly organized.

*Honorary Founders Certificates*

The immediate duty which confronts the Board is the raising of funds. The Elks National Foundation cannot begin to function unless and until there is accumulated and invested a fund large enough to yield a substantial annual income. With design, it has been specified that there shall be no assessment or levy or any manner of compulsory imposition upon the members or subordinate Lodges for the purpose of raising money for the Foundation. It is believed that the merit of the undertaking will draw generous response in voluntary contributions from the membership of the Order which will furnish the initial funds with which to start our good works. We turn with confidence to the members, to the subordinate Lodges and to the State Associations for the first subscriptions. Those who place in the Foundation the



money which enables it to function will be the founders in every sense of the term. Therefore, at the first meeting the Foundation Trustees adopted the following resolutions:

"RESOLVED, That Founders' Certificates be issued in three classes, each class to be serially numbered and issued in the order in which full payment for said Certificate is received; viz: 1.—Individual, 2.—Lodge and 3.—State Association Founders' Certificate for contribution to the Fund, contributions therefor in each instance to be \$1,000 or more; such Founders' Certificates to be limited to one thousand individual Founders' Certificates, and one thousand Lodge and /or State Association Founders' Certificates."

Although publicity has not been given to this action of the Trustees, an encouraging number of contributions of \$1,000 or more have been received from individuals, subordinate Lodges and State Associations.

There should be at least a thousand members of the Order who will welcome the opportunity of being the pioneers in this most worthy cause.

Every Lodge and every State Association should make a supreme effort to support the Foundation by becoming an applicant for a Founders' Certificate.

A check for the required amount with any form of memorandum which identifies the subscriber is sufficient and may be sent to the Chairman at 15 State Street, Boston, Mass. The list of HONORARY FOUNDERS will be published in the Elks Magazine each month and an artistic and symbolic engraved certificate will be issued to every HONORARY FOUNDER.

#### *To Action*

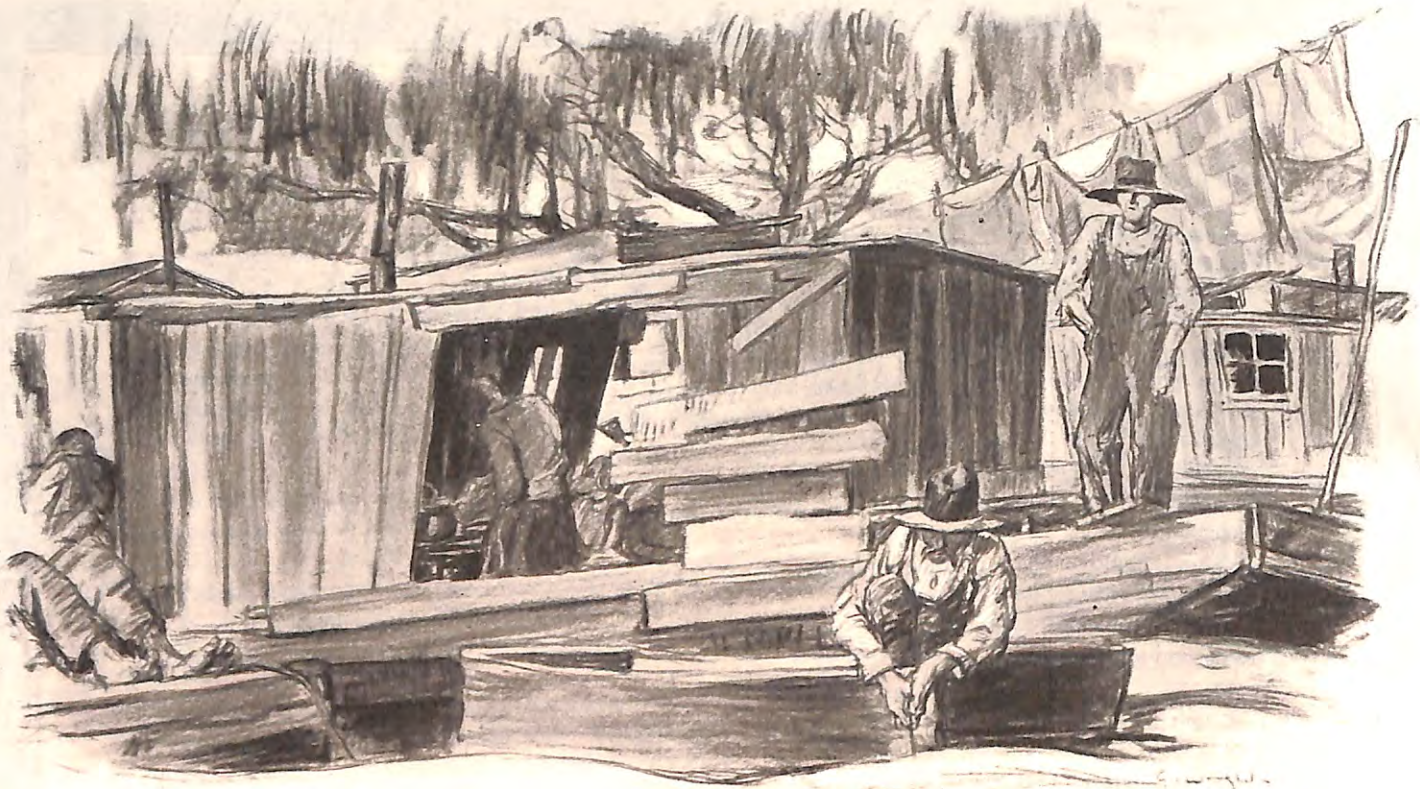
The call is compelling! The challenge is irresistible! Consider the rehabilitation of crippled children and the possibilities which the work of the State Associations so engaged offers for making happy, useful and contented citizens of these children. Reflect upon the wonderful advantages granted to young men and women who are assisted by the scholarships and student loan funds provided by other State Associations, and the concomitant benefits to the individuals and to society and to our country, which redound to the credit of our Order. Think of the boys' work in all its splendid phases, the reclamation and hospital work carried on in some sections of the country and the many other benefactions now attempted in measure by groups of subordinate Lodges. Realize that this work can be increased, multiplied and broadened through the use of the income from this Foundation each and every year by virtue of its *permanency*; and that all of this great work will accomplish so much for the good of our citizenry and the advancement of our Order as one of the greatest humanitarian agencies in our country.

It is a short time from now until next July, but it is a period of tremendous importance to the Elks National Foundation. If the first million dollars of the Foundation is raised during that time, and the Board of Trustees is able to go before the next annual session of the Grand Lodge in Los Angeles, California, and report that the Elks National Foundation is an actively functioning institution of the Order, the reaction of the membership in enthusiasm will be of priceless value, success will be assured and the goal of twenty million dollars will seem very near.

Therefore, Brothers, let your response be prompt and generous—subscribe immediately. There is no way in which you can perform a greater service for the Order, or participate to a greater degree in a work of immeasurable value to your fellow-men, than by becoming an HONORARY FOUNDER of the Elks National Foundation.

Fraternally,  
ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

JOHN F. MALLEY, *Chairman*  
RAYMOND BENJAMIN  
CHARLES E. PICKETT  
EDWARD RIGHTOR  
JAMES G. MCFARLAND  
JOHN G. PRICE  
CHARLES H. GRAKELOW



# The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend\*

*Beginning a Colorful Saga of the Immemorial War Between Steamboat Men and Shanty-boaters on the Mississippi*

## Part I

By Ben Lucien Burman

Illustrated by George Wright

CAPTAIN LILLY stood on the shadowy Beaver Slough wharf-boat and watched a half dozen grunting, burlapped negroes roll an endless procession of nailkegs from the vessel moored alongside. The obscurity, coupled with his tiny stature and cottony beard gave him the appearance of a gnome directing demons toiling in some hidden cavern. But he was a genial gnome, with twinkling blue eyes and cheerful, friendly mouth; even when he called out an order to spur on a lagging rouser his voice was good-humored.

He turned from the sweating negroes to drive off a bee buzzing at his watch-chain, then took out a neat bandanna and began polishing the carved pieces of bone, which, strung together in the fashion of a rope-ladder, formed the unusual ornament.

A lanky individual with a face like a lazy collie stretched out a hand from the coil of rope on which he was lying, and inspected the chain curiously.

"You been doing something to it, ain't you, Captain?" he demanded.

The old man reached up with the handkerchief to push back the hollyhock drooping brilliantly from his coonskin cap over his eye. "No, I ain't done nothing much. Just whitening her up a little with some chalk Miss Goldie give me when I was passing the schoolhouse last week. It was looking kind of yellow and I don't like to see things going that way, specially something like this that's my own rib."

"Guess it's got a right to be yellow, seeing how you've had it since '64. But it sure

makes a pretty chain. I ain't seen nothing as fine as that even on them salesmen fellows comes into the Busy Bee restaurant down in Pine City. A fellow just can't get tired of looking at it."

The old man beamed under the praise. "That's what I told them doctors when they cut it out of me. They didn't want to let me have it at first, but when I asked 'em what was the good of a fellow getting shot in a war if he couldn't bring something nice home to remember it by, they seen I was right."

The collie-faced man whose strongly scented hair was the sole indication that he was the proprietor of Capps' Beaver Slough Tonsorial Parlors released the chain and gazed at the other in skinny admiration. "You're sure a good one, Captain. Yes, sir,



you're a good one. Ain't no match for you in Beaver County, ain't no match in the whole valley, I guess, when it comes to thinking up things. Turkey Biggers up at Granny Run thinks he's something and Zep Wethers is getting so he expects people to tip their hats to him just 'cause he put them tin spiders down the backs of them insurance fellows was up at the hotel last week. But all their doings is just smart-aleckness; the things you figure out is pretty, and never hurt nobody. The way you got that dog and cat of yours trained, for instance. Or the way you keep them Scroggins twins from fingering the bright work of the boat by daring your pilot to touch it and then tearing out his glass eye. Seeing either of 'em's enough to make a potato bug blow the spots off himself with laughing." He lifted himself slowly to a sitting position and yawning wearily, put his socked feet into his cadaverous shoes. "Well, guess I'll have to be getting up to the shop. There's a preacher come in on the bus saying he'd be wanting a shave after a while. He's wearing a silk shirt, but I'll bet he won't pay me more than a nickel. Guess the shirt was give to him."

The old man watched him shamble up the levee. Giving the chain a final dab with the handkerchief, he drew out his watch, holding it a moment longer than was necessary to gaze lovingly at the eight wonders of the world ticking past a circular hole at the base of the dial. "Eight o'clock," he murmured. "Time we're starting for Hanging Dog."

Walking briskly aboard the steamboat, he mounted to the narrow, uppermost deck known to river men as the Texas, and clanged the great bell suspended before the pilot house. As in response the pilot popped

his head out of the window, revealing a visage knotted like a sweet potato and studded with one green and one rigid yellowish eye. An instant later the head popped back into its glassy box; the tattered rousters on the wharf flung down the last nail kegs and scrambled onto the swaying gangplank; the dazzling white vessel swung and began to chug laboriously up the wide, willow-fringed river. Steadily she steamed alongside the high Beaver Slough levee, past the ghastly half-buried wreck of a barge where two broken timbers with frayed ropes hanging beneath rose like gibbets over the yellow water, past Burning Elm Light at the tip of a long sandy bar, then around it into Granny Fork, the narrow tributary which formed the highway to Granny Run and the microscopic hamlets above.

An impudent little terrier trotted up to the old man and frenziedly wagging an absurd fragment of a tail began tugging at the buttons of his corduroy trousers. He



stooped and scratched its ragged ears. Taking a leisurely glance at the snaky channel ahead, he left the dog on deck and strode downstairs to his cabin. Here in a chair a boy was sitting, bent over a river chart spread out on the sofa before him. He was a youth of perhaps sixteen, with fiery unkempt red hair, and a face so freckled it might have been cut from an orange polka dotted dress. It was a face as attractive, as merry as the Captain's, with gray eyes flashing humorously and lips curved round a broken tooth in a permanent grin. So radiant, so contagious was his gaiety it made almost unnoticed the ugly steel braces fixed to his right leg.

**H**IS clothing was as cheerful as his countenance. His trousers were of a flamboyant green with two rows of huge mother-of-pearl buttons completely encircling the waist; his vivid pink shirt bore on the breast three button photographs with gilded legends advising the beholder to vote for the stately gentlemen there portrayed at the coming primary election; his collar was celluloid, with a rainbow necktie so perfectly formed it was certainly of the hook-on variety; in each of his cuffs was a pair of linked golden hearts.

The old man walked to the sofa and affectionately squeezed the boy's pink clad shoulder. "What are you doing, States? Studying again?"

The youth folded up the map. "Guess that's right, pappy."

"What you studyin' to-day?"

"Trying to learn that there section between Chinaman Light and Paddy Hen.

But it's sure mighty hard on a fellow's head. Them bars and chutes there's enough to drive you crazy."

"You'll learn 'em all right. Same way as you learned the others. Your sixteenth birthday ain't coming till next month, and if you're just about the best pilot there is on the river now, what you goin' to be when you're twenty-six?"

The boy flushed with pleasure. "You're just a-teasing me, pappy."

**N**O, I ain't, States. I mean it. Ain't nobody on the river can beat you. Every time I see you, taking the *Mornin' Glory* through one of them log jams I know I haven't raised you up for nothing." He reached over the boy to the wall and straightened the framed souvenir of the St. Louis Exposition where on a silk handkerchief gleamed a phosphorescent Tower of Jewels. "Guess you better be going up and relieving Buttereye pretty soon. Says the mice was a-eating the straw in his pillow last night again and he ain't slept well."

"All right, pap."

"Before you go, what you think about a little music? Ain't nothing like a little music when you're starting up a river."

The boy drew a harmonica from his pocket. "What'll I play you?"

The old man hesitated. "Well, of course there's 'Drunkard's Daughter' and 'course there's 'The Little Rosewood Casket,' but then there's 'Cripple Creek,' ain't there, and that's sure the

best. I guess you better play 'Cripple Creek,' same as every day. Socks and breeches wears out when you use 'em, but the longer you hear a piece of music the better it gets. Looks to me it's sense to hear one piece you know is good all the time instead of changing every minute and being bound to hear a lot of bad ones."

The boy put the instrument to his mouth and began to beat time with his crippled foot. The old man leaned back in his chair and in a high wheezy voice reminiscent of the steaming of a tea-kettle, began to sing through his crescent mustaches:

"Roll your breeches to your knees,  
I'll wade Cripple Creek when I please.  
Ain't but one thing I done wrong,  
I stayed in Cripple Creek a day too long."

The music and the steamy singing ceased; the Captain's face was rapturous. "Prettiest music ever

wrote, that is, prettiest ever wrote. Funny when I was in St. Louis for the exposition them big orchestra fellows they had there didn't play it once. But I was talking to a fellow worked in a livery stable and he said most of them was foreigners, so I s'pose they couldn't play it."

"Guess that's right, pap."

"Well, if it's worth doing once it's worth doing again. Music ain't like socks. Let her have it."

Three jovial verses had followed the first when from the bow of the boat came the explosive sound of shattering glass. The old man broke off his song and catching up a rifle hanging on the wall, darted outside. The boy came limping after. The vessel was passing close to the mouth of a shallow bay; along the weedy shore which formed its boundaries a score of dilapidated shanty boats lay bleakly at their moorings. For a moment the Captain stood at the rail, the gun at his shoulder, his snowy jaw set, his silvery projecting eyebrows upraised like the horns of an angry bull, all his good humor lost beneath a withered grimace. Then as no sign of life showed in the nearby bushes, he shook his fist impotently, and watching until the shabby dwellings had faded into the hot horizon, let his gun drop to his side. Followed by the boy, he plodded upstairs. He halted as his foot struck against a great



States rose on his toes and thrust the pole at the wasp nest

dagger of glass shining on the white boards; went on bitterly into the pilot-house and saw the jagged hole in the window from which it had been splintered. His face purpled with passion an instant, then relapsed into its shriveled gloom.

"It's getting too much for a human to stand," he muttered. "Too much for a human to stand."

THE steersman with the face of a sweet potato glanced up and, unmoved, sped the boat past a frog covered island. "Looks like them shanty-boaters is wanting trouble," he remarked, utilizing the newly created hole to spit a mouthful of tobacco juice cleanly over the side. "Breaking two windows in less than a month, besides all the stealing off the boat they've been doing. Sheriff'll have to be paying 'em another visit. Looks like the last one ain't done much good."

"Nothing's going to do no good . . . until they're laying in their graves."

States, beside him, stooped and picked up a stone lying near the wheel. His grin had vanished, his freckles were a somber gray. "Here's what they done it with," he flashed. "Same as last time." He threw open the breach of his rifle and filled two empty chambers. "Next time I'll be waiting."

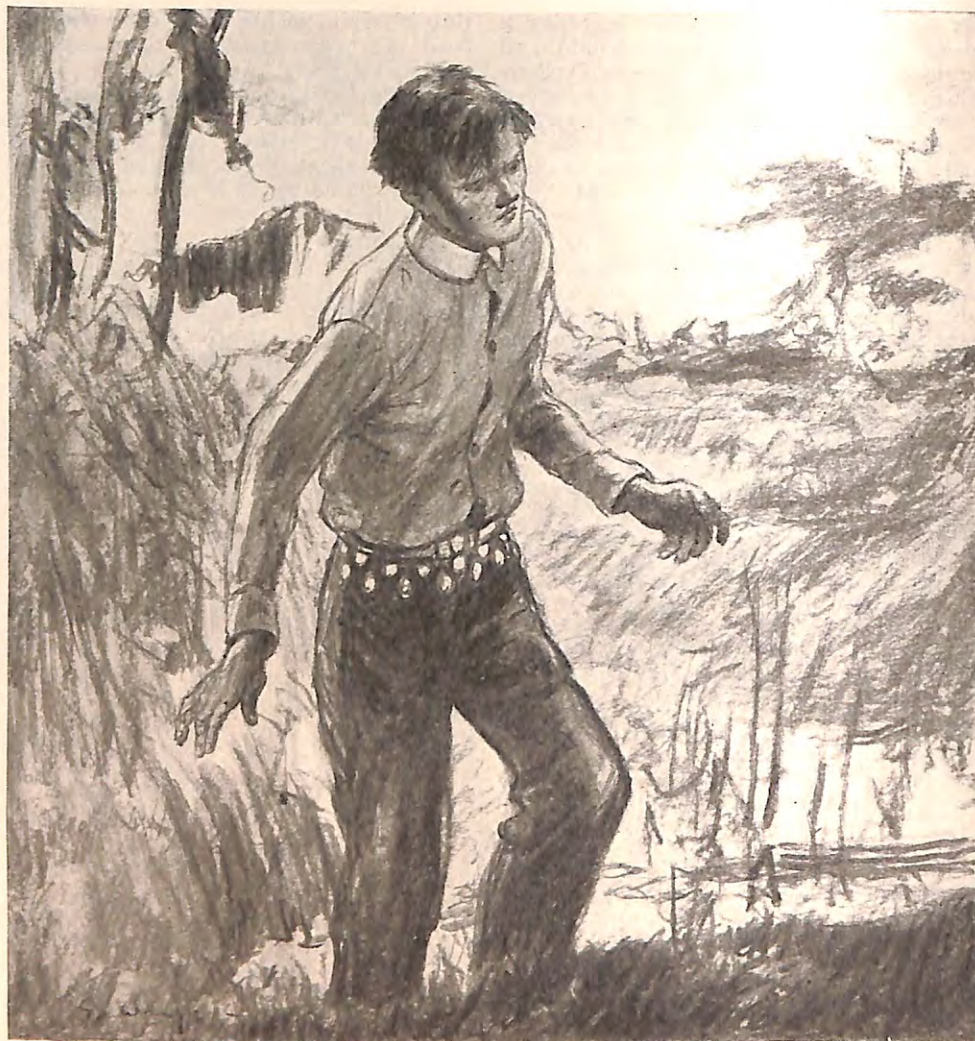
Stonily the old man lifted out a triangular fragment from the window and passed a finger over a milky edge. "Shooting just one ain't going to help. We got to drive 'em off the river. Ain't goin' to be no peace till we do."

"Wasn't no excuse for rock-throwing today," the pilot went on. "Maybe last time they done it I was shaking up the shanties a little, but this morning I was being mighty particular to go slow past 'em, and the waves we was making wouldn't rock a collar-box let alone a shanty boat. Coal stealing and robbing the wharves and getting the rousters drunk on poison whiskey I can figure out, 'cause it's to get money. But this here's just plain spite work."

"Stealing and law-breaking and spiting a steam-boater is all a shanty-man knows."

"Guess that's right, Cap. Well, maybe they'll be getting run out quicker than we figure. Beaver Slough folks is getting mighty hot against 'em. Long as it's the steam-boats that's getting picked on, they don't get so excited, but I was up at the barber shop yesterday and everybody's saying how it's the shanty people that's doing all the holding up on the Hanging Dog road. Parson Lodey got the folks considerable stirred up about 'em Sunday. Said they was limbs of Satan and even their church meetings was so low down they was defaming the Lord. 'Course if they get run out, they'll come back same as they done when they got run out five years ago. A shanty-boater's got more lives than a cat in a cotton bale. But while they're gone you're rid of 'em."

Captain Lilly did not reply to these observations, but bending over, began removing the remainder of the broken glass and laying it in a pile on the floor. The boy joined him. As they worked their spirits lifted. The old man's horny eyebrows relaxed, his crescent mustaches began to droop amiably once more over his kindly lips. The work was soon finished. Sitting down in a chair, he petted the terrier which came nuzzling against his hand, took out a corn-cob pipe and reached down to strike a match against the wall. As he did so, a fly



buzzed up from beneath his hand; instantly the dog grew taut, and jerking its head toward a silky white cat dozing in a corner, barked excitedly, and pointed as though it had sighted a hare. The first bark whipped the cat to its feet. Like an ivory arrow it sped into the air, caught the insect in its flashing paws and dropping to the floor again, carried the captive to its withered master. The dog came hurrying to join it; triumphantly they sat down at either side of the old man's chair and stared up into his face, their eyes bright with expectation.

All traces of the Captain's gloom vanished in a hearty chuckle. From a sticky bag he counted out eight "red drops" and dotted them on his palm. The confections were swiftly blotted out by two darting tongues. He dismissed both the beggars with a rough caress. Smoking a few moments in silence, he turned to the boy.

"How about playing a piece, States? Ain't nothing like a good piece of music to get you cheerful again after you've been roused up. Crying over spilt milk never did a cow no good."

The boy polished the harmonica against his sleeve.

"What'll I play, pap?"

"Well . . . 'course there's 'Drunkard's Daughter' and 'course there's 'The Little Rosewood Casket' and a lot of other ones . . . but then there's 'Cripple Creek,' ain't there. I guess you better play that."

When the music ended, both were radiant. States wrapped the instrument in a square of cloth.

"You and me's mighty

happy on the *Morning Glory*, ain't we, pappy?"

"Snug as bugs in a rug, son."

"Rather be a steam-boater with you on the *Morning Glory* than anything else in the world. Don't see how a fellow could ever leave a steamboat. All day long just stand up in the pilot-house and tell stories and watch the niggers cutting up, and then when night comes, sit out and listen to the river singing, so soft you can kind of imagine it's an old lady, with the willows on shore playing the organ for her and the crickets chirping like them rattle things that Spanish dancer had was at the picture show a couple of years ago. As pretty as that dollar and a half phonograph record they plays Christmas time down at the Busy Bee. Prettier maybe. I tell you if I had to get off the *Morning Glory* I'd just as soon die."

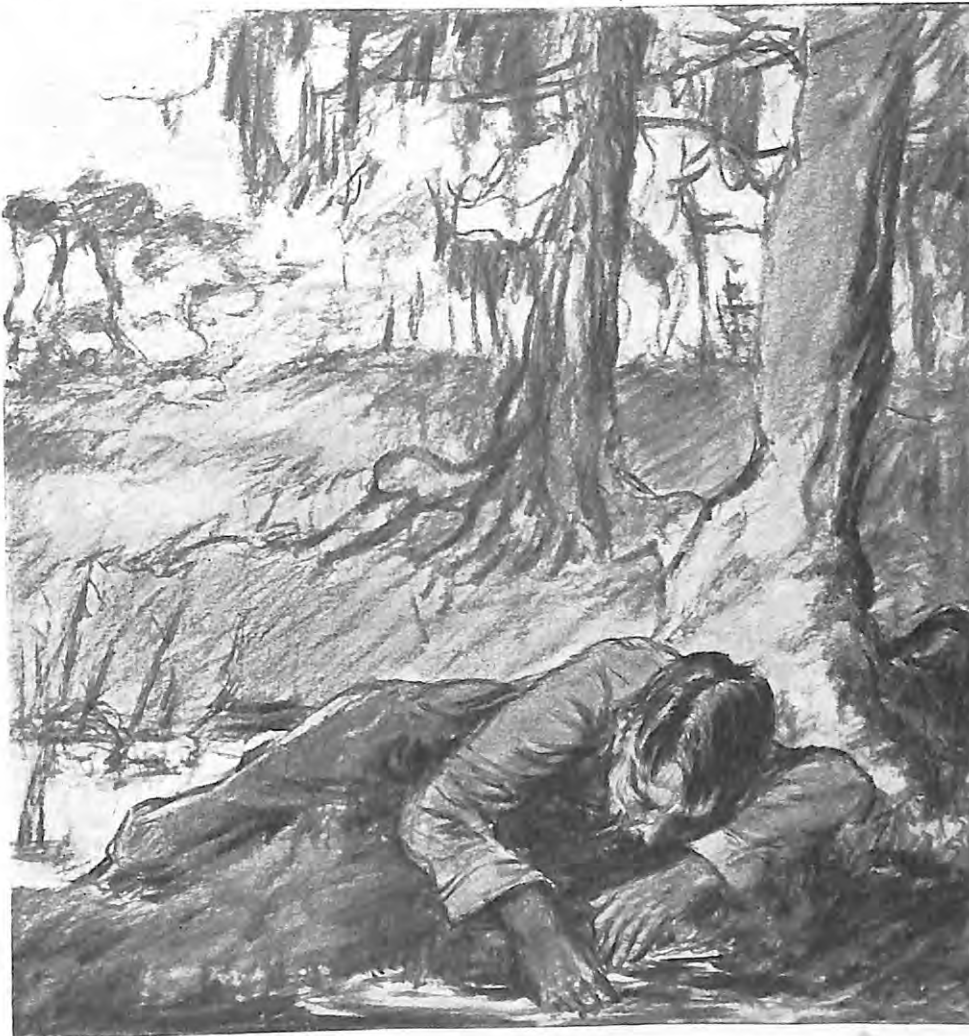
"RIVER is a beautiful thing. More than that she's a kind of holy thing. Don't need to go to church when you're on the river."

"Sometimes you seem to me you was kind of part of the river, pappy. Your hair's white like the cotton fields beside her, and you're brown and wrinkled like the waves is, and most of the time you're happy and laughing, the way the river is in summer. And then sometimes you get wild and raging, and a person don't know just what you're going to do, the way the river is in flood time."

"Guess you're about right, States. Guess you can't be on a river fifty years the way I been without getting like it."

The boat swung past an overalled farmer driving a herd of grunting pigs. The pilot yawned cavernously. "Getting late, ain't it, Captain?" he asked. "I'd say it was





*He reached one of the low cypress-crowned ridges and had advanced only a few yards when he saw a brown-clad body sprawled out grotesquely*

which was fixed the miniature photograph of a burlesque actress.

"Sure, Zep. What's doing?"

"Come over here and I'll show you."

He led the way to the stern and parting the foliage which curtained most of the bank, pointed to a girl who, unconscious of any observer, was sitting on a log, sorting out some herbs pulled from the ground nearby. She was a small, delicately molded girl—almost a child—with the sad, patient face of a nun and frail hands worn and stained with toil, a child who in her brief life had known only poverty and wretchedness. Her meek eyes were too prominent from undernourishment; her flaxen hair, in itself beautiful, was coiled in a rigid knot tied with a bit of frayed shoe-string; her dress was of faded, angular calico patched in a myriad places with pieces of stocking; her feet were bare and scarred with briars. At her throat was a single luxury, a necklace made of a score of safety pins linked together and culminating in four similar pins of larger size hanging down as a pendant over her breast. At intervals as she worked she dipped her fingers into a piece of brown paper and put a pinch of snuff to her nostrils.

States gazed at her and turned to his companion in disappointment. "What's the fun?" he whispered. "Towhead Etty is all I can see."

The other twisted States so that he faced a wasp nest hanging from a bough near the

pretty near ten o'clock judging by them pigs' shadows."

The Captain consulted his watch once more. "Missed her three minutes, Butter-eye," he announced. "Getting sleepy, ain't you?" He studied the vermilion Niagara Falls temporarily showing in the hole at the base of the dial. "It's a pleasure to tell the time when you got a watch like this. It's a natural pleasure."

"Them Swedes sure is smart the way they makes all them fancy watches," Buttereye asserted.

"That ain't no lie. There was a watch made by a Swede fellow at the exposition played a couple of notes every quarter of an hour and at twelve o'clock a little eagle come out on it and it played the 'Star Spangled Banner.' I couldn't buy that because they was asking too much for it, but just the same getting this one with the natural wonders for me, and the wonders made by man for States is the best money I ever spent." He restored the watch to his pocket. "Guess you'd better be taking the wheel, son, and let Buttereye get his nap."

THE boy limped forward, and taking the steersman's post began guiding the vessel through a never-ending succession of muddy rocks and fragrant, crow-haunted corn fields.

The old man watched approvingly. Shaking the ashes from the top of his pipe, he resumed his cheerful puffing. The vessel chugged past an abandoned shanty boat rotting in a gloomy cove. His face darkened. "It's them that's spoiling the river," he muttered. "Same as warts on the cheeks of a pretty woman. Warts, that's what they are, just warts. And you and me ain't goin' to rest until we've burned 'em off."

CHAPTER II

THEY kept sharp watch two days later as the vessel, returning from her brief voyage, neared the bay sheltering the shanty colony. Here three or four shantymen, gaunt, raw-boned, were sitting in dilapidated rowboats, fishing for mussels in the shallow water. But no life was visible on the nearest banks, and the vessel passed without incident. A few hundred yards further a shabby factory building to which other gaunt shantymen were pushing wheelbarrows loaded with mussel-shells, showed round a clump of cottonwoods. Circling gracefully to the narrow landing before it, the vessel came to a halt.

With a strident creaking of pulleys the gangplank was lowered to the mud. The rousters scrambled to shore. Swarming about the boxes erected in a great mountain near the river edge, they tossed them onto their shoulders and shuffled onto the boat, giggling explosively as from cracks in their burdens occasional buttons dropped out and slipped down their shiny backs. States, who had been steering, limped below to the main-deck. Watching the negroes at their noisy labor a moment, he took out a pole and line and began to fish. He had been engaged in this fashion for a few minutes when there swaggered up to him the *Morning Glory's* single passenger, a shifty-eyed, hook-nosed youth with a flat derby tilted at an angle so arrogant as to almost insult the beholder. "Want to have some fun, States?" he demanded, as he pulled up a flashy trouser leg and exposed to a staring farmer a garter to



girl's shoulders. "Guess you see now, don't you?" he demanded.

"Nope."

"You're mighty dumb, to-day, States. Don't you see that wasp's nest there?"

"Yep, see that all right."

"Well, what about sticking your fishing-pole in it and letting a wasp or two get out?"

States vigorously shook his head. "I ain't going to make no wasp sting a girl. Even if she is a shantyboater."

"Nobody's talking about stinging her. Just funny to watch the way different people acts when there's wasps around, that's all. Girls 'specially is funny. Generally pulls up their skirts over their heads and flaps like a chicken gone crazy. Bet that Towhead 'll make you laugh more than Fatty Stevens dancing naked on a greasy barrel."

"I'd like to see the fun all right, but I don't want to go picking on a girl."

"What's got into you to-day, States? If it was any of them fellows up at the barber

shop they'd be tickled to death to get the chance." He undid a button of his flashy, strangling waisted coat and taking a cigar, chewed the end showily. "I'm beginning to believe you're scared to do it. Yep, just plain scared. . . . If you don't do it, you ain't a sport."

"I ain't scared to do nothing." He hesitated. "You sure they ain't going to sting her?"

"Course they ain't. Never do when they come out a little hole one at a time. It's when they come out a big one three or four together and kind of bump into each other that they get mad."

"All right. If it ain't going to hurt her, I'll do it." He leaned far over the side of the ship and reaching the pole toward the nest, gingerly punched a hole in the pulpy surface. A wasp came darting out, buzzed furiously at the stick a moment, then flew off into the distance.

"Didn't work," Zep grunted. "Better try her again."

ONCE more States rose high on his toes and thrust the pole forward. The point penetrated. He was preparing to withdraw it when a sudden swirl of the current caused the stern of the vessel to swing slightly from the land. The unexpected movement, though trivial, was enough to upset his perilous balance. He toppled and only by a quick catch at the rail saved himself from dropping into the water. The pole shot from his hand and tore a great hole in the fragile nest. A fiery swarm buzzed out the orifice, drifted indecisively an instant as though searching for the guilty one, then flung itself upon the girl and hid her pale face and forlorn clothing beneath a quivering, yellow-striped cloak.

States blanched with horror. Desperately he ran down the gangplank to aid her. But as he dashed beyond the leafy curtain, he saw that three shantymen who had been trundling wheelbarrows nearby had already reached her and were beating off the attackers with their woebegone garments. Nothing remained for him but to watch. Wretchedly he waited till the last insect was routed and the girl, leaning on the arm of one of her rescuers stumbled up the cinder-path which led toward shantytown; miserably, he wiped away the

beads of perspiration glistening on his cheeks, and with head dropping onto his breast, trudged to his old place at the rail.

Zep, still standing there, was apoplectic with glee. "Didn't I tell you she'd flap?" he chortled. "Lordy, Lordy, did you ever see such flapping?"

States turned on him stonily. "That's what they call skunk laughing, Zep," he muttered. "And it's right. That's what you and me are, just skunks. And I'm worse than you cause it was me that done it."

"What you talking about, States? Ain't no harm done. She ain't nothing but a shanty girl."

"Shanty girl's human, ain't she?"

"Not to some people's way of thinking. More like a crittur." He rocked with a burst of laughter again, checked himself as the boy's countenance grew sterner, and swaggered off to find a more appreciative companion.

The terrier scampered forward and began tugging at States's trousers. The boy reached down to caress it, and catching sight of his reflection in a bucket of water, quickly put his hand to his collar. His dejection increased. He began to search for something on the deck, and unable to find it, pried with the fishing-pole under the roots overhanging the water. Here likewise he discovered nothing. "It's gone, Shoo Fly," he murmured to the dog. "My rainbow necktie's gone. And there ain't another to be had nowhere. At the store when I bought it they told me it was the last. All the others ain't got more than four colors." Ruefully he felt the bare collar button. "It's sure a punishment for what I done to Towhead Etty. It's sure a punishment."

He limped above as the bell clanged a warning, and taking the wheel, swung the boat from the land. A moment later the

old man entered. Filling his corn-cob pipe, he seated himself comfortably on a bench and smoothed out a roll of paper he had been carrying, which, when flat, proved to be a sheet of transfer pictures labelled "Travels in China." "Miss Hessie keeps the books at the button factory just give me these," he announced. "She was down in Perryville last week and seen them in a candy store window and knowed I was saving them. There's a lot of education in transfer pictures if you buy them right. . . . What's the matter, son? You're looking blue."

"I am blue, pappy." Briefly he told what had happened.

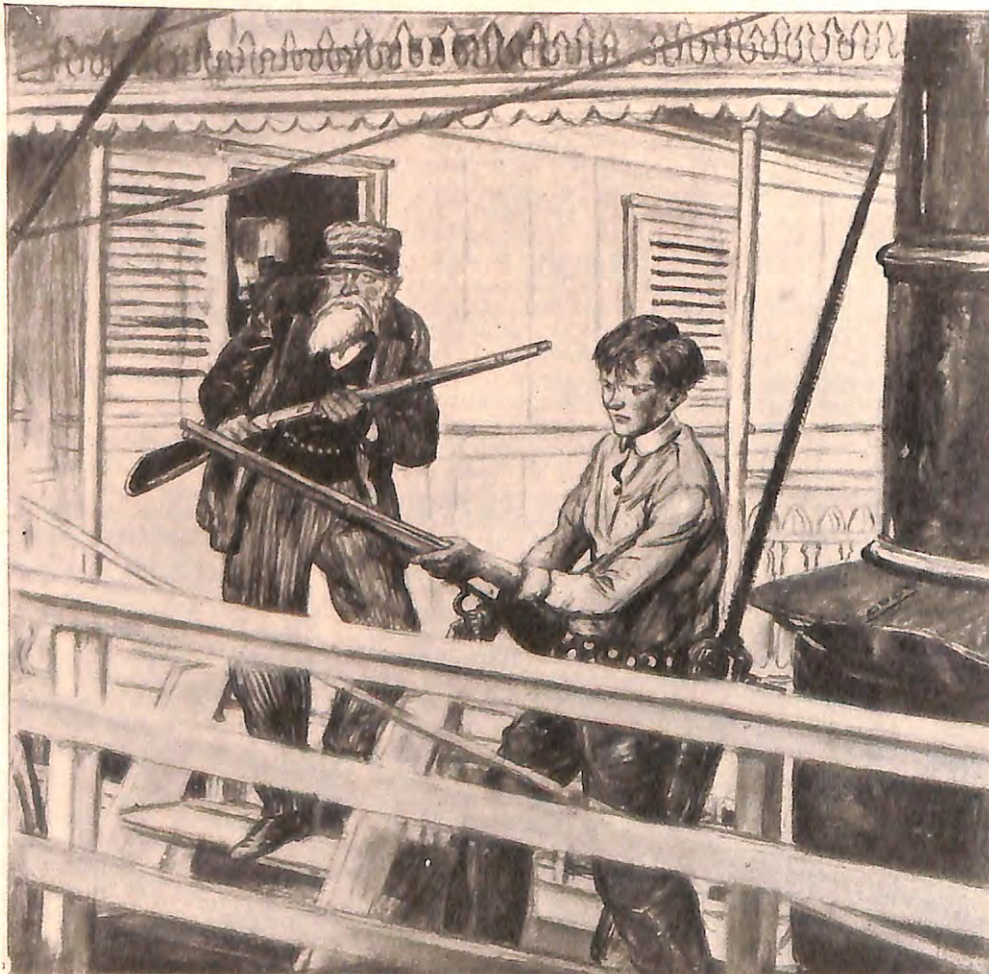
The old man listened patiently. "I'm sorry about it, son! 'Cause I don't like your picking on a woman even if it was just a' accident, and besides if any of them seen you doing it, it's going to make more fighting. But it's done and there ain't no use worrying about it." He cut from the sheet a gaily colored square, spat on it carefully and pasted it onto the back of his hand. "Too bad, ain't it when the world's as pretty as it shows in these Chineese pictures it's made so that things in it is always fighting each other. A cat fights a dog, and a snake fights a lizard, and a shantyman fights a steamboater. I wish it was different. Wish a fellow could get along without it. But my pappy had to be battling with them all the time he was on the river, and I've had to act just the same way. People says it's changed on some of the rivers. Says there's places where the shantyboaters is honest and lives according to the law, but I don't believe it. Ain't no honest shantyboaters."

HE PULLED the paper from his wrist and admiringly studied the green and white pagoda revealed beneath. "Fine picture, ain't it, with all them Chinamen praying around it. Look mighty pretty on a watch.

I seen a Chinaman once. When I was up at the Exposition in St. Louis. He was waiting on table in a restaurant. People was eating what he gave 'em too."

He moved over on the bench to make room for Buttereye who had just shambled through the door, then went on with his discourse. "No, sir, ain't no honest shantyboaters. When a fellow gets to thinking about itsometimesitlooks like the river would

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"Got him," States shouted in exultation as the old man came racing, gun in hand, from below. "Looked like that fellow they call Chicken Sam!"



# The Fleet

By Charles A. Winter

Illustrated by the Author

*NOTE: This is a story and yet it is not. There is really no plot in it, nor any chief character. It is a picture of the Navy in war time, described by a former naval officer who is now an artist and writer. It is a vivid portrayal of the Fleet in an imaginary action at sea. No more and no less.—EDITOR.*

THE night was utterly black. Down from the Arctic Circle, and across the inky waters of the Flow, howled a vicious gale. A blinding sleet, shooting down in long, diagonal trajectory, riddled the surging waves. The wet wind, blasting its freezing course, roared vindictively in its mad charge over the North Sea. The pounding main, gone berserk, heaved and lashed with the savagery of a hooked shark.

Throughout the brutish night, and far into the morning watch, blared the thundering storm.

From out the thick blackness, sounding faint but clear above the bellowing blizzard, came the distant dinging of a ship's bell. Striking, in its habitual one-two cadence, "two bells," it ushered in five o'clock of the watch. Some minutes later an indefinably dim shade pervaded the night. The opaque darkness seemed to thin. Imperceptibly, eerily, the first spectral glimmer of dawn stirred through the eastern haze, and as it slowly spread, it gave to misty sea and sky the ashen pallor of a fish's belly. Gradually, as this dirty, gray tone grew to half-light, indistinguishable, fantastic shapes began to be faintly discernible in the moving mists. The cold, clammy atmosphere was giving evidence of hidden things,—hidden life. And as the first dull light of early morn displaced the murky dawn, there loomed up out of the sea, silent as a mountain—majestic as a cathedral—and with all the intrepid complacency of a killer whale—a mighty battleship.

Then, by little and little, as daylight forced its way through haze and sleet, there emerged, a short distance beyond it, another similar hulk, then another, and others, on down the gray line, until there was arrayed, riding unruffled and somberly in the beaten storm—The Fleet.

Here, in a bleak, barren roadstead of Northern Britain—Scapa Flow—England and America had concentrated the mightiest fleet of warships known to history. Under the astute command of Sir David Beatty, Commander-in-Chief of the British Grand Fleet, stood the Allied Defense. Against the day when the German High Seas Fleet would steam out of the Jathe to challenge their mastery of those seas, this

huge armada of steel and brawn watched, waited, and prepared.

Sounding with startling suddenness through the lulling drone of the storm rang the clear, blatant notes of a bugle. Simultaneously with reveille at five-thirty, and shrilling through the slumbering silence of the hammock-hung decks of the *U. S. S. Texas*, flagship of the American Squadron, squealed the thin whistle of the boatswain's pipes.

"Up a—l—l hammocks!" The rousing, raucous calls of boatswains' mates resounded through the still decks with hopeless finality. One additional wink of sleep was an utter absurdity. In the heavy gloom of the lower decks, illuminated only by occasional blue battle lights, hammocks began to stir. A final sputtering snore, a cough, a mooring yawn, a sleepy voice, the thump of stocking feet on deck as men dropped from hammocks—all spelled "Rise and Shine!" The ship was waking.

Up on the storm-swept quarterdeck, Lieutenant Payson, the Officer of the Deck, busily carrying out the Morning Orders, turned to a quartermaster on watch and ordered away Numbers 2 and 3 motor sailers.

"Messenger!" he barked. From around the port side of turret 3's barbette skidded a muffled seaman.

"CALL the steamer crews, except Number 4, and get steam up in the skids!"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the sailor, saluting, and was off.

"Messenger!" called the Officer of the Deck.

Another man scurried around to the starboard side.

"Call the stewards and notify the chief petty officers of Divisions 3 and 4 to report to me at 'turn to'!" These divisions were listed in the Morning Orders to clear topside, bridge and gangways of ice.

The Junior Officer of the Deck appeared. "All bearings steady, sir, and steam still up on the anchor engine," he reported. For the fourth time during the watch he had made a trip to the bridge to check up the ship's bearings with fixed lights on shore, a precaution against dragging anchor.

"Bo's'n's mate! 'Turn to' at six o'clock—pass the word!"

A quartermaster stepped up.

"Motor sailers 2 and 3 at the port gangway, sir," he reported.

The Officer of the Deck strode to the port-rail, and leaning over the side, shouted through his megaphone to the bobbing boats below. "Pick up liberty party on the dock, and don't wait after six-thirty-five. Shove off!" Overnight liberty expired at six-thirty "on the dock."

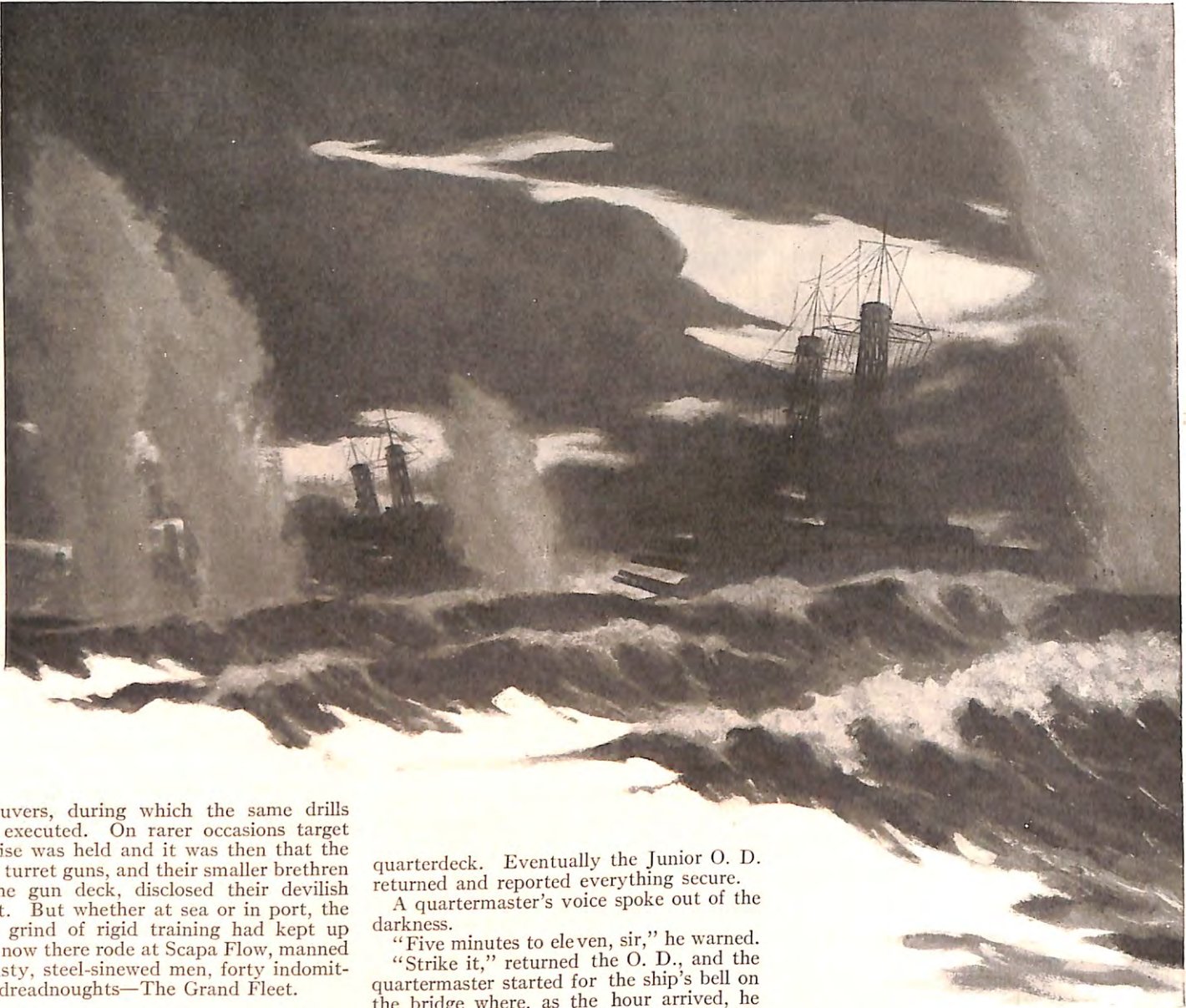
Thus did the morning routine get under way, with ever-growing activity as the ship waked, washed and made ready for another day. And on every ship in the Fleet similar incidents transpired.

The remaining duties of the morning were carried out with equal dispatch. Breakfast at seven-thirty, colors at eight, quarters at nine-fifteen, and then drill at nine-thirty continued the schedule. During drill all battle stations were manned and for more than an hour turret and broadside gun crews worked the guns, repeatedly loading and unloading practise shells and dummy powder-bags, ever striving to perfect their speed and efficiency.

At eleven o'clock "Mast" was held, during which ceremony the Executive Officer, stationed ordinarily on the quarterdeck, but to-day under the superstructure, received reports concerning breaches of discipline, absentees over-leave, if any, and requests for various accommodations. This "deck-court" is one of the last vestiges of the "wooden ships and iron men" navy of olden days when requests were rare and fractious seamen were hauled up to the mainmast for such public trial, flogging and chains as were deemed necessary for crew efficiency and morale. Retreat was sounded at eleven-thirty, and fifteen minutes later Mess Gear blew. At noon the watch was again relieved.

The afternoon's work was equally divided between "School," concerning various seamanship and gunnery instructions, and ship's work. At four o'clock an all too short rest period of an hour was ushered in with "Knock-off." Then came Evening Colors at "sunset," when all designated lights were turned on, supper at six, "turn to" to scrub clothes at six-thirty, Torpedo Defense Drill at seven, when battle stations were manned again and mimic, night warfare practised, "hammocks" at seven-forty-five, mustering the anchor watch, Tattoo at nine, and finally, at nine-fifteen, Taps. Sounding slowly and mournfully out of the darkness these plaintive notes, echoing the lonely message of human hearts in calloused, machine-like bodies, called to well-earned rest the men, the ship, the Fleet.

In such fashion did the Fleet prepare itself while in port. On frequent occasions it would stand out to sea and engage in tactical



maneuvers, during which the same drills were executed. On rarer occasions target practise was held and it was then that the great turret guns, and their smaller brethren on the gun deck, disclosed their devilish might. But whether at sea or in port, the daily grind of rigid training had kept up until now there rode at Scapa Flow, manned by lusty, steel-sinewed men, forty indomitable dreadnoughts—The Grand Fleet.

LIEUTENANT COX, Officer of the Deck, for this, the first watch of the night, having reported ten o'clock lights out to the Captain was softly, but earnestly, cussing the weather. The storm, though it had abated in intensity, still came under the classification of dirty weather. Standing just inside the superstructure door he peered thoughtfully into the droning darkness while he considered many things not pertaining to the Navy. The lonely, empty monotony of a night watch causes the imagination to veer off in many directions, some of which may be much more interesting than Marc St. Hilaire sights or naval ballistics. And after one has done the same thing day after day, month after month, pleasant, far-off memories play through the mind to achieve a magnitude out of all proportion to their true value. That last musical comedy becomes a glaring hit. That final dinner at home melts on the tongue. And demure Viola becomes a dashing Venus—a ravishing vision of incomparable charm.

"Guess I'll inspect the ship, sir," broke the Junior O. D.

Cox quivered. "Yes—sure—good idea," he stammered, thus rudely jolted from Broadway to Scapa Flow.

"Messenger, go up to the galley and get me a bowl of black coffee, and an egg sandwich," he continued, as the sea damp began to chill him. Then he returned to the Astor.

The weary minutes dragged on while the raw wind continued to moan across the board

quarterdeck. Eventually the Junior O. D. returned and reported everything secure.

A quartermaster's voice spoke out of the darkness.

"Five minutes to eleven, sir," he warned.

"Strike it," returned the O. D., and the quartermaster started for the ship's bell on the bridge where, as the hour arrived, he struck six bells. Such routine interruptions served only to accentuate the dreary loneliness of the watch.

Lieutenant Cox, with his head bowed into the hood of the deck desk against which the needling sleet beat a bullying, irritating tet-tet-tet, slowly stirred his tepid coffee while he seriously mused on the advantages of civilian life in general, and, in particular, on dry feet, warm clothes, and an open fire place which should always have a crackling, blazing log fire. And, of course, there was Corinne, and Renee, and . . .

"Message, sir," said a voice.

Cox started. A marine orderly from the Admiral's Flag Officer stood at the salute before him. Cox saluted and took the message. It had just been received from His Majesty's ship *Iron Duke*, flagship of the British Fleet. As he read it his brows knit in a frown of incredulity. He reread it. "What the hell . . ." he looked at the orderly. The Marine's features were immobile. Again he read the message. It was genuine.

"Bo's'n's mate!" he yelled. "Call the crew of the Admiral's barge, get steam up in it in the skids immediately, and stand by to lower! Call the crew of the Captain's gig to stand by to lower!" Then striding quickly to the voice tube leading down to the engine room, he pressed the buzzer vigorously.

"Engine room," answered a voice from below.

"Get steam up to the throttles on all engines immediately," shouted Cox.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the calm, almost bored voice of the engineer on watch.

"Messenger! Take this message to the Captain!"

Ensign Holden, the Junior Officer of the Deck, about to start on his final bearing-checking trip to the bridge, stopped in questioning pause at these unusual orders.

"You'd better remain here," said Cox. "Beatty has just ordered steam up on all ships and has requested the immediate presence of the Admiral and all ship commanding officers. I didn't get any word about drill. Looks damned interesting. *Maybe they've come out.*"

ANOTHER Marine orderly snapped to "attention" before Cox, saluted and said: "The Admiral wishes his barge at the gangway immediately, sir, without side-boys."

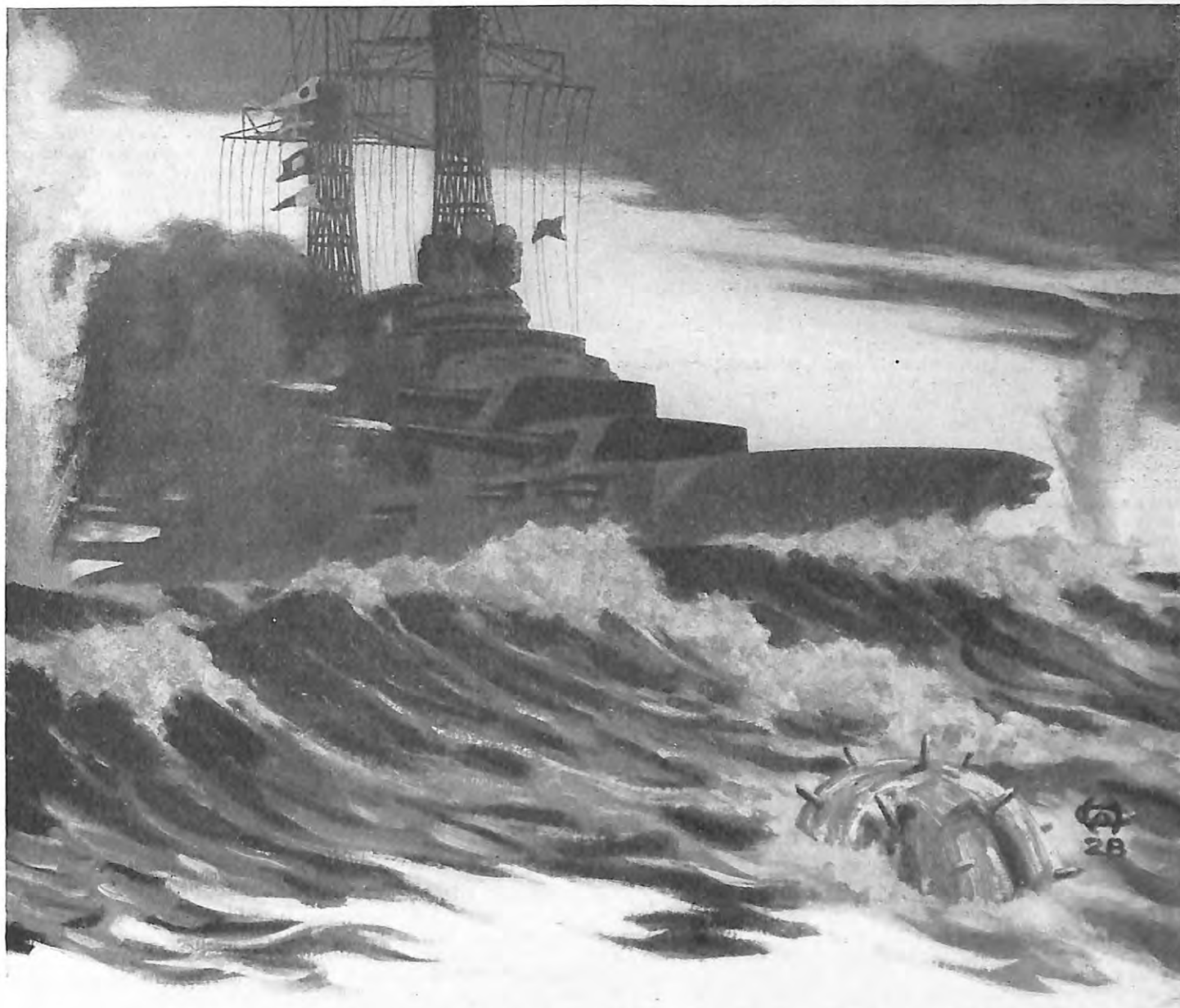
A third Marine appeared. "The Captain does not wish his gig, sir,—he's going in the barge."

"Bo's'n's mate!" blared Cox. "Call away the barge immediately. Secure the gig."

"Christmas sho' does seem to be approaching!" breathed the Junior O. D.

Up at the starboard boat crane on the superstructure a boat's crew, oblivious to the night's wind and sleet, worked rapidly under





the blue-white glare of a searchlight. Presently the crane, suspended the barge, swung outboard, paused and lowered it to the waves.

"Messenger! Report to the Admiral that the barge is at the gangway." Then going to the voice tube leading down to the Captain's quarters Cox reported to the orderly, "Barge at the gangway!"

"AttenSHUN!" bellowed a boatswain's mate. From out the starboard door of the superstructure leading on to the quarterdeck stepped the iron-gray dignity of Admiral Graves, Commander-in-Chief of the American Squadron. Following him came Rear-Admiral McCray, commanding the four ships of Division 7, and Captain Weygand, Captain of the *Texas*. Over on the *U. S. S. Delaware*, flagship of Division 8, Vice-Admiral Glendon was descending the gangway.

And forthwith, the trim, speedy barges and gigs of all ships present, save one, were shooting through the black waters of Scapa Flow towards H. M. S. *Iron Duke*. Gold braid, like dungaree, obeyed instantly.

As the barge shoved off from the *Texas*, Commander Updyke, the Executive Officer, having received previous instructions, turned to Lieutenant Cox and said: "Prepare to get under way!"

The command from the *Iron Duke* could have only one meaning.

While the commanding officers sped to

the flagship, every ship in the Fleet awoke.

"Bo's'n's mate!" shot Lieutenant Cox. "Muster the anchor watch, see that the anchor engine is ready for weighing, and get the men in the chain tiers."

Commander Updyke continued. "Cox, have the word passed to muster Divisions 1, 5 and 7 for the sea watch. Set it immediately!"

ONE of the voice-tube buzzers on the quarterdeck buzzed sharply. A quartermaster answered it, and then reported to Lieutenant Cox. "Engine room reports steam up to the throttles on the main engines, sir."

"Tell them to get steam up on the steering-engine, immediately!" ordered Cox.

The designated divisions were mustered, not without some audible surprise and mental disgust, and went on watch. Silent, muffled figures slipped through the darkness to various parts of the ship, to bridge and forecabin, main- and foremast tops, lookout stations and engine rooms. The *Texas* was wide awake.

Far down the line around the *Iron Duke* barges and gigs assembled. Already grouped in the polished wardroom of the Fleet flagship were several earlier arrivals of ship and division commanders. A quiet air of hushed expectancy pervaded the large room as a word was exchanged here and there between the waiting officers. Each minute

brought new arrivals until, finally, the last commanding officer joined the throng.

Commodore Sir Ashton Bailey, Flag Captain to Admiral Beatty, having ascertained that all officers summoned had arrived, proceeded to the Admiral's quarters. A complete hush fell over the wardroom.

Presently voices were heard out in the passageway, and as they approached every officer arose. Admiral Beatty entered.

A stalwart, solid figure of a man, square-jawed and steely-eyed, this Englishman precisely embodied the Britisher's ideal sailorman. Heir to the sea-going heritage of Morgan, Drake and Nelson, which he had so admirably demonstrated at Jutland, Beatty knew no superior.

He commenced immediately: "The Admiralty has reported that the German High Seas Fleet stood out from Wilhelmshaven to-night at eleven o'clock, proceeding north in Channel Three, at twenty knots. Apparently they plan a swift blow at the Second Light Cruiser Squadron, as we expected. We shall get underway immediately for Rendezvous N2 where we will be joined by the Third Battle Squadron from Invergordon. Galt's Battle Cruiser Fleet has already left Rosyth, proceeding to Rendezvous N4. We shall stand out in Formation 21. Battle Signal Code 5 will be employed. Standard speed will be twenty-one knots. Course will be one hundred and thirty-eight degrees. Proceed to your commands. And best of

luck, gentlemen," he added, as a half smile played about his lips.

Three-score speed-boats, barge and gig, cut through the snapping waters back to their home ships, which, like leashed hounds which have caught the scent, quivered with the preliminary activity of joining the chase.

Shortly the *Texas* barge made the star-board gangway and the Admiral and party ascended.

The Captain advanced to the waiting Executive Officer.

"Get underway immediately!" he ordered.

The Admiral, after brief conversation with his Flag Officer, went below. The Flag Officer hurried to the bridge. Things began to happen.

Suddenly out of the night enshrouding Scapa Flow flashed the blue-white glare of searchlights. Up on the flying bridge the Flag Officer gave a message to the quartermasters operating one of the great lights. Instantly came the clack-clack, clack, clack of the light's shutters as they were slammed open and shut in the sending of the dot and dash code. After the message had been sent there blinked against the darkness the answering flashes of all American ships.

While the German High Seas Fleet crept silently through the North Sea night, Scapa Flow flashed with action.

Lieutenant Cox, with the Captain and Admiral, took up his post on the bridge.

"Test out the engine room telegraphs and annunciators!" Cox ordered the chief quartermaster on watch.

"Order the engine room to turn over the main engines," he added.

A chief boatswain's mate hustled up the bridge steps. "Leadsmen in the chains, and all sea details set, sir," he reported.

"Are all boats, booms and gangways rigged in?" asked Cox.

"Yes, sir—all ready to heave 'round, sir," answered the mate.

"SHIP ready to get underway, sir," reported Cox to the Captain.

The Executive Officer then relieved Lieutenant Cox.

Other ships of the American Squadron were signalling that they were ready to heave 'round and when the last one had sent this information the *Texas* signalled to the *Iron Duke*, "ready to weigh." Instantly the Fleet flagship flashed the order, "Get underway!"

On word from the Captain, the Executive Officer shouted through his megaphone to the officer on the forecastle, "Heave short." At the same time this signal was flashed to all American ships. The grating, whirring sound of the anchor engine came from below the forecastle as it slowly hauled in the heavy chain.

As the anchor chain tended in vertical position the darkness called, "Anchor is up and down, sir." Steadily, relentlessly, the dripping chain crawled in. Mud began to squash through the cold fingers of the men in the chain tiers. And finally came the rousing shout "ANCHOR'S AWEIGH!"

The Captain coned the ship.

"Port engine ahead one-third!" he ordered.

The *Texas* quivered, and then slowly the nose of the great ship commenced to swing to the right. As it approached the course leading out of the Flow the Captain warned the man at the wheel, "Meet her!"

The steersman threw the wheel steadily to port, checking the ship's swing.

"All engines ahead one-third!" spoke the Captain. "Steady as you go!" he called to the steersman.

And the *Texas*, steadied on her course, moved calmly, majestically, through the

darkness to take up her position in the moving column of ships. One by one the looming hulks of the American Squadron slipped into line. Keeping careful distance behind the dim, blue cruising light on the stern of the preceding ship every dreadnought slunk silently down the Flow.

At midnight, into the moaning wind and flailing sleet, while a running sea heaved and smashed, there steamed out into the North Sea, THE FLEET.

Dawn broke over a dull, empty expanse of gray sea and mackerel sky. The storm and sleet had been left to the north. The sea was quiet and somber, but a cold wind still whipped the occasional whitecaps.

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**"LOOK at that new building,"** *L* said a New Yorker to his companion, adding, a moment after, "too late now, it's been torn down." We are reminded of this wheeze by the fact that Boyden Sparkes has written an article for us called "Tearing 'Em Down," which shows that the business of wrecking buildings is almost as fascinating as that of putting 'em up. Look for this article in an early issue.

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Up over the horizon, out of the northwest, appeared the dark smudges of a host of squat, gray ships. On unswerving course they came, while they belched masses of black smoke which trailed far to the rear in long graceful wisps. Hour after hour they plowed straight through the long ground swells, never varying their course a fraction of a degree. Five parallel columns of eight ships each, keeping perfect distance and formation, and flanked by scores of sleek, zigzagging smaller craft drove relentlessly towards the empty southeastern horizon. The Allied Grand Fleet was on schedule.

A few minutes past ten, foretop observers reported smoke on the southern horizon.

Twenty minutes later the eight ships of the Third Battle Squadron from Invergordon hove into plain view, nine miles to the south. Beatty radioed the approaching force:

SET STANDARD SPEED TWENTY-FIVE  
KNOTS COURSE ONE ONE FOUR

On toward the peaceful eastern horizon, and now augmented by their flying squadron, drove the throbbing fleet.

At eleven twenty-six Commodore Sir Ashton, in the radio shack of the *Iron Duke*, concentrated on the decoding of a wireless message just received from the Admiralty at London. Presently he hurried to the bridge and handed the deciphered message to Admiral Beatty. It read:

ADM. LON. 11.23 A.M.  
FLAG BEATTY  
GERMAN CRUISER GROUP LATI-  
TUDE 56N LONGITUDE 7 E 9:14 A.M.  
MAIN FLEET SAME 9:53 A.M. COURSE  
315 SPEED 23 KNOTS.

(signed) BOMBAY.

About two hours previously, some twenty miles west of the Danish coast, a scummy fishing-smack, flying what was apparently the Norwegian flag, slopped lazily along with a large catch of fresh smelts heaped on the reeking deck. Two grimy, bearded fishermen loafed against the gunwhale and gazed at several smudges of smoke

disappearing over the northwestern horizon.

"Rather a bloomin' good catch, eh what, Old Thing?" chuckled the grimier of the two.

"Not 'arf bad, sir," drawled the other as he felt in his right hip-boot for a box of Savoy Club cigarettes. And they smiled a grimy smile, while a radio storage battery under the smelts gurgled peacefully.

Admiral Beatty, with his staff, withdrew to the chart-house below the bridge and studied Area 9 chart. With the enemy's previous location, course, and speed known it was simple to plot his probable position.

"We should make contact about two o'clock," was his laconic conclusion. "Signal mess," he ordered.

Back on the flying bridge of the *Texas* Maxey Mandelbaum, quartermaster third-class, surprisedly noted the *Iron Duke's* signal.

"HEY, Kelly, that's mess, ain't it?" he shouted to an old chief quartermaster who was busily searching out the flag-rack for the answering flags.

"It's a damn sight more than mess, me lad," answered the old-timer, "and ye'd better eat plenty, 'cause it might be your last chow!"

The message was reported to the Officer of the Deck and shortly buglers trumpeted the crew to mess.

The cooks' force in the galley, taken by surprise, rushed operations. Old George, husky, graying Philippine Army veteran, but now a first-class ship's cook was rapidly splitting can after can of apricots with a heavy meat-cleaver. Mess attendants, with a noisy banging of trays, were crowding about the galley counter. Platters and bowls of frankfurters, boiled potatoes and spinach were slammed on the counter only to vanish instantly. Large, five-gallon, copper coffee pots began to mass on one end of the shelf, while sugar-bowls, salt-bowls, knives, forks, spoons, all mess gear, joined in the rattling culinary confusion. George was getting nervous. Old-timers usually do not get jumpy when regular routine is interrupted.

"They could just as well of held this damn drill after lunch—especially after keepin' us up all night. We never had nothin' like this in the old Fourteenth Infantry," he growled.

"Why the hell don't ya join your lousy infantry—and gimme that pot of Java over there," broke in a burly, and hungry, chief gunner's mate.

Experienced George said nothing, but thought several things, none of which concerned the meal.

Wilbert Johnson Covington, one of the mess attendants for the hospital corps, grinned at George.

"Whar you all get dat 'drill' business, Mistah George?" he cooed, as his beautiful, white teeth glistened in the setting of his black face.

"Yeah, I know all about that, black boy," answered George. "The Dutchmans is supposed to be loose, but that's old stuff. They pulled the same line on us last time we come out at night. But that don't kid little Georgie none. We'll jest go through the same old jigs out here and then turn around and duck for Scapa. Yes, sir!"

Wilbert could not accept this hypothesis readily, although it strongly appealed to him.

"Then how come," he queried, "that they's unpacking all them bandages and layin' out all them instruments up in Sick Bay? We ain't never done that befo'."

"Oh, I suppose they gotta give them

(Continued on page 54)



*A Group from "Street Scene"*

FLORENCE VANDAMM

*THIS is ultra-realism written by Elmer Rice and cleverly staged. The scene is a street in the New York slums showing the exterior of a brown-stone tenement with the action carried forward through window conversations and front-stoop gossiping. The story is episodic with some amusing, but chiefly*

*tragic, glimpses into the sordid lives of the tenement families and the illusion of a busy thoroughfare with all sorts of passersby, is ingeniously conveyed. Three of the chief actors who acquit themselves with distinction are pictured above—Horace Braham Erin O'Brien-Moore and Beulah Bondi—E. R. B.*



The picture to the left shows Edward G. Robinson, protagonist and co-author with Joe Swerling of the comedy called "Kibitzer," at the most thrilling moment of his brief career as a financier. The comedy concerns one of those good-natured, interfering incompetents who are always telling others how things should be done. In this case the Kibitzer is the owner of a small unsuccessful cigar store who inadvertently saves the life of a Wall Street potentate, and is rewarded with an interest in a large block of stock provided he manipulates it. Of course he mismanages the deal, but there's an unexpected twist to the end

PHOTOS BY  
FLORENCE VANDAMM

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



"Harlem," by William Jourdan Rapp and Wallace Thurman, is our first authentic negro comedy, and it is good. It is programmed as an episode of life and has all the marks of being genuine, from the "rent party" in the first act (a party where guests pay for admission and refreshments to help raise the money for the host's rent) to the flouncing departure of the vixenish daughter at the final curtain to vamp her way to fame on the stage. The rôle of this daughter has brought a new and talented actress to light in the person of Isabell Washington. The cast is excellent, but very large, so we can introduce you only to the group above: Nat Cash, Ardelle Dabney, Malvina Dabney and Arthur Hughes, the only white actor in the play



Ernest Pascal has made an interesting play out of his novel, "The Marriage Bed," and has been fortunate in the players who interpret his drama of marriage and divorce. Those to the left are Allan Dinehart, Ann Davis and Mildred McCoy, who all give sterling, sympathetic performances

Eugene O'Neill's new play, "Dynamo," is based on the bitter religious conflict resultant on the world-old search for a satisfying god. A fundamentalist minister and an atheist pass their hereditary dispute on to the younger generation. The son, having been tricked into disgracing his father and showing himself a coward, denounces all religion and goes forth to find a new faith. He returns several years later a disciple of electricity, personified for him in the dynamo which he worships fanatically. In the end he even sacrifices the life of the girl he loves to the supposed jealous wrath of his New God. Sometimes wordy and slow, the play is for the most part fascinating, perfectly cast and set with amazing impressiveness and realism. The two pictured to the right are Glenn Anders and Claudette Colbert



Shaw and Lee (left) are among the first-rate vaudeville headliners that make "Pleasure Bound" a palatable revue. In addition to this team there is Phil Baker, Jack Pearl and Aileen Stanley, Rosita Moreno and Frank Veloz and Yolanda, all doing pretty much the same things they do in the two-a-day and doing them very well. The book is so disconnected as to be practically negligible, but there are plenty of laughs and some extraordinarily good and varied dancing



Rachel Crothers is an adept at writing bright, sophisticated comedy, and she has done a very good job of it in "Let Us Be Gay." To the right are Warren William, Francine Larrimore and Charlotte Granville; all excellent. The scene is a country week-end party to which Mrs. Boucicault (Miss Granville) has invited Mrs. Courtland-Brown (Miss Larrimore) for the purpose of vamping a man whom her young granddaughter has become infatuated with and she doesn't want her to marry. The situation becomes rather complicated and amusing when Mrs. Brown discovers that the man she is supposed to vamp is her divorced husband

PHOTOS BY FLORENCE VANDAMM

# Ladies' Day Among the Books

By Claire Wallace Flynn

## Lily Christine

By Michael Arlen. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York.)

VIRTUE in the smart set, as exemplified by *Lily Christine*, is quite as exciting as were any of the sins of *Iris March* in this same author's famous "The Green Hat."

She is a lovely lady and knocks persistently at our heart because:

She is young and gay and gallant, and has a magnificent sense of sportsmanship and honesty—

And because her very virtues bring her to a tragic end—

And because in this fascinating novel about her we are given a brilliant reflection of today's manners and morals, and also much philosophy about those things called love and marriage—

And because Arlenisms abound, and may be quoted to add luster to one's own dinner talk—

And because the "rôle" of *Lily Christine* was surely, surely written for Greta Garbo to act in the motion pictures—and that makes it all right with us.

## The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York.)

UP BEYOND Lac St. Jean, in the Province of Quebec, there thunders the Mistassini River where, at the Big Gorge, where the waters are so treacherous that, though from the banks they look oily and quiet enough to lure one in, no man could live in the current for more than a few seconds.

It is into this pool of water lying sullen and sinister before the mouth of the great rocky funnel that *Paul Kirke* (an American engineer in the North Woods) falls one afternoon while he is visiting the dangerous spot with two women—his wife, and the girl of Peribonka who loves him.

He was over! Caught in the sucking undertow, and on the cliff one woman said to the other: "Are you going with him?"

"The woman spoken to gazed wide-eyed—motionless—voiceless—and after a moment of tense waiting, the other said: 'Then—I am.'"

And with that, we leave you to run to the nearest book shop for a copy of this thrilling tale.

Easy to read, as all of Curwood, there is the same simplicity and the same charm about this book as are to be found in all of this story-teller's popular works.

## Three Biographies

In all the flood of biography which during the last decade has given so personal a flavor and so intimate a stamp to our reading, the stories of famous women have come along shoulder to shoulder with the stories of famous men. In many cases these feminine biographies have been more humanly dramatic and more gorgeously entertaining, because, when all is said, such histories must of necessity be largely emotional, for the great women represented in these books attained their eminence in many cases through their qualities of heart, or at least were sustained or betrayed by them.

Personally, we have found some of these biographies of consuming interest, colorful and exciting as historic novels, and touching beyond all fiction in that these

women really lived and loved and died. To begin with:

## Elizabeth and Essex

A tragic history. By Lytton Strachey. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

IN THIS new and incredibly fascinating book, by the author of "Queen Victoria," we are given a superb picture of England's Virgin Queen and of Robert, Earl of Essex. The Queen at fifty-three found in this boy not yet twenty a new star for her brilliant court. He was a handsome youth, high-bred, and with a proud head covered with auburn hair—a head that the enigmatical Elizabeth loved so romantically, and which finally that vain old tyrant brought to the block.

A magnificent piece of writing, of the highest historical and literary value.

## Troupers of The Gold Coast, or the Rise of Lotta Crabtree

By Constance Rourke. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

ON a day when the color seems to have fled from the sky, and all eagerness and gallantry from life, just sit down before a comforting early spring fire with Miss Rourke's biography of *Lotta* in your hands, and in a half hour faith will come flooding back to you. You will warm to the courage of men and women, and finally come to realize that only our own country could produce background and actors to fit in so extravagant and romantic a drama as was *Lotta's life story*.

Lotta Crabtree was the most popular soubrette and comedienne of the 'seventies and 'eighties—a diminutive, saucy, *vive* creature with red hair and bright black eyes, whose place in the traditions of the American theater is established for all time.

Everybody loved her—our mothers and fathers, our grandmothers and grandfathers. Even now they will tell you how delectable she was in "Little Nell and the Marchioness" and in "Mazeppa," how when she retired at forty-four she still looked but twenty-five, and then some one will search in a secret drawer in a desk and take out a tiny photograph and show you a fascinating, sprightly girl, Lotta, whose name not so very long ago was one to conjure with throughout the land.

With a sort of miraculous charm, Miss Rourke has captured the story of the little Crabtree, and the whole book shimmers with a picturesqueness and a dash that obviously never desert the truth to achieve their aim.

The chapters that we, personally, like best of all are those in which we follow *Lotta* as a child, in and out amongst the rough mines of the gold-diggers of early California days. In such places there was a high vogue for child-actors, for in 1854 when Lotta first became a trouper, children were scarce in that crude country, and a shower of gold coins and nuggets greeted these "Fairy Stars" as they staged a show in some rude log theater or dance hall. To such camps Lotta, a little girl of eight, first came with her mother and baby brother by stage and mule pack, up, up, up from the towns into the mountains—an adorable little trouper, often sleeping the night in the saddle.

Surely here is a stuff out of the very soil of our land. No other era could provide a backdrop that quite matches this, and no other biographer, we feel sure, could weave so golden a chain to hold us bound to her pages. Miss Rourke has the gift—we'll say that.

## H. R. H. The Duchess of York

By Lady Cynthia Asquith. (Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

A TRUE fairy-story, some one has called this biography of the King of England's young daughter-in-law. And now that the delightful and widely popular Duchess of York has a little girl of her own—a real alive fairy princess—why, the thing seems quite complete.

One need not be an Anglo-maniac or a lover of lords and ladies to become entranced with this intimate story of a royal romance—the romance of the King's son who loved and married a Scotch girl. Of itself, it is a human sort of tale, set upon a picturesque stage—Glamis Castle, the traditional haunt of Macbeth, where the Duchess of York as little Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon used to romp and play and dress herself up for charades in gorgeous old dresses dragged from ancient chests in the Castle; the Abbey in London where she was married, and all of England where her name is a beloved household word; and, especially, these days, in the big nursery of the York's Piccadilly mansion where the tiny Princess Elizabeth, third in line of succession to the throne of England, already rules her court with unflinching laughter.

One of the very nicest books that we have read in a long time; do look it over.

## My Stars!

By Walter Rose. (Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York.)

THE Managing Editor of this magazine called us into his sanctum—or den.

"Do you believe in astrology?" he asked.

Young man—and all that—as he is, he managed at the moment to look frightfully stern, not to say fierce, as became one speaking of the ancient science of the heavens, so we said "yes" to everything.

"Ever have your horoscope read?" demanded the Managing Editor.

"Couldn't afford to," said we, thinking that a good way out.

"Ha, ha!" cried our chief, as we fell into his trap. "And that is exactly where this little book comes in," and he flourished a small, innocent-looking volume before us.

"Only the opulent have found it possible to have a look-in with Fate, up to now. But Walter Rose," and again the book was waved, "has here brought astrology into the home."

"We will review the book," said we. "Give it over."

"First," he continued, "I must explain how it works, and how a knowledge of the positions of the planets at the moment of your birth will help you make a success of life."

Silence.

"The year, month and day of your birth, please," said our Editor, and with that we stared at him, wildly and appealingly, and we felt that our eyes were Eddie Cantor's own at the moment.

(Continued on page 59)

# The Facts of the Dry-Fly Game

*Wherein Certain Revered Fishing Traditions Are Turned Upside Down*

By Robert S. Lemmon

Photograph by D. Warren Boyer

ON a windy June morning eighteen years ago a certain member of the old New York Anglers' Club stood hip-deep in the Esopus Creek, that brawling water which hurries eastward through the Catskills to the Hudson, and with entire equanimity knocked several solid fishing traditions into a cocked hat. From the sidelines, so to speak, your correspondent watched the demolition almost unbelievably—almost, but not quite, for every now and then there would come a flash out there in the hurrying stream as another lusty brown trout rose to pit his gameness against four ounces of master-made split bamboo.

The man behind the rod was using a dry-fly imported from England, and using it contrary to most of the precepts laid down in King Canute's day and reverently followed by generations of British sportsmen ever since. For one thing, he was casting upon waters entirely too rough for that sort of fishing, according to the theories. More criminal still, his line was darting out across the current instead of upstream from him, as every self-respecting dry-fly line was invariably supposed to do. There wasn't a natural fly in sight, either, and therefore never a chance for a man to match the real insect the fish were taking and "cast to the rise" the way the books said you must do in England. Yet here was this disrespectful soul shooting at random over apparently fishless, broad and foam-flecked water and taking trout—heavy trout of the identical kind around which the whole English science of the dry-fly had been built up!

"What's the answer?" I ventured, when he had waded ashore. "Are the books all wrong?"

"No, they're all right—for over there. But under American conditions—most of 'em—nine-tenths of the old floating fly theories are bunk. The real answer, I suppose, is in here"—and he lifted the lid of a creel that sagged under its load of fish.

In those days the dry-fly was a novelty on

American trout streams. A few keen and experimentally-minded experts were trying it—men like Darling, Gill and La Branche—but to the rank and file of fishermen it was completely unknown except as they might

Do not misunderstand me—I am not insinuating a single thing against the dry-fly as a producer of results. Ever since that gusty morning on the Esopus eighteen years ago it has been my devoted friend and ally

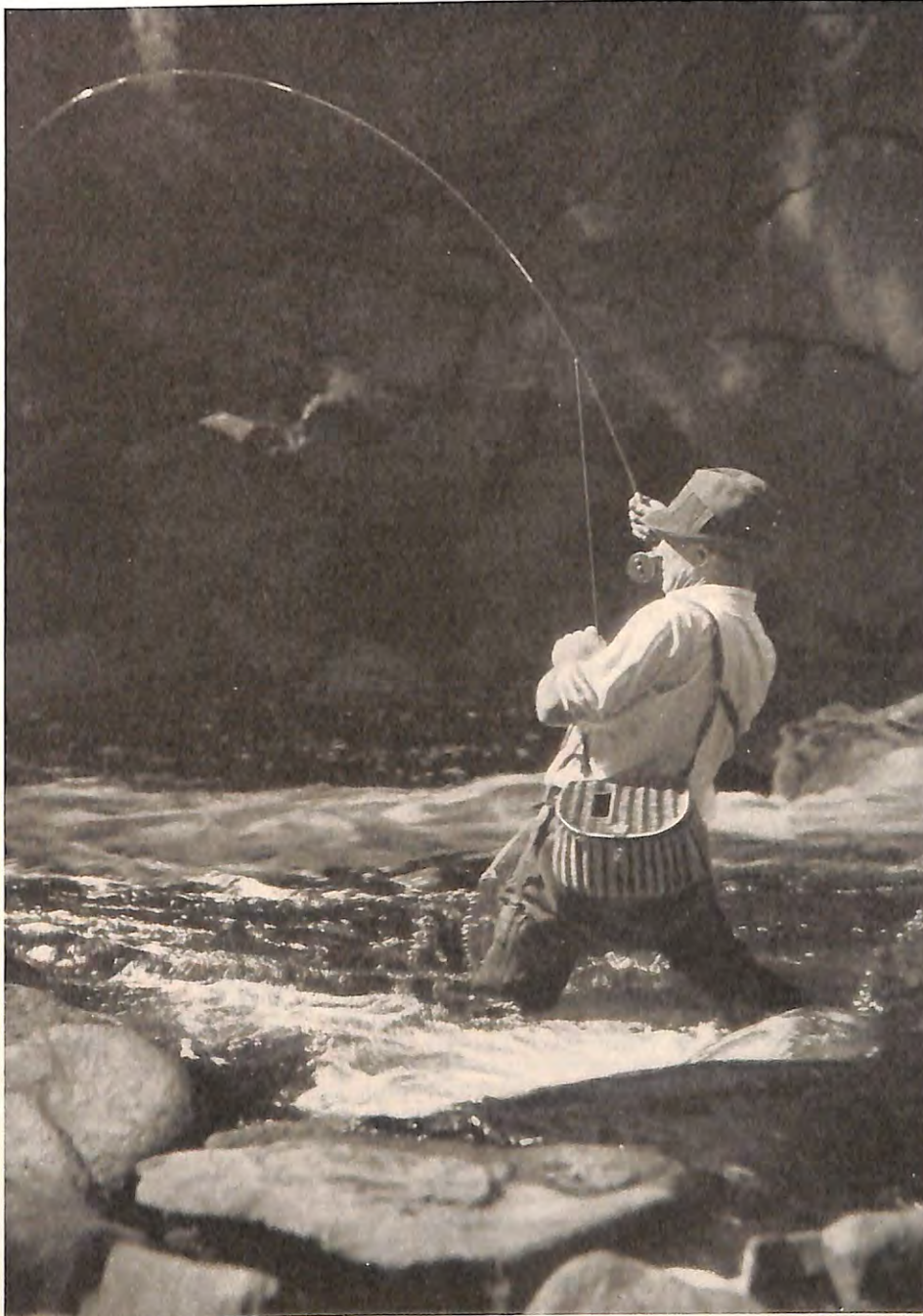
throughout the trout season, and I expect to give it a good try-out even on the Styx when the time comes. Its proper use is often the most productive—and certainly the most enjoyable—method of taking brown, rainbow and brook trout in a large percentage of our streams, but there's no real sense in continuing to invest it with that veil of mystery which only the elite may lift.

Take the matter of the cast which delivers the fly to the surface of the stream. No vast amount of skill is required for it. Any man, woman or child who is capable of putting out a reasonably accurate and deft wet-fly line to a distance of thirty feet or so can lay a dry-fly on typical American trout water in such a manner as to induce the fish to rise if they are at all in a rising mood. Only on the long, still pools and quiet reaches, especially where the light is strong and the water extremely clear, is there need for marked delicacy in handling the tackle. To be sure, a bungling cast wherein fly and leader slap down on the water in a tangled heap will scare trout even in fairly rough water, but isn't that also the case with the wet-fly?

There is a difference, of course, between merely putting

out a fly that will cause trout to rise and actually hooking the fish which are thus deluded. In the dry-fly game the caster's strike which sets the hook must be quick—practically simultaneous with the flash of the fish on the surface of the water. A trout senses the deception of the floating fly just as soon as he closes his mouth on it, and its ejection follows instantly. If the strike is not delivered and the hook set in this brief moment the fish will be missed nine times out of ten, and the chances of another rise

(Continued on page 78)



have read of it in the foreign publications devoted to sporting matters. Since these, both periodicals and books, pictured it as primarily a lure for placid, crystal-clear streams, we never dreamed of applying it to America's rushing little rivers. Probably we even intensified the difficulties with which British tradition and British writers had surrounded it until, in our sight, it existed on an unattainable peak whose foundations have not even yet been kicked into the dust which they deserve. There is still a lot of debunking to be done.

## New Faces in the Big Leagues

# Speculations on Ivory

By W. O. McGeehan



Sam Byrd, outfielder

AT THIS season of the year there are a few optimists who might try to show you that even the Phillies have a chance to be in the world series. With what I do not know, excepting that they have made their annual change of managers. So have the Cardinals. The Phillies got a new manager because they finished in 1928 at the bottom of the league. The Cardinals changed theirs because they finished at the top.

The owners of each team will tell you that this was quite logical. It is a mere matter of geography. If you finish first in St. Louis you are let out. If you finish last in Philadelphia you are let out. For managers it seems safe to finish at the end of first division or at the top of second division.

An outsider naturally is puzzled. But you must not expect ordinary logic in the national pastime. It seems to be utterly illogical, hence its charm and its hold on the fans. The fans get their greatest enjoyment out of second guessing, and the apparently eccentric moves of the magnates furnish them with material for argument during the winter months.

The eyes of some of the more sentimental customers of the national pastime become a little misty at this period, because two of the greatest for a couple of decades are not perspiring with the rest of the big league players this season. Tyrus Raymond Cobb is out of professional baseball entirely and Tristram Speaker has passed out of the big show and into the minors. In another year or so these will be merely names and memories.

This is another reminder that the big leagues must develop young blood and plenty of it. Cobb and Speaker are the last of a great generation of ball players. There must be replacements or the interest in the game will start to sag. The importance of scouting becomes more and more apparent.

I gather that the national pastime needs some stimulus—this from talks with many magnates. I do not mean that the vogue of baseball is threatened seriously, though golf has taken many of its devotees from their places in the grandstands.

Mr. John Arnold Heydler admitted this when he made the proposal of the ten men baseball team. He admitted that he advocated this partly to revive or rather to in-

crease the interest in the game. But the plan seems to have been received rather coldly. Baseball is old enough by this time to have become a thoroughly established game. If anybody in England proposed such a drastic change for cricket, the cricketers would recommend a strait jacket. Cricket is cricket and baseball should be baseball.

There is no crying need for any change in the customs or playing rules of our national pastime. The need for change is in the personnel of the players. The old ones are passing out and they must be replaced with young ones who show indications of potentialities to fill the places vacated by the stars that have become dimmed.

The future of the game is in the hands of the rookies, the almost raw ivory that started for the training camps as the robins started to work their way north. You must have new Cobbs and new Speakers, and it will be only a few years from now that you must start in quest of the seemingly impossible, a new Babe Ruth. Of course the game will endure but you must find the young man who can play it with the speed, the color and the power of the old ones or your national pastime dims into an anti-climax.

Most managers realize this. Recruits today are handled with the utmost consideration. In the first place they cost money before they prove themselves. In the second place they are worth hundreds of thousands if they prove themselves.

For two years in succession the New York Yankees not only have won the American League pennant, but they have won two successive world championships in four straight games. Early last season they were so far ahead in their league that there were bitter complaints, especially from the West. The complaint was that they had unbalanced the league, and that attendance was certain to fall off.

Colonel Jacob Ruppert, the very liberal gentleman who owns the Yankees, was denounced as a buyer of pennants. The Colonel's retort was to buy up more baseball players, looking into the future. As



Gordon Rhodes, new Yankee pitcher



Lyn Lary, infielder

Mr. George M. Cohan put it, "New York loves a winner and has no use whatever for a loser." Colonel Ruppert, not at all satisfied with having a winner for the time was looking forward to continue having a winner.

The Yankees have the largest baseball stadium in the world, and it is necessary to keep it as nearly full as possible the year round. You can not keep it even reasonably filled with a loser. Colonel Ruppert has painful memories of the slim crowds that followed the Yankees until they came into possession of Babe Ruth and their first pennant.

IN THOSE brooding days of last year when the Yankees seemed to have distanced the rest of the teams in the league, the suggestion was made that at the end of the season Colonel Ruppert give up some of his best players to the weaker teams at the end of the season in order that the league might have a better balance for the season of 1929.

But the Colonel was so unreasonable that he could not see the slightest logic in this idea. Far from trying to balance the league by weakening themselves, the Yankees are starting this season with the intention of going in more formidable than ever and destroying the balance of the league to an even greater extent.

Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy, the sage Connie Mack, speaking in advance of the season, says that the other teams in the American League have been strengthened so that they will be able to give the New York Yankees a sterner battle this year. They will have to be strengthened considerably, and that strength will have to come from the new ivory gathered from the minors.

Last season Mr. Wilbert Robinson, president manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and a gentleman who is more frank than diplomatic, asserted that the Yankees of 1928 made up the most formidable baseball team he ever had known. This from Robinson, who was Captain of the Old Orioles of glorious memory. Old timers regarded this assertion as being in the nature of blasphemy, but Mr. Robinson retorted, "Well, I said it and it goes."

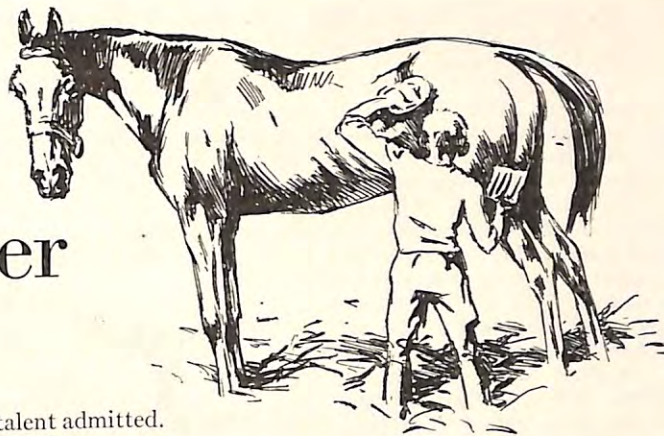
Apparently the Yankees are starting this  
(Continued on page 40)



# The Million-Dollar Trainer

By Jack O'Donnell

Illustrated by Baroness Dombrowski



WHEN Bernard M. Baruch's two-year-old filly, Clatter, with little Georgie Schreiner up, came under the wire first in the opening race at Aqueduct, Long Island, one afternoon last June, race followers said, "Maxie Hirsch is a lucky trainer to win that heat with an apprentice in the saddle."

An hour later when Hirsch saddled A. G. Schwartz's bay filly, One Hour, tossed Schreiner into the saddle again, and sent horse and boy out to take the measure of the favorite, Princess Tina, the talent said, "Hirsch is pressing his luck. One Hour'd have a good chance with a regular jockey up!"

A few minutes later when One Hour came romping home far in the lead of Princess Tina and the others, the wisecracks admitted that Hirsch had outguessed them.

Still they were unconvinced when they looked over the entries in the fourth event, the Union Claiming Stakes, and saw Trainer Max Hirsch had Tara's Hall starting with Georgie Schreiner again in the pilot's seat.

"He can't saddle three in a row," said the boys who are known as sharpshooters. "That ain't being done these days with an apprentice up."

In the paddock, however, Max Hirsch was the personification of confidence as he saddled Tara's Hall, the \$10,000 son of Donnacona-Milfoil, owned by Eben M. Byers. Just before tossing little Schreiner into the saddle the trainer said. "Now, Georgie, here's where you've got to show your real value as a race rider. Get Tara's Hall off the best you can, but lay off the pace. Henrietta Wildair probably will set a terrific pace for five furlongs. But don't let that worry you. Just hug the rail if you are in a good spot and bide your time. Henrietta is a funny horse and may do anything. Watch your chance at the turn and if you get a little opening send Tara's Hall through it. The rest will be easy."

Little Schreiner followed Hirsch's instructions to the letter. He got Tara's Hall off in front with Henrietta Wildair. Making sure he could get the rail, he eased off a bit and let the flying Henrietta make the pace. She set a sizzling one, going the first-quarter in twenty-three seconds. But Schreiner rated his mount carefully for four furlongs, then began to urge him along.

Hirsch's prediction that Henrietta Wildair might "do anything" came true at the turn off the back stretch. She ran out, going almost to the fence. There was a big opening left for Tara's Hall and little Schreiner sent him through, hugging the rail. From that point the son of Donnacona just rolled home, winning by half-a-dozen lengths.

"Hirsch is a wonder!" the talent admitted. "Three in a row! Just imagine!"

Turf writers up in the press stand began to get busy. They knew that Max Hirsch had Crystal Broom from the Pineland stable entered in the fifth event on the card. Should he win with that two-year-old son of Golden Broom-Crystal Isle he would have established a couple of new world's records! A good story!

The fifth race was a five furlong dash out of the chute. Fourteen two-year-olds went to the barrier. Crystal Broom had post position number two. That is a bad spot for a horse unless he is a fast breaker. At Aqueduct the five furlong races are run out of a chute with an "elbow" about a quarter of a mile from the wire. A horse that doesn't reach that elbow with the first flight hasn't much chance to win unless he is a great stretch runner. So, it was up to little Schreiner to be on his toes and ready to leave the moment Starter Mars Cassidy yelled, "Come on!" He was. Crystal Broom got away flying, head and head with Lady Capulet, the public favorite, ridden by that strong finishing veteran, Steve O'Donnell.

For three-sixteenths of a mile Crystal Broom and Lady Capulet ran head and head. Then Crystal Broom began to draw away. Schreiner took his mount to the rail and it looked as if he had the race in his pocket. But O'Donnell on the favorite soon came alongside him and then began one of those gruelling stretch drives which thrill race followers to their toe-tips. Head and head, matching strides, the pair came down the brown "ribbon," the veteran O'Donnell confident, the apprentice Schreiner eager. The race resolved itself into a duel of jockeys. And as they flashed under the wire, Crystal Broom's head in front, the crowd declared the apprentice had outridden the veteran.

Max Hirsch had saddled four winners on a six event card in one afternoon.

A new world's record! Other trainers had saddled four winners in one day but they had more starters.

Another record: His horses had won four races in a row—the second, a jumping race, not counting.

Still another world's record: He was the first trainer to saddle four winners owned by four different stables!

And yet another! He was the first trainer to win four straight races in one day with an apprentice jockey acting as pilot!

Is it any wonder that he is called "The Wizard," "The Fox" and "The Miracle Man?"

Maxie Hirsch served a long and arduous apprenticeship on the American turf before

he reached the point where he was always named when the Big Six of race-horse trainers were mentioned.

Born in Fredericksburg, Texas, he acquired his first experience with horses as a stableboy. It wasn't long, however, before he was getting mounts in the quarter-mile match races, then so popular in the Lone Star State. It was in this excellent school, which later sent to the East the great Earle Sande and a half-dozen other first-class pigskin artists, that Hirsch learned the rudiments of horse racing. In those days racing was not the well-regulated sport that it is now and a jockey didn't get fees unless he rode winners. Sometimes, Hirsch recalls, they didn't always get paid when they did win.

"One day on a prairie track near my hometown I rode a cold-blood, or part thoroughbred, for a man named Thurlow," said Hirsch recalling those early days. "Thurlow was a great gambler. He would bet his last dollar on a horse if he thought he had a good chance to win. The day I rode for him he had a little mare named Eyelet which he regarded pretty highly, in a quarter mile race with a colt owned by some gypsies. Thurlow bet every dollar he could beg or borrow on his mare, and even went so far as to mortgage Eyelet to get funds with which to bet.

"BEFORE the race he promised me ten dollars if Eyelet won. The race was run over a cleared piece of ground right out in the sagebrush with cowboys, Indians and gypsies huddled at the finish line. My mount and the gypsy's colt got off together and we were going head and head in the stretch when the colt swerved suddenly as if he had seen something dangerous in his path. That swerve cost him the race.

"Ten dollars was a lot of money those days, and as I went back to the finish line with Eyelet I was figuring on all the things I would buy with it. When I reached the judges however, there was a great deal of argument going on. The gypsies, of course, had to pay their wagers, but they wanted to run another heat, declaring that their horse would have won had he not swerved. Thurlow, being a game man, was more than willing to accommodate them. He said, 'Max, you win this heat and I'll pay you twenty-five dollars additional.' But he didn't pay me for the race I had just won.

"In the next heat Eyelet didn't seem able to get going at all. She got away from the starting point all right, but refused to respond to the whip when I saw the gypsy's horse bounding ahead. We lost that race by at least five lengths. Before the start Thurlow had bet back every dime he had won on the first heat and when I saw him later he said, 'Max, I ain't got money enough



to pay for your winning race, but you needn't worry. I'll pay you later.' I'm still waiting for that ten."

Soon after that race Hirsch entered the employment of A. H. and D. H. Morris, the well-known sportsmen for whom famous old Morris Park was named. The Morris stable at that time was presided over by Wyndham Morgan. Morgan gave Hirsch plenty of work and finally brought him to Sheepshead Bay where he had to compete against such great riders as Cal Doggett, Fred Taral, Snapper Garrison, Hayward and others equally famous.

At that time the Eastern riders, led by Hayward and Sloan, were riding with short stirrups—monkey-fashion as it was later called in England. This method was new to Hirsch and he never acquired great skill at it. That made little difference to him, however, as he was rapidly growing too heavy to ride, and he was anxious to get a job as trainer. His opportunity came at Chicago a year later when he bought several cheap selling platers with which he campaigned around the Windy City. He enjoyed moderate success with this little band, but when, the following year, he was offered a berth with N. V. Lemaire, then racing in the East, he gladly accepted. It was Hirsch who developed the good horse Beauclaire which won the Washington Cup on the old Bennings track just outside of Washington, just before the Government decided there should be no more racing inside the District of Columbia. Before the meet closed, however, Hirsch sent Beauclaire for the Maxim Stakes which the good horse also won.

**M**AXIE'S real opportunity came when he was engaged to train the horses owned by George W. Loft. While working for Loft he developed his first Futurity winner when he sent Papp out to take the measure of Escoba, Rosie O'Grady and other good two-year-olds. He also trained On Watch and Donnacona, both of which are now at the stud down in Kentucky. On Watch won twenty-one races during his racing career, and his get in the stud are numbered among the best horses in training to-day.

It was soon after taking charge of the

Loft horses that Hirsch began building up the public training stable which resulted in his acquisition of such titles as "The Wizard" and "The Fox." He earned these appellations by his amazing success with Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt's temperamental and erratic Sarazen, which has won more than a quarter of a million dollars in purses for his owner; his development of such sensational racers as Gray Lag, Morvich, Constancy, Papp, On Watch, Vito and other topnotchers in the racing world; his almost uncanny ability to pick spots where the horses he trains can win, and by the exceptional ability he displays in conducting the largest public training stable in America, if not in the world.

When the 1928 racing season opened at beautiful Belmont Park, Hirsch had in his stable forty-eight high-strung thoroughbreds valued at approximately \$1,000,000. The owners of these horses were fourteen men and women whose combined millions would go a long way toward paying off the national debt. Among his "bosses" are Bernard M. Baruch, the New York financier; Eben M. Byers, the Pittsburgh steel magnate; Mrs. Herbert Pulitzer, wife of the multi-millionaire publisher; A. C. and M. L. Schwartz, of Wall Street fame; George W. Loft, of the New York Racing Commission, and prominent New York sportsman; Sam H. Harris, New York theatrical magnate; Mrs. F. A. Clark, A. H. Cosden, Admiral Cary T. Grayson, formerly the late President Wilson's physician; Larry Waterbury, the international polo player; H. W. and A. G. C. Sage, Harry Disston and Walter Goodwin.

Last year when Mrs. Vanderbilt decided to enlarge her stable and go in for the breeding of thoroughbreds, she offered Hirsch a president's salary to give up his public training and take sole charge of her establishment. Hirsch declined this offer, however, perhaps finding it more exciting, if not more profitable, to have a dozen bosses instead of one.

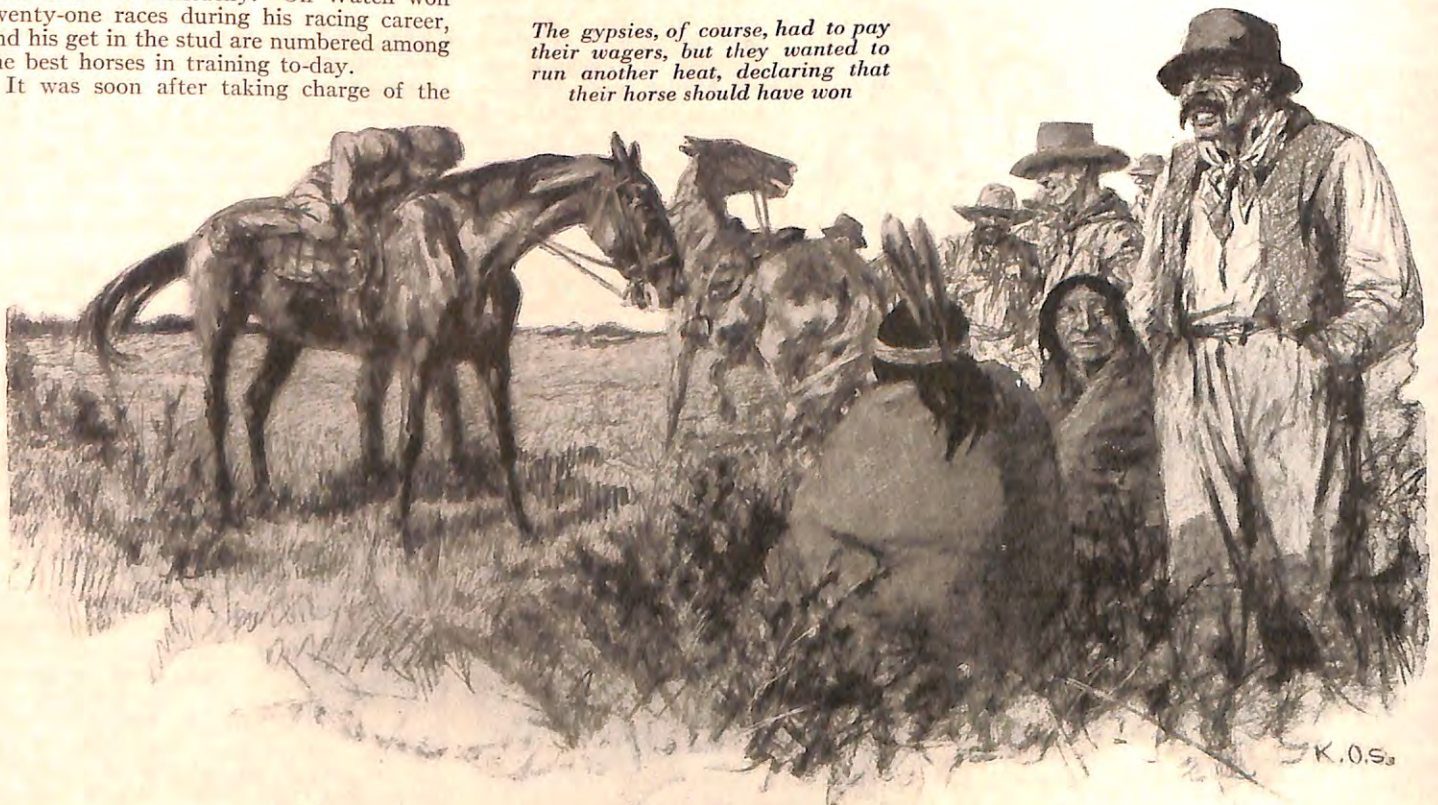
*The gypsies, of course, had to pay their wagers, but they wanted to run another heat, declaring that their horse should have won*

It was while he trained for Mrs. Vanderbilt that he really earned the title of "The Wizard." The wealthy sportswoman, acting on the advice of Hirsch, had bought Sarazen from Col. P. T. Chinn, the well-known Kentucky breeder and horseman, for \$35,000. As a two-year-old the unsexed son of High Time—Rush Box went through the season unbeaten. At the beginning of his three-year-old season he developed more temperament than any French prima donna ever dreamed of. A speed marvel when he took a notion to run, he would and did turn in disgraceful performances just when he was expected to burn up the track. He became known as Sulky Sarah.

**H**IRSCH, who has been training horses ever since he decided, more than thirty years ago, that the life of a jockey wasn't the life for him, was puzzled. He had seen and trained many erratic thoroughbreds, but never had he encountered such a contrary, stubborn and moody fellow as Sarazen. When his trainer wanted him to run, Sarazen would decide he wanted to walk. When his trainer wanted him to walk or gallop Sarazen would take a notion to run. If Hirsch wanted Sarazen to eat the horse would decide he didn't care for lunch.

Many trainers would have given Sarazen up as a bad job—a loco horse. But not Hirsch. He studied the great golfer's namesake. He found that he had to outwit him. If he wanted the horse to eat he would place a pan of food just where it seemed impossible for Sarazen to reach it. But Sarazen knew his oats. If the pan was put on the ground outside his stall he would stick a front leg out under the chain across his door and drag the pan in. Hirsch, in hiding, would grin with satisfaction.

Jockey Fritz Weiner, who is under contract to Hirsch, was taken into Hirsch's confidence. Said Max: "Fritz, Sarazen can't race unless he gets the proper exercise. As you know he won't exercise when we want him to and he'll run like a scared rabbit when we don't want him to. Now, we've got to outwit him. This morning



K.O.S.



*In fair weather or foul, while other trainers were galloping their horses on the covered tracks, Hirsch, atop a pony, was out on the main course*

K.O.S.

when we get him to the track you pretend you want him to go like the devil. Touch him up with the whip and ruffle his flanks. Thinking you want him to do his best he'll just gallop. Fine! That's what I want. We'll do that a couple of days and then when we take him out again you pretend you want him to walk. Keep a stiff hold of him and I'll bet he'll turn in a trial that will amaze both of us. Let's go!"

Weiner did as instructed and Sarazen did exactly what Hirsch predicted. Trainer and jockey worked together on Sarazen in this manner until they were ready to send him for a trial. Again Sarazen did what he thought his rider didn't want him to do, and the result was a trial that told Hirsch the horse was ready for a splendid race.

Earle Sande, who rode Sarazen in a number of his best races, was told of the campaign to outwit the son of High Time, and, being a smart boy, Sande was able to rate Sarazen merely by giving him a loose rein when he wanted him to lay off the pace, and by tugging rather steadily on the reins when he wanted the temperamental star to go ahead and do his stuff. The result was that Sarazen won enough races while under Hirsch's care to pile up more than a quarter of a million dollars in purses for Mrs. Vanderbilt. To-day Hirsch will tell you that Sarazen was one of the greatest horses he ever trained.

**H**IRSCH has his own methods of training horses. He refuses to accept precedent as law. He will try new methods if they do not conflict too much with his theory that rugged training makes for rugged racers. For instance, when the Westchester Racing Association decided to make Belmont Park one of the finest racing plants in the world, it planned to erect covered exercise tracks where horsemen might gallop their charges in bad weather. When asked if he wanted one of these as part of his stable "The Wizard" shook his head.

"I don't believe in training horses that way," he said. "Horses have to race in all sorts of weather. If they are trained like hot-house plants they can't be expected to

stand the gaff when they are sent to the races in the early spring."

Hirsch was severely criticized by other horsemen that first year at Belmont Park when he sent his charges forth for outdoor exercise during the winter months. In fair weather or foul, while other trainers were galloping their horses on the covered tracks, Hirsch, atop a pony, was out on the main course directing the training of his racers. Zero weather didn't stop him, nor did ice and snow.

"He'll have many an accident galloping those horses over snow and ice," said the wise ones, watching Hirsch and his exercise boys through the windows of their mammoth sheds where the atmosphere was as warm and comfortable as though they were in Florida.

Hirsch knew of the dangers they mentioned but he overcame them. He had all his charges specially shod for ice. He had long and sharp toes and heels put on all their shoes. These shoes prevented them from slipping and also protected their ankles. No accidents happened. The horses reveled in the snow and ice. They seemed to like it. Of course, it was hard on the trainer and exercise boys at first, but soon all began to like it as well as the horses. Hirsch never asked the boys to stay out longer than he stayed himself.

That first winter at Belmont was a hard one on horses. There were epidemics of coughs, colds and influenza and many thoroughbreds died. Hirsch's charges escaped without a serious illness. Their good physical condition helped them resist the diseases which were playing havoc in the other barns.

When the spring racing season opened in Maryland the horses in Hirsch's string were almost at top form. They were rugged and hard and full of run. They won many races and proved to their owners that Hirsch was right when he said. "Horses are athletes. You wouldn't train a man, who

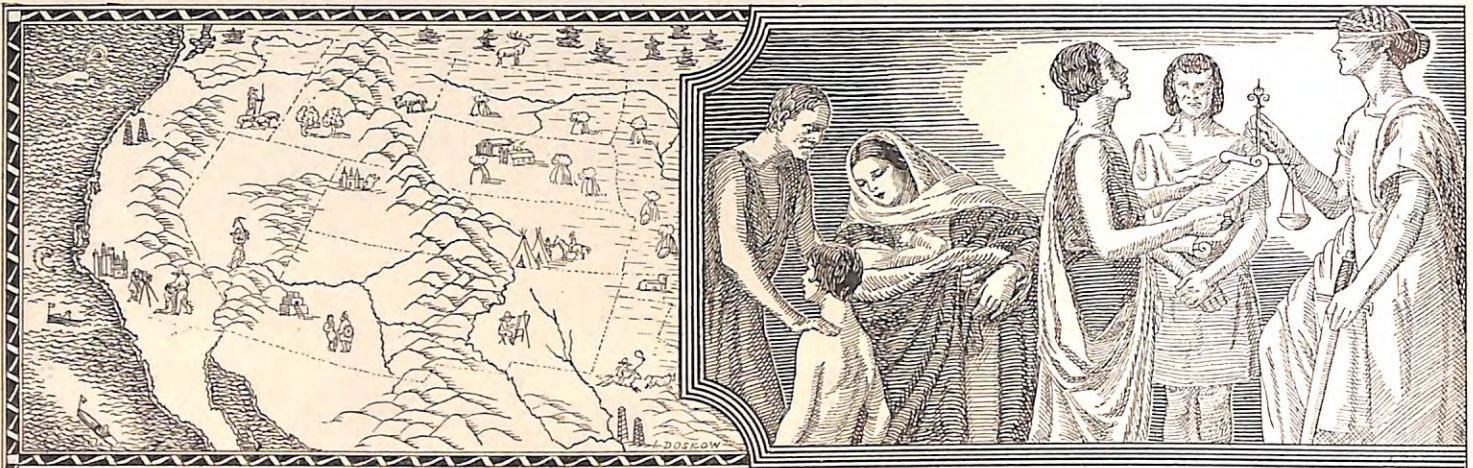
was going to run a marathon, in a hot-house would you?"

Last spring Hirsch made his critics sit up and wonder if, after all, he didn't have the right system of training. During the spring season his horses won more than \$100,000. That's a lot of money for one man's charges to win before the racing season is three months old and there still remain five months of the sport with many a huge purse to shoot at.

**I** MET Hirsch in the enclosure at Belmont Park the afternoon that Vito, the splendid son of Negofol and Forever, won the rich Belmont Stakes, beating such good thoroughbreds as Genie, Diavalo, Sun Beau and Victorian. As the winner of the sixtieth running of that famous classic of the American turf collected more than \$63,000 I figured that the man who saddled him must be quite proud and happy. Hirsch was both, but when I suggested that Vito's victory probably marked the happiest moment he ever had on the turf he shook his head, saying "No. Not quite. My happiest moment came to me that afternoon in Kentucky back in 1924, when Mrs. Vanderbilt's Sarazen, which I had trained, won the International Special race, defeating the French champion, Epinard. That was my happiest moment in thirty years on the turf."

Hirsch experienced his most exciting moment on the turf down at Aqueduct on July 4, 1921. That year he was training for George W. Loft, but had several other horses in his care. Among them was a two-year-old named Sidereal, sired by John E. Madden's favorite stallion, Star Shoot.

(Continued on page 40)



## EDITORIAL

### THE FRESH START

**T**HE installation of each new set of officers in the subordinate Lodge is akin to the inauguration of a new administration of governmental affairs. Indeed it is just that within the limited jurisdiction involved. The responsibility for activities and policies is shifted to different shoulders. Leadership passes to others, who must take the initiative in conducting those activities and fostering those policies. And there is a very decided advantage in this annual experience; for it calls into service a new enthusiasm and presents an opportunity for a fresh start forward.

Even when the just completed administration of the Lodge's affairs has been markedly successful, there is the natural desire and purpose of the successors to achieve further triumphs. It is to be assumed that they have been chosen largely because of that very desire and purpose. And where real success has not attended the conduct of those affairs, it is all the more to be anticipated that the new regime earnestly proposes an improvement of conditions.

It is for these reasons that the current month has a special importance and arouses a special interest throughout the Order; for in every subordinate Lodge new influences are brought to bear and fresh enthusiasms are employed. Each particular unit thus presents conditions which are rich with possibilities for fraternal service of rare value.

But it is always pertinent to remind ourselves that a Lodge is an association of all its members. No one man, nor any small group, can carry the full burden of its duties and its obligation as an organization. It is neither fair nor wise to expect this. And unless there is accorded to the new officers that willing and whole-hearted support which is their due, and which represents the measure of the proper contribution of the membership generally, the results are sure to be disappointing to all.

Now that each Lodge is set upon the mark for a fresh start upon a new year of fraternal achievement, of benevolent activity, of community service, each member is once again urged to recognize his own personal obligation to carry his

share of the burden. One who fails to perform his part, however humble and unimportant he may regard it, is detracting just that much, and perhaps more than he realizes, from the degree of success to be attained.

It is not enough merely to give applause in the Lodge room to the new officers and to their declarations of determination to give their best endeavors to the tasks they have assumed. The job is a twelve months' job. And the leaders can be kept inspired and enthused only by twelve months of active and interested support and loyal cooperation from all the members.

But thus sustained, the fresh start for 1929-30 will gather speed and power as the weeks go by. And at the end of the term, a new fresh start may be made by the succeeding administration, from a new height of fraternal achievement.

### FEAR

**I**N AN able and interesting address recently delivered by a distinguished alienist, he spoke of fear as the worst enemy of mankind. He pungently summarized a few of its evil effects as follows:

"By appeals to it nurses tyrannize over their charges; senseless parents make neurasthenic wrecks of their offspring; fear places the lash in the hands of the incompetent teacher; out of fear theology has created a devil and a burning hell. . . . But the cruelest and most senseless use we make of fear has reference to our attitude toward death. How foolish and utterly senseless it is! Birth, life, death, the commonest, the absolutely necessary, the most natural phenomena in the world. But with palls and chantings and solemnities and hushes and mysteries, we encompass death round about with terror."

It is an unfortunate fact that fear does play a very important part in the lives of all of us, a distinctly unhealthy and injurious part. And the greatest terror of all is the fear of the only inevitable experience of living creatures—death.

Courage is a universally acclaimed virtue. It is the distinctive attribute of all true leadership. It is the greatest of all protections against most of the mental discomforts of life and against many of its physical troubles. And it is born of the knowledge of truth. "And ye shall know the



truth and the truth shall make you free." It will bring freedom from this worst enemy of man, fear.

We are not afraid of what we understand. And, while we cannot claim to understand death in all its significance, we must know that, in the divine plan, a life well lived here can lead only to promotion to something better beyond the veil.

It follows that one who is conscious of his best endeavor to lead a worthy life, should have the courage of that knowledge. And he should face death, as he faces life, without fear.

#### THE CONVENTION APPROACHES

IT IS timely to suggest that thought should now be turned toward the next Grand Lodge Convention. Only three months remain during which the Lodges may perfect their plans for the parts they are to play in that crowning event of the fraternal year. Experience teaches that this is none too long for adequate preparations for a praiseworthy participation.

This applies particularly to those Lodges which contemplate taking part in the parade, which is the outstanding spectacle of the occasion. If the appearance is to be at all distinctive and creditable, the details must be worked out with deliberation and intelligent thought. Selection of floats and costumes, arrangement for transportation, reservation of accommodations, and numerous other details involved in a comfortable and pleasing experience, will not take care of themselves.

The suggestion is also apt in relation to the attendance of individual members of the Order. It is not only wise, but considerate of the host Lodge, to make all arrangements as far in advance as possible, and to make them through the appropriate local committees.

Los Angeles Lodge is an experienced host, with an unrivalled reputation for fraternal hospitality. Those who recall any one of the three conventions which it has entertained in the past will need no other assurance of the success that will attend the session to be held under its auspices next July. If any such assurance be required by others, it will be found in the thorough organization which has been effected by all the agencies sharing in the responsibility for the Convention and its entertainment, and in the proof of their active interest already displayed.

The tentative program has been published in THE ELKS MAGAZINE and is rich in promise of pleasure to all who may be present to enjoy its varied features, whatever their particular preference as to the character of entertainment to be made available.

The Elks of California are among the most active and devoted in the whole Order. All the Lodges of that State are making substantial contributions to the occasion. It is to be hoped that the Elks of the other sections of the country will display proper fraternal appreciation by special efforts to aid in making the approaching convention the most successful in the Order's history.

#### DESERVED RECOGNITION

IT WAS most gratifying to note, in a recent item of fraternal news, that the activities of the New Jersey Elks in behalf of crippled children had been so definitely recognized by the State authorities, that the future public aid of those unfortunates in that jurisdiction would be administered in collaboration with the Elks State Association.

This official action is a tribute not only to the extent of the service which the Elks have rendered, but to the well-organized and efficient manner in which their great humanitarian work has been carried on. It is a convincing evidence of the value of State Associations as instrumentalities for the accomplishment of such service, when backed by real interest and enthusiasm and guided by intelligent and earnest leaders.

Those who have not kept informed of what has been achieved by the Elks of New Jersey in their chosen field, will be thrilled, as they will be astonished, by a review of their splendid record. Their example is an inspiration to the whole Order.

It would not be entirely fair to conclude this appreciative comment without a word of commendation for the devotion displayed, and the unselfish personal service that has been performed in this fine work, by Brother Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton Lodge. He has been a leader in the cause from its inception. And he has perhaps been more responsible than any other individual for the success that has won such deserved recognition from the State Government.

# En Route to the Grand Lodge Convention

*How Many of these Scenic Wonders Will You Recognize?*

*Compiled by Charles Phelps Cushing*



KEYSTONE

1. The peak of a mountain caved in, and this marvelous blue lake—six miles wide—was created. This now is a National park. Do you know where?



KEYSTONE

2. The scene above is in the Far Northwest. It is in an "Inland Empire" between the Rockies and the Cascades. Of that Empire this is the biggest city. Merely a trading post in 1872; to-day it numbers 126,000. Got its number?



KEYSTONE

3. A Washington Monument with windows cut into its shaft is this building. Look for it in a city on northern routes



EWING GALLOWAY

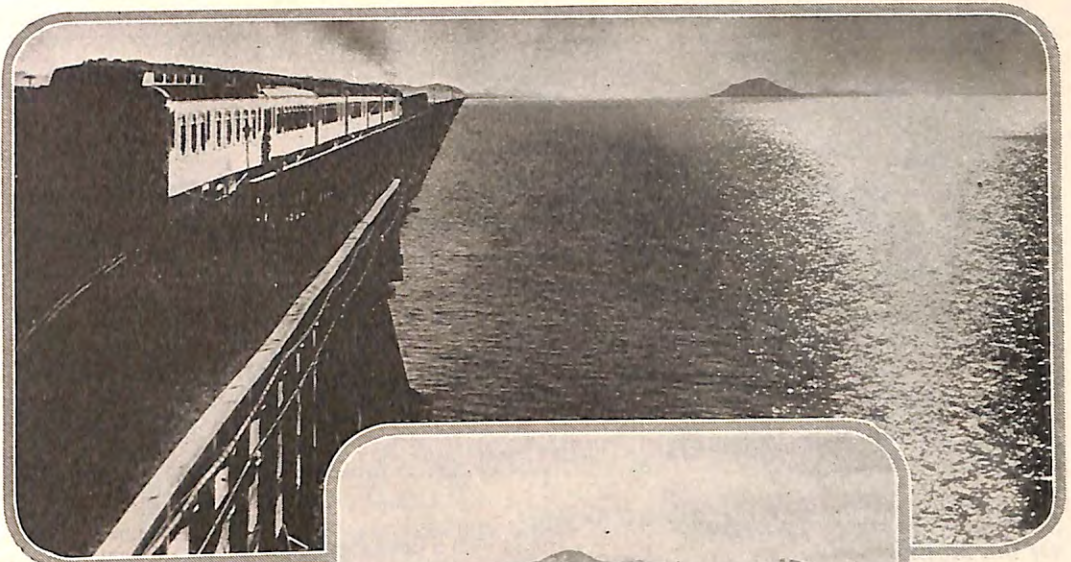
4. What would you say is the "largest and oldest living thing in the world"? Just tell what appears in the picture above and you have the proper answer



EWING GALLOWAY

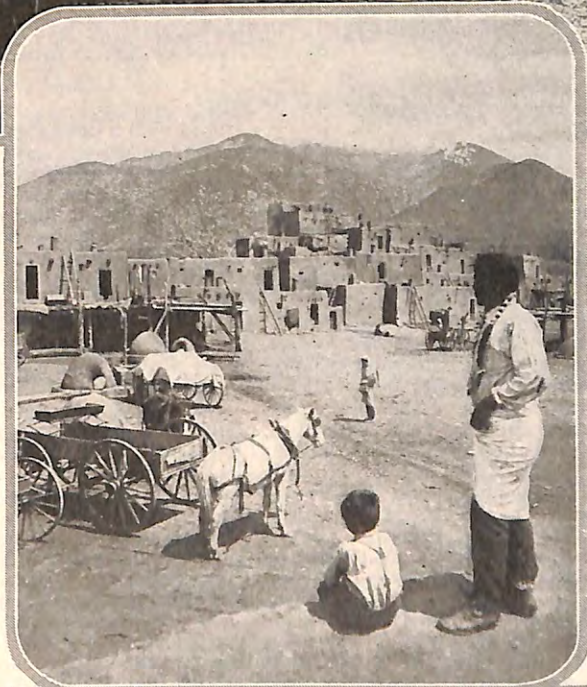
5. Near a Virginia City (but not the city in Nevada) you find these souvenirs of a harsh movement to check lawlessness. What and where, please?

6. You don't need to take a ship to view the West's great inland sea. Straight across the thirty-mile width of it runs this railroad. Can you place it?



EWING GALLOWAY

7. Only in recent years did the 200-family dwelling at the right lose its old distinction as "the largest occupied apartment house in America." One of the first of "set-back" design, too! But do you happen to know where it is?



EWING GALLOWAY



EWING GALLOWAY

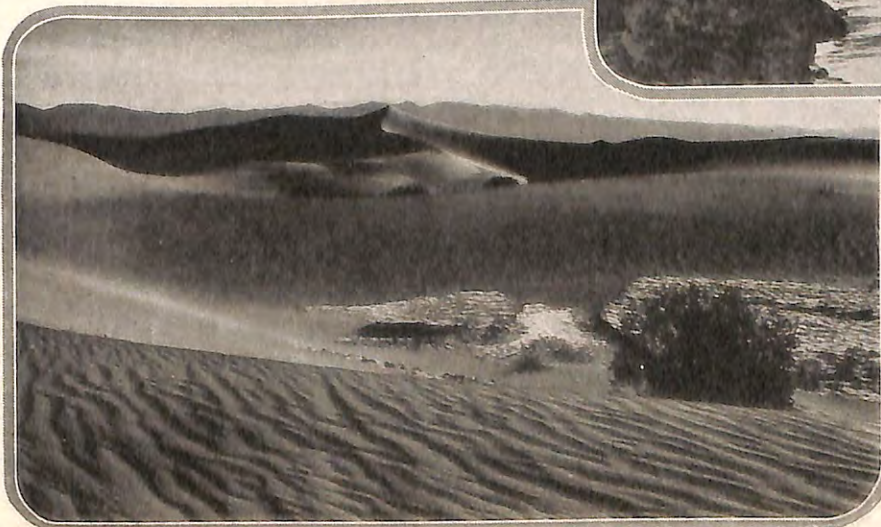
8. Let anyone who thinks that municipal buildings in our country are "all alike" visit this City Hall. If you attend the 1929 Grand Lodge Convention in July you'll surely view it. Why?



WIDE WORLD

9. When this bridge opens in June it will join two states now divided by the world's mightiest chasm. These states will celebrate: can you name them and this canyon?

The answer to this questionnaire will be found on page 71



10. A motor road now opens to tourists a valley once thought the grimmest of all—276 feet below sea level. By this (or by the picture at left) can you identify it?



### *Sixty-first Anniversary Banquet Of the Mother Lodge*

THE attendance at this year's annual anniversary banquet of the Mother Lodge exceeded all previous records, topping by a substantial margin even the unprecedented figures of the 1928 celebration. Among the hundreds of Elks from all over the country who gathered in the Grand Ball-room of the Commodore Hotel, on February 16, to celebrate the sixty-first birthday of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, and therefore of the Order, were more than 100 members of the Grand Lodge family and representatives from more than forty different subordinate Lodges. The nationally known members present included Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, Thomas B. Mills, James R. Nicholson, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, W. W. Mountain, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, James G. McFarland, John G. Price, Charles H. Grakelow and John F. Malley. Grand Trustees Edward W. Cotter, Richard P. Rooney, Clyde Jennings, John K. Burch, and Dr. Ralph Hagan; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight John J. Powel, Grand Treasurer Fred A. Morris, Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady, Grand Inner Guard W. H. Mustaine, Grand Esquire Harry H. Atkinson, and S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler; Justices of the Grand Forum Walter F. Meier and Floyd E. Thompson; Grand Lodge Committeemen Lawrence H. Rupp, William E. Hendrich, William C. Robertson, James T. Hallinan, E. Mark Sullivan, Louie Forman, Richard J. Decker, George F. Corcoran, Blake C. Cook, Robert S. Barrett, John R. Coen, Carroll Smith and James H. Gibson; Walter P. Andrews, Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; Past and active District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of New York and neighboring States; the Presidents, Past Presidents, and past and active officers of the State Elks Associations of New York and New Jersey, and many others.

Senior Past Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Brogan, of New York Lodge, again drafted for the arduous duties of the Chairman of the Banquet Committee, called the assembly to order and made the first speech of the evening, expressing his pleasure at the record-breaking attendance and paying tribute to Treasurer Louis H. Hyman, whose energy and ability were largely responsible for the smooth working of the banquet arrangements. He then introduced the Toastmaster of the evening, William T. Phillips, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of the Mother Lodge, who was given a standing ovation that was a telling manifestation of the great popularity he enjoys among his fellow members and in the Order at large. In a brief, but eloquent and sincere speech, the Toastmaster spoke of the significance which the occasion held for all Elks, and then called upon Esteemed Leading Knight Abram I. Menin who, in the absence of Exalted Ruler Neylan, confined to his home by illness, welcomed on behalf of the Mother Lodge the guest of honor, his distinguished associates and the many visitors, and presented New York Lodge's outstanding member, Grand Exalted

Ruler Murray Hulbert. Mr. Hulbert was received with a demonstration that lasted several minutes and only ceased when the Grand Exalted Ruler himself requested his admirers to resume their seats. In a graceful and appropriate speech Mr. Hulbert complimented the committee upon the success of the evening, and spoke of the immeasurable gratification that his election to the high office he occupies had brought him. No other honors could ever mean as much to him, he said, as those which came from his Lodge and his Order. The Grand Exalted Ruler then told of his recent travels to visit Lodges all over the country.

The next speaker on the list was Hon. J. B. Sullivan, Past Exalted Ruler of Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98, Associate Justice of the United States Customs Court. Following his address D. Curtis Gano, President of the New York State Elks Association, delivered the eleven-o'clock toast, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Arthur O. Sykes, Past Exalted Ruler of Lyons, N. Y., Lodge, No. 869, and Honorary President of the State Association.

On the following evening, Mr. Hulbert, accompanied by a group of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge officers and committeemen, participated in a gala home-coming meeting at the Home of New York Lodge. An account of this event will be found in our story, elsewhere in the magazine, of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visits.

### *District Deputy Beck Visits Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge*

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck to Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515, was marked by one of the most successful meetings in the history of the Lodge. Approximately 500 Elks were in attendance, including at least 100 from Freeport, the District Deputy's home Lodge.

Mr. Beck, in a direct and forceful address, delivered the message of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and drew a vivid picture of the accomplishments of the Grand Lodge in the past, and its aims and ideals for the future. He complimented Lynbrook Lodge upon its many worthwhile activities during its short span of existence, particularly stressing its charitable work. At the conclusion of the District Deputy's address, he was presented with a check for \$100, as a preliminary donation to the Elks National Foundation Fund.

Another feature of the evening was the installation of Past Exalted Ruler Horace Sullivan as Trustee of the Lodge to fill a recent vacancy. Mr. Sullivan was one of the founders of the Lodge and its first Exalted Ruler, and in his honor the various chairs were filled by visiting Past Exalted Rulers.

### *Alhambra, Calif., Lodge Starts Campaign for Pipe Organ*

A popular subscription campaign has been started by Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328, for the purpose of raising a fund of \$6,000 for the purchase of a pipe organ which will be installed in the Home and dedicated to the memory of the late Secretary of No. 1378, P. O. Prince, who died in November. At this writing over \$1,000 has been subscribed, and the campaign gives every sign of being a notable success.

### *Forty-Second Anniversary of Paterson, N. J., Lodge*

A get-together meeting marked the celebration of the forty-second anniversary of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60. Delegations were present from the near-by Lodges of Newark, Passaic, and Kearney. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Daniel A. Junk, who aided in the institution of the Lodge in 1887, was a special guest of the evening. Exalted Ruler Leo W. Eirich introduced the various speakers, chief among whom were Mr. Junk, Exalted Rulers Mervin Wiener, John P. Graney and Walter L. Mohn of the visiting Lodges, respectively, and George H. Burke of No. 60, who outlined the history of the Lodge in the principal address of the occasion.

### *Adams, Mass., Lodge Purchases Church Property for Home*

At a recent meeting the members of Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, voted unanimously to purchase for use as their Home the St. Paul's Universalist Church building and property on Center Street. The details of the remodeling of the building had not been completed as this was written, though it was stated by Lodge officers that it would include an addition to be erected at the rear. The purchase brings to an end the close survey which has been conducted for several years by the building committee, and assures Adams Lodge of a handsome and conveniently located Home.

### *Exalted Ruler Harry Bacharach of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge is Honored*

One of the most distinguished members of the Order in New Jersey, Harry Bacharach, former Mayor of Atlantic City, and Exalted Ruler of Atlantic City Lodge, has been appointed a member of the State Board of Public Utility Commissioners by Governor Morgan F. Larson. Mr. Bacharach had previously served on the Board and his ability and fitness for the duties involved have been proven. His second appointment was the subject of numerous congratulatory editorials in the New Jersey press.

Mr. Bacharach, who served three terms as Grand Esquire and is now, after a lapse of years, again filling the office of Exalted Ruler of his Lodge, is known throughout the Order and the State for his public-spirited activities and his munificent contributions to charity, notably the Betty Bacharach Home for afflicted children, named for his mother, and administered by Atlantic City Lodge.

### *Twenty-fifth Anniversary Ball Of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge*

The recent twenty-fifth anniversary ball of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, adds another successful page to the social history of the Lodge. With an attendance practically unequalled at similar events of former years, more than 300 couples participated in the Grand March led by Exalted Ruler and Mrs. William P. Dunne, and close to 1,000 danced to the music of two alternating orchestras and enjoyed the lavish banquet served in the east and west



dining-rooms of the Home. The Ball Committee, headed by Past Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly, feels a natural pride in having provided an outstanding social event to the Lodge's Silver Jubilee Year.

**Jersey City, N. J., Lodge Holds Gala Meeting for District Deputy**

The official visit to Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis Mory was a red-letter occasion in the annals of No. 211. The district Deputy was escorted by a notable guard of honor composed of State Association officers and Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of New Jersey Lodges, all of whom were, in turn, accompanied by large delegations of fellow members. A class of candidates was ably initiated by the officers who, in the readjustment made necessary by the death of Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Shiel, had but recently taken over their new stations. Mr. Mory's address covered the work being done by the Order, and included an expression of his pleasure at the exceptional attendance at the meeting and the fine condition of Jersey City Lodge generally. Following the enthusiastic meeting a supper was served in the dining-room of the Home.

**Lodge of Antlers Organized By New Orleans, La., Elks**

Sixty-four young men of the community were recently initiated into the junior Order of Antlers by the officers of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30. Sponsored by No. 30, it is claimed to be the first organization of its kind in the South. Following the initiation the boys were addressed by many prominent local and visiting Elks.

**Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Opens New Auditorium**

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, recently opened its handsome new auditorium with a huge dance and card party. Over a thousand members and guests assembled for the occasion and spent an evening enjoyable from start to finish. The hall was beautifully decorated with garlands of flowers and lovely corsages of blooms were presented to the ladies who danced. The Lodge-room was arranged to take care of some thirty card tables for bridge and five hundred, and many suitable prizes were awarded.

**Visit of District Deputy Eaton To Chicago, Ill., Lodge**

The official visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jack P. Eaton to Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, was marked by the largest gathering of members for such an occasion in some time. Mr. Eaton's suite was composed of the band of his home Lodge, Des Plaines, No. 1526, and an impressive number of past and present officers from Lodges in the district. After the exemplification of the ritual by the

*This solid and substantial building is occupied by Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62*



officers of No. 4, speeches were made by Mr. Eaton, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Exalted Ruler Sidney Lyon, and a number of the visiting officers. Prior to the meeting a dinner was served in the dining-room of the Home, and after the speech-making all in attendance enjoyed a luncheon in the banquet hall where a number of vaudeville acts were presented and a concert was rendered by the Des Plaines Lodge band.

**Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge Receives Prominent Elks**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Theodore Moses was accompanied by President D. Curtis Gano and Vice-President John W. Fitzgerald, of the New York State Elks Association, on his official visit to Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346. Impressive addresses were made by the distinguished visitors and Mr. Moses complimented the officers of No. 346 on their notable exemplification of the ritual during the initiation of a large class. A buffet supper was served after the meeting.

The first annual charity ball to be held in the new Home of the Lodge was given on the evening of February 11, and was one of the most enjoyable social functions in the history of the city

as well as of the Lodge. Two orchestras, one in the Lodge-room and the other in the gymnasium, furnished music for dancing, and a third orchestra played in the billiard-room where an elaborate buffet supper was served. Tasteful decorations and an interesting cabaret entertainment presented on the roof garden, contributed to the success of the event which netted a considerable sum for the Lodge's charity fund.

**Fine Work Accomplished by Welfare Committee of Bellaire, O., Lodge**

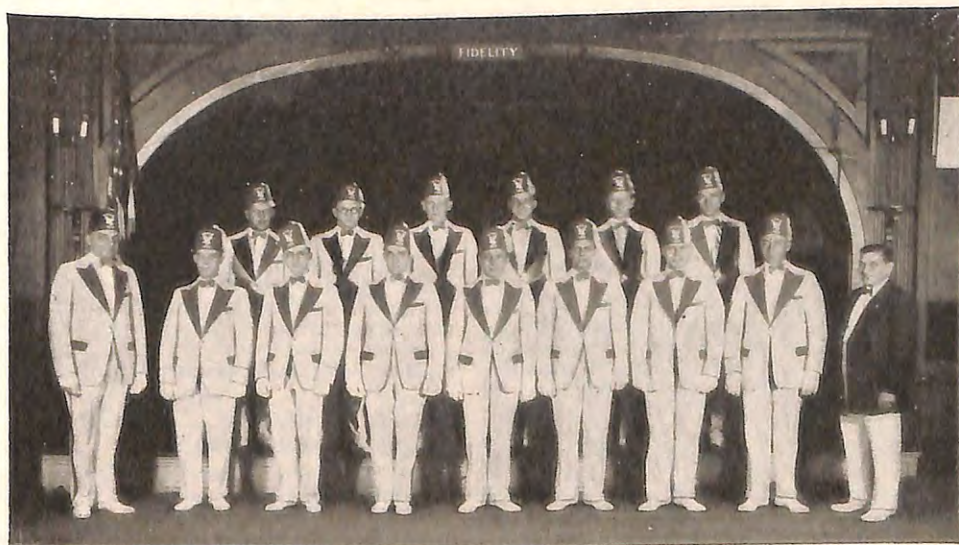
The general welfare committee appointed by Exalted Ruler W. K. Crow of Bellaire, O., Lodge, No. 419, to stimulate interest in meetings, has met with great success in its efforts. Composed of twelve members of devoted interest in their Lodge, and with the ability and force necessary to translate this interest into terms of action, the committee lost no time in going to work. By providing worth-while features they have built up such an attendance at meetings, that the capacity of the Lodge-room is now taxed every week. Dinner-dances; card parties; moving-picture, vaudeville, and other entertainments; boxing bouts; well-known speakers and class initiations have been among the attractions which have brought unprecedented numbers of Elks to the Home on meeting nights.

**District Deputy Machtolf Visits Blocton, Ala., Lodge**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. J. Machtolf recently made his second official visit to Blocton, Ala., Lodge, No. 710. Accompanying the District Deputy to the well-attended meeting which was presided over by Exalted Ruler S. B. Israel, were a number of past and active Subordinate Lodge officers of the District, chief among whom were Past Exalted Ruler John F. Antwine, Secretary H. M. Bagley and Thomas Dennis of Birmingham Lodge, and Exalted Ruler B. F. Moxley of Ensley Lodge. Under Good of the Order interesting speeches were made by Mr. Machtolf and the other visitors, and an enjoyable social session rounded out the evening.

**Portsmouth, Va., Lodge is Active and Prosperous**

At its first meeting in March, Portsmouth, Va., Lodge, No. 82, was host to its Trustees who, as the culmination of their many years of efficient stewardship, conducted the ceremonial



*The escort and drill team of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, organized by Exalted Ruler Capie*



*This home-like building, surrounded by fine trees, is occupied by Wellsville, N. Y., Lodge*

burning of the mortgage, which symbolized the freedom of the Lodge from all obligations. Following this happy event an elaborate banquet was served at which were many guests from Norfolk, Newport News, Hampton, Suffolk, and other Virginia Lodges.

At its celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night 115 out of a total membership of 400 were present, including fourteen of the twenty-three living Past Exalted Rulers. On Easter Monday the Lodge will conduct its annual charity ball which is expected, as in the past, to provide some \$2,500 for the charity fund.

#### **District Deputy's Visit to Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge**

Visiting Elks from New Haven and Norwalk attended the recent meeting of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James D. Degnan paid his official visit. The District Deputy was enthusiastically received and was favorably impressed with the Lodge's condition and the work of the officers, headed by Exalted Ruler James H. Broderick, in initiating a class of candidates. Following the meeting an entertainment and luncheon added to the enjoyment of the evening.

#### **Past Exalted Rulers' Night In Lawrence, Kans., Lodge**

A splendid attendance of members and the presence of eighteen of the twenty living Past Exalted Rulers made Past Exalted Rulers' Night in Lawrence, Kans., Lodge, No. 595, a memorable and enjoyable occasion. The Past Exalted Rulers of Lawrence Lodge are extremely active in all its affairs, and on this occasion conducted the meeting and exemplified the ritual in perfect fashion, despite the fact that most of those participating had been out of office for many years. At the close of the session a number of boxing bouts, arranged for and supervised by Past Exalted Ruler F. W. McDonald, of the Athletic Department of Haskell Indian Institute, provided excellent entertainment. A bountiful supper wound up the evening's festivities.

#### **Wellsville, N. Y., Lodge is In Flourishing Condition**

Wellsville, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1495, the baby Lodge of the South Central district of the State, is in flourishing condition and notably active in the affairs of the Order and its community. With a charter list of sixty-two, its membership now totals 375. It occupies a fine, substantial Home, beautifully furnished and equipped with

a Lodge room that is greatly admired by visiting Elks, to whom a cordial welcome is always extended.

The charity work of the Lodge is one of its most important activities and includes, as well as much miscellaneous welfare in the communities of its jurisdiction, the payment of rent for a general health clinic and the supplying, without charge, of milk to needy school children. The Lodge's social and fraternal events are numerous and enjoyable and, together with its charity, have earned for it a high place in the regard of the community.

#### **Galesburg, Ill., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-fifth Anniversary**

More than 100 members, including a dozen whose names were on the original charter, gathered some weeks ago in the Home of Galesburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 804, to celebrate its twenty-fifth birthday. Exalted Ruler Warren E. Fuller officiated as toastmaster at the banquet which was the feature of the celebration, and introduced, among others, Past Exalted Ruler and Trustee Frank M. Tannev, who reviewed the history of the Lodge.

#### **District Deputy Baker Finds Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge in Fine Condition**

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Baker, accompanied by Past District Deputy Harry Bethel, visited Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520, he found its affairs in flourishing condition, and with every mark of fine progress to be made during the coming year. Refreshments were served and a special entertainment was given after the initiation which, with Mr. Baker's speech, featured the meeting.

#### **Sedalia, Mo., Lodge Dedicates Beautiful New \$55,000 Home**

The beautiful new Colonial Home of Sedalia, Mo., Lodge, No. 125, erected at a cost of approximately \$55,000, was dedicated some time ago with services which were attended by the great majority of its members, accompanied by their families and their friends. A reception, at which Exalted Ruler M. E. Gouge and his staff greeted the visitors and bade them welcome to the handsome building, was the first event of the program. The formal dedication ceremonies, held in the auditorium on the second floor, were opened by Mr. Gouge. He then turned the gavel over to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. L. Covington, who conducted the ritual, among the sections of which musical numbers by a quartet of ladies were interspersed. Past

Exalted Ruler J. R. McAlister, Chairman of the Building Committee, made a brief address, turning over the keys of the Home to Mr. Covington. Following another musical number the principal speaker of the evening, Lieutenant-Governor E. H. Winter, was introduced. Mr. Winter's speech was an interesting and inspiring one, and at its conclusion he was warmly applauded. Mr. Covington's delivery of the eleven-o'clock toast brought the formalities to a close, and the auditorium was cleared for dancing. The first floor of the new building contains beautifully furnished men's and women's lounges; a game room, dining room, and a kitchen. On the second floor, in addition to the auditorium and Lodge room, are a sun and smoking room, and a number of smaller apartments for paraphernalia and used as music rooms by ladies of members' families.

#### **Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge Complimented By District Deputy Zietlow**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ford A. Zietlow complimented highly the officers and members of Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, No. 262, when he paid his official visit. The general condition of the Lodge and the excellence of the rendition of the ritual moved the visitor to gratifying praise. Reports read by Secretary W. J. Mulvey showed substantial increases in membership during the past few months, and an excellent financial state. Visitors from many near-by Lodges were present, including the full complement of officers from Huron Lodge, and delegations from Madison, Mitchell, and Aberdeen, S. D., and Danville, Ill., and Austin, Minn., Lodges.

A feature of the meeting was the presentation to the Lodge by Harry E. Neeley of a gavel and block made from the original timbers of "Old Ironsides." Supper and a full program of entertainment rounded out the evening.

#### **Ketchikan Bowlers Journey to Anchorage for Annual Match**

A number of the bowlers of Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1429, headed by Exalted Ruler and Mrs. A. H. Ziegler, recently journeyed to Anchorage for their annual tournament with the bowlers of Anchorage Lodge, No. 1351. They were warmly received and entertained en route by Elks at Juneau, Cordova and Seward, participating in the latter city at an initiation and banquet conducted by visiting Anchorage Lodge members. On reaching Anchorage the city was turned over to the visitors, and they were royally entertained during their stay at numerous dances and dinners. The tournament resulted in the Anchorage bowlers winning the five-man match and the singles, and the visitors winning the doubles. At a Lodge meeting held on the last night of the visit, the Ketchikan team was presented by their hosts with a silver pitcher, suitably engraved with the names of the bowlers from No. 1429, and accompanying glasses. Following the meeting the ladies' team of Anchorage bowled the visitors and were defeated only by a few points. After the match a fine banquet brought the memorable visit to a close. Plans were made at that time to have Anchorage return the visit next January.

#### **Suffolk, Va., Lodge's Annual Banquet and Dance**

The banquet and dance given by Suffolk, Va., Lodge, No. 685, was one of the most colorful functions of the local season. More than 220 members and guests sat down to the dinner held in the tastefully decorated dining room of the Elliott Hotel where they were addressed by Lieutenant-Governor Junius E. West, the principal speaker of the evening. A program of musical selections was rendered, and then the banqueters repaired to the Lodge Home for the dance.

#### **Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge Holds Past Exalted Rulers' Night**

The Past Exalted Rulers' Night celebration of Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge, No. 483, was featured by an initiation, entertainment, buffet luncheon, and a number of speeches, and reminiscences by the older officers. A class of candidates was initiated by the crack degree team of

the Lodge, headed by Exalted Ruler Arnett Groves, living up to its splendid record in every way. Past Exalted Rulers Henry Meister and Homer Flanigan alternated in presiding at the meeting, and Captain George Harney and John C. Snyder were among the old-timers who made speeches on the Order and the Lodge's history. A buffet luncheon and musical program were given later in the dining-room.

### **Oklahoma City, Okla., Elks Aid Underprivileged Children**

When some 100 children of the 150 enrolled in the small Shidler School on the banks of the North Canadian River, on the outskirts of Oklahoma City, were found by investigators to be undernourished, with many in a practically starving condition, among the first to come to their aid were the Elks of Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge, No. 117. Under the leadership of Exalted Ruler Norman M. Vaughan and the Social and Community Welfare Committee, the Lodge has arranged with a local dairyman to provide a daily delivery to the school of as much milk as is needed for these underfed youngsters. Various other agencies for the relief of the distressed are also working on the case.

### **District Deputy Van Minden Visits Rahway, N. J., Lodge**

At a recent regular meeting of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Rene P. Van Minden paid his official call. The District Deputy was high in his praise of the Lodge's fine record of work. He praised the caliber of its membership, the number of its charities, and the ritualistic work of the officers as well as their able administration of the Lodge's affairs. Mr. Van Minden was entertained on his visit at a sumptuous banquet in the rathskeller of the Home.

### **Recent Activities of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge**

Past Exalted Rulers' Night was celebrated by Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, with a great gathering in the Home. The chairs were occupied by former officers who conducted the business of the Lodge and the ritualistic work during the initiation of a class of candidates. After the meeting a lunch was served in the grill-room and a most enjoyable social session was held. The Past Exalted Rulers of Staten Island Lodge recently formed themselves into an Association for the betterment of Lodge affairs with Oscar J. Kruger as President, Bernard F. Kelly as Secretary, and Edwin Smith, as Treasurer.

Past Exalted Ruler George Sternberg, chairman of the Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee, reports that eight children are now receiving treatment at the clinic in the Home, and all are showing marked improvement.

### **District Deputy Mack Completes Tour of Official Visits**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Russel V. Mack, of Washington, Southwest, with a recent visit to Hoquiam Lodge, No. 1082, has completed his official tour of the eleven Lodges of his district. The eleven meetings brought out a total attendance of 2,257. In Tacoma and Aberdeen the meetings ran between 400 and 500, and in most of the other towns over 200. The Lodges of Southwestern Washington are reported to be in excellent financial condition, with practically all of them headed for a substantial increase in membership during the year. The orchestra, quartet and zero club of Mr. Mack's home Lodge, Aberdeen, No. 593, accompanied him on many of his visitations.

### **Winthrop, Mass., Elks Visit Boston Lodge**

The officers and some thirty-five members of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge, No. 1078, recently paid an enjoyable fraternal visit to Boston Lodge, No. 10, and were given a rousing reception by at least 600 members of the latter. With the visiting officers giving a faultless rendition of the ritual, which drew much praise from their hosts,



*This new \$55,000 Home, of Sedalia, Mo., Lodge, No. 125 was dedicated a few weeks ago*

a class of seventy-two candidates was initiated into the Order. Following the initiation the visitors were escorted to the banquet hall for the dinner and entertainment which formed a happy climax to the visit.

### **District Deputy Baldwin Visits His Home Lodge, Minneapolis, Minn.**

One of the finest ritualistic events ever staged by Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, was the large class initiation conducted by its officers on the occasion of the visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Mathias Baldwin. The more than 300 members and visiting Elks who were present were treated to an exemplification of the ritual which was letter perfect and most impressive, and the evening was further marked by the addresses of Judge Baldwin, Dr. Chester R. Leech, President of the Minnesota State Elks Association, and Exalted Ruler James D. Swan, who headed a large delegation from St. Paul Lodge, No. 59. Mr. Baldwin's speech, followed with the utmost interest by the gathering, was devoted to the activities of the Order and the development of its charitable work. A program of quartette music concluded the meeting in the Lodge-room, and adjournment was then made to the dining-room for a buffet luncheon. There the diners were entertained by a concert given by the crack band of No. 44 as the close to a memorable evening.

### **Los Angeles Elks Visit Ventura, Calif., Lodge**

Officers and members to the number of forty, headed by Exalted Ruler Jack Doyle and the eleven-piece orchestra of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, made a recent fraternal trip to Ventura, Calif., Lodge, No. 1430, and were warmly received by their hosts. The work of initiation by Mr. Doyle and his staff, assisted by the orchestra, was skilfully done, while an interesting social session with refreshments brought the visit to a close.

### **Hamilton, O., Lodge Celebrates Forty-second Anniversary**

The forty-second anniversary of Hamilton, O., Lodge, No. 93, was celebrated with festivities which brought together more than 200 members and guests in the Home and was marked by a banquet, a program of music and speechmaking, bridge and dancing. Past Exalted Ruler P. P. Boli presided as toastmaster and speeches, interspersed with musical numbers, were delivered by many members prominent in civic and fraternal life. Exalted Ruler George Smith brought the speechmaking to an end with a word of appreciation for the excellent work of the committee in charge of the event,

and the remainder of the evening was spent at cards and dancing.

### **District Deputy's Visitation to Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis Mory paid his official visit to Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, in the latter part of February on which occasion Leo Slater, Vice-President, Northeast, and his staff of the New Jersey State Elks Association, were also present for the purpose of marking the ritualistic proficiency of the officers of No. 1477 for the coming district contests. A class of ten candidates was inducted into the Order, the officers acquitting themselves in excellent fashion. Mr. Mory delivered his message from the Grand Exalted Ruler and installed Harry A. Weber as a trustee of the Lodge, after which a supper was enjoyed in the restaurant of the Home.

### **Mexico, Mo., Lodge Initiates Class On Washington's Birthday**

At a meeting held on Washington's birthday, Mexico, Mo., Lodge, No. 919, initiated a class of fourteen candidates in the presence of Grand Treasurer Fred A. Morris, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler G. D. Bartram, Past District Deputy M. F. Thurston, a large delegation from Columbia, No. 594, Mr. Thurston's Lodge, and a fine attendance of members of No. 919.

The evening was the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Bartram, and preceding the formal session the Mexico Elks and their visitors enjoyed an oyster supper, following which talks were made by the well-known guests.

### **State Association President William Conklin Visits Union Hill, N. J., Lodge**

President William Conklin, of the New Jersey State Elks Association, was a recent guest of honor at a large and spirited meeting of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357. The capacity gathering included many Grand Lodge officers and committeemen and prominent Elks of the State Lodges. Among the visitors welcomed by Exalted Ruler Edward H. Jaeger were Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney; Frederick A. Pope, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis Mory; Vice-Presidents Leo Slater and Charles Wibiralske of the State Association; Past State Presidents Henry J. Guenther and John H. Cose, and Past District Deputies Francis P. Boland and Edward E. Carroll.

The elaborate celebration and entertainment included vaudeville acts, a revue and special numbers by the band, fife and drum corps and degree team of the Lodge. Officers and representative Elks were in attendance from



The first Elks Home to be built in Arizona was erected by Tucson Lodge, No. 385

Englewood, Jersey City, Newark, Weehawken, Hoboken, Ridgewood, and Bayonne Lodges.

#### District Deputy Green at Past Exalted Rulers' Night of Bedford Elks

Past Exalted Rulers' Night in Bedford, Ind., Lodge, No. 826, was also the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George S. Green, and more than 100 members attended the double event. A banquet was served in the gymnasium of the Lodge Home before the opening of the interesting session. Features of the meeting, at which all the chairs were occupied by Past Exalted Rulers, were the initiation of a class of candidates by Bedford Lodge's degree team, and the District Deputy's address. Mr. Green made a great impression upon his hearers, and closed his speech by complimenting the Lodge upon its excellent condition and record.

#### Elks at Guantanamo Naval Station Give Picnic for Children

Fifteen Elks belonging to various Lodges throughout the Order are on duty with the United States Navy and Marine Corps forces stationed at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. These loyal members recently got together and arranged a picnic for the children living at the Bay. Thirty youngsters and their mothers accepted the invitation and thoroughly enjoyed the good food, the games and the band concert which featured the afternoon. The Elks responsible for this thoughtful act are to be congratulated on their enterprise and their fidelity to the tenets of the Order.

#### District Deputy Ardner Visits Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge

One of the most pleasant and enjoyable meetings held for some time by Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, was the recent one at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Ardner was present on his official visit. The exceptionally well-attended meeting was marked by the presence of a splendid turnout of the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers, the initiation of a class of candidates, and an inspiring address by Mr. Ardner. The District Deputy, following the initiatory ceremonies, complimented the officers on their dignified exemplification of the ritual and praised them for their administration of the Lodge's many affairs and the efficient manner in which its books and records are kept. Mr. Ardner urged a full attendance at the coming Grand Lodge Convention and a renewed vigor in securing new and representative members. Other interesting speeches were made by Past Exalted Rulers Maurice Niezer, Louis F. Crosby, and Frank Hogan.

#### Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Holds Past Exalted Rulers' Night

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 404, celebrated Past Exalted Rulers' Night in the Home with a well-attended meeting at which a number of visiting Elks was present. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert R. Risher and several Past Exalted Rulers of Woodlawn Lodge, No. 1221, were in attendance at the special invitation of Past Exalted Ruler Walter McKean. Talks by the visitors and general discussions of Lodge interest, followed by a supper, were features of a most enjoyable fraternal evening.

#### Past Exalted Rulers' Night and District Deputy's Visit to Marshalltown Lodge

More than 200 members were present for the meeting of Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge, No. 312, at which Past Exalted Rulers' Night was celebrated, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph F. Cahill received on his official visit. A class of fifteen candidates was initiated by a degree team of Past Exalted Rulers whose work was highly praised by Mr. Cahill. A group photograph of the Past Exalted Rulers who occupied the chairs during the ceremony is



This spacious Lodge room is part of the new Home of Steubenville, O., Lodge, No. 231

reproduced in these pages. An elaborate supper was served at the conclusion of the meeting.

#### Bessemer, Ala., Elks Entertain District Deputy Machtloff

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. J. Machtloff recently paid his second official visit to Bessemer, Ala., Lodge, No. 721, and found the affairs of the Lodge in first-rate condition. Mr. Machtloff was accompanied by Exalted Rulers Ben Mendelsohn, S. B. Israel, B. F. Moxley and other chair officers of Birmingham, Blocton and Ensley Lodges respectively. After a number of talks under Good of the Order a buffet lunch was enjoyed.

#### Classes Initiated Into Provo, Utah, Lodge

Two classes have recently been initiated into Provo, Utah, Lodge, No. 840. The first was when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. F. Farrer officially visited his home Lodge. On this occasion a large turn out of members was on hand to honor the District Deputy and to hear his report, after which the entire assemblage was served a fine buffet supper. The next class was initiated into Provo Lodge some weeks later by the officers of Eureka Lodge, No. 711, competing in the State ritualistic contest. A special program of entertainment and a banquet which followed were attended by many past and active officers of the Utah State Elks Association, including President Harry Nightingale; Vice-Presidents J. F. Jensen, M. Howard Graham and A. L. George; Secretary, D. T. Lane; Treasurer, J. Edwin Stein; and District Deputy Farrer.

#### Service Held at Sea on Death of Past Exalted Ruler August Glatzmayer

A special memorial service was held on board *S. S. Anacapa*, at sea, following receipt of word of the death of Judge August W. Glatzmayer, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Exalted Ruler of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, whose untimely passing in a New York hospital was noted in these columns last month. Some 25 Elks were among the passengers on the cruise ship in West Indian waters and as a mark of their esteem for Judge Glatzmayer and as an expression of sympathy for his brother, Joseph Glatzmayer, who was a fellow passenger, they held an emergency Lodge of Sorrow. G. H. Papenmeyer, Past Exalted Ruler of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485, was the acting Exalted Ruler of the occasion, and was assisted by a full complement of specially appointed chair officers. The ship's orchestra took part in the services, which were attended

by some 100 passengers in addition to the members of the Order. The eulogy was delivered by Judge John E. McGeehan, a member of Bronx Lodge and a close friend and associate of the deceased, while the tribute was spoken by Mr. Papenmeyer. Expressions of sympathy were also tendered to William A. Mantell, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, who had received news of the death of his father.

**Kokomo, Ind., Lodge Entertains District Deputy Fred Ardner**

One of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings of the year greeted District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Ardner when he made his official visit to Kokomo, Ind., Lodge, No. 190. The more than 150 members present gave their closest attention to the rendition of the ritual of initiation by the officers, and to Mr. Ardner's inspiring address. The District Deputy was heartily congratulated on his talk after the meeting and urged to visit Kokomo Lodge as often as he could.

**Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge Celebrates 35th Anniversary**

With a varied program of business and entertainment more than 100 members of Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge, No. 277, celebrated its 35th anniversary. The festivities opened with a birthday dinner in the dining room of the Home at which the honored guests included: President J. F. Holliday, of the Indiana State Elks Association; William E. Hendrich, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; Exalted Ruler Edwin Lowenthal, of Evansville Lodge, No. 116; and the charter members and Past Exalted Rulers of No. 277. A splendid birthday cake, complete with 35 candles, a gift of the Ramblers' Literary Club, and flowers donated by Mrs. J. M. Harlem, wife of the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler, were among the cheerful decorations for the occasion. A lively program of old time music was contributed by the Punkin Vine orchestra.

Following dinner, Lodge was convened, with Past Exalted Ruler Harlem wielding the gavel, in observance of Past Exalted Rulers' Night. A class of candidates was initiated, and there were addresses by Mr. Holliday, Mr. Hendrich, and Mr. Lowenthal, all of whom paid high tribute to the services of George S. Green, veteran Secretary of Mount Vernon Lodge, now District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, who also spoke. A surprise entertainment followed the formal session. The celebration was a most happy and interesting one, and not only marked a milestone but presaged as well an even more active and successful future for this fine Lodge.

**Prominent Elks Attend Past Exalted Rulers' Night of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge**

Past Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Mountain and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Bradford Pengelly of Flint, Mich., Lodge, were present for the Past Exalted Rulers' Night celebration of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53. Senior resident Past Exalted Ruler W. H. Haskell presided, and the chief address of the evening was made by Mr. Pengelly who stressed the important part the ideals of the Order play in the prevention of war. Other brief speeches were made by Mr. Mountain and the numerous Past Exalted Rulers and old time members of Toledo Lodge who were present in large numbers.

**Members of Steubenville, Ohio, Lodge Happily Settled in New Home**

The members of Steubenville, Ohio, Lodge, No. 231, are greatly enjoying the comforts and conveniences of their new Home, dedicated several months ago in the presence of many distinguished Elks, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price. The quarters of No. 231 occupy the entire second floor of the newly erected building. Situated less than half a block from the intersection of the city's principal business streets, the Home consists of a splendid Lodge room; large dining room and kitchen; a comfortable lounging and reading room; two game rooms, and a billiard room, all beautifully furnished and decorated.



*These conducted the Past Exalted Rulers' Night ceremonies in Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge*

**Fulton, Ky., Lodge Banquets District Deputy Grayot**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John L. Grayot was entertained at an elaborate dinner by Fulton, Ky., Lodge, No. 1142, before attending a regular session in his official capacity. Some 65 members were seated at the tables when Exalted Ruler Frank Beades turned the gavel over to Toastmaster Joe D. Davis, Past Exalted Ruler of Fulton Lodge, who introduced the guest of honor. Mr. Grayot discussed the work of the Order at length, and after several other talks by members, the gathering adjourned to reassemble in the Lodge room for the regular meeting.

**Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge Celebrates Anniversary**

The birthday celebration of Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530, was marked by the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Baker and by the presence of a number of well known Elks of the region. Mr. Baker made a most interesting talk, as did the Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of a number of near-by Lodges. A class of 12 candidates was initiated by the officers in a fashion which drew the praise of the District Deputy.

Lake Worth Lodge is now perfecting an Elks Patrol which will make its initial public appearance of the State Association convention in Gainesville, and is also searching for larger quarters to accommodate its growing membership.

**Official Visits by District Deputy Kelly of New Hampshire**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Kelly of New Hampshire has completed his tour of official visitations to the Lodges of his State. Large meetings and a high degree of enthusiasm greeted him everywhere, his homecoming visit to his own Lodge, Concord, No. 1210, being especially notable in this regard.

Among his recent visits were those to Nashua Lodge, No. 720, to Concord, and to Keene Lodge, No. 927. At Nashua his call was the occasion of a red-letter day in the history of the Lodge, with nearly the entire membership on hand. The program opened with a class initiation conducted by Exalted Ruler John D. Warren and his staff. This was followed by a business session and a number of speeches by well-known visitors, including the District Deputy and Exalted Ruler George G. Prescott, of Concord Lodge. After adjourning the meeting, visitors and members

enjoyed a fine buffet supper and entertainment in the newly furnished Lodge Home. An informal reception was then held by Mr. Kelly.

More than 300 members of New Hampshire and Massachusetts Lodges gathered in Concord to welcome Mr. Kelly. Meeting first at the Home of the Lodge for informal greetings, the Concord members and their guests then proceeded to the Masonic Temple for the formal meeting and initiation. These ceremonies were followed by a most enjoyable banquet at which the District Deputy, who had been escorted to Concord by a suite of twenty-seven past officers of New Hampshire and Massachusetts Lodges, including Past Grand Tiler Michael H. McCarron, occupied the seat of honor. Exalted Ruler George G. Prescott, in a speech of appreciation, paid a fine tribute to Mr. Kelly, to which the District Deputy modestly responded. Songs, dances, humorous talks and musical numbers comprised the program of excellent entertainment which followed the dinner and rounded out a most happy and successful occasion.

At Keene Lodge, the last of his visits, Mr. Kelly met with another enthusiastic reception. The Lodge meeting was opened by Exalted Ruler Melvin S. Perkins, who then turned the gavel over to the District Deputy for the conduct of the initiation of a class of twelve candidates. A large number of the prominent Elks of nearby cities and towns were again on hand to honor the District Deputy, for whom a reception was held after the meeting. A buffet supper concluded the affair.

**Past Exalted Rulers of Jackson, Mich., Lodge Hold Meeting at Tampa, Fla.**

A most unusual meeting was held in the Home of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, when a party of twenty-two Past Exalted Rulers and chair officers of Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113, were its guests, initiated a class for their hosts, took part in their Past Exalted Rulers' Night, and celebrated the forty-first anniversary of their own Lodge. The northern visitors had come south at the invitation of Captain William Sparks, Exalted Ruler of Jackson Lodge, who was convalescing from a recent illness at his winter home, and whose guests they were from the moment they entrained at Jackson until their return to their homes. Among them was Henry J. Davis, a charter member and the first Exalted Ruler of his Lodge.

The meeting in the Tampa Home was attended by large delegations from a number of Florida Lodges, who joined their hosts in a royal welcome to the Michiganders, while a count taken revealed that twenty-eight States in all were



The new Home of Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge, was dedicated with brilliant ceremonies by Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert

represented by Elks who had gathered for this unique and delightful occasion.

Traveling home by way of Washington, Captain Sparks' guests were honored by an audience with President Coolidge during their two days' stay in the capital.

On arrival at Jackson the travelers met with another example of the interest and thoughtfulness of their Exalted Ruler. Captain Sparks himself had remained in Florida, but he had wired the Lodge to arrange a fitting reception to honor its Past Exalted Rulers, and they were met at the station by the Red Ritual Team of the Lodge, its band and hundreds of well-wishers, who formed a parade and escorted them to the recently dedicated Lodge Home.

#### **District Deputy Swanson Visits Bellingham, Wash., Lodge**

Paying his official visit to Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. W. Swanson met with the officers and committee chairman at a dinner conference before attending the formal session. At the meeting which followed, after the initiation of a class by the officers, the District Deputy made a stirring address, of more than an hour's duration. At its conclusion Mr. Swanson was enthusiastically applauded and many members besought him to make another visit and again address the Lodge.

#### **Well-Known Members at Past Exalted Rulers' Night in Summit, N. J., Lodge**

President William R. Conklin of the New Jersey State Elks Association and Past President Henry A. Guenther were among the visitors to Summit, N. J., Lodge, No. 1246, on the occasion of its Past Exalted Rulers' Night. Both made addresses, Mr. Conklin discussing the welfare work of the State Association and Mr. Guenther telling of the pleasure he has enjoyed in entertaining as his guests at Olympia Park, of which he is owner, the more than 200,000 underprivileged children taken there at various times by the Lodges of the State.

#### **Mandan, N. D., Lodge Highly Praised by District Deputy Stern**

After paying his official visit to Mandan, N. D., Lodge, No. 1256, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sam Stern wrote to Exalted Ruler John K. Kennelly, complimenting him most highly upon the spirit of his Lodge, saying, in part, "Conditions in your Lodge and the personnel of your officers cannot be excelled by any of the Lodges in the State."

The meeting which Mr. Stern attended included the initiation of a class of 12 candidates,

and was followed by a sumptuous banquet and an entertainment that held the enthusiastic approval of the members until the early hours of the morning.

#### **Nashua, N. H., Lodge Observes Washington's Birthday**

Some 500 members gathered in the City Auditorium for the annual Washington's birthday observance of Nashua, N. H., Lodge, No. 720. A social meeting and the annual banquet were enjoyed in the auditorium before the public patriotic exercises were opened at eight o'clock. For these, practically every seat in the large hall was occupied by the friends and families of the Lodge members. At the close of the interesting program the floor was cleared and dancing enjoyed.

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

On the last visit prior to his homecoming to Freeport Lodge, No. 1253, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck, and a large suite, made an official call on Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323, and was greatly pleased with the warmth of welcome extended to him and his staff. The ritualistic work of the officers, the fraternal enthusiasm of the membership, and its cooperation with the Grand Lodge on matters of importance to the Order at large, drew Mr. Beck's praise. The visitors enjoyed an elaborate entertainment during their visit.

#### **Fine Attendance at Past Exalted Rulers' Night in Sioux Falls, S. D.**

Three hundred and seventy-five members were on hand for the meeting of Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, No. 202, at which the Past Exalted Rulers exemplified the ritual. The conduct of the ceremony by the past heads of the Lodge was most impressive and was the occasion for many congratulations by the Elks who witnessed it. A splendid supper and entertainment rounded out the finest meeting of the season for No. 202.

#### **Detroit, Mich., Elks Visit Lansing Lodge**

Traveling in a special car over the Pere Marquette Railroad a group of some 30 members, including the officers and degree team of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, recently attended a meeting of Lansing Lodge, No. 196. Lansing Lodge was in gala attire for the event and gave a fine welcome to the visitors. Fully 500 Elks were present to watch the visiting officers and degree team conduct the ritualistic ceremonies in a manner to call forth enthusiastic praise.

An elaborate entertainment was enjoyed after the meeting.

The 27th Annual Charity benefit of Detroit Lodge, held in the auditorium of the Masonic Temple, was a pronounced success, netting a substantial sum to the charity fund. The program of entertainment was a lavish one, composed of a large number of star vaudeville acts from the local theatres and selections by the Elks Quartette.

#### **District Deputy Leininger Visits His Home Lodge, Ishpeming, Mich.**

Some weeks ago District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Earl Leininger made his official call upon his own Lodge, Ishpeming, Mich., No. 447. A pleasing feature of the initiation which took place at this time was the presence in the class of the son of Past Exalted Ruler George Wanek who conducted the ritual. Young Mr. Warek, in a brief speech following the ceremony, said that one of the pleasures of being an Elk was to have his father become his brother. An enjoyable supper wound up the evening of business and pleasure.

#### **Past Exalted Rulers' Night Held By Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge**

Eleven of the twenty living Past Exalted Rulers of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, were present at the Lodge's observance of Past Exalted Rulers' Night. Wellington G. Jones presided, and features of the evening were the addresses of Past Exalted Rulers Claude C. Merrill, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Pennsylvania, Southeast, and Henry W. Gough. A matter of great interest to the membership was furnished by Senior Past Exalter Ruler John K. Royal who advised them that the original dispensation granted for the formation of the Lodge had been found by him among his private papers, and that he would have it framed so that it might be properly preserved for its historical interest.

#### **Gala Meeting Greets District Deputy Beck at Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge**

One of the finest meetings in the history of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485, was held some weeks ago, when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck paid his official visit. Many prominent Elks of the New York, Southeast, district were present, including M. Burr Wright, Vice-President of the State Elks Association, and Past Exalted Rulers, officers and members from Glen Cove, Lynbrook, Queens Borough and Freeport Lodges. One hundred and fifty of the guests

(Continued on page 62)

# Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

## Mr. Hulbert Completes Southwestern and New England Tours

**D**UE to insufficient information at the time of going to press, we were unable to give an account last month of Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert's visit to Fort Worth, Texas, Lodge during his tour of the Elk Lodges in the Southwest. The visitation took place after the Grand Exalted Ruler left Dallas for his call on Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge. A motor-caravan of Fort Worth and Dallas Elks and their ladies escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Hulbert from Dallas to the new Home of Fort Worth Lodge, where they arrived at noon for a luncheon and reception in their honor. Prominent on the reception committee of the Lodge were Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Carlton Hines, Past Exalted Ruler and Mrs. H. G. Brickhouse, and Esteemed Leading Knight and Mrs. John D. Carter. Mr. Hulbert after the luncheon conferred with the Lodge officers, and Mrs. Hulbert were taken in charge by the ladies who had arranged a delightful program for her. Early that evening a barbecue and smoker was held in the Lodge Home, at which the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a stirring address on the principles of the Order, which was broadcast over Station WBAP. The visitors then attended a theatre party, and left at a late hour for Oklahoma City.

After Mr. Hulbert's activities in and around Oklahoma City, as reported in the March number of the magazine, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Hulbert accompanied by Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight and Mrs. O. L. Hayden, L. A. Browder, President of the Oklahoma State Elks Association and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler B. B. Barefoot, were met on February 2 at Ponca City by a group of Tulsa Elks who acted as escort during their visit in the latter place. A reception in the Home of Tulsa Lodge preceded a spirited, largely-attended meeting, at which Mr. Hulbert delivered a masterly address on the high aims of the Order. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by Congressman-elect Charles O'Conner, and Esteemed Leading Knight J. C. Miller presided in the absence of Exalted Ruler Don Copeland, who was ill. Among the other speakers of the evening were Mr. Hayden, Mr. Barefoot, Mr. Browder, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Woody. The gathering was swelled by a number of visiting Elks from Muskogee, Vinita, Nowata, Ponca City, and Sapulpa, who managed to be present in spite of inclement

weather and attendant road conditions. During the meeting, Mrs. Hulbert and Mrs. Hayden were entertained by wives of local members at a theatre party. The following day, Sunday, was spent by the visitors in a tour of sightseeing, and the Grand Exalted Ruler met with the



PORTLAND, ME., FEB. CO.

### Mr. Hulbert in a New England snow storm

officers of the district Lodges in a discussion of matters relating to Good of the Order.

The next point of call on the Grand Exalted Ruler's itinerary was Little Rock, Ark., where the party was met early on the morning of February 5 by a committee of local Elks, who entertained them at breakfast and took them for a drive to the capitol, where they were presented to the State officials. At noon, Mr. Hulbert

was honor guest of the Kiwanis Club at a luncheon in the La Fayette Hotel, and addressed that body on the work of civic organizations. Immediately after the luncheon the Grand Exalted Ruler's party, with the addition of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs.

Merlin Fisher, and Exalted Ruler and Mrs. W. H. Laubach, visited Hot Springs Lodge, and there were joined by Exalted Ruler Leonard R. Ellis who returned with them for the joint evening banquet and meeting of Little Rock and Argenta (North Little Rock) Lodges, held in the Home of the latter. A luncheon, motor drive, and dinner were included in the entertainment program which a women's committee from the two Lodges had planned for Mrs. Hulbert.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's address before the joint meeting was devoted to the work of the Order in aiding the character development of youth. He urged the members to advise and cooperate with each other in this worthy enterprise. Other speakers were Mr. Hayden, Senator Paul R. Grabel, Senator Henry Hollingsworth and a number of representative Elks from the district. A musical program contributed to a memorable occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, left Little Rock and arrived early on February 6 in Memphis, Tenn. During the day Mr. Hulbert addressed the Kiwanis Club and was taken for trips about the city, while Mrs. Hulbert and Mrs. Hayden were guests at several informal receptions and a tea arranged by the local ladies. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett and Mrs. Barrett were present in the party for a short while during the visit. That evening, following a formal dinner given by the officers and board of Trustees of the Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a capacity meeting in the Home on the work of the Order, and congratulated Memphis Lodge on its excellent condition and handsome dwelling. The party left late that night for Nashville, Tenn.

On arriving in Nashville, the party was tendered a reception and breakfast in the Home of the local Lodge, at which some 125 members and their ladies were present. Seated at the Grand Exalted Ruler's table were Grand Inner Guard W. H. Mustaine, Exalted Ruler E. J. Smyth of Nashville Lodge, District Deputy Grand Exalted

(Continued on page 74)

## News of the State Associations

### Massachusetts

**G**RAND Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert was the guest of honor on February 18 at the annual banquet held in the Home of Boston Lodge, No. 10, under the auspices of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. Eight hundred and fifty members of the Order and their wives took part, and Mr. Hulbert congratulated the Association on the presence of the women guests who, he said, should share more often in the social affairs of Subordinate Lodges.

Raymond V. McNamara, Past Exalted Ruler of Haverhill Lodge, No. 165, Chairman of the Banquet Committee, introduced George Stanley Harvey, President of the Association, who welcomed the distinguished guest, and then introduced as toastmaster Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson. Among the speakers were Joseph Warner, Attorney-General for Massachusetts, representing Governor Allen, and Maurice R. Flynn, Past Exalted Ruler of Malden Lodge, No. 965. Others at the speakers' table were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Esquire Harry H. Atkinson, E. Mark Sullivan,

of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady, Andrew J. Casey, Justice of the Grand Forum, and O. L. Hayden, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight.

The Nicholson Ritualistic Trophy, emblematic of the state championship, was presented to Norwood Lodge, No. 1124, by Michael H. McCarron, Past Grand Tiler. Dancing followed the post-prandial exercises.

Richard A. Cantwell, Past Exalted Ruler of Worcester Lodge, has been appointed a trustee of the Association to fill the unexpired term of Trustee Ellis, resigned.

The next annual convention of the Association will be held at Pittsfield on June 2 and 3.

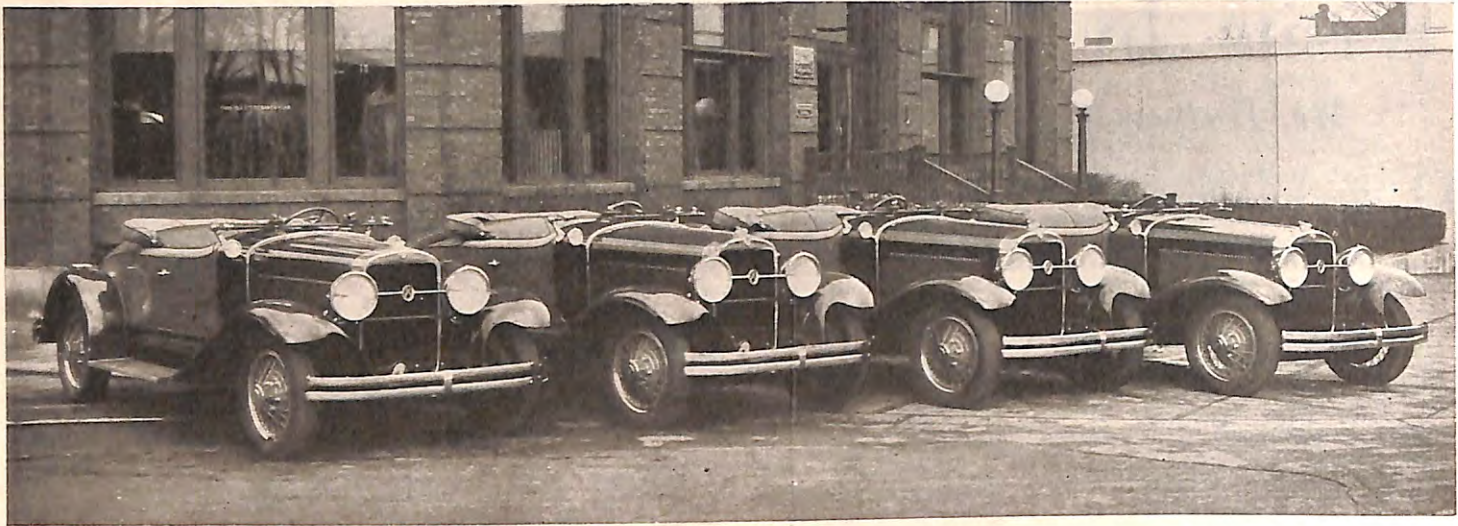
### New York

**A** MEETING of the Advisory Committee and Trustees of the New York State Elks Association was held at the Home of New York Lodge, No. 1, on Saturday, February 16, with President D. Curtis Gano presiding. The dates for the 17th annual convention of the Association were fixed for June 3, 4 and 5 at Rochester. On Wednesday, June 5, the drill team competition will be staged in the Armory, and

in the afternoon, weather permitting, the parade will wind up the convention activities. President Gano reported that the Rochester Committee had resolved to hold the opening exercises of the convention on Sunday evening, June 2, in one of the large auditoriums of that city, and the public will be invited to witness the carrying out of a program consisting of the address of welcome by the Mayor of that city, musical numbers and a response by the President of the New York State Elks Association. This arrangement is in keeping with the established order of recent years and provides means whereby the Association may come in direct contact with its friends and neighbors.

Matters concerning the welfare of the Association were discussed at this meeting and the Board of Trustees acted on the applications of a number of petitions for the establishment of new Lodges at several points in the State. The recommendations of the Trustees were returned to the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler for his action and announcement will be made later of the date of dispensation and time fixed for the institution of these Lodges. The members

(Continued on page 69)



# The Elks Magazine Purple and White Fleet

*Four Beautiful President Eight Studebaker Cars, leaving New York May 10th, will Carry Greetings from the Mayor of the City of New York to Grand Exalted Ruler Hon. Murray Hulbert at the Opening of the Grand Lodge Convention, at Los Angeles, California, on July 8th*

ON MAY 10th the purple and white fleet will set out on its good will tour from the City Hall of New York to Los Angeles, over the four great transcontinental highways. These four cars, bearing the insignia of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and driven by Elks who are members of our magazine staff, will stop in every community where there is an Elks Lodge located on these four great motor highways.

These interesting tours, promoted by THE ELKS MAGAZINE to create interest in the Los Angeles Convention, as well as to develop more intimate contact with subordinate Lodges, are financed by The Studebaker Corporation of America through advertising in THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

One car will travel down the Atlantic Coast, through the South and Southwest, by way of Washington, Richmond, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas and El Paso, arriving in Los Angeles on July 8th.

Another will pass through Allentown, Parkersburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Kansas

City, Pueblo and Santa Fe, also arriving in Los Angeles on July 8th.

The third car, going further North, will touch such cities as Pittsburgh, Columbus, Indianapolis, Des Moines, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City and Sacramento, arriving in Los Angeles on July 8th.

The fourth car will travel by way of Binghamton, Akron, Fort Wayne, Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and then through to the Northwest, stopping in Seattle, Portland and on down through San Francisco, arriving in Los Angeles on July 8th.

In briefly outlining these four routes, only some of the larger cities are mentioned, but it is the purpose of these cars to stop in every city lying along these routes as well as a number of Lodges adjacent to them.

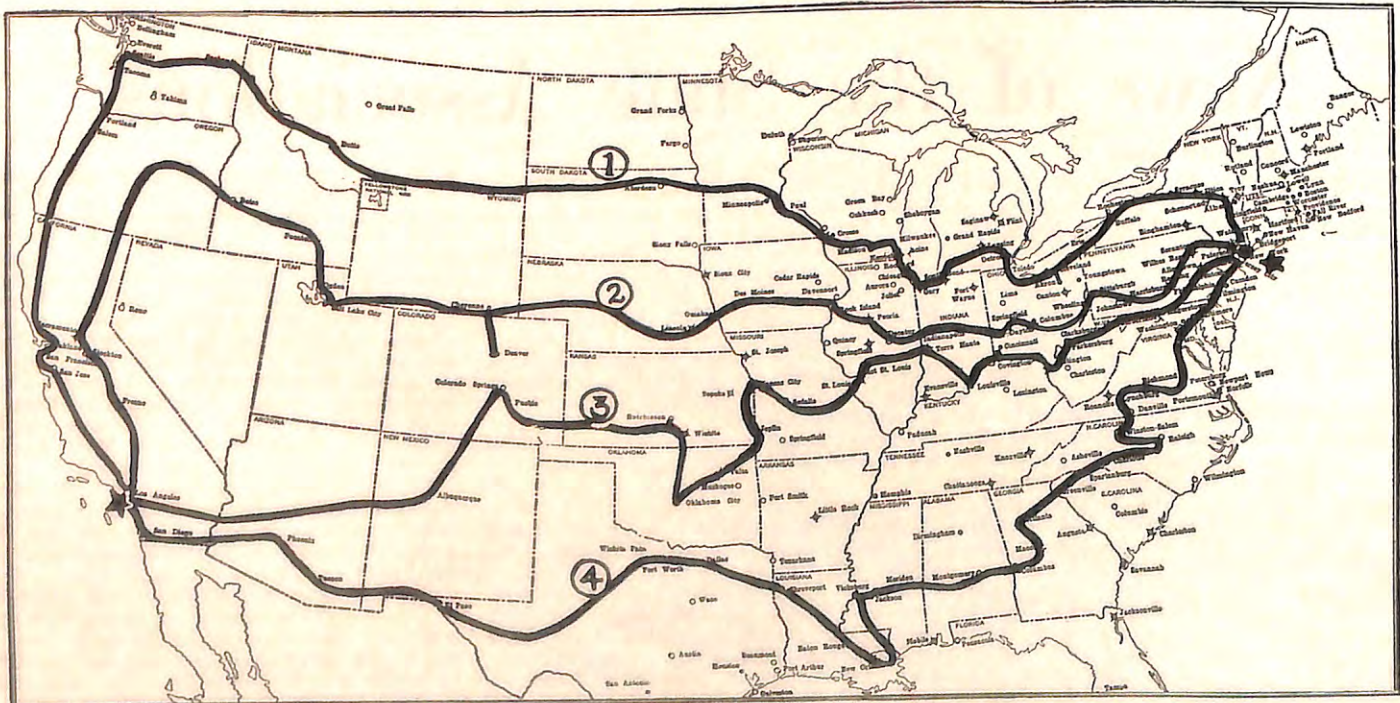
On May 1st the Purple and White Fleet leaves the Studebaker Plant at South Bend, with the Elks National Memorial Building in Chicago as its destination, returning from there through the leading lake cities and Northern New York,

such as Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo, arriving in New York ready to begin their long trans-continental runs on the routes mentioned.

These four beautiful Studebaker President Eights are well equipped for the gruelling trans-continental run. Today these cars hold 115 American records, 11 world's records and 23 international records. These roadsters are duplicates of the stock car which traveled 30,000 miles in 26,326 minutes.

Advance information will be sent to every Lodge on the routes of these four cars. The drivers, who are Elks and members of THE ELKS MAGAZINE staff, will make it a point to call on every Lodge on their route. It will be their purpose to develop interest in the Los Angeles Convention, as well as to acquaint every Elk they meet with the aims and purposes of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and obtain from the officials of Elks Lodges throughout the country suggestions for the further development of the

*(Continued on page 60)*





# “Try our gasoline with Ethyl in it”



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“OUR gasoline is the best you can buy,” says the filling station man. “But even the best gasoline is better with Ethyl in it.”

This pump man—and thousands like him—knows what he is talking about. Ethyl is the anti-knock fluid developed by automotive research to prevent gasoline from “knocking” and losing power as an engine’s compression is automatically

raised by carbon formation or mechanical design.

Higher compression—without “knock”—means greater power; and leading oil companies now are mixing Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) with their good gasoline to eliminate the “knock,” and make it possible to take advantage of this greater power.

You may be sure of real value for the extra pennies

when you buy Ethyl Gasoline. Value in the extra pull, quicker pickup, better control in emergencies, less shifting—not to speak of the economy of lessened engine wear and tear and of more power from each gallon of fuel.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

25 Broadway, New York City

56 Church St., Toronto, Can.

36 Queen Anne’s Gate, London, Eng.



Knocks out that “knock”

# ETHYL GASOLINE

# The Million-Dollar Trainer

(Continued from page 25)

Madden, the greatest breeder America has ever known, predicted a great future for Sidereal when the colt was but a yearling. But Sidereal didn't train kindly in the spring and his races in public were far from encouraging. A week before the race in which "The Wizard" had his most exciting moment the son of Star Shoot turned in a surprisingly good trial—a trial which convinced the ever-watchful Hirsch that he was good enough to win his race on Independence Day despite the fact that he was entered with two decidedly dangerous contenders.

The Hirsch fortune at that time was not anything to boast about and Maxie decided it would stand a lot of "building." He believed he saw a chance to do that building on the speed of Sidereal. He figured, as many horsemen do, that he would make or break himself on one plunge.

THE fourth of July of that year was one of the hottest of the season. A huge crowd journeyed down Long Island to Aqueduct and everybody seemed in a speculative mood. The bookmakers did a land office business in every race.

Sidereal, which was entered in the last race of the day, was to be brought from Belmont Park to the Aqueduct track in a van. According to Hirsch's plans the colt was to have arrived about one hour before the race.

Hirsch had his betting commissioners posted back to back with the big bookmakers in the club-house, prepared to take advantage of the opening odds, the pigskin artist who was to pilot Sidereal was ready, and Hirsch waited in the paddock for the colt to be brought in. The hands of the clock moved steadily forward, but no van appeared from the Hirsch barn. Unable longer to stand the strain of waiting in the paddock Hirsch went to the entrance gate and waited. He was frantically pacing up and down when he caught sight of the van. There were precious few minutes to lose.

Sidereal was unvanned, hurried to the paddock,

carefully examined to see that he had suffered no ill-effects from the trip, and saddled just in time to conform with the track rules.

Out in the betting ring Hirsch's commissioners were as busy as pickpockets at a county fair. Sidereal, which had opened at 30 to 1, was hammered down steadily until at post time the best odds obtainable were 2 to 1. Seeing the heavy play on the poorly considered Sidereal the sharpshooters guessed something was on tap so strung along with the stable.

When the barrier went up Sidereal showed he had everything that his trainer believed he had. He was never fully extended and won handily by nearly two lengths.

Maxie Hirsch had made the biggest killing of the year—the biggest killing of his turf career. Since that day back in 1921 he has never had to worry much about money matters. Many bookmakers, however, have never recovered from the shock to their bank rolls. It is estimated that the books lost more than a million dollars on that one race.

The "brains" of the racing world—the men who know the thoroughbred sport from Alpha to Omega—will tell you that Max Hirsch's great success on the turf is due to his almost uncanny ability to tell exactly when a horse is ready to run his race.

Still others will tell you that Hirsch's success is based on this knowledge of form plus his ability to select good riders for his horses. Nobody in the racing game knows better than Hirsch the value of a good pilot. And no present day trainer has greater success in schooling boys in the art of riding. He likes good, "tough" kids, with strong hands and quick wits.

I sat in his office at Belmont Park one day last summer when a man came in with his fourteen-year-old son, a lad who wanted to be a race rider.

"Learning to ride horses is a tough job," Hirsch warned father and son. "It means getting up before dawn in fair weather and foul,

working hard and steadily on the track until ten o'clock, and perhaps all through the afternoon in the stables. It means to bed early, taking regular exercise and practically living 'horse' twenty-four hours a day. You'll have to go to church Sundays—any church your father designates—and you'll have to live cleanly. Of course, you may quit any time you like—but you can't quit here and then go to work in the next stable. It's a tough life! Do you want to go to work now?"

"Right now!" said the boy without blinking an eye. "I'll get my clothes and move in this afternoon."

After the father had signed and went away with his son, Hirsch gave one of his infectious grins and said. "I believe that kid will make good. I like boys with guts and he tells me after he had been knocked down four times by the kid who gave him that shiner he got up and won the scrap by changing his fighting tactics. He's got a good chin, strong hands and is sharp-witted. He reminds me of Schreiner."

He couldn't have paid the boy a higher compliment for Georgie Schreiner, the Jamaica orphan who proved the sensation of the 1928 Long Island racing season, is the apple of Hirsch's eye. Schreiner was developed by Hirsch and bids fair to succeed Earl Sande and Laverne Fator as the public idol.

Although Hirsch has forty-eight horses under his care he knows the peculiarities of every one of them. He can almost at a glance detect any indisposition on the part of any of his charges. He spends hours and hours in their stalls or playing with them in the paddocks. He has that indefinable something which horses love in men—that something which Tod Sloan, Jimmy McLaughlin and Earl Sande had as riders and which made for their success in the saddle.

Hirsch is a gentleman and a horseman, well-deserving of the title, The Million-Dollar Trainer.

## Speculations on Ivory

(Continued from page 22)

season with the same strength with which they finished the last one, with the same power that made the last world series with the Cardinals look like a walkover. Apparently then it would seem as though the other teams in the American League would have to find some super-ivory in the new crop to stop the relentless march of the Yankees to another American League pennant and another world championship. That does not seem to be in the cards.

The other chance is that the Yankee juggernaut may already be in the process of disintegration. It is very difficult to trace symptoms of this complaint in a baseball club. There were for instance the irresistible Braves of George Stallings who fought and clubbed their way to a pennant, and then a world championship in one long hectic dash.

And in the following season the same Braves were nowhere at all. The team staged two "miracles" for which Stallings was held responsible. They won a world championship against all odds and then they passed from the picture.

Of course, there is the possibility that the Yankees might blow up with a loud detonation this season. It is written that, "As Babe Ruth goes, so go the Yankees." The Babe has just passed his thirty-fifth birthday, and that is a ripe old age for a professional athlete.

But it seems to me that some of the boys have been waiting for the Babe to cave in for the last ten years. There have been times when the wish which was father to the thought seemed about to be fulfilled but always the Babe seemed to pull himself out of the rut.

He did not break his own home run record last season, but he made a glorious finish in the final game of the world series when he banged out three home runs in the pop-bottle-strewn field at St. Louis. Even the rabidly partisan bleacherites there cheered him at the last as the Babe held up some of the pop bottles hurled

in his direction more in admiration than in rage.

Upon the longevity of the Babe as an athlete depends more the success of the Yankees. The other clubs in his own league and in the other league admit this. The baseball renaissance, if we can call it that, started when the Babe joined the Yankees and started to bang out home runs for the record just at the time when the national pastime was on the verge of coming into considerable disrepute. It was the performance of the Babe that made the fans forget the Black Sox.

If the team that beat the Cardinals four straight looked like the most formidable team ever produced by the national pastime, the Yankees should repeat. They start this season with practically the same team, and they can not have aged to such an extent over winter that they will start to collapse this year.

I LOOK for Mr. McGillicuddy's Athletics to press the Yankees quite as closely at the close of this season as they did in the last. In this work the Athletics will get no little help from the other teams in the league. The idea all through the circuit will be to humble the Yanks. That is baseball and as it should be.

As for the other teams in the league I can see no startling improvements so far; not that all of the owners have not agitated themselves to get better ivory, but where are you going to get it? Of course, some new Matthewsons, Cobbs and Speakers may be found among the rookies. But year after year they have turned up in the spring only to pass out of the big time when the teams got up North.

Over the winter months something happened which will affect baseball, but not in the immediate future. The State of Massachusetts passed a law legalizing Sunday baseball. This means that Boston eventually will produce teams which will recall the Red Sox of Carrigan and the Braves of George Stallings.

You see that baseball besides being the national pastime also is a very intricate and big business. When they permitted Sunday baseball in New York State, the three New York clubs became suddenly prosperous. They were able to make bids for baseball players that the Boston clubs could not meet. Harry Frazee, who owned the Red Sox for a time, saw that and deliberately scrapped the world champion team, the Red Sox, selling his ivory bit by bit. The Braves were forced to do the same thing. There is no baseball magnate so philanthropic that he would be willing to run a baseball club at a loss even if he had a bankroll big enough to stand the drain.

The Yankees start this season with practically the same line-up that almost won in the National League last year. I gather that most of the experts are picking the Giants to lead at the end of this season—that is, all of the experts not stationed at Chicago or St. Louis, and perhaps a few in Pittsburgh, not to mention one or two in Cincinnati.

The race in the National League promises to be quite as close as it was last year. As a matter of fact, any team in that league should have a chance excepting the Phillies, which constitute the anchor team, and possibly the Braves, which organization is now in the process of being rebuilt.

The temporary fit of trepidation experienced by the magnates over the "menace" of golf and some of the amateur sports seems to have passed. The returns from last year indicate that there is no falling off in interest in the national pastime. In fact, several of the magnates are making plans for the enlargement of their stadia.

To hazard a prediction after the fashion of the experts, I should say that in the American League the Yanks will finish first again with Mr. McGillicuddy annoying them no little. In the National League I think that the Giants will finish a few points ahead of the Cubs with four other teams bunched.

... and so to bed ... late ... too much supper ... wish

I could get to sleep ... bad dreams ... business worries ...

dog barks ... baby cries ... time to get up ... jangled nerves

... irritable skin.

—then is the time your skin  
needs the comfort of a fresh Gillette Blade



**THE NEW FIFTY-BOX**

Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 Packets of fives) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterward as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case ... Ideal as a gift, too. Five dollars at your dealer's.

**T**HERE are mornings when a fresh Gillette Blade is better than any pick-me-up you can name.

And there are mornings when your beard is as tough and blue as your

state of mind; when the hot water faucet runs cold and your shaving cream is down to the last squeeze and you scarcely have time to lather anyway; mornings when all the cards seem stacked against your Gillette. But slip in a fresh blade. Enjoy the same smooth, clean shave that you get on the finest morning.

You have to go through the Gillette factory to understand how it's possible to pack so much dependable shaving comfort into a razor blade.

There you see some \$12,000,000 worth of machinery invented and improved continuously for twenty-five years for just one purpose: to make the Gillette Blade—every Gillette Blade—do its smooth, expert job every morning for the thirty million Americans who count on it.

There you see in operation the unique system which makes four out of nine Gillette blade department workers inspectors—paid a bonus for every defective blade they discard.

At least a dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. But the Gillette Blade doesn't change. It is the *one* constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.



\*\*\* **Gillette** 

Just notice the fine skins  
of men who use  
Williams



The Cream that  
leaves **FACES**  
**FIT!**



The Williams lather goes a long way toward keeping your face fit. And it gives you real pleasure while you're doing it.

The Williams lather is super mild—as millions of ultra sensitive skins can testify. Its ingredients are triple distilled. It contains no scrap of coloring matter. Close in texture. Saturated with 10% more moisture than any other we know of, by authentic test. It cleanses pores. Freshens facial tissue. Leaves the skin fit.

No wonder the drug clerk will tell you, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,  
GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

Next time say

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

Complete the shave with a dash of AQUA VELVA.  
Made just for that!

## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 12)

get tired of having such trash on it and get rid of them itself without waiting for us or Beaver Slough folks. River don't like them any better than we do, and she can take care of herself if she wants to. Yes sir, wouldn't surprise me a bit if she just rose up some day and shook them off her. The way a dog does a pack of fleas. She done it here in '84 and there's nothing to stop her from doing it again."

"You're a-talking like the river's a flesh-and-blood being," drawled the pilot as he wiped the front of his glass eye on his nose to give it luster. "River ain't got feelings. River can't do nothing a human can do."

"What can't it do?"

"Well . . . can't curse a loafing nigger right or chew tobacco, can it?"

"Can't chew tobacco maybe, but it can drown the nigger, and anyway that don't prove it ain't got feelings." He bent his fingers so that the tightening of the cords on the back of his hand caused the pagoda to begin a gentle swaying. "I ain't so sure there ain't a kind of person mixed up with it some way. 'Course I ain't so much of a believer in spirits or things like that, but there's plenty of things can't be explained out of no arithmetic book. Now take my nigger deck boss, Ham Hawk. He was telling me he got lost in Nigger Skull Swamp one night, and a big storm blowed up, and he kept wandering around till he come to a cave by the river bank, down near the old levee used to run around Big Muddy Bend. It was a big cave and kind of seemed to run below the river and might get flooded, besides having mighty big snakes, but it was storming so bad he got in and went along a little ways and sat down. He was just getting settled, kind of shivering in the darkness and listening to the rain dripping down like men drinking out of bottles, when all of a sudden the place got lit up by lightning, and he seen that instead of being outside the river, he had some way walked into it, and what he thought was the rain was the fishes sucking past him. He was looking around, trying to get used to the light and the water, when at the end of the cave a old man all dressed in willow branches and wearing a crown come in, with a couple of crabs big as sheep walking beside him, and sat down on a kind of throne made of fish scales. And then all the fish begun swinging around him mighty polite and saluting and saying, 'Hope you're feeling pretty well, tonight, Mister Mississippi,' and a couple of turtles raised up on their hind feet and started dancing and playing tunes on a conch-shell. 'Course that nigger's crazy and he'd have drowned if he'd been in the water like he says. But he might have seen something."

"Ham Hawk ain't seen nothing," Buttereye grunted. "He got that there yarn out of a Greek book. Miss Goldie was telling me about it one time up at the school-house. Fellow named Pluto or Brutus or something used to run the sea. But there wasn't nothing said about rivers."

The Captain's mustaches arched in scorn. "That nigger can't read no Greek."

THE vessel rounded Burning Elm Light and leaving the mouth of Granny Fork, chugged into the surging waste of water beyond.

The Captain moved to the door. "I'm going to get ready for landing, son," he announced. "What's the matter? Ain't she steering right?"

The boy had turned from the wheel and was gazing over the stern at the foaming wake. "She's steering all right, but seems to me she's going pretty slow for full speed. I just been watching her round the turn. The engines ain't never been right since them shantyboaters broke in and stripped off all that copper." Intently he listened to the dull pounding of the pistons. The cheerfulness which was returning to the freckled countenance vanished; angrily he caught a curl of his touseled scarlet hair and twisted it in his finger. "I'm sorry for what I done to that shanty girl. But I sure hope I get a chance to use my gun on one of them men. People that would do what they done to the *Morning Glory* just to get a couple of cents from a junk-man are the same as murderers. What they done was the same as cutting her throat."

"Ain't no doubt about that, son," the old man assented. "And talking about guns, I'm

thinking we sure better have them ready tomorrow morning when we're going by shanty-town. 'Cause if they seen what happened today we'll need them bad."

The following day and an entire week passed, however, without any signs of an attack. They were concluding the incident had gone unnoticed when late one afternoon as they were swinging past the dreary wilderness of weeds and pungent rotting grass which a mile below Beaver Slough formed Nigger Skull Swamp, three quick shots rang out from the shore. Three bullets buried themselves in the white cornice of the pilot-house.

STATES, who was in the cabin poring over river charts, seized his rifle hanging on the wall and sped outside. He reached the rail in time to see a tall, moth-eaten figure clad in scumbrero and overalls darting from behind a tree. Whipping the rifle to his shoulder, he fired. A low cry of pain followed the shrill whistle of the bullet over the water. The runner staggered, glanced swiftly toward the boat, and flung himself headlong into a clump of towering sunflowers.

"Got him!" States shouted in exultation as the old man came racing, gun in hand, from below. "Looked like that fellow they call Chicken Sam!"

The old man's eyebrows were angry horns again; the slant of his mustaches was grim. "You been a long time getting that lesson," he muttered. "But you got it now. Maybe it'll teach you. . . . Where'd you hit him, son?"

"In the arm, I think, the way he was acting!"

"Keep him from stealing chickens a few days, anyway, won't it?"

The tops of the sunflowers began to shake and continuing their movements showed in a wavy golden line where the shantyman was plunging off into the swamp. But neither made any attempt to check the escape with a second shot.

The old man watched the brilliant swaying blossoms melt into the desolate landscape, then reached down and took off his belt whose buckle in the form of a gilded turkey proclaimed that in three successive consents he had won the gobbler shooting championship of Beaver County. He pressed it into the boy's hand. "Looks to me like you ought to have this instead of me," he said gruffly.

The boy's face became ecstatic. "Gosh, you oughtn't give me that, pappy," he murmured. "Gosh, I didn't think you'd give anybody that." His fingers closed on it tightly. As the old man strode away to escape his thanks, he slipped it about his pearl-studded waist and danced in boyish glee.

The terrier, which had come bursting up at the sound of the firing, eyed its young master wonderingly, States poised for an inspection. "What you think of me now, Shoo Fly?" he demanded. "That gold's just what I been needing with that mother-of-pearl, ain't it?"

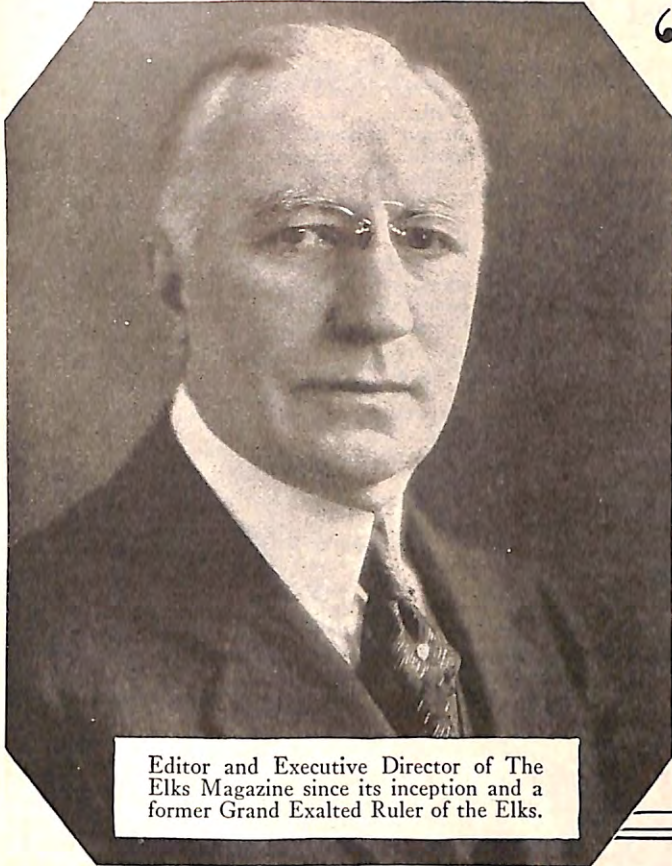
On inspecting the leather he found it dry, and deciding to oil it, set to work as the boat tied up at the wharf. He was busily engaged at the task when three bowlegged pickarinnies holding up sunflowers like parasols paraded past, and reminding him of the others he had been watching so closely a little while before, caused him to glance off toward the scene of his triumph. At once his vigorous plying of the rag ceased. He arose, and shielding his eyes with his hand, stared intently at the horizon. A great buzzard was flying over the swamp, now descending until it almost touched the dismal vegetation shrouding the earth, now rising in a long, melancholy circle.

States forehead wrinkled thoughtfully. "I don't like that, Shoo Fly," he murmured.

He took up the rag and recommenced his work. But his ardor had vanished, and his gaze was constantly fixed on the dreary wheeling bird. Another buzzard floated from out the wooded distance, then another. Both mewed eerily over him and glided on to join the first.

"Mighty bad luck to see three buzzards, Shoo Fly," he muttered. "They're the death sisters flying together, folks says. It means death's coming to three." A drop of oil splashed from the rag onto his shoe. He shivered as though it

(Continued on page 44)



Editor and Executive Director of The Elks Magazine since its inception and a former Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks.

“If I could make every man realize how much sound sleep means to him and his family . . . I’d feel that I had done my bit,”

says

Joseph T. Fanning

“AND I believe that no other sleeping equipment will give anything like the quality of rest you get with a Simmons Mattress and Spring,” continues Mr. Fanning.

Men . . . let’s stop for a minute and think of what Mr. Fanning has said.

How much does your proper and complete rest mean to your family? . . . Forget yourself! . . . let’s assume that you are willing to go through the days “loggy” and dog-tired . . . with frazzled, jumpy nerves . . . never mind yourself . . . what does it mean to your family?

What does it mean to those who

share in your success or failure . . . to those dependent upon you for schooling, for a start in the world.

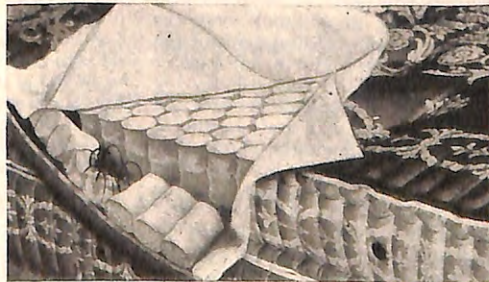
Think it over. Then act. There’s nothing so important to you as restful sleep.

Now consider again the second part of Mr. Fanning’s statement.

*“And I believe that no other sleeping equipment will give anything like the rest you get with a Simmons Mattress and Spring.”*

Why not stop at your dealer’s today. He can show you in five minutes why this is so.

In furniture and department stores Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring, \$42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, \$19.75; Rocky Mountain region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name “Simmons.” The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



Above are shown the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring in combination. These two famous products although sold separately may be had in matching damask coverings, so as to compose the most restful and beautiful sleeping unit made.



Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring . . . More coils than most . . . and every coil scientifically made to give just the right resiliency. Small governor springs prevent side-sway. Angle-iron top binding prevents tearing of sheets. Finished in robin’s egg blue.

BEDS · SPRINGS  
MATTRESSES

SIMMONS

{ BUILT FOR SLEEP }

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF  
... A NICKEL'S ENOUGH



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for an air mail stamp it's  
enough for a Good Cigar!

If you doubt the power of the humble nickel, trade one for a ROCKY FORD. Match it up with any ten cent cigar you know. Imported Sumatra wrapper... finest domestic long filler. When it's got the stuff... a nickel's enough.

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# Rocky Ford 5¢

## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 42)

had been blood. "Must have shot him worse than I figured. Must have shot him bad."

His glance drifted from the buzzards to a tiny lizard with a back evidently crushed under the hoof of a horse or cow crawling feebly up the shore. Gravely he watched while at each blade of grass in its tortured course it halted to fight off half a dozen black ants seeking to drag it to the mouth of a nearby ant-hill; pityingly he limped to the land and placing it on a rock high above its tormenters, sprinkled its broken body with trickles of water he brought from the stream.

The minute creature revived a little, blinked its filmy eyes and brushed its head against the succoring fingers as though in gratitude, then stretched out rigid in death. A moment later the ants began to scale the stone. States shivered again and turned off to the swamp. "I'm going after him, Shoo Fly," he said.

THE swamp was formed in part by the great horseshoe in the river known on the charts as Big Muddy Bend, and though overland the spot where the shooting had taken place was only half a mile away, he decided that the longer route following the river would be surer. Up to the top of the Beaver Slough levee he climbed, limped quickly along the crest for a few hundred feet, then left it and began to follow the ridge of the crumbling levee around Big Muddy, a levee which years before had helped protect the neighboring settlements, but had long since been abandoned for a newer dike system, and now served only to protect the swamp.

Walking as quickly as his steel barred leg would permit, he soon reached the first of the breaks in the levee which had made its lower reaches useless, crossed it, then at the foot of a second break sighted the patch which had sheltered the fugitive. He knew by the flight of the buzzards that the wounded man was no longer there, but scrambling down, found a few stalks tinged with red, and with the dog ahead, limped through the levee break and into the swamp along a trail marked continuously by broken weeds or the crushed leaves of water lilies.

Through mud that sucked hungrily at his shins and knees, through countless bayous where swarms of fierce mosquitoes rose with each splashing footstep, through clumps of purplish thistles that tore wickedly at his vivid clothing, he waded and stumbled, always nearer and nearer to the grisly circling birds. He reached one of the low cypress-crowned ridges which occasionally broke the flat desolation, climbed it, and with the buzzards now directly overhead, began trudging through the somber trees. He had advanced only a few yards when he saw a brown-clad body sprawled out grotesquely on a bed of moss.

Immediately the dog came to a halt and pointed. The boy spoke a word of encouragement to it and hastened on. At first glance he thought his journey had been useless, for a field mouse was scampering unmolested over the ragged coat, pulling crumbs of bread out of the grimy pockets. But as he bent over for a closer inspection he saw that blood was still flowing from the long hole torn in the side beneath the arm pit. Quickly he pulled up a few handfuls of muddy moss and tearing open the shirt, plastered the sticky mass over the wound, then binding it fast with a flexible vine, went down the ridge to get water.

He returned with a capful and dashed its murky contents into the other's face, a strange, tapering face reminiscent of a chicken, with beaklike nose, beady eyes and a towering comb of red hair. He had completed this task when he noticed that the wound was bleeding afresh and stooped to pull the vine tighter. As he did so the lanky, lifeless legs gave a slight jerk. A subdued moan issued from the thin, taut lips. The glassy eyes turned in their stiff sockets and surveyed him dully. "What you... what you doing to me?" he muttered.

"Trying to stop your bleeding. You're shot. Shot bad."

Dreamily the shantyman put his hand to his injured side, then slowly brought the stained fingers near his face. "Wet, ain't they? Guess I am shot." The hand began a drowsy investigation of the mossy bandage. "Who are you,

pardner? Can't kind of see somehow. My eyes is like... like as if butterflies was hopping around in them... Butterflies with black spots... Anyway... who are you?"

The boy hesitated. "States Lilly..."

"Who'd you say?"

"States Lilly... Was me... that shot you."

The shantyboater raised up on one arm and stared incredulously then drooped feebly to the ground again. "'Tis you all right." His mouth twisted in a curious smile. "That's kind of funny. That's mighty funny... What you going to do with me?"

"Take you up to Beaver Slough and get your hurts tended. Ain't going to leave a man to die in this swamp."

"Don't want to go to them Beaver Slough doctors." The reply came with an emphasis which showed his vigor was returning. "Them doctors don't treat a shantyman right."

"Where you want to go then?"

"Doc Claymore."

"He ain't a doctor."

"Course he's a doctor. Worked at being a nurse in the jail hospital all the three years he was in the penitentiary. If that don't make a fellow a doctor, I don't know."

"He ain't a doctor. But I'll take a sick man where he wants to go. Up at Shanty Bend with the rest, ain't he?"

"Yep... My boat's hid down by the river. You can row with that." He motioned that he wished to sit up and stoically let himself be propped against a tree. "Guess you can't carry me that far, can you? You're crippled."

"I'll get you there all right. Piloting makes your arms strong... Ready to go now?"

"Yep."

States stooped and lifting the other onto his shoulders, started through the cypresses, the shantyman's great dangling feet flapping like a scarecrow's against his breast, the chickenlike head and gaunt arms bouncing against his back at each unevenness in the path.

They had proceeded only a few feet in this fashion when the wounded man dug his thumb sharply into his porter's side. "Don't you go off without that there sombrero," he grumbled. "Traded it from a nigger for a couple of hairs I pulled from a gypsy. Don't get a chance like that with a gypsy every day." He took the hat which the boy reached up to him, then exhausted by his speeches, closed his eyes once more.

States stumbled down the ridge and into the swamp. Half-way across the morass he came to a patch of wild onions, and depositing his burden on the reeking ground, sat down on a log to rest.

THE shantyman's eyes reopened. With the sombrero he struck at an ugly bloodsucking fly flashing around his face. Then he chuckled faintly. "Sure is funny your carrying me and taking care of me," he murmured. "Sure is funny."

States tore up another handful of earth and moss to make a new tampon. "It's wrong for me to be doing it. Mighty wrong. But I ain't got the heart not to."

"It ain't wrong. It's just what you ought to be doing. That's why it's funny."

States stopped his labor in perplexity. "What you meaning?"

"Just what I'm saying. You cughtn't be fighting against me. You ought to be helping me. You and me's cousins."

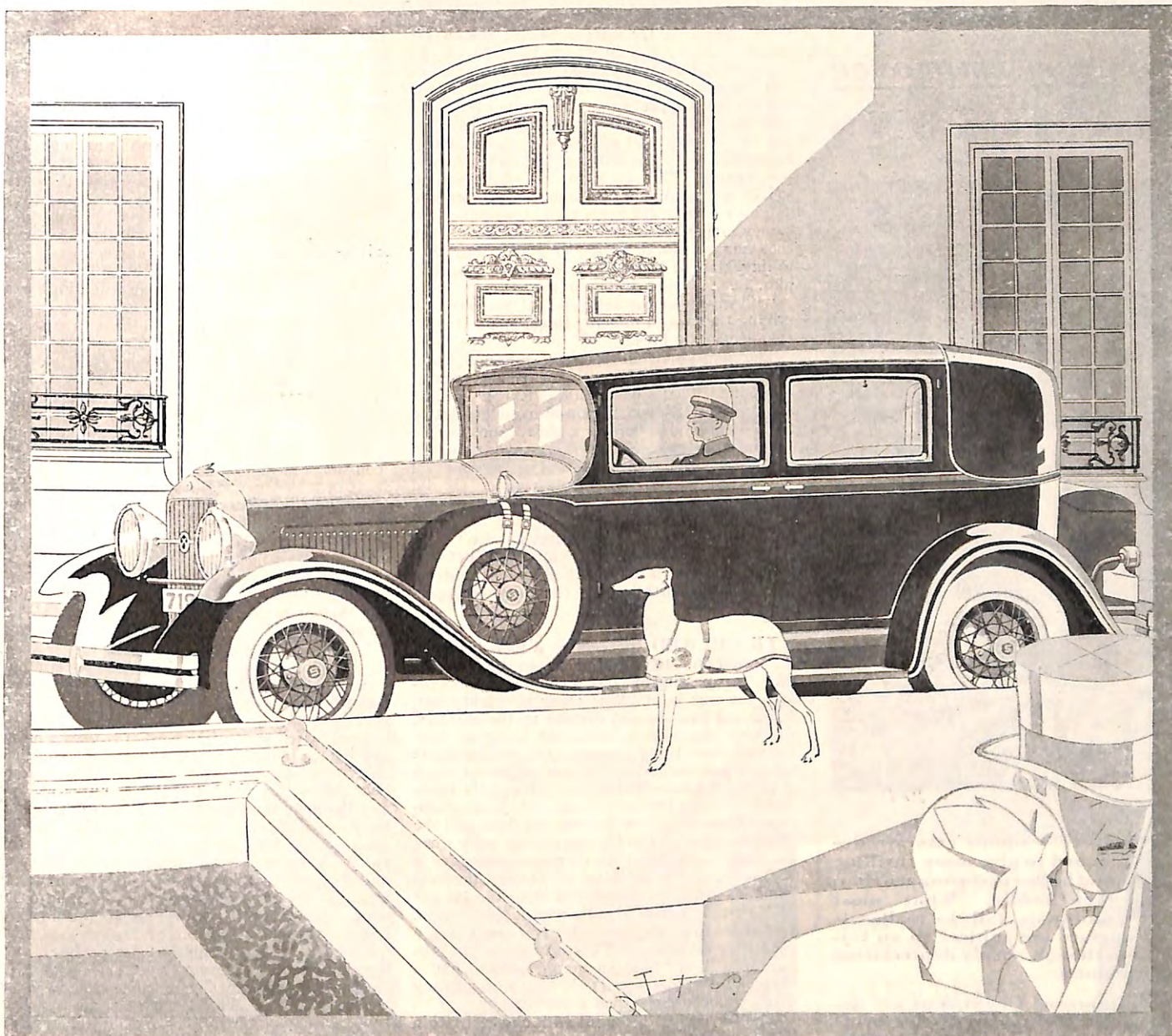
The boy shrugged his shoulders, then placidly continued matting the clay and green fibers. "You're talking crazy, Chicken Sam. But I ain't paying no attention. 'Cause I know when people bleeds the way you been doing it makes their heads mighty queer."

"My head ain't queer and I ain't talking crazy. I'm telling you the truth. You and me's cousins. More than that you're kin-folk with most everybody up at Shanty Bend. Oh, I know you think your name's Lilly. But it ain't. It's Etty, and you're a shantyboater, just the same as me."

"I ain't paying no attention to you."

The shantyman coughed silently into the torn sock which served as his handkerchief. "All

(Continued on page 45)



*The Commander Brougham for Five—with six-cylinder motor, \$1525; with straight-eight motor, \$1675. Six wire wheels and trunk standard equipment. Prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra*

**N**OTHING short of championship fleetness—nothing less than stamina unmatched in all motordom—could have inspired the appealing beauty of these great new Studebaker eights and sixes. In every virile line and contour, you will sense at once the remarkable ability which has won for Studebaker *every* official stock car speed and endurance record. Balanced motor cars! Style that beautifully interprets flashing performance—performance that brilliantly fulfills the promise expressed in youthful, sophisticated style. Champion motor cars every one—at One-Profit prices which are quite as remarkable as these great cars themselves!

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TOLEDO - - - OHIO  
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## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 44)

right, ask any of the folks in Beaver Slough if it ain't so. Everybody in Beaver Slough knows it, everybody in Beaver County knows it. Except you. You ain't Captain Lilly's boy. He's done made a fool of you, same as he does everybody with his trick dog and his pulling the glass eye out of his pilot and all the rest of his smart-aleckness. He done it for a joke on us shanty-boat people. Played it right, too, raising you up to hate and fight your own people. I can see him laughing over it, the same kind of laughing that looney nigger killed his mammy was doing when they hanged him down at Perryville. But after to-day kind of looks to me it's turned against him. . . . Gimme a chew of tobacco."

"I'll give you the tobacco, but you keep on talking that way I'm going to get mad at you, even if you are hurt."

The shantyman cut off a ponderous chunk and filled his cheek. "You was just a baby when it was done. That's how you don't know nothing about it. I tell you it caused a mighty lot of excitement around here for a while. Some people said he done it cause he was crazy over losing his own baby and some of them said he was your real pappy after all, but they was wrong. He did it account of hate for us shanty-folks. I ain't saying I'd have blamed him if what happened had been done on purpose. But it wasn't done on purpose. It was an accident. . . . Bet this tobacco come from Newt Pillow's grocery. Makes your mouth feel like there's grasshoppers in it."

**H**E CHEWED peacefully a moment, then went on. "Come about when the *Morning Glory* was passing one day a couple of weeks before you was born. Was going by mighty fast, not caring how she was shaking up the shanties, the way she always does, and being as your mammy was ailing anyway, the rocking made her feel particular bad, so your pappy—Catfish they called him—fired a shot through the pilot-house to make her slow down. Well, just happened Captain's little boy was up there and the shot killed him. Catfish was mighty sorry when he found out what he'd done—leastways I reckon he was sorry—but he knowed people'd think he did it on purpose so he had to get out of the State before the sheriffs come for him. Got killed in a fight down the river about half a year after, we heard. That way when you was born you didn't have no pappy around, and a couple of hours later you didn't have no mammy neither, because she died a-bearing you."

The boy's lips tightened with anger. A thin line of white showed beneath each of his eyes. "Can't stop your lying even when you're pretty near dying, can you? Everybody knows you're the biggest liar in Beaver County. You're just trying to stir up trouble between me and my pappy. Can't figure out what, but there's some trick behind it, same way as you done with Miss Goldie's nigger boy when you made it look like it was him stole her guinea rooster instead of you."

"There ain't no trick to this. There's a lot more to it after your mammy died, but I ain't got the strength to tell you. First some of them fancy ladies gives us them toothbrushes and Bibles and jawbreaking candy Christmas time seen you and began talking about how a innocent orphan oughtn't be allowed to grow up with such low-down people as us, and a new preacher come along, and there was a revival, and seems how at the revival Captain Lilly stood up and said he'd adopt you. Next thing we knowed he was asking Judge Ash for the law papers. 'Course we asked the Judge not to let him, because we seen what he was up to, but it didn't do no good. Them city people never gives a shantyman a chance."

The whitish line beneath the boy's eyes widened into a chalky triangle and spread slowly over his high cheek bones. "If you wasn't sick I'd do something to you would make you mighty sorry for what you're saying. Pappy never hurt a fly. And raising a boy to hate his own people the way you're telling would be worse than Judas done. . . . worse than selling the Lord. . . . I ought to leave you laying in the swamp."

Somberly he substituted the fresh tampon for the old, and lifting the wounded man to his former position, started anew his course toward

the river. Round a greenish pool along whose edges myriads of water moccasins slid slimly he plodded, through a tangle of elderberry bushes on whose lacerated leaves swarms of locusts shrilled piercingly, then slackened his pace as he felt the shantyman's thumb once more digging into his spine. "What you wanting?" he demanded.

"You don't believe what I told you, do you?"

"'Course I don't believe it."

"Well, supposing Press Capps or somebody in town told you. Would you believe it then?" His voice quavered with each unevenness in the boy's staggering progress.

"Press ain't going to tell me something that ain't so."

"Well, next time you see him, you just ask him if you and me ain't kinfolk. Ask him if you ain't kinfolk with pretty near everybody in shantytown like I told you. All the shanty people always marries kinfolk. That way they don't take no chances on getting bad blood."

"I ain't got no need to ask nobody nothing."

The other was silent a moment. "All right You don't have to ask nobody. Just stand in front of a looking-glass and see if you look like Captain Lilly. You ain't got hair like his, you ain't got eyes like his, you ain't got nothing that's the same. . . . What you saying to that?"

There was no answer.

"What you saying to that?"

"There's plenty of boys don't look nothing like their pappys. . . . Don't you talk to me no more."

"You're the stubbornest person I ever seen. . . . Won't listen to the best kind of arguing. . . . Fix up that pad again, will you? There's a thorn or something got stuck in it and it's hurting bad."

The boy removed a fragment of twig which was causing the irritation and continued on in silence. Arriving at the river, he found the other's row-boat hidden in a thicket of sleepy pussy-willows and began to row upstream. It was dark when he reached Shanty Bend, but guided by his passenger he brought the vessel to a halt at a rickety hut somewhat isolated from the others, and clambering out, seated the wounded man on a cracked sewer pipe set up as a bench before the door. He knocked loudly on the moldering boards, then as a clatter of heavy shod feet followed within, mumbled a good-bye, and limped off into the darkness. Along the ghostly candle flickering line of shanties he trudged, over the humid dump behind the button factory, then saw the clanking weather-vane on the roof of Judge Ash's house and the lights of Beaver Slough.

Fumbling in his trousers, he took out a pocket mirror and by the feeble glow of the street lamp overhead, studied his hazy reflection in the glass.

"Biggest liar I ever seen," he muttered.

### CHAPTER III

**I**N THE days immediately following the shantyman's words kept recurring and impressed themselves deeper and deeper into States, consciousness. He fought the idea first with indignation, then with ridicule; nevertheless often he found himself taking out his mirror again or stopping beside some willow shadowed pool on the shore to study his freckled reflection and mentally compare it with the wrinkled visage of the old man.

At last, after almost a week had passed and Sunday had arrived with no sailing scheduled until late in the evening, he decided that he would take advantage of the holiday to visit the barber who had been his friend since childhood, by a brief conversation dispel all his foolish doubts, and spend the remainder of the afternoon hunting for reeds to form the pipes of a home-made calliope which he planned to present the Captain at Christmas-time. Accordingly he told the old man he might not return until late, climbed the levee, and after a short walk, came to a halt before a clapboarded building where within he could see the collie-faced Mr. Capps lazily making some repairs. He waved his hand in salute as the other saw him, paused a moment to glance at the freshly painted barber pole and the newly lettered sign declaring that owing to

(Continued on page 48)



*acceptable*

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



**A New Delight!**

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**LISTERINE  
SHAVING CREAM**

## Dandruff? Not a trace!

**I**F you, or any member of your family, have the slightest evidence of dandruff, we urge you to try this treatment, which has benefited thousands:—

Simply douse Listerine, full strength, on the hair. Vigorously massage the scalp forward, backward, up and down. Repeat this treatment for several days, using a little olive oil in case your hair is excessively dry.

You will be amazed at the speed and thoroughness with which Listerine gets rid of dandruff. Even severe cases that costly so-called "cures" failed to improve, have responded to the Listerine method. We have the unsolicited word of many to this effect.

There is no mystery about Listerine's success used this way:

Dandruff is an infection caused by germs. Full

strength Listerine is powerful against germs—though so safe it may be used in any body cavity.

Indeed, Listerine's germicidal action is so intense that it kills 200,000,000 of the virulent *M. Aureus* (pus) and *B. Typhosus* (typhoid) germs in 15 seconds—both noted for their resistance to antiseptic. Yet its effect on tissue is healing.

Naturally then, Listerine is effective against other infections of lesser nature. Use it at the first sign of dandruff. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

# LISTERINE

*The Safe and Soothing Antiseptic*

**kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds**

## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 46)

complaints the Beaver Slough Tonsorial Parlors would no longer bob ladies hair unless the customer was accompanied by husband or father and kicking at a discarded piece of window rope looping out from a trash box in the vestibule, limped through the half-open door.

When he came out, a full two hours later, the stripes on the pole seemed to be great red and white ribbons whirling about him in dizzy, blinding circles; one ribbon, grayish rather than white or red seemed to suddenly separate itself from the others and lashing round his feet, try to hurl him to the earth. Across the vestibule he staggered with the tangling band gripping fiercer and fiercer at his ankles, over the bricked sidewalk, then neared the shallow gutter separating it from the road and fell headlong. Rigidly he lay there an instant while Zep Wethers in front of the drug-store half a block away shouted gleeful approval, then numbly arose, pulled off the piece of window rope twisted about his shoes, and stumbled blindly down the powdery highway. A stranger drove by in a high, yellow-wheeled cart and called out if he wished to ride. The boy neither heard the invitation nor perceived its maker. Only he saw two great yellow moons spinning giddily in a smoky, dancing cloud.

He reached the woods beyond the village, and as a fevered beast seeks a stream, plunged into its fragrant coolness. Mile after mile he coursed among the trees, still blind, still reeling, bursting now through a glassy web where a huge green and red spider sat menacingly blocking his path, now recoiling torpidly from a cattle fence whose keen metal barbs deeply cut his clothes and flesh. He began to grow calmer. Stopping at a spring he drank greedily, and wetting his handkerchief, swept it again and again over his burning face. With the return of sensation to his body, he realized that his broken tooth was aching agonizingly. Taking a piece of chewing-gum from his pocket, he kept it in his mouth until it was a sticky ball, then carefully plastered it over the fractured, throbbing edge. Once more he stooped to drink feverishly of the cooling water, then arose and resumed his wandering through the forest, the whirling torture in his brain now given way to a gloomy daze as he pondered and decided.

NIGHT fell. Hypnotically he left the muttering wood and retraced his steps to the town; mechanically he drifted to the wharf and from behind a mound of crated stoves gazed at the *Morning Glory* gently swaying at her anchor, in the dazzling moonlight, its sooty, towering stacks upraised like giant negroes poling an ivory gondola over an opal sea. A rouser with two coffee-sacks tied round his body and turban and shoes made of great bundles of the same material lay on the boiler deck strumming a guitar and chanting a mournful, drowsy blues. At the stern of the deck above the Captain was sitting, talking with a shadowy visitor he recognized as Doctor Boaz, the Beaver Slough dentist. For some time he stood there, watching, listening, packed the gum tighter about his tooth as a new tremor of the nerve stung him into action, and stepped onto the gangplank. Quietly he climbed the stairs and limped down the corridor to his cabin; somberly he stared out its narrow window at the old man sitting at the stairway a few feet distant, cutting at a thick cork in his withered hand and chatting amiably with his guest. By the light of the dazzling carbide lamp above them which whitely disclosed every detail of their figures, even the faded remnants of a transferred Eskimo on the old man's wrist, he found a large purple bandana. Spreading it upon the bed, he began packing upon it some vivid socks and a few toilet articles he took from the top of a bureau.

He tugged at the half-closed drawer beneath to reach his shirts. It resisted a moment, then jerked out with an explosive violence. A hail from outside instantly followed. "That you, States?" the old man's voice demanded.

"Um-huh." He stopped his work to look dully out the window at the questioner.

"Mighty glad you're back. Come out soon as you can. Me and Doc's wanting some harmonica music. Moonlight night like this is the best time there is for 'Cripple Creek.'"

The dentist, a fattish little man whose mouth

was a golden monument to his profession, turned likewise to the dark interior. "Cap's got it right, States," he called.

From the deck below came the voice of a second rouser joining the other at the sleepy guitar, a voice rich, vibrant with lamentation. Over the water floated the refrain: "Good-Mornin', Judge, how do you do? I've come for a little talk with you."

The music ceased for a moment. A donkey atop the levee brayed deafeningly; the dog somewhere on a coal barge lying beside the vessel began to howl the quavering canine salute to the moon.

"Looks like everything's singing to-night," the old man chuckled, as the boy saw him reach over and take from a chair near him a second cork hollow for two-thirds its length and barred with pins. "Even the flies I got in this cage are buzzing till you'd think they was going to blow up or something." He lifted the cage to his ear. "Too bad a fellow ain't got the time to go around collecting ones that buzzes different notes, ain't it? Bet if a fellow worked at it for a while he could fix up some way of tickling them with a straw or something and get enough to play a piece."

REFLECTIVELY the dentist pulled at one of the shabby sideburns hanging down like tails from his puff cheeks. "Yep. Looks to me like that'd be a pretty good idea. Might be a barrel of money in it. Fellow can't never tell. What are you going to do with them cages, anyway? Teaching Shoo Fly a new trick or something?"

"Nope. It's a bet I got with Buttereye. We was talking this morning about them cannibals them exploring fellows is telling in the papers they seen in Africa, and I says flies is cannibals, the same way and he says they ain't so I'm going to prove it to him."

The dentist took out a mirror from his pocket and with a small surgical scissors began trimming the sideburns' frayed edges. "Well, looks to me like you ought to win. But then when you get to figuring maybe again you oughtn't. 'Course a fly ain't got teeth like a human, but that don't keep him from eating, does it? How many you got in there?"

Just sixteen right now. Ain't a big cork you see. Come out of a ketchup bottle. But I guess sixteen ain't so bad for one day, especially when you figure five of them's different kinds."

"Looks to me being different's what ought to count. That new cork you're cutting is a jug cork, ain't it?"

"Um-huh. I'm counting I ought to get thirty in it anyways. . . . Lean over and listen to this fellow with the green and blue stripes on his belly a-buzzing. Ain't he a beauty? The way I'm figuring now, he's the one that's going to do the winning for me."

"Where'd you get him?"

"Sheriff give it to me. I was telling him about the bet when he was on the boat this afternoon and he caught it up at the jail for me during supper time. Sent it down by one of the niggers. Lordy, he's mad, ain't he? If he ain't a cannibal, I ain't never eat meat. . . . Think I'll put them pins in closer together. Wouldn't want him to get away. . . . Ain't you coming out, States?"

The words brought the boy starting guiltily from the gloomy torpor into which he had fallen. "I ain't ready yet," he muttered and taking from the bureau a shirt patterned in green and red diamonds interspersed with occasional yellow horseshoes, began carefully enveloping it in newspaper.

"Guess he's washing up," he heard the Captain remark, and continuing his wrapping during the wandering sentences that followed put down the paper again to listen with straining ears as the dentist said casually: "Ain't heard no bad news about Press Capps, have you Capt'n?"

"Nope. There ain't none, is there?"

"Nothing as I know of. That's why I was asking. This hair clipping I'm doing reminded me. I seen him this afternoon going over to take a wart off that dudedified city fellow that's staying at Judge Tabbs and he was looking all broke up."

(Continued on page 50)

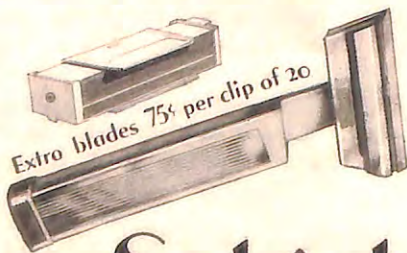


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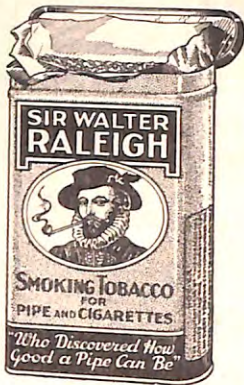
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# **KAFFEE HAG COFFEE**

*The coffee that lets you sleep*

What's all  
the shouting  
about?



IT WAS a simple enough hunch—that a lot of pipe lovers secretly craved a milder mixture than they'd been smoking. We gave it to them—literally—a free tin to every man who asked for it. And now so many tobacco connoisseurs are cheering for Sir Walter that we can scarcely make enough of it. Isn't it time you too discovered how good a pipe can be?

LIMITED OFFER  
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If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send you without charge a full-size tin of this milder pipe mixture.

Dept. 211 Brown and Williamson  
Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky



SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's



milder

## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 48)

"Maybe that girl he's been going with up in Granny Run threw him over. He was telling me she's been getting too stuck up to live. Bought her the prettiest hat they had down in Pine City—picked it out himself—with five little mirrors on it about the same size as the one you're using and some strawberries pretty enough to make your mouth water and she gave it to her little sister to cut up and use the mirrors for fixing a doll's house. Can't beat that, can you?"

"Can't never beat a woman. Guess it was her, because he was sure looking bad. . . . Gosh, I was clean forgetting I got to go up to Mace Lowry's. He wants me to put in three gold fillings for him and pull out two teeth from his wife he says ain't worth filling and take that new calf of his in trade for it, but I ain't going to do it till I see the calf. . . . Afraid I ain't going to hear States playing."

HE BRUSHED the clipped hair off the shoulders of his coat and hustled out of sight. The Captain bent over the buzzing cage and loosening the pins one by one began reducing the apertures between. The boy moved away from the window once more and leadenly resumed his packing. In a little while it was completed. Wrapping the bandana about the myriad articles piled upon it, he knotted it tightly, and taking it in his hand, slowly opened the door.

The old man heard his step on the sill. "You been a mighty long time coming, son," he called. "Doc had to go." He looked up and saw the boy's figure dully outlined against the blackness of the doorway. His snowy brows upraised in bewilderment. "What on earth's come over you, son? You been fighting a wild cat or something getting your clothes torn up that way? And your face is as white as if leeches has been on you." His wonder became touched with anxiety. "You ain't hurt, are you?"

A sock slipped out of an imperfectly tied corner of the handkerchief and dropped to the floor. Rigidly the boy stooped and picked it up. "I ain't hurt. . . . The way you mean."

"I'm mighty glad to hear it. I was scared for a minute. . . . Where are you going with that bundle?"

"I'm going . . . away."

The old man pulled his chair nearer. "What you saying? I must be getting deaf or something."

"I'm going away."

The crescent mustaches, now uplifted like the brows, gave a jerk of alarm; the withered hand holding the cage trembled. "You're talking foolish, son. Where you going?"

"I'm going to get off the boat."

"You going daft or something? . . . I believe you are hurt. Your hand looks like it's bleeding."

"I ain't hurt and I ain't going daft. . . . I found out what you done to me."

A convulsive quiver shot through the old man's body. His mustache and his brows drooped like rotten threads; his wrinkles deepened until they appeared like great wounds cut by a sword in the head of a wax dummy. With the cage still clutched in his hand he arose, took a groping step forward, stood an instant while his shrunken lips moved soundlessly, piteously, then staggered and crumpled into his chair. For several minutes he remained thus, a gray broken scarecrow toppled from its pole, his only sign of life the slight jerking of the eskimo on his wrist as it followed each faint beat of his pulse. Then he sat up dazedly.

The chanting of the negroes below had changed to a tense, monotonous grunting. The strumming of the guitar had become the muffled, rhythmic rattle of dice. The old man turned his head as though listening, then aimlessly, lifelessly, brushed at a white moth flown down from the light and circling about his snowy beard. "Who . . . told you?"

"Chicken Sam . . . The day I shot him."

"You ain't . . . going to believe . . . what a lying fellow like him says . . . are you?" His dull voice was tinged with forlorn hope.

"I didn't believe him. And I asked Press Capps. He said it wasn't so at first. But I seen by his face he was lying. And then he told me it was true."

"What are you going to do?"

"Going back to my own people."

The hand waving before the old man's face stiffened. The nails of the clenching fingers dug deep into the cork. The blurred Eskimo on the wrist throbbed as though the flesh beneath would burst. "I'll kill you if you go. . . . Kill you with my own hands."

"Rather be killed than go on living with a man cruel hearted as you." The sock dropped out the handkerchief to the floor again, dragging with it a battered toothbrush and a celluloid soap-dish. Bitterly he restored them to the bundle. The mournful whistle of a far-off steamboat sounded down the river. His eyes filled with tears. Wretchedly he twisted the knot of the handkerchief tighter and took a step toward the stairway. "I'm going now. . . . In a minute you can start . . . your laughing. Guess you'll do a lot of laughing, won't you? Was a fine joke. Guess the best you ever played. Making a fool out of a boy for sixteen years, bringing him up to despise his own people, shoot his own people. And all the good times you give him, and all the saying you liked his harmonica playing, and all the steambating you taught him was just to make the joke better. All the while you was hating him . . . just waiting for him to do what he done to Chicken Sam."

The throbbing of the Eskimo on the Captain's hand ended. The clenched fingers relaxed and began picking at the scars the long nails had cut into the top of the rubbery cage. A fragment crumbled off onto his knee; a fly squeezed into the minute hole created and buzzed excitedly out to freedom. He gave no heed. "I done you wrong. . . . But I wasn't hating you. I tell you now and angels that writes things down will tell you when you die. I wasn't hating you . . . I was . . . loving you."

States moved closer to the stairs. "The angels got it wrote down right. . . . What you done was worse than Judas done . . . worse than selling Jesus."

Pathetically the Captain moved his chair so that it blocked the narrow exit, entreatingly he reached out and clutched the other's arm. "Don't you go away and leave me, son. I ain't going to let you go. I'm a old man. Ain't got nothing in the world except you and the *Morning Glory*. And when I see you limping off that way, knowing you ain't never coming back it's like . . . like one of them bottles of burning acid up at the drugstore has got into my heart and broke."

"You raised me up to despise my own people. Shoot my own people. . . . Them flies is getting away on you."

DULLY, automatically, the old man turned the cage and pressed a finger over the hole. "They ain't told you why I raised you up. Maybe they told you something but nobody can tell you right excepting me and the angels does the writing. I might have knowed you'd find out some day now you're growing up. You had to find out. But I figured the way you was on the boat pretty near every minute just with me and Buttereye, never playing with the Beaver Slough children, and hardly ever going to town when I wasn't along you'd be kept from knowing. 'Cause the people that was my friends wouldn't tell you 'cause they wouldn't want to hurt you and if there was any that didn't like me they was scared. I know I done you wrong. I done you terribly wrong. But let me tell you why I done it. Then maybe you'll kind of understand and not want . . . to go away."

"I'll listen. . . . But it ain't going to do no good."

The finger slipped away again and resumed its fiftful plucking. "Don't know why things come about the way they done. Many a night I've laid awake trying to figure it, just hunting back into my life seeing whether there was something wicked I done that I was being punished for, or maybe something my pappy done. But I couldn't get no satisfaction. Maybe trouble wouldn't have come on me if I hadn't waited so long before I got married. Everybody said there'd be nothing but bad luck come from a old man marrying a young girl like I done. Or maybe things would have been different if a bat hadn't flown into the church just as we was

(Continued on page 52)

# Brooklyn's Finest Hotel Is Also Your Elks Club



Exterior of Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22

Some of the features of the new Brooklyn Elks Lodge Building—

- |                                   |                                     |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Magnificent Swimming Pool         | Large Dining Room                   |
| Gymnasium                         | Two Grill Rooms                     |
| Championship Hand Ball Courts     | Roof Garden                         |
| Russian Baths                     | Recreation Rooms                    |
| Turkish Baths                     | Lounges                             |
| Twelve fast Bowling Alleys        | Library                             |
| Eighteen Billiard and Pool Tables | Barber Shop                         |
|                                   | Most Beautiful Ball Room in America |

**H**IGH on the Heights of Brooklyn, overlooking the grand panorama of New York, stands the new \$6,000,000 Brooklyn Elks Club.

Experienced hotel executives concede this to be one of the finest hotels in the Metropolitan Area.

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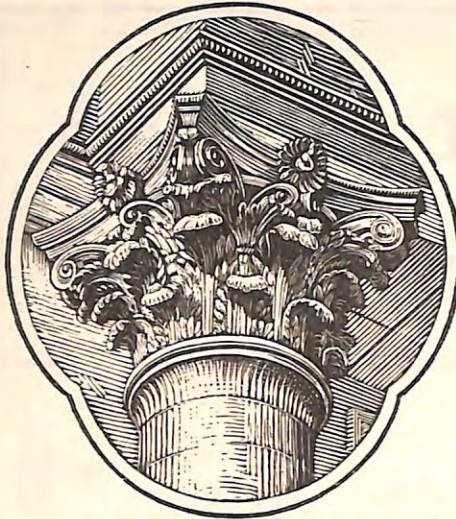
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THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.  
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## GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark

## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 50)

walking up the aisle. A fellow can't tell." He paused an instant to draw a deep, painful breath. "I ain't hardly spoke to you about my wife. I ain't hardly spoke to anybody. Niota her name was—her pappy got it out of a song book he told me—and he done right, because nothing but a songbook could have named her right, she was so sweet and pretty. Three years we was married and getting along just as happy as we could be, never missing a social or a candypull anywhere in the valley, going to the Busy Bee and getting cream rolls pretty near every time we was in Pine City and getting our pictures taken sitting driving an automobile or standing in front of the White House in Washington or the other ways they has them photograph booths down there fixed up. Just everything a couple of people could figure out we done. And we was beginning to think all the bad luck talking and the bat was going to be wrong when she had a baby . . . and a couple of weeks after . . . she died." He paused again and putting the cage upon the rail, rubbed his hand across his moist eyes.

The boy shifted uneasily and turned away. "Another of them flies . . . is getting away on you."

THE old man went on as though he had not heard. "They brought a couple of hacks from Granny Run for the funeral. And I planted some bleeding hearts by her grave and all the love I had in me for her I give to the baby that was left. States was its name. She give it to him. Cutest little fellow I ever seen, and even when it was only a few weeks old was doing little things just the way she done, always having two little dimples in his chin when he was doing his funny talking, just like her, and every time he seen me coming with his bottle kind of laughing and putting his hands over his eyes like Niota done when I brought her a box of candy. Almost all the time so I could be near him I kept him up in the pilot house, swinging in one of them baskets they send back on wires when you're getting packages wrapped up down at the Mammoth Department Store in Pine City. Was always figuring how one of them baskets would make a mighty nice cradle and when I bought it, I seen I was right. He was laying in it one morning as we was passing shantytown, gurgling to himself and pulling at the daisies I had stuck in around him the way he always done, when your pappy, Catfish Etty, and his brother they called Cottonmouth come out with guns and your pappy hollered to me to slow down. They used their guns quicker them days than they do now and we'd been having a lot of trouble with them. Guess we was going pretty fast, but we couldn't go any slower because we was taking some chairs and things for a big burgo and political meeting they was going to give for the governor up Granny Fork, and we had to get them there quick as we could. Anyway a shantyman ain't got no right to tell a river captain how to run his boat. And when Catfish figured we wasn't throttling her, he took up his rifle and shot. I seen one of the daisies kind of shiver and I run over to the basket. And when I got there I seen he was dead . . . Shot right through his little side.

"I knowed the killing wasn't an accident. Catfish Etty was as fine a shot as there was in the country. And when I looked at him laying there with daisy petals scattered all over him and the two little dimples still in his chin kind of fading away, I went raving crazy, I guess. Cause that baby wasn't just a baby to me. It was Niota. Don't know much what I done except I caught up my rifle and kept Buttereye swinging the boat full speed round and round the shanties and just kept shooting and shooting at them till all my bullets was gone. And then I dropped to my knees and swore I'd never rest till I'd killed all I could and drove the rest off the river. A month went by and I was still just like a lunatic, hardly eating or going to bed, and sometimes when I was getting a little rest starting out of it and walking in my sleep up and down the deck, shooting at the owls hooting on shore till Buttereye would come down and stop me. Got so bad I could hardly get a nigger to work

on the boat. Then one night I heard about you being born, and losing your mammy. And I fell to my knees again and thanked the Lord for making her die. And I prayed to him till I dropped to the floor from praying to raise you up to be a curse to your pappy and your kinfolk every day you lived.

"A couple of weeks later they was holding a big revival and some of the church ladies got roused up about a innocent baby like you being brought up in wickedness on the shanties and they got the judge to take you away. And Miss Goldie's mother, that used to always get fainting spells when there was something like that going on brought you to the meeting. The preacher had got through talking, and a couple of girls from Hanging Dog was singing a hymn, when Miss Goldie's mother walks up to the altar and holding you up in her arms to all the people like she was going to baptize you, cried out asking who was going to adopt you and save you from a life of sin. And when I seen the little white dress they'd fixed you up in, pretty near the same as the one States used to wear, and seen how your poor little foot was all crippled, something inside my head went kind of funny, and I stood up in the aisle and said I would. I don't know what made me say it. Maybe the same kind of feeling of a lady I heard about down in Pine City whose baby died and she come back from the cemetery and stole another she seen sleeping in a baby buggy in front of the phonograph store. Maybe too, there was something in it about raising you up to hate and fight your own kinfolk and that way get revenge on them for what they done to me. I don't know. Anyway I took you and and give you the name of States just like Niota done and set you in the little basket up in the pilot house and put the daisies around you. Pretty soon word come your pappy was killed in a fight down the river, and I began to forget about getting even. Cause I was loving you . . . the same as my son that was dead."

The dog which had come above as the old man was speaking and unnoticed pointed a fly escaping from the cage was now muzzling vigorously at his pockets for its reward. Feebly he drew out the bag of candy and counted five red drops into his palm. "That's all there is to tell you . . . You still want to go away?"

The dog moved to States and began tugging at a shoe lace dangling from his bundle. Gloomily the boy pulled it away. "I'm sorry about your wife and I'm sorry about your baby. But that don't change the wrong you done me. Even if you hadn't done it for a trick I'd be going. They're my own flesh and blood . . . You're doing a lot of talking now. But it's just because your joke's found out, because it's turning against you. You didn't say anything before. Just let me go on hating and cursing and trying to kill them that I ought to be helping and cherishing. You'd have been glad if I'd have shot my own pappy." He slung the bundle over his shoulder. "I'm waiting for you to move that chair."

The old man's moustaches upraised grimly, the eskimo on his hand once more began a passionate throbbing. Tightly he gripped the arms of the chair as though to resist any attempt to wrest it away. "I ain't going to let you go. I'll kill you before I let you go. You were born their flesh and blood and you got their mark on you. But you ain't theirs now. You're mine. It was me that nursed you all them days when your crippled leg got worse and they thought you was dying; it was me that went into the wharfboat to get you that time the cottonbales laying in it caught fire. I gave you a' education the best I knowed how, I raised you up to be honest and good and law-abiding, to be the kind of boy Press Capps and Miss Goldie and Judge Ash and all of them are mighty glad to speak to when they see you on the street, to be the kind of steamboter a river's mighty proud to have sailing on her. And I ain't going to see you become . . . river trash." The moustaches, the snowy brows stiffened into fierce spines of defiance as he saw the boy take a dogged step to move past him. Then his grimness suddenly collapsed into withered desolation. With quivering hand he moved from the stairway and feebly rose to his feet. "I'll get you

... them two Indian blankets laying in my cabin. Don't make blankets like that nowadays. It's mighty cold on ... the shanties ... in winter."

"Don't want nothing from you. Wouldn't take the clothes I'm carrying or the watch you give me either if you hadn't told me I'd more than earned them piloting." He caught up the dog bounding at the dangling lace, hugged it desperately an instant, then returned it to the deck and ordering it back as it attempted to follow, limped down the stairs.

The old man slumped into his chair, and setting his elbows on the rail, gazed with glassy eyes at the bent figure stumbling down the gangplank. Another fly sped out from the cage, then another. The dog pointed them with enthusiasm and after some moments of patient but vain waiting for its reward, as before began nuzzling its master's pockets. Finding that even this vigorous measure failed of effect, after some moments of hesitation, it daringly took the edge of the candy bag in its teeth and jerking it to the deck, began a joyous feast. Still the old man gave no heed.

A door down the deck opened softly. The pilot whose glum visage showed that he had seen and comprehended the boy's departure came slowly forward and gently put his hand on the old man's shoulder. "It's time we was starting for Pine City, Captain. That special packet they're sending down to New Orleans is starting about sun-up and we got to go right now if we want to get all this load on her."

The waxen head did not cease its glazed staring. Only the lips moved in a numb gray line. "We ain't going yet, Buttereye ... He'll be coming back ... And when he comes we got to be waiting."

The pilot sat down on a box besides him and dejectedly began polishing his glass eye on the tail of his shirt. The tense grunts of the negroes on the deck below quickened. The musical chinking of many pieces of money striking in rapid succession against wood rose above the excited rattle of the dice. Suddenly the grunts became shrill, angry curses. There was the sound of a knife being pulled out of a scabbard, and a low, threatening command. Then the dice rattled out again, slowly now, regularly, like the pendulum of some lazy, far off clock with the chinking money like faint bells marking the fractions between each beat.

**A** BENT figure carrying a bundle appeared on the whariboat and began trudging over the gangplank. The old man's head jerked upward. Swiftly he arose and peered down the stairway, his body trembling with eagerness, his face ecstatic. Rigidly, heavily, the boy climbed the grooved steps and reached the top. "There's your turkey shooting belt," he said, and reaching it out to the captain, tramped back into the darkness.

The clatter of the stoking irons scraping at the furnaces drifted up from the boiler room. A cloud of milky ashes floated over the deck. The old man put down the bright buckled leather swinging in his hands. "Ain't no more use waiting now, Buttereye," he said. His sleeve brushed against the fly cage and sent it rolling to the floor. With tears streaming down his cheeks he picked it up and turning it pathetically in his fingers, gazed between the glistening bars. It was empty. "They've flowed away, Buttereye," he murmured. "The green and blue striped one and all of them have all flowed away. It's enough to make a fellow cry pretty near. Enough to make a fellow cry."

He stumbled forward and clanged the bell. The boy, sitting in a patch of weeds on the bank, heard it and shuddered; watched in a trance as the gangplank creakily upraised and the vessel sailed like an ivory phantom down the moonlit willows. A thick cinder-starred column of smoke sweeping out from the flaming stacks swirled to the earth and enveloped him in an acrid sooty veil; he breathed it gaspingly, hungrily, as a drowning man breathes the air which means his life. It lifted. Again he watched, until a group of towering pines nearby blotted the white apparition from sight, then flung himself down at the river's edge and lay there writhing in agony. A great fiery cinder from the ebony curtain still swirling overhead dropped upon his wrist. Unheeded, it lay there smoking faintly and burned to blackness.

(To be continued)

# WALK-OVER SHOES



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**T**he "Boylston" is a shoe that carries its owner through a day at the office or an afternoon at the flying field with feet wholly untired. For, concealed deep beneath its good looks, is the famous Walk-Over built-in Main Spring\* Arch which keeps the wearer's foot arches and muscles in perfect condition. Comes not only in Black Calf, but in Tan also. The price is \$10. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.



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## The Fleet

(Continued from page 16)

butchers sumpin' to do once in a while. That don't prove nothin'," returned the sage George.

Others of the crew, however, were not so skeptical. News travels through a ship fast. The men at the mess tables argued over the various possibilities, and though there were the usual pessimists, the general tone was one of hopeful anticipation. After long, tedious months of never-changing life and drill, thoughts of possible action are stimulating. And in some cases, intoxicating.

"I'm damn glad we got them guns bore-sighted last week," exclaimed Red Balch, Captain of Turret I, to Jim Ketch, his gun pointer.

"You and me both, brother," returned Ketch, whose eyes took on a weird glint, "and I hope they let the turrets fire themselves at those . . .!"

"Careful, boys," said a quiet voice as Ketch's oath came out. Ketch turned and then lowered his eyes. The ship's captain, Father Doyle, gazed at him.

"That's the wrong way to think or fight, James," he smiled. "Christ never fought that way."

"And with a pat on Ketch's shoulder the padre moved on between the noisy tables, a kindly nod and smile for those whose eyes met his.

"That's one damn fine guy!" coughed Red Balch to his silent mate.

A bugle blared through the general hubbub of the mess deck.

"Secure from mess!" bawled a boatswain's mate.

Less than half an hour had been given the crew for dinner.

George heard and pondered. "Maybe that dinge was right, after all," he mumbled.

Ten minutes later all men were ordered to bathe quickly, and to get into clean clothes. Naked, shivering men, dangling towels, hopped forward to the crew's washroom, while others, in different compartments, washed their bodies from tubs.

Word was passed to relieve the watch at twelve-thirty.

As that time approached bluejackets sifted to all parts of the ship to relieve men who had been standing watch since eight o'clock that morning.

A second message crackled through to the *Iron Duke*. Sir Ashton's eyes widened as his trembling pencil decoded each dot and dash. The office yeoman quivered slightly as he typed the message. Sir Ashton, yanking the completed dispatch from the typewriter, fled to the bridge. Admiral Beatty read:

LT. CRUISER SQUAD 2. 12:36 P.M.  
FLAG BEATTY  
CONTACT WITH ENEMY CRUISER  
FORCE THREE SQUADRONS COURSE 273  
SPEED 28 KNOTS. LATITUDE 57° N.  
LONGITUDE 5° 14' E.

(signed) AVON.

"Acknowledge!" said Beatty, as he started for the chart-house.

The appearance of the sea had not changed. The same slaty gray water stretched away on all sides to the same distant, empty horizon. Overhead a cold, silvery sun struggled through the shifting cloud-haze.

Aloft in the vibrating, arcing tops of every ship an officer and five men scanned every point of the horizon and intervening sea. A sea-gull could have seen no more. Nothing escaped observation.

Tony Masciarelli, starboard bow lookout in the foretop of the *Texas*, suddenly wrinkled up his face as he cocked his head like an alert terrier which thinks it hears a call. He shot a glance at the tense officer. Again he cocked his head.

"Somebody's shooting, Meester Vance," he breathed.

Ensign Vance, who also had heard the unmistakable rumble, jumped for the voice-tube.

"Bridge!" he shouted.

"Bridge," answered the tube.

"Sounds of firing. . . ."

Two flags shot up on the *Iron Duke*.

Two flags soared up on every other ship. The Fleet had heard.

From below, piercing from double bottoms to fighting tops, wild bugles blared madly. Faintly, but distinctly, above the rushing wind and

rattling vibration, came the measured bong—bong—bong of battle gongs.

"BATTLE STATIONS!"

All doubt as to the purpose of the previous midnight exodus vanished. Here was a fight!

Down the swinging chain ladders in the shaking masts slid fumbling lookouts. Along the decks rushed jostling sailors. Officers flew fore and aft, above and below. Men crammed themselves through the under-traps of turrets. Gun crews flocked to the five-inch broadside guns. Up through the cages of fore- and main-masts to the fighting tops clambered seamen and officers. Below decks, shell-rooms rumbled and powder magazines echoed with action. Battle technicians crowded in the conning tower, swiftly adjusted phone head-sets, and switched on clocks and dials. Fire crews, throughout topside, manned hose and main and began to wet down decks. Mess tables, benches, boxes banged across decks and were heaved overboard. Half-naked, sweating machinists and oilers joined the Black Gang below. Down in the torpedo rooms twenty-one foot torpedoes were hoisted from racks and laid in the tubes. Central Station, the ship's nerve center, which fires the guns and directs battle action, the Plotting Room, lined with more dials and clocks, where range, deflection, enemy's course and speed, and gun corrections are instantly calculated, sub-plotting stations, bridge, every directing agency filled with hustling officers, each one feverishly intent on his own battle duties.

The Fleet bared its teeth.

Twenty-five miles out of sight to the southeast, the hard-pressed Second Light Cruiser Squadron, outnumbered three to one, was hotly engaging the German Cruiser Fleet. Like an eight-dog team harried by a pack of starving wolves it fled back toward the Grand Fleet.

SUDDENLY there appeared on the southern horizon the smoke of a column of camouflaged ships. Galt's Battle Cruiser Fleet from Rosyth was driving into Rendezvous N4 on time.

Shortly after one o'clock smoke was sighted on the southeastern horizon. Glasses were kept constantly trained on the distant spots as the Fleet stared at the unequal fight. After a time dim, orange-colored flashes became visible, blinking rapidly in the battling fleets, twenty miles away.

Beatty quietly spoke one word to Sir Ashton. "Load!"

The command was signaled to all ships.

Back in the conning tower of the *Texas*, ninth ship in column, the Chief Fire Control Officer caught the message from his bridge. Voice-tube and telephone shouted loudly in hushed turrets.

"LOAD!"

The turrets banged with action. Down in handling rooms, far below, giant fourteen-inch shells, each weighing fourteen hundred pounds, were wheeled to loading tables and rattled up shell hoists to waiting turret crews, onto brass loading trays which, when loaded, juttied into the yawning breeches of the guns. Electric rammers rammed them home. Then, up the powder hoists, came three large bags of powder for each gun. In less than twenty seconds turret officers reported, "Ready!"

And then dead silence as the gun crews, well clear of the guns, crouched in the humid turrets.

As the booming fleets grew more distinguishable through the glasses the enemy cruisers became recognizable. The powerful *Der Moltke* was leading. The silhouette of every ship in the German Navy was memorized to its last detail.

Beatty turned his column due east. He would "cap" *Der Moltke*.

Range officers of the *Texas* received orders to take the range.

"Thirty-four thousand, three hundred yards!" they reported to Chief Fire Control. Every range-finder in the fleet was reporting similarly.

"Train on leading ship—" came the command to the turrets.

Immediately came the whirring, burring sound of the training motors as the five ponderous turrets of the *Texas* slowly swung toward the starboard side.

Jim Ketch, with his eyes glued to the pointing telescope of Turret 1, whispered across to Olsen,



the turret trainer. "I only hope them square-heads keep coming for ten more minutes!" These two, pointer and trainer, were the only ones in the turret who could see beyond its armored confines. The others were merely blind cogs in a death machine.

But even as he spoke a change occurred in the course of the enemy, now further to the south. They were drawing off. To fall within the range of the heavier guns of the Fleet guaranteed absolute disaster. The Second Light Cruiser Squadron had been saved!

With this maneuver by the enemy Beatty turned the Fleet towards the southeast, but still bore sufficiently forward to come around on the east of the German forces. He was determined to get between the enemy and his base. Failure to do this early in the Battle of Jutland had cost Britain what might have been a decisive victory. He knew that the enemy's main fleet must soon appear and surmised it would bear in from the southeast.

A voice-tube listener on the bridge surprised him by calling out:

"Foretop reports smoke and ships south-southwest, sir!"

The German Fleet, unaware of the presence of the Grand Fleet until too late, had borne to the west to cut off the retreat of the British cruisers.

Up over the hazy, southwestern horizon, as small, indistinguishable smudges, ranged the mighty High Seas Fleet of the German Empire.

Beatty flashed a message to his van of cruisers, including the bleeding Second Light Cruiser Squadron.

SET COURSE ONE ONE THREE FULL SPEED.

He would get further to the east before turning south.

Though it was as yet impossible to determine the course and formation of the far-off host, now visible from the bridges of the Fleet, it appeared that they were heading north. Shortly, however, it was seen that they were bearing away towards the east. They knew Beatty's tactics. They would not be outflanked.

On pounded Beatty's speeding cruisers, now miles to the right of the enemy, in a race for the southeastern horizon. Gradually, surely as the slow minutes dragged on, they drew down on the enemy's right. His heavily armored, slower dreadnoughts could not match speed with these scudding ships. They had beaten him to the eastern sea and though the German cruiser fleet was fast crossing towards them the British cruisers had his right flank. The German Fleet was forced to turn right!

Following his fast cruisers Beatty circled his long Fleet in a wide, sweeping arc. The Germans on the inside of the huge circle, turned with him. This large-scale maneuver edged the widely distant fleets towards each other, while the opposing cruiser groups neared their own battle range.

Still miles over-range away, the German Fleet became recognizable. The mighty *Friedrich der Grosse*, flagship, led the grim parade.

"Range!" commanded Fire Controls.  
"Thirty thousand, two hundred!" reported range-finders.

A little over fifteen miles of peaceful water stretched between silent, loaded turrets. Slowly, ever drawing closer, the staring fleets straightened out in long, parallel columns, ship for ship. They were pairing off for the death grapple.

From the *Iron Duke* to the *Texas* came a final command,

TRAIN ON NINTH SHIP IN ENEMY COLUMN!

Five loaded turrets moved slowly towards the remote smoke. Ten fourteen-inch muzzles pointed directly at the colossal *Westfalen*, ninth target on the distant range. To Turret 1 came the command,

"Train on second turret of target!"

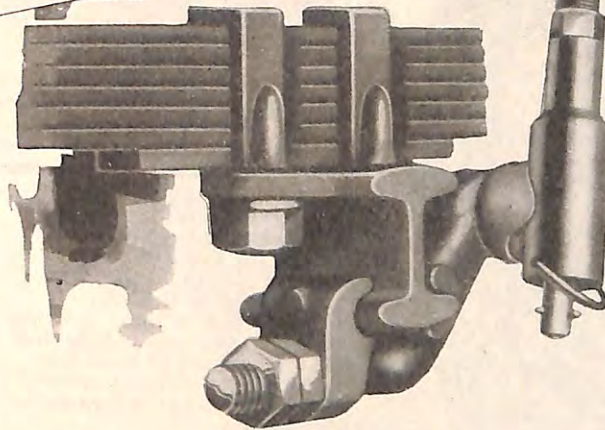
The other turrets of the *Texas* were allotted other marks on the hazy *Westfalen*.

Through his powerful pointing telescope Ketch counted off nine ships in the far-away column, as Olsen trained the turret slowly to its mark till the vertical cross-wire in his own telescope split the enemy turret. Ketch, operating the pointing wheel, lowered the guns till the horizontal wire in his lens cut the same turret's barbette.

(Continued on page 56)



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## The Fleet

(Continued from page 55)

"Sweetie" Davis, sight-setter for Turret 1, peered steadily at the "Visual," a box-like contrivance at the side of the turret, on which the range was numerically recorded from Central Station. All waited expectantly for the opening range.

Lieutenant Anderson, in command of the turret, was in constant contact with Chief Fire Control. He had long since turned on his "Ready" lights with the reporting of "Ready" upon the loading of the guns. Through his head-phone he could faintly hear the sharp, terse orders and reports going the round of the ship from Fire Control. Leaning in the control booth in the rear of the turret, while the gun crews remained silently fixed, he calmly waited in the cold silence. Through the stillness of the turret came the rhythmic muffled pulsation of the ship's pounding engines. Occasionally from without came the low, scratchy croaking of circling sea-gulls. From the bridge, to the rear, the squeaking of pulleys could be heard as signal flags rose and fell. From within came only the bated, heavy breathing of tense bodies. Death-like silence, while taut nerves waited for the relaxation of action!

"THERE they go!" whispered Olsen. Through their telescopes he and Ketch, peering across the long stretch of gray water to the distant *Westfalen*, saw her heavy turrets begin to swing. Around they turned, with slow, fateful certitude, until their great guns pointed directly towards the *Texas*. Then they stopped!

The deliberate, brazen swinging of an enemy turret towards one brings with it a sensation of utter finality. It is the climax absolute. It is the beginning of the end.

"Stand by!" shouted Lieutenant Anderson. He could hear ranges being sent out by Fire Control. "Sweetie" Davis also could hear them through his head-phone, and stared hard at the "Visual" while he clutched the dial of the sight-setting gear.

"Twenty-five thousand, two hundred!" called voice-tube and telephone as the numbers clicked up on the "Visual."

"Twenty-five thousand, two hundred!" shouted "Sweetie" through the stillness.

"Commence firing!" came the preliminary warning from Fire Control.

Ketch settled himself on his perch. The long game was beginning. Slowly, surely, indubitably the gradually converging fleets drew nearer. The tense crew, rooted to their posts, waited immovable as the long minutes passed.

"Twenty-four thousand, eight hundred!" sang out "Sweetie."

Ketch wiped off the lens of his telescope. The cold, damp air covered everything with a thin coating of congealed moisture. The ice cold guns "sweated" with tiny beads of greasy water. Hot breaths turned to chill vapor as damp brows were mopped.

"Twenty-four thousand, two-hundred!" came the call.

Lieutenant Anderson surveyed his turret while he listened to the distant activity of Fire Control. Momentarily he expected to hear the warning buzzer, sounded ten seconds before the guns were fired by the Gunnery Officer above. The crew, with pounding ears, also anxiously waited for that fateful buzz. The interminable waiting racked their fidgeting nerves.

"Twenty-three thousand, six hundred!" cried Davis, as the range steadily decreased.

Ketch kept his cross-wires continually on the *Westfalen's* second turret, while Olsen's wire split it. The details of the far-off dreadnought, growing ever larger, were becoming discernible. No sign of life was visible on her. Like some dumb monster she plowed steadily along with her silent guns ever elevated towards the *Texas*.

"Twenty-two thousand, eighty-hundred!" came the range.

Olsen moved slightly. With his eye pressed to the telescope, he gripped the training wheel with one hand while he wiped the cold sweat from his clammy face.

"Oh, for a butt," he begged, as he moved his cramped legs.

"Watch it!" cautioned Ketch, "we'll get the buzzer in a minute."

"Twenty-two thousand, one hundred!" called "Sweetie."

Lieutenant Anderson shifted nervously. The men gazed vacantly before them. "Swede" Hansen, first shellman for Number 2 gun, soberly studied the details of an ornate arrow and two hearts tattooed on his left forearm, as he remembered an Iowa field of waving grain.

All at once Ketch and Olsen thrilled as they saw a rare sight. Twelve silent, wicked, red-orange flashes darted from the hazy *Westfalen* as brown, gaseous clouds belched from twelve smoking, enemy muzzles.

"There they go!" shot Ketch as he sat rigid.

Suddenly a ripping, sawing screech, and then a hissing splash, smote the ears of the crew. Almost simultaneously a distant boom thundered.

The German High Seas Fleet had opened fire! "There 'over'!" breathed Ketch when he saw no splashes before him.

The men stared at the breeches of their guns while hearts pounded in heaving breasts.

"Twenty-one thousand, four hundred!" shouted "Sweetie."

"What the hell is the matter with them guys!" growled Ketch, impatiently cursing Fire Control.

Buz-z-z-z-z-z! There was the warning buzzer! Ten seconds began to tick slowly on to eternity. "Sweetie" Davis made the sign of the Cross. The men braced themselves for the crash. Ketch hissed between gritted teeth. "You dirty—"

A blinding, deafening, stunning crash of white fire shattered their tight nerves as two huge guns roared out. The Battle of Horn Reefs had opened!

Nerves relaxed. Pent-up energy was loosed. Nervousness vanished. Even as the heavy guns returned to battery after their deep recoil shell hoists rattled again and fresh shells banged on loading trays.

Ketch watched intently for the distant splash of his shells. And presently, there slowly rose up before the remote *Westfalen*, ten white, tall, graceful columns of water.

"Short!" muttered Ketch,—"about five hundred."

Another rasping screech tore the air as new thunder rumbled across the sea. But Ketch as yet saw no splashes. The German range was still too high.

"Maybe they'll get us on the next one," he thought.

"Twenty-two thousand, one hundred!" yelled "Sweetie," as he turned the dial to the new range. Though this was much over the actual distance between the ships the Plotting Room ordered this range. Change of temperature had greatly affected the powder.

Buz-z-z-z-z-z!

"Stand by!" warned Lieutenant Anderson.

Another flash and smash shook turret and ship, and once again powder and shell hoists banged fresh ammunition into warming turrets.

Ketch watched for the splashes of the second ranging salvo. And shortly, up from behind the enemy ship, rose ten new, white water-sprouts.

"I knew they was raisin' it too much," grinned Ketch proudly. Twelve years of pointing had trained his eye to almost infallible accuracy.

"We'll get 'em on the next one!" he gloated.

All around them now, ahead and behind, they heard the thundering dirge of war. Screeching shells, sizzling splashes, blasting guns all united in wild symphony as two mighty fleets joined battle.

"Twenty-one thousand, nine-hundred!" bawled "Sweetie."

A tearing shriek, a boiling splash, jarred nerves as Ketch saw, less than a hundred yards before him, three stately geysers of white sea mount upward.

"We better get 'on' this time," he scowled soberly.

The buzzer! another terrific blast, and Ketch peered prayerfully at the deadly *Westfalen*.

"Straddle!" he shouted in a pean of exultation as a wicked flash burst forth on the forward part of the enemy ship, while splashes rose on each side of her. The *Westfalen's* bridge had been smashed away. The *Texas* had gained the initial advantage. Her guns were "on" to stay.

"Let's GO! you buzzer!" chortled Ketch. "SWEET mama!" sang Olsen.

Fire control spoke magic words. Accuracy had been achieved. Rapidity now counted.

"TURRETS WILL FIRE THEMSELVES!" Ketch beamed. His hand trembled as he thumbed a little button on the pointing wheel. Two huge guns obeyed this little rubber knob. With his eye stuck tight to the telescope Ketch fondled it, while he waited for two small "Ready" lights before him to change from red to green.

"Ready!" shouted Lieutenant Anderson, turning a switch as gun captains slammed and locked breeches. Two green eyes gleamed ghoulishly at Ketch. A boney thumb pressed a little button, and two sixty-ton guns roared out. Ketch studied the Westfalen.

Suddenly from her second turret came a blinding flash of yellow-white fire. And then a great sheet of flame flared up out of it. Huge clouds of black smoke pored out of a ghastly crater in the forecastle of the staggered ship. The second turret was gone!

Two green eyes ogled at Ketch. Two devilish guns blasted away. And a malevolent gunner's mate peered at his handiwork.

A tremendous crash suddenly jolted him completely off his seat. Splinters of wood and steel smashed against the outside of the turret. Immediately came an ear-splitting roar, and then a second one as a huge fifteen-inch shell exploded somewhere below. The crippled *Westfalen* had answered. One of her armor-piercing shells had crashed between the two forward turrets of the *Texas*. Shattering the armored deck below, it had burst near Turret 2's powder magazine and exploded its great store of high-explosive powder. That turret's handling room crew were burned to an unrecognizable mass of mangled flesh and blood, as loading gear and hoists were crazily twisted and melted in the white-heat. Turret 2 was useless.

Ketch regained his telescope. A surprising sight greeted him. The proud *Westfalen* was settling in the bow.

"That last one must of got her," he called to Olsen.

And once again he crouched to his death-work while ranges came, green lights glowed, and guns crashed in the sweltering turret.

UP IN the fighting tops range and spotting officers hurriedly checked ranges and spotted splashes. On the bridge quartermasters and flag officers, with flag and semaphore, answered the *Iron Duke's* signals. Below in stifling engine-rooms a sweating Black Gang stood by gauge and lever while pounding engines, under forced draught, throbbed and groaned. Disheveled, hurried officers in the Plotting Room feverishly manipulated parallel rulers and slide rules over chart and graph sheet while dials and clocks clicked ever-changing figures. The crews at the five-inch guns along the gun deck stood by helpless, watching the panorama of carnage. On, on swept the dread parade while the two thundering fleets drew ever nearer.

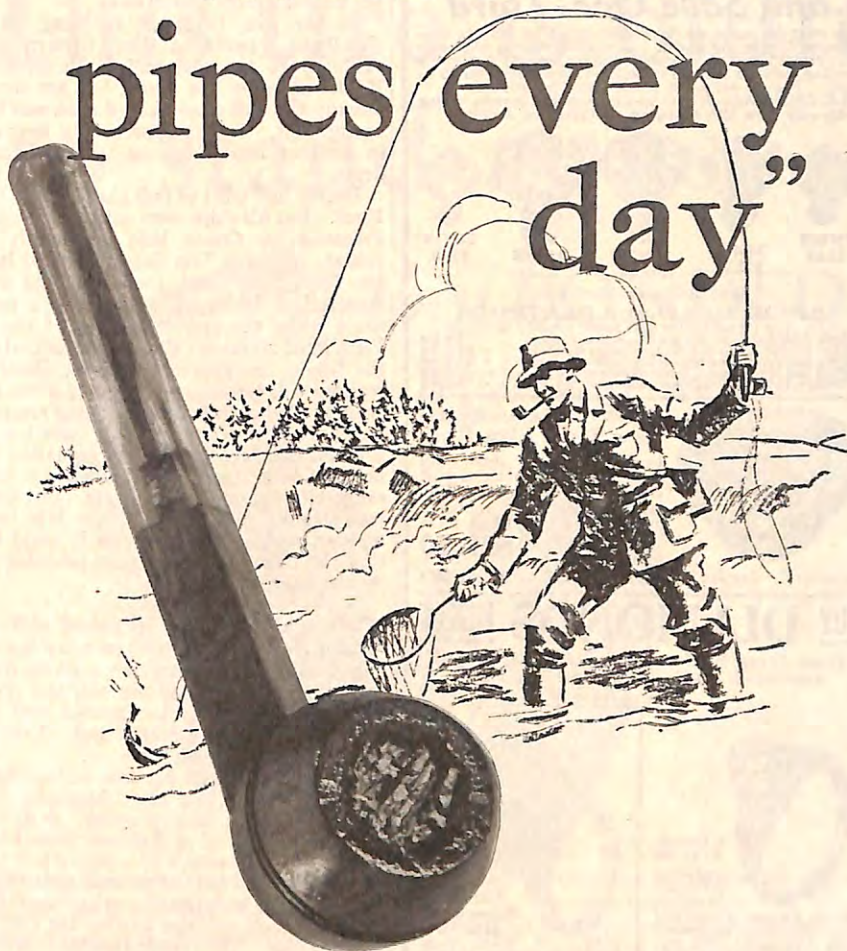
Old Kelly, at the head of a busy quartermaster corps on the bridge, supervised the signalling. Maxey Mandelbaum, above on the flying bridge, thrilled as he hauled on flag lines. The ominous white splashes all around held him fascinated. What a letter he could now write home to Delancey Street! And to the "gang" on Rose Street, off New York's Chinatown! Now he could impress them.

A loud explosion on H. M. S. *Benbow*, five hundred yards ahead of the *Texas*, startled the bridge as they beheld a great flash shoot high above billows of smoke raging out of her quarter-deck. As the smoke slowly drifted off they saw a yawning, burning hole where the *Benbow's* third turret had been. Two German shells had struck below it, exploded her magazines, and flooded her after engine-rooms. She commenced to settle in the stern as she limped out of column. As the *Texas* drew up and passed her those on the bridge could glimpse the carnage wreaked below on the doomed ship. Maxey shuddered at the sight of a smashed arm stuck against a blood-smearred bulkhead.

The German Fleet fared as badly. The magnificent *Westfalen*, long since a battered wreck, was sinking slowly far to the rear. The mighty *Ostfriesland*, second ship in column, was down by the head, her great stern sticking high out of the water as her cohorts passed her. Further down the line the British *Kronprinz*, paired with the

(Continued on page 58)

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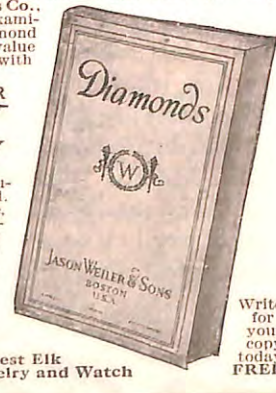
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# The Fleet

(Continued from page 57)

U. S. S. *Florida*, was listing slightly to port while her guns doggedly blazed away.

As the sun, behind a far-flung, darkening cloudbank, reddened the western sky-line visibility to the east and south grew poorer. Winter days on the North Sea are short, and already the dull gray haze of dusk was looming in the east. It was approaching four o'clock; in another hour darkness would obscure the fleets.

Beatty had tried to pull ahead of the German Fleet. But his ships were not fast enough. The *Friedrich der Grosse* held stubbornly to her course. Admiral Von Scheer, shrewd leader of the High Seas Fleet, knew that, as darkness approached, his forces would become more obscure while the clear-cut hulks of the Grand Fleet must stand out cleanly silhouetted against the bright northwestern horizon. Beatty also realized this but was powerless to avert it. His cruisers held at bay by the enemy cruiser fleet, were of no avail. The only solution lay in superior gun fire. So far, the casualties in each fleet had been about equal. Due to the excessive range hits were not easily made. But the range was steadily decreasing. More hits began to register, and as time went on it could be seen that the German gunners were profiting greatly by the light.

THE shaken *Texas*, now paired with the sinister *Hessen*, still carried on while her red-hot guns blazed out. Tiring men, sticking doggedly to their posts, watched the ebb and flow of a great battle. Kelly, bareheaded and hoarse, ran his corps with a whip hand. Ever nearer pressed the murderous fleets.

Like a bolt from hell came a stunning crash as Turret 2, splitting into fragments, smashed the bridge into a tangled wreck. A flying steel splinter the size of a flat-iron buried itself in Kelly's groin. Maxey, with a jagged hole through his lung, hurtled to the forecastle deck below. A two-gun salvo from the *Hessen* had bored through turret and deck and had torn out the very bowels of the *Texas*. The forward engine-rooms hissed steam as a flood of water poured into them.

Stretcher-bearers from Sick Bay hurried to topside. Father Doyle, with them, viewed the slaughter. He saw a body feebly try to rise from the forecastle and hurried to the bleeding form. Kneeling down he saw the ugly wound in Maxey's chest, as the palor of death blanched the boy's mute face. Maxey tried to speak and then lay still. The brave priest, bowing in reverence before Death, made the sign of the Cross on Maxey's ashen brow, as he uttered the last rites.

"In the name of the Father—and of the Son—and of the Holy—"

A screech, a blast, a white flash, and the good Father was hurled against a steel hatchway. A gruesome hole in his throat had choked back the words he so readily gave to Catholic, Protestant, and Jew.

The dauntless *Texas*, now beginning to list badly, slowly drifted out of the battling column. She had done her share. She had "got her man."

Away, ever towards the southeast, boomed the death-locked fleets to grow hazy in the gathering dusk. The haughty *Friedrich der Grosse* was beginning to settle in the bow. Beatty was forcing the German to the south.

Darkness was coming on rapidly. A thin, cold yellow streak of wintry sky along the western horizon was the only remaining light in the thick dusk of the North Sea, as the *Texas*, alone and silent, crawled slowly northward. Nearing night spread peacefully around her.

Suddenly, out of the southern darkness, low, swift objects snaked silently through the black water. Enemy destroyers, like slinking jackals in the night, preyed on the wounded tigers of the sea. Small sinuous black beasts, they glided in

and out of the rolling troughs towards the dark hulk of the hobbling *Texas*.

On a sudden, eight flashes roared out on the near side of the mute ship. Her broadside guns had seen these water-rats. Again and again they flared and banged, while the sinister forms drew nearer.

Startling the night, a mile to the left, new flashes darted out of the purpling gloom, as similar craft unexpectedly raced in. A covering division of American destroyers headed straight for the circling enemy. Presently a dim, whitish wake here, another one there, coarsed along the black water. Torpedoes! Onward they streaked towards the *Texas* while the German destroyers fled into the night.

A loud detonation, a fan of flame, shattered the darkness. A torpedo had found its victim. But it was not the *Texas*. A Yankee destroyer, interposed in the line of fire, had deliberately taken the torpedo on her bow. As her crew hurriedly took to life-boats and raft a mighty cheer arose from the dark, hushed *Texas*. It was the kind of stuff that made naval history. And as a torn destroyer settled slowly below the lapping waves, a bleeding hulk continued her faltering way through the empty night.

Far to the south occasional rumblings could yet be heard. Beatty still kept to his task. But only by the flashes of the enemy guns could he locate the German. And gradually they ceased. Night had saved the High Seas Fleet.

Beatty kept on through the black waste, yet master of the seas he defended, and ever trying to head the Germans off from their base. But though his cruisers and destroyers roamed far afield the whereabouts of the Hochseeflotte remained a mystery.

Towards midnight fresh firing at the rear of his column woke the Fleet to life. The rear-guard action told its own story. The German Fleet had slowed down, allowing Beatty to draw ahead, and had then crossed to the east in the rear of his column. Beatty turned to the east with them, always endeavoring to keep them in the open sea till daylight would once again give him the chance he craved. But Fate ruled otherwise. Von Scheer had outsmarted him. The High Seas Fleet had vanished.

About three o'clock that morning Beatty received a radio message from the Admiralty in London,

ADM. LON. 3:02 A.M.  
 FLAG BEATTY  
 GERMAN FLEET REPORTED ENTERING  
 JAHDE 2:51 A.M.  
 (signed) SUDAN.

In silent disappointment Beatty turned the Grand Fleet north. Back through the night and the mists which, like the ghosts of bold ships and gallant men, passed in wraithlike mystery. Back towards the scene of a tremendous drama which, but a few hours before, had unfolded to an orchestra of screeching shells and thundering guns. Back into another day, while battered, straggling ships joined up in the baleful procession. Back into another night, while the brave life-blood of mangled, broken manhood ebbed away.

Out of the thick blackness, sounding clear above the droning sleet, came the faint dinging of a ship's bell. Two bells of the watch! The eastern haze stirred with the first glimmer of dawn. Minute by minute it advanced and as it spread, odd shapes appeared darkly through the milky haze. As the half-light of early day crept over misty sea and crag, detached masses became connected, weird objects took definite form; life, activity, murmured through the humming storm. And as the first full light of day permeated the ghostly palor of the dawn, there loomed up out of the mists of Scapa Flow—silent—majestic—intrepid—a grim, gray line of dauntless ships—**THE FLEET!**



## Ladies' Day Among the Books

(Continued from page 20)

"Oh, very well," grunted the Editor, and shoved the book toward us; and on looking it over we discovered that he had been taking a most contemptible advantage, because lots and lots of information and help and fun can be got out of the book without having to turn your soul inside-out for anyone.

A great little book that tells you the truth about yourself and your friends—and a helping-hand to any hostess.

### Book Shops: How to Run Them

By Ruth Brown Park. (Doubleday, Doran, Inc., New York.)

THIS is a great little book, but we wish to high heaven that Ruth Brown Park had never written it. Which is to say that this Department found it distinctly disturbing. In fact, we didn't sleep the night we finished the invidious volume, but lay there in the dark (and a cold night it was, too) planning that we would throw our reviewing job down in the middle of our editor's desk and say, "We're through! After this, no more writing about books for us. . . . We are going out to sell them!"

Ruth Brown Park, sometime staff member of the Doubleday, Doran Bookshops, has done a magnificent piece of work in this volume, combining as she does the most practical details and the most compelling inspiration. Her warnings are never dampening, her advice is invariably sound, and the subject, for a woman or man anxious to go into a real business, cannot fail to set one's thoughts running along the most delightful channels. For, as Miss Park says, if you are a book-lover as well as a book-seller, here is the one place in the world where you many not only have your cake but eat it too.

### Mammy's Cook Book

By Katharine Bell. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

IF you want to impress your "old man" with your wisdom, good housekeeping and undying affection, some night this week, why not prepare some such little dinner as this?

- Clear tomato soup, piping hot and served with whole-wheat crackers.
- Scalloped chicken, seasoned to perfection.
- Baked potatoes, crying out loud for little dabs of butter and a dash of paprika.
- Beaten biscuits, hiding under a snowy napkin.
- Lettuce and Roquefort salad, with a delicate French dressing.
- Impeccable coffee.

Any housekeeper can spread such a repast before her lord and master with the certainty that the most obdurate male mood will collapse before it.

The recipes for these things, and for the whole bookful of others, are to be found in a very comforting and helpful volume called "Mammy's Cook-Book," which seems to answer unusually well the eternal question, "What shall I give him to eat?"

### The Tragic Empress

By Maurice Paléologue. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

IT was only in 1920 that she died, this once radiant and dazzling Eugénie who had been bride of Napoleon III; and in her passing—a dethroned, bereaved woman—she still bore traces of her famous beauty. Even in her last days she wore that, as once she wore her imperial decorations, something to face the world with and bespeak her one-time sovereignty.

As an old lady she often came to stay at the Continental Hotel in Paris, and used to stand and look down, without too much bitterness, upon the Tuileries where once she had so proudly played Empress to the French. And it was during a series of such Parisian visits that she gave to M. Paléologue the reminiscences he so skilfully has collected in this book.

Memories of her young life, her days as wife of Napoleon III and mother of the fateful Prince Imperial, her vivid associations with the reigning houses of Europe, and her participation

(Continued on page 60)

# This tire is built to stand abuse..

then BONDED against abuse



YOU want trouble-free tires. How are you going to be sure of getting them?

Suppose you were offered a *certainty*, by a manufacturer who had had a 40-year record of absolute reliability.

Suppose that tire company backed each tire with the most sweeping guarantee ever offered. Suppose this guarantee not only covered your tires against usual tire hazards, but also against accidents, such as collisions and milk bottles . . . and even against ABUSES.

#### Why Dunlop Tires can be Bonded.

Dunlop would be too intelligent to offer such a guarantee on an ordinary tire. If brains and materials were not put into each Dunlop in such full measure as to make it stand abuse, a guarantee like this would be suicidal.

From Egypt, where only the finest long-staple cotton is selected . . . through Dunlop's own spinning mills at Utica . . . from the rubber plantations on the other side of the globe . . . through the great Dunlop factories at Buffalo . . . where rubber and cord are transformed into the finished tire by master craftsmen . . . at every step this question guides all: "Will this make a tire that can stand abuse?"

Dunlop is confident of the answer.

*This Surety Bond is a seal of confidence.*

A guarantee? It is far more than that.

"What will make the public SURE that this guarantee will be fulfilled?"

Dunlop asked that question and thought it through like this:

The public knows that a Surety Bond is certain. The public knows that no company issuing Surety Bonds has a higher rating of intelligence and reliability than the American Surety Company of New York. "Is the tire good enough to justify such a Surety Bond?"

That was the natural question of the bonding experts. The fact that they decided to put the name of the American Surety Company behind the guarantee, was the answer.

It is sweeping . . . it covers tire hazards from accidents to abuses. It is iron-clad . . . a guarantee in the form of a regular Surety Bond, backed both by Dunlop and the American Surety Company. Before you buy another tire, you will want to know about this. Without obligation to you we will mail you a specimen Surety Bond FREE. Mail the coupon today.

Send for  
SPECIMEN BOND  
Free . . . .

THE DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY  
Department 409, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me free specimen copy of the new Dunlop Surety Bond. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# DUNLOP

## Ladies' Day Among the Books

(Continued from page 59)

in the tragic events of the Franco-Prussian War are put down in her own words and glow with a sort of fire and luster that are astounding. They reveal a heart and a mind crowded to bursting with the pictures of amazing historic events and noble vicissitudes.

An outstanding addition to any library of history.

### Penelope's Man

By John Erskine. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.)

REMEMBER your old Greek history? How, after the siege of Troy, *Odysseus* was heart-sick, or said he was, for his wife *Penelope*, and started out for home, and what adventures befell him?

Well, here's the classic story done over Erskine style, and what a scandalously grand time the author does have with the *Sirens* and *Calyпсо* and *Circe* and the other dangerous ladies who got between *Odysseus* and his front door.

If you admired Mr. Erskine's "Private Life of Helen of Troy," and his "Galahad," and his "Adam and Eve," here's another of the same sprightly family, filled with wit and wisdom, but not, we feel bound to say, stealing any laurel leaves from those other volumes.

### Fifty Little Businesses for Women

By Mary Raymond Dodge. (The Carlton Publishing Co., New York.)

"HOW fifty women started their own little businesses, how they got the idea, how the idea was developed, is described in the following pages," says Mary R. Dodge in her foreword.

For women who wish to make some money at home, there are some splendid suggestions, and altogether the book, if you are up against the question of how to enlarge your income, may have just the right chapter for you.

### The Period Furniture Handbook

By Mr. and Mrs. G. Glen Gould. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

BEAUTY-LOVING women, haunting the period-furniture shops and losing their hearts over rare examples of Italian or English or French or Colonial workmanship, often stand entranced before an ornate Renaissance buffet, or *credenza*, or—as the French have it—*crédence*, and think with longing eyes how perfectly gorgeous it would look in the little living-room at home, set against a piece of rich red brocade.

How well we know!

We adore the little story (found in this volume) of why such a piece was called a *crédence*. We like to remember that it was so named from its use—during the Middle Ages, when poison so often undertook to be part of a balanced ration—as a serving table where a servant

tasted his master's viands to give him faith, or credence, that the food was honest food.

The Goulds have filled their valuable and enthralling book with innumerable bits of such information, which all go toward making our household gods not merely things of walnut and mahogany, but perpetual reminders of the exciting drama of human life.

### Careers for Women

Edited by Doris E. Fleischman. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York.)

"FORTY-THREE women, internationally famous in their businesses or professions, tell for the guidance of girls in search of careers, the opportunities and pitfalls of their own fields of achievement."

Agriculture—Insurance—Nursing—Scenario Writing—Social Service—Advertising—these are only a few of the openings for ambitious women that are analyzed here.

### Irises

By F. F. Rockwell. (The Home Garden Handbooks.) (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

HAVE you a garden? Have you a single little flower bed?

Have you, perhaps, even a sunny window where plants bloom under your care?

If you're nodding "yes" to any of these questions, then this book was written for you. And as we are fast galloping along to the time when all nice people turn toward the garden catalogs and growers' lists, this is the most appropriate moment to read this concise and friendly volume.

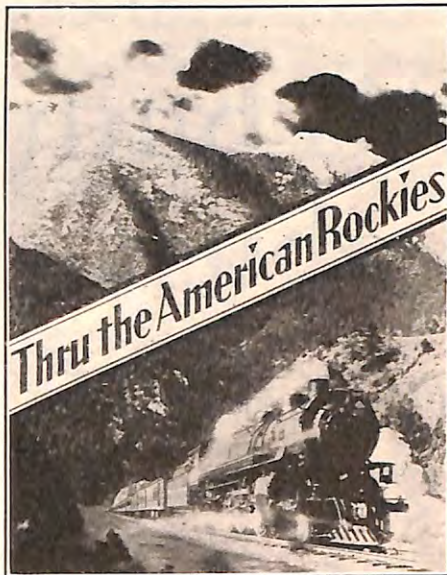
Says Mr. Rockwell: "The time (for planting) usually recommended by commercial iris-growers is early autumn—August or early September. . . . I have always had wholly satisfactory results, however, with early spring planting of freshly dug stock."

### Man-Sized Meals from the Kitchenette

By Margaret Pratt Allen and Ida Oram Hutton. (Macy-Masius, New York.)

THE most delightful part of this book is that its usefulness does not extend only to those who are managing with true feminine cleverness to make a home out of a room or two and a kitchenette, but also to those whose cooking quarters may be as ample as the Pennsylvania Station.

The little household that boasts but one garing, one electric grill, or just a percolator and a chafing-dish, will find delightful and workable suggestions, and yet there are recipes included in the book that are positively inspirational, for all cooks, along with words of wisdom on "menus and meals" aimed straight at every woman who wants new ideas for every day and for those afternoons and evenings when "folks" come in.



## Enjoy the Scenic Pacific Northwest

enroute to the Elks Grand Lodge session at Los Angeles next June. 28 ranges of mountains and 1406 miles of rivers along the Burlington-Northern Pacific route between Chicago and the North Pacific Coast.

### Yellowstone

and Rainier Parks, Rocky Mountain Dude Ranches, Mt. Baker Lodge, Puget Sound, Columbia River, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland are on your way. Seattle Elks will stage a Spectacular Water Carnival on July 4th for Eastern delegates enroute to Los Angeles.

May we help you plan a western vacation?

## Northern Pacific Burlington

Route of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Special Train to the Los Angeles Session

Clip and mail coupon to E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Manager 504 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Free booklets will be sent if you write or mail this coupon

Dear Mr. Nelson:

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.....

408

## The Elks Magazine Purple and White Fleet

(Continued from page 38)

magazine, and how it can be made to serve the Order even more effectively.

The map of these four tours, does not cover as many Elk cities as could be desired, but with the limited amount of time and the large distances to be covered by these cars the routes as selected have been so arranged as to make it possible to have all four cars arrive in Los Angeles on the first day of the Convention.

The map of necessity is too small to detail the Elk cities that will be visited, but the names of these communities follow. The routes are indicated by Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 on the map. Route No. 1 will include among other cities:

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Yonkers, N. Y.; White Plains, N. Y.; Peekskill, N. Y.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Elmira, N. Y.; Jamestown, N. Y.; Meadville, Pa.; Youngstown, Ohio; Akron, Ohio; Mansfield, Ohio; Marion, Ohio; Lima, Ohio; Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Gary, Ind.; Chicago, Ill.; Evanston, Ill.; Kenosha, Wis.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Madison, Wis.; Janesville, Wis.; Dubuque, Iowa; Waterloo, Iowa; Charles City, Iowa; Mason City,

Iowa; Albert Lee, Minn.; Owatonna, Minn.; Faribault, Minn.; Minneapolis, Minn.; St. Paul, Minn.; Olivia, Minn.; Watertown, S. D.; Aberdeen, S. D.; Mobridge, S. D.; Lemmon, S. D.; Baker, Mont.; Miles City, Mont.; Billings, Mont.; Livingston, Mont.; Bozeman, Mont.; Three Forks, Mont.; Butte, Mont.; Anaconda, Mont.; Missoula, Mont.; Wallace, Idaho; Coeur D'Alene, Idaho; Spokane, Wash.; Quincy, Wash.; Ellensburg, Wash.; Seattle, Wash.; Tacoma, Wash.; Olympia, Wash.; Centralia, Chehalis, Wash.; Kelso, Wash.; Long View, Wash.; Vancouver, Portland, Ore.; Oregon City, Ore.; Salem, Ore.; Albany, Ore.; Eugene, Ore.; Roseburg, Ore.; Grants Pass, Medford, Ore.; Ashland, Ore.; Dunsmuir, Cal.; Red Bluff, Cal.; Arbuckle, Cal.; Oakland, Cal.; San Francisco, Cal.; San Jose, Cal.; Salinas, Cal.; King City, Cal.; San Luis Obispo, Cal.; Santa Barbara, Ventura, Cal.; Los Angeles, Cal.

Route No. 2 will include such cities as: Nyack, N. Y.; Middletown, N. Y.; Port Jervis, N. Y.; Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Berwick, Pa.;

Sunbury, Pa.; Williamsport, Pa.; Bellefonte, Pa.; Tyrone, Pa.; Altoona, Pa.; Indiana, Pa.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Washington, Pa.; Charleroi, Pa.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Cambridge, Ohio; Zanesville, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Springfield, Ohio; Dayton, Ohio; Greenville, Ohio; Muncie, Ind.; Anderson, Ind.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Crawfordsville, Ind.; Danville, Ill.; Champaign, Ill.; Bloomington, Ill.; Peoria, Ill.; Galesburg, Ill.; Burlington, Iowa; Fairfield, Iowa; Ottumwa, Iowa; Oskaloosa, Iowa; Des Moines, Iowa; Atlantic, Iowa; Council Bluff, Iowa; Omaha, Neb.; Lincoln, Neb.; Beatrice, Neb.; Fairbury, Neb.; Hastings, Neb.; Grand Island, Neb.; Kearney, Neb.; Lexington, Neb.; North Platte, Neb.; Sterling, Colo.; Ft. Morgan, Colo.; Greeley, Colo.; Denver, Colo.; Boulder, Colo.; Longmont, Colo.; Loveland, Colo.; Ft. Collins, Colo.; Cheyenne, Wyo.; Laramie, Wyo.; Rawlins, Wyo.; Rock Springs, Wyo.; Evanston, Wyo.; Salt Lake City, Utah; Ogden, Utah; Logan, Utah; Pocatello, Idaho; Idaho Falls, Idaho; Burley, Idaho; Twin Falls, Idaho; Boise, Idaho; Caldwell, Idaho; Ontario, Ore.; Baker, Ore.; Pendleton, Ore.; The Dalles, Ore.; Bend, Ore.; Klamath Falls, Ore.; Yreka, Cal.; Redding, Cal.; Chico, Cal.; Marysville, Cal.; Sacramento, Cal.; Stockton, Cal.; Modesto, Cal.; Merced, Cal.; Fresno, Visalia, Cal.; Bakersfield, San Fernando, Cal.; Burbank, Los Angeles, Cal.

Among the cities on Route No. 3 are:

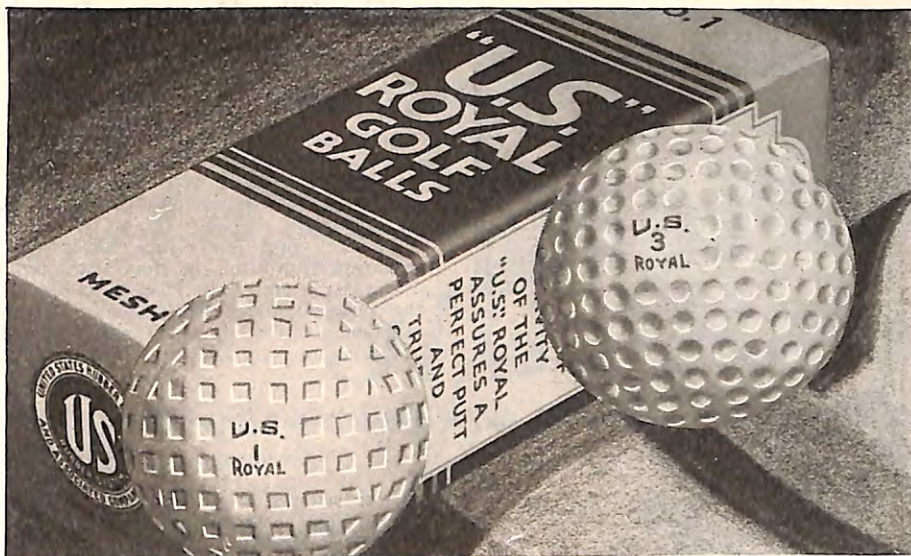
Hackettstown, N. J.; Easton, Pa.; Bethlehem Pa.; Allentown, Pa.; Reading, Pa.; Lebanon, Pa.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Waynesboro, Pa.; Hagerstown, Md.; Winchester, Va.; Cumberland, Md.; Uniontown, Pa.; Clarksburg, W. Va.; Parkersburg, W. Va.; Charleston, W. Va.; Huntington, W. Va.; Portsmouth, Ohio; Chillicothe, Ohio; Hillsboro, Ohio; Cincinnati, Ohio; Lexington, Ky.; Frankfort, Ky.; Shelbyville, Ky.; Louisville, Ky.; Evansville, Ind.; Vincennes, Ind.; Terre Haute, Ind.; Paris, Ill.; Mattoon, Ill.; Vandalia, Ill.; Alton, Ill.; E. St. Louis, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.; Jefferson City, Mo.; Fulton, Mo.; Mexico, Mo.; Columbia, Mo.; Sedalia, Mo.; Kansas City, Mo.; Fort Scott, Kans.; Nevada, Mo.; Pittsburg, Kans.; Webb City, Mo.; Joplin, Mo.; Coffeyville, Kans.; Independence, Kans.; Bartlesville, Okla.; Tulsa, Okla.; Muskogee, Okla.; Henryetta, Okla.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Guthrie, Okla.; Perry, Okla.; Wichita, Kans.; Hutchinson, Kans.; Dodge City, Kans.; Garden City, Kans.; Lamar, Colo.; La Junta, Colo.; Pueblo, Colo.; Canon City, Colo.; Colorado Springs, Colo.; Walsenburg, Colo.; Raton, N. Mex.; Las Vegas, N. Mex.; Santa Fe, N. Mex.; Albuquerque, N. Mex.; Gallup, N. Mex.; Holbrook, N. Mex.; Flagstaff, Ariz.; Ash Fork, Ariz.; Needles, Cal.; Barstow, Cal.; San Bernardino, Cal.; Riverside, Ontario, Pomona; Los Angeles, Cal.

Route No. 4 will include such cities as:

New Brunswick, N. J.; Trenton, N. J.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Chester, Pa.; Wilmington, Del.; Elkton, Md.; Baltimore, Md.; Washington, D. C.; Alexandria, Va.; Fredericksburg, Va.; Richmond, Va.; Petersburg, Va.; Lynchburg, Va.; Durham, N. C.; Raleigh, N. C.; Greensboro, N. C.; Winston Salem, N. C.; Salisbury, N. C.; Spartanburg, S. C.; Greenville, S. C.; Anderson, S. C.; Athens, Ga.; Atlanta, Ga.; Columbus, Ga.; Montgomery, Ala.; Birmingham, Ala.; Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Meridian, Miss.; Jackson, Miss.; Brookhaven, Miss.; Hammond, La.; New Orleans, La.; Houma, La.; Franklin, La.; Lafayette, La.; Lake Charles, La.; Alexandria, La.; Monroe, La.; Arcadia, La.; Shreveport, La.; Marshall, Texas; Tyler, Texas; Dallas, Texas; Fort Worth, Texas; Mineral Wells, Texas; Ranger, Texas; Eastland, Texas; Cisco, Texas; Abilene, Texas; Sweetwater, Texas; Big Springs, Texas; Pecos, Texas; Van Horn, Texas; El Paso, Texas; Deming, N. Mex.; Lordsburg, N. Mex.; Douglas, Ariz.; Bisbee, Ariz.; Tucson, Ariz.; Globe, Ariz.; Phoenix, Ariz.; Gila Bend, Ariz.; Yuma, Ariz.; El Centro, Cal.; San Diego, Cal.; Santa Ana, Long Beach, Cal.; Los Angeles, Cal.

The Fleet Tour, which will include all four cars from Chicago to New York, will include the following cities: South Bend, Niles, Kalamazoo, Battle Creek, Jackson, Ann Arbor, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Ashtabula, Erie, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Schenectady, Albany, and New York, which will be visited between May 1st and 10th.

When these cars arrive at an Elks Lodge we hope that every Elk present will make it a point  
(Continued on page 62)



## Everything you want in a golf ball . . . and **GUARANTEED** for **LIFE**

**Y**ou want a ball that will not cut—  
Read how we guarantee the  
"U. S." Royal.

You want long flight—  
Read how the "U. S." Royal is  
guaranteed for distance.

You want true flight and true  
putting—  
Read how we guarantee the  
accuracy of the "U. S." Royal.

Note as you read the "U. S." Royal  
Guarantee that it is for the *life of  
the ball.*

\* \* \*

Play a "U. S." Royal—not simply  
because it has this lifetime guarantee  
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to guarantee as we do, a ball that  
will give you greater distance and  
truer putting—and will stand up in  
round after round of play.

### The "U. S." ROYAL GUARANTEE

Every "U. S." Royal is fully guaranteed  
during the life of the ball. It will be re-  
placed at any time by your golf profes-  
sional or dealer:

1. If the cover cuts through
2. If the paint flakes or chips off
3. If the ball goes out-of-round
4. If the ball fails to putt true

We also guarantee that the "U. S." Royal  
will give greater distance than any other  
make of golf ball.

United States  Rubber Company

Trade Mark



The **X-RAY TEST**—one of the  
reasons for the **GUARANTEE**

The putting accuracy feature of the "U. S."  
Royal guarantee is made possible by the  
unique construction of the ball.

The "U. S." Royal is the truest putting  
golf ball because it is so designed and  
made that the center of gravity invariably  
falls in the exact center of the ball.

No golf ball with an egg-shaped or mis-  
placed center can putt true. The X-Ray  
Test shows that the "U. S." Royal is truly  
centered.

## "U. S." ROYAL GOLF BALLS

In mesh or recess marking—75c from your professional, or authorized dealer



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Elks convention-vacation trips fashioned to your own ideas, time and money.

Think! Convention-vacation trips made to order! To fit your own fancy, purse and leisure! Providing generously of Summer's joys and the scenic glories of the Pacific Northwest!

You'll never forget a trip thru the great Northwest—thrills galore, new sights each day. Yellowstone, thru inspiring new Gallatin Gateway... colorful dude ranches... Spokane's beautiful lakes... glacier-cloaked Mt. Rainier with Winter sports all Summer... snowy Mt. Baker... the romance of Seattle and Tacoma... delightful Puget Sound cruises to old-English Victoria, cosmopolitan Vancouver. Rail or boat to California.

Hundreds of Elks, planning for the Los Angeles Grand Lodge, have selected The Milwaukee Road via Seattle and the enchanted wonderland. Route of the new roller-bearing *Olympian*, queen of de luxe trains. For 656 mountain miles—*electrified, sootless, cinderless.*

Leave it to Milwaukee Road travel specialists to plan your trip. Just tell them your ideas. Gladly, they'll submit samples, giving five-fold pleasure for every dollar you spend. Costs are modest, thanks to low Summer fares. Mail coupon.

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Pennsylvania Elks State Special.

## The MILWAUKEE ELECTRIFIED OVER THE ROCKIES TO THE SEA ROAD

Geo. B. Haynes, Passenger Traffic Manager, The Milwaukee Road, Room 936, Union Station, Chicago, Ill.

Send me sample Elks itinerary to Los Angeles via Seattle and Tacoma. There will be... in my party. I would like to include  Yellowstone via Gallatin Gateway  Mount Rainier National Park  Olympic Peninsula  Vancouver  Victoria. 450-37

I prefer to return via.....  
Name.....  
Address.....

## The Elks Magazine Purple and White Fleet

(Continued from page 61)

to talk to our representative. You will find him happy and willing at all times to furnish any information which he may have regarding the Los Angeles Convention and THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

In the June and July issues of the magazine we will tell the story of the progress of the Purple and White Fleet on its way across the continent, which will include incidents and experiences of the trip which we believe will be of interest to every Elk.

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 36)

were entertained at dinner in the dining room of the Home. At the meeting Trustee Arthur L. Nichold introduced the visitors to Exalted Ruler John J. O'Toole and the officers and members of Hempstead Lodge. A large class of candidates was then initiated in a fashion which drew the unstinted praise of the District Deputy. A feature of the evening, surprising from so young a Lodge, was the presentation by Past Exalted Ruler Harry E. Miller on behalf of No. 1485 of a check for \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation Fund.

At the adjournment of the meeting, one of the largest ever held in the Home, some 300 Hempstead Elks, accompanied by more than 200 visitors, enjoyed a supper in the dining room.

## District Deputy Colee Compliments Lake City, Fla., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold Colee paid a high compliment to Lake City, Fla., Lodge, No. 893, when, on the occasion of his official visit, he selected its degree team to represent the district at the state-wide ritualistic competition to be held in Gainesville this month, the winner of which is to be rewarded with a trip to the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles next July. Following the Lodge meeting, Mr. Colee was honor guest at a delightful supper.

## Dispensation Granted for New Lodges by Grand Exalted Ruler

Under dates of February 11 and March 1, respectively, Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert granted dispensations for the formation of new subordinate Lodges to be instituted in Hazard, Kentucky, and Clearwater, Florida.

## Hancock, Mich., Lodge Celebrates 61st Anniversary of the Order

At its Past Exalted Rulers' Night, Hancock, Mich., Lodge, No. 381, made a point of celebrating also the 61st anniversary of the Order. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. C. Condon, in an effective speech, stressed the significance of the occasion. Calumet Lodge, No. 404, was invited to attend the meeting, and a large delegation came by special car. The visitors thoroughly enjoyed the occasion, and the two Lodges are planning to work together for the interests of the Order in the copper country of Michigan.

## Past Exalted Rulers Night Fine Occasion in Cambridge, Ohio, Lodge

The finest meeting of many years to be held in the Home of Cambridge, Ohio, Lodge, No. 448, took place on the recent celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night. A large turn-out of members and past heads of the Lodge was on hand for the ceremonies and jollification which followed. Exalted Ruler Edward F. Brush opened the session and then turned its conduct over to the Past Exalted Rulers, headed by Hon. Milton H. Turner. A special honor was paid to T. W. Scott, a pioneer citizen of Cambridge, the eve of whose 80th birthday it was, when he was presented with an honorary life membership in the Lodge.

A roast pig dinner followed the formal session,

# MOTION PICTURES

Do you know the many advantages of Visual Education? Write for free information telling how motion pictures can help you in your work. Complete data concerning cost, operation, films, etc. Also contains description of Acme Projector—the ideal machine for club use. Fill in the coupon today.

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CONVINCE yourself! Wear The LITTLE CORPORAL "ELASTEX" Belt. Watch it reduce your waistline. Enjoy its comfort. Notice how much better it makes you look—and feel. No lacers, buckles, or straps to annoy you.

WOMEN: Write for information on our new "ELSEE" Reducer.

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and Mr. Turner, as Toastmaster, called upon Mr. Scott, who delivered a most eloquent and interesting address on Abraham Lincoln. Following a talk by Mr. Turner on the principles of the Order, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Samuel G. Austin, gave the eleven o'clock toast. The singing of "America" by the whole assembly brought the fine occasion to an end.

**Governor Roosevelt at 35th Anniversary Of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge**

With Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York as honor guest of his own Lodge, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., No. 275, celebrated its 35th anniversary with a banquet at which some 300 members and distinguished visitors were present. The Governor's address was a masterly presentation of the problems of state administration. In discussing public welfare he said that it was always difficult to decide where private charity should end and state aid begin. He did not, he continued, think that the time would ever come when the state would take over all care of the sick and crippled, and that it was in such work that the Order, with its welfare program, performed a great and necessary service. Other speakers were Hon. Arthur S. Tompkins, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck; Exalted Ruler Louis L. Herles; Past Exalted Ruler Joseph A. Daughton; Toastmaster, George V. L. Spratt; and Hon. Joseph Morschauer, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. A most distinguished array of guests helped the Poughkeepsie members to celebrate their Lodge's birthday. Among them were prominent figures of the bar and the bench of New York and the Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of surrounding Lodges.

**Braddock, Pa., Lodge is Visited by District Deputy**

Numerous delegations of visiting Elks accompanied District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ralph C. Robinson and his suite to Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883. The initiative work was marked by the exceptional exemplification of the ritual by the officers and by the presence in the class of Alphonse Kellams, one of the members of the boat's crew of the *S. S. America* which took off the survivors of the sinking Italian freighter *Florida*. Brief speeches were made by Mr. Robinson, Past Exalted Ruler Edward Ross of Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1350, and visiting members from Jeannette, Pa., Lodge, No. 486.

Delegates from the 21 Lodges forming the Pennsylvania, Southwest, Elks Association met in the Home of Braddock Lodge on a recent Sunday to discuss the details for chartering a special train to the Grand Lodge Convention. Other important business was transacted and then the visitors to the number of nearly 200 were guests of No. 883 at a dinner given in honor of Alphonse Kellams and John Harrobin, also a member of the boat's crew in the *Florida* rescue. Both honor guests gave modest accounts of the event and an enjoyable entertainment followed.

**Thomas Taggart Dies at His Indianapolis Home**

Thomas Taggart, veteran Indiana Democratic leader and long a prominent and active member of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, died at his home in Indianapolis on the morning of March 6, after an illness of many months. He was seventy-two years old.

For nearly forty years Mr. Taggart was a power in Indiana politics, and for more than twenty he was an important figure in the national councils of his party. His large business interests, his picturesque and charming personality, and his political sagacity carried his name to every part of the country.

Born in Ireland in 1856, Mr. Taggart was brought to this country as a child by his parents. The family first settled in Ohio, but soon moved to Indiana where the cheerful, energetic boy picked up an irregular country-school education until he was fifteen, when he set about the business of earning his living. When he was in

*(Continued on page 65)*

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Today I am one of the biggest men in our industry. Scarcely a meeting or banquet is held without me being asked to speak. My real ability, which was hidden so long by stage fright, is now recognized by everyone. I am asked to conferences, luncheons and banquets as a popular after-dinner speaker.

This amazing training has made me into a self-confident, aggressive talker—an easy, versatile conversation-alist—almost overnight.

\* \* \*

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 63)

his early twenties, some of the first of the countless devoted friends whom he made and kept during his long life, financed for him the purchase of a small hotel. From this start Mr. Taggart became one of the outstanding business men and property-owners of his State. Until a few years ago, when he was succeeded by his son, Thomas D. Taggart, he was president of the great hotel and health-resort interests at French Lick Springs which, under his ownership, had become a famous meeting place for Democratic leaders from all over the United States.

Mr. Taggart's political activity began at the time he acquired his first small hotel. He surprised his friends by winning an election for County Auditor, after the nomination had been refused, the chance of winning being considered nil, by every important Democrat. At the end of the four-year term he ran again and was re-elected by an even larger majority. While serving his first term as Auditor, Mr. Taggart had been appointed Democratic County Chairman; several years later he was made State Chairman, and was then three times elected Mayor of Indianapolis. When he declined to run a fourth time, the office reverted to the Republican party. In 1904 he was Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, of which he had previously been a member. In 1916 he was appointed United States Senator by Governor Ralston to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Shively.

Mr. Taggart's outstanding personal characteristics were his good humor, his frankness, and his devoted loyalty to his friends. He was an enthusiastic member of Indianapolis Lodge, and was one of the most popular men on its rolls. To his family, to his fellow members, and to the unnumbered friends in whose love he rejoiced, THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its sincerest sympathy.

### Two New Lodge Homes Dedicated By the Grand Exalted Ruler

Two beautiful new Homes, one for New London, Conn., Lodge, No. 360, and the other for Ridgewood, N. J., No. 1455, have been dedicated within the past few weeks by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. At New London, as reported in the story of Mr. Hulbert's visits in this issue, a brilliant gathering was present for the ceremony, conducted by Mr. Hulbert with the assistance of the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. The new Home is one of the handsomest in the State. Georgian Colonial in design, it is faced with red tapestry brick, is two stories in height, and covers an area 41 by 94 feet. Opening off the vestibule, which is reached by the main entrance, is a beautifully furnished lounging-room, 30 by 38 feet, on one side of which are three arched doorways, one leading to a central corridor running from the lounge to the rear entrance stairhall, one to a writing-room, and the other to a library. On the right of the corridor are a game-room and a grill, while on the left are the secretary's office, committee-room, telephone booths, etc.

The stairs leading from this corridor take one to a spacious social room with seating capacity for 450 and equipped with a special banquet kitchen, on the second floor. There is also a hallway connecting this floor with the section of the Home, completed last year, which houses the Lodge room. In the basement are a banquet room, radio room, and complete kitchens.

The \$250,000 Home of Ridgewood Lodge, which is pictured on page 36 of this magazine, was the scene some weeks later of another brilliant ceremony conducted by the Grand Exalted Ruler. The building is strikingly handsome, one of the simplest, most dignified and most inviting Lodge Homes in the metropolitan district. Entrance is into a large reception foyer, off which open the ladies' lounge, the dining-room and the secretary's office. Adjoining the dining-room is a spacious porch for summer use, while across the corridor from it is the splendidly equipped billiard-room. Six bowling alleys are the principal feature of the ground floor, on which are also found a grill-room, opening onto a verandah, and a magnificently equipped kitchen. The Lodge-room, occupying practically all of the top floor, is a great, beautifully decor-

ated hall, finished in mahogany and equipped with indirect lighting. Other rooms on this floor are five ante-rooms; two committee-rooms; the Memorial-room, which houses the beautiful bronze tablet presented by the Women's Auxiliary; a serving-room connected by dumb-waiters with the kitchen, and a five-room apartment for the club steward.

### 2,000 Elks Greet District Deputy Beck at Home-coming Meeting

More than 2,000 Elks, representing all the Long Island Lodges and a number of others in the State at large, gathered at the Home of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck on his home-coming and official visit to his own Lodge, on the completion of his tour of inspection of the twenty-two Lodges in his district.

The guest of honor was greeted on his arrival with a display of fireworks, and band concerts, while a huge electric sign across the front of the building welcomed him home as his fellow Elks cheered him to the echo.

The first business of the evening was the semi-annual meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of New York, Southeast. This was quickly dispatched and followed by a dinner to Mr. Beck and a number of invited guests, and by the gala Lodge session. The formal ceremonies were marked by a special program of music, the initiation of a class of some seventy-five candidates, and speeches by the District Deputy and other well-known members. During the course of the meeting Exalted Ruler Arved L. Larson, who presided, paid high tribute to Mr. Beck's popularity and executive ability, winding up his speech by presenting to the guest of honor a check for \$1,000, Freeport Lodge's contribution to the Elks National Foundation Fund. Mr. Beck, in his address to the Lodge, reviewed his tour of visits and discussed the place of the Lodge in community life, emphasizing its opportunities for civic service and the promotion of the general welfare.

### A Warning to Secretaries from St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge

Secretary P. M. Weyrens of St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge, No. 516, has notified THE ELKS MAGAZINE that he is receiving complaints from sister Lodges concerning the conduct of one Walter J. Wimmer, carrying 1928-29 card No. 176, member's number 1468, in St. Cloud Lodge. Lodges in Illinois and Wisconsin have reported his cashing worthless checks, mostly in the amount of \$10.00, on the strength of his Elks card and others which he carries. All Secretaries are warned to be on the look out for this man.

### Grand Forks, N. D., Receives Visit Of District Deputy Stern

On Past Exalted Rulers' Night in Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, No. 255, the members had the honor of entertaining District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sam Stern and Past Grand Tiler Curtis P. Brown. After opening the meeting Exalted Ruler L. H. Lake turned the chairs over to the eleven Past Exalted Rulers present. Both Mr. Stern and Mr. Brown made interesting addresses. A bountiful supper followed the conclusion of the session.

### District Deputy Van Minden Visits Red Bank, N. J., Lodge

Accompanied by a suite of officers and members of his home Lodge, Dunellen No. 1488, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Rene P. Van Minden made his official visit to Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233. Included in the District Deputy's escort to the Lodge room were Past District Deputy Peter Eichele and several Past Exalted Rulers of Red Bank Lodge. In his address of the evening Mr. Van Minden paid glowing tribute to Mr. Eichele for his fine fraternal activities, and praised the flourishing condition of Red Bank Lodge. After the Lodge

(Continued on page 66)

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Under the Spreading Antlers  
(Continued from page 65)

session the members and visitors adjourned for a supper in the grill-room.

District Deputy Bain Visits  
Newark, N. J., Lodge

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Fred W. Bain to Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, was the occasion for an eventful meeting in the Home. The District Deputy was accompanied by sizable delegations from his home Lodge, Boonton, and from other near-by Lodges. Exalted Ruler Mervin Wiener welcomed Judge Bain and then, assisted by his staff, conducted the initiatory ceremonies in efficient fashion. The District Deputy spoke on Grand Lodge activities and other speeches were made by Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, Past State Association President Henry A. Guenther, and Past District Deputies Thomas F. Macksey and William H. Kelly of East Orange Lodge, No. 630. A luncheon was served in the dining-room after the meeting at which time the gathering participated in an enjoyable social session.

Newark, N. J., Lodge Celebrates  
Past Exalted Rulers' Night

More than 1,000 members, including many veteran Elks, assembled in the Lodge-room of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, in celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night which was also the occasion of the official visit of William Conklin, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and his staff. With the members of twenty or more years' standing occupying a reserved section well to the front of the Lodge-room, Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney appointed from the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers a full complement of acting chair officers who served during the balance of the meeting. Other guests present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Fred W. Bain, Charles Boyd, Vice-President, Northwest, of the State Association, and Past State Association President Henry A. Guenther. The reminiscences of the old-timers, speeches by the visiting officers, and a banquet served in the dining-room after the meeting contributed to a most enjoyable fraternal evening.

Salinas, Calif., Receives  
District Deputy Williamson

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Williamson paid his official visit to Salinas, Calif., Lodge, No. 614, late in January. A class of candidates was initiated, and the District Deputy voiced his approbation of the ritualistic work of the officers and the high standard of the newly made members. He praised the efficient reports of the officers and the first-class condition of the Lodge's books and general affairs.

District Deputy Beck  
Visits Mother Lodge

Accompanied by many members of his home Lodge, Freeport No. 1253, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck made his official visit to New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, and was accorded a warm reception. Past District Deputy Dr. John E. Dearden introduced Mr. Beck and the members of his staff, and the District Deputy delivered an impressive address to the membership. Mr. Beck spoke of the part the Mother Lodge has played in the record of the Order and complimented the officers and members of No. 1 upon the achievements of the last year, and especially stressed the magnificent charitable work of the Lodge.

Included in the escort of Mr. Beck were Past District Deputies Fred Hughes, Dr. John E. Dearden, and William T. Phillips, Secretary of No. 1; Past State Association President Joseph Brand, and a number of past and active subordinate Lodge officers. Prior to the meeting the visitors were entertained at dinner in the main dining-room of the Home.

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**Visitations of District Deputy Scadden of California, North**

The official visits of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. G. Scadden to the Lodges of his jurisdiction, California North, have been marked so far by well-attended meetings, with a fine fraternal spirit very much in evidence on each occasion. Accompanied by members of his home Lodge, Nevada City, No. 518, Mr. Scadden visited Oroville and Woodland Lodges sometime ago, each visit being the occasion of a most successful meeting. More recently the District Deputy, accompanied by Vice-President Fred Heikin of the California State Elks Association, paid a call on Grass Valley Lodge, No. 538, where he was enthusiastically received and entertained at a chicken dinner prior to the meeting. Close to 150 members and visitors were present when the District Deputy delivered the Grand Exalted Ruler's message. Following Mr. Scadden's address, Vice-President Heikin talked to the gathering on the activities of the State Association, and a social session rounded out the evening.

**Reynoldsville, Pa., Team Initiates Class for Clearfield Lodge**

The degree team and orchestra of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, visited Clearfield, Pa., Lodge, No. 540, a short time ago, and conducted the initiation of a large class of candidates for their hosts in the presence of a fine turnout of Elks from many Lodges of the State. The Reynoldsville visitors, who were entertained at an elaborate dinner before attending the formal session, acquitted themselves in a way which brought the enthusiastic congratulations of all present. A supper and social session following the meeting were thoroughly enjoyed by the visitors, and called forth many expressions of appreciation of the hospitality and the genial fraternal spirit of the Clearfield members.

**Omaha, Neb., Lodge Celebrates Forty-third Anniversary**

Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, celebrated its forty-third anniversary with a meeting and entertainment in the Home at which over fifty officers and members of Council Bluffs, Iowa, Lodge, No. 531, were present. At a brief meeting Past Exalted Ruler George F. West gave an interesting outline of the history of No. 39 and adjournment was then made to the ball-room for an old-fashioned Dutch lunch, entertainment and general good time.

Another recent interesting event in the Home was the eighth annual father and son banquet with some 200 fathers and sons in attendance. Group singing, the awarding of various prizes, a number of vaudeville acts and musical numbers were items on the program of the evening. One of the surprise features was the appearance of Fiske O'Hara, the noted Irish tenor, life member of Stamford, Conn., Lodge, No. 899, who sang.

**Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener To Head Junior Baseball League**

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, himself at one time a major league player, and former President of the National League, has accepted the invitation to serve as High Commissioner of the Junior Baseball League sponsored by the Pennsylvania department of the American Legion.

**Recent Activities in Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge**

Preceding the annual meeting dedicated to their honor the Past Exalted Rulers of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, held a banquet to which they invited as their special guests the nine surviving charter members. Among those whose names are on the original rolls of the Lodge and who received invitations were M. C. Hamill, who carries membership card No. 1; A. C. Duddleston, the first Exalted Ruler; and Charles A. White, Past Grand Treasurer. Following the dinner the Past Exalted Rulers attended the regular meeting of the Lodge, at which they conducted the initiation of a class of candidates.

A ladies' social session which followed a recent regular meeting of Terre Haute Lodge, was a

(Continued on page 68)

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 Send to.....  
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**Under the Spreading Antlers**

(Continued from page 67)

most successful and enjoyable occasion, students from the school of music of St. Mary's College furnishing a program of well-selected numbers for the large attendance. An indoor stag picnic, a stag social in the Home and two class initiations were other recent events on the Lodge program.

**Grand Exalted Rulers' Special Train to the Convention**

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Special Train to the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles is scheduled to leave New York over the New York Central Railroad at 1:00 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, on Friday, June 21st, by way of Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Chicago. Those who do not find it convenient to join before reaching Chicago, may do so there or at St. Paul.

The highlights of the trip, after leaving Chicago, are a day at the Twin Cities, a brief stop among the Indians at Mandan, N. D., and a stop at Medora to enjoy a rodeo arranged by Elks in that region. The Yellowstone Park trip is made by way of the famous Cody Gateway, through the Shoshone Canyon and over Sylvan Pass. After a complete tour of the Park, the party will leave by way of Golden Gate and Gardiner. At Spokane, a visit will be paid to the Elks of the "Inland Empire," and the train will proceed from there to Seattle. From Seattle the party will visit sections of Canada and then proceed to Longview, and from there to Portland. From Portland, the journey is to be continued to San Francisco, thence to Yosemite Valley and to Los Angeles. After the Grand Lodge meeting, return will be made by way of Riverside, the Grand Canyon, and Colorado Springs.

For variety, sustained interest and low cost, this trip is exceptionally attractive, and the Grand Exalted Ruler's invitation is assurance that every member of the party will share in the special entertainment and courtesies that are sure to be extended. Copy of the itinerary and full details of costs for those starting from points off the route of the train, may be secured from any member of the committee or from A. L. Miller, Room 1261, 466 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

**Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge Instituted March 25**

Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge was scheduled to be instituted on March 25, with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck in charge of the ceremonies. James T. Hallinan of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary was to represent the Grand Exalted Ruler, and Past District Deputy Clayton J. Heermance to install the officers.

**Passaic, N. J., Lodge Host to Union Hill Elks**

A great party of members from Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, accompanied Exalted Ruler Edward H. Jaeger to the meeting of Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387, at which he was the special guest of honor. Included among the visitors who made the trip were No. 1357's drum corps, degree team and quartette. A most interesting Lodge meeting, with a group of Past Exalted Rulers occupying the chairs and initiating a class of candidates, was followed by a bounteous supper, an old-time social session and an entertainment, from which the Union Hill members came away with enthusiastic praise of the hospitality and good-fellowship of their hosts.

**News of the Order From Far and Near**

St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge had the honor of entertaining Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz on the occasion of its Past Exalted Rulers' Night.

A delegation of twenty-five members from Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter

**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 businessmen 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.

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Eichele and Exalted Ruler John W. Cantillion, paid a fraternal visit to Dover, N. J., Lodge, where they were heartily greeted and made welcome.

The charity ball of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge netted the substantial sum of \$7,023.37.

Past Exalted Ruler A. L. Allen, of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, for many years Secretary of the South Florida Fair Association, and widely known after a residence of forty-six years in the State, died at his home some weeks ago after an illness of six months. The officers of Tampa Lodge conducted services at the grave.

The officers, degree team and quartette of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, headed by Exalted Ruler Burt P. White, visited Lansing Lodge a short time ago and initiated a class for their hosts.

"Minstrel Echos," the fifteenth annual charity show of Middlesboro, Ky., Lodge, was a great success, playing to a capacity house.

Some 150 members attended a stag banquet given by Muncie, Ind., Lodge.

The program of the annual "open house" held by Seattle, Wash., Lodge on Washington's birthday, included a dinner-dance and a vaudeville show, and was one of the city's outstanding social affairs.

Some fifty members of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge received a warm welcome at a smoker given recently by Norwalk, Conn., Lodge.

Ballard, Wash., Lodge is co-operating with Ballard High School in the participation of its students in the National Flag Essay Contests being conducted by the Hearst newspapers.

The officers of Orange, N. J., Lodge paid a visit to Belleville, N. J., Lodge, and conducted the ritual for their hosts.

Some 100 or more members attended the Old Timers' and Past Exalted Rulers' Night held by Attleboro, Mass., Lodge.

Puyallup and Tacoma, Wash., Lodges recently exchanged fraternal visits, the visiting Lodge each time providing the entertainment.

One hundred Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge members journeyed to the Home of Whittier, Calif., Lodge to see their officers initiate a class for the hosts of the evening.

Senior Past Exalted Ruler Edward C. Cox, of Wallingford, Conn., Lodge, was elected President of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of his State at its recent meeting.

Asbury Park, N. J., officers initiated a class for Freehold, N. J., Lodge, and had their visit returned some weeks later by the Freehold officers.

The chorus of Seattle, Wash., Lodge recently presented a fine entertainment, dinner, and dance for their fellow members and their friends.

An initiation, a card of boxing bouts, and a buffet supper featured a recent meeting of Hampton, Va., Lodge.

Celebrating Past Exalted Rulers' Night with a Noah's Ark Party, the members of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge enjoyed a most successful evening.

Some 200 members and their guests enjoyed the "open-house" dinner and athletic program held some weeks ago in the Home of Spokane, Wash., Lodge.

### News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 37)

present were enthusiastic with respect to the increase of membership in the state this year, and the establishment of the Elks National Foundation Fund was heartily endorsed.

Those present included, in addition to Mr. Gano, Reverend Arthur O. Sykes, Honorary President; William E. Drislane, Theodore F. Kalbfleisch, Dr. John E. Dearden, George J. Winslow, James A. Farley, Joseph Brand, John T. Gorman and Secretary Philip Clancy, all Past Presidents, as well as Trustees William T. Phillips, Howard A. Swartwood, Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Alonzo L. Waters and Perl W. Devendorf.

#### Georgia

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association held in the Home of Savannah Lodge, No. 183, it

(Continued on page 71)



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car of 1912 has been superseded by its more elegant 1929 brother. And likewise the old style monument has been replaced by its modern successor. An entirely new type of memorial has been developed in beautiful shaded effects. Simplicity in line and design is emphasized. Write for free illustrated booklet showing ROCK OF AGES in these new combinations of finishes and tones.

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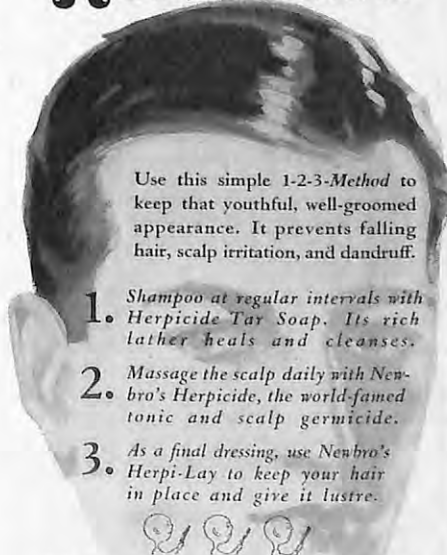
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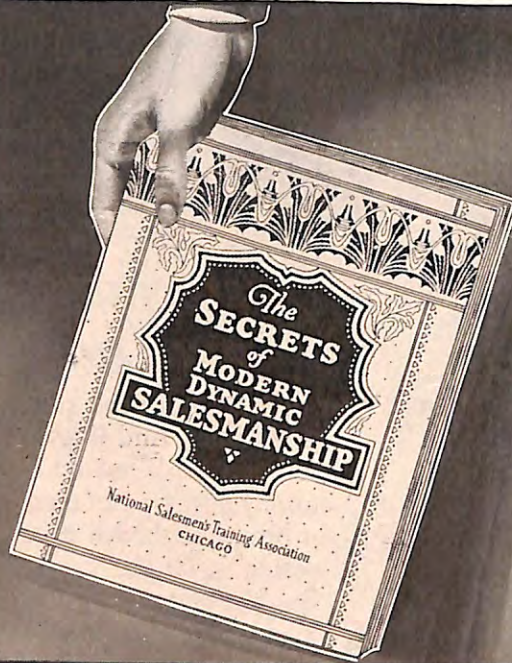
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**300% Increase** reported by A. F. Thompson of Sioux City, Iowa, former creamery employee, after completing N. S. T. A. Course.

**From \$8 to \$125 a Week**

was the jump made by Mark Barichievich, San Francisco, California, who rose from dishwasher to salesman through N. S. T. A.



**\$7200 A Year** or a 400% increase is record of L. D. Mather, former clerk of E. Cleveland, Ohio, thanks to N. S. T. A.



**600% More Money**

now being made by L. H. Lundstedt, Chicago. N. S. T. A. training helped raise him from a stenographer to the head of a business.



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**A BOOK!** Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains a most vivid and inspiring message that every ambitious man should read! It reveals facts and secrets that have led hundreds of men from every walk of life into success beyond their fondest expectations! So powerful and far-reaching has been the influence of this little volume that it is no wonder a famous business genius called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed!"

This vital book, "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship," contains hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or a dollar from his present position!

### What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship" are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is E. E. Williams of Pomona, Cal., who was struggling along in a minor position at a small salary. "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship" opened his eyes to opportunities he had never dreamed of—and he cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation, he was earning \$10,000 a year! Today he receives as much in 30 days as he formerly received in 365!

And then there is J. E. Muzzall, of Hopkinsville, Ky. He, too, read "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship" and found the answer within its pages. A former freight clerk and department head at \$200 a month, he recently reported yearly earnings running into five figures.

B. F. Boilon of Columbus, Ohio, wrote that his work as a salesman brought him annual earnings of \$5000—\$7000, an increase of 300% over his former income as a decorator. And F. L. Real of Wheeling, W. Va., a former cigar-maker, stepped into a position paying him \$4600 a year drawing account alone!

### A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started.

Any man with average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved. For their experience proves that salesmen are *made*—not "born," as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. Hundreds of men who never had a day's selling experience before acquiring this remarkable training have been extraordinarily successful, often beating the records of men with years of experience from the very first day.

### YOUR INCOME MULTIPLIED OR YOU PAY NOTHING

N. S. T. A. is now offering, to every man who wants to increase his income, an amazing Double Money-Back bond that assures you a definite stipulated addition to your income, within three months after your training is completed—or the course costs you nothing. This daring offer is possible only because of the success of thousands of members. Remember, if you are really ambitious to increase your earnings, this opportunity is offered you by a million dollar institution, the oldest and largest of its kind in the world. Send coupon immediately for full details.

### Free to Every Man

If we were asking several dollars a copy for "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship" you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. So get your copy now. Learn the real facts about the selling profession, and about the tremendous demand for trained salesmen in every line, to fill city and traveling positions paying up to \$5000 and \$10,000 a year. Last year this association received calls for 50,335 N. S. T. A. members from Wholesalers, Manufacturers and Jobbers. "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship" tells the complete story in a vivid, inspiring way. A copy is yours for the asking, and your request entails no obligation. Simply fill out and mail the coupon. Do it now!

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Without cost or obligation, send me your free book "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship." Also include a free copy of the new N. S. T. A. money-back bond that assures me a definite addition to my income within three months after completing training—or a complete refund of tuition fee.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....  
Age..... Occupation.....



# News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 69)

was decided to charter a special train for Elks of the state attending the Grand Lodge convention in Los Angeles in July. The committee at this time also went on record as favoring, and recommending to the Association that it foster, a proposed bill to be introduced at the next session of the legislature calling for an appropriation of \$200,000 for new buildings and improved equipment at the Gracewood training school for mental defectives, and \$150,000 for maintenance. Last year Georgia Elks established and completely equipped a playground at Gracewood.

Other matters acted upon were the dates of the convention of the Association, which will be held at Atlanta on May 9 and 10, and the establishment of a Speakers' Bureau. The meeting was conducted by President William H. Beck, Jr., who introduced as the principal speaker Hon. Walter P. Andrews, Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum.

Following the morning session the members of the committee were escorted to Bannock, where they were guests at a delicious shad luncheon, with Exalted Ruler Charles E. Traynor of Savannah Lodge serving as toastmaster.

## Pennsylvania

THE headquarters of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association announces that a "Pennsylvania Elks' Special to Los Angeles" has been arranged for the convenience of State Elks who intend visiting the Grand Lodge Convention. The Los Angeles trip, which the State Association has adopted, is the one originally prepared and fostered by the Pennsylvania Southwest Association. It is by special train all the way, coming and going, and it is hoped that enough State Elks are interested to warrant the chartering of another, or perhaps three special trains. Each special will carry about 125 persons.

The trip, as adopted, will occupy twenty-one days, from Pittsburgh back to Pittsburgh, and will cost approximately \$385. This includes everything, with the exception of meals during the five days the party is in the convention city. Roughly, the trip may be outlined as follows: Leaving Pittsburgh at 9:30 P. M. on the evening of Tuesday, July 2, the first stop is made at Chicago. From there the special goes to Colorado Springs, Colo., where the 4th of July may be spent viewing the wonders of Pikes Peak, the Garden of the Gods, and other points of interest. The special then proceeds to Salt Lake City, Utah, via the Royal Gorge and the famous Colorado and Utah Rockies. After a day in Salt Lake City the train goes directly to Los Angeles, arriving on Sunday afternoon, July 7. The next five days are spent at the convention, after which the special goes to San Francisco for a stopover. On Saturday, July 13, the train is routed to Oregon, Washington and Vancouver, Canada. A day is spent in Seattle, others in Vancouver and Victoria, British Columbia, and part of one in Portland. From Seattle the special, on the return trip, goes directly to Gardiner, Yellowstone Park. A four-and-one-half-day trip through the Park follows and, on the evening of Sunday, July 21, the train starts homeward, traveling by way of St. Paul, Milwaukee, and Chicago back to Pittsburgh, arriving on July 24. The \$385, total expenses of the trip, includes all rail and pullman fares, all hotel bills, all meals either in hotels or on train, excepting those in Los Angeles, and the expenses of all sightseeing trips and visits to various cities. Additional information may be

had by communicating with John F. Nugent, 5819 Forbes Street, Pittsburgh; George J. Kam-bach, 1010 Berger Building, Pittsburgh, or Charles S. Brown, 323 City-County Building, Allegheny, Pa.

To those who have already been to the Pacific coast and would rather travel by a different route, the State Association points out the special now being formed by Scranton Lodge. This trip is to be made partly by water. It leaves Scranton and goes, via Chicago, to Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City and San Francisco, on the way out, with stops at all the places of interest. Leaving Los Angeles, on July 13, it starts eastward across California, Arizona and Texas, with stopovers in cities of those States, and with trips across the Mexican border; then on to New Orleans and by way of a steamer to New York. This three-week trip can be made at a cost of some \$350 per person and includes everything, even the meals in Los Angeles. Those who are interested should write to Thomas A. Ryan, in care of Scranton, Pa., Lodge.

## Utah

THE sixteenth annual reunion of the Utah State Elks Association, scheduled to be held in Salt Lake City on Wednesday and Thursday, July 3-4, expects to combine its activities with the entertainment of thousands of Elk visitors who will be passing through the city at that time, on their way to the Grand Lodge convention in Los Angeles. Plans are rapidly being formed for this purpose, and for a special Fourth of July celebration for the visitors.

## California

AT A meeting of the trustees of the California State Elks Association held in the Home of Oakland Lodge on February 16, it was decided to effect a change in the plans for its annual convention, and to omit all entertainment features, owing to the nearness of the Grand Lodge Convention. The meeting will begin on July 7 at noon, and only business sessions will be held, ending that night.

## North Dakota

A COMPREHENSIVE program to promote the care, cure, and education of crippled and handicapped children in North Dakota has been undertaken by the State Association. The movement, which the State Elks have been endeavoring to get under way for several years, was put on a definite basis by the appointment by President William G. Owens of an organization committee.

A goal of \$200,000 for the establishment of a foundation in the State in the near future has been set as one step in the welfare program, and organization work will be started immediately following the State Association convention at Valley City in June.

## Scheduled Meetings

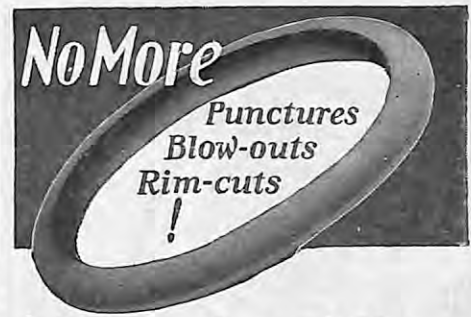
THE following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions to be held at the places, and on the dates, named below:

- Arizona, at Nogales, April 25-26-27.
- Florida, at Gainesville, April 8-9.
- Massachusetts, at Pittsfield, June 2-3-4.
- New Mexico, at Albuquerque, April 5-6.
- New York, at Rochester, June 2-3-4-5.
- Texas, at Breckenridge, May 24-25.
- Utah, at Salt Lake City, July 3-4.

## Answers to

### "En Route to the Grand Lodge Convention"

- (1) Crater Lake National Park, Oregon.
- (2) Spokane, Washington.
- (3) Foshay Building, Minneapolis.
- (4) General Sherman Tree, Sequoia National Park, California.
- (5) Virginia City, Montana; Vigilantes here hanged "road agents."
- (6) Great Salt Lake Cut-Off, Utah.
- (7) Indian Pueblo at Taos, New Mexico.
- (8) This is the City Hall of Los Angeles.
- (9) Grand Canyon Bridge (at Lee's Ferry); Grand Canyon divides Arizona and Utah.
- (10) Death Valley, California.



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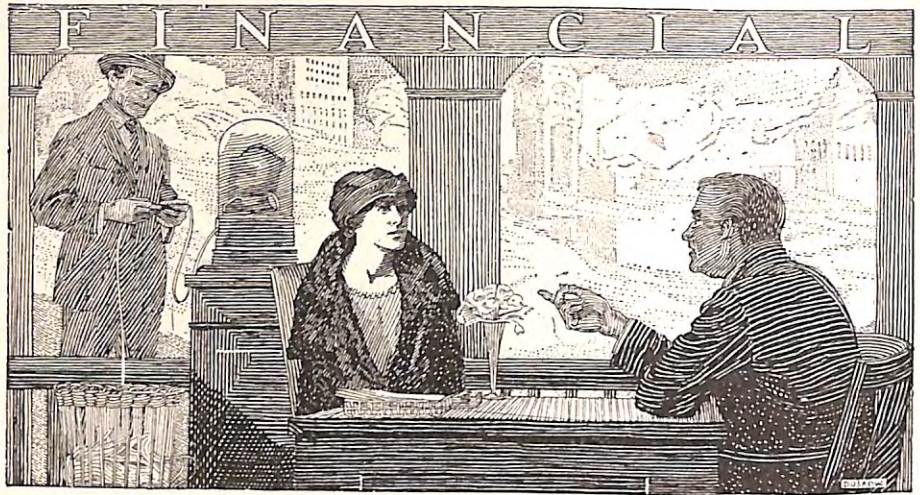
READ about the rapid growth of surplus funds when invested in sound 6½% First Mortgage Bonds. . . . It is all clearly explained in the latest edition of our INVESTMENT GUIDE which thousands of investors have read each year. Also ask us about other types of securities which in many instances, earn higher returns.

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**Give a Thought to the Utilities**

By Paul Tomlinson

IF YOU were the owner of a business producing something for which you were sure to be paid, for which you were assured of a good and increasing demand, and for which you were certain of a good price, you would consider yourself a very fortunate person. As a matter of fact this is the situation obtaining in the public utility industry at the present time. The owners of the public utility industry are, of course, the owners of public utility stocks.

Public utility corporations sell something which is not only in demand but which is a vital necessity. Where would our modern civilization be without electric power, light, gas, and water? Suppose we had to go back to candles and oil lamps to light our houses; that instead of companies to supply us with water each house-owner was dependent upon a well in his back yard; that instead of having gas and electricity to cook with we had to use coal or wood; that electric power was suddenly shut off from our factories. Industrially the world would be set back half a century, and living conditions more or less enjoyed by our grandparents would be ours again to-day.

The public utilities have changed all this. Probably more than any other class of industries they have added to the comforts of modern life; more than any other class of industries they made increased industrial production possible, and by so doing made it possible for business to pay larger wages and earn larger profits at the same time. The contribution of the utilities can not be measured in dollars and cents alone, but must be considered in terms of human welfare and happiness too. It is, however, the dollar and cents side of the question with which any article on investments is concerned, and we shall try to discuss the public utility corporations from this point of view.

Everyone who has paid any attention to security prices during the past few years has been aware of the amazing increase in the value of public utility securities; the industry is a comparatively new one and yet it is at the present time comparable in size with the largest. The utilities are still growing and expanding their plants and facilities, not only in this country but throughout the entire world; American utilities are not only national in scope, but international, and the end is by no means in sight. Profits in the utility field have kept pace with their physical expansion; compare almost any public utility's recent earnings statements with previous ones and the increase is not only marked but has been steady and consistent. Investors who have purchased public utility securities,—and who have chosen them wisely,—have almost without exception not only enjoyed steady incomes but handsome profits as well. There is no more pleasant combination from the standpoint of the investor.

After all, why shouldn't public utilities be prosperous? They are selling something which is a necessity, they enjoy virtual monopolies in their respective territories, and under government regulation of rates are assured a fair profit. Through constant introduction of im-

proved methods of production, better organization, and resulting lower overhead expenses, they have been able to operate more economically, increase profits and sell their services to the public at lower prices. The consumers as well as the stockholders have benefited from the intelligent development and operation of our public utilities. Incidentally the writer of this article believes that if the utilities had been government owned and operated as many people seem to think they ought to have been, from the standpoint of service, development, and cost to the people, they would not compare in any way favorably with what they are today.

One of the most important recent tendencies in the utility field is that of merging a group of small, independent companies into one large system. This results in unified control, reduction of overhead costs, and more efficient and more certain service to customers. In a large merged system power can be generated at a central point or points and distributed to the various stations that need it, and, what is extremely important, when they need it. Demands for power and light come at different times in different communities and separate generating stations cannot possibly supply these demands as efficiently and economically as one large station. It is easier to get capital for one large system than for a scattered group of small units each operating independently. Mergers are in the air to-day. They are in the air because they are good business; even the government which used to fight "trusts" as wicked things, now give their approval to mergers and combinations which a few years ago they probably would not have countenanced for a moment. This changed attitude of the government toward business is a hopeful sign for investors, and nowhere are its results more apparent than in the field of the public utilities.

THE population of this country is steadily increasing. The wealth of this population is increasing too. With a growing number of people, and with people of growing wealth, the market for the products of our industries is constantly growing. This means better business, more handsome profits, and greater value for securities. And public utilities are among the first to benefit, and they benefit all along the line.

As industries grow and expand there is greater demand for electric power. As the population increases there are more people to ride on electrically propelled trolley cars and trains. People take it for granted that their houses are going to be lighted by electricity nowadays. We are told that it won't be many years before our homes are all heated by electricity or gas, and what is more, that they may be cooled by electricity in summer. In one of our large cities one company sold six million dollars worth of electric ice boxes last year. There must be literally millions of gas stoves, electric fans, washing machines, and electrical cooking and heating devices. Every owner and operator of these things is a customer of some public utility.

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Sometimes the utilities are criticized because their rates are too high, or because their profits are larger than many people think they should be. There is an excellent method of removing any such objections, and that is by becoming a stockholder in the utility which supplies your household needs. Suppose, for example, that your combined gas, water, and electricity bills cost you on an average of twenty dollars a month. That is two hundred and forty dollars a year, the income at 6 per cent. on an investment of four thousand dollars. Suppose you buy four thousand dollars worth of the securities of your local public utility, on which the income is two hundred and forty dollars a year, and use this money to pay for your gas, water, and electricity. By so doing you have provided these services for yourself for life, something which you could not possibly do by means of any such investment if you were to attempt to install, operate, and maintain equipment for such purposes yourself. This, it would seem, is a fair way of looking at it, and there is another point. If the past history of utilities has established any precedent for the future, an investment of four thousand dollars in the securities of a sound public utility corporation is liable to be worth a good deal more than that before many years have passed. It is perfectly possible

(Continued on page 74)

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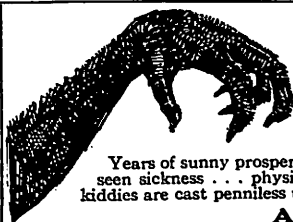
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## Give a Thought to the Utilities

(Continued from page 73)

that the time might come when your gas, water, and electricity would be yours for nothing at all.

Someone may object that at the prices at which public utility securities are selling it is not possible to secure 6 per cent. on an investment. Perhaps not in all of them; perhaps not in your local company. It is not necessary to buy into your local utility to carry out this plan, however; any utility will do. Moreover, many utility stocks which on the face of things yield a very low return will on closer analysis be found to yield a very substantial one indeed. Many of them pay cash dividends; many pay part cash and part stock; some stock only; and many of them give their stockholders rights to subscribe to additional stock at fairly frequent intervals, and on attractive terms. One company pays 10 per cent. a year in stock; its shares are currently quoted at about 58, so that one hundred shares would cost \$5800. If the owner of a hundred shares receives ten shares every year in dividends, he can sell them for \$580 cash, which is 10 per cent. on his money, or if he chooses he can keep them, and the next year his dividend will amount to eleven shares. There are many others which by issuing new stock or rights, or both,—which have a current cash market value—in reality pay their stockholders considerably more than 6 per cent. And if a corporation, instead of distributing cash to its stockholders, uses its earnings for the betterment and expansion of its business, this in the long run is for the benefit of the stockholders, and will show itself in the enhanced value of their shares.

Perhaps some people will object to public utility securities on the ground that they are monopolies, and in danger of being broken up by the government, or actually taken over and operated by the government. It is true that they are virtual monopolies,—under government supervision,—but it is true because of the special nature of the utility business, and because

if they operated on any other basis it would mean duplication of effort, lowered efficiency, waste, and increased cost to the consumer. So far as the cost of utility service is concerned, how many people appreciate the fact that a dollar will buy one-third more electricity today than it would fifteen years ago? How far will a dollar go in other directions compared with fifteen years ago?

If the government decided to take over the utilities it is probable they would hear some violent protests from the hundreds of thousands of voters who own public utility securities. One company alone has nearly a half a million stockholders. These people have found their investments profitable, and would object strenuously if asked to give them up. And why, after all, should they be asked to give them up? There is nothing more important to the public welfare than the service being rendered by the public utilities; it may not be perfect, but it is being improved all the time, and is probably superior to that being given by any other class of industries.

Now, if all these statements are true, and we think unprejudiced observers will agree that they are, why are not public utility securities entitled to rank with the very best investments available? If you want to visualize the importance of utilities picture to yourself New York City suddenly deprived of electric current for subways, elevated trains, or for lighting purposes. Suppose Pittsburgh woke up some morning and found there was no power to operate the steel mills. Where would we be if the telephone and telegraph lines suddenly went out of business? We know what confusion a storm can create through the breaking down of power lines. We take public utility service for granted, and we seldom appreciate it until something happens to deprive us of it. If we will only realize how essential this service is, we can appreciate what value is inherent in the securities of public utility corporations furnishing it.

## Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 37)

Rulers L. Z. Turpin and R. D. Conger of Tennessee East and West, respectively, and P. J. Machtolff of Alabama, North. District Deputy Turpin, presiding as toastmaster, welcomed Mr. Hulbert and extended greetings from the Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler's speech in response was an outline of the history of the Order and its present flourishing condition, in which he praised Nashville Lodge for its attainments. Mr. Mustaine and the other visiting officials made brief talks and then joined with the Grand Exalted Ruler for a short conference. The Grand Exalted Ruler's party, including the ladies, next visited the State capitol, where Mr. Hulbert addressed a joint session of the Tennessee Legislature. Mr. Hulbert's party, now accompanied by a number of Nashville Elks headed by Mr. Mustaine and District Deputy Turpin, entrained for Chattanooga aboard the crack Dixie Flyer driven by Engineer Oley Hulse, whose engine was decorated with a large emblem of the Order, and in charge of Conductor Claud Damon, both members of Nashville Lodge. The party was met on its arrival at three o'clock that afternoon by an enthusiastic assemblage, headed by Exalted Ruler George Worth and Past Exalted Rulers Mayor E. D. Bass, Thomas Crutchfield, James B. Irvine, John T. Menefee, Major A. J. Law, T. Pope Shepherd, the band and a number of the ladies of the Ex-L Club of Chattanooga Lodge. To the strains of band music the party was escorted by a squad of motorcycle police to the Hotel Patten, where reservations had been made. After freshening up after the train trip, Mrs. Hulbert and Mrs. Hayden were taken for a motor trip over Missionary Ridge and through the battlefield at Chickamauga Park, while Mr. Hulbert and his companions were driven to Signal Mountain, where they stopped at the estate of Judge Nathan Bachman, a Past Exalted Ruler of the local Lodge, and were delightfully entertained. A reception and social session attended by several hundred members, visiting Elks and

their ladies, and the heads of civic clubs and county and city departments, opened the evening's festivities. An elaborate dinner served by the ladies of the Ex-L Club and a musical program followed, after which speechmaking was in order. Judge Bachman presided as toastmaster, and Mr. Hulbert was introduced by Past Exalted Ruler Mayor E. D. Bass, who extended a welcome to the distinguished visitor. The Grand Exalted Ruler responded with an inspiring address on the work of the Order. Others at the speakers' table were Mr. Hayden, Mr. Mustaine and Exalted Ruler George Worth, and among those heading delegations from other Lodges were Exalted Ruler Ben F. Mendelsohn of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, Exalted Ruler R. B. Torbett of Bristol Lodge, and Past District Deputy Daniel J. Kelly of Knoxville Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Pittsburgh, Pa., on February 8, for a luncheon and meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the twenty-one Lodges comprising Pennsylvania Southwest. The conference was held in the William Penn Hotel, and among those in attendance were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ralph C. Robinson, and Past District Deputy and State Association President F. J. Schrader. The guests were introduced by Mr. Robinson, and then a general discussion was held relating to the problems of the individual Subordinate Lodges. It was considered by all who attended to be one of the most practical and helpful meetings ever held in the district, and one from which a great deal of future good will be derived.

Following the Pittsburgh meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party, with the addition of Mr. Tener, Mr. Masters and Mr. Schrader, traveled to Morgantown, W. Va., on February 9, where Mr. Hulbert made his second visit to the local Lodge in three months and was honor guest at a banquet held in the Home. A reception committee of Past Exalted Rulers, headed by Ex-

alted Ruler F. Guy Ash, met the distinguished visitors at the station, drove them to their headquarters at the Hotel Morgan, and then on to the country club where luncheon was served. That afternoon Mr. Hulbert visited the University Grounds with Dr. Carl P. Shott and inspected the new field house, which greatly impressed him with the completeness of its equipment, and Mrs. Hulbert was guest at a bridge luncheon given in the home of Past Exalted Ruler and Mrs. John L. Hatfield.

A reception preceded the banquet which was held that evening in the ballroom of the local Lodge, with over 150 persons present. Mr. Hulbert delivered a stirring address on the work of the Order and its future aims, and brief speeches were made by Mr. Tener, Mr. Schrader, and President Brooks Fleming, Jr., of the West Virginia State Elks Association. The visitors left that evening for New York.

**A**FTER attending the anniversary banquet of the Mother Lodge on February 16 in the Commodore Hotel, New York City (a full account of which is printed on page 30 of this magazine), Mr. Hulbert, the following evening, was present at the homecoming reception and meeting of his own Lodge. He had previously been the guest of honor at a beefsteak luncheon given by Henry A. Guenther, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, at Olympia Park, on the outskirts of Newark. About fifty of the Grand Lodge party and members of their families drove over to New Jersey for this occasion, which was one of the most delightful of their stay in New York, returning in time for dinner and the meeting that evening.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied to the Lodge-room of No. 1 by a large delegation of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, officers and committee men of the Grand Lodge, and received a stirring ovation from the crowd that packed the Lodge room. Senior Past Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Brogan formally presented the Grand Exalted Ruler to his Lodge, and then introduced Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, James R. Nicolson, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and John F. Malley, and the following past and active members of the Grand Lodge family: James T. Hallinan, Dr. Ralph Hagan, Walter F. Meier, Robert S. Barrett, Carroll Smith, William C. Robertson, Walter P. Andrews, John J. Powell, Harry H. Atkinson, William E. Hendrich, John K. Burch, O. L. Hayden, District Deputy Peter Stephen Beck, and President D. Curtis Gano of the New York State Elks Association.

The distinguished visitors were escorted to seats on the rostrum and witnessed the initiation of a class of twenty-six candidates, in which the degree team performed most impressively in assisting the chair officers. At the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. Hulbert was prevailed upon by the acting Exalted Ruler, Esteemed Leading Knight Abraham I. Menin, to assume the chair, and he then in turn presented the Past Grand Exalted Rulers, who briefly addressed the Lodge and in every instance complimented the officers upon their dignified exemplification of the ritual.

The Boston activities of Mr. Hulbert on February 18, prior to his Maine visitations, are reported on page 37 in the account of the banquet tendered him by the Massachusetts State Elks Association.

In the Grand Exalted Ruler's party during the visit to Portland, Maine, Lodge were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and Mrs. Hayden, Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady, E. Mark Sullivan of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers W. P. Toulouse, C. Dwight Stevens, President of the newly formed Maine State Elks Association, and Past District Deputy Edwin McPeck of Massachusetts, West. Following a reception for Mr. Hulbert and his suite more than 300 local members and visiting Elks sat down to an excellent dinner in the Falmouth Hotel which was enlivened between courses by a number of musical selections and vaudeville skits. Exalted Ruler Joseph Soutar introduced County Attorney Ralph M. Ingalls, who welcomed the visitors. Mr. Hulbert made an impressive speech on the future of the Order and its present great work in behalf of crippled children. He highly complimented the Portland membership on the sim-

(Continued on page 76)

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## Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 75)

plivity and hominess of its building and paid tribute to the eager cooperation of District Deputies Stevens and Toulouse in organizing, at his request, a State Association to which all of the fourteen Lodges of Maine belong. Mr. Malley made a speech on the present aims of the Order, following an impressive delivery of the 11 o'clock toast by John P. Welch, for thirty-one years chaplain of Portland Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left the next morning by motor for Sanford, Me., accompanied by Exalted Ruler Dr. S. A. Cobb, Jr., of the Lodge there, Mr. Stevens and Myron E. Bennett, and was given a rousing welcome in the Lodge Home on his arrival. Here the Grand Exalted Ruler was joined by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Kelly of New Hampshire. Immediately after the arrival of the complete party the visitors were taken on an inspection tour of the local blanket mills and then attended a luncheon in the Home with a full turnout of members and a number of visitors present. At 2 o'clock, after a reception, Mr. Hulbert made an interesting address at the Sanford Town Club, in which he congratulated the local Lodge on its flourishing condition and progressive spirit. Past Exalted Ruler Cecil J. Siddall presented Mr. Hulbert with a pair of camel's-hair blankets, a product of the local industry, in the manufacture of which many members of the Lodge had a part.

FROM Sanford Mr. Hulbert, Mr. Malley, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, District Deputy Kelly and others in the party were driven to Rochester, N. H., where they were welcomed in the Lodge Home there by Mayor Louis H. McDuffee, a reception committee headed by Past Exalted Ruler J. Levi Meader and a fine turnout of members. Here the visitors were tendered another luncheon and then, with the addition of a local delegation, proceeded on their way to Concord, N. H., where Elks from all parts of the state had joined with Concord Lodge for a reception and banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler that evening.

This function with all of the Exalted Rulers and large numbers of the members of state Lodges, together with chief executives of the state and city departments, in attendance, was one of the most notable affairs in the history of the Order in New Hampshire. A short reception was held in the Lodge Room and the elaborate banquet and entertainment followed. Governor Charles W. Tobey, introduced by Toastmaster H. Stiles Bridges, spoke, in his welcoming speech, not only as the chief executive of the state but as a fraternal associate of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was further welcomed by Mayor Robert W. Brown, in behalf of the city, Exalted Ruler George Prescott in behalf of the local Elks, and District Deputy Kelly, who extended the greeting of the entire New Hampshire jurisdiction. Mr. Hulbert in his speech recalled the early days of the Order, describing its lowly beginnings, its growth through the years, its present fine estate and hopes for the future. Others on the speakers' list were Mr. Malley, Past District Deputies Thomas D. Dowd of Nashua and John J. Landers of Keene, and Joseph N. Shafer of Boston, who delivered the 11 o'clock toast. During and after the banquet an entertainment of instrumental numbers, vaudeville sketches and group singing contributed to the evening's enjoyment. This was Mr. Hulbert's only official visit in the state.

On February 21 the Grand Exalted Ruler traveled with his party to Brattleboro, Vt., where he arrived for the banquet given in his honor that evening, when Elks to the number of 200 gathered in Odd Fellows' Temple for a chicken-pie dinner, prepared and served by the ladies of Dennis Rebekah Lodge. The dining hall had been tastefully decorated with potted plants in bloom and a delightful entertainment was furnished throughout the dinner by the excellent quartet from Springfield, Mass., Lodge. Mr. Hulbert delivered the principal speech of the evening, while others introduced by Toastmaster Exalted Ruler Charles F. Mann of Brattleboro Lodge, were Mr. Malley, Past

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Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden, E. Mark Sullivan, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Robert V. Crowell of Vermont and Michael C. O'Neill of Massachusetts, Northeast.

Mr. Hulbert was the guest the following evening of Providence, R. I., Lodge, which tendered him a banquet in the Biltmore Hotel and a reception in the Home. Arrangements for his visit had been made by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Hartigan and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James F. Duffy, and a great outpouring of local and visiting members of the Order as well as prominent state officials was on hand to welcome him. At the banquet Mr. Hulbert spoke on the work of the Order and was followed by Mr. Malley, Mr. Hartigan, Mr. Duffy, Mr. Hayden and Grand Esquire Harry H. Atkinson. Musical numbers rounded out the evening's program. During his visit the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the Emblem Club, composed of ladies of the local Elks, in the Home, and the next morning the party left by motor for New London, Conn., where Mr. Hulbert was scheduled to dedicate the new Home of New London Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and party were welcomed on their arrival that afternoon in New London by Exalted Ruler Max Boyer and a huge special committee of past and active officers of New London Lodge. The dedication program opened at 5 o'clock with a dinner to Mr. Hulbert and his suite in the Mohican Hotel, and at 7:30 the impressive ceremonies of dedication were conducted by the Grand Exalted Ruler, aided by a full complement of acting Grand Lodge officers, composed from New London Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers, in the assembly hall of the new building. Additional members of Mr. Hulbert's escort at the services were Edward W. Cotter, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John J. Mack and James F. Degnan, Connecticut East and West, respectively, and the Hon. Martin J. Cunningham of Danbury, Conn. A description of the Home and services will be found in "Under the Spreading Antlers" on page 65.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler left New York City on February 26 for a dinner tendered to him by Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge in that city. The affair, held in the Berkeley-Carteret Hotel, was attended by some 300 members of various Lodges in the state together with persons prominent in civic and fraternal life. Dr. Ashur S. Burton, senior Past Exalted Ruler of the local Lodge, introduced Past Exalted Ruler Samuel Metzger as toastmaster. The distinguished visitor and his suite were welcomed by Exalted Ruler Clinton J. Crolius and Mayor Clarence Hetrick, a member of Asbury Park Lodge. Mr. Hulbert in his speech gave unstinted praise to the Elks of New Jersey for their admirable work in behalf of crippled children and to the local Lodge for its fine share in that work. The Grand Exalted Ruler was followed by President William Conklin and Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee, of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Included among the guests at the speakers' table were Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney; Edgar T. Reed, Secretary, and Charles Wibiralske, Vice-President of the State Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Rene P. Van Minden; Past District Deputy B. D. Wooley, Secretary Philip Clancy of the New York State Elks Association, and S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler. The speaking program was halted at 11 o'clock, when all lights were dimmed and Samuel Metzger delivered the toast of the Order, followed by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the assemblage. Members from Freehold, Red Bank, Long Branch, Newark, Irvington, Englewood, Trenton and New York were present.

The following day Mr. Hulbert was escorted from New York City by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis Mory, and Secretary Robert B. Murphy of Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge and a detail of Bergen County motorcycle police, to Ridgewood for the dedication of the new Elks Home there. The program started with a banquet at 7 o'clock in the new Home with covers laid for close to 100 guests. A number of brief speeches were made, several vocal and instru-

(Continued on page 78)

# Have You Ever Taken an INTERNAL BATH In the Right Way?

**I**F you have, you well know what quick, glorious, lasting relief it brings in cases of chronic or occasional constipation, auto-intoxication, headaches, nervousness, colds and grippe and many other ailments—by thoroughly flushing out the colon or large intestine.

But if you haven't tried scientifically administered internal baths you should at least investigate the J. B. L. Cascade method and learn how it has brought vibrant health, vigor and vitality to nearly a million people.

## What Is An Internal Bath?

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A scientific Internal Bath consists of the introduction into the colon or large intestine of 4 to 5 quarts of warm water purified by a properly medicated cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, perfected by an eminent physician with long experience in treating Colonic disorders.

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The colon, or lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus  $\Omega$ . The enema cleanses but a third of this  $\Omega$  tube—or only to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses its ENTIRE LENGTH—without pain or discomfort.

## Why We Should Take Internal Baths

The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft, refined foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay) and constipation. The elimination of waste matter is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills, are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are usually the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Therefore it is of utmost importance that your system be free of these poisons. And a sure and effective means of getting and staying rid of them is proper Internal Bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each

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full set  
**\$2.98**  
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**EASY TO PUT ON**

Our Spring Covers are tailored to snugly fit the spring for which they are designed. It requires only five minutes to put them on. Full instructions are enclosed with each set sold direct to the car owner. Garage men generally put them on free as a courtesy to their customers.

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Use the order blank, making sure that you have filled in each square correctly. We must have name of manufacturer, type of car and year car was made. Make out order in accordance with the sample form shown here. Use the order blank.

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Although I live in a rather rough country and was continually breaking springs on my car, I blamed those breaks on poor quality springs until I was induced to put on Auto Spring Covers. Since that day, I have driven over 14,000 miles with no more spring trouble and also enjoy added riding comfort. I'll always have them on any car I own.

Yours truly,  
C. A. Brocker  
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Enclosed find check for sixteen sets of Auto Spring Covers, six for 1927 Chevrolet coaches, four for 1927 Model T. Ford sedan, four for 1927 Buick Sedan and two for 1928 Chrysler Roadster. Don't let anybody tell you that what you can't see on a car doesn't do any good. I wouldn't trade Auto Spring Covers for any improvement in the way of extras that is on the market. They not only save my car but from the mileage I'm getting with my tires, I know they save them also. When I sell a reconditioned car, I always equip them with Auto Spring Covers.

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When I bought my new Buick, I was told by the salesman that he was offering me \$50.00 more for my old car than he could ordinarily because I had been smart enough to put spring covers on. He told me frankly that a second-hand car that had been equipped with spring covers not only preserved the car but made it easier for them to resell because of the lack of squeaks and because of the riding qualities. Enclosed find check for \$18.00

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Name .....

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## Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 77)

mental solos were rendered, and then, at the close of the dinner, the uniformed band of Paterson Lodge marched into the lobby and serenaded the diners. Mr. Hulbert, his staff and the other dinner guests repaired to the Lodge room, where close to 600 Elks from all over New Jersey were gathered for the special ceremonies of dedication. The officers of Ridgewood Lodge surrendered the several chair stations to the acting Grand Lodge officers selected by Mr. Hulbert and the services then took place with the Grand Exalted Ruler impressively conducting the special ritual for such occasions. At the close Mr. Hulbert congratulated the Ridgewood Elks on the beauty of their Home and for having builded so wisely, economically and well. Other talks followed by State President William Conklin, Grand Trustee Richard Rooney, District Deputy Mory, Past District Deputy Frank Boland and the Rev. Edwin S. Carson. Among those acting on Mr. Hulbert's staff during the dedicatory ritual were Mr. Rooney, Mr. Mory, District Deputy Fred W. Bain, State Association Vice-President Leo Slater, Past State President George H. Hirtzel, Mr. Boland, Exalted Rulers Leo Eirich, of Paterson Lodge, and Lester Mittag of Hackensack Lodge, and Past Exalted Ruler B. C. W. Stilwell of the local Lodge. A full description of Ridgewood's new Home is printed on page 65.

Other scheduled visits of Mr. Hulbert, which will be reported in the May number of the Magazine, are listed here. March 5, Chicago, Ill.; March 7, Trenton, N. J.; March 12, Newark, N. J.; March 14, Atlantic City, N. J.; March 19, Paterson, N. J. On March 20 the Grand Exalted Ruler left New York for visitations to Lodges in Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, the South and on the Gulf Coast.

## Facts of the Dry-Fly Game

(Continued from page 21)

from the same individual are far less than in wet-fly fishing. I've never asked a trout the reason for this latter fact, but I suspect that it is because he knows the dry-fly isn't a bug, whereas he still isn't quite sure what the wet-fly is and therefore is not so hesitant about experimenting further.

The floating-fly man's strike, then, must be virtually automatic. He hasn't time to think about it; it must result subconsciously from a fine coordination of eye, nerves and hand. To my mind this is the whole crux of the game, the one thing that may put successful dry-fly fishing beyond the capabilities of some individuals who can take trout fairly well with wet tackle and methods. For not every person, however great his desire and casting skill, can develop the requisite speed in striking. In a measure it can be cultivated, but the physical and nerve reactions of the fisherman sometimes offer a barrier which can never be entirely overcome.

Traditionally speaking, upstream casting is a *sine qua non* in the dry-fly man's lexicon. So, and no otherwise, as Mr. Kipling once expressed another thought, did the earlier masters believe that worthy trout were to be taken.

But watch a man who knows his American streams and methods. More often than not he casts diagonally across the current rather than straight upstream. The straight upstream line, in swift water, frequently raises difficult problems, chief among which is that of keeping adequate control of the fly as it comes swiftly toward you with the current. By casting diagonally upstream, and allowing the fly to float past to a point somewhat below you, greater effective distance is achieved and just about as many rises secured with less chance of a miss. The irritating "drag," whereby the pull of the current on the line between rod and fly tends to give the latter an unnatural motion and eventually pull it under, is the one objection to the plan. But even this is more than offset by the avoidance of the downright exhausting work of battling one's way for hours against the power of swift, heavy water, as straight upstream casting requires.



And speaking of strong currents, it is actually possible to defy the usual dry-fly tenets still further by casting right downstream. I do not commend the method as a general practice, but there are times when it is decidedly worth while. On not a few of our larger streams there are trout-tenanted stretches of such powerful water that one has all he can do to keep his footing as he moves down with the current. Upstream wading is entirely out of the question, so for the angler who is bound by tradition there is nothing for it but to search out easier waters. But if he will flounder along downstream, casting a fairly short line ahead of him and "pulling" each cast a little so that the fly falls with a bit of slack, he will find that he can run it through even the roughest water. It may not float more than a couple of yards at each cast, but that is enough to bring up many a good trout.

It is the theory of this particular type of artificial lure that it shall float upon the surface in more or less accurate imitation of an actual insect. In England it is often insisted that this imitation shall be as close as man's ingenuity and the Lord will permit, with the result that extreme pains are taken to tie a large number of fly patterns whose tints shall exactly match the originals which they are designed to represent.

Perhaps our trout are not as discerning as their overseas cousins, or it may be that the different character of our waters has something to do with it; in any event, this exact imitation theory is rarely borne out by results over here. It has been my experience, and that of many other American dry-fly fans, that minute differences of color are all hokum. Dark tones or light ones—yes, on a good many occasions; and size and general form often make a lot of difference. But as for insisting that at a certain time you must use a fly with a body the exact hue of a raw carrot and a tail that is precisely midway between the gray on the back of an elephant's ear and that of the fur on a male groundmole's left hind leg—nothing to it!

One of the most consistently successful trout fishermen that I know uses exactly three patterns of fly the season through: Cahill, Coachman and Alder. He invariably fishes dry, and chiefly for brown trout in our Eastern streams. Analyze his favorites and you will see that their general color effects are quite radically dissimilar: gray body, medium brownish wings, hackle and tail in the Cahill; lustrous dark green, fat body, white wings and brown hackle in the Coachman; and dark green body, dark brown wings and black hackle in the case of the Alder. These three patterns in various sizes from Number 8 to 14 seem to meet every time and condition from April to late summer. Yet another man of equal skill, fishing the same stream on the same day, may take just as many fish with an entirely different set! Decidedly a great number of patterns is unnecessary on American waters. The angler who sticks to two or three good ones, and keeps them working, will account for more trout than his companion who spends half his time changing flies instead of casting.

A COUPLE of seasons ago, after years of unswerving loyalty to the Cahill as the best little trout-snatcher of them all, I chanced to fish a certain stream of such roughness that even a Cahill tied in the most approved "dry" manner couldn't stay afloat for more than a few feet. In an effort to remedy the trouble I tied up a few flies in which the wings were omitted entirely and two extra hackles wound on to gain maximum buoyancy. The final result was the fuzziest kind of gray fuzzy-wuzzies that, so far as I could tell, bore not the slightest resemblance to any bugs that stream ever knew. But they did float and they did catch fish—plenty of 'em. Subsequently they were thoroughly tested on other waters where the very different-appearing Cahill had ruled supreme, and they did just as well as the old standby.

Explain it? No. Are trout color-blind? Perhaps—I don't know. Does a fly look differently to them than it does to us? Probably. This much is certain, though, and it may be the one real explanation: those bushy no-names which now so thickly populate my fly-box floated more jauntily and longer than any other pattern I've ever used.

In this matter of buoyancy it is hard to express too positive an opinion. The moment a floating fly sinks below the surface, even but a half-inch,

(Continued on page 80)

# LOOK! at your SHOES!

Be Neat — It Pays!

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Lay the foundation of neatness with well-shined shoes!



Every morning — Rise and Shine with

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## STOP THAT SNEEZING!

SNEEZES, watery eyes, nasal inflammation or discharge, pain in head, back and legs, and slight fever are all signs of infection in the head, throat or lungs.



### Catch a Cold Young!

Don't let it linger on, for the infection may lead to serious illnesses. It's easy to stop—and in a hurry—if you begin at the first signs.

The first step is to thoroughly cleanse the system and build bodily resistance. Stuart's Calcium Wafers are ideal for this purpose. Mild, gentle—yet effective.

quickly ridding the system of all the putrid wastes whose poisons permeate the body.

These tiny sugar-coated calcium wafers work gently and easily—no pain, griping or purging. Your system thus made sweet and clean inside fights infection sturdily, throwing out vicious germs. Some rest in bed—perhaps a bit of aspirin—and the system quickly returns to normal.



### Quick Action Needed

Success in quickly throwing off a cold depends on starting treatment quickly. That's why it's so important to have Calcium Wafers ready and waiting for use. Don't delay. Get a package from any druggist today—and be ready to fight infection. Or, try the first box at our expense.

### —FULL BOX FREE—

Enough for full test—ample to prove the startling value of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. C2184, Marshall, Mich.

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## The Facts of the Dry-Fly Game

(Continued from page 79)

its effectiveness drops at least seventy-five per cent. Many an English expert, doubtless, would shudder to hear that his American cousins would rather have a good floater of a pattern that resembles no known insect than a less buoyant fly which looks like the twin of some favorite natural dun or spinner. This is precisely the opinion he would often hear expressed, however, were he to visit such famous trout waters as the Beaverkill and Willowemoc. The character of our fishing doubtless puts a premium upon extreme floating qualities; it also knocks several of the props from under a style of dry-fly which has been looked upon as the best abroad.

ALONG with this change has come a considerable modification of the old ideas about the importance of "cocking" the fly properly upon the water. This somewhat puzzling term signifies a jaunty alighting of the fly with its wings uppermost or "cocked" clear of the water, so that it may ride along on the surface in the proper semblance of a living insect. Obviously such a fly looks natural and is a deadly lure if trout are in the humor to rise. But "cocking" is an extremely difficult thing to accomplish properly on fast water, and nine times in ten it isn't necessary if one has some of the gray hackles to which I have referred or the better-known "bi-visibles" which follow the same principle of tying. After a good deal of experimenting I have come to the conclusion that these wingless "hackle" flies will take quite as many trout, year in and year out, as their more aristocratic and properly cocked brothers. The reason, perhaps, is that they float jauntily no matter what their position in alighting may be, whereas unless the winged fly lands just right it will fail to cock and thereby look anything but natural. Let an expert give half his time to winged flies and half to the hackles, and at the end of the season their scores will be about even; but if the average fairly good caster tries the same test, the days which he devotes to the wingless patterns are more than likely to be his best.

Now, this is rank heresy, I suppose, and deliberately degrading to the cult of the dry-fly. To recommend the use of the all-hackle patterns is to lower the standard of casting skill required and cross another right to the chin of Champion Tradition. But, I ask you, isn't the blow fair? If the conditions under which we fish are such as to decrease the effectiveness of the winged, cocked fly, aren't we justified in working out and utilizing our own ideas in the way of improvements?

A good many fishermen think that the dry-fly is effective only at times when natural flies are hatching in some numbers and disporting themselves along the stream in such manner as to tempt the appetites of the trout that dwell therein. Some intensive experience, however, disproves even this theory, though it cannot be denied that those red-letter days when the fish are really "jumping crazy for the fly" generally are marked by at least a fair hatch of stream-side insects. Time and again the man who

fishes dry and doesn't spend half his time changing patterns or trudging along the road looking for a better place to fish will have good sport without seeing a single natural fly or noting any indication of the trout being busy with surface food. Such experiences are especially likely to come late in the season when the water is low and clear, and I rather suspect them of being more frequent on small streams than large ones. At such times the dry-fly is likely to be taken with a readiness and vigor which sometimes lead one to wonder whether, after all, there is much to the theory that it should even approximately imitate some food on which the fish are accustomed to feast. Probably they mistake it for some sort of real bug, but I don't believe they know what kind.

The earlier history of the floating fly indicates that it had standing solely as a lure for trout; it is to be doubted whether it was more than occasionally thought of in connection with any other kinds of fish, to say nothing of being actually given a good tryout.

But I suspect that the introduction of the game into this country has opened the eyes of the fundamentalists. Modern fishermen, with what might be termed characteristic curiosity (or irreverence, if you will), have made some interesting experiments. Among other things, they have found that just about every kind of fish that will take a fly at all will rise to the dry: among the gamier ones, black bass, perch, and even salmon. Indeed a whole new cult has developed around the black bass since some inquisitive soul discovered that these grand scappers would savagely grab a floating "bug," which after all is merely a form of dry-fly. As for the Atlantic salmon, traditionally believed to take nothing but the sunken fly—well, his response to floating patterns is just another evidence of the fact that the longer we fish the better do we realize that nobody knows it all.

At various points in this denatured exposé I have tried to give the impression that the successful use of dry-flies for trout is no unattainable mystery. Junking all pose and facing facts, it is a game for just about everybody who can get to a decent trout stream and handle a fly-rod with moderate skill. True expertness and all that the term implies, of course, can come only with practice and a willingness to profit by experience.

Yet mark this point well: if a man is to go far along the dry-fly trail it is imperative that his tackle be right from hook-point to reel seat. No one living can handle a floating fly to best advantage unless his equipment is exactly suited to the method. The requirements are rarely met by the average wet-fly rod, line and leader—they haven't the necessary quickness, accuracy and all-around snap. But, once the outfit is right and you have grown accustomed to its "feel," there is no branch of fresh-water angling that yields quite as much clean-cut satisfaction. Rare indeed is he who, having really achieved membership in the dry-fly ranks, ever willingly relinquishes the unique zest which the game provides.

## Again—Our National Anthem

SOME months ago, in discussing the proposal that Congress should declare "The Star Spangled Banner" to be our National Anthem, some suggestions were ventured in these columns as to its claims to be thus approved. Subsequently the Grand Lodge, at its session in Cincinnati, unanimously endorsed the joint resolution to be introduced in Congress for that purpose.

Congress has not yet acted in the matter. And it is interesting to note that there has been recently introduced another contest, with substantial cash prizes offered, in the effort to stimulate the production of such a new hymn as would be universally acceptable as our National Anthem. That such a contest would fail of its purpose might confidently have been predicted. Many similar contests in the past have proved fruitless; and this most recent one has been no more successful.

The reason is not far to seek. A poem that is suitable for a national anthem must be the prod-

uct of true inspiration. It must be permeated with a spirit of patriotic fervor that wells up in the heart with spontaneity and compelling force. It must make a sentimental appeal to every heart. And no such poem will ever be written by any one who coldly and calmly sets himself to the task, with the primary aim of winning a prize, however substantial in amount.

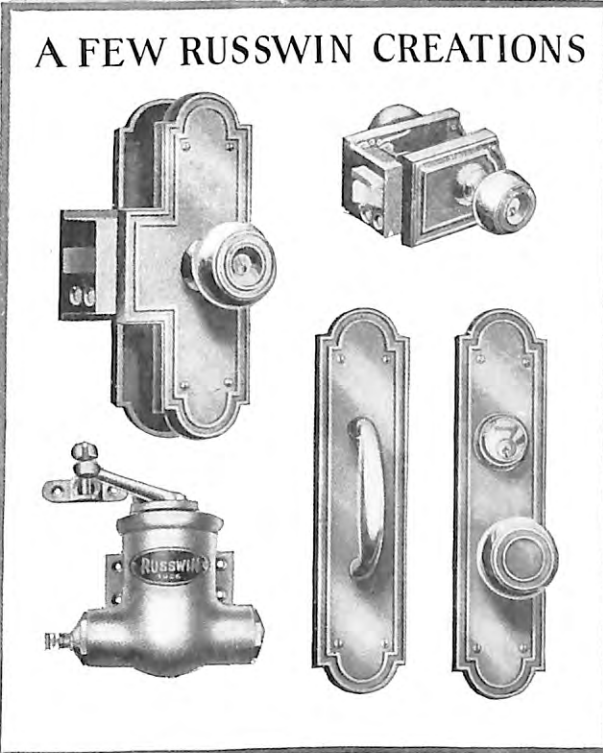
We are confirmed in our previously expressed view that a national anthem worthy of acceptance as such by any people, must have acquired sentimental values which come only from long use and associations with occasions of patriotic significance. It must first become somewhat traditional. The people of the country themselves play an important part in the establishment of a national anthem.

"The Star Spangled Banner," whatever may be its technical poetic defects, is our National Anthem, in all but the formal action of Congress declaring it to be so. That action should not be longer deferred.

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